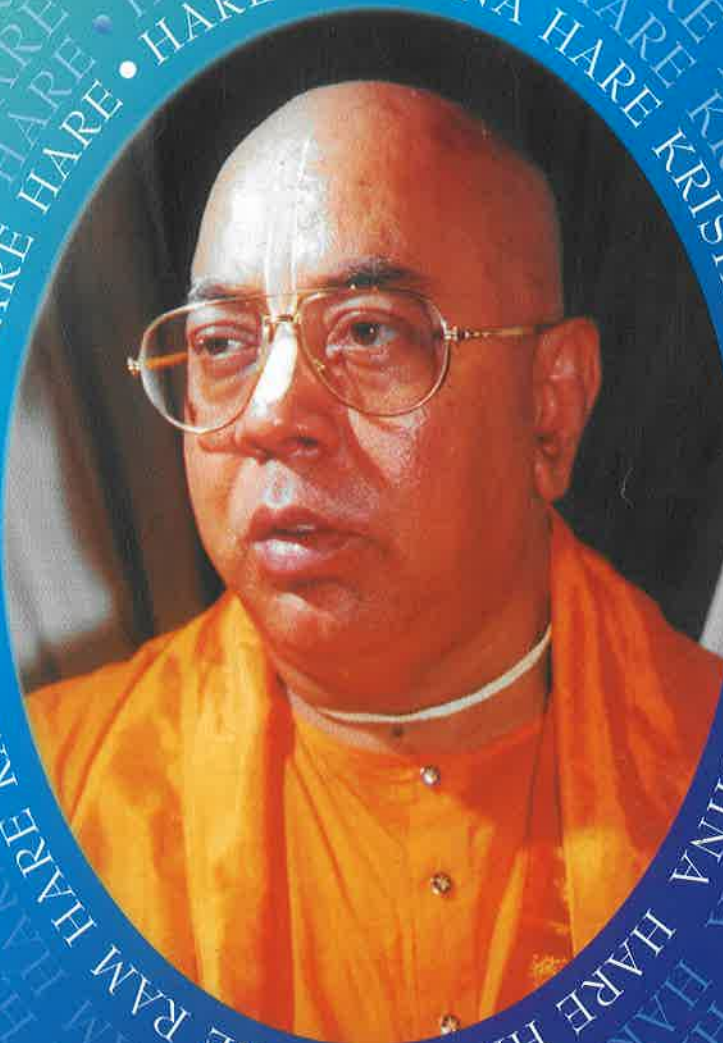


The Harmonist



*His Divine Grace 108 Tridandi Swami Sri
Srimat Bhakti Sravan Tirtha Goswami Maharaj*

2000

Sri Sri Siksastaka

Eight verses composed by Sri Caitanya Mahaprabhu

चेतोदर्णमार्जनं भवमहादावाग्निनिर्वापणं
श्रेयःकैरवचन्द्रिकावितरणं विद्यावधूजीवनम् ।
आनन्दाम्बुधिवर्द्धनं प्रतिपदं पूर्णामृतास्वादनं
सर्वात्मस्नपनं परं विजयते श्रीकृष्णसंकीर्तनम् ॥ १ ॥

1) Glory to the *Sri Krishna Sankirtana*, which cleanses the heart of all the dust accumulated for years and extinguishes the fire of conditional life, of repeated birth and death. This sankirtana movement is the prime benediction for humanity at large because it spreads the rays of the benediction moon. It is the life of all transcendental knowledge. It increases the ocean of transcendental bliss, and it enables us to fully taste the nectar for which we are always anxious.

नाम्रामकारि बहुधा निजसर्वशक्ति-
स्तत्रार्पिता नियमितः स्मरणे न कालः ।
एतादृशी तव कृपा भगवन्ममापि
दुर्दैवमीदृशमिहाजनि नानुरागः ॥ २ ॥

2) O my Lord, Your holy name alone can render all benediction to living beings, and thus you have hundreds and millions of names, like *Krishna and Govinda*. In these transcendental names You have invested your transcendental energies. There are not even hard and fast rules for chanting these names. O my Lord, out of kindness you enable us to easily approach You by Your holy names, but I am so unfortunate that I have no attraction for them.

तृपादपि सुनीचेन तरोरिव सहिष्णुना ।
अमानिना मानदेन कीर्तनीयः सदा हरिः ॥ ३ ॥

3) One should chant the holy name of the Lord in a humble state of mind, thinking oneself lower than the straw in the street; one should be more tolerant than a tree, devoid of all sense of false prestige, and should be ready to offer all respect to others. In such a state of mind one can chant the holy name of the Lord constantly.

न धनं न जनं न सुन्दरीं कवितां वा जगदीश कामये ।
मम जन्मनि जन्मनीश्वरे भवताद्भक्तिरहैतुकी त्वयि ॥ ४ ॥

4) O almighty Lord, I have no desire to accumulate wealth, nor do I desire beautiful women, nor do I want any number of followers. I only want Your causeless devotional service, birth after birth.

अयि नन्दतनुज किङ्करं पतितं मां विषमे भवाम्बुधौ ।
कृपया तव पादपङ्कजस्थितधूलीसदृशं विचिन्तय ॥ ५ ॥

5) O son of Maharaja Nanda (Krishna), I am Your eternal servitor, yet somehow or other I have fallen into the ocean of birth and death. Please pick me up from this ocean of death and place me as one of the atoms at Your lotus feet.

नयनं गलदश्रुधारया वदनं गद्गद-रूढया गिरा ।
पुलकैर्निचितं बपुः कदा तव नाम-ग्रहणे भविष्यति ॥ ६ ॥

6) O my Lord, when will my eyes be decorated with tears of love flowing constantly when I chant Your holy name? When will my voice choke up, and when will the hairs of my body stand on end at the recitation of Your name?

युगायितं निमेषेण चक्षुषा प्रावृषायितम् ।
शून्यायितं जगत् सर्व्व गोविन्द-विरहेण मे ॥ ७ ॥

7) O Govinda! Feeling Your separation, I am considering a moment to be like twelve years or more. Tears are flowing from my eyes like torrents of rain and I am feeling all vacant in the world in Your absence.

आश्रिष्य वा पादरतां पिनष्टु मा-
मदर्शनान्मर्महतां करोतु वा ।
यथा तथा वा विदधातु लम्पटो
मत्प्राणनाथस्तु स एव नापरः ॥ ८ ॥

8) I know no one but Krishna as my Lord, and He shall remain so even if he handles me roughly by His embrace or makes me brokenhearted by not being present before me. He is completely free to do anything and everything, for he is always my worshipful Lord, unconditionally.

Śrī Dāmodarāṣṭaka

(found in the *Padma Purāṇa* of Kṛṣṇa Dvaipāyana Vyāsa, spoken by Satyavrata Muni in a conversation with Nārada Muni and Śaunaka Ṛṣi)

"In the month of Kārtika one should worship Lord Dāmodara and daily recite the prayer known as *Dāmodarāṣṭaka*, which has been spoken by the sage Satyavrata and which attracts Lord Dāmodara."

(Śrī Hari-bhakti-vilāsa 2.16.198)

(1)

namāmiśvaram sac-cid-ānanda-rūpaṁ
lasat-kuṇḍalaṁ gokule bhrājamānam
yaśodā-bhiyolūkhalād dhāvamānam
parāmṛṣṭam atyantato drutya gopyā

(1) To the Supreme Lord, whose form is the embodiment of eternal existence, knowledge, and bliss, whose shark-shaped earrings are swinging to and fro, who is beautifully shining in the divine realm of

Gokula, who [due to the offense of breaking the pot of yogurt that His mother was churning into butter and then stealing the butter that was kept hanging from a swing] is quickly running from the wooden grinding mortar in fear of mother Yaśodā, but who has been caught from behind by her who ran after Him with greater speed — to that Supreme Lord, Śrī Dāmodara, I offer my humble obeisances.

(2)

*rudantaṁ muhur netra-yugmaṁ mṛjantaṁ
karāmbhoja-yugmena sātaṅka-netram
muhuḥ śvāsa-kampa-trirekhāṅka-kaṇṭha-
sthita-graivaṁ dāmodaraṁ bhakti-baddham*

(2) [Seeing the whipping stick in His mother's hand,] He is crying and rubbing His eyes again and again with His two lotus hands. His eyes are filled with fear, and the necklace of pearls around His neck, which is marked with three lines like a conchshell, is shaking because of His quick breathing due to crying. To this Supreme Lord, Śrī Dāmodara, whose belly is bound not with ropes but with His mother's pure love, I offer my humble obeisances.

(3)

*itīdṛkḥ sva-līlābhir ānanda-kuṇḍe
sva-ghoṣaṁ nimajjantam ākhāpayantam
tadīyeṣita-jñeṣu bhaktair jitatvaṁ
punaḥ prematas taṁ śatāvṛtti vande*

(3) By such childhood pastimes as this He is drowning the inhabitants of Gokula in pools of ecstasy, and is revealing to those devotees who are absorbed in knowledge of His supreme majesty and opulence that He is only conquered by devotees whose pure love is imbued with intimacy and is free from all conceptions of awe and reverence. With great love I again offer my obeisances to Lord Dāmodara hundreds and hundreds of times.

(4)

*varam̐ deva mokṣam̐ na mokṣāvadhim̐ vā
na cānyam̐ vṛṇe 'ham̐ vareśād apīha
idam̐ te vapur nātha gopāla-bālam̐
sadā me manasy āvirāstām̐ kim anyaiḥ*

(4) O Lord, although You are able to give all kinds of benedictions, I do not pray to You for the boon of impersonal liberation, nor the highest liberation of eternal life in Vaikuṇṭha, nor any other boon [which may be obtained by executing the nine processes of *bhakti*]. O Lord, I simply wish that this form of Yours as Bāla Gopāla in Vṛndāvana may ever be manifest in my heart, for what is the use to me of any other boon besides this?

(5)

*idam̐ te mukhāmbhojam atyanta-nīlair
vṛtam̐ kuntalaiḥ snigdha-raktaiś ca gopyā
muḥś cumbitam̐ bimba-raktādharam̐ me
manasy āvirāstām̐ alam̐ lakṣa-lābhaiḥ*

(5) O Lord, Your lotus face, which is encircled by locks of soft black hair tinged with red, is kissed again and again by mother Yaśodā, and Your lips are reddish like the *bimba* fruit. May this beautiful vision of Your lotus face be ever manifest in my heart. Thousands and thousands of other benedictions are of no use to me.

(6)

*namo deva dāmodarānanta viṣṇo
prasīda prabho duḥkha-jālābdhi-magham
kṛpā-drṣṭi-vṛṣṭyāti-dīnam̐ batānu-
grhāṇeśa mām ajñam edhy akṣi-drśyaḥ*

(6) O Supreme Godhead, I offer my obeisances unto You. O Dāmodara! O Ananta! O Viṣṇu! O master! O my Lord, be pleased upon me. By

showering Your glance of mercy upon me, deliver this poor ignorant fool who is immersed in an ocean of worldly sorrows, and become visible to my eyes.

(7)

*kuverātmajau baddha-mūrtyaiva yadvat
tvayā mocitau bhakti-bhājau kṛtau ca
tathā prema-bhaktim svakām me prayaccha
na mokṣe graho me 'sti dāmodareha*

(7) O Lord Dāmodara, just as the two sons of Kuvera — Maṇigrīva and Nalakūvara — were delivered from the curse of Nārada and made into great devotees by You in Your form as a baby tied with rope to a wooden grinding mortar, in the same way, please give to me Your own *prema-bhakti*. I only long for this and have no desire for any kind of liberation.

(8)

*namas te 'stu dāmne sphurad-dīpti-dhāmne
tvadīyodarāyātha viśvasya dhāmne
namo rādhikāyai tvadīya-priyāyai
namo 'nanta-lilāya devāya tubhyam*

(8) O Lord Dāmodara, I first of all offer my obeisances to the brilliantly effulgent rope which binds Your belly. I then offer my obeisances to Your belly, which is the abode of the entire universe. I humbly bow down to Your most beloved Śrīmatī Rādhārāṇī, and I offer all obeisances to You, the Supreme Lord, who displays unlimited pastimes.

(chorus) O Rādhā! O beloved of Mādhava! O You who are worshiped by all the young girls of Gokula! All glories unto You! All glories unto You!

(1-3) O You who dress Yourself in such a way as to increase Lord Dāmodare's love and attachment for You! O Queen of Vṛndāvana, which is the pleasure grove of Lord Hari! O new moon who has arisen from the ocean of King Vṛṣabhānu! O friend of Lalitā! O You who

make Viśākhā loyal to You due to Your wonderful qualities of friendliness, kindness, and faithfulness of Kṛṣṇa! O You who are filled with compassion! O You whose divine characteristics are described by the great sages Sanaka and Sanātana! O Rādhā, please be merciful to me!

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MEERABAI

Come, let us dive into this ocean of love, Meera. Even the Mansarovar was never as pure as her.

Before we try to understand Meera, we must try to understand a very crucial point in connection to Meera. That is Meera's love for Lord Krishna did not start in her life as Meera ! How can such a strong current of love be sparked just like that ?

It is a very old story. Meera was one of Lord Krishna's Gopees a long time ago. She has mentioned this fact herself, her name was Lalita.



We are not new here, we are very very old. There was never a time you did not exist, you exist, exist and then exist. Forms may change. Seeds grow into flowering trees, trees then become seeds again. The Ganges becomes an ocean and sacrifices itself to the Sun as it rides on the sun's rays, clouds are formed and they pour back into the Ganges. Not even a drop has been lost in this process, there is as much water now as there was earlier. In the same way, not even a soul has been lost, it is eternal.

Meera said that she was Lalita, she had danced with Lord Krishna in Vrindavan. She had also sung to him. This love story is very old. The manner in which Meera's story starts proves just that.

Meera was very small, she must have been four to five years old, a sage came to visit her Palace. As he woke up in the morning, he prayed to his statue of Giridhar Gopal, while Meera was watching. Meera became absolutely intoxicated with madness. This statue unfolded different pictures in front of her mind – it started her whole story, it was

the foundation of her love. She lost herself into it, she got a glimpse of that familiar face once again. That beautiful dark face, those large eyes, the peacock feather crown worn by Him, His flute !

Meera went back thousand of years and regained memories of the past. She wept madly and requested the sage to give the statue to her. However, the sage was very attached to his statue and refused to part with it to fulfil the wish of this little princess. He left. Meera stopped eating.

A four to five year old child ! Yes, children often crave for toys, however they have short memories and forget very fast upon being refused the toy.

A day went past, she did not eat, she did not drink. Tears constantly rolled down her innocent face. Her crying did not stop and the family members were amazed and confused. They wondered. What can they do to help her.

The sage has left, where can they search for him ? Will he give the statue even after we find him, chances are slim.

One thing was definite, the statue was very attractive, all the members of the family agreed on this issue. They had seen many statues but this statue seemed to be alive, it seemed to respond, it was absolutely unique. It must have been sculptured with emotion. Someone must have put his whole prayer and soul into it. The matter was something like that, that Meera forgot the world for this statue, without it she would cease to exist. The feeling of separation from her beloved sprung when she was only four to five years old.

On the same night the sage, who was sleeping in a neighbouring village, got a vision of Lord Krishna in his dream. He told him that the statue has been with you for many days and now your tenure with it is over, it now belongs to someone else and it should be returned to the rightful owner, go and hand it over to the little girl. The statue can only belong to someone who loves it dearly. The sage became frightened, petrified and unable to sleep, he ran to Meera's residence in the middle of the night. He awoke the family members and begged for pardon, he said

that he had made a grave error. Then the old sage bent down to touch small Meera's feet and returned the statue to its rightful owner. This incidence occurred when Meera was four to five years old, it opened her eyes to new experiences, kindled the flames of her past love, took her on a new voyage.

It restored and established Meera's love for Lord Krishna in her present life. However, this was a very old relationship, otherwise it is very difficult to feel an upsurge of such intense love. If you have not seen Lord Krishna earlier, not known Him, not smelt Him, not held His Hand and danced with Him – you may try any method or device but you will never be able to experience Him in totality or even feel His presence. Therefore you will need the association of a living enlightened master.

Two years later, someone was getting married in the neighbourhood and little Meera asked her mother : Everyone gets married, when will I get married ? Who will my husband be ? Her mother joked, while she was holding her Giridhar Gopal, statue close to her heart : 'Who is your husband! What else do you want ? This Giridhar Gopal, he is your husband'. These words were spoken to tease her. How did her mother know that they would become reality.

If you throw a seedling on a rock how do you expect it to sprout ? It needs the right kind of environment for it to flourish. This was the right ground the right kind of nourishment for the seed of love.

Meera's mind flowered on that very day . The matter was over, what was to be said was said. Coincidences sometimes become the initial steps leading one to a new path. She believed her mother and never forgot who Lord Krishna is even for a fleeting second.

Those who write on Meera say; 'unluckily' for her, her mother passed away when she was very small. Then her grandfather looked after her, he also passed away. When she was married off shortly, after her marriage her husband passed away. Her father-in-law looked after her, he also passed away. Then Meera stayed with her father who soon left the world leaving Meera all alone. Meera was 32 years of age when all the important people in her life were no more. All whom she had loved were gone.

However I would not call this 'unlucky', I would call this Meera's good fortune. These deaths lead to a new birth for Meera, all the love within her for external sources began to shrink and shrivel and was then channelised to her Lord. Her world gradually became smaller, it shrunk and the Supreme Lord became larger and larger as time went by. As her attachments decreased her detachment sprang forth.

These deaths brought about another good fortune, they proved that everything in the world is temporary, an illusion. If you want to love someone why not love the real, the eternal.

Meera turned her back to the world. At first Meera used to dance to the image of her Lord, then her love arose like a flood, her house could not contain her any longer. Then she began dancing at temples and religious meetings. The flood of her emotions became so intense that she lost all sense of decorum and reality. She became so very absorbed that she extinguished her own identity and became one with her beloved. Think about it, Rajasthan, five hundred years back, ladies were kept in purdah at that time, people never used to see their faces. To top it all, she was of royal blood, that makes the issue even graver. And she danced on the streets, she danced in front of commoners. Even if the dance was for Lord Krishna, to her family members a dance was a dance, they could not see her invisible God.

Meera's brother-in-law was Vikramjit Singh Rana, he was a hot-blooded youth, a man of wild nature. He could not bear to see what was happening, he also could not bear Meera's fame. Meera was becoming well-known, people used to come from far and wide, saints, mahatmas and other distinguished souls also began coming as well. The musk of her magic flew in all directions. Those nostrils whom had smelt even a bit of this musk earlier became drawn to it.

Rana could not tolerate that there was someone greater than him in his family. Rana sent poison to Meera, she drank it taking the Lord's name. The poison turned into nectar ! She could never imagine that Rana would try to poison her, she just believed that whatever you get is given by the grace of the Lord.

A snake was sent in a basket, Meera opened the lid of the basket and her Dark Lord appeared before her. She picked up the snake and hugged him. The snake did not bite Meera, he knew that this was not an enemy but a friend. A snake only attacks from fear of an enemy. Upon seeing Meeras' love, a wave of understanding arose and he understood, he was immersed in her love. This woman cannot be cut apart, she cannot be uprooted ! If you have understood the omni-presence of the Lord that He is all-pervading then no one can harm you in this entire universe.

After this incidence, Meera left her Rajasthan behind. She went to Vrindavan, to the land of her Giridhar Gopal. However Vrindavan was usurped by pundits and priests. A very sweet incidence took place. As Meera was entering Vrindavan's most famous temple, which did not allow the entry of women, the people standing at the door did not stop her as they were uncertain as to what they should do. Meera came forward dancing, holding her stringed instrument, hoards of devotees behind her, intoxicated with devotion the door-keepers of the temple stood there bewitched and entranced, they hesitated. They forgot they were supposed to stop her. Meera had entered like a breeze.

The head-priest of the temple was eating, his plate fell from his hand. He said 'oh woman' Do you not know that this temple does not allows the entry of woman, only men can enter, Meera replied I never even thought that there was another man. I never heard about him what you say sounds strange to me, may be you are disillusioned. Only Lord Krishna is man, the rest are all this beloved. The head priest was Sri Rupa Goswami, he asked Meera for pardon and later became her Guru.

Meera was not left in peace in Vrindawan as well. We have always misbehaved with great saints. Only upon their deaths do we realise their value. Meera had to leave Vrindavan, she went to Dwarka. Years later the government in Mewar changed. Rana's youngest son Uday Singh became the monarch. Uday Singh had great affection for Meera. He felt that it was an insult to Rajasthan that Meera was roaming from village to village. He felt that this stigma would never leave Rajasthan. Meera must return. The past is the past it could not be changed but now the time has come to beg Meera for forgiveness. He sent a

message to bring Meera home.

Meera said she could not leave the temple of her dearest. She was in a high pitch of ecstasy, at the temple of Ranchordasji; in Dwarka. Uday Singh kept sending all kinds of people to convince Meera to come back, he wanted her back at any cost.

Uday Singh ordered his people not to come back without Meera, to fast unto death until she returns, but not to fail in their duty. Therefore, the people from Mewar protested. They told her that if she would not return they would die rather than go back without her. Meera replied 'If it is like that then I must leave, but I would like to ask my beloved about His opinion first. Let me ask Ranchordasji as well'.

She went inside the temple, never to return. She dissolved into the statue of Lord Krishna ! If she could loose herself totally to Lord Krishna then wouldn't he also take her within Himself. If not, that would destroy the whole mathematics of devotion. Meera must have said : 'Should I go now ? And where should I go, if I go either you come along with me or take me with you !'

Minni Radia
[Madhavi Dasi]
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SRI KRISHNA, THE CENTRAL FIGURE OF ALL LOVE

By

*His Divine Grace Om Vishnupad 108 Tridandi Swami Sri
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Heart is the seat of love. As love is Godhead Himself, so the God of love dwells eternally in our heart of hearts. So we should love god and all beings with all our heart. We do not say, "I love you with all my intellect" but we say, 'I love you with all my heart'.

The brain is the seat of the intellect. It leads us to polemic discussions without arriving at any definite conclusion. On the contrary, it leads us to endless dry reasoning resulting in agnosticism. It is the Vaishnavas who are Godloving in their element and possess the qualities of head and heart simultaneously, because without the knowledge of Godhead, Sri Vishnu or Sri Krishna, there is no love for Him. So sambandha-jyana is indispensably necessary for releasing Krishna-Prem.

The three qualities which are characteristic traits of pure love are :

- 1) Eternal searching after the entire satisfaction of the Object of Love (Sri Krishna).
- 2) Eternal searching after the happiness of the Object of Love (Sri Krishna) despite all obstacles standing on the way.
- 3) Self-delight in consequence of the unmixed happiness of the Object of Love (Sri Krishna). In other words, when the Object of Love is delighted, the lover gets delighted automatically. When the Paramatma or All Pervading Soul is delighted, the soul as part and parcel of the same is similarly delighted. When the Whole is satisfied, the parts included in the Whole are also satisfied, example, when the root of a tree is watered, the whole tree is fed and nourished (Bhag. IV. 13. 14).

'Sudarshan' means spiritual vision of the whole including Jiva-Souls as the only object of enjoyment of the Supreme Lord Krishna. In other words, to see things or persons in relations to Sri Krishna is known as 'Sudarshan' or Samadarshan', while to see things or persons with an enjoying mood or Purushabhimana is known as 'Kudarshan' or ugly vision, that is seeing the physical structure of the thing or person bereft of the soul, which is the characteristic feature of a fallen soul. He sees things or persons with his material eyes and is attracted by their physical charm. But a true Vaishnava sees things or persons with his spiritual ears and eyes opened by his Gurudeva, his Divine Master. Hence to see things with listening ears is the characteristic feature of a true Vaishnava (Bhag. VII 5. 23.24.). Of the nine methods of pure devotion, hearing and chanting the Holy Names of Vishnu or Sri Krishna are the most important factors. Without hearing, no chanting is possible. Hence he who does not hear is a deaf and dumb person, although endowed with a material tongue.

By listening to and singing the glories of Sri Krishna, a spontaneous inclination of love for Him is created. It is supreme object of attention, the height of what can be achieved by man. This feeling of affection (Rati) when intensified is known by the name of love. This love is the goal, the repository of All-Bliss.

The bhakti or devotion spoken of in the Gita is Vidhi-bhakti, a form of discipline (Cf. Gita Ch. XII. 13-19). When this Vidhi-bhakti reaches its full growth, it becomes Shudha-bhakti or pure devotion. Love of God involves 'Mamata' or Mineness' in relation to Sri Krishna. The last sloka of the Gita gives us a clue as to how to love God, "And let go these rites and writ-duties. Fly to Me alone. Make Me thy single refuge. I will free thee from all sins. Be of good cheer, O Arjuna. Arise ! Awake and stop not till the Supreme Lord, the highest goal, is attained" (Kathopanished, 1. 3. 14).

The five plenary requisites constituting the love-sentiments of Sri-Krishna are :

- 1) completeness of transcendental knowledge about Sri Krishna
- 2) feeling of Sri Krishna as the nearest and dearest object of love

- 3) absolute surrender of everything namely-body, mind, soul properties, both movable and immovable to Sri Krishna
- 4) complete renunciation of all desires for Krishna's sake and pleasure
- 5) complete reliance on Sri Krishna for the maintenance of life and none else.

'The Supreme Lord Sri Krishna who is the creator, sustainer and destroyer of this world dwells in it as Jeevatma and Paramatma, inseparably connected with the tie of divine love. Who is the material as well as the efficient cause of Prakriti and Purusha. Who preserves this world as the seat of enjoyment or suffering for the Jeevas, and they are absolved from all sins when they take absolute shelter at his Lotus Feet wherein they rest as if sleeping with ceaseless innumerable prostrated obeisances or as a man when asleep does not see his own self but sees other embodied souls in his dream or as others who see a free soul as one embodied but does not see his own real self. So the Supreme Lord Who is the witness of all actions of animate and inanimate beings. Who is the giver of assurances of safety or fearlessness to all Jeevas and Who is the bestower of Divine Love to His own faithful and loving devotees, should always be meditated upon' (Bhag. X. 87. 50).

Supremacy of the Gopees sentiments are spoken of by Sri Udhava Maharaj : 'O how blessed I should be if I could live in Vrindavan as a creeper, herb, plant or brush that comes in contact with the dust of the feet of the Gopees. Blessed are the Gopees who abandoning their friends and relations and all propriety of conduct, the standard of ethics of Aryas, have resorted to the Lotus Feet of Mukunda (Sri Krishna) sought after by the Vedas, but not reached by them. Blessed are the Gopees who embraced the Lotus Feet of the Glorious Sri Krishna and Who have placed Those Feet on their bosom during the Rasa-Dance quenched their fire of separation, the Feet which are worshipped by Sri Laxmi, the Goddess of Wealth and are meditated upon by Brahma and other great Yogis in their heart of hearts, but hardly found by them. I salute again and again the dust of the feet of the Milk Maids of Nanda's Vraja whose constant singing of Sri Krishna's qualities and deeds purifies the three

worlds' (Bhag. X 47.61-63)

The woman of Mathura say : 'Blessed are the Gopees who minds are completely absorbed in Sri Krishna, whom while attending to their various household duties such as milking the cows, husking the paddy, churning the curds, clearing the courtyard and smearing it with cowdung, swinging the children, singing lullabies to them or sweeping the rooms, sing songs in praise of Sri Krishna with a heart full of love and eyes moist with tears in a voice choking with emotion' (Bhag. X. 44. 15-16).

When the Madhura-sentiments is cultivated, the devotee casts off the manly feeling of Purushabhimana and becomes a spiritual Prakriti (woman) and addresses the Lord as such :-

Sweeter than sweet art Thou, O Lord of my heart :

Make me serving-maid of Thy Feet.

I shall not ask Thee anything in return, but shall only serve Thy Feet;

'Grant me this boon, O my Lord'.

— Kavi Krishnadas

The heart of the Gopees repeat the following sentiments : 'How are the wishes of our Beloved Sri Krishna to be satisfied ? How are our homes and possessions, body, mind 'heart' soul and senses to be utilised so that they may contribute to Sri Krishna's happiness ? Hallo ! Are not these things already His ? If they are His, what is the meaning of the desire that He should accept them for His service and make Himself happy through them ? We could offer Him things which actually belonged to us, but here all things are His anyway. Does He not exercise undisputed sway even over us ? Then how are we to say, You accept us and make us your slaves ? Yes, this is the truth. Now we shall say no more. O Lord ! You are the showman in the puppet-play and we are the puppets, we are instruments in Your Hands. Do whatever You like with us, whatever You like'. The Gopees cut through the eight shackles to which men of the world are tied to and therefore cannot advance towards Sri Krishna. The Gopees freed themselves from these octopus knotty ties. That is how they renounced everything, turning all their thoughts, words and deeds for the

satisfaction of Sri Krishna, the most beloved of their hearts.

When such a state is reached i.e. when a devotee gives up all thoughts of status, breeding, shame, fear, honour, dishonour, virtue, vice and welfare in this life or after, he shouts like a madman - 'O Dearest, O Light of my life, O Enchanter of my heart, I cannot live for a moment more without Your Sight, a moment now appears to me like an age'. He then begins his pursuit for Sri Krishna. This Bhava (ecstatic state of love) is constant among the Gopees of Vraja and it reaches it's climax in Radharani who is the embodiment of mahabhava sentiment (supreme ecstasy), casting of all bonds of family, sense of decorum, modesty and fear, on hearing the soulstirring melody of Sri Krishna's flute. She offers her life, her youth, her mind, senses and all to Sri Krishna and says :- 'Whether He clasps me to His Bosom or tramples me under His Feet, whether He inflicts agony on me, by denying me His presence, let Him do whatever He likes : nevertheless, it is certain that no other than He is the Lord of my heart'. Having given up her all to Sri Krishna, she says, 'O Love, in the ocean of the bliss of Your love, my family honour, decorum and modesty, all are drowned. What else shall I give You ? I trouble my head with this question. The wealth that I shall offer You, that very wealth of mine are You. O Love ! What more shall I say ? In death, in every life to come, by You the Lord of my life !'.

When the fire of anguish of seperation from Sri Krishna burns her, she says :-

'Each moment of my life is turned into eternity.

My eyes are turned into clouds of rain.

The seperation from Govinda has made the whole world a void for me,
The days in anguish do not pass.

Each moment appears to have lengthened into an age.

Tears come out of my eyes like torrents of rain.

The seperation from Govinda has made the three worlds a void.

The body is burning through a slow fire.

Yet life does not depart'.

Says Sri Krishna to Narada – 'There is one more secret, Oh Narada. It is this, over and above all other efforts, let one worship Sri Radha for the attainment of the Gopee-sentiment. O Narada, if you desire to capture Me, seek the favour and patronage of My dearest consort Sri Radha' (Vide 'Sri Chaitanya Mahaprabhu' App. II P. 58).

Thirst for this world and hunger for worldly enjoyment is thirst for misery and hankering after death. But thirst for Sri Krishna's Grace and hankering after love for him is thirst for eternal peace and eternal bliss.

He is our father, mother, husband, friend and brother who bestows upon us loving devotion at His Lotus Feet.

Holy shrines and holy images purify the worshipper for many years, but the very sight of a true devotee of Sri Krishna removes all evil at once and enkindles love for Sri Krishna.

Parents, husbands, friends and relatives are available in every birth but not so is Guru Krishna in all births.

He is the foremost among the true devotees who does not forget even for half a second, even at the attainment of the sovereignty of the three worlds the Lotus Feet of the Supreme Lord Sri Krishna. Who is worth the trouble of search by the Gods whom have dedicated their lives unto Him (Bhag. XI 2. 53). This is the real nature of a true devotee.

Just as the heat of the sun is removed by the rising of the moon, so is the suffering of the devotees from the threefold afflictions which cease to operate on them when their hearts are illumined with the moon beams emitting from the Nails of the Lotus Feet of the Supreme Lord Sri Krishna (Bhag. XI 2. 54).

Let's meet Lord Jagannath

Out of few odd shaped Gods like Shri Ganesh, Shri Narasimha, oddest one seems to me is Lord Jagannath with brother & sister. Carved out of wooden trunk of Neem tree (not stone, marble or metal), legless, handless, blinkless. The statues stay immobile where ever these are enthroned. While brother & sister have nasal holes, that is also absent in lord Jagannath. None have ears, only painted markings as mouth. The most striking features at first is their staring, unblinking big round eyes, looking at you or into you or through you unto eternity fathoming your whole being, through the lives you have passed in time. Scary, isn't it ! As if you are being x-rayed simultaneously by three pairs of huge eyes. Look for some time intently. Lo! they are neither looking nor staring at you. They are in a state of trance, in a sense, forgotten state, where presence awareness is not there. They are all immersed in another world, oblivious of you and the surroundings, rapturous in a honey imbued absorbing scene. How peculiar! You are standing before him, coming down to pay homage, obeisance to the deity who is not there ! Simultaneously present & not present. Ambiguous ! These contradictory inconstancies, peculiarities & uncommon appearance, singles out them out of crores of other deities. Aye, what do they symbolise ?

Srila Gurudev Tridandiswami Bhakti Sravana Tirtha Goswami Maharaj delves into the mysterious depth of divinity and reveals the super dramatics of the remarkable and unique appearance of these deities.

Let us reach the scene of those times. Kanheya has left Brindavan for good. Bereaved Radhika pining for him, days and nights, disappears into the flowing dark depths of loving green Yamuna. She shapes into Satyabhama in another unfolding dramatic scene of Shrikrishna the Natabar. As an actress having given a superlative performance in the role of Krishna's Krishna beloved Radha, she wants to view the replay of her own actions after the show, to understand the performance which overwhelmed everybody in ecstasy. She wanted to listen to the description or narration. She requested Shri Narada to describe the happenings. Shri

Narada advised her to contact mother Rohini who is best informed of all, about the nectarine sweet lilas of Shri Krishna and Radha at Brindavan.

Mother Rohini agreed to the sincere yearning request of Queen Satyabhama with condition that, it will be told in utter secrecy and between two of them only. No third presence to be allowed.

Inside Rohini Devi's chamber in the palace the secret narration was held, door being guarded by Devi Subhadra, who has not been privy to the goings on inside. Her inquisitiveness piqued. She listened to the forbidden narration putting her ear to a chink in the door.

In the meanwhile Shri Balaram & Shrikrishna, as usual after having taken their daily routine bath in river Yamuna, came first to pay their obeisance to Mother Rohini prior to going to mother Yashoda Devi; The scene of the door surprised them. Unusually the door, which remains ever open at this hour is closed. Not only that, the guardless open-door is now closed with a guard outside supposed to deter trespassers, strange, the guard has forgotten his duty and instead is concentrating on listening to something inside. Both brothers in slow soft steps came & stood on either side of sister Subhadra and intently listened to the conversation going on inside the chamber.

And inside sweetest glorious tales of Braja Raaslila is being described in minute details with proper emotional variance of scenes. It was of love in its lilting musical best, sparkling attired best, nectarine tasting best over-whelmingly absorbing best and acme of finesse in delicacy, luxuriously pleasant best. The esoteric description of the happening was of such superlative ecstatic level the physical sense organs started dissolving away to full expanse of infinity. Usually unnecessary unused organs that have become redundant, they shrink to rudiments. Here smelling & tasting, speaking organs dimmed first. You cannot speak, you do not hear, you do not smell anything. Staring non seeing eyes in sense-detached state were swimming in fathomless nectarine ocean of love.

The coolest feeling of sinking into fathomless depth of oceans of happiness. (Maybe the indescribable gets hinted by above elaborations).

So enthralling ecstatic was the luscious rendering that all three went into trance state of Samadhi, where at meditative state, eyes do no blink, vision was not appraising anything outside. Mental vision was recreating the melodious experiences overwhelming their whole being. In that trance state, their concentration of listening and immersing into the super sweet scene, limbs and sense organs started contracting. As the tortoise pulls itself into it's shell, so were the brothers and sister delving into the meditative limitless depth, gradually started shrinking into the 'Nirakar State; (the shapeless) state. If it would have continued for some more time may be all three would have dissolved into nothing state. (The Advaitic nondual state).

That is not to be. Arrived Shri Narada at the spectacular scene. And the shrinking process stopped due to interference. Continuity of meditative concentration having been broken, the unusual and uncommon happening stopped. That ecstatic meditative state started beckoning all to enter the realm of love that has been placed on the jewelled throne at Jagannath temple for all to avail the grace.

Inspired by Tridandiswami
108 Shri Srimat Tirtha Shravan Goswami Maharaj
- Nachiketa -

His Divine Grace OM Vishnupad 108 Tridandi Swami Sri Srimat Bhakti Sravan Tirth Goswami Maharaj Ki Jai

My Gurudev His Divine Grace Om Vishnupad 108 Tridandi Swami Sri Srimat Bhakti Sravan Tirth Goswami Maharaj, was born on 16th March, 1926 in Allahabad, Uttar Pradesh. This was the very auspicious day of Phalguni Purnima Tithi which was also the birth anniversary of Sri Krishna Chaitanya Mahaprabhu.

His family was extremely wealthy, cultured and well-educated. They were brahmins from Bengal but settled in Allahabad for a very long time. Gurudev's Holy Father was a very reputable doctor and His Holy Mother was a professor in philosophy, in those days when women were not even educated in India.

Gurudev is lovingly called 'Baba' by His devotees, so I will start by calling Him Baba here onwards.

During the time of His birth, His mother had to suffer immensely. Firstly, most children are in the womb of their mother's for 9 months but Baba remained for 12 months. An interesting point to note is that Sri Krishna Chaitanya Mahaprabhu also remained in Mother Sachi's womb for 13 months. Secondly, the Holy Mother had a lot of problem giving birth to the Holy Child. She was as in extreme pain and the labour-period was very long and tedious.

A Sannyasi who was passing by, blessed Baba's Mother and prophesied that the child would be a very Great Soul.

Baba grew up in a very pious and religious atmosphere especially due to the influence of His Mother, who personally conducted the puja of the deity of Lord Sri Krishna in their Sri Mandir at home. He was extremely well-bred and educated under His Mother's supervision, but showed a strong inclination of having His independent mind in many-matters.

Baba mastered the scriptures with consummate ease at a very early

age. When He gave discourses, the audience was enraptured by His oratorical brilliance.

Besides training in the scriptures, He also acquired a formal education. He completed His post-graduation with First class in English and Philosophy from Allahabad University.

None of His peer's could match up to his accomplishments in short story, poetry, essay and debating. He was treated with respect, awe and admiration by His classmates. They acted upon His advice in all matters due to their implicit faith in His judgement. He was an enigma to His classmates a genius par excellence. He would sometimes correct the mistakes of His teaches much to the amusement of His fellow classmates. Baba's family were extremely worried to see the signs of increasing renunciation in Him. His elder brother had taken 'sannyas' and they lived in fear that He would follow the same path. Several attempts to bind Him in matrimony took place, but always to no avail. Baba become aware of His future mission at the age of 24. He escaped from home at night, with the help of his younger sister (who was an FRCS doctor), never to return. His mother was understandably heart-broken and shattered. Separation from him was unbearable to Her. Baba did a lot of 'tapasaya' for Her well-being and she recovered slowly.

Baba was initiated by Srila Bhakti Prabana Damodar Goswami Maharajon on the day of Maghpurnima. Another very interesting point to note that Sri Krishna Chaitanya Mahaprabhu also left home at the age of 24 and took sannayas on Maghpurnima day from His Gurudev Sri Isvara Puri. Baba accompanied His Gurudev to Santipur in Nadia District, where He is to this day looked upon with great reverence and worshiped as an incarnation of Sri Chaitanya Mahaprabhu. Blessed are the people of Nadia District who have witnessed Baba perform Naam-Sankirtan and several Bhagabat Saptahas.

Baba has conducted 105 Bhagavat Saptahas to this very date. Scores of people have listened with deep devotion and have been enthralled by His soul-stirring interpretations of the shlokas. Of all the Saptahas, the one conducted in Santipur at the home-town of Sri Advaita Acharya (an

incarnation of Lord Shiva), in whose Temple premises the Saptaha was held, is most memorable. It so happened that the tears flowed from the eyes of the Deity of Sri Advaita Acharya as Baba was conducting His discourse on the Bhagavat.

Several such interesting incidences have happened in the course of His life. Another interesting incidence that comes to mind is when Baba was talking about the glory of the Tulsi plant (Vrindadevi). It so happened that the Tulsi plant in the auditorium started responding and swaying from one side to another as if it was intoxicated by the Divine emanating from Baba's words.

In 1961, He met Gulabi Baba, who is known by the name due to his rose like complexion. Gulabi Baba possessed a rare scriptural gem which was originally written by Sri Jiva Goswami one of Sri Krishna Chaitanya Mahaprabhu's associates. Baba urged Gulabi Baba to hand over the treatise to Him but was refused point blank.

In 1963, Baba was meditating at Radhakunda in Vrindavan, a small boy came and handed Him the treatise, Gulabi was extremely agitated at this loss but finally reconciled when He had a dream in which Lord Sri Krishna was handing over the treatise to the rightful owner-Baba. The Lord further instructed Him to hand over the Nirsinghdev Shaligram to Baba. This Holy text and Shaligram are at present being preserved at Gurudev's ashram in Bhubaneswar.

In 1973, Baba had a vision that He would lead the effort of building a modern hospital in Bhubaneswar. In 1980, He founded the ashram in Bhubaneswar, which has a Nirsinghdev Temple. His vision of the modern hospital is also becoming a reality and steps have been taken to start it off.

Baba has treated scores of people with Tulsi leaves and Charanamrit for years. He has on several occasions taken on the ailments of His devotees. Baba's love and compassion for people from all walks of life and every strata of society is so wonderfully typical of Him.

450 years ago, Sri Krishna Chaitanya Mahaprabhu was about to take a padyatra from Puri to Rameswaram but could not do so due to massive

floods in Bengal. At that time Sri Achyutananda Swami prophesied that this 'parikrama' would be completed some day by a Divine Soul who would be the Holiest of the Holy, a devout Vaishnav sannyasi, who would be born in Allahabad to a brahmin family, whose Father would be a doctor and mother a professor !

This glorious-historic Naam-Sankirtan Padyatra was undertaken by Baba on the 500th birth anniversary of Sri Krishna Chaitanya Mahaprabhu in 1985.

Lord Chaitanya uttered these words to Swami Achyutananda, before His demise : Get up Achyutananda, do not cry.

*'For me there is no birth nor death,
I am the past, the present and the future,
I am the animate and the inanimate,
I was, I am I will be,
I am the explainable and the inexplicable,
I am the complete 'Brahma'.*

On 24th January 1985 at 1.42 PM 'this Divine Vaishnav sannyasi' as predicted by Swami Achyutananda, lead the sacred 'padyatra' that was started 450 years ago and this time it was successful.

The Holy Naam-Sankirtan Padyatra conducted by Baba took place in two phases. The first phase was from Kharagpur to Puri. More than 5000 Vaishnav devotees accomplished Baba on this 'Parikrama'. The second phase was from Puri Rameswaram which was completed in 3 months and 17 days. By this time 50,000 devotees had joined Baba. Those who have witnessed the padyatra can never forget the vibrant and melodious chanting of the Krishna Naam-Sankirtan. As quoted by a devotee. 'the Divine Love in His (Baba's) eyes was intoxicating and so was the soul stirring melodious chanting of Mahamantra *Hare Krishna Hare Krishna Krishna Krishna Hare Hare Hare Rama Hare Rama Rama Rama Hare Hare* in His voice; accompanied by the numerous Sri Khol (the Holy Drum) and Sri Kartal (the Cymbals). The huge gathering was profoundly

satiated in this joyous unquenching ecstatic love for Lord Krishna. The padyatra was completed with great overwhelming rejoicing by all the devotees.

In 1988, Baba visited the Arab States to preach Vaishnav philosophy. The visit was extremely fruitful despite the many hazards of preaching Sanatana Dharma in these States. As usual, Baba took all the obstacles in His stride, never losing His all-encompassing smile. A senior Arab police officer of Dubai was profoundly influenced by Gurudev's magical qualities and helped Him tremendously during His stay. It is interesting to note that many non-Hindu's took 'mantra-diksha' from Baba in the Arab States.

In 1990, Baba visited the United Kingdom. He delivered lectures in Cambridge University. Nottingham, Birmingham, Leicester and Albert hall. Yet again around 250 non Hindu families were initiated into Krishna-mantras by Baba. He has recently been invited to Australia to deliver a discourse at the National University of Canberra, and may do so in the future.

Throughout His life Baba has been observing the strict austerities of a Vaishnav Sannyasi. He has lived on milk alone since 1967. During Saptahas He goes on a complete fast. As a brahmachari in His Gurudev's ashram Baba had never refrained or scorned upon tasks normally reprehensible for a man reared in comfort and luxury. Although, His life has been hard, His powers of endurance are tremendous. His love and concern for the well-being of His devotees is touching beyond measure. He goes out of His way to help the distressed and needy.

Baba is very magnetic and a brilliant conversationalist. He makes you feel completely at ease. His upto-date knowledge of modern trends is fascinating. I have never seen Him lose His composure, even once. Mere words will never be able to describe His limitless qualities. He has come amongst us to guide and elevate us from our disillusioned way of life, such a Great Soul is rarely found.

I would like to quote a poem by Somnath Ghosh of Calcutta, a dear devotee of Baba. May God Bless this wonderful person :

*“Blessed are those who have thought about Him,
Blessed are those who have heard Him speak,
Blessed are those who have come to Him,
Blessed are those who have sought His grace,
Blessed are those who have attended Him with heart,
Blessed are those who have paid obeisance to Him,
Jai Guru,”*

Guru Kripa Hi Kevalam
Minni Radia, Delhi.

The Guru As Gardener

It was a golden winter evening, the departing sun casting a loving backward glance before sliding down the horizon. Inside the Jodhpur Park Ashram, the sun never sets, when Baba is seated on the sofa in regal splendour, seeming to emit rays that could put a thousand blazing suns to shame. We sat around Him soaking in the effulgence of His presence, and the brilliance of His countenance, listening to His honeyed words. We were like a charmed group of devotees living in another time and space. At that time a woman devotee walked in, holding in her hand, beautiful large dahlias for Baba. As she bowed to Him and offered Him the flowers, He laughed and asked, "From whose garden do these flowers come ? Did they come from the garden of which I am the gardener?"

We all looked at him in surprise. Which garden was he talking about ?' My job is that of a gardener who takes care that each of the tender saplings he sows eventually grows into beautiful large trees. You are those saplings. Living in the material world, and distracted with desires and wants, your path is fraught with difficulties. It is my work to see that each of the saplings has an unrestricted growth, I remove the weeds, see that wild animals do not trample it, or cattle do not devour it. Where necessary, I fortify it with support and build a barricade around it. As the tree grows, flowers bloom on it, and then the fruits come. Eventually, as the tree continues to grow, it pierces the sky and reaches Vaikuntha.'

How true the analogy ! We sat there slowly soaking in the significance of His divine words. May we be ever deserving of his Grace. *Guru Kripa Hi Kevalam!*



One day a devotee came to visit Baba after a long gap. Baba lovingly enquired, "Why did you come after so long? Where were you all these

days ?” The devotee complained “you do not think of us nowadays, you do not call us, that is why we are not able to come to you.” At this Baba gave his childlike chuckle, clapped his hands and said, “A magnet attracts iron in whatever form, but if the iron is coated with mud or dirt, it loses its ability to be attracted to the magnet. A devotee is like an iron vessel that must be scrubbed and cleaned everyday to retain its shine. A few days of neglect and it would become tarnished. It is only when he is able to transform himself into a vessel of gold that his shine will never be lost.”

Those of us who were sitting around him that day must have silently resolved never to miss our practice of Jap prayer even for a day for fear of losing our lustre !



Very often Baba explains difficult concepts through beautiful stories. One day a devotee asked Baba the meaning of surrender. Baba told this beautiful parable to explain its meaning. The parable goes like this :

There were two devotees of God, a snake and a frog. One day the snake could not get any food and prayed to the Lord to send him a live frog to appease his hunger. The Lord took pity on the snake and told him that he would soon have his wish fulfilled. In a short while the snake saw a frog a few feet away from him and slowly started moving in to the kill. The frog, finding he had no time to run away, fervently prayed to the Lord to save his life. The Lord told him not to worry, when the snake would put him in his mouth, he should lie inert as if dead. The snake does not eat dead frogs, and would spit him out, when he should run away. The frog obeyed the instructions to the last and when the snake lunged at him and put him in his mouth, he lay absolutely still.

The snake thinking he had swallowed a dead frog, got angry at God, and said, “I prayed to you for a live frog and you sent me a dead one”, and spit it out. No sooner had the frog been released from the snake’s mouth, it gave a giant leap and fled away to safety.

God had listened to both the prayers. He had sent a live frog to the snake, and had also told the frog how to save himself. Yet the frog had the faith to surrender totally even in the clutches of death, and could save his life, while the snake questioned, and remained hungry.



One day a devotee asked Baba the significance of praying to the divine consort Srimati Radha Thakurani. Is it true that only with Her grace, can you reach Sri Krishna ?

Baba explained that Radharani is the guru of all love. She is the *prem guru*. It is from Her that the beautiful emotion of love has come and resides in our hearts. If you reverse the name Radha you get the word Dhara, which means the source of the flow or the lineage. She is the originator of divine love, and it is in Her that love manifests itself in its complete form. To explain the importance of Radha bhakti, Baba told this story.

One day a man went to the market to buy vegetables. In one shop he saw a beautiful juicy jackfruit. He was surprised ! This was not the season for jackfruits. He was very tempted and immediately purchased the jackfruit. As it was big and bulky, he told the shopkeeper to keep it with him till he finished his other purchases. In the meanwhile, another man came to the shop and saw the jackfruit. He wanted to buy it. 'I'm sorry I cannot sell this jackfruit to you. I have already sold it to someone. It is only in my safe-keeping.' The man would not go away. He wanted the jackfruit at any cost ! He offered double the price, and even tempted the shopkeeper with ten times the price offered by the first customer. But the shopkeeper would not budge. 'I have already sold this jackfruit. You cannot have it from me.' The man was crestfallen. 'Is there no way for me to have this jackfruit ?' The shopkeeper felt sorry for him, and said, 'there is one way for you to get this jackfruit. If you fall at the feet of the customer who bought it from me, and beg him for some of it, he may take pity on you and give you a portion'.

So it is with Krishna prem. Sri Krishna has already sold his entire heart to Radharani. His flute only calls out her name - Radha, Radha ! So if you want a piece of that divine love, you will have to go to Radharani and pray to her to shower her grace on you. When She showers her compassion on you, then you can also partake of the bliss of this love.

We were transported with joy to hear this story. Radharani is kindness and compassion itself. If we learn to call out to her with genuine fervour, we will all soon be blessed !



On the day Dipawali is celebrated throughout the country with great fanfare, Bengal celebrates Kali Puja. One day a devotee asked Baba, 'Kali puja is celebrated many times in a year, what is the special significance of Kali Puja during *amavasya* in the month of Kartik ?

Baba replied that the puja during the month of Kartik is not called Kali puja. If you look in the almanac, you will find mention of Shyama puja. On that day, Sri Krishna had revealed his Kali form to Radharani and seeing that, Sri Ayan Ghosh had worshipped Sri Krishna as Kali.

The story goes, like this : One day, Sri Krishna was playing his flute on the banks of the Yamuna, thinking of Radha. Radha was busy with her household chores when she heard the flute calling her name. Her yearning to run to her Shyamsunder made her desperate. She told her mother-in-law Jatila and sister-in-law Kutila that she was going to the banks of the Jamuna to perform Kali Puja. Taking the puja articles with her, she went towards the grove where her beloved was waiting for her. Kutila had her suspicious and followed Radha to the grove. When she saw Radha and Krishna meeting secretly in the arbour, she ran to her brother Ayan Ghosh and told him that his wife was with Krishna and she was an eye witness to it. She told him that if he did not believe her, he could himself go and catch her red-handed. Ayan Ghosh immediately went to the secret meeting place.

In the meantime Sri Krishna came to know that Ayan Ghosh was coming. Knowing that Ayan was a devotee of Kali, he quickly taught Radha some Kali mantras and transformed himself into Shyama. When Ayan came running to the spot where Radha was, what does he see ! He finds his wife sitting reverently before a statue of Ma Kali, chanting mantras and worshipping the Mother with flowers. Ayan Ghosh immediately felt repentant for suspecting his wife and also offered his prayers to Ma Kali.



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