

Śrī Vyāsa-pūjā

Śrī Vyāsa-Pūjā
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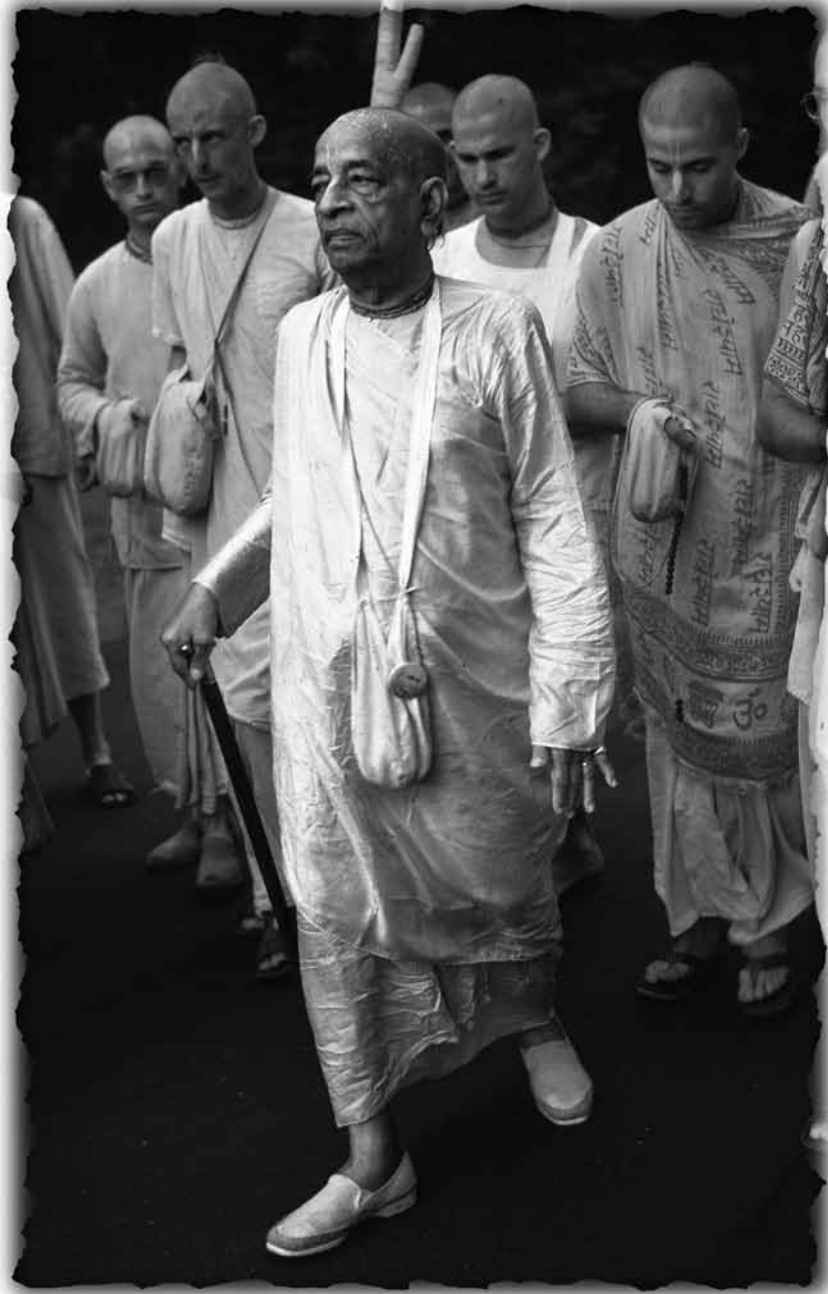
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Śrī Vyāsa-pūjā

THE MOST BLESSED EVENT
THE APPEARANCE DAY OF OUR
BELOVED SPIRITUAL MASTER



His Divine Grace Oṃ Viṣṇupāda Paramahansa Parivrājakācārya Aṣṭottara-śata Śrī Śrīmad

A.C. BHAKTIVEDANTA SWAMI PRABHUPĀDA

Founder-Ācārya of the International Society for Krishna Consciousness



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Introduction

In the *Caitanya-caritāmṛta* we find several passages describing how Lord Caitanya praised His devotees as if He had five mouths. Typical is this one concerning Śrīla Haridāsa Ṭhākura, at *Antya-līlā* 11.50–51:

*rāmānanda, sārva-bhauma, sabāra agrete
haridāsera guṇa prabhu lāgilā kahite*

*haridāsera guṇa kahite prabhu ha-ilā pañca-mukha
kahite kahite prabhura bāḍe mahā-sukha*

“In front of all the great devotees like Rāmānanda Rāya and Sārva-bhauma Bhaṭṭācārya, Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu began to describe the holy attributes of Haridāsa Ṭhākura. As He described the transcendental attributes of Haridāsa Ṭhākura, Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu seemed to possess five mouths. The more He described, the more His great happiness increased.”

We can only imagine how much happiness Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu must feel as more than a hundred “mouths” glorify His dear devotee Śrīla Prabhupāda in the yearly Vyāsa-pūjā book, and as thousands more do so all over the world on Śrīla Prabhupāda’s Vyāsa-pūjā day.

In this forty-first annual Vyāsa-pūjā book, we will find the usual array of encomiums, prayers, and reports of preaching projects planned or completed. The homages come from a cross section of the International Society for Krishna Consciousness—seniors and juniors, leaders and neophytes. They all express, in unique ways, their realization that Śrīla Prabhupāda is the beating heart of ISKCON. And just as every part of the body depends on the heart for energy and life itself, so every member of Śrīla Prabhupāda’s Society depends on him—his instructions, his blessings, his love—for their spiritual lives.

Some highlights from each section follow.

GBCs: Tamohara Prabhu, reflecting on the imminent installation of the Deities of Śrī Śrī Kṛṣṇa-Balarāma in New Ramaṇa Reti, Florida, reflects on Śrīla Prabhupāda as the representative of Lord Balarāma:

It is our good fortune that the spiritual strength bestowed by Lord Balarāma is manifested by you in fullness. We can recall your firm determination to preach the message of Kṛṣṇa consciousness, your absolute conviction of the spiritual truth, and your unflagging determination to push forth this ISKCON movement against all odds. Your strength gave us our strength. In your presence, there was no fear, no question, and no hesitation.

In the years since your physical departure from this world, we have sometimes wondered whether we can go on with this same strength, conviction, and determination. Sometimes the road seems more difficult and the obstacles seem higher and wider. It is at those times that we have no recourse other than to take shelter of you. By remembering your instructions to us, recalling your conviction to preach unceasingly, and opening our hearts to the mercy you still extend to us all, we will receive that same strength. In our times of difficulty or doubt, we need look no further than your lotus feet, your instructions, and service to you. We need only approach you in the mood of sincere prayer, and then there will be no doubt that all spiritual benedictions will come. By our service and prayer to you we will experience the strength and mercy of Lord Balarāma manifesting through His most confidential representative—you, Śrīla Prabhupāda.

Non-GBC Sannyāsīs: Śācinandana Swami encapsulates the essence of a sincere disciple’s prayer to Śrīla Prabhupāda in this little free-verse poem:

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,
Today I offer the flowers of my faith to your lotus feet.
Whatever you find of value in me are gifts given by you.



I sincerely fall down before your lotus feet and beg you:
Kindly help me not withhold anything from you and the Divine Couple.
Please give me strength and love
so I can wholeheartedly offer all my words,
acts, and thoughts for your service.
Thank you so much.

ISKCON Centers: Like several other authors, the writer of the homage from Longdenville, Trinidad, focuses on the inspiring example Śrīla Prabhupāda gave us for all time by the many struggles he underwent to found and expand the Kṛṣṇa consciousness movement:

We struggle too, Śrīla Prabhupāda. We know you are well aware of that. We struggle to control our senses. We struggle to chant attentively and without offense. We struggle to follow the principles and your instructions. We struggle to find the enthusiasm to give Kṛṣṇa consciousness to others. We struggle to get along with each other.

We struggle just to keep struggling to become Kṛṣṇa conscious. Sometimes it seems like a hopeless task. How can we succeed when we are often our own worst enemies?

Our success lies in simply remaining faithful to you and never giving up the fight. You have given us so many blessings to make the struggle easier that it hardly seems proper to beg for more. Yet we shamelessly beseech your mercy so that we can find the strength to continue on this path and not be deviated, not become disheartened or discouraged by our own weaknesses and anarthas. It may take us many lifetimes (although you urged us to finish up our business in this life), yet there is no more worthwhile struggle than the one to attain one's real self.



Publishers: Puṇya-pālaka Prabhu of the North European branch of the BBT succinctly summarizes the great value of Śrīla Prabhupāda's books, as well as the mood of those fortunate devotees who have the chance to help produce them:

Your books potently inspire and purify utter beginners and laymen in spiritual matters, and they give further guidance to those who are already to some extent purified and aware of life's ultimate subtle interest. And certainly all advanced devotees enjoy reading them, as you yourself did! Please bless us, your BBT servants, to be able to continue to effectively assist sincere souls everywhere in their search for the fulfillment of self-realization by providing them with your perfect and complete teachings, transparently and attractively, without distortions.

Ministries: The highlight of this section is the offering from Bhakti-rāghava Swami, in which he includes a report on the establishment of the Daiva Varṇāśrama Ministry project in India. Its mission statement:

The ISKCON Daiva Varṇāśrama Ministry Promoting Rural Development seeks to promote, establish, and demonstrate the ideals of simple living and high thinking, based on the concepts and principles of *daivī-varṇāśrama-dharma*, as desired by Śrīla Prabhupāda. The ministry will work with the ISKCON India leadership to establish self-sufficient rural (village) communities, giving special emphasis to training and education.

Anyone who knows Śrīla Prabhupāda's life knows how dear *varṇāśrama* was to him. Now it looks like something substantial in this regard is really going to happen in India.

Other ISKCON Sources: Yogeśvara Prabhu wrote an expressive offering for ISKCON Resolve, the intrepid group of devotees who try to mediate—and resolve—the seemingly intractable disputes that sometimes arise among devotees in a worldwide, dynamic preaching movement. Addressing Śrīla Prabhupāda, he writes:

You excelled at finding diamonds amid broken glass and gems of wisdom in straw huts. You took threads of light peeping through bleak places and spun luxurious spools of brightness, breathed in wisps of air from suffocated terrain and exhaled lavish, full billows of life. The glass was never

half full for you; it overflowed. Perhaps in these stunning discoveries of the extraordinary in the ordinary you were telling us to be alert because life's stories are always deeper than they seem; and to not be afraid of reaching out to possibility, because even the most perceptive devotee cannot predict the full extent of Kṛṣṇa's creation.

How much more we take from your example today than we could then, now that we see for ourselves how hearts scarred by bitter memories are also fortified by them and that a war cry is better than a whimper. You insisted on courage, railed against impossibility, raised aging to an art, and challenged us to rethink entrenched positions. Who dares complain of having reached their limits, you demanded. Who dares capitulate to the forces of a dark world? You were, I believe, alerting us that aging would mean entering the most productive period of our lives: too old to continue the naivety of youth but not so old that one should avoid pushing the boulder up the hill one more time. Don't stop. That was your message. No one, you declared, least of all a devotee, is ennobled by complacency.

Just a few of the voices raised in praise of Śrīla Prabhupāda and recorded for posterity in this forty-first edition of his Vyāsa-pūjā book.

Draviḍa Dāsa
Vyāsa-pūjā book Editor





The Meaning of Vyāsa-pūjā

To move forward in our understanding of Vyāsa-pūjā, sometimes it is useful to look back and reflect . . .

The year is 1972.

As Śrīla Prabhupāda continues to deliver Lord Caitanya’s message all over the world, Kali continues to spread deadly karma among all those who’ve yet to receive the shade of the Lord’s lotus feet.

In Ireland and the United Kingdom, Protestants and Roman Catholics continue to maim and kill one another over land and identities that belong to neither. In East Africa antithetical bodily conceptions held by Hutu and Tutsi tribespeople explode in the first wave of genocide in that region. In the Middle East Arabs and Israelis are locked in a perennial paradigm of hatred and conflict; at the summer Olympics in Munich Palestinian terrorists assassinate eleven Israeli athletes.

But the worst nightmare lies in Richard Nixon’s America. Desperate to win an unwinnable war in Vietnam, Nixon privately vows to “bomb the living bejeezus out of North Vietnam,” including schools and hospitals. In June *Life* magazine shows its readers photos of U.S. troops dropping napalm bombs on Vietnamese villages, where women and children run screaming and burning alive. Across America opposition to the war is now mainstream, but fear of change prevails, and in the presidential election that fall, the anti-war candidate would suffer a landslide defeat.

Dreaming of waking from this nightmare, the youthful American counterculture treks to Strawberry Lake, Colorado, on America’s Fourth of July birthday, to manifest the first “Rainbow Gathering.” The back-to-the-land values prominent at the Gathering commune with the “plain living and high thinking” of some Hare Kṛṣṇa folks present. Word of the Kṛṣṇa guru’s imminent visit to the hills of West Virginia spreads, and in late August hundreds of devotees and guests make the pilgrimage to New Vrindaban for a full week of Prabhupāda’s “Bhāgavata Dharma Discourses.”

At the New Vrindaban property called Bahulaban, the devotees work hard to finish a farmhouse temple for Śrī Śrī Rādhā–Vrindaban-Chandra. Behind the temple, atop the highest hill around, more devotees work harder to build a wood-hewn pandal for Prabhupāda’s discourses, as well as pit-barrel stoves for the marathon cooking ahead. In addition to the hundreds of devotees and seekers who would come, politicians, academics, and journalists from *Mother Earth News* to *The New York Times* would hear Prabhupāda deliver the message of Lord Caitanya to all souls suffering in Kali’s grip.

One day near the end of August, I arrive in New Vrindaban at twilight, too late to hear Prabhupāda’s first discourse but in time to behold him sailing downhill on a palanquin surrounded by a sea of chanting-and-dancing devotees. I bow in the dust, now pink in the setting sun, and thrill to the thunderous *kīrtana* filling the sky. I sense a landmark event unfolding, with repercussions beyond America, nay, beyond earth-and-sky itself. From their swanships, surely the celestials must be following Prabhupāda as he grips the palanquin’s ropes and chants Hare Kṛṣṇa down the winding, dusty path.

To frame his discourses, Prabhupāda has chosen several famous *ślokas* from the *Bhāgavata*’s First Canto, second chapter, “Divinity and Divine Service.” His words are compassionate and strong, addressing the modern world’s predicament in general and America’s in particular. Despite its wealth and power, the United States of America, the idol of nations, has become their bane, a confused glutton now alienating its own children in a self-destructive war. To find the peace, love, and happiness they seek, says Prabhupāda citing the *Bhāgavata*, Americans and all peoples must stop chasing the mirage of materialism now ravaging the earth and rediscover their long-lost relationship with Kṛṣṇa, the Supreme Personality of Godhead, the proprietor, enjoyer, and friend of all.

After each discourse, Prabhupāda fields questions. One day, before he finishes speaking, a long-haired student shouts a challenge from the back of the pandal: “If the purpose of life is to know Kṛṣṇa, then why is *māyā* so strong?”

Without hesitation, Prabhupāda roars in response: “Your *purpose* is not strong!”

The gale of his words sweeps us back, like wheat in the wind. Devotees and guests alike sit stunned, each left to ponder the implications of his words. Prabhupāda’s rhetorical judo is so sudden, swift, and



final that the discourse ends. There are no more questions.

As August turns to September, the gathering's focus shifts to Janmāṣṭamī/Vyāsa-pūjā, the twin observances of Lord Kṛṣṇa's and Śrīla Prabhupāda's appearance days. After the Janmāṣṭamī *ārati* at midnight, a dense fog settles over New Vrindaban. By dawn the surrounding hills and valleys brim with a thick, milky mist. Then the sun rises to dispel the mist, and the sky turns a spotless blue, presaging the day's events.

*kecit kevalayā bhaktyā vāsudeva-parāyaṇāḥ
aghaṁ dhunvanti kārtsnyena nīhāram iva bhāskarāḥ*

“Only a rare person who has adopted complete, unalloyed devotional service to Kṛṣṇa can uproot the weeds of sinful actions with no possibility that they will revive. He can do this simply by discharging devotional service, just as the sun can immediately dissipate fog by its rays.” (*Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* 6.1.15)

As the sun climbs to the meridian, all the devotees and guests—now numbering nearly a thousand—make their way up the hill for Śrīla Prabhupāda's Vyāsa-pūjā ceremony. At the pandal, the famous traveling Deities, Śrī Śrī Rādhā-Dāmodara, preside at center stage, flanked by wide-eyed Jagannātha, Baladeva, and Subhadrā on Their left and Prabhupāda's *vyāsāsana* on Their right. Everything is draped in scarlet against the late-summer greenery outside. Rādhā-Dāmodara's singing preacher Viṣṇujana Swami is leading an entrancing *kīrtana*, which keeps swelling as everyone arrives.

When Śrīla Prabhupāda arrives, the *kīrtana* takes off to a new dimension. From the *vyāsāsana*, Prabhupāda plays strong *karatālas*, his voice responding vigorously to Viṣṇujana's lead, now moving toward a crescendo of Hare Kṛṣṇa. Suddenly Prabhupāda takes the lead from Viṣṇujana, and the devotees go absolutely mad. Arms outstretched, singing and weeping, we rush the stage, where the sky above Prabhupāda and the Deities seems to open, flooding the entire assembly with pure love of God. When finally Prabhupāda chants the *prema-dhvani* prayers, we drop to the grass and swoon with joy.

During the Vyāsa-pūjā ceremony, Śrīla Prabhupāda leads the devotees in chanting *japa* while, one-by-one, his leaders come before him to offer flowers, presents, and full *daṇḍavats*. Then everyone chants the *puṣpāñjali praṇāma* mantras and tosses flowers toward the *vyāsāsana*, where Prabhupāda keeps chanting on his beads, as grave as grave can be. He is completely transparent, offering everything he is receiving to his spiritual master, and up the *paramparā* to Kṛṣṇa.

At the same time, for some visitors Prabhupāda is a puzzle, the perfect paradox—at once ancient and childlike, powerful and humble, adored and aloof. He speaks with authority, yet for many educated Kali-yugans, authority seems to be precisely the problem. Can they trust him?

Sitting erect on the *vyāsāsana*, his beaded bag slung securely round his neck, Prabhupāda keeps chanting and surveying the scene. Outside the pandal, children run and whine, cows graze and low, flies buzz, bees hum. Inside, where news cameras roll, Prabhupāda is the saffron whorl of a scarlet lotus, the cynosure of hungry eyes and expectant ears. Beyond time yet ever sensitive to the time, place, and circumstances of his audience, His Divine Grace clears his throat, leans toward the microphone, and speaks:

Ladies and gentlemen, this ceremony, of course, those who are my students, they know what is this ceremony. Those who are visitors, for their information, I may inform you something about this ceremony. Otherwise it may be . . . misunderstood. An outsider may see it that “Why a person is being worshiped like God?”

Indeed. Self-made “gods” and demagogues are among Kali's most effective operatives, driving the game of cheaters and cheated. To establish trust, Prabhupāda first presents Vyāsa, “the original author of the Vedic literature,” and the disciplic succession of saintly sages who have succeeded him for five millennia. And before Vyāsa, how was Vedic knowledge received?

There was no need of written literature. People were so sharp in their memory that whatever they would hear from the spiritual master, they would remember for life. The memory was so sharp.

This is a preemptive strike. Prabhupāda is identifying literacy, the very foundation of Western civili-



The Meaning of Vyāsa-pūjā

zation, not as a measure of advancement but as a mark of humanity's dumbing down. From intellectual degradation, he turns to moral degradation.

Formerly, if somebody is attacked by another man, many persons will come to help him. . . . But at the present moment, if one man is attacked by another man, the passersby will not care for it because they have lost their sympathy or mercifulness for others. Our neighbor may starve, but we don't care for it.

Prabhupāda is right and the audience knows it. Now he ups the ante, extending "mercifulness for others" to all living beings.

Suppose your land, America, United States, why the government should give protection to one class of living entities, rejecting others? This means they have lost their sympathy for others. This is Kali-yuga. Formerly, before Kali-yuga, unnecessarily even an ant would not be killed. Even an ant.

As if on cue, a nearby cow moos in confirmation.

Prabhupāda explains that modern humanity's fierce misidentification with matter is what makes human nature so fallible. He explains the "four defects" and how they sabotage our access to true knowledge.

So your senses are imperfect, you are cheating, you are illusioned, and you commit mistake. How you can give perfect knowledge? Therefore we don't accept any knowledge from an imperfect personality. . . . We want to know fact. That is perfect knowledge. So that perfect knowledge can come from God.

And how does God, or Kṛṣṇa, make sure that His perfect knowledge reaches our fallible selves intact?

It is distributed by *paramparā* system, by disciplic succession. The example is just there, a mango tree. On the top of the mango tree there is a very ripened fruit, and the fruit has to be tasted. So if I drop the fruit from up, it will be lost. Therefore, it is handed over, after one, after one, after . . . Then it comes down. So all Vedic process of knowledge is taking from the authority. And it comes down through disciplic succession.

Well aware of American antipathy to authority, Prabhupāda knows he must demystify the *paramparā* to make himself, as its representative, real to the audience. To do this, he makes a comparison to that venerated American pedestrian, the mailman:

Just like a post peon comes and delivers you, say, one hundred dollars. So *he* is not delivering that one hundred dollars. Your friend has sent you one hundred dollars, and his business is to hand over that one hundred dollars as it is, without any change, without taking one dollar from it, no, or adding. No addition, no subtraction. His honesty, his perfection, is that he delivers you that hundred dollars which is sent by your friend. . . . He may be imperfect in so many other ways, but when he does his business perfectly, he is perfect. Similarly, our, this Vyāsa-pūjā means we receive perfect knowledge from Kṛṣṇa through the agency of spiritual master.

From the spiritual master as "post peon," Prabhupāda extends the comparison further to a child and finally to America's "best friend," the dog:

If somebody pats your son, even pats your dog, you become pleased. So the spiritual master is very confidential servant, dog of God. . . . If you can please the spiritual master, then God is pleased. . . . This is the position of a spiritual master. Don't misunderstand that "This person is sitting very comfortably and taking all honors and contribution." It is needed just to teach them how to respect the representative of God. This is the sum and substance of Vyāsa-pūjā. Thank you very much.





The Meaning of Vyāsa-pūjā

The devotees cheer, the guests smile, and continue to ponder, as Prabhupāda steps off the *vyāsāsana* and offers full *daṇḍavats* to the Deities. Accompanied by a roaring *kīrtana*, he gets into a yellow Volkswagen bug, which takes him down the hillside and off to his quarters, where he will chat with his servant and await a piece of his birthday cake.

Inside the pandal, Prabhupāda's cake still sits at the lotus feet of the Deities. Spanning the width of the stage, the cake is Brobdingnagian—so enormous, so layered, and so ornate that it has taken several devotees many days to bake. Now that Prabhupāda has left, we turn our attention to the cake. And dive in.

I swipe a large piece, tuck it under my right arm, and run broken-field through a gauntlet of *brahmacārīs*. I make it out of the pandal, but not far down the hill I'm tackled and come out on the bottom of a four-man pile. The cake is powder. The ants win.

Across the hillside, similar dramas are playing out. If the cameramen are still shooting, they must be having a field day, recording for the evening news this wild, anomalous postscript to Prabhupāda's message. The enormous cake is now history.

The devotees' behavior may be incomprehensible to the public but not to His Divine Grace. When his servant tells him that the devotees have eaten every last smudge and crumb of his cake, Prabhupāda smiles and shakes his head: "That's all right, bake another one."

As I write in 2010, I am happy to say that many of us, the first generation of Prabhupāda's followers, have moved on, from living to eat to eating to live. And dying to live, by His mercy. "He lives forever by his divine instructions, and the follower lives with him." For all generations of Śrīla Prabhupāda's followers, may we live those hallowed words as our daily Vyāsa-pūjā.

Yours in Śrīla Prabhupāda's service,

Sureśvara Dāsa

Writer and teacher, Māyāpur Institute of Higher Education





Prayer Unto the Lotus Feet of Kṛṣṇa

On September 13, 1965, His Divine Grace A. C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupāda wrote this poem on-board the ship *Jaladuta*, four days prior to his arrival in Boston Harbor.

(1)

*kṛṣṇa taba puṇya habe bhāi
e-puṇya koribe jabe rādhārāṇī khusī habe
dhruva ati boli tomā tāi*

I emphatically say to you, O brothers, you will obtain your good fortune from the Supreme Lord Kṛṣṇa only when Śrīmatī Rādhārāṇī becomes pleased with you.

(2)

*śrī-siddhānta saraswatī śacī-suta priya ati
kṛṣṇa-sebāya jāra tula nāi
sei se mohānta-guru jagater madhe uru
kṛṣṇa-bhakti dey thāi thāi*

Śrī Śrīmad Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī Ṭhākura, who is very dear to Lord Gaurāṅga, the son of mother Śacī, is unparalleled in his service to the Supreme Lord Śrī Kṛṣṇa. He is that great saintly spiritual master who bestows intense devotion to Kṛṣṇa at different places throughout the world.

(3)

*tāra icchā balavān pāścātyete thān thān
hoy jāte gaurāṅger nām
prthivīte nagarādi āsamudra nada nadī
sakalei loy kṛṣṇa nā*

By his strong desire, the holy name of Lord Gaurāṅga will spread throughout all the countries of the Western world. In all the cities, towns, and villages on the earth, from all the oceans, seas, rivers, and streams, everyone will chant the holy name of Kṛṣṇa.

(4)

*tāhale ānanda hoy tabe hoy digvijay
caitanyer kṛpā atīśay
māyā duṣṭa jata duḥkhī jagate sabāi sukhī
vaiṣṇaver icchā pūrṇa hoy*

As the vast mercy of Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu conquers all directions, a flood of transcendental ecstasy will certainly cover the land. When all the sinful, miserable living entities become happy, the Vaiṣṇavas' desire is then fulfilled.

(5)

*se kārja je koribāre ājñā jadi dilo more
jogya nahi an dīna hīna
tāi se tomāra kṛpā māgitechī anurūpā
āji numi sabār pravīṇa*

Although my Guru Mahārāja ordered me to accomplish this mission, I am not worthy or fit to do it. I am



very fallen and insignificant. Therefore, O Lord, now I am begging for Your mercy so that I may become worthy, for You are the wisest and most experienced of all.

(6)

*tomāra se śakti pele guru-sebāya bastu mile
jībana sārthak jadi hoy
sei se sevā pāile tāhale sukhī hale
taba saṅga bhāgyate miloy*

If You bestow Your power, by serving the spiritual master one attains the Absolute Truth—one's life becomes successful. If that service is obtained, then one becomes happy and gets Your association due to good fortune.

(7)

*evam janam nipatitam prabhavāhikūpe
kāmbhikāmam anu yaḥ prapatan prasaṅgāt
kṛtvātmasāt surarṣiṇā bhagavan grhītaḥ
so 'ham katham nu visṛje tava bhṛtya-sevām*

“My dear Lord, O Supreme Personality of Godhead, because of my association with material desires, one after another, I was gradually falling into a blind well full of snakes, following the general populace. But Your servant Nārada Muni kindly accepted me as his disciple and instructed me how to achieve this transcendental position. Therefore, my first duty is to serve him. How could I leave his service?” [Prahlaḍa Mahārāja to Lord Nṛsiṃhadeva, Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam 7.9.28]



(8)

*tumi mor cira sāthī bhuliyā māyār lāthi
khāiyāchi janma-janmāntare
āji punaḥ e sujoga jadi hoy jogāyoga
tabe pāri tuhe milibāre*

O Lord Kṛṣṇa, You are my eternal companion. Forgetting You, I have suffered the kicks of Māyā birth after birth. If today the chance to meet You occurs again, then I will surely be able to rejoin You.

(9)

*tomāra milane bhāi ābār se sukha pāi
gocārane ghuri din bhor
kata bane chuṭāchuṭi bane khāi luṭāpuṭi
sei din kabe habe mor*

O dear friend, in Your company I will experience great joy once again. In the early morning I will wander about the cowherd pastures and fields. Running and frolicking in the many forests of Vraja, I will roll on the ground in spiritual ecstasy. Oh when will that day be mine?

(10)

*āji se subidhāne tomāra smaraṇa bhela
baro āśā ḍākilām tāi
āmi tomāra nitya-dāsa tāi kori eta āśa
tumi binā anya gati nāi*

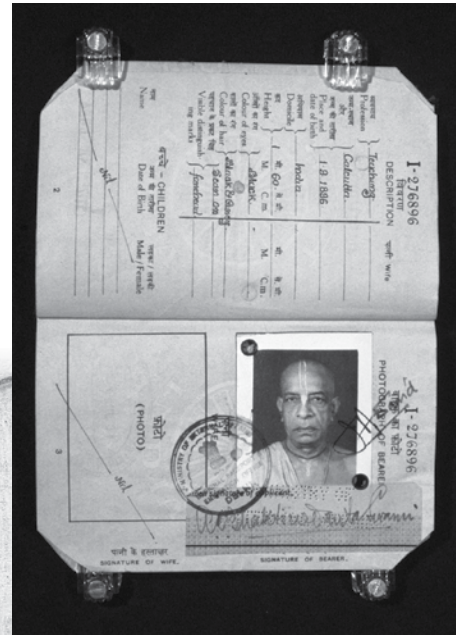
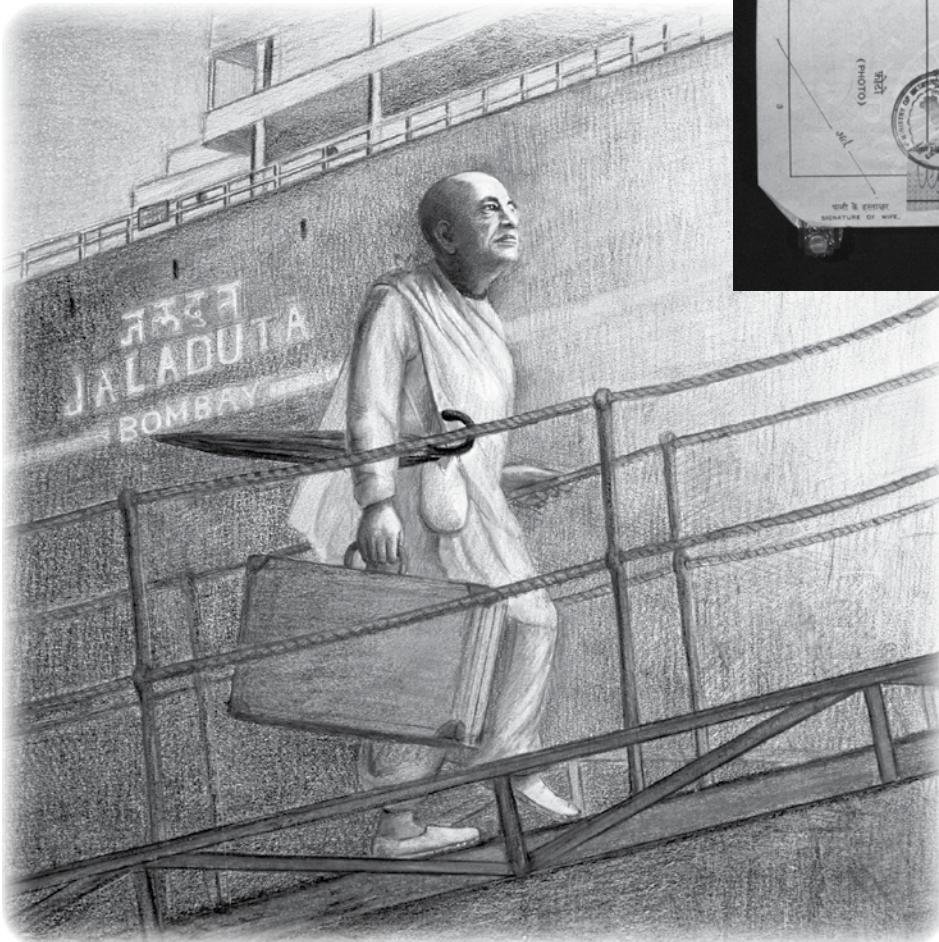
Today that remembrance of You came to me in a very nice way. Because I have a great longing I called to You. I am Your eternal servant and therefore I desire Your association so much. O Lord Kṛṣṇa, except for You there is no other means of success.

Prayer unto the Lotus Feet of Kṛṣṇa

(11)

*kṛṣṇa taba puṇya habe bhāi
e-puṇya koribe jabe rādhārāṇī khusī habe
dhruva ati boli tomā tāt*

I emphatically say to you, O brothers, you will obtain your good fortune from the Supreme Lord Kṛṣṇa only when Śrīmatī Rādhārāṇī becomes pleased with you.





“Adore, Adore Ye All The Happy Day”

Śrīla Prabhupāda wrote the following poem in February 1935, on the occasion of the Vyāsa-pūjā celebration of his spiritual master, Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī Ṭhākura. It delighted Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta, especially the sixth stanza, which he felt captured the essence of his preaching against the Māyāvādīs. After reading this poem, Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī was especially keen that Śrīla Prabhupāda preach and write in English.

Adore, adore ye all
The happy day,
Blessed than Heaven,
Sweeter than May,
When He appeared at Puri,
The holy place,
My Lord and Master,
His Divine Grace.

Oh! my Master,
The evangelic angel,
Give us thy light,
Light up thy candle.
Struggle for existence
A Human race,
The only hope
His Divine Grace.

Misled we are,
All going astray.
Save us Lord,
Our fervent pray.
Wonder thy ways
To turn our face.
Adore thy feet,
Your Divine Grace.

Forgotten Krishna,
We fallen soul
Paying most heavy
The illusion's toll.
Darkness around,
All untrace.
The only hope
His Divine Grace.

Message of service
Thou has brought,
A healthful life
As Chaitanya wrought.
Unknown to all,
It's full of brace.
That's your gift,
Your Divine Grace.

Absolute is sentient
Thou hast proved.
Impersonal calamity
Thou hast removed.
This gives us a life
Anew and fresh.
Worship thy feet,
Your Divine Grace.

Had you not come,
Who had told
The message of Krishna,
Forceful and bold?
That's your right,
You have the mace.
Save me a fallen,
Your Divine Grace.

The line of service
As drawn by you
Is pleasing and healthy
Like morning dew.
The oldest of all,
But in new dress.
Miracle done,
Your Divine Grace.



