





SRILA  
PRABHUPADA  
TRIBUTES<sub>2010</sub>

# SRILA PRABHUPADA TRIBUTES<sup>2010</sup>

Celebrating the appearance day of our beloved spiritual master  
Oṃ Viṣṇupāda Paramahaṁsa 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 1969, ISKCON published the first collection of Vyāsa-pūjā offerings to Śrīla Prabhupāda, in the form of a booklet, stapled and printed in small numbers. Each disciple had the opportunity to contribute an offering, and so too in 1970. By 1971, however, his disciples had become so many that the publishers decided to print only one offering per temple, each followed by the names of the devotees who served there. In 1973, a section was added for offerings by GBC members and in 1984 *sannyāsīs*. But after 1991 the lists of devotees no longer appeared. And the last time all of Śrīla Prabhupāda’s disciples were each able to contribute an offering was forty years ago.

This book, therefore, revives the opportunity for each of Śrīla Prabhupāda’s disciples — at least, those still living — to publish an offering in honor of His Divine Grace.

In the years since Śrīla Prabhupāda’s physical departure, his disciples have gone in various directions, geographically and in other ways as well. But although we may differ in how we apply Śrīla Prabhupāda’s teachings in our lives, we stand united in acknowledging our indebtedness to His Divine Grace and desiring to honor and praise him. This book, therefore, also provides an opportunity for us to come together for service at his divine lotus feet. As Satyarāja Prabhu recently wrote me, “We are all bound together by our affection and appreciation for Śrīla Prabhupāda. This book is tangible evidence of that.”

This book is a non-institutional offering. Though we hope that devotees serving as institutional leaders will be among those who find it pleasing, it has not been planned, financed, endorsed, or guided by any institutional authority. As Ranchor

Prabhu has so well said, it represents “each of us offering an expression of our personal relationship with Śrīla Prabhupāda. A record of where we all are thirty-three years on.”

Ranchor Prabhu and Satyarāja Prabhu, both independently thoughtful, served with me to form the senior board for the book. But since I made final decisions, they deserve only credit, and I whatever blame.

Two editorial decisions deserve explaining:

First, Why no pictures? Including pictures would no doubt have made the book more attractive. But pictures of Śrīla Prabhupāda are now profusely available, and I had my eye on our deadline. Our production team was on a tight deadline, and sticking to “text only” made the book simpler and swifter to produce. Moreover, the essence of the book resides in the realizations and devotion expressed in the offerings.

Second, why not have all the offerings simply in alphabetical order? Why in order of initiation? And why special precedence for *sannyāsīs*? After all, some of Śrīla Prabhupāda’s householder disciples may be as good as any *sannyāsī*. And some devotees initiated last might stand first in spiritual advancement.

I remembered, however, from personal experience, that in August of 1972 in New Vrindaban, when Śrīla Prabhupāda was personally present for his Vyāsa-pūjā, this was the order he had specified: *sannyāsīs* first, then the other devotees, in order of seniority.

And so, after much discussion with the other members of our board, I chose to stick with this order. I add, also, that the

book includes as a *sannyāsī* any devotee who has accepted the renounced order, regardless of institutional considerations.

I now have the happy duty of thanking the various devotees whose dedicated service has gone into this book.

Foremost, the devotees whose offerings — realizations, remembrances, and expressions of devotion and praise — are the substance of the book. Second, our all-volunteer production team: Pradyumna Dāsa Adhikārī, production manager; Rūpa Sanātana Dāsa Adhikārī, senior editor; Nimāi Devī Dāsī, editor and proofreader; Jāhnvī Harrison (daughter of Guru Caraṇa Padma Devī Dāsī and Kṛpāmoya Dāsa Adhikārī), editor and proofreader; Matsyāvatāra Dāsa Adhikārī, who helped with Sanskrit spellings; Jagannātha Śaraṇa Dāsa Adhikārī ([www.inajardesign.com](http://www.inajardesign.com)), who so tastefully designed the book and put it into final pages; and Chandni Kathrani, who rendered administrative support.

Thanks to Mahā-māyā Devī Dāsī, whose diligently kept database of Śrīla Prabhupāda disciples helped guide us on names and dates and who helped with these personally also.

Thanks to everyone who spread word of the book.

Finally, special thanks to Puṣkar Rāja Dāsa Adhikārī and Harā Devī Dāsī, Nayan Ruparelia, Caitanya Nitāi Dāsa Adhikārī, Madhupati Dāsa, and two anonymous devotees, who generously bore the entire cost of this book, thus making it available, without charge, for every disciple who wrote an offering.

Our apologies to those disciples of Śrīla Prabhupāda whom word of the book didn't reach. We intend this book to be annual, and we hope they will write for the book next year.

Your suggestions for improving next year's book are most welcome. (Write to [vp.board@pamho.net](mailto:vp.board@pamho.net).)

Please forgive our mistakes and shortcomings.

May the glories of Śrīla Prabhupāda, who spread the glories of Lord Kṛṣṇa throughout the world, be ever-increasingly proclaimed, may Śrīla Prabhupāda's words and deeds always illuminate our hearts, and may we all be blessed to serve his lotus feet forever.

*Your servant,*

Jayādvaita Swami

# TRIBUTES BY DISCIPLES

**Bhakti Caitanya Swami**

My dear lord and master, Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances at your divine lotus feet.  
All glories to you, the savior of the whole world!

Your sincere followers know nobody but you. I wish to be counted as one of them in due course. I'm convinced there is no higher aspiration than this, and it is foremost in my mind, despite many lifetimes of material activity in this sick material world.

Śrīla Narottama Dāsa Ṭhākura sings:

*śrī-guru-caraṇa-padma, kevala-bhakati-sadma,  
bando mui sāvadhāna mate*

“The lotus feet of the spiritual master are the only way to attain pure devotional service. I bow down to his lotus feet with great awe and reverence.”

The word *sāvadhāna* is something like a word of warning. When one travels by car in north India, if one comes across some roadwork, the standard sign in Hindi to alert drivers of the need for special care says “*Sāvadhāna*.” One has to watch out, or else there can easily be a calamity.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, in one lecture you said:

So our business is... Because we are preparing ourselves to preach Kṛṣṇa consciousness, we must be qualified to get the power of attorney. Sometimes we speak that “I’ll preach.” What you will preach? First of all get the power of attorney; then preach. Preaching is not so easy that anyone and everyone can preach without... *kṛṣṇa-śakti vinā nahe nāma pracāraṇa*. So to get that power of attorney one has to qualify himself; not that the power of attorney is hanging in the tree and you can take it. No. So how this power of attorney can be achieved? That is stated in the *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*... Now, today is *guru-pūrṇimā*. Especially we should understand what is the power of attorney. Anyone can recite this verse, *śrī-guru-caraṇa*?

**Dhrstadyumna:** *Śrī-guru-caraṇa-padma, kevala-bhakti-sadma, vando mui sāvadhāna mate.*

**Prabhupāda:** So this is the beginning, that if you want to be devotee, then you must approach the spiritual master who has got the power. *Śrī-guru-caraṇa-padma, kevala-bhakti-sadma, vando mui sāvadhāna mate. Sāvadhāna* means very carefully, not whimsically.

It is self-evident that you had that power of attorney, Śrīla Prabhupāda, received from your spiritual master, Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī Ṭhākura. You single-handedly spread Kṛṣṇa consciousness all over the world despite seemingly insurmountable odds. You didn’t wait for anyone to make comfortable arrangements for you, but boldly stepped forward alone. As you said, when you stepped off the ship in New York “I did not know whether to turn left or right.”

Anyone who wants to achieve that power of attorney to preach Kṛṣṇa consciousness in this age must be very careful to receive it from you. It is not really available elsewhere. Certainly not to the same degree.

We are struggling to continue your mission, Śrīla Prabhupāda. It is not easy. Kali-yuga is an extremely difficult time, and we don’t have the qualifications that you have.

Śrīla Rūpa Gosvāmī quotes Śrīla Sanātana Gosvāmī in the *Bhakti-rasamṛta-sindhu* (1.3.35):

*na premā śravaṇādi-bhaktir api vā yogo 'tha vā vaiṣṇavo  
jñānaṁ vā śubha-karma vā kiyad aho saj-jātir apy asti vā  
hīnārthādhika-sādhake tvayi tathāpy acchedya-mūlā satī  
he gopī-jana-vallabha vyathayate hā hā mad-āśaiva mām*

In your *Nectar of Devotion* you translate this verse, Śrīla Prabhupāda: “I have no love for Kṛṣṇa, nor for the causes of developing love of Kṛṣṇa — namely, hearing and chanting. And the process of *bhakti-yoga*, by which one is always thinking



of Kṛṣṇa and fixing His lotus feet in the heart, is also lacking in me. As far as philosophical knowledge or pious works are concerned, I don't see any opportunity for me to execute such activities. But above all, I am not even born of a nice family. Therefore I must simply pray to You, Gopijana-vallabha [Kṛṣṇa, maintainer and beloved of the *gopīs*]. I simply wish and hope that some way or other I may be able to approach Your lotus feet, and this hope is giving me pain, because I think myself quite incompetent to approach that transcendental goal of life."

You comment further there: "The purport is that under this heading of *āśā-bandha*, one should continue to hope against hope that some way or other he will be able to approach the lotus feet of the Supreme Lord."

For us, you are that hope, Śrīla Prabhupāda. Mother Yaśodā tried to tie Kṛṣṇa, but found the rope to be always two fingers too short. Śrīla Viśvanātha Cakravartī Ṭhākura writes in his purport to one of the verses in this narration in the Tenth Canto of *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*: "Since Yaśodā, desiring to do good to her son and being stubborn, would not give up her attempt to bind the Lord, then between the Lord and the devotee, the devotee's stubbornness prevails. Thus, seeing His mother becoming tired, the Lord gave up His own stubbornness and, out of His mercy, allowed Himself to be tied. His mercy is the king of all *śaktis*, illuminating all else. It melts His heart as if it were butter. Mercy's appearance made His *satya-saikalpa-śakti* and *vibhūti-śakti* (His potencies to fulfill His desires and show His opulences) suddenly disappear. The rope's shortage of two fingers' length was filled by Yaśodā's effort (*parīśrama*) and Kṛṣṇa's mercy (*kṛpā*). The effort and fatigue due to service and worship (the steady faith of the devotee — *bhakta-niṣṭhā*) and the mercy of the Lord arising from seeing that effort and

fatigue (the steady quality in the Lord, or His *sva-niṣṭhā*) — these two caused the Lord to be bound."

Certainly we are not on the level of Mother Yaśodā at all, but you, Śrīla Prabhupāda, are more merciful than Lord Kṛṣṇa. This is our hope. You came to New York, the capital of Kali-yuga, and preached to the young people there. You traveled the world and established the Kṛṣṇa consciousness movement everywhere. Your mercy is unlimited, and even though our efforts are full of shortcomings, our hope is that you will continue to accept them, as you have done in the past. For so many years we have been trying, and you have been giving your mercy. Why should we assume you will not continue to do so? In this way your power of attorney can be received, and we can be successful in our attempts to spread your movement.

If we think we can be successful in any other way, then, *sāvadhāna*, beware! It is not so easy. There are many pitfalls along the way. There are many people who may look good, but actually something is wrong with them. It is easy to become sidetracked from the road back to Godhead by becoming attached to people other than Śrīla Prabhupāda.

I am simply an atom at your lotus feet, and I am begging you for your mercy. Please be kind, Śrīla Prabhupāda. May your glories be spread throughout the three worlds.

Your humble servant,

Bhakti Caitanya Swami

**Bhakti Chāru Swami**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my most humble obeisances at your lotus feet — my eternal shelter.

There was a time when I used to write to you almost every day, reporting my activities and seeking your guidance. Things have changed considerably since then. Due to an extremely busy schedule, for a long time I did not do that, and I felt extremely guilty about it. No matter how busy, my activities should always revolve around you, and my attachment to your lotus feet should increase with the passing of time, not decrease.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, you taught us that the best way to serve you is by serving your ISKCON. Now we can understand why you said that. This wonderful institution is your divine arrangement for spreading Kṛṣṇa consciousness all over the world, and it is through this institution that Kṛṣṇa consciousness will continue to spread in every town and village, all over the world, fulfilling the prediction of Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu. Therefore, it is becoming clear with the passing of time that our most important responsibility is to serve and protect ISKCON with all our ability and means.

Since your departure from this planet, a lot has happened in our ISKCON family. In many areas our movement has suffered considerably, while in others it has developed most remarkably. You used to say that all forward movement takes place in waves. We can see how true that is in relation to our movement: places that were booming in the past are facing some kind of depression today, and places where Kṛṣṇa consciousness was practically absent are flourishing wonderfully. Undoubtedly both these phenomena are signs of progress.

You mentioned that after an *ācārya* leaves the planet there is bound to be a crisis. With an *ācārya* like you having left this planet, how can we expect there not to be any crises! Therefore, I do not want to speak about the difficulties and crises our movement is facing today. Rather, I want to inform you about how your loyal followers have successfully averted those crises and pushed this movement forward, establishing your glories in different parts of the world.

Your movement is spreading most wonderfully in India today. Thousands of students from various prestigious universities are accepting your teachings and dedicating themselves completely to your mission. Many educated, intelligent, and successful individuals are wholeheartedly accepting the path of *kṛṣṇa-bhakti* and pushing your movement forward, and as a result we are experiencing a grand success all over the subcontinent.

Russia and East European countries that used to be behind the Iron Curtain at one time have become the most fertile fields for Kṛṣṇa consciousness. Thousands of people are becoming devotees of Kṛṣṇa and fulfilling the actual purpose of the human form of life. A real Hare Kṛṣṇa explosion is taking place in those countries.

Recently I was in Bangladesh. It is very enlivening to see how your teachings are being accepted by the people there. Not only the Hindus but even the Muslims are responding to your teachings so favorably. Important people like vice chancellors of universities and high court judges, although Muslims, are participating in our programs, asking pertinent questions, and inviting us to their respective places to enlighten their students and colleagues.

Your movement is seeing glorious progress in predominantly

Muslim middle-eastern and southeast Asian countries also. Although we are not able to preach to the Muslims there, many of the Indians who have emigrated there are accepting the path of pure devotional service. Your movement is undoubtedly in the safe hands of your loyal successors. Many of your grand-disciples are now coming forward, taking responsible positions, and steering your movement very efficiently. Some of them have become GBCs, some have accepted the renounced order of life, and some are also assuming the role of spiritual master. It is very reassuring to see how sincerely and effectively they are carrying forward your legacy. They are our future hope and give us the confidence that your mission will continue to fulfill the prediction of Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu. The Kṛṣṇa consciousness movement is spreading all over the world very effectively. Your books are being distributed by your sincere preachers in huge numbers, and your glory is being spread in every town and village.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, please bless me that I can become an effective instrument in this wonderful mission you have established, and please allow me to be engaged in your service life after life.

*Your most insignificant servant,*

Bhakti Chāru Swami

**Bhakti Vighna Vināśa Narasimha Swami**

My dear spiritual master Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances at your lotus feet. All glories to Your Divine Grace!

Your transcendental feats in distributing the message of Kṛṣṇa consciousness live in our hearts forever. We can never hope to repay you for everything you have given us, but your Vyāsa-pūjā festival is a small token of our love and appreciation for all you have given us.

Recently I was giving a morning class in your Kolkata center and happened to quote the words you spoke during a morning walk in Los Angeles in the year 1974. You said that there were two great battles in history. One was between Rāma and Rāvaṇa, and the other was at Kurukṣetra. The hero in both was a Vaiṣṇava. You then went on to say that we are going to produce such Vaiṣṇavas, not these dull rascals sitting down. We don't want these kinds of Vaiṣṇavas — sitting-down rascals. We want Arjuna or we want no one. That is a Vaiṣṇava.

At the end of the class, when I asked for questions, a devotee enquired how we could be expected to display the qualities of Vaiṣṇavas such as Arjuna and Hanumān.

In my reply I described how you had perfectly displayed such qualities in your devotional service. Did Hanumān not leap across the ocean to Laṅkā and then, upon finding Mother Sītā, proceed to wreak havoc on the kingdom of Lanka single-handedly? In the same way, Śrīla Prabhupāda, you crossed the ocean to the kingdom of many Rāvaṇas, single-handedly declared war on māyā, and brought many hedonists out of their ignorance.

Just as Hanumān had only weapons of rocks and trees against

the sophisticated armory of Rāvaṇa, in the same way you enlisted young people with little or no wealth or know-how and engaged them in preaching against consumerism and sensuality.

Prior to Kṛṣṇa's speaking the *Bhagavad-gītā*, Arjuna was unwilling to fight in the Battle of Kurukṣetra. He was thinking that he would do better to become a beggar. However, after Kṛṣṇa spoke the *Bhagavad-gītā* to him he changed his mind and took up the task. In the same way, Śrīla Prabhupāda, you told us that you were not willing to take *sannyāsa*. You were thinking that you would do business and just give money to your spiritual master. But he came to you in a dream again and again and told you that you must leave your home. You had to get out and take up his mission of preaching the message of Lord Caitanya to the world. Just as Arjuna surrendered to the desire of Lord Kṛṣṇa, in the same way you also surrendered to the desire of Kṛṣṇa and entered onto the field of battle.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, you are both Hanumān and Arjuna, and the hero of the battle against Kali. Thank you for all your mercy.

Please give us your blessings so that we can continue to assist you in your service.

*Begging to remain a tiny servant of your servants,*

Bhakti Vighna Vināśa Narasimha Swami

**Bhakti Vikāsa Swami**

*nama om̐ viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāminn iti nāmine*

*namas te sārāsvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

Śrīla Prabhupāda, I desire to attain your full mercy by placing upon my head the dust of your lotus feet, and thereby receive the concentrated essence of all the mercy of all the Vaiṣṇavas that has ever been available in the history of the universe.

*bhakta-pāda-dhūli āra bhakta-pāda-jala  
bhakta-bhukta-avaśeṣa, — tina mahā-bala*

The dust of the feet of a devotee, the water that has washed the feet of a devotee, and the remnants of food left by a devotee are three very powerful substances.

*ei tina-sevā haite kṛṣṇa-premā haya  
punaḥ punaḥ sarva-sāstre phukāriyā kaya*

By rendering service to these three, one attains the supreme goal of ecstatic love for Kṛṣṇa. In all the revealed scriptures this is loudly declared again and again. (*Caitanya-caritāmṛta* 3.16.60–61)

Śrīla Prabhupāda, to receive the dust of your lotus feet on my head would be the ultimate perfection of my existence. But such a benediction is not easily attained. While it might be considered that disciples have an inalienable right to access the mercy of their guru's feet, and although some Māyāvādīs and *prākṛta-sahajiyā* "sādhus" unreservedly bestow their foot-dust even upon casual visitors, the *ācāryas* of our *paramparā* have been more circumspect.

In your purports to verses *Ādi-līlā* 17.244–45 of *Caitanya-caritāmṛta*, you state:

This holding of a great personality's lotus feet is certainly very good for the person who takes the dust, but this example of Śrī Caitanya

Mahāprabhu’s unhappiness indicates that a Vaiṣṇava should not allow anyone to take dust from his feet.

One who takes the dust of a great personality’s lotus feet transfers his sinful activities to that great personality. Unless the person whose dust is taken is very strong, he must suffer the sinful activities of the person who takes the dust. Therefore ordinarily it should not be allowed. Sometimes in big meetings people come to take the same advantage by touching our feet. On account of this, sometimes we have to suffer from some disease. As far as possible, no outsider should be allowed to touch one’s feet to take dust from them. Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu personally showed this by His example, as explained in the next verse.

Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu is God Himself, but He was playing the part of a preacher. Every preacher should know that being allowed to touch a Vaiṣṇava’s feet and take dust may be good for the person who takes it, but it is not good for the person who allows it to be taken. As far as possible, this practice should ordinarily be avoided. Only initiated disciples should be allowed to take this advantage, not others. Those who are full of sinful activities should generally be avoided.

Several devotees have confirmed that at least up until around 1970 it was fairly common that disciples and committed newcomers would touch your lotus feet. But that changed. Udayānanda Prabhu recalled that in 1974, when he asked permission to touch your lotus feet after you had awarded him the Gāyatrī mantra, you smiled and replied, “That is not necessary.” By 1975, when I was mercifully accepted into ISKCON, senior devotees would routinely warn juniors not to touch your feet, informing us that you did not like it — which is understandable for a guru who has thousands of disciples.

And only to a fortunate few did Your Divine Grace award the benediction of placing your feet upon their head. You once did so in 1968 in Montreal, on the request of the three householder couples whom you had prepared for preaching in England.

The benediction of receiving the dust from the lotus feet of a *mahā-bhāgavata* is so rarely bestowed that apparently

some special qualification — beyond formal discipleship — is required for achieving it. As Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī once told some respectable ladies of Dacca who had come to worship him and who apparently expected to touch his lotus feet: “For those inclined to freely touch anyone’s feet, I recall the words of my *gurudeva* — ‘Why do they so boldly stretch out their hands to take dust from the feet of a sādhu? Do they really consider themselves sufficiently qualified?’”

Although Śrīla Gaurakiśora Dāsa Bābājī always strictly forbade anyone to touch his feet, he once voluntarily placed them on Śrī Siddhānta Sarasvatī’s head. What was the difference between those who were refused such a benediction and those upon whom it was happily bestowed? What is the qualification for receiving the dust of a *mahā-bhāgavata*’s lotus feet?

A great pure devotee such as Your Divine Grace comes to this world out of his causeless mercy, with the sole intention to distribute mercy. Yet that mercy is more freely bestowed on some than others, for not all recipients are equally eager to receive it. Just as the duck who quacks the most insistently is given more food, devotees who sincerely cry out for special mercy thus qualify themselves for it by dint of their strong desire to be blessed with an opportunity for intimate service.

The devotees who were embarking for London in 1968 were on a mission most dear to you, yet apparently almost impossible to execute. They were attempting to emulate a feat nearly parallel to what Your Divine Grace had accomplished — to go to an unknown country, with no local friends or support and very little money, and introduce the foreign culture of Lord Caitanya’s *saṅkīrtana* movement. They were six, rather than being alone, as you had been. Unlike in your case, they were backed by a movement — albeit distant, fledgling, and unrecognized; they also had the example of your success.

Still, the likelihood of their success might seem to have been even less than yours was when you set out to America, because they lacked your maturity, your lifelong absorption in the culture and philosophy of Kṛṣṇa consciousness, and your zenith purity.

Both in your going to America and in your householder disciples’ venture to England, the crucial asset was total faith in and commitment to fulfill — against all odds — the will of the spiritual master. Such wholehearted faith in the spiritual master, and such determination to execute his order even in the most trying of circumstances, without consideration of personal convenience, loss, or gain, is in my understanding the essential qualification for attaining the complete, unreserved mercy of the spiritual master. A true disciple’s desire is one with that of his guru. Such a disciple maintains no doubts about his guru, nor any ambition other than to serve him. And when a spiritual master sees a disciple thus qualified, he voluntarily places his feet on that disciple’s head. Then the mercy flows unobstructed, and the seemingly impossible becomes a reality.

But such mercy is neither easily attained. Surely, Śrīla Prabhupāda, the dust of your lotus feet is sought by great demigods and sages, yet even they find it difficult to achieve. Only upon those who strongly, unflinchingly, and guilelessly seek the mercy of a pure devotee is it unreservedly bestowed. Udayānanda Prabhu related how he received your mercy — far beyond his expectation or imagination — in Vṛndāvana in 1977, when you were enacting your pastime of prolonged sickness:

I had always had this desire to touch the lotus feet of the pure devotee, and this went back to the time when I was getting *brāhmaṇa* initiation in 1974. At that time I asked Śrīla Prabhupāda if I could I touch his feet, and Prabhupāda said, “No, that is not necessary.” So here I am in Śrīla Prabhupāda’s room, and I look

over and I see Trivikrama Swami, and he’s massaging Prabhupāda’s feet. And I’m thinking, “Why is he getting all this mercy?” But then I’m thinking, “Oh, I don’t even deserve to be in this room.” And then all of a sudden Mahārāja yawned, and I said, “Oh, Kṛṣṇa!” So I humbly came over to Mahārāja and said, “Would it be okay if I took over and massaged Śrīla Prabhupāda’s feet?” And he said, “Okay.” I thought, “Oh, my God, I don’t believe this is really going to happen!” So then Maharaja showed me how to do the massage. I was so gentle as I massaged the lotus feet of Śrīla Prabhupāda, and I got to massage him for two and a half hours. Then at one point Prabhupāda looked up and asked, “Who is massaging my feet?” Tamāl Krishna Mahārāja said, “Oh, that’s Udayānanda Dāsa.” And Prabhupāda said, “Oh.” And then there was this smile on Prabhupāda’s face, as if after all these years he was fulfilling my desire. Then by the mercy of Śrīla Prabhupāda he allowed me to massage his feet every day for the next three weeks. At that time I thought I was the most fortunate soul in the whole universe.

My dear Śrīla Prabhupāda, I most woefully deprive myself of your full mercy by not desiring it strongly enough. Although it is available to all, I have not taken it. Examining myself after all these years of supposedly preaching Kṛṣṇa consciousness, I cannot but admit that I am still nurturing insane hopes for sense gratification. I am simply a pretender. Yet while lamenting my foolishness and hypocrisy, I must recognize that by your mercy there also exists within my heart a desire to be done forever with all my nonsense and to thus become your actual disciple.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, notwithstanding my stupidity, and knowing myself to be unqualified, I sustain the wish that you just once place your lotus feet on my head — this storehouse of wretched thoughts — and thus award me the kind of purification that cannot be attained throughout millions of lifetimes of other practices, not even by assiduously performing *sādhana-bhakti*. By the mercy of your feet, I will receive the mercy of all previous *ācāryas*, and of *sādvaitaṁ sāvadhūtaṁ parijana-sahitaṁ kṛṣṇa-caitanya-devaṁ/ śrī-rādhā-kṛṣṇa-pādān saha-gaṇa-lalitā-śrī-viśākhānvitāṁś ca*. Such an opportunity is

worth waiting millions of lifetimes for. I might not qualify for that mercy very soon, but the hope of attaining it keeps me alive — though blundering — in service at your lotus feet. Praying to always have a place there,

*Your aspiring servant,*

Bhakti Vikāsa Swami

**Tridaṇḍī Swami R.G. Bhakti Prapanna Parvata Swami**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances at your lotus feet.

In the *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* (9.13.11, purport) Your Divine Grace wrote, “The Supreme Personality of Godhead can be seen or unseen according to His own transcendental desire; similarly, a devotee, being *jīvan-mukta*, can be seen or not, as He chooses.”

Twenty years ago, you came to bless the Mexico City temple for the first time to fulfill Lord Caitanya’s prediction by establishing your Hare Kṛṣṇa mission. Your causeless mercy has no limits. The first time I met you, you gave me my first initiation, even though I was only three weeks old in your Hare Kṛṣṇa Movement. In this way you granted me your eternal association. Therefore, I owe an eternal debt to you. The only way to pay it back is to eternally serve you by helping you to fulfill Lord Caitanya’s prediction.

In these early years, I was blessed very freely with your divine association — by walking every morning with you, by going with you on all your preaching programs, and so on. I had the chance to place your shoes on your lotus feet at all the programs and in this way I had the mercy of being very close to your lotus feet which are the source of our inspiration.

As our real father, you gave us Hare Kṛṣṇa centers all over the world — a house in which to live together and serve Śrī Kṛṣṇa, in which we can hear, chant, remember, serve, worship, pray, and become His servant. Then, when we become fixed in pure devotional service we can become friends with Śrī Kṛṣṇa or develop a conjugal relationship with Him.

I was dreaming of getting a good friend, a good teacher, a

good guide, but by meeting you I found more than I was dreaming of, for you are a perfect and transcendental person, a real friend, a perfect teacher (*ācārya*), a real guide, and a bona fide *guru*. As a perfect *ācārya*, you show how to live and how to preach. As a bona fide *guru*, you give us the holy name

of Śrī Kṛṣṇa, the *mahā-mantra*, along with the *arcā-mūrti* and service to the Vaiṣṇavas. As a real guide, you show us your life example and give us your books, tapes, and letters. And to protect us, you give us your ISKCON mission.

We were driving fast to the airport,  
Getting closer to the sidewalk,  
Getting late to receive you.

As devotees exclaim in loud voices,  
“Śrīla Prabhupāda is here!  
Śrīla Prabhupāda is here!”  
You had arrived in our lives.

Getting fast out of the car,  
Running behind the devotees,  
I fall flat on the sidewalk.

You sit on your suitcase,  
Resting your chin on your cane,  
Beaming a bright and loving smile.

I arrived late to meet you, but  
You arrived on time in my life.

You showed your Vaiṣṇava compassion  
By allowing us to eat your remnants.

We offer you a garland  
Around your neck,  
Sandalwood paste  
On your forehead.

Let me collect eucalyptus  
Twigs for your teeth.

By remembrance of your lotus feet,  
 By remembrance of your life,  
 By remembrance of your teachings,  
 By remembrance of your preaching,  
 By remembrance of whatever you wrote,  
 By remembrance of whatever you say,  
 All the obstacles go.

By our seeing your picture,  
 By our serving your ISKCON,  
 By our traveling and preaching

All over the world,  
 You are always with us.  
 You are my eternal Father.  
 You are my eternal Guru.  
 You are my eternal Master.  
 You are my eternal Friend.  
 You are my hero.  
 You are the person  
 I was looking for.  
 You are all that I have  
 In my life.

*Humbly presented to you, Śrīla Prabhupāda,  
 by this lowly sannyāsī,*

Tridaṇḍi Swami R.G. Bhakti Prapanna Parvata Swami

**Bhakti Rāghava Swami**

*om̐ ajñāna-timirāndhasya jñānāñjana-śalākayā  
 cakṣur unmilitam̐ yena tasmai śrī-gurave namaḥ*

I was born in the darkness of ignorance, and my spiritual master opened my eyes with the torchlight of knowledge. I offer my respectful obeisances unto him.

*mūkaṁ karoti vācāraṁ paṅguṁ laṅghayate girim  
 yat-kṛpā tam ahaṁ vande śrī-guruṁ dīna-tāraṇam*

I offer my respectful obeisances unto my spiritual master, the deliverer of the fallen, by whose mercy even a dumb man can become the greatest orator and even a lame man can cross mountains.

My dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances. All glories to you, Śrīla Prabhupāda, who is forever inspiring hundreds and thousands of devotees around the world to take shelter of Kṛṣṇa's holy names and the process of His devotional service. Without your divine presence and constant inspiration, we would be totally helpless and lost in this material ocean of nescience.

By your kind mercy I happen to be visiting here in New Vrindaban, the first *varṇāśrama* community you established, more than forty years ago. It brings back fond memories of my first *darśana* with Your Divine Grace, when I first visited this fledging community in the summer of 1974 and received *harināma* initiation from you. I remain ever indebted to you for giving me this opportunity to become connected with you and the divine movement of Lord Caitanya Mahāprabhu. I had no idea then that one day I would become so much involved and concerned about developing what I have understood to be a very integral and most vital part of your preaching strategy to

spread Kṛṣṇa consciousness all over the world: the *varṇāśrama* mission.

I know that I can never repay you for what you have given me. I was hopelessly drowning in the ocean of nescience, not at all a happy soul, before coming in contact with your wonderful devotees. I say wonderful because that was one of the striking features I immediately recognized when in 1973 I first visited the Ottawa temple on Besserer Street, the small house behind Rideau Street, where I was to join as a full-time devotee a few months later. I had seen devotees before, but I had never had occasion to speak with them. Actually, I was afraid to approach the devotees, thinking that those strange people wearing some unusual mark on their forehead were too eccentric. It was only when my karate teacher pointed them out in Toronto as being very spiritual people did I develop some curiosity to one day approach them. Kṛṣṇa chose Sucāru Prabhu to be the first devotee who spoke to me. He stopped me on Rideau Street one fine day and invited me to visit the local temple. Other devotees such as Dharmarāja Prabhu, Bāla Kṛṣṇa Prabhu, and Adhiyajña Prabhu were to be my first mentors in Kṛṣṇa consciousness. After becoming a devotee, I have never regretted the momentous decision to leave the material way of life and simply surrender to the process you have given to us all. The wonderful qualities of devotees, I was to understand later, were just the natural reflection of your wonderful nature as a perfect spiritual master.

The whole material world presents increasing challenges for the Kṛṣṇa consciousness movement. The moral fiber of human society is quickly being vanquished and demolished as Kali-yuga progresses. Every day we witness more and more decay within society. The situation appears more and more hopeless. However, regardless of how fallen people become, and

possibly because of their increased fallen condition, we should become as ever-determined as you always were in presenting Kṛṣṇa consciousness as the only panacea for resolving all the problems of individuals and all the problems of society.

I have absolutely no doubt that the solutions you have presented to us all constitute the only remedy for today's fallen condition. We simply need to learn how to present the perfect philosophy of Kṛṣṇa consciousness in such a way that more and more people will take to it. But for this we need to become blessed and empowered. As stated in the *Caitanya-caritāmṛta* (Antya 7.11), *kali-kālera dharmā — kṛṣṇa-nāma-saṅkīrtana/ kṛṣṇa-śakti vinā nahe tāra pravartana*: "The fundamental religious system in the Age of Kali is the chanting of the holy name of Kṛṣṇa. One cannot spread the holy name of Kṛṣṇa without being specifically empowered by Lord Kṛṣṇa."

I am therefore begging Your Divine Grace to kindly give me, as well as all those sincere sons and daughters you inspire daily, the strength, courage, and determination to push forward this great movement of Kṛṣṇa consciousness. Please forgive my various shortcomings and give me your kind blessings so that I can advance in devotional service and become a small instrument in your divine mission.

May your glories and fame become increasingly known all over the three worlds. May you ever remain the shining light and hope for our present suffering humanity. Without your divine inspiration there would be no hope for any of us.

Thank you Śrīla Prabhupāda. All glories unto you!

Your servant,

Bhakti Rāghava Swami

**Bhakti Viśrāmbha Mādhava Swami**

*vande śrī gurudevam taṁ karuṇāvarunaikalaṁ  
tat kṛpa tava leśena pāmaro 'pi amārayate*

"I offer my respectful obeisances unto the bona fide spiritual master, a fraction of whose mercy can immortalize even a low-born person."

Śrīla Prabhupāda, you have always taught us to strive to chant more and more *harināma* attentively. Your activities proved to us that you felt that there was nothing sweeter than the chanting of the holy names of Kṛṣṇa. Hare Kṛṣṇa!

By your grace, you also revealed to us Śrīla Haridāsa Ṭhākura's instructions in the *Caitanya-caritāmṛta* (Antya 3, śloka 137) to always keep Kṛṣṇa's holy names on the tongue and to serve Tulasī-devī with our hands. In śloka 141, you showed the world that practically taking that instruction to heart will give fruits of love of Godhead, the goal of your mission.

Since we are your followers in your disciplic succession, love of Godhead has also become our mission, but we'll only be successful if you bestow your causeless mercy on us, so that we can start to chant more and better and also to serve Tulasī Mahārāṇī better to please Your Divine Grace and thereby Lord Gaura Kṛṣṇa as well.

On your appearance day, we beg for your mercy to chant more and better *japa* and *kīrtana*, so we may be suitable instruments to help Your Divine Grace deliver us and others in accordance with Śrīla Haridāsa Ṭhākura's instructions in the *Caitanya-caritāmṛta* as mentioned above.

Your insignificant servant of your servants,

Bhakti Viśrāmbha Mādhava Swami

**Bhaktimārga Swami**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

My understanding of Vyāsa-pūjā is that it is an expression of gratitude.

**THANKS!**

Thanks for Kṛṣṇa's name  
And for my name  
For a new goal  
On this lost soul

Thanks for the real life  
And "life comes from life"  
A new way of thinking  
A nectar I've been drinking

Thanks for the chance to sing  
For spices, especially *hing*  
The food, the *rotis*  
*Kurtās*, and *dhotis*

Thanks for all the books  
And "hooks or by crooks"  
The travel, the adventures  
Toothpaste for the dentures  
Your powerful discourses  
And fighting Māyā's forces  
Your life story is  
Unfathomable glory

Thanks for non-violence  
Unless it's in defence  
Your liberalism  
Your conservatism

And the accommodation  
For apparent contradiction

Thanks for such characters as Hiraṇya  
And what to speak of Caitanya

Thanks for George and Jagannātha  
For Kṛṣṇa and Gopinātha  
For cymbals, drums, *tilok*  
*Kīrtanas* that make us rock  
The mantra, Sanskrit, om̐  
The ways to go back home  
For shaven heads, being clean  
And insisting on hygiene  
For the love of bull and cow  
We must tend to them right now  
For your talks and your walks  
And blessings for my walks  
For the place 243  
Devotees, your GBC

Thanks for teaching us dance  
Chants and trance  
For giving us humour  
And no room for rumours  
For farms, restaurants, schools  
Four regs and rules  
For blessing me with dramas  
Holy places and *dhāmas*  
The deity, the icon  
The home we call ISKCON  
Backing the family  
Youth and elderly  
For *prasāda*, its distribution  
Done in great profusion

Being father, being mother  
Showing kindness to one another

Thanks for your coming  
What to say of your going  
Thanks for your smile, your sauce  
For you are always the boss  
Eternally  
For me  
And for us

Bhaktimārga Swami

**Bhaktivaibhava Swami**

*nama om̐ viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine*

*namas te sārasvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

*Ebe yaśa ghuṣuk tribhuvana.* Let Śrīla Prabhupāda's glories be spread all over the three worlds!

*Śrīla Prabhupāda's insignificant servant,*

A.C. Bhaktivaibhava Swami

We keep hearing that people who read the biography of His Divine Grace A. C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupāda are deeply moved by his example of determination, austerity, surrender and loyalty to his Guru Mahārāja, enormous accomplishments, and love and devotion for Lord Kṛṣṇa. Those who read his biography feel so much appreciation for his Kṛṣṇa consciousness movement that they naturally feel inclined to read his books, listen to his recorded talks, and watch videos and films about him.

Śrīla Prabhupāda has given the world Lord Kṛṣṇa, and Lord Kṛṣṇa has given the world Śrīla Prabhupāda. The more the glories of Śrīla Prabhupāda are spread, the more Lord Kṛṣṇa will be pleased, and the more we spread Lord Kṛṣṇa's glories by distributing Śrīla Prabhupāda's books and presenting Kṛṣṇa consciousness in various other ways, the more Śrīla Prabhupāda will be pleased.

Throughout his life Śrīla Prabhupāda successfully spread the practice and principles of Kṛṣṇa consciousness in numerous ways. Now the Lord is urging His devotees to successfully spread the glories of His dearest servant, Śrīla Prabhupāda, to the multitudes. This has been partially accomplished through video and film, books, etc. However, to make Śrīla Prabhupāda's glories known to the outside world so that people from all walks of life experience the same above-mentioned deep appreciation for Śrīla Prabhupāda, we require a unified endeavor and an intelligent approach.

**Bhaktivedānta Avadhūta Swami**

*nama om̐ viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine*

*namas te sārasvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

'Twas a day like any other day, but with the exception of the fact that my *guru mahārāja* was coming to the city for the first time. We had met in dream or in-between the lines of his books but never in person. That day was to be the actualization of all my *sukṛti*. It was something that should really have been prepared for in an excellent way with so much honor and tribute.

So much could have been said to him in seeking his mercy. But, alas, I was ignorant and a neophyte. That he put his hand on my head was enough. It was all for him. There were no more aspirations in the world. There was no doubt of some attachments hanging on, but they would also be cut asunder. His voice, his looks, his movements — all made us mad to please him somehow. In his separation, I am offering this prayer for his mercy.

I offer my head at the feet of that unlimited merciful Supreme Lord Śrī Kṛṣṇa and His compassionate arm in the form of Śrīmatī Rādhārāṇī, who somehow saw me fit to come into contact with the devotees of our spiritual master, initially in the summer of 1969 in Berkeley and San Francisco.

Whichever devotee it was that had the inspiration to put *Back To Godhead* into the bookstores should certainly receive my unlimited thanks, for that divine publication came into one of

the bookshops in the relatively small town of Los Altos and sparked my interest in living an *āśrama* life.

However, more thanks must also be given to the devotee who first put his hand on my head, so to speak, and cleared up my doubts as well as removed my misconceptions. That was Śrī Upendra Dāsa, who turned not only myself but many other godbrothers and godsisters who are still making an impact on the world today with their endeavors to advance the teachings of our Śrīla Prabhupāda.

I would also like to thank my senior godbrothers who took the time to search out and finalize a headquarters for the Movement in Sydney, Australia, where I and others were able to find shelter. Those devotees were Bali-mardana Dāsa and Cāru Dāsa. Also, my respects and prayers to those devotees who were able to make the arrangements for our Śrīla Prabhupāda to set foot on Australian soil and thus give rise to the manifestation of the *bhakti* movement in a very important part of the world, even if it is below the equator.

I would also like to offer my *praṇāmās* and prayers to those souls who came to reside in the *āśrama* or temples in those early days to take up the service of the Deities as well as the service of Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu on the streets of Sydney and Melbourne. I cannot mention all their names, but I will have to at least mention Gauragopāla Dāsa, Kūrma Dāsa, Jayadharmā Dāsa, Dvaipāyana Dāsa, Ananta Dāsa, Vegavān Dāsa, Ajit Dāsa, Kṛṣṇapremī Dāsī, Citralekhā Dāsī, Śivānanda Dāsa, Sajjanāśraya Dāsa, Hanumān Swami, Tīrthapāda Dāsa, Vaibhāvī Dāsī, Sanaka Dāsa, Hari Śauri Dāsa, Cittahārī Dāsa, Dhaumya Dāsa, Amogha Dāsa, Mohānanda Dāsa, Dīpaka Dāsa, Kuntibhoja Dāsa, Gopināthācārya Dāsa, Laguḍī Dāsa, Cekitāna Dāsī, and so many others who put their lives in the



hands of our Śrīla Prabhupāda. Where they are now? I have no idea. Some have already passed on from their bodies and taken another birth as Śrī Kṛṣṇa first instructs us in the *Bhagavad-gītā*. May they who left and those who are to leave find their dedication and service, continuing in the line of Gaura and Nityānanda. They were drawn into the service of our spiritual master and have benedicted the world with their dedication.

Without devotees there would be no Kṛṣṇa consciousness, but without Śrīla Prabhupāda there would have been no devotees. His magic was universal. His actions, thoughts, and words are available everywhere and are still stirring souls into service of the Supreme. That I miss him and others who served his lotus feet is no small sentiment, and yet by virtue of the fact that Śrī Guru is one, I have received his grace and comfort through the pure devotees manifest in his absence.

My only heart pain now is having to wear a muzzle when entering his institute. There is so much glorification that can be said, but, alas, I use this publication as a vehicle to say what comes to the heart.

I am praying to you, Śrīla Prabhupāda, as the empowered representative of Līlānātha Śrī Kṛṣṇa to please permanently patch up the sorry state of your body ISKCON such that sincere devotees who have taken *śikṣā* from your godbrothers may one day be allowed in your temples and encouraged to speak the glories of *sādhu-saṅga* and *kṛṣṇa-bhakti*. If there is an issue with anything, then let it be discussed as gentlemen with a cool head and not just through legislation. Passions need not be aroused beyond control. If we cannot live together and preach together, then what hope is there for the rest of the world? As Śrīla Prabhupāda said, “This movement cannot be destroyed from without, only from within.”

Why do we not tolerate any minor differences and/or offenses

and work together as if he was to return soon? “What is the difficulty?” as he would so often say. Let us together raise the standard and boil the milk, so to speak. Let us live together without envy and manifest a real temple where brothers and sisters can love and trust one another.

*Praying for the mercy of the Vaiṣṇavas and our ācāryas, past and present,*

Bhaktivedānta Avadhūta Swami

**Bhaktivedānta Vaikhānas Swami**

Please accept my most humble and grateful obeisance at your lotus feet.

On the occasion of your divine appearance day, I would like to offer you a few words of gratitude, although I am unfit. The appearance and disappearance of transcendental personalities are actually aspects of their mercy upon their disciples and followers. On these days, we have the special opportunity to remember you, your instructions and the profound effect you have had on our lives. According to our degree of service and genuine love for our *guru*, we may have greater or lesser feelings and realizations of your real identity and the extent of the immeasurable gift that you have bestowed upon us.

During the time that you were with us in this world, I did not have great love for you, nor did I render any significant or selfless service to you. Yet, you accepted me as your disciple and also accepted whatever little service I had to offer. And you rewarded me with the most valuable treasure, the seed of transcendental service to Śrī Śrī Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa, under the guidance of their most intimate eternal associates, headed by Śrīla Rūpa Gosvāmī.

You introduced to the world the teachings of Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu as revealed by Śrīla Rūpa Gosvāmī and all the Gauḍīya Vaiṣṇava *ācāryas* that follow his conceptions and special teachings. You taught that the key to perfection in life is to always seek out the association, guidance, and service of elevated *rūpānuga* Vaiṣṇavas. How will we recognize them? By looking to your own writings, remembering how you taught and treated others, and how you were always engaged without cessation in the activities of *śuddha-bhakti*, pure devotional service to Śrī Śrī Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa.

For these many years since you departed from this world, I have not been a very good disciple. But I retain some measure of faith and feel very happy and thankful that you have given me a chance to renew my spiritual life and my dedication to your service. I also thank you for the company of so many of your spiritual children and grandchildren, who, by their love and service, inspire me to be a better devotee and disciple. Please continue to bless and guide me, so that I may always have the association of pure *rūpānuga* devotees and those that follow them. And please let me always be the servant of the servant of those that serve your merciful lotus feet.

And one more prayer: I pray that soon all of your disciples and followers will be able to come together without politics and material motives and dedicate themselves collectively to the glorious mission of Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu. If you so desire, may you use me in this way.

*Your insignificant servant,*

Bhaktivedānta Vaikhānas Swami

(Previously Janārdana Dāsa)

**Bir Krishna dās Goswami**

*nama om̐ viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmīnīti nāmīne*

*namas te sārāsvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādī-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my prostrated obeisances at your lotus feet. All glories to Your Divine Grace!

Recently, while giving a *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* class on the Fourth Canto, twelfth chapter, text fifty-one, I was inspired by your description of the compassionate nature of pure devotees of the Lord. You stated:

Pure devotees, out of compassion for the fallen souls, are *kṛpālu*, very kind to people in general; they distribute this Bhāgavata knowledge all over the world. A kindhearted devotee is called *dīna-nātha*, protector of the poor, ignorant mass of people. Lord Kṛṣṇa is also known as *dīna-nātha* or *dīna-bandhu*, the master or actual friend of the poor living entities, and His pure devotee also takes the same position of *dīna-nātha*. [*Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* 4.12.51]

Immediately upon reading this section of the purport, I thought of you, Śrīla Prabhupāda, and how you exhibit overwhelming compassion for us. “Overwhelming compassion” means that the person who experiences this emotion (*bhāva*) of compassion has so much love for the objects of his compassion (the poor conditioned souls) that his actions are controlled by that love.

We often chant this verse:

*vāñchā-kalpatarubhyaś ca kṛpā-sindhubhya eva ca  
patitānām pāvanebhyo vaiṣṇavebhyo namo namaḥ*

The general translation we use for *kṛpā-sindhubhya* is “full of compassion.” However, the word *sindhu* means much more

than just “full.” It means “ocean.” The reason the ocean is referred to here is that the ocean has an unlimited quantity of water.

It was that compassion that convinced me to become a member of ISKCON. When I first read your *Kṛṣṇa* book in 1969, I could not really understand the philosophy of Kṛṣṇa consciousness. Yet, I was irresistibly drawn by the spiritual energy emanating from your words. Once reading about that little blue boy stealing butter and feeding it to the monkeys (even though I did not know at that time who that little blue boy was), I could not forget your words.

The first time I physically met you, in 1971, I was convinced just by your compassionate glance to devote my life to your service.

It is your compassion that daily inspires me to serve your movement. It is your compassion that enthralls me to help others come closer to Kṛṣṇa.

I pray that I may always be an object of your compassion, that you empower me to deliver your compassion to others, and that I develop deeper compassion for others.

*Your eternal servant,*

Bir Krishna dās Goswami

**B.V. Bhāgavata Swami**

**“YOU ARE THE ONE”**

My dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

I prostrate myself at your holy lotus feet. I beg that you will be so kind to accept this small offering of my glorification of you as a small thanks for all that you have done for me.

As I sit here trying to find words, I remember your story. How great is the story of your life and what you have accomplished as a service to your spiritual master. You always embodied the true spirit of a true disciple in every stage of your life. From the very first moment you met your spiritual master, you made an intimate and eternal connection with him and the service he gave you to perform in this life. In a letter to Jadurāṇī Devi Dāsī on September 4, 1972, you wrote:

The eternal bond between disciple and spiritual master begins from the first day he hears. Just like my spiritual master. In 1922, he said in our first meeting, you are educated boys, why don’t you preach this cult? That was the beginning, now it is coming to fact. Therefore the relationship began from that day.

You have unambiguously expressed the exact moment when a disciple and a spiritual master make their eternal bond: “The eternal bond between disciple and spiritual master begins from the first day he hears.” This reminded me of your purport to *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* (4.20.25) in which you explain the following point about the transcendental sound vibration emanating from the lotus lips of the pure devotee:

Although when a pure devotee speaks, the articulation of his voice may resemble the sound of this material sky, the voice is spiritually very powerful because it touches the particles of saffron dust on the lotus feet of the Lord. As soon as a sleeping living entity hears the powerful

voice emanating from the mouth of a pure devotee, he immediately remembers his eternal relationship with the Lord, although up until that moment he had forgotten everything.

Although you are an eternal associate of the Supreme Personality of Godhead, Śrī Śrī Rādhā-Śyāmasundara, who has descended here for the purpose of liberating the fallen conditioned souls, you accepted the role of an ordinary human being, and, playing out that part in both your words and actions, instructed your disciples that the eternal relationship between the spiritual master and the disciple begins when the disciple hears the transcendental sound vibration emanating from the lotus lips of his divine master. Then, as you state in your purport, “As soon as a sleeping living entity hears the powerful voice emanating from the mouth of a pure devotee, he immediately remembers his eternal relationship with the Lord, although up until that moment he had forgotten everything.” The real truth, though, is that you already had an eternal relationship with Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī Ṭhākura. However, through the agency of *yoga-māyā* it was made to appear that it started at a particular time and place, so that you could teach us the process in action as well as in words.

This eternal relationship with your spiritual master is obvious throughout the course of your life and your brief association with your guru mahārāja. Practically, from the first moment you met, he gave you your life’s mission — a mission that none of his other disciples was meant to carry out. This mission of bringing the message of Lord Caitanya to the Western world and then to every town and village in the world was yours, and yours alone, for “you are the One.”

As we examine some of the early reminiscences of your godbrothers and others who knew you or were close to you in those early days, a picture begins to emerge which reveals how

there was this intimate understanding between you and your guru mahārāja that you would be the one who would fulfill Lord Caitanya’s prophesy and bring His holy name to every town and village of the world.

It was Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī’s habit to ask any newly initiated disciple, “So what service will you do now?” When you took formal initiation from Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī, your godbrothers asked your guru mahārāja what name he had given you, and he replied, “He is already named.” Then when they asked what service you would do, Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī responded, “In time he will do everything.” It was already understood: “you are the One.”

When you had your business in Bombay, you were helping to establish the Gauḍīya Maṭha there for your guru mahārāja. When Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī arrived to perform the deity installation and opening ceremonies, he brought with him your godbrothers Śrīdhara Mahārāja and Narottama Brahmācārī. There was one other *brahmācārī* who lived there in the Maṭha and he told us the story of how Śrīdhara Mahārāja suggested to Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī that you had done so much to create the Maṭha there that you should become the Maṭha commander. Hearing this, Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī said, “No, I have a much bigger service for him.” In one discussion, you yourself mentioned that Bhakti-saraṅga Goswami Mahārāja recommended to Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī that you should live in the Maṭha in Bombay. You said that your guru mahārāja responded by saying, “Yes, he is very expert. He can do. So it is better to live apart from you. He will do everything when there is need.”

Finally, there was a discussion between you, Śrīdhara Mahārāja, Narottama Brahmācārī, and Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī about who would go to the West next and preach now that

Bon Mahārāja had returned. Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī suggested that Narottama could go! He was educated, spoke very good English, and was young and healthy, so he could go. Narottama became very nervous and begging Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī, he expressed his inability to go to the Western countries to preach and leave the association of the lotus feet of his spiritual master. Narottama requested Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī, “Please do not give me this order to go to the West and preach.” Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī then said, “It is alright, you do not have to go. Besides, Abhay will go and he will do everything.” It was always understood between you and your guru mahārāja that “you are the One.”

Then there are two stories related by Nayana Baba. One story is how he witnessed Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī walking on the roof with some of his *sannyāsīs* outside his room at Yoga-pīṭha. At that time you arrived with your small son. When you climbed to the top of the stairs where the roof was, Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī exclaimed upon seeing you “Oh, I was thinking about you when you would come and now you are here.” Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī then left all the *sannyāsīs* and escorted you to his room, taking you inside. It was always understood between you and your guru mahārāja that “you are the One.”

Nayana Baba relates another story about you that took place in the final year of Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī’s manifest presence:

The final year our Gurudeva organized and performed Gaura-maṅḍala Parikrama, there were thousands and thousands of pilgrims assembled at our Campahati Mandir. It was a whole village of tents spread out in all directions. On the last evening he was giving *pravacan*. Just that afternoon one of our godbrothers, Bhakti-saraṅga Goswami Mahārāja, had returned by

boat from London and had arrived in Navadvīpa. He had gone to spread the preaching, but had returned without full success. So Guru Mahārāja was speaking and explaining how it was his earnest desire that the teachings of Caitanya Mahāprabhu would be spread to the Western countries. He told how it was the vision of Śrīla Bhaktinoda Ṭhākura that this would happen, and it was also the last request of his mother, Śrīmatī Bhāgavatī Devī, to him before she left this world. So he had been willing to take the lifeblood of the Gauḍīya Maṭha in funds to send devotees there to preach. But so far these attempts had been largely unsuccessful.

At this moment in his talk, I noticed something happening that was very mysterious. Guru Mahārāja was looking out at the large crowd of devotees, especially in the front where all the red-clothed *sannyāsīs* and *brahmācārīs* were. But then he turned his head and he looked over to where I was standing, to his left side. He was looking intently at someone and became silent for a long moment. I happened to look behind me and I clearly saw that the person he was making eye contact with was Abhaya Caraṅaravinda Prabhu. They were looking at each other in a special way, I thought. Then Guru Mahārāja turned his head back to the front and said, “But I have a prediction. I predict that the next one of my disciples who goes across the ocean, however long in the future that my take, that devotee will bring back the whole world.

It was always understood between you and your guru mahārāja that “you are the One.”

Fearlessly, you traversed the oceans to come and fulfill the mission that you and you alone could fulfill, establishing the mission of Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu all over the world. By doing so, you fulfilled the predictions of Śrīla Bhaktinoda Ṭhākura, Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu, and Lord Śrī Kṛṣṇa to spread the chanting of the holy names to every town and village of the world. Even in the most difficult of circumstances, you never

gave up on fulfilling the order of your guru mahārāja. Thus your eternal connection to your spiritual master continued long after his manifest presence. To preserve this mission you had established on the order of your guru mahārāja, you did whatever you could to see that your instructions would continue to guide this mission into the future long after you were not physically manifest on the planet. “You are the One.”

Being *jagat-guru*, you not only instructed your own *dīkṣā* disciples how to maintain the mission you established but also the disciples of your godbrothers who saw you as their *sīkṣā-guru* to travel to the Western world and preach. Thus, Śrīla Bhakti Ballabha Tīrtha Mahārāja, Śrīla Bhakti Sundara Govinda Mahārāja, and Śrīla Bhaktivedanta Nārāyaṇa Mahārāja traveled and preached all over the world.

Being even more than *jagat-guru*, being the *śaktyāveśa-avatāra* of Lord Nityānanda, you even instructed godbrothers like Śrīla Bhakti Vaibhava Puri Mahārāja, Śrīla Promode Puri Mahārāja, and even Śrīla Śrīdhara Mahārāja to whom you once wrote in a letter that you even considered him your own *sīkṣā-guru*. So even to them you gave instructions, asking them all to preach and teach your disciples and others from all over the world. All of them, your *sīkṣā* disciples and your godbrothers, did their best to fulfill your order and train and preach, teach, and support the mission you had established on the order of your guru mahārāja. Only you could have done this; no one else had the power to give such instructions. “You are the One.”

There is one instruction you have given which is not yet fulfilled. It may be selfish of me, but I wish to see it fulfilled within my lifetime, before I leave my present body. You were once asked about Śrīla Bhaktinoda Ṭhākura’s statement that “he had not finished His work.” You replied, “Then let us finish it. He is a Vaiṣṇava. He is all-powerful, he could have done, but

he left it for us to finish, so we should finish it.” That unfinished work is a prediction he once gave. Śrīla Bhaktivinoda Ṭhākura once predicted, “Oh, when will that day come, when pure and transcendental *vaiṣṇava-prema* will be the only religion of all souls and all tiny sectarian religions will meet in the unlimited and universal religion of Vaiṣṇavism as rivers merge into the great ocean? O when will that day come?”

Your guru mahārāja once wrote about that prediction as follows:

Thakura Bhaktivinoda has predicted the consummation of religious unity of the world by the appearance of the only universal church which bears the eternal designation of the Brahma Sampradaya. He has given mankind the blessed assurance that all Theistic churches will shortly merge in the one eternal spiritual community by the grace of the Supreme Lord Shree Krishna Chaitanya. The spiritual community is not circumscribed by the conditions of time and space, race and nationality. Mankind had been looking forward to this far-off Divine Event through the Long Ages. Thakura Bhaktivinoda has made the conception available in its practicable spiritual form to the open minded empiricist who is prepared to undergo the process of enlightenment.

The key stone of the arch has been laid which will afford the needed shelter to all awakened animation under its ample encircling arms. Those who would thoughtlessly allow their hollow pride of race, pseudo-knowledge or pseudo-virtue to stand in the way of this long hoped for consummation, would have to thank only themselves for not being incorporated in the spiritual society of all pure souls.

When I look around at all the *saṅgas* and their attitudes toward each other, I find mostly the things that are described by Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī in the last sentence: hollow pride, pseudo knowledge, and pseudo virtue. I see in most members of most *saṅgas* nothing but obstacles to the fulfillment of this

final vision of Śrīla Bhaktivinoda Ṭhākura. What can be done? How can we come to a place in our hearts that will create a unity amongst us that will help fulfill this final prophecy, this final order?

After writing about this many, many times, and deliberating on it deeply, I have come to the conclusion that only you can do this. Only you can fulfill this final order. Only you are the one to make it happen. If you will empower us, it can happen. However, to be truly empowered, we have to be pure as you were. You were so pure, so transparent that, in essence, you accomplished even more than your guru mahārāja. To accomplish a task of this magnitude — the fulfilment of the final order — will be so monumental that I cannot imagine how it will be possible without your mercy. Please bless us all, Śrīla Prabhupāda, that we may open our hearts and minds to go beyond the things that block us from achieving this final order. Only you can do this. After all, “YOU ARE THE ONE”!

*Your worthless servant,*

B.V. Bhāgavata Swami

**Candramauli Swami**

*om ajñāna-timirāndhasya jñānāñjana-salākayā  
cakṣur unmilitam yena tasmai śrī-gurave namaḥ*

I offer my respectful obeisances unto my spiritual master, who has opened my eyes, blinded by the darkness of ignorance, with the torchlight of knowledge.

*nama om viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmīn iti nāmīne*

I offer my respectful obeisances unto His Divine Grace A. C. Bhaktivedānta Swami Prabhupāda, who is very dear to Lord Kṛṣṇa on this earth, having taken shelter at His lotus feet.

*namas te sārāsvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviṣeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

Our respectful obeisances are unto you, O spiritual master, servant of Sarasvatī Gosvāmī. You are kindly preaching the message of Lord Caitanyadeva and delivering the Western countries, which are filled with impersonalism and voidism.

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda, beloved guide and eternal spiritual master,

The most holy and auspicious celebration of your divine appearance in this earthly realm is a grand opportunity to remind us of our good fortune of having meet Your Divine Grace by the mercy of the Lord, along with a reminder to renew and increase our commitment to fulfill your desire to spread Lord Caitanya’s mission of reclaiming the fallen souls helplessly suffering in the jaws of the vicious dog of Kali.

*yasya deve parā bhaktir yathā deve tathā gurau  
tasyaite kathitā hy arthāḥ prakāśante mahātmanaḥ*

“Only unto those great souls who have implicit faith in both the Lord and the spiritual master are all the imports of Vedic knowledge automatically revealed.” (*Śvetāśvatara Upaniṣad* 6.38)

I have often thought, What is the actual meaning of this statement with regards to the words “Vedic knowledge automatically revealed”?

In the *Caitanya-caritāmṛta, Ādi-līlā* (17.257), you clearly give the complete understanding. The purport of this verse is that one who is unflinchingly devoted to the Supreme Personality of Godhead, Viṣṇu, and similarly devoted to the spiritual master, with no ulterior motive, becomes a master of all knowledge. In the heart of such a devotee, the real essence of the Vedic knowledge becomes manifested. This essence is nothing but surrender unto the Supreme Personality of Godhead (*vedaiś ca sarvair aham eva vedyah*). Only unto one who fully surrenders to the spiritual master and the Supreme Lord does the essence of Vedic knowledge become manifested, not to anyone else. As long as there is an ulterior motive, one is not actually fully surrendered in devotion, and consequently Vedic knowledge remains hidden.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, we have full faith that you are fully capable of immediately removing any and all ulterior motives caused by our material tendencies born of material desires and false ego, and also that you can destroy the obstacles we encounter as we attempt to serve and surrender.

You mentioned that your pathway has become filled with stumbling blocks, but there are no stumbling blocks. I can kick out all those stumbling blocks immediately, provided you accept my guidance. With one stroke of my kick I can kick out all stumbling blocks.  
[Letter to Kṛṣṇa Dāsa, 9 September 1972]

Please, Śrīla Prabhupāda, see me as one who is badly in need

of your mercy and guidance, and therefore bring me to full surrender unto your lotus feet. Let me have complete faith in your instructions, and free me from ulterior motives as I endeavor to always remember your lotus feet in loving devotional service.

*A poor beggar constantly in need of your mercy,*

Candramauli Swami

**Candraśekhara Swami**

*nama om̐ viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmīn̄ iti nāmīne*

*namas te sārāsvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirvīṣeṣa-sūnyavādī-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

One might have never guessed at all,  
in 1896,  
that events exceeding worldly norm were due.

A humble place and time, it seemed,  
by measure to us all,  
and yet our fates were sealed at that time, too.

No fanfare on the Earth performed  
that we could see or hear.  
Māyā's hand had taken all that we could give.

One prophet predicts this child will cross  
a deadly stormy sea  
and build a house where all the world will live.

Abhay, a fitting name, is given  
to this infant boy.  
Fear not, but change the shape of things to come.

Those times then being foreign rule,  
this India was not her own;  
the West ruled now, but soon would be outdone.

Gour Mohan's heart was set: his son  
would preach the Bhāgavatam,  
and prayed Rādhā Her blessings would bestow,  
and arranged that he would learn to play  
the kartals and the drum —  
devotion in his heart was sure to grow.

Abhay would get a cart that was  
a gift when he desired;  
all local children came to pull the ropes.

As he led his small friends that day in  
devotion 'round their home,  
imagine this would reach a global scope.

To college, a young man, Scottish Churches';  
impressions would unfold,  
education meant to invoke the Christian view.

And Western science and values intending,  
supplanting the culture of old,  
to impress the children in this same way too.

Soon he would marry and soon begin  
his family life at home;  
responsibilities begin to mount.

But deep within, his heart is searching  
a goal beyond this world,  
and precious above what most will ever count.

A friend insists that he must go  
to Ultadunga Road.  
Abhay knows bogus holy men abound.

But this happenstance reveals  
the mission of his life,  
and his gurudev, who is profound.

Initiation he will take  
from Sarasvatī's hand;  
Abhay Charanaravinda he'll be known.

His master's mission will come to be  
the center of his life,

and books will be his center cornerstone.

"How shall I serve you?" he would think,  
in household life he worked,  
devotion to Kṛṣṇa the method that he would preach.

After guru departed his pen became  
a torch of knowledge bright,  
as Bhaktivedanta he would be known in speech.

Back to Godhead, a paper to give  
those in darkness some light,  
started and published during World War II.

An effort in Jhansi to start a Mission,  
a world-redeeming League,  
a venture to reclaim both me and you.

In 1959 he takes  
the order of sannyāsa,  
in order to travel to save those in the West.

Bhaktivedanta Swami he now becomes,  
the savior of the worst,  
and schools them to become the very best.

Translation of the Bhāgavatam  
was needed to be done,  
a monumental task in sixty books,  
a Spotless Purāṇa locked in Sanskrit.

How to win the West  
And open them to wisdom's true guidebooks?

Finally the fateful day had come,  
to cross a troubled sea,  
to bring a mission to a troubled land.

Death would try with two attempts

to stop this enterprise,  
but Kṛṣṇa would protect with His own hand.

Late flowers bloom in isolation,  
though not, in truth, alone.  
The spiritual world had come with him that day.

Eleven years to build a movement  
and turn the Earth towards good,  
a blossom that persists to lead our way.

The knowledge of the West is grand  
in technical account,  
and controls the outward fiber of our lives.

Yet we do need not bread alone  
but sacred expertise;  
then courage of our soul again revives.

These words try in but small proportion  
to show what can't be seen;  
the crack in Māyā's wall is now more wide.

Our gratitude nowhere sufficient,  
and still we try our full,  
to grasp your love and mercy and there abide.

Your servant,

Candraśekhara Swami

**Dānavīr Goswami**

*nama om viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmīn itī nāmine*

*namas te sārasvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

To my dear beloved Guru Mahārāja, Om Viṣṇupāda Parama-  
haṁsa Parivrājākācārya 108 Śrī Śrīmad A. C. Bhaktivedānta  
Swami Prabhupāda,

I offer my most respectful obeisances in the dust of your lotus  
feet. All glories, all glories, all glories to Your Divine Grace!

On this most auspicious day of the 114<sup>th</sup> anniversary of your  
dazzling appearance in this dark world, I humbly express some  
appreciation for a few of your gifts.

- Thank you for appearing like a charming saint  
disarming our atheistic pride.
- Thank you for steering us into a head-on collision  
with *māyā's* society, friendship, and love.
- Thank you for engaging ugra-karmic products in  
*yukta-vairāgya* service to Kṛṣṇa.
- Thank you for shaking up our comfortable illusions  
with your earthquakelike logic.
- Thank you for delivering the *mahā-mantra*, that  
tirelessly cleans our dirty hearts.
- Thank you for requesting summit cleanliness in all  
brahminical activities.
- Thank you for showing the simple life of land and  
cows.
- Thank you for serving us *prasādam*, which, when  
honored, frees us from all miseries.
- Thank you for devastating false philosophies with

your hurricanelike arguments.

- Thank you for fanning the forest fire of *harināma*,  
which devours all sinful desires.
- Thank you for building households where *sannyāsīs*  
can travel carefree and preach.
- Thank you for devising the book distribution tsunami  
of transcendental knowledge.
- Thank you for retiring us from serving lust, anger,  
greed, illusion, pride, and envy.
- Thank you for sewing together the colorful global  
tapestry of sincere Vaiṣṇavas.

Dear Gurudeva, I do not know Lord Kṛṣṇa, Śrīmatī Rādhārāṇī,  
Lord Rāma, Sītā, or Hanumān. I cannot fathom Goloka,  
Vaikuṅṭha, Maheśa-dhāma, the *brahmajyoti*, or Svarga-loka. I  
am too abominable to associate with Lord Caitanya and the Six  
Gosvāmīs. Your Divine Grace is my only hope. Your causeless  
mercy is everything to me.

Therefore, with all the humility at my command I prostrate  
myself at your effulgent lotus feet and beg for the mercy of  
eternal shelter as your direct assistant and the servant of your  
servants.

Yours,

Dānavīr Goswami

**Devāmrita Swami**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances at your lotus feet.

The *cintāmaṇi* of your presence radiates in myriad facets. In this offering I wish to single out your *vāṇī* manifesting as *The Nectar of Devotion*. May we never underestimate the capacity of that *śāstra* to trigger the inner life of mature devotees, who selflessly push ahead in your service with steadiness and determination.

Obviously, the entirety of *The Nectar of Devotion* requires a mature and ravenous fire of sacrificial *seva* — even just to sample a few drops. Nevertheless, the truth must be told: as the dynamic decades of Prabhupāda-seva go by, somehow, somehow, “*Nectar of Devotion* starts to happen” — of its own accord. Unforced, uncontrived, unimagined, the genuine internal realities begin to beckon.

During the ISKCON years of your physical presence, you, who indeed gave us everything, taught how to stand on the shores of *The Nectar of Devotion* and wade toward the depths. For example:

So every one of you should read this *Nectar of Devotion* repeatedly. (23 June 1970)

Every one of you should very carefully read and make progress. (7 September 1976)

So each chapter you should read very carefully. And if you cannot understand, read it repeatedly. Don’t all of a sudden, reading one or two page, immediately question, “Prabhupāda, what is this? What is this? What is this?” Go on reading, and the answers will automatically come. (23 June 1970)

As by drinking nectarine one can become immortal, similarly, by drinking the nectarine of devotion one becomes immortal.

Therefore we have named the book *Nectar of Devotion*. You drink it and become immortal. That’s all. *Amṛtam aśnute*. (14 February 1971)

*Nectar of Devotion* is very important book. It is the science of devotional service. If you want to be engaged in devotional service, then you must read the *Bhakti-rasāmṛta-sindhu*. And then we shall be able to see God. (18 October 1972)

The Six Gosvāmīns, and if we associate with them... this book, *Nectar of Devotion*, *Bhakti-rasāmṛta-sindhu*, if you read regularly, try to understand, this means you are associating with Śrīla Rūpa Gosvāmī directly. And if you act accordingly, then you are serving their lotus feet. (20 October 1972)

As a tiny *sādhaka* utterly undeserving, whose parched head and heart long for your leading him out of the desert to the eternal oasis of selfless *bhakti*, I salute thee, my eternal master, for supplying all the spiritual necessities the journey requires for completion. You have done your part. I beg you for the strength and integrity for me to do mine.

*Seeking service as a meager bit of dust on your feet,*

Devāmrita Swami

**Dhanurdhara Swami**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances. All glories to you!

A godbrother shared with me a personal realization, fully aware of the irony: “After studying the *śāstra* deeply for over forty years, I have come to the realization that the essence of spiritual life is to fully surrender to the spiritual master.” I chuckled. It seemed like my life as a devotee. How do we miss the simple points you stressed again and again? But it also strongly highlighted one of my strongest appreciations over the last few years of you as a spiritual teacher:

You are expert at stressing and teaching those points that are most essential.

It also brought to my mind the things that you emphasized that I am just beginning to realize after my own forty years of study:

*Closeness or distance from you is not a matter of personal association or even what generation we are. It is simply our humility and mood of service that reveals who you are.*

*The foundational moods of devotion like humility, gratitude, and fixedness in guru are the mood and shape of love of Godhead that we can most readily access and express now.*

*Without being fully dependent on the mercy of Śrī Guru there is no hope to advance in spiritual life.*

My studies have also have reaffirmed your expertise as a teacher:

*Although advanced in studies, you can explain even the deepest concepts to those who are not.*

*You’re an authority in the subject you teach — never off the mark.*

In the second verse of the *Bhāgavatam*, we are told that one who hears the *Bhāgavatam* just once arrests Kṛṣṇa in his heart! I ask, “Why doesn’t that ever happen to me? I’ve heard the text hundreds of times.” I know the answer. I haven’t accepted its simple message: Kṛṣṇa is the most worthy object of devotion and it is my duty simply to surrender to Him and serve Him. By hearing it again and again from you, however, I am getting closer to the goal.

What greater treasure can there be than to have Kṛṣṇa’s lotus feet in one’s heart, by your grace? Thank you. Thank you.

*Your unworthy disciple,*

Dhanurdhara Swami



**Gaṇapati dāsa Swami**

*nama om viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmīnīti nāmine*

*namas te sārāsvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādī-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

**The Greatest Story Ever Told**

**. . . and told again, and yet again.**

While Śrīla Prabhupāda only desired to narrate Kṛṣṇa’s *līlā*, the *līlā* of the narrator himself infatuated his followers... and their followers, and the followers after them.

Biographies abound in the form of diaries and histories of his transcendental movements. Most recently, we have been blessed with Ranchor Dāsa’s *When the Sun Shines: the Dawn of Hare Krishna in Great Britain*. In it we learn of the amazing enthusiasm and sacrifice of Śrīla Prabhupāda’s followers as they assisted him in unfolding his early mission. Two qualities stand out prominently in my mind: boldness and helplessness. And why should they not? Śrīla Prabhupāda was himself the embodiment of these qualities as he set out on the *Jaladuta* while observing his seventieth birthday (“without ceremony”) at sea. No-frills Vyāsa-pūjā.

By boldness, I mean the recognition that since Lord Kṛṣṇa is the proprietor and controller of all existence, it is only natural that everything be utilized in his service. No holds barred. “Shoot for the rhinoceros.” And helplessness means that beyond our best efforts, mega-management, and slick organization, it all boils down to Kṛṣṇa’s mercy. Like the good Cardinal said: “We should work as if everything depended on us, but pray as if it all depended on God.”

Śrīla Prabhupāda was the most organized person we had ever met. And he requested us also to give up our hippy ways and follow his example:

After the *Bhāgavatam* lecture, Śrīla Prabhupāda asked for questions. One of the long-haired boys asked, “Why do some people insist that spiritual life has to be something organized, like organized religion? Isn’t the absolute spiritual nature different than that, different than following rules and running an organization? Do you have to be so organized?”

“Yes!” Prabhupāda answered loud and strong. “We have to be very organized! Very strict! We cannot deviate an inch! . . .

“We have a mission to cultivate all over the world,” he said. “We have to print and distribute books and open centers and train devotees, and we cannot do that unless we are very organized and efficient. If we are to conduct a mission to save the fallen souls, which is the desire of Lord Caitanya and the previous *ācāryas*, then we have to organize the *saṅkīrtana* movement very nicely. And we have to be strict devotees.” (*Life with the Perfect Master*, Chapter 2)

In his last days, he reiterated his emphasis on organization, coupling it with another favorable quality:

“Do you think this movement can go on without me?” Prabhupāda asked. Girirāja was astounded that Prabhupāda had called him in the middle of the night to ask him this.

“I think,” said Girirāja, “that as long as we are sincere and go on chanting Hare Kṛṣṇa and follow the principles, the movement will be successful.”

Śrīla Prabhupāda was silent. When he spoke, each word seemed to come with great effort. He uttered the word *organization*. Then he said, “Organization and intelligence. Is there anything else?” (*Śrīla Prabhupāda Lilāmṛta*, chapter 54)

There are many meanings to “intelligence,” one of which is to use it to understand its own limitation, thus securely fastening our minds to Śrī Gurudeva’s *vāṇī*:

“This organization,” he said, speaking of ISKCON, “is not run by bylaws, meetings, or vouchers, but by following the instructions of the spiritual master with sincerity. Whatever success I have is due to that. To one with faith in the spiritual master and Kṛṣṇa comes

knowledge of the scripture. Without that faith and sincerity, bylaws are useless.” (*Life with the Perfect Master*, Chapter 2)

Those early days in London were filled with miracles and magic. Kṛṣṇa’s plans are always bigger than we give Him credit for. Organization is good, but it must be balanced with the intelligence to know who’s in charge. Although Einstein was no believer in a personal God, he was willing to put rationalism in its rightful place: “The intuitive mind is a sacred gift, and the rational mind is a faithful servant. We have created a society that honors the servant and has forgotten the gift.”

There is such a thing as over-organization. We must leave room for Kṛṣṇa to weave His magic.

At a time when the English devotees were living on whatever produce they could beg from the Covent Garden Market — sometimes stewed apples for a week at a time — while still offering Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa fresh garlands every day without fail, the following transpired:

Another day the landlord, who had not been seen for months, came to demand three months back rent — four hundred pounds. He gave Tribhuvanāth until the following day to find the money. That very evening a former member of the temple arrived unexpectedly from Brazil on his way to India.

“I had a dream,” he said. “Kṛṣṇa told me to give you my savings,” and he wrote out a check for the full four hundred pounds. (*When the Sun Shines*)

Of course, there would have been no devotees and no temple in London were it not for the innovative thinking of the early *ghastha* preachers (one of them extremely pregnant):

Śyāmasundara saw that the focus of youth culture was shifting from San Francisco to London, where the Beatles were.

“Wouldn’t it be great to meet the Beatles and get them to chant Hare Kṛṣṇa?” he kept saying to Mukunda and Gurudās. (*When the Sun Shines*)

No money? No problem:

Just then an unexpected check arrived in the mail for Śyāmasundara: the return of almost two thousand dollars owed to him from two years earlier. (When the Sun Shines)

Śrīla Prabhupāda gave them the inspiration and with it the room to grow — and they blossomed. He also cautioned us about the opposite style of management:

Krishna Consciousness Movement is for training men to be independently thoughtful and competent in all types of departments of knowledge and action, not for making bureaucracy. Once there is bureaucracy the whole thing will be spoiled. There must be always individual striving and work and responsibility, competitive spirit, not that one shall dominate and distribute benefits to the others and they do nothing but beg from you and you provide.” (Letter, 22 Dec 1972)

Let every Temple President work according to his own capacity to improve the Krishna Consciousness of his center. So far the practical management is concerned, that is required, but not that we should become too much absorbed in fancy organization. Our business is spiritual life, so whatever organization needs to be done, the Presidents may handle and take advice and assistance from their GBC representative. In this way let the Societies work go on and everyone increase their service at their own creative rate. (Letter, 22 April 1972, written by Karandhara Dāsa, to all ISKCON T.P.s, approved by Śrīla Prabhupāda)

Only thing is, we must try to avoid becoming too much overly organized like the material businessmen. Our business is to ourselves become Krishna conscious, advance in spiritual life, and to preach to others how they can also take advantage and come to the perfectional stage of life. Too much business or paperwork, vouchers, plans, these things become too much cumbersome for our spiritual growth, they take us away from our real emphasis of work, namely, to go back to Home, back to Godhead. (Letter, 14 May 1972)

It seems that Prabhupāda’s spiritual master had much the same idea. He warned in no uncertain terms:

The idea of an organized church in an intelligible form marks the close of a living spiritual movement. The great ecclesiastical establishments are the dikes and the dams to retain the current that cannot be held by any such contrivances. They, indeed, indicate a desire on the part of the masses to exploit a spiritual movement for their own purpose. They also unmistakably indicate the end of the absolute and unconventional guidance of the bona fide spiritual teacher. (The Harmonist, January 1929)

The original purpose of the established churches of the world may

not always be objectionable. But no stable religious arrangement for instructing the masses has yet been successful. The Supreme Lord Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu, in pursuance of the teachings of the scriptures, enjoins all absence of conventionalism for the teachers of the eternal religion. It does not follow that the mechanical adoption of the unconventional life by any person will make him a fit teacher of religion. Regulation is necessary for controlling the inherent worldliness of conditional souls. But no mechanical regulation has any value, even for such a purpose. The bona fide teacher of religion is neither any product of nor the favorer of any mechanical system. In his hands no system has, likewise, the chance of degenerating into a lifeless arrangement. The mere pursuit of fixed doctrines and fixed liturgies cannot hold a person to the true spirit of doctrine or liturgy. (The Harmonist, 1932)

Based upon his spiritual master’s instructions, as well as his own experience of the Gauḍiya Mission’s collapse, Prabhupāda was concerned that his own society not degenerate into such a “lifeless arrangement”:

There is no doubt about it, to distribute books is our most important activity. The temple is a place not for eating and sleeping, but as a base from which we send out our soldiers to fight with maya. Fight with maya means to drop thousands and millions of books into the lap of the conditioned souls. Just like during war time the bombs are raining from the sky like anything. (Letter, 3 August 1973)

Besides that, in our BBT it is clearly written that “Fifty percent for printing book, and fifty percent for . . .” So you cannot violate this. Those who can give voluntary service, “Welcome.” Otherwise we don’t require. At least they should not be given any salary. That is very bad. This is against principle. (Conversation, 28 April 1977)

Śrīla Prabhupāda criticized temple *sevaits* for “bell-ringing” only, with no accompanying ringing of *karatālas* in the adjoining streets. Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī, witnessing missiles of diplomacy launched by one disciple against the other in newly constructed mansions of marble, advised Prabhupāda that he should rather use available funds to print and detonate book “bombs” on the nondevotees — advice that Prabhupāda passed down to us. And both *ācāryas* cautioned their followers not to become fat, lazy, and wealthy “renunciants” at the expense of honest-working *grhasthas*, who struggle to eke out a minimal standard of living while maintaining a spiritual life.

Meanwhile, the gears of *kāla* grind on, delivering severe reactions onto the laps of the conditioned souls, who are bereft of peace, piety, security, and healthful food and environment. In the midst of all this calamity, the modern-day representatives of *mahā-vadānyāvātāra*, Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu, must be careful not to cheat the public of their only chance to reverse their misfortunes.

Truth be told, multitudes are starving for Kṛṣṇa consciousness — some know it, some don’t. For many, all it takes is a little association to convince them of their hunger. The problem is that this association is rare. Unless we can create a project where the public is enthused to come to us (e.g., the Utah Kṛṣṇa temple), we should be making our presence felt such that it inspires faith in the public. As George Harrison admitted in those glorious early days: “I see you chanting in rain or snow. Always chanting up and down Oxford Street. Just seeing you there convinces me of Kṛṣṇa consciousness.” By following suit, many others, including we ourselves, will become convinced that Kṛṣṇa intervenes and that Śrīla Prabhupāda is still in charge of his movement. “Organization and intelligence” will work only if they are set upon the rock of boldness and helplessness.

*Wishing to become the servant of Prabhupāda’s servants,*

Gaṇapati Dāsa Swami

**Girirāj Swami**

*nama om viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāminn iti nāmine*

*namas te sārasvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

**Śrīla Prabhupāda — Most Munificent**

We have gathered on the most auspicious occasion of Śrīla Prabhupāda’s appearance day. His Divine Grace appeared in Calcutta in 1896, one hundred and fourteen years ago. Still, as he wrote of his spiritual master, Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī Ṭhākura, in his dedication to *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*: “He lives forever by his divine instructions, and the follower lives with him.” So although from the physical point of view Śrīla Prabhupāda is no longer with us, from the spiritual point of view he is: “He lives forever by his divine instructions.” And by following his instructions, we feel his presence — we live with him.

Śrīla Bhaktivinoda Ṭhākura’s inscription for the tomb of Haridāsa Ṭhākura in Jagannātha Purī states:

He reasons ill who tells that Vaiṣṇavas die  
When thou art living still in sound.  
The Vaiṣṇavas die to live, and living try  
To spread the holy name around.

Both Śrīla Prabhupāda’s dedication and Bhaktivinoda Ṭhākura’s inscription tell us that the spiritual master, the Vaiṣṇava, never dies; he continues to live in sound, in his instructions (*vāṇī*), forever. And by following his instructions, by chanting the holy name, we can fulfill his purpose and live with him.

One verse that especially glorifies Śrīla Prabhupāda’s merciful

nature and service appears as text 9 in *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*, Canto Ten, chapter thirty-one: “The *Gopīs’* Songs of Separation.” The same verse appears in the fourteenth chapter of *Śrī Caitanya-caritāmṛta’s Madhya-līlā*. It is a very beautiful verse in thought and mood.

*tava kathāmṛtaṁ tapta-jīvanam  
kavibhir ṛḍitaṁ kalmaṣāpaham  
śravaṇa-maṅgalam śrīmad ātaram  
bhuvī gṛṇanti ye bhūri-dā janāḥ*

The *gopīs* sang this verse after Kṛṣṇa left them during the prelude to the *rāsa* dance. They were searching the forest of Vṛndāvana for Him, and in their mood of separation they sang this song, or verse, to Him: “The nectar of Your words and the descriptions of Your activities are the life and soul of those suffering in this material world. These narrations, transmitted by learned sages, eradicate one’s sinful reactions and bestow good fortune upon whoever hears them. These narrations are broadcast all over the world and are filled with spiritual power. Certainly those who spread the message of Godhead are most munificent.”

During the Ratha-yātrā festival Lord Caitanya was in the mood of Śrīmatī Rādhārāṇī when She met Kṛṣṇa at Kurukṣetra and wanted to bring Him back to Vṛndāvana. And when the procession stopped to allow devotees to offer food to Lord Jagannātha, Lord Caitanya, who felt exhausted from His dancing in *saṅkīrtana*, went to a nearby garden to rest. While He was lying on a raised platform, immersed in ecstatic loving feelings, King Pratāparudra entered the garden and, after taking permission from the Lord’s other associates there, began to massage the Lord’s lotus feet and to recite the *gopīs’* songs of separation, which were perfect for Lord Caitanya’s mood.

When Lord Caitanya heard the verse describing the glories of the messages of Godhead and of those who broadcast such messages, He rose, embraced the king, and exclaimed, “*Bhūridā! Bhūridā!* You are the most munificent! You are the most munificent — because you are giving Me the nectar of *kṛṣṇa-kathā*, which is so glorious.”

And that is exactly what Śrīla Prabhupāda did for us — he gave us *kṛṣṇa-kathā*. He gave us many thousands of pages and thousands of hours of *kṛṣṇa-kathā*. He is *bhūridā*, the most munificent personality.

Now, to get the full benefit of what Śrīla Prabhupāda came to give us and do for us, and consequently to experience the appreciation and gratitude and love that are naturally due him, we — I — must take advantage of his transcendental gifts, especially *kṛṣṇa-kathā*: first and foremost his books, and also his lectures, morning walks, room conversations, letters — all that he gave us; they are all *kṛṣṇa-kathā*.

*Tava kathāmṛtam*. The *kathā* that Prabhupāda gave us, and that King Pratāparudra gave Lord Caitanya, is *amṛta*. *Amṛta* means “nectar,” literally “that which delivers one from death.” (*Mṛta* means “death,” or “birth and death,” and *amṛta* means “no death.”) The demigods drink an *amṛta* that yields a long life of sense enjoyment, but the *amṛta* of *kṛṣṇa-kathā* gives one an eternal life full of bliss and knowledge in the company of Kṛṣṇa and all His associates, including Śrīla Prabhupāda.

*Tapta-jīvanam*. *Kṛṣṇa-kathā* gives life to those who are aggrieved in the material world. *Tāpa* means “pain,” “misery,” or, more literally, “heat”, and thus *tapta* means “pained,” “miserable,” or “burning.” We are all burning in the blazing fire of material existence, suffering the threefold miseries, and the spiritual master is like a rain cloud that pours down water to

extinguish it. The spiritual master showers the nectar of *kṛṣṇa-kathā* on the parched conditioned souls and thus delivers them from all suffering. It was said of the Six Gosvāmīs, *pāpottāpanikṛntanau tanu-bhṛtām govinda-gānāmṛtaiḥ*: “They delivered all conditioned souls from the reactions of their sinful activities by pouring upon them transcendental songs about Govinda.” (*Ṣaḍ-gosvāmy-aṣṭaka* 3) And of *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* it is said, *tāpa-trayonmūlanam*: “It uproots the threefold miseries.” (*Bhāgavatam* 1.1.2) Śrīla Prabhupāda has given us *kṛṣṇa-kathā* — *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* and the works of the Gosvāmīs — which can deliver us from the material miseries and give us new life.

*samsāra-dāvānala-liḍha-loka-  
trāṇāya kārūṇya-ghanāghanatvam  
prāptasya kalyāṇa-guṇārṇavasya  
vande guroḥ śrī-caraṇāravindam*

“The spiritual master is receiving benediction from the ocean of mercy. Just as a cloud pours water on a forest fire to extinguish it, so the spiritual master delivers the materially afflicted world by extinguishing the blazing fire of material existence. I offer my respectful obeisances unto the lotus feet of such a spiritual master.” (*Gurv-aṣṭaka* 1)

*Tāpa* also has another meaning — the fire of separation. Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu, and Śrīmatī Rādhārāṇī and the other *gopīs*, were burning in the fire of separation from Kṛṣṇa. Talking about Kṛṣṇa, *kṛṣṇa-kathā*, gave them life. Similarly, anyone suffering in separation from Kṛṣṇa or Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu or Their associates, or from Śrīla Prabhupāda or his associates, can get solace from *kṛṣṇa-kathā*.

*Kavibhiḥ* — “great thinkers,” “sages,” “poets.” Śrīla Prabhupāda was a great thinker. Ravindra Svarūpa Prabhu tells

us that as a student of philosophy and religion in university he had encountered so many philosophical and religious conceptions, but when he discovered Śrīla Prabhupāda’s books and teachings, everything else he had heard and read before was — in clarity, in depth, and in substance — like child’s play compared with what Śrīla Prabhupāda gave us. And Śrīla Prabhupāda was poetic.

*Īḍitam* — “described.” These great thinkers, devotees, and poets, such as Śrīla Prabhupāda, describe Kṛṣṇa.

*Kalmaṣāpaham*. *Kalmaṣa* means “sinful reactions” or “material miseries,” and *apaham* means “drives away,” or “eradicates.” Sinful reactions result in material miseries, and *kṛṣṇa-kathā*, chanting and hearing about Kṛṣṇa, brings immediate relief. We have all experienced it. The *Bhakti-rasāmṛta-sindhu* says that from the stage of *sādhana-bhakti* one experiences *kleśa-ghnī*, the eradication of material miseries. From the very beginning, we can experience it. Engaging in *kṛṣṇa-kathā* frees us from sinful reactions and thus enables us to progress in devotional service. As Lord Kṛṣṇa says in the *Bhagavad-gītā* (7.28),

*yeṣāṁ tv anta-gaṭaṁ pāpaṁ  
janānāṁ puṇya-karmaṇāṁ  
te dvandva-moha-nirmuktā  
bhajante mām dṛḍha-vratāḥ*

“Persons who have acted piously in previous lives and in this life and whose sinful actions are completely eradicated are freed from the dualities of delusion, and they engage themselves in My service with determination.” Only when we are free from sinful actions and reactions can we take to devotional service with firm determination.

*Śrīmat* — “filled with spiritual power and opulence.” The nectar of *kṛṣṇa-kathā*, according to Śrīla Viśvanātha Cakravartī

Ṭhākura, bestows all wealth, up to *prema* (*prema-dhana*), and so even if we give everything we possess to one who broadcasts (*ātataṁ*) the messages of Godhead, we will never be able to repay him.

*Bhuvī gr̥ṇanti* — “chanted and spread all over the world.” This phrase particularly applies to Śrīla Prabhupāda, who left India, journeyed to America, and traveled all over the world to broadcast the message of Kṛṣṇa. No one had ever done that. Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu had desired and predicted it, yet even learned scholars in the line of Mahāprabhu and Sarasvatī Ṭhākura could not imagine that it would come to pass. They took Mahāprabhu’s statement as a poetic devotional outpouring, not as a literal prediction.

*pr̥thivīte āche yata nagarādi grāma  
sarvatra pracāra haibe mora nāma*

“In as many towns and villages as there are on the surface of the earth, My holy name will be preached.” (*Caitanya-bhāgavata*, *Antya* 4.126)

Śrīla Bhaktivinoda Ṭhākura made a beginning. He sent copies of his book *Caitanya Mahāprabhu: His Life and Precepts* to some libraries in different parts of the world. And Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī Ṭhākura sent some *sannyāsīs* to preach in Europe (though without much effect). But it was Śrīla Prabhupāda who actually traveled and spread the holy name of Kṛṣṇa — *kṛṣṇa-kathā* — all over the world. He personally translated *Śrīmad Bhagavad-gītā*, *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*, *Śrī Caitanya-caritāmṛta*, and other Vedic scriptures into English, and he inspired his followers to translate his books into other languages and distribute them everywhere. He also said that if he could live longer he would render more Vedic texts into English, and his followers are continuing his work.

Where would we be now if he hadn't done what he did? We would probably be where we were, or even worse, burning in the blazing fire of material existence, burning in the fire of hellish sinful reactions.

Thus Śrīla Prabhupāda is *bhūri-dā*, the most munificent. Śrīla Rūpa Gosvāmī glorified Lord Caitanya as the most munificent incarnation of Godhead:

*namo mahā-vadānyāya kṛṣṇa-prema-pradāya te  
kṛṣṇāya kṛṣṇa-caitanya-nāmnē gaura-tviṣe namaḥ*

“Lord Śrī Kṛṣṇa Caitanya is more magnanimous than any other *avatāra*, even more than Kṛṣṇa Himself, because He is bestowing freely what no one else has ever given — pure love of Kṛṣṇa.” (*Caitanya-caritāmṛta*, *Madhya* 19.53) Personally, Lord Caitanya preached only in India. It was Śrīla Prabhupāda who preached throughout the world, freely distributing *kṛṣṇa-kathā*, *kṛṣṇa-nāma*, and *kṛṣṇa-prasāda*, which bring one to *kṛṣṇa-prema*.

And Śrīla Prabhupāda wanted his followers in ISKCON — he specifically mentioned the temple presidents and zonal secretaries — to be munificent, because they are representing Lord Caitanya. We should all be munificent, benevolent. How? By spreading the message of Godhead — distributing transcendental literature and personally speaking about Kṛṣṇa.

Considering the value of what Śrīla Prabhupāda has given us, we can never repay him. Still, we should want to repay him, and act to repay him, by following in his footsteps. As Śrīla Prabhupāda wrote, “If you feel at all indebted to me, then you should preach vigorously like me. That is the proper way to repay me. Of course, no one can repay the debt to the spiritual master, but the spiritual master is very much pleased by such an attitude by the disciple.”

Śrīla Prabhupāda is the spiritual master — at least *sikṣā-guru* — of all of us, so we must work to repay our debt to him by following in his footsteps and preaching. And to preach, one must also practice; one must have spiritual strength. So we — I — must do both: practice and preach.

At last year's Ratha-yātrā in Los Angeles, soon after the chariots arrived at Venice Beach, I met my dear godbrother Bhārgava Prabhu, and he poured some of the nectar of *kṛṣṇa-kathā* into my ears. The atmosphere at the Ratha-yātrā was surcharged with spiritual potency and emotion and bliss, and he told a story that was most appropriate for the occasion, about the residents of Vṛndāvana going to Kurukṣetra to meet Kṛṣṇa.

Kṛṣṇa Himself was always feeling separation from the residents of Vṛndāvana. In His sleep He would call out the names of the cowherd boys, the cows, and the *gopīs*, and sometimes His pillow would be wet from the tears He had shed. So, Kṛṣṇa thought that if He went to Kurukṣetra He might be able to meet the residents of Vṛndāvana, because Kurukṣetra, unlike Dvārakā, is not so far from Vṛndāvana. The residents of Vṛndāvana, too, were eager to meet Kṛṣṇa. And so the Vraja-vāsīs journeyed to Kurukṣetra. From the time of His youth, Kṛṣṇa had an understanding with Nanda Mahārāja that no one should ever know about their intimate relationship, because if the demons knew that He had been raised as the son of Nanda in Vraja, they would attack Vraja and do harm to the Vraja-vāsīs — to get at Kṛṣṇa.

When Nanda Mahārāja and the cowherd community reached Kurukṣetra, there were so many people and horses and chariots and elephants and tents everywhere, Nanda couldn't see Kṛṣṇa. But he could smell Him, the divine fragrance of His transcendental body. So he followed the scent to the place from where it was emanating, and then... he saw Kṛṣṇa. But

was it Kṛṣṇa? He knew Kṛṣṇa as his little cowherd boy. But here was a king, attired in royal garb, with so many princes and warriors, all well dressed and ornamented, offering Him praise and respect and bowing their heads at His feet. Still, Nanda wanted to approach Kṛṣṇa, but remembering their agreement, he restrained himself and retired to the camp allotted to him and the other Vraja-vāsīs.

Later, Kṛṣṇa Himself came, secretly, to meet them all. And He reciprocated their ecstatic loving feelings. It is described that Mother Yaśodā took Kṛṣṇa on her lap, and with the tears from her eyes and the milk from her breast, she bathed Him. She performed an *abhiṣeka* of Kṛṣṇa with her love. Yaśodā's body is completely spiritual, composed of *prema*. Her tears are liquid *prema*. Her milk is liquid *prema*. And so she performed a loving *abhiṣeka* for Kṛṣṇa.

Then Kṛṣṇa went out to see the bulls and oxen. They were now all grown up. He went to each of them, one by one. He recalled each one's name and lovingly patted each and every one of them, saying, “Oh, So-and-so, I remember you. I remember when you were just a small bullock, and now you are all grown up, so big and strong.” And He affectionately embraced each one.

And I was thinking how merciful Kṛṣṇa is, how kind He is, even to the bulls, to the animals. I remembered Śrīla Prabhupāda's words:

“You have seen Kṛṣṇa's picture. He's embracing the calf also, and He's embracing Rādhārāṇī. Not that He's simply attached to Rādhārāṇī and the *gopīs*. He's attached to everyone, every living entity. Kṛṣṇa is the best friend of everyone. So if you want friendship, make friendship with Kṛṣṇa. He'll protect you, and He'll satisfy you in all respects.” There is a beautiful picture in which Kṛṣṇa has His arm around a calf. Even if you are an animal (which basically I am), Kṛṣṇa has affection for you, especially if you try to serve Him. “To become an animal of Kṛṣṇa is a great fortune. It is not an ordinary thing. Any associate of Kṛṣṇa — His cowherd boyfriends or calves

or cows, or the Vṛndāvana trees, plants, flowers, or water — they are all devotees of Kṛṣṇa. They serve Kṛṣṇa in different capacities. Somebody is serving Kṛṣṇa as an animal. Somebody is serving Kṛṣṇa as a tree, with fruits and flowers, as Yamunā water, or as the beautiful cowherd men and damsels, or as Kṛṣṇa's father and mother. Kṛṣṇa has so many who love Him, and He also loves them.”

Kṛṣṇa consciousness is so beautiful, and deep.

And then I was thinking about Bhārgava Prabhu — it was not an intellectual idea but a feeling that arose spontaneously in my heart: “You have given me the greatest gift, *kṛṣṇa-kathā*.” And that is what Prabhupāda did for us. And that is what we, as his servants and followers, are meant to do for others, and for each other.

It is called *kṛṣṇa-kathā*, topics about Kṛṣṇa. The topics, or instructions, given by Kṛṣṇa is the *Bhagavad-gītā*, and the topics about Kṛṣṇa, the activities of Kṛṣṇa, is *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*. So, some way or other, let us always discuss about Kṛṣṇa. That should be the life of Kṛṣṇa conscious people — to worship Kṛṣṇa in the temple; to sell Kṛṣṇa's books — *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*, *Bhagavad-gītā*; to think of Kṛṣṇa — Hare Kṛṣṇa, Hare Kṛṣṇa; to eat *kṛṣṇa-prasāda*; to take all risk for Kṛṣṇa; to do work for Kṛṣṇa; or, as Arjuna, to fight for Kṛṣṇa. Arjuna did not want to fight, but for Kṛṣṇa's sake he fought. So fight for Kṛṣṇa, work for Kṛṣṇa, think of Kṛṣṇa, eat *kṛṣṇa-prasāda*, talk of Kṛṣṇa, read of Kṛṣṇa. So, Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa. This is life. This is Kṛṣṇa consciousness. This is a very glorified life. (Lecture, 26 June 1974)

For *kṛṣṇa-kathā*, for the holy name of Kṛṣṇa, for the beautiful life of Kṛṣṇa consciousness, and for his boundless, causeless mercy, I owe my life to Śrīla Prabhupāda, eternally.

*Śrīla Prabhupāda-kī jaya!*

Giriraj Swami

**Guṇagrāhi Dāsa Goswami**

*nama om̐ viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmīn̄ iti nāmīne*

*namas te sārāsvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

*om̐ ajñāna-timirāndhasya jñānāñjana-śalākayā  
cakṣur unmilitam̐ yena tasmai śrī-gurave namaḥ*

Dearest Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances in the dust of your lotus feet.

Although I have been trying my best to serve and meditate upon you for over forty years, I am painfully aware that I still fall far short of the mark. In spite of my shortcomings, I am so grateful that you have had the tolerance and patience to remain in my heart. My situation is just one of millions; you have bestowed your infinite compassion upon countless rascals like me and continue to save us from incalculable suffering. Śrīla Kṛṣṇadāsa Kavirāja focuses on this quality of compassion in his glorification of Lord Nityānanda, highlighting it above all the Lord’s other transcendental attributes:

*tānhāra caraṇe mora koṭi namaskāra  
caitanyaera bhakti yenho laoyāila sarīsāra*

“I offer innumerable obeisances unto the lotus feet of Śrī Nityānanda Prabhu, who is so kind that He spread the service of Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu all over the world. (*Caitanya-caritāmṛta*, *Madhya* 1.26) “Innumerable obeisances” indicate an overwhelming feeling of gratitude — the same feeling that Kṛṣṇadāsa, the *ācāryas*, and the Lord Himself surely have for you, Śrīla Prabhupāda.

I, for one, never tire of seeing your mercy being distributed to the conditioned souls and always marvel at how, due to your magic, people become transformed before my very eyes. Your books, your *prasādam*, your chanting, your temples, your devotees — all are conduits for that transformation. And when they are at work, the whole world lights up. You also light up, and your *sikṣā* and *dikṣā* disciples light up as well. We all light up together — just as we did decades ago — as you continue to grace us with your ecstatic transcendental presence. You have shown us that there is no joy greater than seeing someone coming to life in Kṛṣṇa consciousness after eons of slumber. It takes a lot to get a hard-hearted devotee like myself to shed a tear, but feeling your affection and seeing it acting upon the hearts of others has indeed caused some to fall. Thus, I sing all praise unto you in the same mood that Locana Dāsa Ṭhākura glorifies his two Lords: “Within the three worlds there is no one like Lord Caitanya or Lord Nityānanda. Their merciful qualities are so great that upon hearing them even birds and beasts cry and stones melt.”

All glories to you, Śrīla Prabhupāda, who turned the hippies into happies and, as Kali-yuga progresses, are continuing to miraculously turn their modern-day counterparts, derivations, permutations, and whomever else, into the future saints of this world!

Guṇagrāhi Dāsa Goswami

**Guru Prasād Swami**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

I offer my most humble and sincere obeisances in the dust of your lotus feet, which have brought real peace to the hearts of untold numbers of persons.

As I continue to review the twenty-six qualities of pure Vaiṣṇavas as they are found in you, the next is *śānta*, peacefulness. Your example of peacefulness and your idea of peace and nonviolence are unique in the world.

You taught the world that peace cannot be achieved while so much violence through animal slaughter is going on. Following in the footsteps of Śrī Prahlāda Mahārāja, you demonstrated that a devotee’s peace is gained through service, not a tranquil environment. Prahlāda said that the practice of most *yogīs* — taking a vow of silence and wandering in search of solitary placidity and freedom from external disturbance — was unacceptable to him. In the same way, you left the peaceful atmosphere of Vṛndāvana and entered into the most hectic and agitated city in the world and created peace.

Criticizing Gandhi’s nonviolent approach as a solution for the world’s situation, you presented the *Bhagavad-gītā* as the fountainhead of perfect peace. By the grace of Kṛṣṇa, Arjuna became composed while killing the enemy. Therefore, at *Bhagavad-gītā* 6.27 you translated *praśānta* as “[with] mind fixed on the lotus feet of Kṛṣṇa.” Controlling the mind and senses, as you perfectly did, brings a constant state of equanimity.

You traveled relentlessly, sometimes for up to twenty-four hours, to arrive at a temple and preach. Then, after a little rest, you would begin translating the *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* as if you

had been in the same place for months. Who could be a better example of peacefulness?

You scorned the impersonalists as they sought *śānta-rasa* with no relationship to Kṛṣṇa. For a devotee such so-called peace is *kaivalyam̐ narakāyate*, a hellish condition. The devotees you are sending onto the battlefield of modern city streets feel internal composure and bring peace to the unsettled in the world, all by your grace.

Seeing your serene figure and hearing your soothing words of infinite transcendental wisdom calm my mind temporarily. Falling at your lotus feet, I beg you to bless me with a constant state of equilibrium so that I can serve your mission without being agitated by the waves of material desire that, like a tsunami, flood the world, creating havoc. Thank you, Śrīla Prabhupāda.

*Your aspiring servant,*

Guru Prasād Swami

**Hanumatpresaka Swami**

Śrīla Prabhupāda, please accept our humble obeisances in the dust at your feet. In honor of your Vyāsa-pūjā we hope to say a few words to glorify your good self.

We feel that your intelligence is as incomprehensible to us as any saint's must be to any monkey. We can see ourselves only as a small group of monkeys milling around at your lotus feet as you sit in your rocker chanting on your beads. We are looking for seeds and other eatables, picking in the dust, and you are looking out over the ocean chanting the *mahā-mantra*.

Then, quite inconceivably to us, from time to time you motion to one of us and then put a message in a collar around our neck and say, "Rādhārāṇī, Subala, or Nandī-mukhī," and off we go.

I have to say, in all my stupidity, that it all really seems to be that simple.

*Simply aspiring to be of some service to you life after life in the association of your other servants,*

Hanumatpresaka Swami

**Hṛdayānanda dāsa Goswami**

*nama om viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine*

*namas te sārasvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

I bow at your lotus feet.

In your purport to *Gītā* 3.30, you write: "The Lord instructs that one has to become fully Kṛṣṇa conscious to discharge duties, as if in military discipline."

In our conditioned state, it is natural that we, your followers, go through physical, emotional, and spiritual cycles in which our enthusiasm and energy for service wax and wane. Yet if we continue to faithfully serve you, we will steadily advance, even as we experience inevitable ups and downs.

With perfect purity, maturity, and compassion, you, our loving spiritual father, guide us through life's struggles and guarantee the ultimate victory of those who remain faithfully engaged in serving your mission. You are not merely a glorious theological category. You are a charming, inspiring, liberated soul with your own unique Kṛṣṇa conscious personality. Learning to relate to you appropriately, we learn to relate to Kṛṣṇa and other liberated souls. We prepare for our eternal life.

As always, on this day, we thank you best by rededicating ourselves to fulfilling your desires, the desires of Kṛṣṇa Himself.

Thank you for everything, Śrīla Prabhupāda.

*Your servant,*

Hṛdayānanda dāsa Goswami

**Janānanda Goswami**

*nama om viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine*

"I offer my respectful obeisances unto His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupāda, who is very dear to Lord Kṛṣṇa on this earth, having taken shelter at His lotus feet."

*namas te sārasvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

"Our respectful obeisances are unto you, O spiritual master, servant of Sarasvatī Gosvāmī. You are kindly preaching the message of Lord Caitanyadeva and delivering the Western countries, which are filled with impersonalism and voidism."

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

I offer my prostrated obeisances in the dust of your lotus feet.

It is the month of May as I sit writing this offering to you. In 1936, you wrote a Vyāsa-pūjā offering to your own spiritual master in which you compared his appearance day to be "Sweeter than May." You later remarked that this referred to the sweetness of a May day in England. Today, I am sitting here in the cold English weather — almost freezing. It does not remind me of the sweetness of May.

There is volcanic ash in the air. Economic recess and political uncertainty pervade the country. People are not looking very happy. The country is in enormous debt. There are numerous signs of decadence. All around life goes on with little meaningful direction. Have times gotten worse?

I hope what I next write will not be seen as changing the topic, a point you often corrected devotees for. It's some little thing which has been on my mind. As a student of statistics, I have

always marvelled at a statistical factor in regards to your life. Perhaps it is a kind of dovetailing of propensities. Whatever it is, it helps me to reflect on how everything is under the direction and order of the Lord and how his servant is completely guided at every moment and protected by Him. Nothing happens by chance, however tough it may seem.

Back to statistics. This is not a muse about the numbers of disciples, books distributed, or falldowns. Rather, it is about the time factor that moves everything. Today is the eleventh day of the month. Around me it appears as if the eleventh hour is on us, warning us that all is fallible and at any moment disaster may stare us in the face. The world seems to be in the eleventh chapter; the final warning — "a time which is nearly too late." Is it too late to change the course of the world? Śrīla Prabhupāda, you had no intention that we sit back, float along or somehow just fit in. You injected within us the revolutionary mood to change the world, beginning with changing ourselves.

Everything about your appearance and activities is significant, but it has always struck me that the number eleven was a significant number in both my life and in the history of your achievements. I joined the temple at twenty-two years of age.

Here are some elevens. In 1922, you first met your spiritual master, and in 1933, you accepted initiation. In 1944, you started *Back to Godhead* magazine, and in 1955, you settled in Vṛndāvana as a *vānaprastha*. In 1966, you incorporated ISKCON and held the first initiation in the western world. The number of initiates was also eleven. In 1977, you departed the world. That year, you selected eleven devotees to act as *ṛtviks* on your behalf. The history of that speaks for itself.

Now we are thirty-three years later and again it is a pretty significant year. Not only is this year the publication of the first

open Vyāsa-pūjā book for all your disciples to contribute to, but it also happens to be the year that the building of Temple of Vedic Planetarium in Māyāpur has been inaugurated. This, without a doubt, is one of the most significant events in the history of the world. The years 1988 and '99 — I do not know.

Thank you, Śrīla Prabhupāda, for allowing all your disciples who are still embodied to contribute to this first open edition of your Vyāsa-pūjā book. I would like my real offering to be one of offering my existence at your lotus feet to assist you in saving the world at this eleventh hour. In 1973, you wrote to Gurudāsa Dāsa, “One day scholars will note how this Kṛṣṇa consciousness movement saved the world in its darkest hour.” Time is ticking by. We are indeed faced with an emergency, but where is the urgency? Will it be another eleven years and I am still taking my time as if there is no emergency?

I can never repay my debt to you, but I hope I have not come to the eleventh chapter. If that is the case, then let us make a plan to work towards liquidating our debts to you — a wonderful eternal programme which constantly drives me on. Thank you Śrīla Prabhupāda for giving me a little drop of your mercy to chant the holy names and spread that mercy to all.

If you feel at all indebted to me then you should preach vigorously like me. That is the proper way to repay me. Of course, no one can repay the debt to the spiritual master, but the spiritual master is very much pleased by such an attitude of the disciple. (Śrīla Prabhupāda, letter to disciples, 14 August, 1976)

I am happy to come back to this terrible place again and again if it pleases you, as long as I can serve you in helping others to come to your lotus feet. Please engage me as a part of the revolution to save the world in its eleventh hour.

Your eternal servant,  
Janānanda Goswami

### Jayapatāka Swami

My dear spiritual father Śrīla A. C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupāda,

Please accept my respectful obeisances. All glories to Your Divine Grace!

When I offered to serve you life after life, you replied, “Why do you want me to come back again and again?”

So then I said, “Well, if you do not want to take me back to Godhead, then I want to serve you here, life after life.” You smiled.

On another occasion I said, “Śrīla Prabhupāda, you are the most merciful and I am the most fallen — ”

You interrupted and said, “You are not the most anything.”

In this way you are always giving your mercy in so many ways. I am very grateful that I had many personal exchanges like these with Your Divine Grace.

Now I am trying to follow the GBC, as your representative. They asked me to stay here in Los Angeles to undergo treatment for my stroke. By the time of your Vyāsa-pūjā celebration I will have been here over six months. Gradually I am recovering.

I am very happy — and I’m sure Your Divine Grace is also pleased — that the Temple of the Vedic Planetarium is underway thanks to the efforts of Ambarīṣa Prabhu and his team.

This is the first time I have been absent for so long from Māyāpur, and it is the first time I missed the *parikrama*. I am doing all this as a sacrifice for your pleasure. I am feeling great separation from the holy *dhāma*.

I was very pleased to hear that forty years ago here in Los Angeles the small Deities, Śrī Śrī Rukmiṇī-Dvārakānātha, ordered you to establish Kṛṣṇa consciousness in India, which you subsequently did. This was told by Brahmānanda Prabhu. So somehow I am here in your Western headquarters, and although I am away from the world headquarters in Māyāpur, I’m feeling connected to Your Divine Grace and I visit your temple every day.

I hope that all the devotees take this opportunity of your Vyāsa-pūjā to unite. As you famously said: The way to show our gratitude for all you have done for us is to cooperate in pushing on this movement. So, we are trying to cooperate, and we hope all the devotees will cooperate for Your Divine Grace’s pleasure.

Many of my godbrothers have been phoning me. Somehow they have kept the tradition going in Māyāpur in my absence. So I am very happy for that. I hope the Māyāpur devotees will also be examples of how you have taught us to work together. I also trust they will receive everyone nicely in Māyāpur, the spiritual home for the worldwide preachers.

Since I have not been able to travel, I cannot visit my zone or the devotees and disciples in Asia, Latin America, and around the world. However, they tell me that they are dedicated to serving Your Divine Grace. Please have mercy on them.

Your Divine Grace has given us wonderful teachings. Now, staying here in the West for so long, I am seeing that it is very difficult to preach to the Westerners; they are very much immersed in their own *tamas* and *rajas* point of view, trying to be happy. So I am very appreciative of all the miracles you have performed in bringing the Western people to Kṛṣṇa consciousness, and I am trying to encourage the devotees

everywhere to engage in the preaching activities Your Divine Grace has inaugurated so that Lord Caitanya will be seen as the savior of the entire world for His gifts of spiritual vision and true love for Godhead.

Again and again I bow down to your lotus feet. All glories to Your Divine Grace!

Your servant eternally,  
Jayapatāka Swami

**Jayādvaita Swami**

*nama orṁ viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine*

*namas te sārāsvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

When I try to put on paper what I know of what you've done,  
I discover I'm a poor man, just a fool, an empty bag,  
Like a singer with no voice, or like a pole without a flag,  
Like an engine without power, like a cripple trying to run.

When you came to New York City, all alone, to give the truth,  
With your books and with the chanting of Lord Kṛṣṇa's holy name,  
In the hearts of some who heard you, you revived a tiny flame  
Of devotion for the all-attractive, blue-complexioned youth

Who with flute to lotus lips, who with dancing lotus eyes,  
Who with lotus hands and lotus feet and lotus words beguiles  
The lotus hearts of devotees, and renders others Kṛṣṇaphiles.  
"Countless glories to you, Prabhupāda!" this tiny servant cries.

Tending small flames of devotion, you awakened splendid fires  
That you fed with timeless wisdom and you fanned with steady breeze  
Of Caitanya's causeless mercy: Hare Kṛṣṇa ecstasies.  
To sing praises to you, Prabhupāda, this tiny soul aspires,

For you broadcast Kṛṣṇa's message, so it spread from coast to coast,  
People chanting, people dancing, people breaking Māyā's hold,  
People giving up as garbage what before had seemed like gold  
And abandoning low habits to make Kṛṣṇa uppermost.

Then you turned your eyes to London to fulfill the wish long held  
By Siddhānta Sarasvatī that the mighty British lion  
Should be startled by a roaring chant transcending space and time.  
You installed within the Manor the true Lord of all the realm.

When you journeyed back to India you brought forth your elephants  
You had captured in the jungles of the West. Those white beasts danced,  
Loudly chanted Hare Kṛṣṇa and were spiritually advanced.  
You had left as Kṛṣṇa's beggar and returned as Kṛṣṇa's prince.

Where your countrymen chased money you uplifted fallen souls.  
Where impersonalists saw Māyā you saw Kṛṣṇa's power shine.  
Where the Buddhists said there's voidness you showed fullness, the divine:  
The supreme eternal person who is life's eternal goal.

You enriched the world with books that taught the personhood of God.  
In different lands, in different tongues, in different times, in different ways,  
You delivered scientific truthful words of Kṛṣṇa's praise,  
Giving light, dispelling darkness, giving mercy. Prabhupāda!

Venezuela to Australia to America, Japan,  
Russia, Canada, Mauritius, Kenya, Germany and France —  
When you blessed them with your feet you made their people chant and dance,  
And you said, "Forget these dung hills. Go to Kṛṣṇa's blissful land."

You gave up the tiny world of country, family and wife  
To set free the greater world from Kali-yuga's iron rule  
And you saved me from "enjoying" like an idiotic fool.  
Gratefully your servant ever, I give you my tiny life.

Jayadvaita Swami



**Kavicandra Swami**

*om ajñāna-timirāndhasya jñānāñjana-śalākayā  
caḥsur unmilitaṁ yena tasmai śrī-gurave namaḥ*

I was born in the darkest ignorance, and my spiritual master opened my eyes with the torch of knowledge. I offer my respectful obeisances unto him.

*nama om viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine*

*namas te sārasvate deve gaura-vāñī-pracāriṇe  
nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

I offer my respectful obeisances unto His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupāda, who is very dear to Lord Kṛṣṇa on this earth, having taken shelter at His lotus feet. Our respectful obeisances are unto you, O spiritual master, servant of Sarasvatī Gosvāmī. You are kindly preaching the message of Lord Caitanyadeva and delivering the Western countries, which are filled with impersonalism and voidism.

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Thank you so much for allowing me to be in the association of your devotees. That is the only hope for those of us who are suffering in this material world.

Generally, yoga and meditation are considered quite difficult. As a sublime deliverer of Lord Nityānanda’s causeless mercy, you have shown us the path back to Godhead and given a simple program for traversing that path. It is so simple that sometimes we don’t believe in it.

You introduced *kṛṣṇa-kīrtana*, playing the *karatālas* with a sublime one-two-three beat. For many things you gave us the one-two-three or one-two-three-four formula:

For chanting the holy name:

*ṭṛṇād api sunīcena taror iva sahiṣṇunā  
amāninā mānadena kīrtaniyaḥ sadā hariḥ*

“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 ready to offer all respect to others. In such a state of mind one can chant the holy name of the Lord constantly.”

For *sādhana*: Chant sixteen rounds daily, follow the four regulative principles, read your books, worship the Deities.

For preaching outreach: Distribute your books, distribute the holy name, distribute *prasādam*.

There is also *utsāhān niścayād dhairyāt* — being enthusiastic, endeavoring with confidence, being patient. Teaching us, you showed inconceivable patience. That is a most difficult quality to practice, and most important. Without patience we cannot train devotees, and we may lose our enthusiasm, expecting too much too fast.

There is also The Peace Formula: One who knows Kṛṣṇa to be the ultimate beneficiary of all sacrifices and austerities, the Supreme Lord of all planets and demigods, and the benefactor and well-wisher of all living entities attains peace from the pangs of material miseries.

And for festivals: chant, dance, distribute *prasādam*.

And Lord Vāmanadeva (Hari) took everything away from Bali Mahārāja with 1, 2, 3 steps.

Very simple — 1, 2, 3 — but not easy for our restless minds. Even

**Keśava Bhāratī Dāsa Goswami**

My dearest Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances in the dust of your lotus feet, which are softer than the softest rose petal.

And again please accept my most respectful obeisances at the feet of your transcendental intelligence, which is sharper than the sharpest razor and more brilliant than a million suns.

And yet again please accept my heartfelt obeisances at the feet of your towering spiritual strength, by which you left your young disciples breathless as they tried to keep up with you, and by which you left the other spiritual authorities in India watching from the sidelines as you delivered Kṛṣṇa to the world.

Some years ago a senior Englishman, a Queen’s Counsel (QC) who had to speed-read all your books while deliberating upon the Manor inquiry, challenged your followers. He said that we could not actually understand the greatness of what you had accomplished, but that he could. At first his statement seemed perplexing. We were Śrīla Prabhupāda’s loyal followers, after all, and the QC was but an outsider. Surely only we could understand. But his explanation made sense. He was senior in age, more than seventy. Because we were young, he pointed out, that we could not possibly comprehend fully what you had done.

Indeed, the extra dimension of appreciation the QC spoke of is beginning to dawn within me in my sixty-fourth year, despite my being such a dullard. The adjustments I have already had to make, not to mention those I’ll have to make in the years to come in order to keep my service to you constant, shine more light on the inconceivable things you did on an international

sticking to the one-two-three with the *karatālas* sometimes gets away from us. We think we need to do something fancy...

You gave us a lot of freedom as to how to do these things. That is a great challenge — innovation without deviation, individuality without independence.

You, perfectly following the example and instructions of your Guru Mahārāja, showed us a perfect example. It is a very high standard. I pray that I can open my heart and receive the mercy of Lord Nityānanda and somehow act in some way for your pleasure.

Recently, while offering the *cāmara* for your *guru-pūjā*, I was thinking there were no flies to chase. Then I realized that there are many flylike fault-finders buzzing around your society. As senior members, we have to constantly endeavor to protect ourselves and all members from their influence. By deeply studying and teaching from your Bhaktivedanta purports, we can accomplish this.

Thank you again and again. I know I can never repay you for all that you have given me, but please allow me to continue trying by giving as much Kṛṣṇa consciousness as I can to others around me.

*Your aspiring servant,*

Kavicandra Swami

scale after your seventieth year. No one has ever done such a thing. And no one ever will. What you did, Śrīla Prabhupāda, can only be done once.

This past year I continued my daily *sādhana* of listening to the available recorded material of Your Divine Grace in chronological order. I'm on my fourth time through, and each time I feel increasingly closer to you. It's as if I'm traveling with you, attending your morning walks and lectures, your room conversations, interviews, preaching programs, and so on. I pray that this feeling goes on increasing forever. The power of your voice's resonance, the solid logic of your arguments, the loving patience you displayed in constantly repeating the foundational principles of *bhakti* to insure that we became fixed up and did not jump forward prematurely, the sensitivity you showed to the cultural diversity you faced, and the adjustments you made to attract people from all walks of life in every country — all these and more set you apart from any other preacher from India, or from anywhere else for that matter.

My faith in your printed word also increased this year as the reports of my dear friend Vaiṣeṣika Prabhu poured in from his efforts to push forward the distribution of your books. Especially inspiring are the stories he tells about the results of going door to door in America. He reports that in general the common man has never been so receptive to your message. And he should know, having been dedicated to distributing your books steadily since 1973. From the revolutionary motel *saṅkīrtana* party he heads up, reports are that some guests bring the *Bhagavad-gītā* from their rooms to the front desks of their motels to ask if they can purchase them after reading your classic introduction. How could this be happening if your message and method of delivery were not still pertinent?

You wanted us to write our realizations, Śrīla Prabhupāda. You once delivered an intense message to your peers: “But where are *their* books?” You especially wanted your *sannyāsīs* to leave transcendental literature to uplift future generations. My other closest friend, Śivarāma Swami, is engaging me in editing his books. The project we're working on now is proving to be of epic proportions. May your mercy descend upon us so that we may properly present what you have taught us and so that our effort to please you may bear fruit.

You taught us that serving the servant of the servant of Kṛṣṇa — the farther removed the better — makes us increasingly dearer to Kṛṣṇa. I therefore beg you, Śrīla Prabhupāda: Please continue to engage me in serving the servants of your servants, and their servants.

As is natural in Kali-yuga, controversy still abounds. The history of splinter groups continues from the days of Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu's presence. When Lord Caitanya left Nadia to accept *sannyāsa*, the devotees were devastated. To pacify them the Lord reassured them that He would appear in two forms: *nāma-saṅkīrtana* and His Deity form. (*Caitanya-bhāgavata*, *Madhya-khaṇḍa* 27.13) I can't help but notice that today's splinter groups tend to congregate at ISKCON's festivals to distribute their tracts. They seem to lack what it takes to put on such dynamic public events themselves. This seems to me evidence of the special empowerment you injected into ISKCON's *kīrtanas*. And as far as your *mūrti* in the temple goes, I myself have heard first-time guests ask how you can sit still for so long! Wherever these two manifestations of your preaching are, Śrīla Prabhupāda, the spiritual atmosphere is palpable, even to the uninformed.

The fact that you allowed your *mūrti* to be installed in your physical presence on Gaura-Nitāi's altar in the Kṛṣṇa-Balarāma

Mandir also testifies to the importance you placed on keeping your divine form in the center of ISKCON's worship. The memory of the installation of the small brass *mūrti* of Your Divine Grace at Rādhā-kuṇḍa just after your disappearance and the *parikramā kīrtana* around Govardhana Hill to celebrate the event remains vivid in my heart. I think it's safe to say that all of us who were fortunate enough to have participated in those historic events felt the special empowerment you injected into our *kīrtana* and your divine form.

In fact, the effulgence and standard of Deity worship maintained after all these years in your ISKCON temples is also distinct and palpable. For example, recently I made my first visit to the Punjabhi Bhag temple in Delhi. It isn't one of ISKCON's major temples, but I was struck by how effulgent the Deities and the entire altar are. Is not this evidence of the legacy you left to your loyal followers by your loving devotional service to the Lord? Who else has left such exemplary models of devotional service that engage devotees throughout the world in the loving service of the Lord?

And this brings me to my last observation. The effulgence of the ISKCON altars and *kīrtanas* also seems to me to be evidence of the descending potency coming through you to the savants of today's ISKCON, the sincere, hardworking devotees who are maintaining your temples and programs worldwide. I directly heard an opinion from one group that the descending potency from the Lord was lost in ISKCON when you physically disappeared.

Some years ago a young *sannyāsī* from a splinter group confronted me. His point was that the work we were doing on *Bṛhad-bhāgavatāmṛta* was ascending because we no longer had you guiding our pens. His idea was that their work was descending, however, because they had their leader, the *mahā-*

*bhāgavata*, physically present to guide them. This conversation took place before the first volume was published, so I had no hard evidence to show at the moment. I could only caution the devotee making the claim that Gopīparāṇadhana Prabhu and Jayādvaita Swami not only were trained directly by you, Śrīla Prabhupāda, but also had been translating and editing transcendental literature for longer than the young *sannyāsī* had been alive. It seems that arrogance and disloyalty go hand in hand.

Later, however, when Gopīparāṇadhana Prabhu, Jayādvaita Mahārāja, and I came to the last stage of the editing process of the first volume, a better answer came to me. I saw for myself how you impart the descending potency to us. As we sat together to make the final adjustments to the manuscript, sincerely trying to make the final result transparent to Śrīla Sanātana Gosvāmī, at times our eyes became misty when we found answers to especially difficult passages. There is no doubt in my mind that I was witnessing the descending potency as it was appearing. Now, every time I read that book with the devotees, a book you yourself said we must read, without fail the devotees listening are amazed at the clarity of the work and the uplifting effect the reading has on them. And from my side, I get the distinct impression that I had nothing to do with this work. The result was greater than even the synergy of our team's combined effort. In short, when we get together and cooperate to do anything that you wanted done, Śrīla Prabhupāda, the descending potency comes through that effort and wonderful things are accomplished.

For the past few years Vaiṣeṣika Prabhu and I have been conducting hearing and chanting sessions of your books with devotees from around the world at your ISKCON Bhaktivedanta Ashram in Govardhana. Consistently the devotees who

participate have told us that they feel their spiritual lives rejuvenated. They feel your transcendental presence. Again, my conclusion is that when we get together and sincerely try to do something dear to your heart, your presence is invoked and the internal potency flows through us.

There is no way that we can repay you for these gifts, for your agreeing to stay with us in all these ways. You are alive and well, Śrīla Prabhupāda. And all we can do is to continue to cooperate with likeminded devotees to fulfill your desires.

Please bless me, Śrīla Prabhupāda, so that I will always be able to live and associate with your loyal followers. In this way I can serve you forever.

Your servant,

Keśava Bhāratī Dāsa Goswāmī

**Kṛṣṇa Dāsa Swami**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances. All glories to Your Divine Grace, who out of pure compassion descended on Earth/Bhārata-varṣa to reclaim countless fallen souls.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, this year Ranchor Prabhu wrote a wonderful book entitled *When the Sun Shines*, which describes your success in spreading Kṛṣṇa consciousness in the UK. In the book Ranchor describes his interviews with many of the fortunate souls who had your glorious association in the 1960s and 70s, and I feel extremely fortunate to be one of those souls.

Another recently published book, written by Frank Ward (Arjuna Dāsa) and entitled *No Time to Slumber for the Hindu Tiger*, recounts the pastime of saving your Bhaktivedanta Manor from closure in the 1980s.

Both these books reminded me of the glorious association I had with Your Divine Grace. My first face-to-face meeting with you took place at Bhaktivedanta Manor after witnessing your incredible pastime at the famous 1973 London Ratha-yātrā, where you danced along the whole route of the procession from Hyde Park to Trafalgar Square. The meeting at Bhaktivedanta Manor was one of the most significant events of my life. I entered your room upstairs as a *grhastha*, and a few hours later I left as a *sannyāsī*.

When we met, you asked about my past. I explained that I was born in a *brāhmaṇa* Vaiṣṇava family and had accepted initiation from a Vaiṣṇava guru in 1950. You asked what disciplic line my guru belonged to. When I answered “the Brahmā *sampradāya*,” you became ecstatic and immediately requested me to help your movement. However, you went further and asked me to

**Lokanāth Swami**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances at the dust of your divine lotus feet on this most auspicious event, your 114<sup>th</sup> Vyāsa-pūjā.

I remember in 1976 a reporter in Delhi asked you, “Are you talking of some principle when you talk of God?” You replied, “Not principle, but a person like you and me.”

Māyāvādi impersonalists, on the other hand, talk “God is love,” “God is light,” and so many other concepts. Śrīla Prabhupāda, you never just said “Kṛṣṇa.” Every time you talked of Kṛṣṇa, you qualified your statement by saying “Kṛṣṇa, the Supreme Personality of Godhead.” Other commentators have interpreted *bhakti* as devotion, something passive: you sit around having peace and love. However, Śrīla Prabhupāda, you did not just settle for that; you talked of *bhakti* as devotional service wherein we *serve* the Lord in all ways with love and devotion. Many people are trying to tear Kṛṣṇa apart — attempting to break Him to pieces, taking His limbs and scattering Them hither and thither — wanting to get rid of this personality. They want the kingdom of God, but without God Himself, so that they are answerable to no one. But you countered what you so correctly termed “all impersonal calamity” but establishing the Personality of Godhead, for which Kṛṣṇa must have been extremely pleased with you.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, the fact is that you were the only person in India who openly criticized not only demigod worship and impersonalism but also everything else that fell short of complete surrender to Kṛṣṇa. Your Divine Grace never compromised in your preaching, saying, “Neither will I compromise, nor should any of my students. We are firmly convinced that Kṛṣṇa is the Supreme Personality and all others are His part and parcel

accept *sannyāsa* from Your Divine Grace. I was taken aback by your bold preaching, but after hours of discussion I was convinced. However, I said that although I accepted you as my *śikṣā* guru I would need the permission of my spiritual master before taking *sannyāsa*.

After the meeting, I wrote to my *dikṣā* guru, informing him of your extraordinary work and devotion. He immediately replied that I should assist you in every way possible and accept *sannyāsa* from you. Śrīla Prabhupāda, since that amazing meeting at Bhaktivedanta Manor I have accepted you as my *śikṣā* and *sannyāsa* guru.

In *No Time to Slumber for the Hindu Tiger* Arjuna Dāsa explains in graphic detail the transcendental fight to save the Manor, and I was happy to play some small part in that pastime. Similarly, by your mercy I have been able to play a role in the development of preaching in various countries across the world. Śrīla Prabhupāda, I would like to thank you for allowing me to be engaged in your service, as well as the service of *gomātā*, Śrī Śrī Gaura-Nitāi, and Śrī Śrī Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa.

Your humble servant,

Krishna Dāsa Swami

servants. This we must declare boldly to the whole world, so that they should not foolishly dream of world peace unless they are prepared to surrender to Kṛṣṇa as the Supreme Lord.”

Girirāja Swami once revealed that before coming in contact with you his goal was to become perfect by becoming God. He wrote “You are God” in big letters on a sign and pasted it on his bathroom wall to remind himself of the goal he had set for himself. He was searching for someone to help him in this endeavor. Whenever he received news of any “godmen” coming from India he would inquire whether they could help him. With this in mind, he came to see you.

You observed him carefully, and recognizing his impersonal tendencies, you asked him, “Do you want to *be* God, or do you want to *serve* God? If you want to be God, then it means that now you are not God. One who is not God can never become God. God is always God; God never becomes God. So you can never become God. But if you want to serve God and you sow the seed of devotional service and water it by chanting, God will provide the sunlight and all other favorable conditions to make the creeper of devotion grow. But if you want to become God, then why should God help the competition?” Then he said, “God is in your heart. He is ready to help you. You can become *godly* — but you cannot become God. If you want to become God, you are only cheating yourself. So what is your decision,” you concluded, “do you want to serve God, or do you want to become God?”

Ashamed, Girirāja said, “I want to serve God, but I can see that I was trying to become God.”

“Yes!” you replied with a smile, and Girirāja offered you his obeisances, having found his spiritual master.

Often your greatness is spoken of in terms of your having

founded the International Society for Krishna Consciousness. You translated and wrote over seventy books, initiated five thousand disciples, opened more than one hundred temples, and set up many farm communities, all in a matter of a little over a decade. However, an aspect of your greatness not discussed so frequently is your possessing all wonderful personal qualities. Dear Prabhupāda, you had all the divine qualities, the twenty-six qualities of a pure Vaiṣṇava. Everyone can understand just how compassionate, kind, caring, friendly, and expert you were.

You will be known as Jesus Christ is known, or even more so. We know Jesus had some eleven disciples, but he did not open monasteries, write books, or travel around the world. His spiritual qualities are well known, especially his compassion. But your compassion is no less.

You were there for everyone on the planet, even the animals. You loved their very souls. You said for the record that cows are also citizens and have the right to live. Cows, despite being very dear to Kṛṣṇa, cannot speak, and so you spoke on their behalf.

Similarly, you wanted to save the trees from harm. For instance, when our Kṛṣṇa-Balarāma temple was being constructed in Vṛndāvana, you took great pains to ensure that the *tamāla* tree was preserved in the courtyard. In fact, you had the courtyard built around the tree, rather than simply cutting it down, which was the easier and hassle-free option. You could see the folly of cutting trees for paper to print news of sex and violence, and so you recommended in your purport to *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* (7.2.12) that “paper mills should manufacture paper only for publication of ISKCON literature because ISKCON literature is published for the service of Lord Viṣṇu.”

Although you were born in India, your vision was all-encompassing. Thus you stated, “I am an Indian, but my plans are all American.” Your movement has Westerners and Easterners, individuals like Ambarīṣa Prabhu, the great-grandson of Henry Ford, and people like me, a simple village boy. Yet you cared for us equally. Bhakti Tīrtha Swami said he never felt for even a moment that you discriminated against him because of his color. When the *brahmacārīs* and *sannyāsīs* wanted to get rid of your women disciples, you did not allow that, saying, “They also came. How could I refuse them? They are also attracted to Kṛṣṇa.” This proves that you were transcendental to bodily designations and were willing to help anyone on the journey back home, back to Kṛṣṇa.

You were a kind father, always concerned about our well-being. At the opening of the Kṛṣṇa-Balarāma temple you insisted that the leaders should arrange that we be given cow’s milk to drink and not buffalo’s milk. Śrutakīrti Prabhu recalls how, despite his being your personal servant, while in India you went out of your way to instruct the person arranging your cooking to see that he got oatmeal and fruit in the morning and steamed vegetables and cheese in the afternoon. “Let him have whatever he requires to stay healthy.” He recalls, “Śrīla Prabhupāda nurtured me not like a father but more like a loving, concerned mother.”

In 1967, after a period of less than two years with your followers, due to illness you left America for India. Rūpānuga Prabhu said there was a tremendous outpouring of feelings of separation and grief at your departure. Your disciples all felt that you were their life and soul, and none of them were sure they would ever see you again.

Subsequently, you resumed your preaching and made many thousands of disciples, and we all feel precisely the same way

as your first disciples did! You are our life and soul! Even those of us who have not had the privilege of extended association with you cling to the memory of those special moments we had with you — a smile or simply something you said or did — and this enables us to carry forward in our Kṛṣṇa consciousness. Even when you chastised us, we were always convinced your chastisement was a manifestation of your love and concern for us, and we wholeheartedly accepted it as your blessing. During those intimate moments you would become *my* Prabhupāda, and these are moments I cherish.

It was not by accident or chance that you were born on the day after Śrī Kṛṣṇa Janmāṣṭamī. You were following in the footsteps of your dearest Lord, and Kṛṣṇa wanted His pure devotee to be born on the day after His own birthday. I can see the hand of the Lord in this, and your intimacy with the Lord is the proof. In the life of an ISKCON devotee, Janmāṣṭamī and your appearance day are the two most important days. Thinking of your appearance in this way is a very wonderful way to meditate on these days.

You traveled by boat to America, paying little heed to your health. You had no money (only forty rupees), no friends, and not even anyone to receive you. Your notes in your *Jaladuta* diary reveal that America was such an alien land to you that you did not know whether to turn left or right upon disembarking. But you had Kṛṣṇa; He was your friend and guide. You went to a country to spread the gospel of Caitanya Mahāprabhu, where practically no one had heard of Kṛṣṇa. Ultimately you attracted the attention of the world because you succeeded against all odds. They would probably have cared less if you had flown to America, been picked up by a limousine, and taken to a five-star hotel.

With mundane relatives, you can always find someone else.

You can find another girlfriend or boyfriend, adopt a mother or be adopted by someone, find another somebody. Life goes on. But we cannot replace you with anyone. In general, the affection of your disciples and followers is intact. In fact, in most cases we can see it is an ever-increasing and ever-satisfying experience.

Once, many people gathered to try to make an egg stand on end. Many tried and failed. Christopher Columbus made a dent on one end of the egg — just enough so that it did not lose its contents — and it stood. People said that anyone could have done it! In hindsight, people may state that anyone could have done what you did, but the fact remains, dear Prabhupāda, that no one other than you could have done what you did, as you were chosen by Caitanya Mahāprabhu as His *senāpati-bhakta*.

This offering is a meager attempt to describe some of my realizations. Every bird flies according to his capacity. I have my level, and from wherever my present elevation is in Kṛṣṇa consciousness, I'm trying to describe what I see. Knowing the spiritual master is like trying to know Kṛṣṇa. There is much more than meets the eye, unfathomable depths. I wish I could have glorified you to the fullest extent, but what could I do? I am crippled by my limitations, but I hope and pray that this offering will further purify me and be pleasing to you.

Your humble servant,

Lokanāth Swami

**Mukunda Goswami**

*nama om viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine*

*namas te sārasvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances.

As a latent entertainer — a storyteller and jokester — I tend to be attracted to the headlines, the titles, the dictums, and the bumper stickers of the world. Stuck in my mind are your one-liners and memorable words and phrases. I'm also attached to the pithy responses you made to challenges to the Kṛṣṇa consciousness movement and philosophy.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, you were the expert, calling surfers “sufferers” and doggish humans “dogs.” You made a clear distinction between Kṛṣṇa devotees and the “family” of asses, dogs, cats, and rats.

I know it's against BBT policy to re-cycle Vyāsa-pūjā offerings, but this year I'm going to commit a small violation by borrowing a thin leaf from a Vyāsa-pūjā offering I wrote in 2000. The passage reads, “Everyone is poet. Without being *kavi* [poet], one cannot become devotee. There are twenty-six qualifications of a devotee. One of them is to become *kavi*.” Śrīla Prabhupāda, you spoke this on March 24, 1974, during a morning walk on Juhu Beach, in Mumbai.

Also, in my 2000 offering, I quoted an Englishman who once said that poetry speaks above a mortal mouth. In a sense, brief quotes and aphorisms are poetry — maybe not poetry that's highly sophisticated or literary, but nonetheless poetry

containing words that penetrate and make one think. And if they help one think of Kṛṣṇa, they're successful.

You sometimes spoke of “cultural conquest,” an alliterative phrase you invented and which soon became part of ISKCON's language. You established art departments because you wanted your books to contain the kind of visual stimulation that paintings can give to readers. Thus fine art, a type of poetry, became part of your cultural conquest.

Turning to slam-dunk rejoinders, I remember that during a question-and-answer session after a Conway Hall lecture in London in 1969, a man in the audience stood and loudly suggested that you approach politicians in “your own country.” Your instant and thunderous reply to him was that “You are a great politician; therefore I have approached you.” At that, the man sat down defeated. Once someone asked you what your movement thought about health. “No one is healthy,” you replied. “Everyone is dying.” And once asked why the death rate in India was so high, you said, “It is the same everywhere: 100%.”

Your apt phrases and sharp responses taught us how important it is “to think on our feet.”

And your occasional aggressive tactics showed us that holy men sometimes have to be hell-fire men.

Your insignificant servant,

Mukunda Goswami

**Nava Yogendra Swami**

My dear Gurudeva Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances at the dust of your lotus feet. All glories to you, Śrīla Prabhupāda, our loving spiritual master, savior of the whole world, who are spreading *sanātana-dharma* throughout the whole world.

Today, on the day of your appearance, I desire to offer you something, but I am unable to decide what. I know that preaching is very dear to you, so I am trying to do that by following in your footsteps. You used to say that “Preaching is the essence” and that one who preaches to Muslims is dear to you. I have tried to establish one of your centers in Udampur, in Jammu and Kashmir, which is a Muslim-dominated state. Only your causeless mercy enables us to preach.

You preached Kṛṣṇa consciousness all over the world. You could do it because you are an empowered representative of Lord Caitanya. I beg for your mercy: please make me a little instrument in your divine mission to save humanity. *Kṛpā-bindu diyā, koro' ei dāse, ṭṭṇāpekhā ati hīna*. Gurudeva, please bestow upon me a drop of your mercy so that I can carry out your order up to the last breath of my life, both here and in the hereafter.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, Vaiṣṇava *bhajans* are very dear to you. It is the following *bhajan* by Bhaktivinoda Ṭhākura that I am offering:

*(prabhu he!)*  
*emona durmati, saṁsāra bhitorē,*  
*poḍiyā āchinu āmi*  
*tava nija-jana, kono mahājane,*  
*pāṭhāiyā dile tumi*

O Lord! With such a wicked mind as this I have fallen

into the material world, but You have sent one of Your pure and elevated devotees to rescue me.

*doyā kori' more, patita dekhiyā,  
kohilo āmāre giyā  
ohe dīna-jana, śuno bhālo kathā,  
ullasita ha'be hiyā*

He saw me so fallen and wretched, took pity, and came to me saying, “O humbled soul, please listen to this good tiding, for it will gladden your heart.

*tomāre tārite, śrī-kṛṣṇa-caitanya,  
navadvīpe avatār  
tomā heno koto, dīna hīna jane,  
korilena bhava-pār*

“Śrī Kṛṣṇa Caitanya has appeared in the land of Navadvīpa in order to deliver you. He has safely conducted many miserable souls such as you across the sea of worldly existence.

*vedera pratijñā, rākhibāra tare,  
rukma-varna vipra-suta  
mahāprabhu nāme, nadiyā mātāya,  
saṅge bhāi avadhūta*

“To fulfill the promise of the Vedas, the son of a *brāhmaṇa*, of golden complexion and bearing the name Mahāprabhu, has descended along with His brother, the *avadhūta*. Together They have overwhelmed all of Nadia with divine ecstasy.

*nanda-suta jini, caitanya gosāi,  
nija-nāma kori' dān  
tārilo jagat, tumi-o jāiyā,  
loho nija-paritrān*

“Śrī Caitanya Gosāi, who is Kṛṣṇa Himself, the son of Nanda, has saved the world by freely distributing the gift of His own holy name. You also go to Him and receive your deliverance.”

*se kathā śuniyā, āsiyāchi, nātha!  
tomāra carāṇa-tale  
bhakativinoda, kāndiyā kāndiyā,  
āpana-kāhinī bole*

Hearing those words, O Lord, Bhaktivinoda has come weeping and weeping to the soles of Your lotus feet and tells the story of his life.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, you have given Vaiṣṇavism and Vaiṣṇava *bhajans* to the whole world, and by singing these *bhajans* you have purified the whole world. My desire is that by your causeless mercy I shall keep on singing these *bhajans* and purify myself. These *bhajans*, you said, can lead one to the ultimate goal of human life, i.e., *kṛṣṇa-prema*.

Please, Śrīla Prabhupāda, give me strength so that I can keep on singing these *bhajans* for your pleasure, for that is the only way to purify my existence. You are present here at Udhampur — many devotees have experienced this and shared their experiences. Otherwise it would be very difficult to maintain this center. Please, Śrīla Prabhupāda, give us strength to carry on your pure mission as it is. That is my only prayer unto your lotus feet.

Śrīla Prabhupāda-kī jaya!

*Your insignificant servant,*

Nava Yogendra Swami

**Tridaṇḍi Swami Bhaktivedanta Nemi**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances at your sheltering lotus feet. All glories to Śrī Śrī Guru and Gaurāṅga.

You changed my life and you changed history. You brought the highest dharma, the highest service, the highest love. You indelibly stamped Western history with the mark of Caitanya Mahāprabhu's *sankīrtana* movement. We can see the heights of your greatness and transcendental genius in spreading the movement all over the world in such a short period of time. However, the depths of your moods are not so easy to see and realize. I pray that I may be able to help to spread your quintessentially glorious movement, and also taste the quintessential service moods of Vraja that you came to give.

Śrī Harināma, brought by you to the West and into my life, is the moonshine that enlivens the white lily of our good fortune, and makes it bloom. When I met your devotees in 1973, my life was just about ready to go down the drain, but everything changed after meeting with them and then with you. That white lily has been opening ever so slowly ever since. I never lost faith in you and your teachings after you passed away, although I lost my direction in *bhakti*. In 1996, I met your dear friend Śrīla Bhaktivedānta Nārāyaṇa Mahārāja and he has powerfully and kindly brought me to where I think you would want me to be. In 2004, he gave me *sannyāsa*, and now I am touring, especially in Russia and Ukraine. By your grace, I am trying to share whatever I have learned from you and whatever I have realized to enliven devotees and new people. Since 1977, I have steadily worked on the scientific presentation of the spiritual principles that you spelled out in your First Purpose of ISKCON in 1966. I hope that I will soon be able to finally

make that public to some extent. While chanting every day, I try to visit your rooms in the Rādhā-Dāmodara temple and to do a little simple cleaning service.

You are indescribably and transcendently wonderful, beautiful, and glorious. I pray that birth after birth you will call me your own, and give me your association and service, wherever and whatever you decide. You know best. I leave it up to you. I am yours, and you are mine.

*Your aspiring servant,*

Tridaṇḍi Swami Bhaktivedanta Nemi

(Previously Jñāna Dāsa)

**Nirañjana Swami**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my prostrated obeisances in the dust of your lotus feet. All glories to Your Divine Grace!

I’ve recently found myself reflecting on verses from your “Vṛndāvana Bhajana,” written by you in 1958, the year before you formerly accepted *sannyāsa*. Needless to say, I found every verse impregnated with deep meaning, as is every word which emanates from your lotus mouth.

In this connection I am reminded about your answer to the following question I read just yesterday in a beautiful account of your transcendental *lilās* in Britain, authored by your beloved disciple Raṅchor Dāsa. These few words spoken by you in 1972 in response to a journalist’s query also made a deep impression on me, an impression whose full impact is still yet to be realized.

“Do you know everything?” one of them [the journalists] asked with a hint of sarcasm. Prabhupāda took his time to answer.

“Yes. Perhaps it is true, since everything I say is from Kṛṣṇa.”

Although the above conclusion is something I embraced long ago when I completed my first reading of your *Bhagavad-gītā As It Is* — which I did, as it so happened, the same year as this exchange with the journalist — and although I’ve heard you repeatedly say that you are always speaking Kṛṣṇa’s words and not your own, for some reason hearing this combination together (“knowing everything” and “everything I say is from Kṛṣṇa”) had an impact on me and I began to more deeply contemplate our eternal connection.

You know everything because everything you say is from Kṛṣṇa. And Kṛṣṇa says, “I know everything that has happened

in the past, all that is happening in the present, and all things that are yet to come. I also know all living entities.” You are therefore nondifferent from the all-pervading Supersoul, or as Śrīla Vyāsadeva says to his spiritual master, Nārada Muni:

My lord! Everything that is mysterious is known to you because you worship the creator and destroyer of the material world and the maintainer of the spiritual world, the original Personality of Godhead, who is transcendental to the three modes of material nature.... Like the air you can penetrate the internal region of everyone. As such, you are as good as the all-pervasive Supersoul.

My realization, therefore, is that even at this moment there is nothing about me unknown to you. I beg you to please allow me to always remember this, so that from this day on I will never act, speak, or think in a way which would displease you.

Although you know everything in my heart, unfortunately I cannot claim to fully comprehend all that lies in the depths of your heart. Along with these words I offer to you today, therefore, I also offer to you, once again, the rest of my life, hoping that this will help me to more fully realize the full depths of compassion, love, and deep attachment to Kṛṣṇa’s service that lies within the core of your merciful heart. It is my desire to always act according to your desire. Please, therefore, “penetrate the internal region” of my heart and allow me to some day more fully realize the deepest meaning of every word spoken by you. Until then, I beg you to please accept what I can offer to you now.

Since a few stanzas from “Vṛndāvana Bhajana” seem to be more fixed in my memory than the whole composition, I’d like to reflect on those lines and conclude with the reason why they mean so much to me:

I am sitting alone in Vṛndāvana-dhāma.  
In this mood I am getting many realizations.

There you were in Vṛndāvana, sixty-two years of your life in this world had already passed, and already four years had passed since you left all of your family connections. Every Vaiṣṇava hankers to live and devote the remainder of his life in the holy *dhāma*. Vṛndāvana, therefore, seemed to be the most natural place for you to pass the rest of your life, a life already replete with all realizations necessary for dedicating your mind, body, and words in full service to and remembrance of Kṛṣṇa. Why would you leave?

Your answer:

I left the peaceful life in Vṛndāvana to take on so much burden and anxiety for Kṛṣṇa. (Śrīla Prabhupāda, 1974)

Full service to and remembrance of Kṛṣṇa, for you, meant giving Kṛṣṇa to the world and to all of us. Always preach! From jīva’s door to door. Your life will be successful as a result of your preaching.

You left Vṛndāvana to preach all over the whole world because that was the order you received from your spiritual master, an order apparently still unfulfilled at the time this was written.

Śrī Dayita Dāsa Prabhu gave this instruction: “Chant Hare Kṛṣṇa loudly!” This is my initiation.”

You made it clear that your connection (initiation) with your own spiritual master was only through serving his order — “Chant Hare Kṛṣṇa loudly” — and “loudly,” for you, meant that Kṛṣṇa’s name must be heard all over the world.

I am reminded of an event which took place in 1959, the same day you accepted *sannyāsa*. Many years later your beloved godbrother and friend Kṛṣṇadāsa Bābājī Mahārāja related this story to a group of your disciples. He told them that during the *yajñā* his chanting distracted others also taking part in the *yajñā*. But Bābājī Mahārāja would always be chanting, no

matter where he was. One Vaiṣṇava requested Bābājī Mahārāja to chant softer so that the mantras being chanted for the *yajñā* could be heard. You then turned to your dear godbrother and appealed to him, “Chant louder! Chant louder!” Bābājī Mahārāja told your disciples that it was right at that moment that he realized that you had such complete faith in the loud chanting of the holy name that you would surely be the one empowered to spread the glories of the holy name all over the world.

Come out of your cage, stop making objection;  
Everything belongs to Śrī Hari, and Śrī Hari belongs to everyone.

While others in Vṛndāvana were thinking that Kṛṣṇa was only for them, you, seeing every living being as an eternal servant of Kṛṣṇa and being empowered by the full mercy of Caitanya Mahāprabhu, were convinced that Kṛṣṇa and His devotional service were for everyone. Or, as Kṛṣṇadāsa Kavirāja Gosvāmī proclaimed in the *Caitanya-caritāmṛta* (Ādi 9.29), “Not considering who asked for it and who did not, nor who was fit and who unfit to receive it, Caitanya Mahāprabhu distributed the fruit of devotional service.” You embodied exactly this same mood.

Chant the Hare Kṛṣṇa mantra loudly.

By the performance of such *saṅkīrtana* there will come remembrance automatically.

Then there will be *nirjana bhajana* manifested in the heart spontaneously.

It is this conclusion, Śrīla Prabhupāda, which inspires me with great hope. How will I ever truly enter Vṛndāvana unless I have dedicated the rest of my life serving the same mission you left Vṛndāvana to fulfill?

In your *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* (4.28.51, purport) you have written:

In conclusion, if a disciple is very serious to execute the mission of the spiritual master, he immediately associates with the Supreme Personality of Godhead by *vānī* or *vapuḥ*. This is the only secret of success in seeing the Supreme Personality of Godhead. Instead of being eager to see the Lord in some bush of Vṛndāvana while at the same time engaging in sense gratification, if one instead sticks to the principle of following the words of the spiritual master, he will see the Supreme Lord without difficulty.

Similarly, Narottama Dāsa Ṭhākura writes in his *Prārthanā*:

*gaurāṅga-guṇete jhure, nitya-lilā tāre sphure,  
se jana bhakati-adhikārī*

*gaura-prema-rasāṁhave, śe taraṅge jebā ḍube,  
se rādhā-mādhava-antaraṅga*

That person who feelingly appreciates the movement of Lord Gaurāṅga gets the *adhikāra* to enter into Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa's *nitya-lilā*... Anyone who takes pleasure in sporting within the waves of the ocean of Lord Caitanya's distribution of love of God immediately becomes a confidential devotee of Śrī Śrī Rādhā-Mādhava.

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda, your example, mercy, and compassion are my only hope for progress toward this goal in my life. Without them, I am a truly a very lost soul.

Although I am unqualified to address you as such, I pray that you will some day accept me as

*Your eternal servant,*

Nirañjana Swami

### Pārtha Sārathi Dāsa Goswami

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda, my eternal spiritual master,

It's 2:00 in the morning... I've yet to take rest... as you know, insomnia is one of my many problems... I hear the buzz of a hostile mosquito... otherwise silence. The devotees of the South African *yātrā* have just completed their twenty-fifth Ratha-yātrā festival, with many of your disciples and grand-disciples attending — an outstanding success. Yesterday the *yātrā* also launched the first BBT Africa meeting, with delegates from ISKCON centers all over Africa.

I have just returned from spending four months at Govardhana Hill. I've completed my feeble attempt at *bhajana*, and now I'm eager to preach. But preach what? What should be this year's theme? What should I stress? What do your followers need to hear? That ISKCON and you are the same. You wrote, "I walked through fire to create ISKCON." ISKCON is your personal contribution to the Brahma-Madhva-Gauḍiṣya *sampradāya*.

As your obedient and faithful followers, it is our duty to protect your ISKCON mission. But the word "duty" sounds a little forced, somewhat dry. Rather it is our pleasure, our joy, our life's ambition to remain favorable to your personal mission. Whether we are ISKCON leaders, mainstream devotees, struggling devotees, congregational members, or even fallen devotees, it is our expression of our love for you to remain favorable to your ISKCON mission.

Every endeavor is covered with some fault, and ISKCON, forty-four years after you created it, has its faults. But still it's your personal preaching mission, and your sincere followers will cooperate to maintain and purify it.

What is ISKCON? It's a society of devotees who are trying to fulfill your instructions. You are the center, and your pleasure is our pleasure. Sincerity, which means devotion without pretense and duplicity, is the current of the river of ISKCON.

One of my favorite quotes is contained in a letter you wrote in 7 December 1973:

Now we have by Kṛṣṇa's Grace built up something significant in the shape of this ISKCON and we are all one family. Sometimes there may be disagreement and quarrel but we should not go away. These inebrieties can be adjusted by the cooperative spirit, tolerance and maturity so I request you to kindly remain in the association of our devotees and work together. The test of our actual dedication and sincerity to serve the Spiritual Master will be in this mutual cooperative spirit to push on this Movement and not make factions and deviate.

I like the word "maturity." As our Kṛṣṇa consciousness matures — which means as we progress from *anartha-nivṛtti* to *niṣṭhā* to *ruci* and *āsakti*, and then to *bhāva-bhakti* — so our appreciation of your mission will also proportionally increase. As the saying goes, "Time is the test," and with time maturity deepens. Some of your followers have been serving you for over forty years. That's a big chunk of one's life. I think of these Vaiṣṇavas as my superiors, and I daily pray to them: "If only I could please you as they have."

In this Kali-yuga no one is able to remain aloof doing *bhajana*, as Śrīla Raghunātha Dāsa Gosvāmī did at Rādhā-kuṇḍa for forty-eight years. Let's be realistic: most devotees struggle to follow the four regulative principles, what to speak of rendering spontaneous devotional service. The vast majority of us haven't succeeded in properly following *vaidhī-sādhana-bhakti*.

Your worldwide ISKCON mission offers a practical paradigmatic infrastructure in which we can gradually elevate ourselves from *śraddhā* to the perfectional stage of *bhāva* and then *prema*.

Thank you for creating this society and empowering your sincere followers with the maturity to engage a mutual cooperative spirit in serving you by serving your personal mission.

### Poem to His Divine Grace

You came in '75 to the apartheid land,  
Where preaching equality was banned.

Morning walks on the Durban sand,  
Hall programs in Johannesburg rand.

You took on the pain  
To give the name  
So we can gain  
*Kṛṣṇa-prema*, the aim.

Your mercy like rain  
For those who are vain,  
Crazy, and insane —  
You and ISKCON are the same.

*Begging to remain the eternal servant of your servants,*

Pārtha Sārathi Dāsa Goswami



**Prahlādānanda Swami**

*om ajñāna-timirāndhasya jñānāñjana-śalākayā  
cakṣur unmilitam yena tasmai śrī-gurave namaḥ  
nama om viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine  
namas te sārāsvate deve gaura-vāñī-pracāriṇe  
nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

The word “instrument” is one of the keys to ISKCON’s success. As Lord Śrī Kṛṣṇa says in the *Bhagavad-gītā* (11.33):

*tasmāt tvam uttiṣṭha yaśo labhasva  
jītvā śatrūn bhunṅṣva rājyaṁ samṛddham  
mayaivaite nihatāḥ pūrvam eva  
nimitta-mātram bhava savya-sācin*

“Therefore get up. Prepare to fight and win glory. Conquer your enemies and enjoy a flourishing kingdom. They are already put to death by My arrangement, and you, O Savyasācī, can be but an instrument in the fight.”

We have a choice: we can become an instrument of either the *saṅkīrtana* movement or the sense gratification movement. Śrīla Prabhupāda writes in the *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* (2.9.29):

Brahmāji does not want to become a speculator dependent on the strength of his personal knowledge and conditioned to material bondage. Everyone should know in clear consciousness that one is, in the execution of all activities, an instrument. A conditioned soul is instrumental in the hands of the external energy, *guṇa-mayī māyā*, or the illusory energy of the Lord, and in the liberated stage the living entity is instrumental to the will of the Personality of Godhead directly. To be instrumental to the direct will of the Lord is the natural constitutional position of the living entity, whereas to be an instrument in the hands of the illusory energy of the Lord is material bondage for the living entity.

In ISKCON, the perfection of anyone’s service is to become

an instrument of Śrīla Prabhupāda, the previous *ācāryas*, and Lord Śrī Kṛṣṇa. How to become an instrument? We first have to accept that everything is the property of the Supreme Lord and must therefore be used to please Him. In this age, pleasing Him especially means to engage everything in Lord Caitanya’s *saṅkīrtana* movement. In this way, we should try to convince people that Lord Śrī Kṛṣṇa is our eternal master and that the real aim of life is reviving our relationship with Him and going back to the spiritual world. Śrīla Prabhupāda wrote to me:

As Krishna sees that you are working very seriously to bring His other children back to the Spiritual Kingdom, then He will become very pleased and will bestow all blessings upon you. Krishna is never ungrateful for our efforts to serve Him, rest assured. (Letter to Prahlādānanda, Los Angeles, 29 July, 1969)

On the battlefield of Kurukṣetra, Lord Kṛṣṇa directly instructed Arjuna. But if Lord Kṛṣṇa is not personally present, how will we know what He wants us to do? In his purport to *Bhagavad-gītā* 18.57, Śrīla Prabhupāda explains that if we work according to Lord Kṛṣṇa’s instructions in the *Bhagavad-gītā* or follow those of His representative, the result will be the same. Without any adulteration, an actual bona fide representative of Lord Kṛṣṇa repeats according to his own realization the message that comes down in disciplic succession.

To become a pure instrument of Śrīla Prabhupāda, one must hear, study, assimilate, and apply the teachings and example he gave. When a devotee renders such sincere devotional service, Lord Kṛṣṇa and our *ācāryas* will become pleased and will give their blessings. Thus, spiritual realizations will flow within our hearts. However, if one relies on one’s own intelligence and abilities without a humble service attitude or respect for the founder-*ācārya* and his predecessors, although one may gain some temporary material acquisitions and success, one will not get spiritual realization and make advancement.

As followers of Śrīla Prabhupāda, we must try to become his instruments by basing our lives on his teachings. The GBC must also carefully examine those teachings, and after trying to assimilate them to the best of their ability, they must then present them to ISKCON’s members. Śrīla Prabhupāda writes:

There shall be a Governing Board Committee of trustees appointed by the Founder-Acharya His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupāda according to the document Direction of Management dated July 28, 1970. The GBC is to act as the instrument for the execution of the will of His Divine Grace Śrīla Prabhupāda. (Amendments for Official Documents, New York, 22 July 1974)

Therefore, the members of the GBC must become learned in Śrīla Prabhupāda’s teachings. They should know his books like lawyers know the lawbooks. Śrīla Prabhupāda describes this:

That is our Vedic evidence. Whenever we speak something, immediately quote from *Vedas*. This is our process. If it is accepted by the Vedic process, then it is perfect. Just like in the law court. You are lawyer. You are arguing. When you quote from a judgment, previous judgment, it is accepted. Similarly, when you give authoritative statement in support of your talking, then it is perfect. That is the way. Otherwise, what for these books are there? If it is mental speculation, what is the use of these books? But as soon as we speak something, we immediately support by quoting from Vedic literature. And that is perfect. (Room Conversation, London, 2 September 1973)

Those who serve as initiating spiritual masters in ISKCON must also strive to become perfect instruments of Śrīla Prabhupāda and his teachings. One who believes that he has become the master of his disciples rather than simply a humble servant of his guru and others is bewildered by illusion. In a lecture in Vṛndāvana Śrīla Prabhupāda said:

But the spiritual master does not think of himself as Hari. Although he’s offered the respect of Hari, he thinks himself as humble servant of Hari and all others. A spiritual master takes his disciples

as his spiritual master. That is the position. He thinks that “Kṛṣṇa has sent me so many spiritual masters.” He does not think himself as spiritual master. He thinks himself their servant. Because they have to be trained. Kṛṣṇa has appointed him to train them. Therefore he thinks himself as servant of the disciples. This is the position. (Lecture, Vṛndāvana, 23 October 1972)

Similarly, in *The Nectar of Devotion* Śrīla Prabhupāda writes:

The author of *Bhakti-rasāmṛta-sindhu*, Śrīla Rūpa Gosvāmī, very humbly submits that he is just trying to spread Kṛṣṇa consciousness all over the world, although he humbly thinks himself unfit for this work. That should be the attitude of all preachers of the Kṛṣṇa consciousness movement, following in the footsteps of Śrīla Rūpa Gosvāmī. We should never think of ourselves as great preachers, but should always consider that we are simply instrumental to the previous *ācāryas*, and simply by following in their footsteps we may be able to do something for the benefit of suffering humanity. (Introduction)

In material illusion, one becomes materially entangled by accepting offerings of followers in a spirit of enjoyment. Hence one’s spiritual inspiration diminishes and one’s devotional service slackens. Therefore, one of the essential duties of ISKCON’s leaders is to protect the devotees from such illusion and make sure that they are using all the assets of the Society in the mission of Lord Caitanya and Śrīla Prabhupāda.

To become an instrument of a spiritual master who is himself aspiring to become an instrument in the hands of his perfect spiritual master is the perfection of one’s discipleship. On his arrival in Boston harbor in 1965 aboard the *Jaladuta*, Śrīla Prabhupāda exhibited this perfection when he wrote:

O Lord, I am just like a puppet in Your hands. So if You have brought me here to dance, then make me dance, make me dance, O Lord, make me dance as You like. (“*Mārkiṇe Bhāgavata-dharma*,” Verse 14)

Before departing on His journey to South India, Lord Caitanya

Mahāprabhu, the perfect example of a devotee, told His followers:

I am simply a dancer, and You are the wire-puller. However You pull the wires to make Me dance, I shall dance in that way. (*Caitanya-caritāmṛta, Madhya-līlā 7.18*)

In conclusion, as members of ISKCON, we should always remember that we are spiritual souls aspiring to become instruments of Lord Kṛṣṇa through following His instructions and those of our previous ācāryas, as presented to us by Śrīla Prabhupāda. Members of ISKCON can always expect material problems and opposition from those who are envious of Lord Kṛṣṇa and His devotees. However, if we have spiritual problems, if we are not happy and enlivened in our devotional service, such problems must be due to our lack of realization and application of Śrīla Prabhupāda’s teachings. We must have the confidence that if we become perfect instruments in the hands of Lord Kṛṣṇa and His followers, all perfection will follow.

Prahlādānanda Swami

**Rāmāi Swami**

*nama om viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine*

*namas te sārāsvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

*diṣṭyā tvayānuśiṣṭo ‘haṁ kṛtāś cānugraho mahān  
apāvṛtaiḥ karṇa-randhraiḥ juṣṭā diṣṭyośatīḥ giraiḥ*

“I have fortunately been instructed by you, and thus great favor has been bestowed upon me. I thank God that I have listened with open ears to your pure words.”

Thank you, Śrīla Prabhupāda, for continuing to inspire and enthuse us in spreading Kṛṣṇa consciousness throughout the world.

You once said:

I am especially glad to note that everyone is feeling so much enthusiasm to work very hard in this preaching mission. That enthusiasm must be maintained under all circumstance. That is our price for entering into Kṛṣṇa’s kingdom. And māyā is always trying to take away our enthusiasm to serve Kṛṣṇa, because without enthusiasm everything else is finished. (Letter to Dhanañjaya, 31 December 1972)

If we remember how tirelessly and enthusiastically you spread Kṛṣṇa consciousness, we will be able to easily follow in your footsteps. However, you also said that to maintain this spirit one must strictly follow the regulative principles of the *śāstra*.

By your example you showed us how to do both:

Firm in your vow and of grateful mind,  
To every creature gentle and kind,  
Bounteous and holy, just and wise,  
Devoid of envy to all men’s eyes,  
A tranquil soul ne’er yielding to rage,  
Venerable guru, transcendent sage,  
The store of bliss, the living mine  
Where brightest joys and virtues shine.

Good, resolute, and pure and strong,  
You guard mankind from scathe and wrong.  
Large are your eyes that sweetly shine  
Majestic love — pure and divine.

In each enterprise you won success.  
To this everyone must confess.  
You came like Indra, strong and brave,  
A guardian soul to help and save.

Pure and eloquent, glorious and bright,  
A veritable master, a chief of might,  
Unfathomed like the mighty deep,  
Firm as Himālaya’s snowy steep.

“Preach,” you ordered, “and don’t be vain.  
This will be difficult to maintain.  
Please act nobly and choose to be  
Obedient to Śrī Kṛṣṇa’s decree.”

The Māyāvādīs you smote and slew;  
Far away their nonsense you threw.  
The fight was strong, in the end you won.  
This is because you’re Śrī Kṛṣṇa’s son.

Grant, divine Prabhupāda, the boon I ask:  
To always remain within your grasp.  
How will I live but for your saving grace?  
Please, Prabhupāda, lift up my face.

*Your unworthy disciple*

Rāmāi Swami

**Satsvarūpa dāsa Goswāmī**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

You saved my life and I am very grateful to you. You have saved the lives of thousands of persons and you continue to do so through the missionary work of your followers. You teach the way to escape reincarnation, coming back to another material life for birth, death, disease, and old age. You are the greatest teacher in the world. You also teach that more important than liberation is serving Kṛṣṇa and pleasing Him.

I am trying to learn this lesson. With your help I can make advancement in this goal. You are not just the best teacher but the best friend. Please bring me to you to learn more about serving Kṛṣṇa and inspire me to work in your mission.

*Your lowly but loyal servant,*

Satsvarūpa dāsa Goswāmī

**Śivarāma Swami**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances at your lotus feet. All glories to Your Divine Grace.

This year, along with a Vyāsa-pūjā offering of words, I would like to offer one tangible result of our service here in Hungary. That result is but a spark of your own glory.

Last year, 2009, marked the twentieth year that ISKCON has been officially recognized as a religious organization in Hungary, where it is known as the Hungarian Society for Kṛṣṇa's Followers. In those twenty years your transcendental gifts to this country have dramatically changed the lives of thousands, including those in the highest echelons of society. Since you have done more for the Hungarian people than anyone else in terms of giving their lives both meaning and purpose, it was my desire that the Hungarian government present you with one of their official decorations: The Gold Cross of Merit. This is the second highest civic decoration awarded in Hungary.

As it turns out, these decorations are unfortunately for Hungarian citizens only, and so I submitted the application in my name. But in all circumstances, and in all ways, I am your representative, and nothing more. Fortunately, while in Māyāpur for the Gaura-pūrṇimā festival last year, I was informed by the Office of the President that by the sponsorship of the Ministry of Culture, Education, and Religion, I would be awarded the Gold Cross. That is to say, the Gold Cross would be awarded to you.

During our Diwali gala evening in October, the Hungarian State Secretary for Education was present to officially award the Gold Cross. In his presentation he listed the many benefits

the Hungarian people have received from the devotees: your transcendental books, the Hare Kṛṣṇa mantra, spiritual culture, *varṇāśrama-dharma*, Indian culture, Kṛṣṇa Valley, Bhaktivedanta College, Govinda's Restaurants, Food for Life... the list went on and on. It would make this offering too long to attach in full their words of appreciation for Your Divine Grace. To make it short, we can simply report that the Hungarian government officially recognized that your gifts of Kṛṣṇa consciousness are a significant contribution to Hungarian society.

In my acceptance speech I made clear my original intention, explaining that I was accepting the Gold Cross on your behalf, for you are the one who should receive credit and gratitude, not I. In addition, I emphasized, and re-emphasized, that of the many items in the long list of our Society's contributions

to the Hungarian people, the most important contribution is your books.

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda! Although I have already pinned the medal on your *mūrti*, let me officially make this offering to you on the occasion of your Vyāsa-pūjā. After all, disciples are meant to offer more than words and flowers. I sincerely wish I could be placing these items personally into your lotus hands. Instead I attach a photo of the Gold Cross, and the official documentation accompanying it. For the time being I will keep these gifts safely in my care. When next we meet, and you request me to deliver a preaching report, then I will happily offer them to you in person.

Sivarama Swami



**Subhāga Swami**

*nama om viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine*

*namas te sārasvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

Śrīla Prabhupāda, you are the dearest person in our lives. Please accept my most humble obeisances at your lotus feet. By your mercy still I am trying to follow your instructions, order and accordingly do preaching work, especially in Bangladesh, and some other countries possible for me.

As far as Bangladesh is concerned, since I went there in the early '80s, a lot of change has taken place. In those early days, we used to move about and travel near incognito. Devotees used to live in small rented house in Dhaka. Later, a lot of preaching was done in *pandal* programs, sometimes presenting Western devotees and book distribution, etc. Now in nearly thirty years or so, we are witnessing dramatic changes. It is day by day flourishing, developing more and more. So many temples, so many devotees, so many programs. I am sure you must be seeing from the spiritual world and must be joyful to see such a revolutionary change which no one could have imagined.

You know our past, present, and future. I remember that when you went to Russia, you just sowed the seed and made one devotee. And now in Russia and other communist countries in Eastern Europe so many persons are becoming devotees. Your disciples, trained by you and following your instructions, are trying to fulfill your desire, increasing the number of devotees more and more. Especially, I heard, in Ukraine thousands of devotees yearly gather in big festivals; they get so much joy and become so blissful. This year, I tried to go to Ukraine but I

couldn't make it so far.

But every year I try to go to Bangladesh. So many programs, Janmāṣṭamī among them, Panatirtha in Sylhet. Most attractive is Ratha-yātrā, where innumerable persons join irrespective of their faith, community, or race.

It is a difficult place to preach, but by your mercy preaching is going on wonderfully now because of the efforts and expertise of your well-trained leaders, such as His Holiness Jayapatāka Mahārāja and His Holiness Prabhavishnu Mahārāja, and the enthusiasm and hard work of other devotees. You knew all these things would happen, we didn't. We should simply carry out your instructions and your dreams will come true. We simply have to be your faithful servants and by your desire, the Lord will get the things done and will make the impossible possible. All glories to Your Divine Grace. So Śrīla Prabhupāda, please let these things happen more and more and kindly deliver the whole of Bangladesh.

The people of other faiths who outnumber us relish our *prasāda* so much that they often come to buy *prasāda* from our shops and restaurants. We look forward to the days when we will see them purified, come more close to us, help and cooperate with us to serve the Lord and accept this mission joyfully to serve the Lord of the universe, Jagannātha. Someday, by your grace and the Lord's desire, we hope things will change and that these people will surrender unto the Lord; thus you will unify all into one family of Lord Jagannātha.

The number of Ratha-yātrās in different temples is increasing more and more. With so much enthusiasm, an unbelievable number of people gather for the festivals; they are so blissful to work for Lord Jagannātha, Baladeva, and Subhadrā.

The gathering looks like an ocean — oceanic. During the lecture

also. Sometimes the people ignore heavy rains and nobody leaves; they pay *daṅḍavats* in the street to Lord Jagannātha, lying flat, though in incessant torrential rains. Men, women, kids, old people — not only in the streets but also on balconies and in windows of the big buildings next to the most important road of Dhaka. They come to take *darśana* of their Lordships and with an open heart they wholeheartedly and cheerfully welcome the Lord, accepting His *prasāda*.

In Brahmanbaria, when I was going to another place after a function, a gentleman of another faith came up to me and expressed, “I like ISKCON so much that I put my only son in the educational institution of your organization.”

Spectacular distribution of *prasāda* — wonderful. Ultimately, everything is wonderful because, Prabhupāda, this is all your gift to the world’s fallen humanity. Thus you are delivering them by giving them the mercy of Lord Caitanya because you are wonderful. I wonder when the day will come when the whole of Bangladesh will be inundated by your mercy and by the mercy of Lord Caitanya.

That is why everything becomes wonderful if we follow your instructions.

*Your worthless servant,*

Subhāga Swami

**Trivikrama Swami**

Dearest Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances. All glories to you, Śrīla Prabhupāda!

Your personality is very difficult to fathom. Each facet of it is deep and wonderful. No one could know your mind or predict what you were going to do or say. Of course, we could know for sure that you were our well-wisher in all circumstances, but how you demonstrated that care and affection could not be stereotyped. Sometimes it would come in the form of a thunderbolt of strong words, another time as a solid acknowledgement for something that you approved of. Mundane morality wasn’t a consideration in your decision-making; you were always directed from above by that sweet Autocrat, Lord Śrī Kṛṣṇa.

Therefore, having your personal association was always an adventure. We all had to be careful about what we said in your presence. I remember once I made a complaint to you that the devotee in Japan, where I had served a number of years, had been deported. I was annoyed because in my mind it was something that could have been avoided. As soon as I brought this to your attention you became thoughtful and said, “I did not want that this should happen.” Then you looked at me and said, “OK, you can go back there.” I was literally stunned! I had no desire to return there, but soon I was on a train leaving Vṛndāvana, heading to Delhi to catch a plane to Tokyo.

Now, without your personal presence we are missing that element of unpredictability. We tend to fall into our comfort zones and hesitate to take all risk for spreading Lord Caitanya’s mission. We think we know how this world works and thus become worldly in the conceit that we are wise discriminators.

Please shake us out of this complacency and make us fit to do something substantial in assisting you in your mission.

*Your lowly servant,*

Trivikrama Swami

**Varṣānā Swami**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my respectful and humbled obeisances. All glories to the most blessed event of your Vyāsa-pūjā.

Your appearance in our world awakened our dormant propensity for serving, awarded us tangible experiences of the ultimate spiritual dimension, and provided a personal form of the Indwelling Guide. That inner voice of the *caitya-guru*, who had been guiding us all along, revealed His living and loving personality in you.

Descending from the eternal realm of song and dance, you introduced us to the essence of *vraja-śakti*, whose mellows naturally draw out our eternal gratitude and graceful submission to Kṛṣṇa.

Taking an active interest and role in our lives, you, like a puppet master, pulled the strings that made us dance in various wonderful ways.

When Kṛṣṇa called you back to Goloka, we, unprepared for your return to the Lord’s *aprakāṣa-līlā*, were stunned by our sudden orphanhood. On the day of your disappearance, immersed in the thought that we had forever lost the presence of our closest friend, ever well-wisher, and guardian, we saw all of nature reflecting our sorrow. The sky grew dreary, the breeze sighed heavily, and flowers shed their petals on the path where your footprints still lingered. That night the devotees gathered at your Palace, congregating before the altar where your *mūrti* is now enthroned, and took shelter of *kīrtana*.

The prayers of invocation evoked deep emotion leading into the *mahā-mantra*. As the current of the *kīrtana* drew the assembled Vaiṣṇavas into unprecedented depths of separation,

devotees literally held one another up as their tears fell and their steps faltered.

We were inundated by the devastating waters of *vipralambha*. Just when it seemed that we would surely perish in that ocean, the tide shifted. The *kīrtana*'s changing mood was the first indication that something powerful was unfolding. From the sorrowful strains prevailing that longest night, a jubilant melody, which at first seemed quite out of place, arose.

There was one devotee who was so conditioned to a spiritual tradition of gravity that his movements in *kīrtana* had always been tempered. When he began to dance exuberantly for the first time ever, it became unmistakably clear that something exceptional was happening. As the *kīrtana* reached a surging crescendo, the devotees erupted into dancing so joyful and *kīrtana* so lively it seemed almost inappropriate. For was this not the night that you, our beloved Gurudeva, had departed? Yet it was so natural and spontaneous. Words alone could never sufficiently convey our being borne aloft on the perennial tide of the Lord's promise that His devotees never perish.

The significance of what transpired that evening will forevermore be growing in our consciousness. The Palace was our offering to you, Śrīla Prabhupāda. The devotees who built it had hoped you would accept it as a token of gratitude and love. They cherished the thought of you living and translating there for years to come. Your departure before its completion seemed to extinguish any chance of that aspiration being fulfilled. It was, however, in the fire of separation that we discovered that your presence is not frozen in a specific form or time period. Your *vāñī* is an ongoing reality to be further deciphered as your instructions enter our hearts and souls, allowing us to recognize you in the present. If we can only be fully present to such moments of transformation when life takes on true quality due

to awareness of being accepted by Kṛṣṇa's representative, we are free to go beyond attachment to your mortal form and more deeply embrace the essence of your teachings.

As the devotees danced in the ecstasy of that realization, material existence, along with all its limited conceptions, faded into oblivion. As we became intoxicated with the bliss of realizing you had entered our hearts as well as taken up residence in the Palace — your *samādhi* in the West — our suffering evaporated. It was reminiscent of Kṛṣṇa's taking up residence in the hearts of the *vraja-vāsīs*, reciprocating with them internally while His visible form resided elsewhere.

Over the next few days, as the devotees conversed about this epiphany, they found that they had all shared the phenomenon of feeling your direct presence, Śrīla Prabhupāda, more intimately than ever before. Even those who had spent considerable time in your personal presence were impressed by how extraordinary this experience was.

It was as if we were reliving the *līlā* of Queen Vaidarbhī as she lamented her *svāmī*'s departure and prepared to enter his funeral pyre. Such a fate was her preference to weakening in her resolve to remain chaste to his instructions. Just as the *brāhmaṇa* appeared to pacify Vaidarbhī at that time, you appeared in our hearts. Within your instructions to take shelter of the name, we were united with you in a realm where death has no access and darkness cannot enter. It was dramatic evidence of the sacramental nature of your words, which crystallize into the reality they convey. Discerning your living presence in sound transformed our sorrow into joy, our cries into song, our mourning into the first steps of dance.

This episode taught me that dance is as natural to spiritual growth as is prayer or *japa* or other spiritual disciplines.

Vedavyāsapriya Swami

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

*nama om̐ viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine*

*namas te sārasvate deve gaura-vāñī-pracāriṇe  
nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

Please accept my most prostrated obeisances at your lotus feet so that I can receive at least a slight sidelong glance from your merciful eyes.

When an elephant walks, smaller animals like dogs start barking. Your ISKCON has become big like an elephant despite some rough times after your physical absence. But it has not only survived; rather, it has had a tremendous impact on the minds of young people everywhere who are in Kṛṣṇa consciousness. You will ever remain the backbone and behind-the-scene leader for all of us.

But some people of professed but half-cooked devotion are re-evaluating your divine magnanimity by comparing your outward accomplishments during your physical presence and those after your departure. They think that they have become well-qualified to evaluate your contributions in the realm of Kṛṣṇa consciousness — contributions they were unable to estimate at all while they were in ISKCON. After the kill, a lion eats its fill and walks away satisfied, and then the scavengers come to eat what's left. Similarly, the so-called followers of abovementioned intent try to put words in our ears backed by misinterpretation of your instructions and accomplishments, concluding that you had some inabilities and weakness, in order to demoralize ISKCON's leadership and make it ineffective so that their chosen leader may become your real successor. The

Varṣāṇā Swami

ritvik group tried something similar but ended up in offensive behavior. This new group's uproar will also subside as time passes.

We stand confident in your instructions and maintain our fidelity to you alone. Well, the proverb says that barking dogs seldom bite. Similarly, we will remain undisturbed but keep a constant vigil, like an elephant. Our relationships with you are unchallengeable and undisturbed. Our commitment to the mission of Caitanya Mahāprabhu and you is unmotivated and uninterrupted. You are at the center of our consciousness. Please be merciful so that we may become instrumental to the healthy growth of your movement and stand proud in this world of opposites.

Thank you, Śrīla Prabhupāda. We beg your forgiveness and pray just to remain loyal to you.

*Your servant,*

Vedavyāsapriya Swami

**Rūpānuga Dāsa**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my most humble obeisances.

In our disciplic succession *guru* is one, that is, the bona fide *guru* teaches what Lord Kṛṣṇa, Lord Caitanya, and Their genuine *paramparā* teaches without changing Their meanings. Śrīla Prabhupāda, you are the emblem of that *paramparā*.

Similarly, disciple is one, that is, the bona fide disciple accepts what he or she has learned from you without changing your meanings.

The disciple's duty is one, that is, to distribute your teachings to others, according to his or her best capacity and without expectation of profit, adoration or distinction.

The disciple's qualification is one, that is, the bona fide disciple is always a transparent medium for Your Divine Grace.

The disciple's character is one, that is, the bona fide disciple practices what he or she preaches.

The disciple's mission is one, that is, the bona fide disciple realizes that he or she joined your movement to spread it.

In the *Caitanya-caritāmṛta* (1st ed., p. 129), it is written:

He (Sanātana Gosvāmī) prayed for the Lord's confirmation that the teachings might be actually evolved in his heart—otherwise there was no possibility of them being described by him. The purport is that *ācāryas*, or spiritual masters, are authorized by higher authorities. Instruction alone cannot make one expert.

Unless one is blessed by the spiritual master, or the *ācārya*, such teaching cannot be fully manifested. Therefore, one should seek the mercy of the spiritual master, so that the instruction of the spiritual master may develop within himself.

As Sanātana Gosvāmī prayed to Lord Caitanya for His mercy, I am praying to Your Divine Grace, Śrīla Prabhupāda, for your mercy that the privilege of preaching and the power of persuasion be manifested in my heart, so that I may convince others of the necessity of surrendering at your lotus feet. May such blessings be continuously bestowed upon all of Your Divine Grace's bona fide disciples. We are all so very proud of Your Divine Grace, and we also want you to be proud of us.

*Your eternal servant,*

Rūpānuga Dāsa

Govinda Dāsī

THE CENTENNIAL DREAM

Dearest Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my unworthy, yet loving obeisances at your divine lotus feet.

I wish to express my deepest gratitude that in spite of all my *anarthas*, inabilities, and illusions you continue to love me and accept me as your daughter and disciple. In spite of the complications of life in this earthly world, I continue to remember you daily and think of you with love and sometimes with painful separation. I pray for those occasional glimpses into the reality of the spiritual world, which is undoubtedly more enduring and more blissful than this world.

When those glimpses come, very occasionally, and the window of perception opens, if even for a moment, I am graced with your divine presence and the waves of joy and realization that follow. It is for those moments of transcendence that I live; without them this life would be like dull cardboard, brittle and decaying. Your presence in my life is as essential as my very breath, and as I wrote so many years ago, “Your room was the whole world and you were all the people.”

Two years ago, you graced me with your presence in a dream. At the time, I was living with devotees near the Houston temple, working for my dad in Texas. In the dream, I was driving my car in a parking garage, round and round, going in circles, when I heard your voice calling me, ever so clearly: “Govinda Dāsī...” It was so distinct, just as you called me so many hundreds of times, many years ago. It was as if you were in the next room. The import was, “Come out of this place, come with me...”

In the next dream scene, I was in some sort of aircraft, flying

into Māyāpur. Then I saw you there in the distance, walking with some dignitaries. There were four or five dignitaries walking with you, coming across the field behind the Māyāpur temple. You were approaching the gateway of a very tall thatched bamboo-like fence. In my dream, I went into the fenced-in waiting area by that gate, a sort of open-air foyer, to await your arrival. There, in that waiting area, were many old devotees, early disciples who were very dear to you — all waiting to greet you upon your arrival. I remember seeing Mālatī Dāsī and others from the early era. Many of your oldest disciples were waiting in the entrance way, and our hearts were full of joy! Our beloved Prabhupāda was coming back!

Then I awoke, and wept, feeling your divine presence, relishing once again the sound of your voice and the nearness of your presence. I pondered the meaning of the dream. Then the pain of separation enveloped me. Time passed, life became busy, and I forgot the dream, except on some rare occasions when I could still see you in my mind’s eye walking across the Māyāpur fields with some dignitaries.

Then, in March, 1996, nearly two years later, I was sitting in your thatched mud hut in Māyāpur, in your *bhajana-kuṭīra*, chanting *japa*. My trip to Māyāpur had been a big surprise and had been arranged amazingly, for a dear godsister had purchased my ticket and another had arranged my accommodation. Against impossible odds, I got a train ticket to Calcutta, just at the time India was celebrating huge cricket tournaments and Holi, along with the Gaura-pūrṇimā Centennial!

While sitting there at your favorite spot and chanting *japa*, a very wonderful thing happened! I suddenly felt as if you were very present, and you entered into my mind and heart, much as you did so many years ago in Hawaii when you entered my heart and gave me a spiritual transmission. This was a divinely

inspired *darśana*, an incredible gift, and you consoled me and instructed me, ever so gently and joyfully.

“See,” you said, “this is why I called you to come here: to see my debut, to see my becoming the center again, and to answer all your tearful prayers...”

Realizations flooded my mind and heart, and then I suddenly remembered the Texas dream! I looked around and recognized the tall thatched fences that I had seen in my dream! These were constructed for the Māyāpur festival, but I had never seen such fences before. Then I realized that the dream was a glimpse of what was soon to be . . .

You were smiling and very victorious, almost laughing, and seeing me there, you reminded me of everything — of the dream, of why I had come to Māyāpur, of all my tearful letters and prayers. It was as if time stood still as I sat in your eternal presence, that “*sat-cit-ānanda* experience” you so freely gave during your years of teaching on earth.

“See, this is why I called you to come here: to see me become the center again, to console you, and to answer all your tearful prayers...” You smiled as you spoke.

In your divine presence, realizations began to flood my mind again. I saw that you had called me to come in the dream (even though I had not understood) to see your coming into the center of ISKCON again. You let me know my prayers were being fulfilled. For so many years, you were shoved aside, and chaos, confusion, and duplicity reigned. I always prayed, “O Śrīla Prabhupāda, you must be the center, then all problems will be automatically solved.” But I never knew how it could happen; things had gone so far astray. Now with your divine vision, I saw that the Centennial Celebration was going to be a “debut party”! I saw that you were coming back, just as you

would come and go so frequently during your years on earth. Tears coursed down my face, tears of love and joy.

Then, joyfully, I asked you about the problems since you left, and you gave me the vision to see that all these people, good or bad, are being engaged by your grace. Even if they are not perfect and many problems exist, they are meant for holding things together until your reinforcements arrive. Those whose desires for money, fame, or power were greater got what they wanted. Nevertheless, you remain fully in control. You and Kṛṣṇa. Though some persons may think otherwise, you are very much in control of the situation. You see through everyone and everything, just as you did when present before our physical eyes.

You then told me, “No one should resent anyone, for they are only acting according to their nature, just as you also are doing. Everyone is acting within the limitations of their nature. Some persons may be greedy for money or power, it is true, but they will be corrected in time. But they may also do some service in the meantime.” And I understood that eventually you will lead us all to purification and the lotus feet of Lord Kṛṣṇa. All are working according to God’s will; Kṛṣṇa is “rearranging our karma” and restructuring our natures.

“It is necessary to speak the truth, but without anger or malice. Even if others have malice, we should not,” you instructed. “Many persons have served sincerely and endured much hardship and are acting now as leaders. If they misuse their positions, they will be corrected just as surely and just as severely as those past leaders were, and just as surely as those who have gone before *them*.”

You then said, “Changes are made by those with vision, but it doesn’t happen overnight.” Tearfully, I offered my humble



obeisances and asked what instructions you had for me, and you replied: “Do your book, *Śrīla Prabhupāda, the Early Days*.”

“But Śrīla Prabhupāda,” I replied, “it will only be criticized, as so much of what your disciples have said has been criticized.” Again you said, “Write your book. It is important for the generations to come.”

On hearing your voice, Śrīla Prabhupāda, I was able to hear and understand things more from your point of view, from a place of genuine compassion, as you so clearly see us and our natures, whether we are slaves to lust, greed, or anger. I understood how, in spite of our *anarthas*, you are utilizing our energies to serve Lord Caitanya’s mission. I was able to experience forgiveness and to realize that we are all eternally connected to you, both the older devotees and the new ones. I realized that you are the *jagat-guru* of the earth planet, that the fallen souls of Kali Yuga are under your jurisdiction, and that you are some very great divine personality working closely with Lord Caitanya to bring about the fulfillment of the *yuga-dharma*: “In every town and village...”

I realized that I do not know who you are. Lord Caitanya said he would send His “Commander in Chief.” But who is that personality? Who can know who you are? Or that you can turn the hearts of millions of people all over the world? By meeting you, even in your *vāñī* form, by reading your books, people have become accomplished devotees. Who can possibly understand who you are or your real position in this *līlā* of the Golden Lord?

You used to say, “Kṛṣṇa consciousness is so simple — *śaraṅāgati*. It is simple for the simple-hearted, but made complicated by the crooked,” that is, by those who wish to utilize the path of *bhakti* for personal gain of name, fame, and greed.

After your *darśana*, I felt convinced that this is truly the beginning of a new era for your ISKCON. My mind filled with memories of you in 1968, sitting in your room and slowly turning your atlas globe, planning the expansion to countries all over the earth. And I remembered the verse (*Bhagavad-gītā* 4.8): “In order to deliver the pious and to annihilate the miscreants, as well as to re-establish the principles of religion, I advent Myself millennium after millennium.”

I remembered how in 1968 you told me of your plans for a World Saikirtana Party — at a time when we had no money even for renting our small flat in Montreal. You wanted to build an auditorium for *bhajanas* and cultural events at a time when there was no money, no manpower, nor prospects of such things. You foresaw everything; you “hunted the rhino.” Yet you had no pride or egoism about anything, as worldly persons have when success comes from some great achievement. You would often say, “So, we shall make our plans, and then we shall see what Kṛṣṇa desires.” Your attitude was always one of humility. You would say, “We are simply trying and if Kṛṣṇa wants it, it will be successful, and otherwise, whatever Kṛṣṇa desires.” You saw Kṛṣṇa at every moment and in every action. I bowed in joyful gratitude, thanking Lord Kṛṣṇa for you, Śrīla Prabhupāda, and thanking you for coming to deliver us from darkness and igniting in our hearts the spark of *bhakti*.

Steeped in the joy of Śrīla Prabhupāda’s presence, I realized that when we think of a great soul, or of God, their presence and virtue enter into us. If we light a fire, it will give heat, whether we understand it or not. When we remember Śrīla Prabhupāda, his pure nature covers us in delightful waves. On the other hand, if we think about a person who is impure, we will be enveloped in them and their flaws. The effect is immediate. If we remember great saints, their spiritual power

will affect us immediately. If we remember a person with anger, lust, or infatuation, then we will experience those things, but when we remember God and *guru* these qualities do not arise.

Even if a person does not have full knowledge of the nature of the *guru*, still, by remembering Śrīla Prabhupāda, his power is felt. Śrīla Prabhupāda can be experienced by those who never met him in the physical world. We see that many who never met him are his devoted followers. By chanting his mantra, by reading his books, by chanting Hare Kṛṣṇa, many have experienced his presence and continue to do so. And through his devotees, especially, his blissful form is felt.

Śrīla Prabhupāda is able to give joy to all. We disciples are mediums for others to experience Śrīla Prabhupāda shining through us. People feel inspired when we talk of Śrīla Prabhupāda and read from his books. Yet we must remember that this inspiration does not come from us. It is coming directly from Śrīla Prabhupāda, from his spiritual *śakti*.

To remember Śrīla Prabhupāda makes one’s heart glow with joy, one’s hair stand on end, and one’s mind fill with the love and peace of *bhakti*. Pure Kṛṣṇa consciousness flows in every memory of him. By hearing about his activities, all pain and difficulties are removed; simply by remembering Śrīla Prabhupāda. These feelings are more fully experienced when we have a mood of taking refuge at his lotus feet. When our offering of ourselves is complete, his waves descend upon us. This is the nectar of love, the ninefold forms of devotion. One may call it refuge or even *bhava*. All names and forms of devotion are within the *guru*.

It is only through the grace of Śrīla Prabhupāda that the Lord can be experienced. By Śrīla Prabhupāda, the greatness of Lord Kṛṣṇa can be known. His *darśana* should be desired,

his form and words should be our constant meditation. His remembrance and the experience of his presence are all-important.

A person may know a lot, but still not know everything. Like someone who knows how to play a tape recorder, but when the batteries are low, he doesn’t know how to put in new ones. So even if someone tells me how to run it, what can I do if I don’t know about the battery cells? The real *guru* knows how to change the cells, whereas we may only know how to run the recorder. So we stand before Śrīla Prabhupāda and say, “Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda, I don’t know anything. You are the Master. My mind has failed, please now change the cells.”

This is taking refuge in the lotus feet of Śrīla Prabhupāda. In the end you have to offer your soul, and that is called *samarpaṇa*. You can feel complete trust in offering your soul to the lotus feet of Lord Nityānanda, and you can feel complete trust in offering your soul to the lotus feet of Śrīla Prabhupāda. Without this, there is no joy, no aim in life. There is such great joy to be found in this offering. It is beyond all other treasures and will last forever. Our relationship with Śrīla Prabhupāda is eternal, and it will flourish and nourish us eternally. It is available to everyone, at every moment of every day.

Your loving daughter and disciple,

Govinda Dāsi

Gurudāsa Dāsa

A VYĀSA-PŪJĀ HOMAGE

Oh, how can an insignificant member from an insignificant abode begin to understand the most holy of holy. O my dear Śrīla Prabhupāda, you are always pure, your movements are unknown to the impure at heart; your seriousness of purpose does not allow for idle mind gossip or deviations.

When you first came to the United States, we wanted you to be loose in principles, like the *jñānī* who wants God to be as he likes so as to allow for sense enjoyment. But you know the truth and present it to those who hear, to those few moons who hear Kṛṣṇa’s perfect formula. And because of your smiling compassionate words, we heard. Reawakened is a devotee’s prayer to be reunited with my Lord, my protector in prayer. And as you have said, “The *karmī* sees with eyes, the dog sees with his nose, and a devotee sees with his ears.” You have taught us to hear.

O my dear Guru Mahārāja, you are certainly no ordinary man. How can anyone be so pure? How can anyone be so compassionate? How can anyone be so thoughtful? And how can anyone be so ever-youthful, travelling around the world on jets — from Russia to New York — as if taking a morning walk. How can anyone deviate for a moment in love for his Guru Mahārāja’s teachings or forget the teachings divine?

You possess fifty qualities of a part and parcel of Kṛṣṇa, namely: 1. Beautiful features of the entire body; 2. marked with all-auspicious characteristics; 3. extremely pleasing; 4. effulgent; 5. strong; 6. ever-youthful; 7. a wonderful linguist; 8. truthful; 9. talks pleasingly; 10. can speak fluently in all languages; 11. highly learned; 12. highly intelligent; 13. a genius; 14. artistic; 15. extremely clever; 16. expert; 17. grateful; 18. firmly

determined; 19. an expert judge of time and circumstances; 20. sees and speaks on the authority of Vedas, or scriptures; 21. pure; 22. self-controlled; 23. steadfast; 28. possesses equilibrium; 29. magnanimous; 30. respectful; 31. heroic; 32. compassionate; 30. respectful; 34. gentle; 35. liberal; 36. shy; 37. the protector of surrendered souls; 38. happy; 39. the well-wisher of devotees; 40. controlled by love; 41. all-auspicious; 42. most powerful; 43. all-famous; 44. popular; 45. partial to devotees; 46. very attractive to all women; 47. all-opulent; 49. all-honourable; 50. the supreme controller.

You have all these qualities and more as you have a loving relationship with Śrī Śrī Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa, and as part and parcel of the Lord, You possess these qualities to the highest perfection.

Although this appreciation did not begin this way, the *Nectar of Devotion* has been consulted for reference and I wish to elaborate on these most wonderful qualities that are the ingredients of your devotion. As you have elaborated on Kṛṣṇa’s qualities in the *Nectar of Devotion* in detail, I would now like to glorify your qualities, which make up the characteristics of a pure devotee.

**1. Beautiful Features of the Entire Body**

Anyone who sees your lustrous glow cannot take their eyes off you. Your lotus feet (as seen in the *Ratha-yātrā* movie of 1969) are pinkish and my shelter; your legs are like pillars of strength; your belly is the receiver of *kṛṣṇa-prasāda*; your arms are embracing all the fallen souls; your hands gesture to all humanity to come back to Godhead; your fingers clear the way back home; your complexion is so smooth and golden; your teeth are pearls beckoning us to complete surrender; your smile is oceanic. Your eyes are the reflection of the soul of Goloka Vṛndāvana; your nose smells all-auspicious *tulasī* and

flower garlands; your tongue is always tasting *prasāda* and vibrating the holy names “Hare Kṛṣṇa.” Your spacious ears hear all the pastimes of Śrī Śrī Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa and we await the momentous reports.

Once, in San Francisco, the devotees said, “O Śrīla Prabhupāda, you are so beautiful”, and you replied, “I am an old man, your eyes see beautifully, so you think I am beautiful.” But you are beautiful, in every way, even to those who cannot see well, or hear at all.

And in Surat, India, your face was red, and your nose watering and the devotees thought you had a cold, but as we left, you said confidentially, “They think I am sick. They do not know what spiritual ecstasy is.”

And I challenge anyone to sleep and eat so little and work so hard as you. You worked hard, so much so that your youthful disciples could not keep pace with you or overtake you walking.

All glories to Your Divine Grace.

**2. Marked With All-auspicious Characteristics**

I cannot but think in valueless sentiment that you have all signs of auspiciousness, but I am unqualified to know.

All glories to Your Divine Grace.

**3. Extremely Pleasing**

You know how to please anyone, from distressed mothers to academicians at the university, and this always manifested in your relationships. Because Kṛṣṇa is so pleasing, you also manifest this, and you are always telling us the perfect thing, at the perfect time, and you have a perfect relationship with each

and every one of us, all different, and yet we are all pleased at once.

When you first arrived in Bombay, I brought a small table into your room, tiptoeing, as you were sitting with your eyes closed, child-like. And you straightened up and said, “The table can come here.” I brought over the table and asked you, “Is the table too high?” And you immediately said, “No, it is all right.” And you leaned on the table as if trying it out, and you invited me, and I also leaned on it. Our faces were close together, and we talked pleasantly into the late hours. Oh, how pleasing....

On the way to Amritsar, we were together in the first class compartment and I was very anxious to serve your every need properly. You were pushing a knob on the window and I asked hurriedly, “Would you like the window down?” And you said “No, I am just seeing the mechanics of how the window works.” And I was so pleased, and then you switched the fan on and off and then the lights on and off, on and off, my pleasure increased and increased. Everyone who comes into contact with you is pleased immediately. This we have seen. Jaya Gurudeva, Jaya! Jaya!

All glories to Your Divine Grace.

**4. Effulgent**

Once, while photographing you, we used your grey *chaddar* for a background, and there was very little light, but the photos came out bright, and the grey turned into gold. There was a light glow emanating from you in halo-like form.

And when you enter the temple, or any room, everyone immediately feels different because of your effulgence.

All glories to Your Divine Grace.

### 5. Strong

Once, in Montreal, you asked Mālātī Devī to hand you baby Sarasvatī. With your strong arm, you held her up, which took great strength. Then as an afterthought, as Gaurasundara snapped a photo, you held Sarasvatī up again and quipped, “They will say, what kind of *sannyāsī* am I?”

In London, during the installation ceremony, the throne fell and you, as if holding up the whole universe or Govardhana Hill, single-handedly held it up until we came to assist. You reflected all strength.

All glories to Your Divine Grace.

### 6. Ever-youthful

Your eyes are always glowing with youth, and all-auspicious lines reappear as the changing of seasons. Once Nandarāṇī Devī described: “We watched Prabhupāda in amazement, and, in all seriousness, he looked twenty years old. It was unbelievable. He had not one wrinkle on his beautiful face.” One devotee gasped, “O Prabhupāda, you look so young today! And you smiled cunningly and said, “Oh, someone has said that I am old?”

All glories to Your Divine Grace.

### 7. A Wonderful Linguist

When you first came to Amercia, your English was choppy and now you have produced so many succinct, smooth, and poetic volumes with exact wording. Who else but you could do this?

And who else sings to Kṛṣṇa like you? Kṛṣṇa’s flute speaks every language, even that of the birds and frogs.

All glories to Your Divine Grace.

### 8. Truthful

You have instructed us to tell the truth even to enemies, and so many times in social or diplomatic situations you spoke the Absolute Truth, uncaring for protocol. For this reason, so many sincere souls came to look for and found out the Absolute Truth from you.

In the midst of some impersonalists, you once said, “Kṛṣṇa is God. God is God. You will not reach God by pressing your nose.” And at a Vedanta Samelan conference, as so much speculative verbiage was blasted loudly over the microphone, you said, “They are simply talking with no conclusion. They know I disagree with them; they have invited us to see the *kīrtana* of foreign boys and girls. Everyday, I speak to them.”

Later on, as the microphone sounded in the background, you said to a gathered crowd, “They are laboring so hard without coming to any conclusions, and we will reach God by eating.” And you popped a sweet piece of *prasāda* into your mouth and smiled convincingly.

All glories to Your Divine Grace.

### 9. Talks pleasingly

Once when a distressed mother came and said that we were taking her son away from her, you said, “If your son is happy, why would you object?” And she understood and became pleased.

Once, when the negotiation for your residence visa was being discussed, you said, “I prefer it in the U.S.A., and I have heard that if somebody adopts me as a child, or something else, I can get this permanent visa. But if you adopt me as your child, probably the visa department will laugh, ‘What will you do with

an old child?’ But if there is a possibility to adopt me as an old father, then you can try for it.”

And regarding how you are never unpleasing or quarrel unnecessarily, you told us this nice Bengali proverb: “It is not wise to pick a quarrel with a crocodile while living in the jurisdiction of the water.”

Once, I said, “O Prabhupāda, you say everything perfectly.” And you said, “That is because you hear perfectly.”

Your words are always honey-combed, sweet, and pleasant.

All glories to Your Divine Grace.

### 10. Can Speak Fluently in All Languages

Your knowledge of Bengali, Hindi, English, and Sanskrit was appreciated by all in India. And you have taught us the universal language, love of Kṛṣṇa.

All glories to Your Divine Grace.

### 11. Highly Learned

“When a person is highly educated and acts strictly on moral principles, he is called highly learned. A person conversant in different departments of knowledge is called educated, and because he acts on moral principles, he is called morally stout. Together these two factors constitute learning.” (*Nectar of Devotion*, p. 164)

So many times in London at John Lennon’s estate, you taught me world history. You were always teaching us economics; politics; practical applications of devotion; social ethics; sociology; chemistry; differentiating between material and spiritual worlds; how to be gentlemen and ladies; how to cook; even how best to wash the floor (as demonstrated in Allahabad); how to cut a coconut; wrap a *dhoti*, and even how

to please a wife with bangles and sweets, as explained to us in Bombay. All departments of knowledge are known to you.

You once said knowledge is “to know where to find something out.” And we know to go to you, because you know everything and you reveal only what we can understand at the moment, but you can never run out of new knowledge to give us.

All glories to Your Divine Grace.

### 12. Highly Intelligent

“A man is called intelligent if he has a sharp memory and fine discretion.” You demonstrated this, because you always quoted from scriptures to support a point. Such a vast clear memory is very rare.

All glories to Your Divine Grace.

### 13. A Genius

You have never been defeated in an argument. And you could refute anyone on scriptural basis, and they would eventually admit defeat.

Anyone who does so much in such a short time, with so few facilities, must surely be a genius. Even by material standards you have accomplished a great thing by establishing ISKCON.

Here in India, one man said that you have done more in four years than anyone else has done in twenty-one.

All glories to Your Divine Grace.

### 14. Artistic

Once, you looked over during a *kīrtana* and saw two young girl disciples dancing and swaying together, and you directed me to photograph them.

Another time, you took a closed lotus, and as we carefully watched what you were doing, you pushed the end of the lotus into your other palm and deftly opened each petal.

Your directions on how to build the *ratha*, how to construct a temple, and how to proceed in seven *kīrtana* parties are artistic and adroit.

These are just a few descriptions of how a pure devotee automatically takes on the munificent qualities of Lord Kṛṣṇa.

All glories to Your Divine Grace.

## 20. Seer by the Authority of the Scriptures

For every dealing, large or small, you quote a line from the Vedic *dharma*. In fact, every word, deed, and feeling you give is backed by scriptural authority. An example of how you think of scripture in relationship to even small everyday things is the time when one girl was frightened very much by a flying insect while sitting before Your Divine Grace. After the girl became calm, the other students asked why we are afraid of small insects, even though we are larger and more intelligent than them. You immediately quoted a verse from the *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* that explains that eating, sleeping, mating, and fearing are propensities of this conditioned existence, but by surrendering to Śrī Kṛṣṇa we can overcome all fear.

Your Divine Grace is always seeing and speaking through the eyes of the scriptures (*śāstra-caḥśusā*) to anyone who has come in contact with you. You once taught us, “It is better to quote from the Vedas. If two lawyers argue, their guide line is the law books, and if they do not accept the law, then how will the argument go on?”

All glories to Your Divine Grace.

## 21. Pure

You have certainly delivered many fallen souls and you have never done anything impure. This is the authoritative definition of pure. As you once told me, “Never was there a moment when I have not thought of Kṛṣṇa in this life.”

All glories to Your Divine Grace.

## 22. Self-controlled

Many a time, whilst others were running hither and thither trying to execute something, you always remained self-controlled and equipoised. Even when someone tried to challenge you, you remained as undaunted as Kṛṣṇa when He patiently heard Śiśupāla’s insults at the Rājasūya sacrifice.

An example of this came one day in New York (in the first temple of the Society), when a crazy and intoxicated boy came in. Without removing his shoes, this boy placed two rolls of paper towels underneath the sink and walked outside making a loud noise. Everyone looked at you, as you were in the middle of a lecture, to see what your reaction would be. You looked around and smiled and said, “Just see, Kṛṣṇa lets everyone serve Him.”

Once, a taxi driver asked you whether you sleep on a bed of nails. You replied that it is not a great thing to overcome pain and that pain could be overcome by drugs. But a real Swami is one who is self-controlled, just like one who could sit in a room of beautiful women and not be agitated.

And even though you were in a very weak condition during your illness in New York, you were controlled. You saw your servant sitting by you. Although he was anxious to see to all your needs and was just sitting waiting for your order, you

immediately said “Why are you just sitting there idly? Don’t be idle, always chant Hare Kṛṣṇa.”

And recently, when you were preparing to go to Russia, Tamāla Kṛṣṇa said, “The only thing wrong about going to Russia now, Śrīla Prabhupāda, is that the mango season is just beginning in India and I know how much you like mangoes.” You replied to him, “Don’t you know that preaching in the snows of Russia is far sweeter than any mango?”

All glories to Your Divine Grace.

## 23. Steadfast

According to the *Nectar of Devotion* a steadfast person is one who continues to work until the desired goal is achieved.

The whole success of ISKCON is due to your steadfast quality. One small example of this is the time you wanted a signboard painted with the Society’s name on it, but the treasurer said that we didn’t even have enough money for the rent. But you insisted on the signboard, and by amazing happenings the rent money still came in time because some very influential people saw the signboard.

Another time you taught us this: “Just get the horse and the whip will come, but what good is a whip without a horse?”

One time, some people did not respond even after you explained the Kṛṣṇa conscious principles. They were even critical and we were bothered and asked how our work could go on when there were people like that. You smiled and said that there is a Bengali proverb: “When the elephant caravan passes by, the dogs will bark.” And you added, “Push on this movement even when difficulties arise.”

All glories to Your Divine Grace.

## 24. Forbearing

Once, when some people were not respectful, I asked why they did not understand the beauty of Kṛṣṇa consciousness. You pleasantly laughed — even after so much disrespect — and said, “There is a Bengali proverb: ‘If you make a dog a king and he is sitting on a throne, and you throw him a shoe, he will run off the throne and bite the shoe.’”

O Śrīla Prabhupāda, no one knows the meaning of suffering like Your Divine Grace, and yet you go on as if nothing inharmonious exists. You actually live in the *Gītā*, free from honour and dishonour, pain or pleasure, heat and cold, etc.

I remember asking you not to come to London because of the cold snow, but you said that weather is of no concern. You then told me that when you first saw snow in New York, you thought it was lime being thrown off the roof. That is your poetic forbearing nature just to allow me to expose my fallen self to your grace.

All glories to Your Divine Grace.

## 25. Forgiving

So many times we have committed offence upon offence at your lotus feet, and you say, “All right, what’s done is done.” Despite our whims and insults, you have been so merciful to us. For this I am eternally grateful because you know the desired goal, even if we forget. Your forgiving quality, never found in anyone else, is like Viṣṇu is thinking that His hard chest is hurting sage Bṛghu’s foot.

If we would not overburden you, that would be nice. You have plans beyond our conception, yet you tolerate our blunders. What great compassion and forgiveness!

An example of your forgiving nature came when someone asked, "If Kṛṣṇa is teaching morals and right action, why did He have relationships with other men's wives; is that not adultery?" Instead of becoming angry, you said, "Everyone is Kṛṣṇa's wife, therefore you are an adulterer."

Another time, in Delhi, one man, who had been instructed to look after some *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatams* and your mail, opened your mail and stole various amounts of money from your letters (about Rs. 2,000.-). After he was found out, one student asked you, "If he is not dealt with, will he will have to suffer for the offence at the feet of a pure devotee?" You said, "There is only one thing to do." The student said, "Have him arrested?" You said, "No, forgive him."

All glories to Your Divine Grace.

## 26. Grave

"A person who does not express his mind to everyone, or whose mental activity and plan of action are very difficult to understand is called grave."

What new adventures do you have in store for us, what plan of action? If only our conviction could be like yours. O my mind, control your frivolous nature and become grave in purpose like our dear Śrīla Prabhupāda.

You are always grave because of your wish to save humanity and to deliver all fallen souls. Once, I said, "Sometimes I feel concern for the miserable conditions of humanity, sometimes I feel sadness when I wish for people to be delivered." And you said gravely, "Why sometimes?" Gravely, you said to us, "Just follow my instructions."

So my dear godbrothers and godsisters who read this, we must

also become grave in purpose and follow instructions.

All glories to Your Divine Grace.

## 27. Self-satisfied

O Your Divine Grace, who left the most holy spot, the Rādhā-Dāmodara temple, you are always there, even in N.Y.C. And although there has been much cause for anxiety, you are always satisfied. I actually know that we are not necessary for your satisfaction because you know Kṛṣṇa. Still, I will try to satisfy you anyway, even though you are *ātmārāma*. You once said, "A sweet ball manufacturer has no love for sweets." Or when Nārāyaṇa was invited by the goddess of fortune, she saw hundreds of goddesses of fortune manifesting from Him. Your satisfaction is the divine will and my command.

All glories to Your Divine Grace.

## 28. Possessing Equilibrium

One time, we went to Amsterdam and you were subjected to wait many hours to speak about Kṛṣṇa for only three minutes. Then, during your talk, the television people shot dry ice smoke around to make us appear mystical, and before and after our *kīrtana* half-naked women danced all around. The music was loud, we were waiting a long time, but on the way back to the airport, you still remained equipoised. At the airport the plane was late and they imposed an airport tax on our party but we did not have any money to pay it. So we were running around, one trying to waive the tax, one trying to borrow the money, one getting interviewed by a reporter, and Yamunā trying to see that you were comfortable. I photographed you amidst all this confusion and your peaceful face appeared because you are always in Vaikuṅṭha, even in the midst of Amsterdam Airport. You were leaning on your cane. That photo can be

seen on the last page of one *Back to Godhead* (Volume 1, No. 38, 1970).

All glories to Your Divine Grace.

## 29. Magnanimous

The first thing you did when we met was generously giving me a *gulābjāmun*.

It was also nice to watch you distribute sweets and *prasāda* in Bombay. As all the people were watching us through the windows, you personally distributed your mercy in the form of *prasāda*. Without any doubt, single-handedly you are more magnanimous than anyone else. You are distributing pure love of God. Who else can do this?

In Allahabad, you, four others, and myself distributed two, three, five, and ten *paise* coins to all the beggars there. Everyday, you requested us to distribute *prasāda* and you told us to always do this in all our temples.

When you smile, your broad all-embracing smile, you give charity to our hearts and to all the living entities present.

All glories to Your Divine Grace.

## 30. Religious

Once, we said to you, "Śrīla Prabhupāda, what gift can we give to you?" You said, "I want nothing for myself." We said, "Oh, please let us give you something." You said, "You can become Kṛṣṇa conscious, that's your gift."

Once, you spoke about religion as follows: "We should not enter into comparative discussions with other religions; it will only create problems. We should say that the best religion is that religion that brings desire for love of God. Ritualistic

performance will always be different, but what is ritual without knowledge and love of God? We must be concerned with the main thing: love of God."

The *sāstric* definition of a religious person also applies to you in all Perfection: "A person who personally practices the tenets of religion that are enjoined in the *sāstras*, and who also teaches after the same principles is called religious. Simply professing a faith is not a sign of religiousness. One must act according to religious principles, and by his personal example he should teach others. Such a person is to be understood as religious." (*Nectar of Devotion*)

You said that one can buy a sacred thread for two pennies but that love of God is not that cheap.

All glories to Your Divine Grace.

## 31. Heroic

Who else but Your Divine Grace came to the shores of hell to preach the holy names? Who else but you went to the apathetic ghettos, where others are weary to set foot? And who else but Your Divine Grace walked into the Avalon Ballroom and commanded the respect of the Hell's Angels? And who else approached governments single-handedly and requested them to serve Lord Kṛṣṇa? And who else sat peacefully under a tree in the slums of New York, preached in the snow, or spoke to confused youth? Who else rides heroically on the transcendental chariot of the holy name? And who else but you sat calmly on stage at Calcutta's Chowringhee "Bhagwat Dharma Discourses" as angry communists came in numbers and yelled and pushed? And you sat, even though some demon wrote a note "fly or die", telling us to stop our program there. But you sang "*govindam ādi-puruṣam tam ahaṁ bhajāmi*" and everyone was quiet. You are so brave and bold and true. Never

was there anyone more heroic; certainly not King Arthur, nor Alexander, nor Caesar, not even Karṇa. Your heroism is reinforced by the strength of Balarāma. All glories to you, my beloved Gurudeva. And when I walk by your side or look in your eyes, I am protected.

All glories to Your Divine Grace.

### 32. Compassionate

You are more compassionate than anyone. So many times you have forgiven offences. And even though you are a *sannyāsī*, when a woman is not getting proper attention or protection, you will see to it personally that she is taken care of nicely. And when you see one of your students perhaps a little morose, you say, “Is everything all right?” and immediately all pain due to the body or mind goes away. And sometimes you ruffle my *sikhā* or pat my back when I pay my obeisances. Let me walk with you in the morning, morning after morning. And you never turn away visitors, with their various problems. You wisely administer the cure with loving tenderness; you caress the soul of all devotees, with compassion and loving-kindness.

All glories to Your Divine Grace.

### 33. Respectful

When we went to see Śrī Birla, you showed him all respects as he is older, but when we went to see a younger almost equally wealthy man, you treated him as a younger child. You are the embodiment of respect to others, just as Kṛṣṇa also showed respect by offering obeisances to Yudhiṣṭhira when they met. You are always so respectful to all living entities and considerate of their feelings.

All glories to Your Divine Grace.

### 34. Gentle

You are devoid of all sense of false prestige, and ready to offer respect to others. In such a state of mind one can chant the holy name of the Lord constantly.

Once, when my foot was bleeding, you repaired the wound so gently, so kindly, and so expertly that as you gently touched the infected area, the impurities went away. And who but your Divine Grace can hold the stem of a flower gently between his fingers for three hours — I have seen this — and not crush the stem of the flower? And you so gently carry us towards the Kingdom of Kṛṣṇa on your sublime teachings.

All glories to Your Divine Grace.

### 35. Liberal

Like Lord Kṛṣṇa, you also liberally accept our service. Even if something goes wrong or someone talks against another, you accept and encourage us liberally, so that each one of us continues on. And you distribute *kṛṣṇa-prema* so liberally.

You always say, “Let Kṛṣṇa enjoy. Everything is His. So what have I to take or give away?” And you told us, “As a young boy, I would play with dust as if I were a doctor.” And you demonstrated (with your lotus fingers) how you would administer dust liberally to your friends. And you are administering dust from Vṛndāvana to us all, just like Kṛṣṇa. Who personally brought the *pārijāta* flowers to Satyabhāmā. You bring Vṛndāvana dust to our needy souls.

All glories to Your Divine Grace.

### 36. Shy

One time, after writing a wonderful expert letter to the Pope, you humbly and shyly looked up and said, “Is this all right?”

And you shyly asked us for advice. Your eyes moved shyly like the eyes of the *gopī*'s. We were aware that you knew everything, but still you humbly and shyly asked us for counsel.

And once on a television show, when the man wanted to plan every action and thing you were to say in unspontaneous fashion, you became shy because of the unnaturalness of the situation and would not look into the camera. The TV man then saw that it was better to let you be naturally Kṛṣṇa conscious.

All glories to Your Divine Grace.

### 37. Protector of Surrendered Souls

When we surrender at your lotus feet, you feed us with your divine hands. You have given us temple after temple in every city to rest our weary heads. You have arranged for us to travel all over the world. You have given us every stitch of cloth to wear. You are the protector of everyone who comes to you. That is your contract.

Your smile over your flock of children is a blessing, and you straighten us by your strength, as Kṛṣṇa did with Kubjā, the hunch-backed girl. And when difficulty and moroseness come, I feel protected by you and great-grandfather Śrīla Bhaktinoda Ṭhākura. For this, I am so grateful, as you are always protecting your children. And although you are *sannyāsī*, if a spiritual daughter is unprotected, you will see to her protection.

In Indore, when a demon was pulling one of your spiritual sons off the platform, you swooped with raging *karatālas* (like the Sudarśana *cakra*). The aggressor had to retreat and the *kīrtana* resumed. Oh, all glory to my protector! All glory, all glory to our safety and shelter, the causeless protector of all devotees!

All glories to Your Divine Grace.

### 38. Happy

Because you were the happiest devotee on this planet, I came to you, for I was searching out the happiest soul in this world and found him in you. You said, “Big or small, we will sit down and chant Hare Kṛṣṇa.” And when you smile, the flowers, trees, bees, waters, and Gandharvas all smile. Your happiness is all-embracing.

All glories to Your Divine Grace.

### 39. Well-wisher to All Devotees

I recall that one day an old man came to me in Delhi. He told me how he had rendered some service at your lotus feet many years before, and when he saw you again, you showed so much mercy upon him. He told me that as he approached you, he was thinking, “Will Swamiji remember me?” But when he came, you smiled and talked of the small service he had rendered. Certainly, you are the well-wisher of all souls.

And when asked if you favoured any students, you said, “When someone does some service, I encourage him, but I love all my students equally. You are all my children, my sons and daughters. Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī Ṭhākura said that if a student feels favoured, he is like a mosquito sitting on the lap of a king thinking, “All these people are my subjects.” But he only succeeds in biting the king.

All glories to Your Divine Grace.

### 40. Controlled by Love

Many times have I seen a sincere devotee perform a service in a loving spirit, and although he seemingly blundered because of the love involved in the offering, you were lovingly attracted.

We can talk logically for hours, but when someone becomes spontaneous, the discussions become solidified and everything becomes revealed.

I remember how Jānakī Devī would sometimes burst into your room or talk very friendly and laugh and all protocol would be absent. But because she was loving, you accepted her as your loving daughter and gave her anything she asked for.

Once, a little girl spent all her pennies to buy you a sweet and you accepted the gift so tenderly. But a moment before, a big industrialist had offered you a cheque (but not his love) and you accepted it indifferently.

Once, when asked why Lord Caitanya embraced Sanātana Gosvāmī though he had skin sores, you answered, “Lord Caitanya embraced Sanātana because He loved Him, not to cure his itches.”

All glories to Your Divine Grace.

#### 41. All-auspicious

By your auspicious movements all demonic activities cease in our hearts. You possess all-auspicious qualities.

All glories to Your Divine Grace.

#### 42. Most-powerful

When the most dogmatic of questioners challenged you, I have seen how in one moment you changed his whole consciousness and thinking, or else completely defeated him. This is most powerful.

You once told me this Bengali proverb: “A fool will ask more stupid questions than even the wisest man can answer.” But

still you make a dumb man speak, a lame man walk, and a fool a sage, or turn a puffed-up scholar into a child-like soul.

All glories to Your Divine Grace.

#### 43. All-famous

“A person who becomes well known because of his spotless character is called famous.”

You once told me that when you first went to New York, a man invited you to his home. You went in order to talk about Kṛṣṇa, the Supreme Personality of Godhead, but he had other motives. When you arrived, there was a social gathering and this man put you next to a fifty-odd-year-old widow who wanted some social relationship, but you chanted the holy name and would not take part. And the man said, “O Swamījī, you are not like the other *swamīs* I have met.” So because of your spotless character and deeds, you have now become famous, especially in Goloka Vṛndāvana, where other pure souls serve and play with our beloved Kṛṣṇa and Balarāma.

All glories to Your Divine Grace.

#### 44. Popular

You are dear to the people in general because you are giving them Kṛṣṇa, Who is all-attractive. And because you are so attractive because Kṛṣṇa is attractive, all who came to see you became attracted.

When you first came to the U.S.A. in 1965, you could have sunk into oblivion, but within five short years, you have become so well-known and popular that Hare Kṛṣṇa is now known throughout this previously vacant place. And we have seen how hippies, mayors, presidents, Hell’s Angels, scientists,

distressed parents, and industrialists have all been won over by your divine charms. Yet you modestly say, “Because Guru Mahārāja is helping me, I have come out so prominent.”

All glories to Your Divine Grace.

#### 45. Partiality to Devotees

Once, you said that when you were a father to your natural sons and daughters, you would think of how they were growing, what kind of education they would get, etc. But once you had so many spiritual children, you felt partial towards us because we are related on a transcendental basis, or in devotion. Like Lord Viṣṇu with His lotus and conch, you shower love on Kṛṣṇa’s devotees, and with club and *cakra* you show your mercy to the demonic. You once said, “Kṛṣṇa conquered by love and He conquered by killing.”

One time, an article was published about your movement. The article was placed between another article about sense enjoyments and a picture of a naked woman. When you came to the Kṛṣṇa conscious article, your eyebrows raised slightly. When it was pointed out that the magazine was not very good, you replied, “When you find gold in a filthy place, pick it out.” In the same way, as a mother can recognize the sound of her child’s voice in the midst of other shouting children, you have picked devotees out of mobs and crowds. You have found moons between the zillions of stars. O greatest of *paramahंसas*!

All glories to Your Divine Grace.

#### 46. Very Attractive to All Women

Because of your special qualifications you are very attractive. To some women you are a son. To some women you are a

brother. To some women, you are an older brother. But to all women you are attractive. And to the girls in ISKCON you are all of these and their supreme protector.

All glories to Your Divine Grace.

#### 47. All-worshipable

To me, you are the prime object of worship. You are my life.

All glories to Your Divine Grace.

#### 48. All-opulent

You are not limited by time and space, and all opulences are possessed by you because you know Their Lordships Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa. When Lord Caitanya was discussing with Rāmānanda Rāya, He asked him several questions: 1. “What knowledge is best of all?” And Rāmānanda Rāya answered, “There is no knowledge except loving faith (*bhakti*) in Kṛṣṇa.” 2. “Among various kinds of love, which is the best?” “One who is rated as a devotee of Kṛṣṇa has the highest love.” 3. “Among various kinds of property, which is the most desirable?” “Only one who has love for Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa can be called wealthy.” 4. “Among sorrows, which is the most severe?” “There is no sorrow as great as separation from Kṛṣṇa.”

You once told us about limitations and related the following idea: A doctor who says, “I can cure pneumonia but not a cold,” has the following prescription: “You have a cold, so go and soak your body in ice-cold water and then I will cure you.” So there are many devotees of the Lord, with limited views, but Kṛṣṇa is Kṛṣṇa and because you do as He wishes, you are filled with all opulences.

All glories to Your Divine Grace.

**49. All-honourable**

When you walked on the Bowery, even the inebriated stood up for you instead of making you walk over them.

You gained the respect of the lowest and the highest, so when you walked so stately with your entourage, you appeared like a great king. There is a Bengali proverb: “If a Brahmin gets a *lakh* of rupees he is still a beggar.” Similarly, even if you have no money, you are still the chief devotee.

You once told the story how Alexander the Great visited the great sage Diogenes. Alexander presented his great world-possessing qualifications: “I have conquered so much land; I have drafted a constitution which has changed the world; I have so much money and so many palaces. What can I do for you, saintly sage?” Looking up from the simple barrel he lived in, Diogenes said, “You can move out of the way; you are blocking the sunlight.”

You are also honoured by rich men and kings because you are the purest devotee of the all-honoured Lord Kṛṣṇa.

In Amritsar, as people were bowing to you, you looked over to me and said, “Just see how they are honouring the saintly persons.”

All glories to Your Divine Grace.

**50. Supreme Controller**

Your orders cannot be neglected by any of us — in that way you are the supreme controller.

Many times you asked us to prepare something immediately and although it seemed impossible, we would execute your orders and become fully engaged in the Lord’s work.

In London, the work on the building of the temple was going slowly, so you set a date for the initiation ceremony two weeks away. Immediately, devotees concentrated on the building work and invitations were sent out, and although it seemed an impossible task, we followed your instructions and everything worked out nicely.

Similarly, in the United States, you ordered three couples to get married that same evening and because two of the participants were on the west coast of the United States, 3,000 miles away, someone asked, “So soon?” It seemed impossible, but you asked, “Is there any difficulty?” And your devotees answered, “No difficulty.” And the marriage went on as planned.

So if we follow your instructions to the letter, all our difficulties cease. And when we execute your instructions, we step out of material entanglement. When I hear your instructions, your revelations, your playful words, your voice, your footsteps, your talk, or laugh, it is like the early morning bathers at the banks of the Yamunā in Vṛndāvana calling out as they bathe: “O Govinda, he Bhagavān, he Kṛṣṇa, Rādhē, Rādhē!” Kṛṣṇa’s teaching as understood by you is the perfect formula for all Souls, provided they take it.

You have fulfilled the prophesies of Lord Caitanya and Bhaktivinoda Ṭhākura. And so I pray that we can fulfill these prophetic words of yours: “This movement will be noted down in history for having saved the world.”

All glories All glories!

You have created so many gentlemen and ladies out of Jagāis and Mādhāis and Pūtanā witches. Śrīla Prabhupāda, you are undoubtedly the lord of my soul. Let me serve you in any condition and in any way you desire, for you are my master and I am your worm-like servant. Crush me in your embrace

or step on me with your lotus feet, but I am yours eternally, yours eternally.

**Hansadutta Dāsa**

*Yours,*

Gurudāsa Dāsa

Śrīla Prabhupāda, the *sampradāya-ācārya*, my spiritual master. Śrīla Prabhupāda, the greatest *ācārya* since Lord Caitanya Mahāprabhu. Please accept my most humble obeisances.

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda, an inspiration came to my heart about your rarity, mercy, and greatness. Like a great expansive mango tree, you produced hundreds and thousands of delicious mango fruit-like disciples. They fell to the ground all over the world. Such a large tree! You covered the whole world with your branches, casting a cooling shade all over this planet earth for many years, and you produced the best mango fruit-like disciples ever seen in the world.

Some of the mango fruit-like disciples remained where they fell, eaten up by insects and worms. Some mango fruit-like disciples were spoiled by the pecking of hungry birds before they fell to the ground, while many mango fruit-like disciples were gathered up by casual villagers and taken home to offer to Kṛṣṇa as *prasāda*.

Most of the mango fruit-like disciples were harvested by the owner of the tree and sold in the market to satisfy shoppers who were attracted to the exotic shape, smell, and taste of the mango fruit-like disciples. In this way the mango fruit-like disciples were consumed by the public worldwide. Everyone was happy with your mango fruit-like disciples.

Although each and every mango fruit-like disciple has within himself the potential seed for producing another full-grown mango fruit-like disciple tree as yourself; to this day that has not happened. No great mango-producing tree as yourself has grown from one of the hundreds and thousands of mango fruit-like disciples you produced and scattered so generously all over the world.



From this analogy, I can understand how munificent and generous you are, and at the same time how insignificant and trifling I continue to be, even after so much love, mercy, and potency has been given to me by you, Śrīla Prabhupāda, the universal ācārya for the modern age.

*Your humble servant,*

Hansadutta Dāsa

P.S. I do not think of going back to Godhead, nor do I think of my ‘*rasa*’ with Kṛṣṇa or the *gopīs*, or being liberated in some capacity. I only think of you, and think my only business is to assist and associate with you wherever you go to carry on the Kṛṣṇa consciousness preaching.

Why should I think of anything more than your service and association?

Wherever you go, I am convinced that that is where I will also go (in some capacity) — wherever that may be. Just as we met in this life — and you picked me up — I am convinced that I will meet you again in the next life, and again in the next, and again, and again for all time (like Kṛṣṇa and Arjuna). I am nothing but your insignificant servant for all time.

### Kāñcanabālā Dāsi

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my most humble obeisances at the dust of your transcendental lotus feet. Immersing ourselves in hearing and remembering you, we derive the greatest happiness.

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda, you have twenty-six qualities of a pure devotee in full would have to be elaborately described to capture the essence of Your Divine Grace.

What comes immediately to mind is your true compassion. There are numerous examples shared by so many devotees from their personal individual experiences, which are most relishable to hear. For the pleasure of your devotees, I would like to share a few of your transcendental pastimes.

One pastime from *Śrīla Prabhupāda-līlāmṛta* is when Śrīla Prabhupāda went to Mexico, he saw that a disciple, Hanumān, had taken to the householder order after he had already been a *sannyāsī*. Hanumān asked Śrīla Prabhupāda, “As Lord Caitanya rejected Choṭa Haridāsa because he became attracted to a woman, I was also a *sannyāsī* disciple of yours who has fallen down. Have you also rejected me from your association?” There was an intense heavy silence as everyone looked at Śrīla Prabhupāda, whose head was bent down. After a long pause, he said, “Lord Caitanya is God. He can spread this Kṛṣṇa consciousness all over the world in a second without any aid if He liked. But I am not God; I need all the assistance I can get to spread this Kṛṣṇa consciousness. I am a servant of God. So whatever assistance one has given, I’m eternally indebted. And you have rendered so much assistance, how can I reject you?” Everyone who was there was so amazed and moved by Śrīla Prabhupāda’s depth of compassion.

Another time Śrīla Prabhupāda manifested causeless kindness was when he was leaving Honolulu at the airport terminal. A few devotees were with him, while most of the devotees were outside the airport on the sidewalk continuing the *kīrtana*. Śrīla Prabhupāda interrupted Satsvarūpa Mahārāja while he was reading ISKCON news clippings, “I hear Aniruddha is here in Hawaii, but he has not come to see me. Do you know?”

One devotee said that Aniruddha was outside with the *kīrtana* party. Prabhupāda said, “He may come inside. There is no difficulty.” The devotee scampered out to retrieve Aniruddha but returned empty handed. Śrīla Prabhupāda said, “No, you don’t understand. He may come inside, there is NO difficulty.”

This time the devotee ran out, and Aniruddha, who was wearing cut-off jeans, a T-shirt, and an earring stud in his ear, came to Śrīla Prabhupāda with folded hands and offered *praṇāmās* to His Divine Grace. Śrīla Prabhupāda asked, “So Aniruddha, how are you?” Aniruddha blushed and replied, “Actually, Śrīla Prabhupāda, not so good.” Despite Aniruddha’s protests, Śrīla Prabhupāda insisted that Aniruddha sit in the seat next to him as the rest of the devotees were sitting on the floor at Śrīla Prabhupāda’s feet. Śrīla Prabhupāda and Aniruddha exchanged small talk for a minute or two and then Śrīla Prabhupāda turned to everyone and said, “In Los Angeles, he is the beginning.” It was clear that Śrīla Prabhupāda’s vision was so broad and kind that he saw Aniruddha’s service, and all our service, too, as eternal.

Śrīla Prabhupāda was simultaneously soft as a rose and hard as a thunderbolt. A moving example was when Yamunā and Kauśalya were chanting prayers in Sanskrit at a *pandal* in India. Afterwards, some Indian scholars criticized their pronunciation was not correct. Śrīla Prabhupāda roared, “You don’t even have a tenth of their devotion.”

Again, he was showing his causeless mercy upon us all. Just like a rain cloud pours water everywhere without discrimination, Śrīla Prabhupāda constantly guided us all without distinguishing one type of person over another. Regardless of who was aspiring to serve, Śrīla Prabhupāda always offered the results of their service in order to engage that soul.

I remember one time, shortly after I was initiated, still living at home and going to school, I heard Rāyarāma was going to fly out to see Śrīla Prabhupāda in San Francisco. I had started a watercolor painting of Kṛṣṇa feeding *prasāda* to a cow. In those days, the temple had posters of Brijbasi prints, so I had that as a reference. At the end, when the painting was completed, I got a wooden frame and painted it gold. I then gave it to Rāyarāma to give to Śrīla Prabhupāda.

I felt myself insignificant, as there were other artists also, but just wanted to offer Śrīla Prabhupāda something. Then, shortly afterwards, when Rāyarāma returned, I anxiously wanted to know what happened. Rāyarāma said, Śrīla Prabhupāda immediately had it hung over his bed. I was joyful beyond description. These are just a few of Śrīla Prabhupāda’s compassionate dealings.

That genuine potency of Śrīla Prabhupāda’s cent per cent attachment to the Supreme Lord Kṛṣṇa and his engaging us lovingly in service truly touches us all no matter what material situations we come from in this world, and this will hold true for many generations to come.

I pray to always remember you, serve you, and forever take shelter in your loving care at your transcendental lotus feet.

*I beg to remain your servant,*

Kāñcanabālā Dāsi

**Madhusūdana Dāsa**

My dearest eternal father Śrīla Prabhupāda, I offer my *daṇḍavats* at your holy lotus feet.

On this Vyāsa-pūjā day, I would like to thank you for giving us your association, both *vapuḥ* and *vāṇī*; for giving us the holy name; for the Deities and their worship; for teaching us how to honor and love Kṛṣṇa’s cows; for teachings us how to be clean; for all the books you’ve given us, and especially for teaching us that to become the servant of the servant of the servant of Kṛṣṇa is the means for success in spiritual life.

As we get older, we can understand your sacrifices to spread Kṛṣṇa consciousness. Not just coming here at the age of sixty-nine, but then traveling constantly to nurture the growing movement with its tender budding devotees. Traveling from India to the US takes us almost a week to recover from the jet lag. As soon as you arrived from anywhere, you would immediately go to the temple and lecture, hardly showing any signs of fatigue.

Also, I would like to thank you for accepting me as one of your disciples, although I must apologize for not coming up to the standard. After all, having been initiated forty-three years ago, one would expect more from a disciple, i.e., more service, more realization, more leadership, etc. You explain that for one who is more materialistic it may take longer to come to the standard. This in itself is reassuring. It confirms the *Bhagavad-gītā śloka* (7.28), “After many, many births of executing pious activities, when one is completely freed from all contaminations, and from all illusory dualities, one becomes engaged in the transcendental loving service of the Lord.”

Of course, simply by sincerely chanting the holy names we can become free from all contamination. Lately, I have been

appreciating that Kṛṣṇa and His name are nondifferent, so that even if I do not “feel anything” when chanting, I can’t help but be associating with the Supreme Lord.

As we have seen many times you’ve shown your compassion and mercy towards many of our godsibling’s indiscretions. Please keep me in your service.

You quote Rūpa Gosvāmī in your *Nectar of Devotion*: “I simply wish and hope that some way or other I may be able to approach Your lotus feet, and this hope is giving me pain, because I think myself quite incompetent to approach that transcendental goal of life.” You then state: “The purport is that under this heading of *āśā-bandha*, one should continue to hope against hope that some way or other he will be able to approach the lotus feet of the Supreme Lord.”

In a similar way, I am hoping against hope to please you one day with sincere service. I was so fortunate to be engaged for some years in menial service to you, but have not done so for many years. You have given me so much; you saved me from a horrible material existence, provided many nice friends and a wonderful wife and daughter. I wish to repay you somehow. Now, I am approaching my *vānaprastha* years and I pray to you for direction on how to enter it and execute it successfully, so that I can again render some service to you. A tiny screw alone has no value, but it has its value when that screw, however small, is part of the machine.

I pray that some day I make you proud of this disciple of yours. Falling at your feet I beg to remain,

*Your humble servant life after life,*

Madhusūdana Dāsa

**Mālatī Devī Dāsī**

Dearest Śrīla Prabhupāda, our most holy lord and master,

Please accept my humbly offered obeisances at your lotus feet. All glories to you, Śrīla Prabhupāda! All glories to you!

O beloved master, you showered more mercy and compassion upon us, the misguided entities, then we ourselves could ever fathom. In a recently discovered unpublished letter to Hayagrīva Prabhu, dated March 22, 1972, you wrote:

I am now translating nightly, and each day Shyamasundar types the tape and Pradyumna is editing Sanskrit, so we shall be sending more and more material because you say that you can edit any amount we can supply, so I take that as a challenge and I shall try to see if you can keep up with me. [Isn’t this wonderful! Śrīla Prabhupāda has entered the arena and challenged his own disciples to match him! (The emphasis is mine.)] Yes, you are correct to say that “It is all nectar,” everything having relation with Kṛṣṇa or Lord Chaitanya is nectarine, and our literature in our line of Vaisnava acharyas is so nice that there is no comparison anywhere in the world for it, so I want that my disciples like you and others should take this task very seriously to give the world the access to this great treasure of Vaishnava literature by producing innumerable books and small booklets, and that *the force of literary influence will change everything and save the people from their miserable condition and corrupt status of life*. [Another amazing proclamation! Beyond any doubt, we have been given the real weapons to effect change and the order to do so!]

You write in the *Caitanya-caritāmṛta*, *Antya* 4.221, quoting your own Śrīla Prabhupāda, Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī Ṭhākura, as follows: “The attitude of the *karmīs* is always one of giving up the conclusion of pure Vaiṣṇava understanding. Because the *karmīs* are very much attached to the world and material activities, they always try to establish atheistic principles that oppose the understanding of the Vaiṣṇavas.” Your Śrīla Prabhupāda commented in his “Sixty-four Principles

of Community” that it is the duty of authentic Vaiṣṇavas to disregard such distractions while pushing on Lord Caitanya’s *saṅkīrtana* movement. In doing so, Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta writes, *we will undoubtedly disturb the influences of Māyā, which is necessary to success*. (Not a statement for the fainthearted! This is a real example of compassionate communication! [Again the emphasis is mine.]

Following your guru mahārāja, you conveyed the Absolute Truth in an uncompromising manner and handed ISKCON to us with great trust and hope that we would continue the *paramparā* lineage and deliver the unadulterated message of love of God to all unfortunate souls. You taught us the Vedic principles of *sanātana-dharma* to keep us on the path of transcendence. As such, we are dutybound to act with spiritual integrity on your behalf. Citing *śāstra*, you emphasized that there is no other process as effective in this age as chanting Hare Kṛṣṇa, yet we see how māyā is so bewildering that she can distract the mind of even a sincere practitioner toward insignificant, useless things, testing our strength and determination to remain committed to our faith, our vows, our loyalty, and our practices. We now observe compromise dressed in attractive roles pretending to be *bhakti* yet intent on its very destruction. You would often comment, “These things are going on.”

To one young aspiring disciple you wrote, “To succeed, you must have enthusiasm, determination, and patience. Each one of these three things must be there. If any one is missing, you will find the process difficult.”

May we always remain prayerful in our endeavors to keep your ISKCON in the forefront of the *saṅkīrtana* movement, thus always keeping your great contribution of loving compassion and mercy alive in the memory of the world at large in this Kali-yuga. Lord Kṛṣṇa blessed us with your presence, which

is without contamination. I pray for your continued guidance to remain enthusiastic, determined, and patiently fixed in your service, life after life. May we always remain blessed to celebrate your appearance on this planet by offering you some substantial service to help you “push on this mission.”

Always desiring to remain situated at your lotus feet,

*Your fallen dāsī,*

Mālatī Devī

**Nandakiśora Dāsa Adhikārī**

**“Something Tells Me”**

I think that just about everyone has at some time or other said to himself that “Something tells me I should or shouldn’t do ‘this’ or ‘that’.” To those of us who are Śrīla Prabhupāda’s disciples, having read the Second Canto of *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*, we know that it is not some “thing” but some “One”. It is the Supersoul form of the Supreme Lord within the heart, who is always dictating to us, the individual souls, within our individual hearts that we *should do this or not do that!* To very briefly get to the purport of this offering: it is quite obvious to us in ISKCON that His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupāda has been sent to teach us about our relationship with the Supersoul and how to reestablish that relationship.

“The Vedas, such as the *Muṇḍaka Upaniṣad*, as well as the *Śvetāśvatara Upaniṣad* compare the soul and the Supersoul to two friendly birds sitting on the same tree. One of the birds (the individual atomic soul) is eating the fruit of the tree and the other bird (Kṛṣṇa) is simply watching His friend. Of these two birds—although they are the same in quality—one is captivated by the fruits of the material tree, while the other is simply witnessing the activities of his friend. Kṛṣṇa is the witnessing bird, and Arjuna is the eating bird.” (*Bg. 2.22*, purport)

“Intelligence gives one direction like some higher authority, and the living being cannot see or move or eat or do anything without the use of intelligence. When one fails to take advantage of intelligence he becomes a deranged man, so a living being is dependent on intelligence or the direction of a superior being. Such intelligence is all-pervading. Every living being has his intelligence, and this intelligence, being the direction of some higher authority, is just like the father’s giving direction to his son. The higher authority, who is present and residing within every individual living being, is the Superself.” (*Bhāg. 2.2*, purport)

“It is not possible for a conditioned soul to directly meet Kṛṣṇa the Supreme Personality of Godhead, but if one becomes a sincere devotee and seriously engages in devotional service, Lord Kṛṣṇa sends an instructing spiritual master to show him favor and invoke his dormant propensity for serving the Supreme. The preceptor appears before the external senses of the fortunate conditioned soul, and at the same time the devotee is guided from within by the *caitya-guru*, Kṛṣṇa, who is seated as the spiritual master within the

heart of the living entity.” (*Cc. Ādi 1.59*, purport)

“One should not take any responsibility on his own but should be a soul surrendered to the Supreme Personality of Godhead, who will then give him dictation as *caitya-guru* or the spiritual master within. The Supreme Personality of Godhead is pleased to guide a devotee from within and without. From within He guides him as the Supersoul, and from without he guides him as the spiritual master.” (*Cc. Ādi 8.79*, purport)

**Reporter:** What do you try and teach, sir?

**Śrīla Prabhupāda:** I am trying to teach what you have forgotten.

**Devotees:** Haribol! Hare Kṛṣṇa!

**Reporter:** Which is what?

**Śrīla Prabhupāda:** That is God. Some of you are saying there is no God, some of you are saying God is dead, and some of you are saying God is impersonal or void. These are all nonsense. I want to teach all these nonsense that there is God. That is my mission.” (*Arrival Address, London, September 11, 1969*)

*Thank you, Śrīla Prabhupāda!*

*Thank You, Lord Viṣṇu Supersoul!*

Nandakiśora Dāsa Adhikārī

**Patita-pāvana Dāsa**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my prostrated obeisances at your divine lotus feet.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, as I lie here before you, I have the distinct impression that you are looking into my heart. My desperate attempts at sense gratification, my vain attempts to enjoy this material body — a bag of stool and urine — have not gone unnoticed by you.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, as one of your more dull disciples, I have always secretly believed in my heart that I could find happiness in this world. For many years — working hard day and night — I have tried my best to serve my demanding but very ungrateful senses. At this time in my life, however, being tormented by the aches and pains of an ageing body, being tortured by the dissolution of relationships I secretly hoped would never end, and feeling Yamarāja — the god of death — breathing heavily down my neck, it has become clear to me that unless I take shelter of your divine lotus feet, I am destined to burn in the pits of an unforgiving hell.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, as I bow here before you — haunted by the past and terrified of the future — my prayer to you is that as a dog can be controlled by the use of an ordinary cane, so you please use your transcendental cane to beat my doggish mind into submission to your divine lotus feet.

Thank you for your mercy and your blessings.

*Your aspiring servant,*

Patita-pāvana Dāsa

**Patita Pāvana Dāsa Adhikārī (Patita Uddhāraṇa Dāsa)**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

My beloved spiritual master, you are my life, my heart and soul. You are all I have and all I wish for. I beg to offer you my humble *daṇḍavats* one thousand and eight times and then again and again. Let me spend my entire life in offering obeisances unto your lotus feet.

I recall that when I became your fortunate disciple in 1968, I wrote an epic poem about coming to your lotus feet. You wrote in the margin, "Very nice!", and then wrote me that you had sent it to Back to Godhead to publish. Naturally, I was encouraged, and so a few years later, in 1971, in Brooklyn, I offered Your Divine Grace a notebook of handwritten poetry. You shed your brilliant rays of light upon me and embraced the notebook to your chest over and over again, turning it this way

and that. You kept calling me "poet", saying that this is one of the qualifications of a devotee.

Even more encouraged, I set out to write Lord Caitanya's life in poetry. So some years later, in 1976, on the rooftop of your apartment in Bombay, I told you about this epic poem in iambic heptameter with proper rhymes as per your preference, and that it would be completed in maybe two thousand verses. At that point you beamed like two thousand suns. It is an indescribable experience to see you smile in that way, like being bathed in the transcendental light of Vaikuṅṭha. How I cherish your smile, as I have learned to also cherish also your chastisements over the years. What is pleasing you is all that is important to us, your disciples.

For the most blessed event of Vyāsa-pūjā 2010, I beg to offer a few verses of that project, which in your glorious service, is still ongoing and has yet to be published.

**LORD CAITANYA'S LIFE IN POETRY**

**Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa in the Spiritual Sky**

Beyond this world of birth and death is found another land;  
Where Kṛṣṇa, the eternal Lord, holds Rādhārāṇī's hand.

Eternal lovers share a bliss that's never touched by time.  
The sovereign Godhead and His Consort, passion shared sublime.

Lord Kṛṣṇa lets His flute notes trill to charm this cowherd maid;  
Woodlands dance in euphony, while rivulets cascade.

Most favoured of all cowherd damsels is Śrī Rādhā fair;  
Her skin is bright as molten gold and raven is Her hair.

Śrī Rādhā's love for Kṛṣṇa contrasts courtship of these haunts,  
Where sinful schemes and lusty dreams are stirred by selfish wants.

Lord Kṛṣṇa's love for Rādhā is like nothing of this world.  
No man can comprehend how much He loves this cowherd girl.

Now poised, She hovers at His feet to tender flowers there.  
Śrī Rādhā gives undying love, devotion is her prayer.

He gazes into Rādhā's eyes, to please Him She desires,  
And in His noble heart a hundred questions She inspires.

"Śrī Rādhā is perfection of devotion unto Me.  
Which soul-surrendered servant has a heart as soft as She?

When I am not beside My love, Her heart is filled with dread.  
She feels each moment as twelve years, a path of anguish tread.

I wonder why She worships Me, what qualities have I;  
That union with Myself alone will Rādhā satisfy?

Which attribute enchants Her when She looks upon My face;  
Or hears My mellow flute notes calling from a distant place?

I yearn to sweetly savour love She's harbouring for Me,  
Her mood of love I'd need adopt those qualities to see.

Can I begin to comprehend these feelings in Her heart?  
My Own devotee I would be to understand Her part!"

Thus Kṛṣṇa puzzled over Rādhārāṇī's loving grace.  
And wondered what She felt within when lost in His embrace!

**Śrī Kṛṣṇa Appears as Śrī Caitanya**

When nectar waters churned, 'tis said, the lunar orb appeared.  
The ocean gave birth to the moon, so goes the tale we've heard.

Śrī Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa's churning love produced a higher gift,  
Mahāprabhu, Whose love's so pure that universes lift!

All people raised their arms up high to drink His gracious love,  
While nectar inundated earth from Kṛṣṇa's land above!

The Lord descended from Goloka upon these mundane planes,  
A Saviour of all fallen souls, releasing us from chains.

Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu, *avatāra* of gold,  
Five thousand years ago, Vyāsadeva His birth foretold.

The *Śrīmad-Bhāgavata śāstra*, pure and spotless on each page,  
Predicted that the Lord would come to cast off Kali's Age.

The iron age of darkness, blacker than a moonless night,  
Would see the advent of our Lord, golden-colored, ever-bright.

In serving mood He chanted, swooned, in *sannyāsa*-saffron dressed.  
He sang the *mahā-mantra* loud, all souls who saw Him, blessed.

*Saṅkīrtana-yajña*, He declared, will save the world from *kāma*,  
He fell into a trance of love through chanting *hari-nāma*.

In Rādhārāṇī's humour Kṛṣṇa to the fallen came,  
While those of us whose wits are keen will worship Kṛṣṇa's name.

How simple its become to win the zenith of life's goal,  
One only need devote his life, God's glories to extol.

Śrī Caitanya understood the changes Rādhā undergoes,  
And thus it came to pass Śrī Kṛṣṇa felt the love She knows.

And when our hearts are purified and freed from bonds of sin,  
A loving mood for Kṛṣṇa's fathomed by the soul within.

And those who want this benediction, highest of the high,  
Will offer service unto God, His senses satisfy.

Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Hare Hare  
Hare Rāma Hare Rāma Rāma Rāma Hare Hare

### Śrī Caitanya's Appearance

The eighteenth day of February, 1486,  
The Lord appeared at sunset while the moon eclipsed.

The moon, you see, was shy and hid his pock-marked face from sight.  
While spotless, golden Gaura-candra 'peared on earth that night.

He took His birth in Māyāpur, the center of nine isles,  
Devotees chanted "Hari bol", their faces lit with smiles.

The village folk were bathing in the Bhāgīrathī stream,  
While in the house of Mother Śacī, 'neath a tree of *neem*,

The pious-hearted Jagannātha, Vaiṣṇava Brahmin mild,  
Beheld with father's reverence the luster of his Child.

Śrī Śacī's father Nīlāmbara, star-gazer of renown,  
Observed the Baby's planets were in prime position found.

He called the Baby "Viśvambhara", Maintainer of the spheres,  
The mystic sage saw through the veil that falls when God appears.

Śrī Śacī Mātā styled Him Nimāi for the *neem* tree there.  
She prayed that *neem* tree's bitter taste the god of death would scare.

For ominous Lord Yamarāja had snatched eight from her breast.  
She thus protected Nimāi from all inauspiciousness.

### Babyhood Līlā

The Child would often rain down tears, His weeping uncontrolled,  
Until the village ladies sweetly warbled "Hari bol!"

Thus friends and family found their joy enhanced a thousand fold,  
Prophetic incidents, His transcendental fate foretold.

As time flew past — to test the Child — the people gathered 'round.  
And placed before Him clods of earth; some gold and silver found;

A volume of the *Bhāgavatam*, some paddy from the field;  
What choice would Baby Nimāi make, His future thus revealed?

When, lo! The village folk beheld Him reach out tiny palm,  
And show His future task in life by grasping *Bhāgavatam*!

Once when the Lord was found reclining on a serpent coiled,  
A cry was raised for fear that the Child's life mission would be spoiled.

The serpent slowly slithered off, and left the Child alone,  
That *nāga* was Anantadeva, Lord Viṣṇu's serpent throne.

Once, while the Lord was playing, dressed in regal opulence,  
Two evil-minded thieves approached to steal His ornaments.

Their sinful hands snatched up the Babe, they carried Him away;  
The disappearance of her Child caused Śacī great dismay.

Upon those rogues the Babe deployed His powers to delude;  
They accidentally brought Him back to Śacī's gratitude.

One cheats himself and not the Lord through blunders of false pride,  
Yet fortunate the criminals who gave the Child a ride!

Would come the day when this small Babe in ecstasy would dance,  
And quench the thirst of parched throats with *mahā-mantra* chants:

Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Hare Hare  
Hare Rāma Hare Rāma Rāma Rāma Hare Hare

#### Nimāi's Mysterious Footprint

Once Jagannātha requested his young Lad to fetch a book;  
The Boy ran off to shelves of texts to have a careful look.

Before that wondrous Infant had His father's text secured,  
Kind Jagannātha and Śacī marvelled at a sound they heard.

A ring of silver ankle bells had come from who-knows-where;  
This puzzled Nimāi's pious parents for his feet were bare.

When Nimāi ran into the yard, they glanced upon the floor;  
Astonished parents gazed at prints of feet unseen before.

The marks of flag, of bolt, and goad were proof of Kṛṣṇa's print,  
Yet thinking that their Deity to give encouragement,

Had left them while He walked about, His qualities displayed,  
Unto the footprints of their Son, the two obeisance made!

#### The Lord Eats Clay

Another time the Child was offered rice of *ghee* and sweet;  
Refusing this the Boy instead partook of earth to eat.

Observing this, His mother Śacī snatched from Him the clay;  
Bewildered, naughty Nimāi asked, "Why did you take away...."

"....this feast that I was relishing, I think that there's no harm  
In eating dirt for from this substance rice has been transformed!"

The consort of a *paṇḍita*, Śacī was quite bright  
And quick to give contrary Nimāi information right,

Said Nimāi's mother with a frown, "The difference can't you see?  
All things in Nature have their use, some single specialty.

"Glazed clay when in a pitcher's shape is called a water pot,  
But when it's formed as building blocks another use it's got.

"To eat the soil produced of earth the health is undermined,  
While eating rice is nourishing for all of human kind."

The Child submitted and admitted Śacī to be right.  
His banquet came from Śacī's breast much to her delight.

#### The Pilgrim's Offering

'Twas sometime after that a Brahmin came to Jagannātha,  
Accepting from the master residence within his house.

With humble cultured manners Jagannātha received his guest,  
Quite naturally he wanted to maintain the pilgrim best.

The Brahmin cooked as usual a bland and staple dish,  
To offer rice to Kṛṣṇa was this humble *bhakta's* wish.

He meditated on the *mūrti* of Śrī Bāla Gopāla;  
 Respectful prayers of honest love were more than ritual.

Unseen the Child appeared before the praying was complete,  
 And from this Brahmin's dish of rice the Child began to eat.

Now, when an off'ring's gluttonised before the prayers have ceased,  
 It's not accepted by Śrī Mūrti, slighted and displeased.

So when that high-souled holy man had found the Child did steal,  
 His offering of rice intended as the Mūrti's meal,

He felt disappointed at the naughty Infant's "crime",  
 Yet still he took on the task of cooking rice a second time.

Then when the second plate of rice was finally prepared,  
 The Brahmin set the Lord's plate out — how lovingly he cared!

With meditation on the Lord, he offered food to God,  
 With eyes closed tight he asked Him, "Come and eat Your rice *prasāda*."

Unnoticed Nimāi's conduct caused the same mishap again.  
 He pirated this plate as well, much to his folks' chagrin.

His brother Viśvarūpa impelled the guest to cook once more,  
 It wasn't until midnight that he'd finished up the chore.

Within a bolted neighbor's house the child was placed this time,  
 But somehow through a compound gateway agile Nimāi climbed.

Bewildered was the Brahmin when again the boy appeared.  
 Recalling how the Lad had twice before that interfered.

He contemplated calling Nimāi's folks from sleeping state,  
 But Nimāi told the Brahmin that his cries for help must wait.

The Child contended, "My dear sage, you call Me with your prayer,  
 Yet when I come to eat My feast, I'm not allowed a share!"

With greatest mercy Nimāi blessed the wanderer that night;

The child revealed Himself as Kṛṣṇa to the guest's delight.  
 The Brahmin promised he'd keep secret what the Child had shown;  
 Absorbed in ecstasy the sage made Navadvīpa his home.

And often he would come to visit Miśra's residence  
 To offer veneration unto blessed occupants.

### Nimāi Learns The Sanskrit Alphabet

The time was nigh for Nimāi to be taught the alphabet.  
 He learned the letters at first sight and never would forget

His daily lessons; hence it wasn't long before Nimāi  
 Could write out Kṛṣṇa's many names and teachers satisfy.

The Child sang Gopāla Kṛṣṇa's names like nectar rivers flow  
 Upon the planets of the Gods where lotus blossoms grow.

A transcendental pleasure for His folks at home who heard  
 Their Son sing sweetly Kṛṣṇa names, His mission undeterred,

Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Hare Hare  
 Hare Rāma Hare Rāma Rāma Rāma Hare Hare.

### An Offering on Ekādaśī

Once on *ekādaśī*, a day observed by rigid fast,  
 The Child amazed His fam'ly members by the things He asked.

He wouldn't cease His temper tantrums 'till a feast prepared,  
 As presentation to the Lord with hungry Nimāi shared.

And how He was aware of this, His mother could not say,  
 Those holy foods for worship meant were cooked two miles away.

The Brahmin cooks Hiraṇya and his comrade, Jagadīśa,  
 Were likewise most astonished Nimāi knew about their feast.

The Lord just wanted foodstuffs that were offered unto Him,

For the Lord to eat on fasting days is neither sin nor whim.

He tells us in the *Gītā*, “Make all offerings unto Me.”  
Though *bhaktas* must restrict their senses on *ekādaśī*.

### Mischief at the Bathing Ghāṭa

Young girls who worshipped Śiva to obtain a husband true,  
Were most upset by Nimāi and the antics He would do.

He told them they should worship Him to have their wanted gain,  
“Lord Śiva’s My devotee,” Nimāi honestly explained.

“And if you fail to trust to Me such issues of your life,  
You’ll get a spouse with seven children by a former wife!”

Some girls surrendered to the Lord, though apprehendingly,  
While others turned to Him with loving spontaneity.

Annoying *paṇḍitas* was an art then mastered by the Boy.  
Bothering bathing Brahmins was by far His favorite joy.

“I am the object of your prayer and penance,” He would shout.  
The Brahmins could not meditate while Nimāi splashed about.

They quickly formed a body to report this prankish Son,  
And marched unto His father’s house to tell what Nimāi’d done.

Now meanwhile Nimāi’d left the *ghāṭa*, a student free from care.  
His father and the *paṇḍitas* searched but found the Lad nowhere.

For he had hurried home arriving by another way,  
His hands of spotted ink disproved what *paṇḍitas* had to say.

He looked as though He’d just arrived there from the village school.  
How could His hands have spots of ink if He’d been in the pool?

### Miraculous Nimāi

Once Śacī Devī swooned when Nimāi touched her with His hand,  
“Get milk of coconuts to rouse her,” came her friends command.

The ladies were astonished when He brought to them a pair,  
For coconuts were out of season, all the trees were bare.

The miracles the Lord displayed would lead the folks to guess  
That He must be the Son of Nanda in some other dress.

Such transcendental cognizance the Lord alone imparts;  
He smears devotees’ eyes with love while sitting in their hearts.

### Meeting Lakṣmīpriyā

Once while our Hero Nimāi walked the holy Gaṅgā’s side,  
He encountered Lakṣmīpriyā destined as His bride.

Intent on offering flow’rs fresh to God on Gaṅgā’s bank,  
She’d brought along sweet lotus buds the Lord Supreme to thank.

But when she recognized Viśvambhara as the apple of her eye,  
She took her string of lotus buds and garlanded Nimāi.

And from the very moment of their meeting She adored,  
He was none other than her Master and her Eternal Lord.

Whene’er the Energetic comes, His consort comes as well;  
The Potent and the Potency united ever dwell.

### A Father’s Dream

One night while Miśra lay in bed a spirit came to him  
To warn him not to chastise Nimāi with strict discipline.

Surprised, he challenged, “Your words are most defiled.”  
For when a father spares the rod, he spoils his growing child.”



Ignoring warnings, Jagannātha knew how to treat his Boy.  
To see a father's natural love, the spirit left in joy.

### Viśvarūpa Takes Sannyāsa

The Lord feared no one but His elder brother Viśvarūpa,  
Who spent his time at Śrī Advaita's Sanskrit study group.

Devoted in their hearts, these students of the ancient tongue,  
Lived only for the *līlās* of the ancient *Bhāgavatam*.

When visiting Advaita's *ṭol*, He was the axis of their eyes,  
And Viśvarūpa knew Nimāi to be Kṛṣṇa in disguise.

His stand among the students and religious discourse ceased;  
By hearing Nimāi's words of wisdom polished priests were pleased.

And Viśvarūpa renounced he world on matrimony's eve;  
He left his family, friends, and kin in solitude to grieve.

His friends desired to follow him in prints he'd left behind;  
In off'ring consolation, Śrī Advaita was to find

The words explaining that he felt a thrill to end all cares,  
For Kṛṣṇa would be coming soon in answer to their prayers.

### The Cooking Pots

When brother Viśvarūpa took up the *svāmī sannyāsa* staff,  
Beyond His youthful stage of playing pranks young Nimāi passed.

He soothed His parents with sweet words, while books took up his days,  
And seeing His swift advancement, every *paṇḍita* was amazed.

But Nimāi's father felt uneasy for this talent shown,  
For was it not through study Viśvarūpa renounced his home?

To keep at bay renunciation from Nimāi's bright mind  
From reading, study, and the like our Hero was confined.

The Lord was shaken by this rule, and Śacī found her Son  
In tears atop old cooking pots, so dejected, whereupon

She asked Him nicely to step down from that "unholy heap."  
The Lord replied to Mother Śacī, rooted to His seat,

"How could this place be dirty when these pots were all employed  
In cooking food for Kṛṣṇa by devotees unalloyed?"

"But even if they are unclean, My touch will make them pure;  
Conceptions such as foul or fair to Spirit don't occur."

And Śacī was surprised He spoke such truthful words with ease,  
She took Her son to have a bath within the River Ganges.

### At School

Young Nimāi was of course of Brahmin stock and Brahmin bred.  
In time His father had Him vested with the sacred thread.

The Lad became a student in the school of Gaṅgādāsa.  
The teacher and his pupils found His scholarship first class.

Mukunda Datta, Murāri Gupta, and others of the *ṭol*  
Saw Nimāi as the best young *paṇḍita* hailing from Bengal.

His folks still feared that He's renounce them, leaving them alone;  
They prayed to God that He would marry and remain at home.

And when they saw their Darling look at them with loving eyes,  
Forgetting cares He might depart, their joy reached to the skies.

....to be continued.

Patit Pāvana Dāsa Adhikārī (Patita Uddhāraṇa Dāsa)

**Arundhati Dāsī**

To my dearmost beloved *guru*, Śrīla Prabhupāda, on the anniversary of your appearance, 2010.

How can words describe the gift you have given me? I want to thank you a billion times over, as you really gave me my life. You gave me my purpose for being. I know you are still here, as when I think of you and call to you sincerely, I can feel your presence. I feel I am an unworthy disciple of yours, but in spite of that, I know you still love me. I pray that I may be of service to you in the coming years, hopefully through spreading the glories of the holy names, as you and Lord Kṛṣṇa have given me that gift. By your grace, much can be achieved. When one has a desire to serve, you will help and empower that person.

My dear Gurudeva, on this most special day of your appearance in the world, I offer you my deepest gratitude. You took such great risks to spread Lord Caitanya’s movement to the Western world. You came to us with nothing except love of Godhead, which in fact is everything — you gave it freely to us all, because you have infinite mercy, just like Lord Kṛṣṇa.

On a more personal note, you allowed me to be your cook. I remember you telling me to learn to cook like Śrīmatī Rādhārāṇī, who pleases Kṛṣṇa so much by her delicious offerings. How wonderful it was to be able to prepare your meals, especially your favorites like *sukta* and *bhatti chachuri*, and to bring in your plates and hear your comments on the *prasāda*.

You also kindly gave me the opportunity to hear your transcendental words through the dictaphone and to transcribe the tapes and thus hear the transcendental teachings from you directly. I am an unworthy disciple, but still you showered your grace. I had a strong desire to be with you constantly, and you fulfilled that desire by inviting me onto your entourage, along

with Aniruddha, to be engaged in your service. How fortunate I was to have your association in that way, and I still am.

I pray that I may be of service to you in whatever way you choose in this lifetime, Śrīla Prabhupāda. I am now completing a *kīrtana* CD. I hope that by that I will be able to do my little bit to spread your glories and fulfill Lord Caitanya’s prediction that the chanting of Hare Kṛṣṇa be sung in every town and village.

All glories to you and your appearance in this world!

*Your daughter and aspiring servant,*

Arundhati Dāsī

**Dhanañjaya Dāsa and Bāla Gopāla Devī Dāsī**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept our humble obeisances at your holy lotus feet.

We are presently situated here in Amsterdam, somehow trying to push on your glorious movement and feebly attempting to make a dent in the thick Kali-yuga atmosphere permeating this sinful city.

Kali personified is certainly conspicuous by his presence and regularly even well-trained devotees fall under his sway. We feel incredibly vulnerable to the waves of *māyā* that ripple through the canals and streets and length and breadth of this “Venice of the North”.

The only counteracting defence to total defeat is *harinām-saṅkīrtana*, taking shelter of Hare Kṛṣṇa, Hare Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa, Hare Hare/ Hare Rāma, Hare Rāma, Rāma Rāma, Hare Hare, and the Sunday Feast program, where lost souls enthusiastically join in our *kīrtanas* and honour *kṛṣṇa-prasāda*.

Amsterdam is one of the places you visited in 1972 and we strongly desire to help re-establish a thriving temple and a fixed up devotee and congregational community.

We have been given a head start by your loving son and daughter, Hari Kṛṣṇa Dāsa and Marutvatī Devī Dāsī, who purchased a property for the sole purpose of turning it into an ISKCON temple and Vaishnava cultural centre in a very nice location in East Amsterdam. We are also indebted to Baladeva Dāsa for giving us so much support.

We are in the process of fund-raising for the new temple project and by your causeless mercy, hopefully by this time next year we will have a temple you will be proud of.

We miss you Śrīla Prabhupāda.

Yes, we can rationalize that you are there in your instructions, books, audio recordings, and film footage. But we miss your words of encouragement, personal dealings, your chastisement for our spiritual benefit, even sometimes allowing us to chastise you, taking *prasāda* with you, arguing with you, your special humorous stories, your love for us and our children — these are only a few examples of how much we miss you.

Our link with you is through our devotional service. Our comforting thought is that you are our ever well-wisher. Please allow us to continue serving you life after life after life.

*Your aspiring servants,*

Dhanañjaya Dāsa and Bāla Gopāla Devī Dāsī

**Jāhnavā Devī Dāsī**

All glories to Your Divine Grace, Śrīla Prabhupāda!

Every day during *guru-pūjā*, devotees worldwide aspire for pure devotional service in Lord Caitanya’s *saṅkīrtana* movement and address Your Divine Grace as “Our spiritual master.” Then, annually during Vyāsa-pūjā, we celebrate your birth by remembering your glorious qualities and activities.

In our meditation, we worship your first footstep from the Jaladuta at Boston’s Pier #5 on September 17, 1965, and place a garland made of delicate ginger flowers at your feet. Around your neck we place many fragrant garlands of jasmine, gardenia, and *campaka* flowers. Upon your forehead we dab moist sandalwood paste tinted golden with saffron. We offer 108 black marble plates filled with many varieties of delectable foodstuffs, such as fancy rice, ginger pickle, creamy *mung dāl*, *kachoris*, tomato chutney, cauliflower, potato *subji*, *purīs*, *halavā*, sweet rice, and *gulab-jāmun*s. We then distribute the remnants to all crowding to glimpse your smiles of satisfaction. In their meditation, tides of forthcoming generations will salute you with songs of joy and praise, dancing with upraised arms, for you are our only hope for Kṛṣṇa consciousness, the common denominator of our love of God.

At your first meeting, your spiritual preceptor, Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī Gosvāmī, ordered you to “preach Lord Caitanya Mahāprabhu’s message throughout the whole world.” We continually welcome your victorious arrival in Boston, which is the very blessing of your spiritual master upon us, made possible by the venerable Sumati Morarji.

“We think that we have met Your Goodness by the will of providence, just so that we may accept you as captain of the ship for those who desire to cross the difficult ocean of Kali,

which deteriorates all the good qualities of a human being.” (*Bhāgavatam* 1.1.22)

As Lord Caitanya’s ambassador of *bhakti-yoga*, you deliver the *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*, the magnanimous book incarnation of the Supreme Personality of Godhead. “It is imperative that one should learn the *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* from the person *Bhāgavatam*. The person *Bhāgavatam* is one whose very life is practical *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*.” (*Bhāgavatam*, Introduction)

Therefore, these two unconquerable *Bhāgavatas* have descended to clearly present the truth of our material entanglement and to give us a sublime alternative: the teachings of Lord Caitanya. We pledge our willingness to hear and spread your sacred message. There is no sense in changing any of your numerous instructions. Instead, we must change our hearts in order to assist you in fulfilling your spiritual master’s order to change the consciousness of the world.

Never before in the West has our speculative impersonalism and concocted voidism been defeated. Now, brilliant as the sun, you burn up all opposition by propagating the holy name and fame of the Supreme Personality of Godhead to every town and village.

At every moment — with every breath, with every step, with every thought — you maintain your determination to carry out the order given to you by your beloved guru mahārāja. O eternal preceptor and *ācārya*, please bestow your blessings upon us, so that we many become qualified to render pure devotional service to Śrī Śrī Rādhā-Govinda, Whose transcendental love is beyond compare.

*Eternally your servant,*

Jāhnavā Devī Dāsī

**Kauśalya Devī Dāsī**

It’s been forty-two years since we met, the young sixteen year old hippie girl living in Hawaii and the wise sage we all know as Śrīla Prabhupāda. Yet his words, deeds, and awesome presence still inform my life today.

I was seeking the answers to life’s greatest questions when he entered my life through the most mystical of occurrences. I was meditating on the beach, when a flier, carried on the warm ocean breeze, came to rest on my leg. It announced that an Indian *guru*, A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami, would be lecturing on the *Bhagavad-gītā* at Sunset Point. Had the universe just sent me a message? I went to hear what the Swami had to say... and it was love at first sight!

After his talk, Śrīla Prabhupāda invited me to come and visit him at the apartment where he was staying with Govinda Dāsī, Gaurasundara Dāsa, and Kārtikeya Dāsa. When we sat together in his room, I knew I was in the presence of a great soul, and yet his charming, warm, and loving personality made me immediately comfortable. It was an open and honest exchange and I felt like I could tell him anything, so we talked for a long time about many subjects.

He offered to share his snack of sugar cane and taught me how to chew on the canes to suck out the juice. A definite life lesson at first meeting! He showed me his record album (which I had heard before) and his newly published *Bhagavad-gītā*. He compared it to my *Bhagavad-gītā* (a constant companion since I was fourteen) by looking up a few verses and then declaring with complete confidence, “Mine is better.”

I told him about my experiences with LSD, which I used as a sacrament for self-realization, and that I saw Kṛṣṇa on many of my psychedelic trips. Instead of being judgmental, he was

concerned for my welfare and said, “It is not the LSD. You see Kṛṣṇa because He loves you and shows favor on you.” When it was finally time for me to leave, I was surprised by the sense of loss I was feeling — our time together had been sweet! Shortly after that meeting, I knew that he was the spiritual master I had been looking for.

A few months later, I flew to Los Angeles to join the temple. It was only a few weeks after my arrival that we met again. This time, I was wearing a *sārī* and *tilaka* but he recognized me and said, “We met in Hawaii. I’m glad you’ve come.” It was 1968 and thus began a decade of my life that I will always cherish.

One of my favorite things about Śrīla Prabhupāda was his sense of humor. When he gave me my first initiation he added a fifth regulative principle with a sly smile, “No LSD.” The roomful of devotees erupted with laughter.

In 1970, I was asked to join the group of devotees going to India. When we landed, I felt like I was home again. There are more heavenly stories of Śrīla Prabhupāda from those early days in India than can be shared in this tribute. I was very blessed to be able to spend so much time with him! But there is one story I wish to share that informs my life on a daily basis.

It was the first Māyāpur festival and I had become the subject of some petty gossip. I went to see Śrīla Prabhupāda and told him I felt hurt by some of the things people were saying about me and asked if I could shave my head and move to Bhaktivinoda Ṭhākura’s women’s *āśrama* — I wanted to be alone and find peace. But this is what he told me: “No, you may not go. I want you to stay here with me — you can cook for me and I will protect you. But Kauśalya, you must know, you are looking for a calm sea and you will not find it here in this material world. When you are back home with Kṛṣṇa,

you will find it there. But you have a strong captain on this journey...so what is the difficulty?"

He was so kind. He never asked what was being said or if any of it was true. It didn't matter to him; he just wanted to take away my suffering, and he did. And this is one of the many lessons Prabhupāda taught me that I carry with me today. In life, there is no calm sea — we must ride the waves of happiness and distress, sickness and health, gain and loss, but with our beloved *gurudeva* as the captain of our ship, we can sail peacefully through this life.

*All glories to Śrīla Prabhupāda!*

Kauśalya Devī Dāsī

**Kulaśekhara Dāsa**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my *daṇḍavat praṇāms*.

If I could turn back the clock to a moment in time that I shared with you, my first choice would be the afternoon at John Lennon's estate when we recorded the *Śikṣāṣṭaka*, sitting in your tiny cottage room that was stark with almost no furnishings whatsoever. You taught me my first drum beat: *boom – tuk a ta, boom – tuk a ta, boom – tuk a ta, boom*. I asked you to play the *tamburā* and what resulted was the most intense, moody, transcendental recording of the *Śikṣāṣṭaka*.

The whole time you were singing, I was terrified I would go off beat. Puruṣottama Dāsa played the *karatālas* and worked the recorder. At times, I felt like I was out in the universe somewhere and the beats and your voice were floating free, detached from the reality of that small room, and I clung on with all my attention to those few beats: *boom – tuk a ta*.

Another time would be when you fell asleep on me while I was massaging you, letting you sleep for five minutes at a time, cradled in my arms, bare chest to bare chest. Too neophyte to be anything but innocent, I was just concerned for your need to rest.

I vividly remember you screaming at me for singing "*mānasa, deha, geha*" in Bengali.

"Why do you waste your time singing these songs?!" you screamed at me. "You do not understand...no one else understands!" I said, "Do you mean we should sing these songs in the English language, Prabhupāda?" "They must understand!" you explained. It was then that I realized that you had spent your whole life learning English to be able to

translate these messages into English for our understanding, and here I was, a Cockney kid who only spoke English, trying to sing in very bad Bengali.

After my ticket was stolen and I was stranded in Germany (instead of being one of the first twenty devotees to go on the first India trip with you), you personally paid for my round-trip ticket from London to Boston to work at ISKCON Press.

When I arrived in Māyāpur for Gaura-pūrṇimā in 1973, I became very sick, to the point where I couldn't get out of my sleeping bag. You arrived and took a tour of the new building with an entourage of about forty devotees. When you got to the first floor, you came over to where I was staying and looked down at me lying in my filth with such compassion. "You will be OK now," you said. The next morning, on Gaura-pūrṇimā, I was up, still a little shaky, but well and on *parikramā*.

In fact, Śrīla Prabhupāda, there are a thousand moments, minutes, hours that I shared with you personally: you jested and instructed, chastised, and encouraged me, but always with such absolute love and compassion. Now I am an old man with medical problems, aches and pains, concerned for my well-being and sustenance. But when I measure myself up against you and what you attempted and achieved while being older than me, I am ashamed. I still struggle to chant my rounds. All I care about is the welfare of my body. I make no attempts to spread the rays of Lord Caitanya's Golden Moon. In fact, I and my life are worthless except for the fact that once I shared time with you on this planet and was able to render you a little service. I love and miss you with all my heart, Śrīla Prabhupāda.

*Sincerely,*

Kulaśekhara Dāsa

**Svarūpa Dāsa**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Before I came into contact with your teachings, I was very unhappy, very confused, and frightened. I didn't understand why there was so much suffering in the world. Everywhere I turned, I saw cruelty and pain, misery and hopelessness. Nothing made sense to me. Nothing seemed to have any meaning. I had no idea what my life was meant for.

Like everyone around me, I tried to find some satisfaction in sense enjoyment, but my feeble attempts were always met with frustration. I constantly felt like something was missing. I looked for answers in the writings of mundane philosophers and charlatan *gurus*. I sought enlightenment by smoking *gañjā* and taking LSD, but instead of having any spiritual realizations, I only became more perplexed and entangled in material life.

Just when I was about to give up any shred of hope, I found a copy of *Back to Godhead* magazine in the summer of 1969. Every word and every picture struck a chord so deep within me and I knew that I had found what I was looking for. I had found the Absolute Truth. I was immediately convinced that you were the perfect spiritual master and I knew that I had to become your disciple. I began visiting the temple at Second Avenue in New York City and soon after I moved in.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, you saved me from a life of misery and ignorance. You gave me hope. By your mercy the seed of *bhakti* was planted in my heart and from that moment there was no turning back. I continue to stumble and succumb to the illusory energy but by your grace I have never lost faith and hope and every day of my life I feel so much gratitude and appreciation for being delivered by you into the light of Kṛṣṇa consciousness.

It is customary for the disciple to express his appreciation for his *guru* on Vyāsa-pūjā and my only wish is for you to accept this poor fallen beggar’s offering at your lotus feet on this auspicious day celebrating your appearance in this world.

Your servant,

Svarūpa Dāsa

**Aditi Devī Dāsī**

My dearest Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances with my head at your beautiful golden lotus feet. They are my shelter and refuge.

Since your physical departure, Śrīla Prabhupāda, and with the passage of so many years, I have had many realizations, and my appreciation for you has grown with each succeeding year. My appreciation for my godbrothers, godsisters, and your grand-disciples has also grown, for so many years they have faithfully continued to serve you and your mission. For those who “fell” from their positions, let us never forget the years of unalloyed service they devoted to you. Many of them did more in those few years than the rest of us could imagine doing in many lifetimes. As your long lost sheep, let us encourage them to return to your shelter and continue their service to you even in this lifetime.

You were physically present in my life for seven years, from 1970 to 1977. Those were the best years of my life — the golden years in London, Paris, and India. Of those seven years, 1974 was especially golden because that year I went to India for the first time. I saw you in Māyāpur, your “place of worship”, at the Gaura-pūrṇimā festival. Following that festival, many devotees went by train to Vṛndāvana, “your home”, for the 1974 Vṛndāvana festival which was held at Fogel Ashrama. During an evening *darśana* in your home, you told Yamunā Devī Dāsī that we should leave the upstairs room at the Rādhā-Dāmodara temple where Yamunā, Madirā, and I stayed, and come and live at the “ranch”. Yamunā asked where we would stay, and you said, “You will stay here in my house.” So after the festival I spent many days, weeks, and months taking care of your house in Ramaṇa-reti while the temple was

being completed. You were very relaxed in Vṛndāvana, and my godsister, Vanamālini, would offer you *guru-pūjā* in the morning in your *darśana* room. She would sing her heart out to you, and you graciously received her offering; your face lit up with a big smile.

In retrospect, I am becoming more and more appreciative of your profound humility, your endless compassion, and your unbending determination. Please forgive us, Śrīla Prabhupāda, for you were so humble and we were so inexperienced that we did not know how to properly worship you. And when we finally were beginning to understand your exalted position and how we should worship you, you departed from this material world.

I would like to cite some examples of your humility and beg your forgiveness for our lack of proper behavior. In the early days, you waited in line with your young followers to take a shower. You cooked for them, and then they would all depart their separate ways and you were left to wash the pots. You stayed in places and with people some of whom most of us would reject. Yet you carried on your preaching work despite any and all difficulties. You took the order of Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī Ṭhākura to preach Kṛṣṇa consciousness in the western world in English as your life and soul. But how would you accomplish such an order? With tears in your eyes, first as a *grhastha* and then as a *sannyāsī*, you would chant your rounds in front of Gaura-Nitāi, asking for Their mercy to help you carry out your spiritual master’s order. You began your monumental task of translating the *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* into English, and you personally saw to its publication and distribution. Finally, you departed for America, with a mere forty rupees, a trunk full of your English *Bhāgavatams*, your personal books, such as *Caitanya-caritāmṛta*, and a bag of granola (not knowing if there

would be vegetarian food available once you arrived).

Despite the difficult journey and the heart attacks you suffered, your determination did not waver. For twelve long years you persevered and single-handedly built a world-wide movement of temples, farm communities, restaurants, and devoted followers. You personally saved me, Śrīla Prabhupāda, from a useless and sad life full of activities not worthy of someone in the human form of life. You taught me how to live and be happy in this life and in the next according to Lord Kṛṣṇa’s plan. You gave me the possibility of gaining freedom from repeated birth and death, and you gave us the divine jewel of love of God.

You not only gave us *kṛṣṇa-kathā*, the scriptures in English and every other language of the world, but you established temples all over the world where we could practice devotional service, have *sādhu-saṅgha*, and worship Their Lordships Śrī Śrī Gaura-Nitāi, Lord Jagannātha, Baladeva, Subhadrā, and also the divine couple Śrī Śrī Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa.

When I would look into your eyes, Śrīla Prabhupāda, I was overwhelmed by the love and compassion they expressed. And I feel it still, Śrīla Prabhupāda, when I feel your presence in your pictures or in dreams. You were so kind to come to me in a dream while I was in Switzerland in the summer of 2008. I was attempting to fulfill your desire to have a temple in Geneva, and I was also reading your sweet pastimes told by your servant, Śruti Kīrti Dāsa in his book *What is the Difficulty?* In the dream you were seated on a very high and large *vyāsāsana* and I was standing in front of it, ready to help you put on your slippers or shoes. I slipped on the first one and was ready to slip on the second, when you leaned over, so that I could see your face, and you asked me very sweetly and humbly if I would buy you “some nice warm soft socks.” I looked into your eyes, Śrīla

Prabhupāda, and said, “Yes, Śrīla Prabhupāda, I will buy you some.” It was so wonderful to look into your eyes which were so full of love and compassion and to pledge my willingness to serve you. And believe it or not, Śrīla Prabhupāda, I found that many of your *mūrtis* on *vyāśāsanas* in different temples around the world were without socks and *chaddars*, even though it was cold and all the devotees had warm clothing.

Please keep me at your lotus feet, Śrīla Prabhupāda. Help me to be respectful to all Vaiṣṇavas and Vaiṣṇavis, and help me to develop some compassion and love for the innocent souls waiting for Lord Caitanya’s mercy. And, if you still want a temple in Geneva, please help me to work towards that goal.

Let me again pray this prayer for the unity of Lord Caitanya’s mission: “My dear Lord Kṛṣṇa, if you so desire, please purify my heart, and the heart of all the Gauḍīya Vaiṣṇavas, so that together we can fulfill the mission of Lord Caitanya.” All glories to you, Śrīla Prabhupāda, for teaching us true humility.

*Your insignificant servant,*

Aditi Devī Dāsī

**Amogha Dāsa**

Prabhupāda, Prabhupāda,  
Living love with golden feet,  
I am waiting, tearful, yearning,  
For a chance your glance to meet.

I have seen you in your children,  
Felt their chanting dancing love.

Seen their eyes in love transcending,  
Known you’ve come here from above.

Chanting now with folded eyes,  
Giving Kṛṣṇa all you own.

Pure as gold, and soft as lotus,  
You are my eternal home.

Prabhupāda, Prabhupāda,  
Living love with golden feet,

I am waiting, tearful, yearning,  
For a chance your glance to meet.

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my respectful obeisances at your lotus feet.

You are the greatest preacher, because you brought Kṛṣṇa consciousness to the entire world, and one can go back to the spiritual world, just by following any one of your books. In fact, these books are the key which anyone can utilize to leave all the anxieties of this world of birth and death, and go to the lotus feet of Nitāi-Gaurāṅga and Rādhā-Mādhava forever.

In my computer, I have several of your lectures on the *Caitanya-caritāmṛta*, which I hear over and over. Here, I found

the most treasurable few statements you made which, to me, miraculously explain everything “in a nutshell.”

In one lecture you said that by reading the *Bhagavad-gītā*, you can find Kṛṣṇa. “If you are so fortunate that you find Kṛṣṇa, surrender to Him!”

And also,

This is the process. You cannot understand God, or Kṛṣṇa, without being a faithful servant. This is the secret. And if we become faithful servant under the guidance of proper spiritual master, then we can understand what is Kṛṣṇa, what is Parabrahman, and what is loving affairs with Rādhārāṇī, what is Śrī Kṛṣṇa Caitanya Mahāprabhu. These things are revealed. It is not acquired by so-called mundane knowledge. That is not possible. *Svayam eva sphuraty adhaḥ*. Just like in the darkness, if you want the sunshine, it is not possible. But in the morning the sun comes out automatically and the darkness is dissipated. *Svayam eva*. So we should always remain faithful servant of Kṛṣṇa. And Kṛṣṇa is within everyone’s heart, and He will be pleased by your service, and then He will reveal Himself, what He is. Otherwise it is not possible. (Lecture on *Śrī Caitanya-caritāmṛta*, *Ādi-līlā* 1.5, Māyāpur, March 29, 1975)

To be a faithful servant of Kṛṣṇa is to be a faithful servant of you. It is simple: stay in your spiritual movement, ISKCON, and preach. Nothing more. What is there to learn more than this? Chant Hare Kṛṣṇa, follow the regulative principles, preach your message, and go back to Godhead.

*Begging to always remain your faithful servant,*

Amogha Dāsa

Note: I wrote the above little poem, which is also a song, when I was home in 1969, contemplating when I would first get a chance to see Your Divine Grace.

**Bhakta Dāsa**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

After many years, we, your sons and daughters, are asked to write our offerings to you for the occasion of your Vyāsa-pūjā.

By the mercy of Kṛṣṇa one gets the association of His pure devotee, and by the mercy of the pure devotee, one gets Kṛṣṇa. By some unimaginable good fortune, I met Your Divine Grace and you gave purpose to my life.

In 1965, we were lost and totally bewildered souls, but Your Divine Grace came to us on the order of your divine master without an idea what the results would be.

By your humble surrender, the holy name of Bhagavān Śrī Kṛṣṇa is now in every town and village and the teachings of Lord Kṛṣṇa are in every language of the world.

You told us that the most important verse in all the Vedas is from the *Śvetāśvatara Upaniṣad* (6.23):

*yasya deve parā bhaktir  
yathā deve tathā gurau  
tasyaite kathitā hy arthāḥ  
prakāśante mahātmanaḥ*

“One who has unflinching devotion for the Supreme Lord and is directed by the spiritual master, in whom he has similar unflinching faith, can see the Supreme Personality of Godhead by revelation.”

Thirty-three years ago, you disappeared from our external vision. Since you left, there has been chaos and calamity, as you had foreseen and written about in your books many years before. Your family of sons and daughters was mostly torn asunder. But you knew that your books were transcendental

seeds that would continue to sprout here and there for all time to come. These seeds are sprouting day by day, becoming plants and bearing fruits. The second, third, and soon fourth generation are coming, and they will be really nice devotees, as you forecasted.

The whole world is suffering so much now, and you have given the only viable solutions for all the problems of society. Lord Kṛṣṇa has given all facility in the form of so many mass media formats to enable the spreading of His message. We must just stop fighting and arguing amongst ourselves, and, in unity, use what we have.

Sadly, we go on fighting about who is a *guru*, who is a *dikṣā*, *sikṣā*, or *ṛtvik*, and we go on arguing instead of chanting, dancing and taking *prasāda* as you desired. I am very saddened to see this. Forty-one years ago, I really believed that within a few years Kṛṣṇa consciousness would be the only religion left on this earth. Today, I find that hardly anyone has heard of Kṛṣṇa consciousness!

As a disciple, I am a failure, Śrīla Prabhupāda, because I have not controlled my own senses properly. It is my fault only and I cannot blame anyone. What you have given is perfect; I have not one tiny drop of doubt in you or Kṛṣṇa. It's just that I have not applied fully what you have given.

Now, as you told me so long ago, my body is getting old. You said, "Don't think this won't happen to you." Of course, we have lived our life as though it would not happen. Somehow we thought that by being "devotees" we were immune to nature's laws! Of course, that is not true...

Every week, I see your disciples disappearing from this earth. Many of them are leaving in such a glorious way that I can see that you have never forgotten them and that you are there to

guide them at the crucial end of their lives. Kṛṣṇa is grateful to all who serve Him a little bit, and you, Kṛṣṇa's perfect servant, is even more merciful, kind, compassionate, and understanding than Lord Kṛṣṇa Himself.

Prabhupāda, I humbly beg your forgiveness for being a very wretched son. I beg you to continue to bless me so that one day I may walk in full Kṛṣṇa consciousness and never again fall down so that you may feel happy to smile upon me once again.

*Begging to remain eternally your humble servant,*

Bhakta Dāsa

**Caitanya Devī Dāsī**

Dearest Śrīla Prabhupāda,

I humbly prostrate myself in the dust of your lotus feet, with tears in my eyes, begging for you to bestow your mercy and blessings upon this most fallen and useless soul.

I am making a feeble attempt to write something on Your Divine Grace's most glorious appearance day. You are the greatest Vaiṣṇava *ācārya* who has served Lord Kṛṣṇa upon the face of this planet. I cannot imagine how you must have felt when you embarked upon your venture on the steam ship, Jaladuta, to come to America.

At such an advanced age, with so little money, but just a trunk of *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatams*, the instructions of your Guru Mahārāja embedded in your heart, and full faith in the holy names of Kṛṣṇa, you accomplished what no other predecessor has ever done. You picked up the *mleccha* Western youth and taught us the Absolute Truth. You taught us how to speak, what to eat, how to dress, to bathe; you gave us God, *Bhagavad-gītā As It Is*, *kīrtana*, singing, dancing, Deity worship, cooking, publishing of your books, painting, photography, drama, doll-making, education for our children, *hari-nāma-saṅkīrtana*, etc. Truly, to date, the world has not given proper recognition for your unlimited and wonderful accomplishments. Amazingly, you predicted that your books will be the law books of mankind for the next 10,000 years. So there is hope for the future. I pray that future generations will take up your mission and succeed in areas where we failed in pleasing you.

I remember one lecture in Los Angeles in which you said, "We should not be surprised about who goes, but about who stays." When we were young, eager and aspiring to become Vaiṣṇavas, I do not think the full impact of your words hit us.

So many years after your physical departure, we see how very few of your disciples are still around participating and serving under your ISKCON umbrella. What to speak of all those of your disciples who are departing on a weekly basis. We did not think we would grow old even though you told us, "Do not think this will not happen to you."

I have never engaged in much devotional service to please you, Śrīla Prabhupāda. After forty years, I am saddened by my lack of enthusiasm, energy, and determination in attempting to do anything that may show you one tiny bit of appreciation for saving me from the *saṁsāra* of this rotten material world.

I would like to hope that somehow or another this lifetime will be my last. However, if that is not to be, then my prayer to you is that you will allow me to take birth as a renounced preacher. I also pray that you will bless me to be used as an instrument in Lord Caitanya's *saṅkīrtana* movement and that you will allow me to serve your lotus feet, so that one day, I may look up and see your smiling face, knowing that I have brought you some happiness through my menial preaching service.

A disciple can never repay the debt to the *guru*. As I sit here in the holy *dhāma* of Puruṣottama-kṣetra Jagannātha Purī, during *puruṣottama-māsa*, at the age of 61, I am begging you to please show me what to do with the rest of this life, so that I may somehow give something back to you in an attempt to show my gratitude and appreciation for your having picked me up from the darkness of ignorance and given me the Absolute Truth, Lord Śrī Kṛṣṇa.

I am grateful for everything you have given me, Śrīla Prabhupāda. It is only due to your causeless mercy that you accepted me as your disciple, unworthy as I am. I can only pray that you will keep me eternally situated in the shade of the

dust your lotus feet. Thank you for everything, Śrīla Prabhupāda.  
Thank you for giving me real life — spiritual life — for teaching  
me that God, Kṛṣṇa, is my eternal lover and most intimate and  
dearliest friend, and for blessing me with a beautiful spiritual  
name: Caitanya Devī Dāsī.

*With all humility and deepest gratitude, your most  
unworthy disciple and daughter,*

Caitanya Devī Dāsī

**Dīnadayādri Dāsī**

**For my Divine Master and Beloved Spiritual Father,  
His Divine Grace Śrīla A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupāda  
on Śrī Vyāsa-pūjā Day, 2 September, 2010**

**A DAUGHTER'S PRAYER  
(and Progress Report)**

Beneath the shade of the Tompkins tree,  
You broke our bondage, set us free  
From Māyā's prison, cold and dark –  
A pilgrimage, that sacred park.

You set the course, I stumbled then;  
I pray for strength to try again  
To tolerate just like the tree  
Material calamity

I hear you calling louder now,  
As time runs out you show me how;  
Example of King Pāṇḍu's queen  
More clear than I have ever seen.

Queen Kuntī prayed to suffer more,  
So she could see her savior Lord.  
I won't pretend, but progress made –  
I've finally shrugged the victim's blade.

O Prabhupāda, O gift from God,  
Upon my heart your feet have trod,  
Leaving imprints blazing light  
To guide me through my darkest night.



My head is bowed, my senses curbed,  
My dawn will see your purpose served.  
From lotus mouth the Holy Chant,  
To follow you is all I want.

*Humbly submitted by your most insignificant servant,*

Dinadayādrī Dāsī

**Kuśa Devī Dāsī**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda, our beloved Gurudeva,

Please accept my heartfelt obeisances!

All glories to the continued miraculous blessings you bestow  
upon all your children, your śiṣyas.

Because of YOU,

Deities are worshipped in the world of iconoclasts.

Because of YOU,

One is added to our life of zeros.

Because of YOU,

We have eternal associates, eternal relationships, and a beautiful spiritual family.

Because of YOU,

I survived simply due to the prayers of my godsisters and godbrothers.

Because of YOU,

We are blessed with your comforting shelter.

Because of YOU,

We remain connected to Kṛṣṇa.

Because of YOU,

We cling to your lotus feet, while all our romantic notions are smashed upon the shoals of time.

Because of YOU,

We receive your continued mercy and kindness.

Because of YOU,

We celebrate joyful reasons to exist and persist.

Because of YOU,

We have so much to live for.

Because of YOU,

We have so much to die for.

Because of YOU,

We give thanks for this blessed conscious life filled with miraculous glimpses of Kṛṣṇa.

Because of YOU,

It is easy to love from the bottom of our hearts.

Because of YOU,

It is impossible to repay the debt of absolute mercy.

Because of YOU,

*I pray forever to remain faithfully yours in Kṛṣṇa's eternal service.*

Kuśa Devī Dāsi

**Locanānanda Dāsa**

*nama om viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine*

*namas te sārasvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my most humble obeisances at your lotus feet.

It has been ten years since I last communicated with you by personal letter. It is not because you have not been available. It is only because of my hardened heart and incapacity to cry out to you in helplessness.

During this past decade, both my life and your movement have had their ups and downs, their twists and turns. The one constant, though, has been the guiding power of your words of instruction, which always ring true because they originate in the absolute world. Just as the Supersoul always accompanies the living entity throughout its worldly sojourn, so do the faithful devotees perceive your presence in their lives at every moment, for the pure devotee spiritual master is the external manifestation of the Lord in the heart and is always present to help us fulfil our heart's desire.

Over the course of these past ten years, I have felt like a covered flame; my devotional service was contracting instead of expanding. I don't know if that was due to the chaos within the movement or the chaotic state of my mind since you ended your earthly pastimes. Ultimately, our only recourse is to take shelter of the spiritual master and think of his order as our life and soul. We must remain motivated by a sense of mission because our work as your servants and representatives is not done. In fact, it is just beginning.

How am I to serve you now? That is my inquiry. With a ban in place limiting my service in your temples throughout this decade, my hands have been tied. But I believe the time has come for devotees to resolve their differences and come together as one family under the banner of Lord Caitanya's *saṅkīrtana* movement, taking refuge in the shade of your lotus feet. The days of bitter factional differences must come to an end, for without being able to execute devotional service in a peaceful atmosphere free from conflict, what intelligent person would feel safe enough to give up materialistic endeavors and resume his position as a lifetime servant of the Lord within the Hare Kṛṣṇa movement?

My prayer today, Śrīla Prabhupāda, is two-fold. First, I fall at your lotus feet, asking that you kindly enlighten us collectively as to the steps we must take to set ISKCON on the proper path, so that the institution you created may once again serve as the vehicle for spreading love of God in the midst of the Kali-yuga. Secondly, I pray that you kindly reveal to me the role you would have me play in the spreading of this movement.

The problem facing devotees today is their basic lack of trust in each other, especially in the leadership of the society you built. You once said that everything about our movement is shining brightly, now "Don't let it go dim." (Letter to Gargamuni Dāsa, London, 11 November, 1969) But at present, there is a dark cloud of mistrust hovering over us with hardly any sunlight passing through. When rain clouds threatened to curtail the *kīrtana* performance of Caitanya Mahāprabhu's associates, He raised His *karatālas* in the direction of the clouds and ordered them to disperse. Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda, is there something you can do to dispel this darkness? I think it can only be due to a lack of attachment and attraction to Kṛṣṇa on our part and a concomitant increase in our propensity to enjoy worldly

pleasure, name, fame, power, and independence. Please help us to free ourselves from the chains that bind us to the material world.

No one can understand the activities of a pure Vaiṣṇava, for he acts inconceivably. O master, you are not to be seen with mundane eyes, nor can you be approached in the bodily concept of life. We know you are situated in Kṛṣṇa's intimate pastimes and that you are simultaneously present with us, your disciples, hearing and responding to our prayers and showering your blessings down upon us. Please help us remain steadfast in the regulative principles of spirituality. Please help us develop a taste for chanting the holy name. Please give us the intelligence to protect your legacy and, finally, help strengthen our faith that at the end of this meagre life you will be there to collect us and take us back to Kṛṣṇa.

What satisfies the soul is to engage in personal exchanges based on love and trust. Nowadays, devotees tend to deal with one another as either friend or enemy; you would call this the mental platform. There is little satisfaction to be found in these dealings. If we develop our love for Kṛṣṇa and then see all others in terms of their relationship with Kṛṣṇa, then where is the question of friend or enemy? We need to remember once again the example you set of how one who has attained universal love in Kṛṣṇa consciousness should carry himself and interact with all living beings as their ever well-wisher. You said our movement is based on love and trust, just as Jesus told his followers, "Love one another as I have loved you. By this, all men will know that you are my disciples." If Jesus Christ is our spiritual master, as you once said, then this final instruction of his must also apply to us.

In *Kṛṣṇa Book*, while delivering a message from Kṛṣṇa, Uddhava said, "My dear *gopīs*, the mentality which you have developed

in relationship with Kṛṣṇa is very, very difficult to attain, even for great sages and saintly persons. You have attained the highest perfectional stage of life. It is a great boon for you that you have fixed your mind upon Kṛṣṇa and have decided to have Kṛṣṇa only, giving up your family, relatives, husbands and children for the sake of the Supreme Personality. Because your mind is now fully absorbed in Kṛṣṇa, the Supreme Soul, universal love has automatically developed in you. I think myself very fortunate that I have been favored, by your grace, to see you in this situation."

If we, your disciples, can develop one ten-thousandth part of that degree of love for Kṛṣṇa, then, by your divine grace, Śrīla Prabhupāda, our lives will be successful and your movement will spread throughout the world. Please bless us that we may one day come to that perfectional stage. Prostrated in the dust of your lotus feet, I beg to remain

*Your eternal servant,*

Locanānanda Dāsa

**Madhukāṅṭha Dāsa**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

*nama om viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine*

*namas te sārasvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

"I offer my respectful obeisances unto His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupāda, who is very dear to Lord Kṛṣṇa, having taken shelter at His lotus feet. Our respectful obeisances are unto you, O spiritual master, servant of Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī Gosvāmī. You are kindly preaching the message of Lord Caitanyadeva and delivering the Western countries, which are filled with impersonalism and voidism."

Well, where to begin? Your *praṇāma-mantra* says it all. So succinct, so sweet, so inspiring. With those few simple and pure words you have given me and all your multitude (and ever increasing number) of followers and disciples their *raison d'être*. You are the transparent medium for rendering loving service to God — and not just any run-of-the-mill God, but as you taught us over and over again with impact and clarity to Lord Śrī Kṛṣṇa, the Supreme Personality of Godhead himself. *Kṛṣṇas tu bhagavān svayam*.

While acknowledging and including the spiritual teachings of all bona fide faiths, you reveal to all who will simply give their submissive aural reception the charm, beauty, and wisdom of the Supreme Lord in his most intimate and all attractive feature: Bhagavān Lord Śrī Kṛṣṇa of Goloka Vṛndāvana.

Every morning, as I greet the Deities, I play a wonderful recording of you chanting the prayers of Lord Brahmā, that is, the fifth chapter of the *Brahma-saṁhitā* which gives a detailed

description of the spiritual world and the Supreme Lord and his loving exchanges with his intimate associates. I remember how you so mercifully gave the residents of New Dvārakādhāma a glimpse of the nature of your intimate connection with the Lord when you went into an ecstatic trance sitting on your *vyāsāsana* whilst the recording of your dear disciple, Yamunā Devī Dāsī, singing "*govindam ādi-puruṣam tam aham bhajāmi*" was being played for the first time. The manner in which you greeted Their Lordships Śrī Śrī Gaura-Nitāi, Śrī Śrī Rukmiṇī Dvārakānātha, and Lord Jagannātha, Lord Balarāma, and Subhadrā Devī, by first offering your *daṇḍavat-praṇāmās* in front of the altar of Gaura-Nitāi Deities, then taking a few drops of *caṇāmṛta*, and then more prostrations in front of the next two altars, clearly demonstrated to your disciples your humility and love for the Lord.

To this day, the example you set that time in Los Angeles and every other day throughout your many visits to your centers around the world in which you established similar *arcā-vigraha* incarnations of the Lord, has become the daily practice and joy for your followers in all those centers. That morning in 1970 gave us some clue as to your true identity as the most confidential empowered direct emissary of God.

It also gave us an inkling of "the Hare Kṛṣṇa explosion" that was reaching critical mass in those golden days of New Dvārakā in the early 1970s and worldwide wherever you had empowered a disciple or group of disciple to open a Hare Kṛṣṇa center.

Also, during the lecture you gave in Los Angeles on July 16, 1969, at one of the first of many installation ceremonies of Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa Deities (in this case you would call Them Rukmiṇī Dvārakānātha), you gave another glimpse of the depth of your love for Kṛṣṇa when you warned your disciples to be humble and careful when serving the Deity of God:

Just like Madana-mohana, He was talking with Sanātana Gosvāmī. Madana-mohana... Sanātana Gosvāmī at that time had no temple; he was hanging his Deity on the tree. So Madana-mohana was talking with him, “Sanātana, you are bringing all these dry *capatis*, and it is stale, and you don’t give Me even little salt. How can I eat?” Sanātana Gosvāmī said, “Sir, where shall I go? Whatever I get I offer You. You kindly accept. I cannot move, old man.” You see. So Kṛṣṇa had to eat that. (*chuckles*) Because the *bhakta* is offering He cannot refuse. *Ye mām bhaktyā prayacchati*. Real thing is *bhakti*. What you can offer to Kṛṣṇa? Everything belongs to Kṛṣṇa. What you have got? What is your value? And what is the value of your things? It is nothing. Therefore real thing is *bhaktyā*, real thing is your feeling. “Kṛṣṇa, kindly take it. I have no qualification. I am most rotten, fallen, but (*begins to cry*) I have brought this thing for you. Please take it.” This will be accepted. Don’t be puffed up. Always be careful. You are dealing with Kṛṣṇa. That is my request. Thank you very much.

followers with courage, determination, and plain ol’ common good sense to always keep your kind and stern instructions in our heart of hearts and to always follow them strictly.

Your aspiring servant,  
Madhukāṅṭha Dāsa

In these few concluding sentences of your installation talk, you provide a synopsis of why you have captured my heart for all time and eternity (I sincerely hope): your intimate knowledge of God’s dealings with his devotees; your laughter and joy in sharing that knowledge; your humility, tears, and vulnerability in extending yourself for Kṛṣṇa and for your fledgling disciples; your concerned guidance that we “always be careful and not get puffed up”; your genius in giving our lives purpose by presenting your instructions as “that is my request,” and finally your totally captivating expression of gratitude: “thank you very much.”

Now, my humble but fervent entreaty is just as Sanātana Gosvāmī’s prayer to Lord Caitanya: “Now, will You please tell me, ‘Let whatever I have instructed all be fully manifested unto you.’ By blessing me in this way, You will give me strength to describe all this.” (*Cc. Madhya* 23.123)

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda, please bless me and all your disciples and

### Manmohini Dāsī

#### Days of Glory

I was there when a *mahātmā* lived amongst us and mercy poured forth in the shape of a nod, a smile, a chastisement; example and instruction were always present to guide us at our every baby step. Our fledgling army was young, inexperienced, and weak, but our general was anything but that. All we had to do was trust, listen, and obey. Cynical and wary, we were hapless searchers who somehow recognized that this was the real deal, a way of life worth this meager lifetime to pursue. Each day, we would realize the amazing grace and mercy that was ours, and so we began, collectively, to water our spiritual creepers in earnest.

We were given an open secret that could only be revealed to us by a pure lover of God. Śrīla Prabhupāda held the key and patiently opened our hearts. The goal, he explained, was simply to become madly in love with our Creator, the most attractive, richest, strongest, most famous, wisest, and most aloof — a Supreme Personality Who chose to be an enchanting bluish cowherd boy named Kṛṣṇa. Our Śrīla Prabhupāda worked tirelessly to write over sixty books, carefully explaining all facets of the Absolute Truth to us fallen souls.

Though lofty and beyond our mundane comprehension, he made the process easy and sublime: just chant, dance, and eat *prasāda*. Our goal became clear, and our lives became lives full of meaning, direction, and precious memories. About ten years went by much too quickly with countless nectarine pastimes — our “*Śrīla Prabhupāda-caritāmṛta*.” Such memories leave us humbled with amazement and gratitude at the causeless mercy that was and will always be ours.

Though gone in form, we can gratefully share remembered pieces and ensure that the knowledge passed down to us remains preserved and undiluted. It is our duty to see to this, our life’s mission, until it is our turn to leave. Until then, we can and will go on remembering our beloved Śrīla Gurudeva.

*And the days of glory will continue.*

Manmohini Dāsī

Nārada Muni Dāsa

**Our Eternal Shelter**

Inside you lives a flame so pure;  
It burns to ashes our age-old lore.

When you reach that exalted state of bliss,  
Your spirit soars above the abyss.

Your love for one is your love for all;  
Time has passed for conceptions too small.

Slayer of self, awake from thy slumber;  
Life anew, no more conundrum.

There is great hope, we shall be free;  
Our brothers and sisters from illusion will flee.

Light of truth dissipates the fog.  
Spirit form is our right — not human, dog, or hog.

Now to join our souls in a circle of love,  
With knowledge of what descends from above.

When you reach that exalted state of bliss,  
Your spirit soars above the abyss.

Your love for one is your love for all;  
The power of now — no time to stall.

We can change the world as we change ourselves;  
A world of peace not our man-made hells.

Let us rise above our forgone conclusions,  
Free forever of our limiting illusions.

We can be lifted with our angel wings  
To experience the divine in all things.

When you reach that exalted state of bliss,

Your spirit soars above the abyss.

Your love for one is your love for all;  
Our glory ensconced, we shall not fall.

The living and dead no more to mourn;  
We have risen above the world forlorn.

Grace has sealed our destiny;  
Man and animals sing triumphantly.

Walk no more the path to bend,  
But turn to Him our dearest friend.

An atom at your feet forever installed,  
In rapture, I am eternally enthralled.

When you reach that exalted state of bliss,  
Your spirit soars above the abyss.

Your love for one is your love for all;  
Kṛṣṇa, like lovers apart, so dear to all.

To spread the *dharma*, we heed the call.

So now chant and chant, and dance and dance,  
The song of thy name in ecstatic trance.

My mind and body now captured  
By the joy of being enraptured.

When you reach that exalted state of bliss,  
Your spirit soars above the abyss.

Your love for one is your love for all  
As the entire world becomes your *kīrtana* hall.

No more a stranger to heavens abode;  
A life of nectar has been foretold.

Hold on, hold on to the great vision

And thus fulfill the human mission.

A life of service thou art giving,  
A future of sanctified living.

A servant saved from impending doom  
Now tastes the fruit of the loom.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, by your call awakened from our slumber,  
Life after life, a dream in the one-quarter number;

Now by your mercy awoken to grace,  
One day to see our Lord face to face.

Your words like the cooling rays of the moon —  
A *darśana* of your transcendental form, the highest boon.

When you reach that exalted state of bliss,  
Your spirit soars above the abyss.

Your love for one is your love for all;  
To be free by love, *Māyā* no more to maul.

Living in light, leaving darkness' pall,  
By *guru's* mercy, as *Kṛṣṇa Dāsa* doth recall.

Nārada Muni Dāsa

Sujana Dāsī

My dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my most humble obeisances at your lotus feet.

On this most auspicious day of Vyāsa-pūjā, it is the duty of every disciple to offer homage in glorification of the spiritual master. Śrīla Prabhupāda, you have performed so many glorious deeds: bringing the holy names to the *yavanas* and *mlecchas* of the Western world; reintroducing us to our dearest friend, Śrī Kṛṣṇa, and His eternal pastimes within the realm of Goloka Vṛndāvana; and leaving us a treasure house of spiritual wisdom in the form of your books. In the process, Śrīla Prabhupāda, you spread your mercy far and wide, in the mood of Caitanya Mahāprabhu, picking up even the most fallen and wretched, such as myself, from the depths of ignorance and giving us a life worth living.

In creating your International Society for Kṛṣṇa Consciousness, Śrīla Prabhupāda, you created a worldwide, loving family of godbrothers and godsisters, united in your service and in carrying out your mission of spreading Lord Caitanya's teachings to every town and village.

Becoming a part of your spiritual family, Śrīla Prabhupāda, was the most significant, most fortunate, most wonderful event of my life. Though I fall woefully short of the standard, I am so grateful that you accepted me as your disciple. You gave me the name Sujana Devī Dāsī and in my initiation letter you said, "Su means good, and jan means person. So, the devotee is the best of persons."

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda, it is you who are that magnanimous soul, that best of persons; and it is my humble prayer that, despite my shortcomings — and you know that they are many

— you will allow me to remain your servant and a member of your grand loving spiritual family, life after life.

*All glories to you, Śrīla Prabhupāda!*

Sujana Dāsī

Ātmānanda Dāsa

My dearest Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my most humble obeisances in the dust of your lotus feet. Your fame is spreading all over the universe!

I feel embarrassed to stand before you today because I know that you can see how far I am from fully accepting your guidance and love. You can see my apathy, my stubbornness, my false pride, and my rebelliousness.

I know you are pained by such foolishness of mine and I start to feel sad and discouraged when I think of that. However, I know you don't want me to give into that kind of *māyā*, that is, despair or hopelessness. With no other real choice, I am turning to you again to offer a prayer and supplication, because you have the power to fulfill them or to correct me — Kṛṣṇa is yours, and you have always saved me in the past.

Your practical presence in my life is the fruit — the evidence and proof — of your unlimited potency and ability to save anyone from the greatest danger. If I can represent you better for the upliftment and deliverance of others, I think there is no better way to serve, please, and glorify you and to spread your unlimited kindness throughout the miserable material darkness.

I know that by revealing my mind in confidence and inquiring submissively you will again show me how to proceed. In *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* 10.12.43, purport, you write, “A student and disciple has the right to ask the *guru* about any confidential service, and it is the duty of the *guru* to explain these confidential matters to his disciple.”

Regarding our ISKCON and its challenges, I want to understand how I can be an instrument in your hands with integrity. Am I to stand up and speak out about perceived problems or injustices?

Or should I just go along saying and doing nothing for the sake of “keeping the peace” or of avoiding the risk of being criticized or rejected or of making offenses? I don't think it would be the best service to you and the *saṅkīrtana* mission to blindly conclude that there can be no impurities within ISKCON (Māyā is a devotee, so she can also be in the temple) and thus go along as if nothing should change. I think this would be pretense for me and a misuse of my Kṛṣṇa-given intelligence.

Nor do I think that you are pleased if I see only faults and thus justify destructively criticizing and rejecting the institution. I would end up doing nothing to improve, purify, and transform it to have it more as you would like it. I think I would then be avoiding the “burden of love.”

You have given me the responsibility to rectify the situation by following your instructions, to speak my realization boldly (and appropriately), without attachment, for the benefit and betterment of all. I know it is usually easier to focus only on what may be wrong (and give up the struggle to act in good faith) than to do the hard work (the austerity) of becoming the best representative for you that I can be and inspire and encourage others to do the same together.

Simply by writing this to you, I feel your inspiration and support. Please continue to give me the strength, determination, and intelligence to go deeper in this way in the association of those who are already boldly, responsibly, and actively making our ISKCON the heart — and world-changing vehicle you created it to be, that is, a vibrant, loving, and Kṛṣṇa-centered family in the house that attracts all conditioned souls to pure devotional service.

By your grace, I want to be more conscious of my motives and purify them more and more, so that I am ultimately acting

Babhru Dāsa

*nama om̐ viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine*

*namas te sārasvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviṣeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

“I offer my humble obeisances to His Divine Grace A. C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupāda, who is very dear to Lord Kṛṣṇa on this earth, having taken shelter of His lotus feet.”

Ātmānanda Dāsa

*gurvajñān̄ śīrasi-dhṛtvā śaktyāveśa sva-rūpine  
hare-kṛṣṇeti mantreṇa pāścātya-pracya-tārine*

“Taking the order of his guru on his head, he became empowered by Nityānanda Prabhu to act as a *śaktyāveśa avatāra*. He distributed the Hare Kṛṣṇa mantra all over the Eastern and Western world, uplifting and delivering all fallen souls.

*viśvācārya pabharyāya divya kārunya mūrtaye  
śrī bhāgavata-mādhurya-gītā-jñāna pradāyine*

“He is the best of millions of *gurus* because he is the personification of divine mercy. He has distributed the sweet nectar of *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* and the transcendental knowledge of *Bhagavad-gītā* all over the world.”

*gaura-śrī-rūpa-siddhānta-sarasvatī niṣevine  
rādhā-kṛṣṇa-padāmbhoja-bhṛṅgāya gurave namaḥ*

“He is constantly engaged in exclusive devotional service to Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī Ṭhākura, Śrīla Rūpa Gosvāmī, and Śrī Gaurāṅga Mahāprabhu. I offer my humble obeisances to Śrīla Prabhupāda, who is like a bumblebee always tasting the nectar of the lotus feet of Śrī Śrī Rādhā and Govinda.”

(These prayers of praise for our beloved spiritual master, His Divine Grace A. C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupāda, were written at his request by Śrīpāda Bhakti Sundara Govinda Mahārāja, under the direction of his spiritual master, Śrīpāda Bhakti Rakṣaka Śrīdhara Mahārāja. Śrīpāda Govinda Mahārāja left our vision earlier this year.)

Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī wrote that at the beginning of every year, at the beginning of every month, at the beginning of every week and every day, and at every moment, we should progressively remember the Supreme Personality of Godhead. I have sometimes said that Vyāsa-pūjā is an opportunity for us to remember the spiritual master and dedicate our lives anew to his service. I want to do so this year particularly focusing on one aspect of the *guru's* place in a disciple's life.

Devotion to the *guru* is essential to spiritual progress. Kṛṣṇa dāsa Kavirāja says in *Śrī Caitanya-caritāmṛta* that the spiritual master's instruction is "the active principle in spiritual life": *ācāryera mata yei, sei mata sāra*. (Cc. Ādi 12.10) The Bengali word Śrīla Prabhupāda gives as "active principle" here is *sāra*. Another way to understand this word is *essence*, or *essential principle*. Consequently, we can see that surrender to the *guru* is the essence of spiritual life, and failure to do so means we miss the point of spiritual endeavor, rendering our attempts useless. Śrīla Jīva Gosvāmī says in *Bhakti Sandarbha* that satisfying the *guru* is the main cause of attaining divine love and service.

In each of the centers Śrīla Prabhupāda and his followers have established around the world, devotees begin each day with a meditation on the *guru* by singing Śrīla Viśvanātha Cakravartī's *Gurvaṣṭakam*. In the eighth verse, Cakravartī Ṭhākura says,

*yasya prasādād bhagavat-prasādo  
yasyāprasādān na gatiḥ kuto 'pi*

"By the spiritual master's mercy, one may receive Kṛṣṇa's blessings; without the *guru's* grace, no one can make any spiritual progress." From the beginning of his mission, Śrīla Prabhupāda established the central position of the spiritual master in the lives of spiritual practitioners.

We see in *Bhakti-rasāmṛta-sindhu* that practical spiritual life is built on the foundation of taking shelter of the spiritual master, which includes several items. Śrīla Rūpa Gosvāmī explains the first items of *sādhana*: *guru-pādāśrayas tasmāt kṛṣṇa-dikṣādi-sikṣaṇam/ viśrambheṇa guroḥ sevā*. A *sādhaka* takes shelter of a *guru*, accepts initiation, takes instruction from, and serves the *guru* with faith, with trust. Sometimes we see the word *viśrambha* translated as respect, or reverence, but a quick exploration of that word reveals that the relationship with the spiritual master should be much more than the kind of distance implied in words such as respect and reverence.

Later in *Bhakti-rasāmṛta-sindhu*, in the context of discussing the mood of friendship, Śrīla Rūpa Gosvāmī himself defines *viśrambha*. He says that it is deep familiar trust, free from any sort of restriction or control. Śrīla Jīva Gosvāmī further explains that deep trust implies not only freedom from excessive reverence and fear, but also a sense that friends are in no way different from each other. Elsewhere, Śrīla Viśvanātha Cakravartī says it is a sense that one's own life, body, mind, intelligence, clothes, and everything else are one with those of the object of love. So *viśrambheṇa guroḥ sevā* seems to point to service based on a real sense of identity with the *guru* to the extent that the disciple has no doubt whatsoever that the *guru* has only his or her best interests in his heart.

So just how deeply does this confidence based on identity run? How far does this intimate trust extend? Viśvanātha Cakravartī seems to answer this in a commentary on a verse in *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam's* fourth canto:

A devoted and chaste wife, while absorbed in the service of her husband, may ignore even her own children. Similarly, a disciple who is deeply absorbed in the service of the *guru* may even ignore practices such as hearing and chanting, knowing that by *guru-sevā* alone he can easily attain complete perfection in devotion. And just as a devoted wife ignores her own pleasures and home comforts, so too does a disciple completely absorbed in *guru-sevā* ignore even the divine bliss arising out of hearing and chanting, nor does he seek out the kind of secluded place suitable for such *bhajana*. That is the instruction in this verse. The Vedas also proclaim the supremacy of service to the *guru*.

Viśvanātha Cakravartī Ṭhākura's analogy in no way minimizes the practices of *sādhana-bhakti*. Our experience, in fact, is that the *guru* teaches us to engage progressively in cultivating those practices. Rather, it points out, as Viśvanātha says himself, "the supremacy of service to the *guru*" over all else.

The essence of devotional service for a disciple, then, seems to be dedication to the service of the spiritual master without any reservation, with complete confidence that such service will carry us to Kṛṣṇa's lotus feet. This confidence finds support in Viśvanātha Cakravartī Ṭhākura's assurance that those of us who regularly chant his eight beautiful verses of praise for the *guru* during the *brāhma-muhūrta* will certainly attain direct service to Vṛndāvana-nātha, Śrī Kṛṣṇa.

With this in mind, then, I humbly beg that I may be able to continually increase my dedication to the service of my eternal

spiritual master, His Divine Grace A. C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupāda, without whom my life has no meaning.

Babhru Dāsa



**Cekitana Devi Dāsī**

Please accept my humble obeisances.

All Glories to Śrīla Prabhupāda!

Prabhupāda, when you first started your journey, or trek, to America, carrying your precious seed, who would have thought that by taking up Kṛṣṇa consciousness anyone and everyone could make so much progress through the muck of material life.

As we look up the ladder, we see so many transformations in devotees' lives, that it's really inconceivable. It is really inspirational for those of us who don't seem to fit into that category.

As for me, coming through all sorts of extreme situations, I simply want to follow your instructions to the best of my ability, with the determined faith that if I just stick to your process, I will be delivered to Kṛṣṇa's lotus feet.

*Your servant,*

Cekitana Devi Dāsī

**Dulal Candra Dāsa**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Prostrate at your lotus feet, I offer thousands of obeisances.

Guided by the *vāṇī* of Sarasvatī, empowered by the *śakti* of Nityānanda, and enthused by the *dayā* of Caitanya, you have spread the *āśraya* of pure unalloyed devotional service throughout the entire universe. By sharing your transcendental ecstasies, you have amalgamated the essence of Gauḍīya Vaiṣṇava realization so magnificently that all can easily comprehend the topmost goal of pure religiosity through your Bhaktivedanta purports. Your worldwide preaching has spiritually awakened suffering humanity and formed the theistic bedrock upon which Lord Caitanya's *saṅkīrtana* movement is now inundating everything in pure love for the holy name.

The magnanimity of your pure unalloyed devotion exceeds my capacity of comprehension. Weeping in anguish over my inability to properly glorify my ever well-wisher, my dearest friend, my eternal Prabhupāda, I remain prostrate at your lotus feet.

I pray that you continually sustain me in your service, for your causeless mercy is the living force of my spiritual life. The depth of such compassion will thus exemplify Lord Caitanya's mission of delivering the most fallen.

*Your servant,*

Dulal Candra Dāsa

**Gadi Dāsa**

**Prabhupāda's Miracle**

Mistakes and crimes, what a mess I've made,  
As time pushes me through this ghastly charade.

Sometimes man, sometimes woman;  
Sometimes hell, sometimes heaven.

But even pure darkness has a light,  
As through nature's modes I fight.  
Calling on Kṛṣṇa, "Please make me right!"

Only you can fulfill by real dreams,  
Put an end to my selfish schemes.

I must cry for you as one all alone,  
As a child lost far from home.  
I no longer want to be you.

That was far too costly —  
Birth, death, disease, and old age mostly.

Just to serve and love your servants  
With all my ability,  
And to sing your sweet names with all humility.

You fulfill the prayers left humbly and discreet;  
I pray to become the dust under my master's lotus feet.

My gratitude, dear *guru*, pours endless, love replete;  
Prabhupāda, you are the miracle for this world, pure and complete.

*Śrīla Prabhupāda ki jaya!*

Gadi Dāsa

**Guṇamayī Devī Dāsī**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

There are many great personalities in this world, but the greatest person of all is one who engages others in Kṛṣṇa’s eternal loving service and who ultimately inspires others to do great things. There is nothing greater. Just as Kṛṣṇa engaged Arjuna to fight, you have engaged us in Kṛṣṇa’s service. You have given us everything! You have shown us pure love, kindness and compassion. You have given us the science of love of God. All living entities benefit, because like the sun, Kṛṣṇa consciousness has no borders!

*nama om viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine  
namas te sārāsvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

In the history of this present age, no one has done more to benefit and uplift the consciousness of the world. No one has been more knowledgeable and truthful.

You have done this by being fully surrendered to Kṛṣṇa and your spiritual master, His Divine Grace Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī Gosvāmī Mahārāja, by being armed with realized knowledge, and by being boldly truthful, bona fide, and pure in your presentation of the transcendental knowledge of the Vedas.

In more than seventy volumes of translations and commentaries of *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*, *Bhagavad-gītā As It Is*, *Caitanya-caritāmṛta*, *Kṛṣṇa Book*, *Nectar of Devotion*, etc., you have presented the complete and pure science of love of God for the benefit of the whole misdirected world, which is suffering and destroying itself due to being steeped in ignorance and

greed. You have fully realized and presented the ultimate conclusion of all scriptures — pure love of God — in such a way that a Kali-yuga brain can understand and practically apply it. You have never wavered from the path of previous *ācāryas* and bona fide spiritual masters (and because of your pure love of Godhead, you will never “unsurrender”). You are a bona fide spiritual master, a *jagad-guru* in the Madhva-Gauḍiya-sampradāya, the line of disciplic succession beginning with Kṛṣṇa himself. (I knew the first time I saw your picture, that you were completely honest, knew God, and were twenty-four karat genuine!

By your grace: our devotional service has begun; we know the ultimate conclusion and destination is pure love of God; we know the goal of life; we know the names, fame, forms, pastimes, and address of God; we know Kṛṣṇa is nondifferent from his names; Lord Caitanya’s *saṅkīrtana* movement is spread all over the world; Kṛṣṇa’s name is known all over the world; we can chant and be happy; Kṛṣṇa’s sublime transcendental pastimes are revealed; we can become self-realized; we can become fearless; we know that the source of everything is personal, not impersonal, and that He can only be seen with eyes anointed with love; we know that Śrī Kṛṣṇa, who creates and controls the whole universe, is conquered by pure love; Kṛṣṇa’s devotees are very dear to him; everything is revealed to one who surrenders to the pure devotee and Kṛṣṇa; we gain everything by surrendering.

You have given us true direction and a chance to revive our love of God. You have armed us with true knowledge, and we can now connect the dots. By your mercy, we can go back to Godhead. Thank you!

The list is endless, but I know the only way to repay such a gift of love and compassion is with love, and the test of

**Hṛṣīkeśa Dāsā**

love is action. I pray to always serve you and be part of Lord Caitanya’s *saṅkīrtana* movement!

*Your servant, praying to surrender,*

Guṇamayī Devī Dāsī

As I sit near your bed here in Vṛndāvana, I reflect when I was here many years ago. A devotee fell to the ground, crying out in great pain as you left this world. I watched in amazement as devotees consoled him and carried him out of the room. (In my darkness of ignorance, I could not understand).

I was newly married, hoping to raise a happy family in Kṛṣṇa consciousness. But the current of time came like a thief in the night, crushing the love and affection for those I held so near and dear. (In the darkness of ignorance, I did not understand.)

As a rat in a maze searching for his happy cheese, so was I. Caught by the hurricane winds of a restless mind, which danced to the impressions of my weakened heart, I continued down the icy highways of desire and attachment. The insidious hope for a happy home, society, and loved ones had me going up and down, round and round on the merry go-round of life. (In the darkness of ignorance, I could not understand.)

A great banyan tree does not take its beautiful shape randomly. It does not question its environment, nor plan or scam, or worry about which way it should grow. Rather, it flows with the loving will of its Creator to become a glory to behold.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, by your causeless mercy, you implanted in my heart the seed of *bhakti*. Like the banyan tree, which moves with implicit faith and trust, I pray unto you that my heart will always be open to the inconceivable movements of our Lord and that it will always grow in gratitude and appreciation, so that someday I might fall to the ground, too, and cry out in great pain of separation from you, knowing that my life and soul are completely dependent on your mercy.

Hṛṣīkeśa Dāsā

**Jagattāriṇī Dāsī**

*nama om̐ viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale*

*śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine*

*namas te sārasvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe*

*nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

My obeisances to you.

Last year, a most fortunate thing happened to me. I became conscious that after so many years, the basic teachings of *Bhagavad-gītā* had not been assimilated by me and that I still maintained some very basic doubts.

For example:

- I fully identify with my now “devotee” body.
- I like giving some “fruits” of my actions to Kṛṣṇa but certainly not all. I’m especially attached to my own way of thinking and independent use of time.
- I see people are suffering, but I still don’t really accept that this world is only meant for suffering.
- And I see things around me, like computers, people, houses, cars, land, trees, etc., but I just can’t see Kṛṣṇa in any of these things.

Of course, I know the philosophy, and I can even repeat your arguments if required, but I lack depth and the realizations required to “shift” my view of this world as reality. From time to time this worried me. So I chose to do something.

I decided to listen to you more.

During the day, I’m always busy and my active mind is full. I had heard that when you hear sounds vibrated during the

night, you can learn a subject very quickly, so I decided to play your lectures throughout the night, while I was asleep.

Results were immediately apparent. I heard differently. It was different: almost as if I was hearing you again for the very first time. I heard the subtle intonation of your words, and also when you chuckled or strained to convey a point to an audience. I heard when you were firmly preaching as an *ācārya* or when your mood was soft and fatherly. It was as if I did not receive your words through my intelligence, but rather with an open mind and then an open heart.

If I would wake up in the night, I would hear you speak. You did not sleep. You remained awake and protected me, guarding me with your arguments. I would regularly wake up in the morning with some point still fresh in my mind. A profound feeling of gratefulness began to appear, and of course, I especially heard your comments relating to my particular set of doubts.

I particularly admired your arguments on these subjects and often woke up praying for the ability to accept your conclusions, which, unfortunately, are so very different from my own.

Soon it became rather difficult to turn the player off and begin my day without the assurance that we would meet again the following night. Then, one evening, when I began to wonder if this freshly developed good habit could actually transform my deep-seated atheistic mentality and remove my doubts completely, I heard you say this:

*So the most important item is śravaṇam, or hearing. If you do not do anything else, if you simply sincerely hear about God, then gradually you will be God conscious. That is also true in the material science. The students go to the school, college, and hear from the professor, and gradually he becomes learned in that subject matter. Especially in this age, śravaṇam, or hearing, is very, very important. (Initiation Lecture, Caracas, 22 February, 1975 my emphasis)*

“Just go on hearing,” I told myself. “Just go on hearing.” I am extremely grateful for this.

Dear Prabhupāda, no one but you stands firmly and fearlessly against atheism and materialism, which are so deeply rooted in my heart and the hearts of everyone else who has come to make this world their home. No one so strongly defends the truth that everything — every single thing — belongs to God and that we are offenders for claiming anything as our own! Who in the world is so free of guilt that they can speak so strongly? At least I know that no one else can give me the courage I need to fight the ignorance and millions of diversions I face daily, both from without and within.

Who else but you will I trust to convince me that I have a beautiful form and personality myself which are required to serve, with pure love, my all-perfect eternal masters in my all-perfect eternal home?

May I eternally remain on the path of service to you. May you remain within my thoughts, so that I can become the person you recognize me to be. May I one day join you in the “free world”, where everyone is governed by loving service to Kṛṣṇa. I pray for that.

Meanwhile, kindly tolerate my baby steps and my struggles to grow and to learn to run. For this, I simply must go on hearing.

*Your disciple,*

Jagattāriṇī Dāsī

Jāmadagneya Dāsa

**The Birth of Bliss**

O listen gentle souls, please hear us sing,  
With joyful hearts a message we bring,  
Of he who came to save us from disgrace,  
Our beloved Prabhupāda, His Divine Grace.

The sky was filled with flowers on that day,  
When he appeared, Abhay Charan De,  
His lotus feet this fallen world would grace,  
Our last chance, His Divine Grace.

Lost we are and searching in the night,  
Praying in darkness give us our sight.

Oh, turn toward us, divine and moon-like face,  
Smile and show the way, His Divine Grace.

Now countless sins are burning in our heart;  
We fallen souls from the Lord did depart.

Only you can save the human race,  
Fall at your feet, His Divine Grace.

Caitanya's mercy: you came chanting *hari-nāma*,  
Blessing all with *prema* instead of deadly *kāma*.

Oh, purify our hearts leave not a trace,  
O lord and master, His Divine Grace.

The Absolute Truth has lotus feet you said,  
What a gift, we thought that He was dead.

Such sweetness you brought to this terrible place,  
Fall at your feet, His Divine Grace.

So simple and clean, truthful and pure,

Devotional service alone shall endure.

Your message has given a life full of brace,  
Serve at your feet, His Divine Grace.

O dear Prabhupāda, hear your children sing  
Your message in every village will ring.

Service to Kṛṣṇa through your loving grace,  
Serve you forever, His Divine Grace.

**Guru**

Oh, I am poor of heart.  
A wandering beggar, I,  
Bereft of common sense,  
Do cheat and steal and lie.

My evil thoughts and deeds,  
Swarm like angry flies,  
Lay their sticky eggs  
Upon my mind, then die.

But though I wander lost,  
And full deserve my fate,  
You've come to pay the cost  
Before it is too late.

Dear Prabhupāda, you bring  
Sweet music to my life.  
Who else but you can sing  
Amidst the death and strife?

Who else can show the way;  
Lead me from the night?  
Your golden moon-like ray  
Has given back my sight.

You danced within my heart,  
Where no one ever came;  
Loved me from the start,  
And sang the holy name.

Your voice is filled with love,  
It stirs my sleeping soul;  
Your singing fills the night  
Within this wretched hole.

So I am yours eternally.  
I trembling hold your hand;  
I'll serve you all my life.  
With love we'll leave this land.

**Who is this Old Prophet?**

Who is this old prophet  
Knocking at my door?  
What can he hope to get?  
How can I give him more?

Why do his eyes pursue me  
In the middle of the night?  
How was it that he knew me,  
Sad and without light?

What can I do for him?  
There's nothing that he needs?  
Standing alone and grim,  
Chanting on his beads.

Why is he so persistent,  
Sitting there all day long?  
Sleeping not even an instant,  
Singing the same old song?

Why do I see his eyes,  
Just when I am almost gone?  
Seeing through my disguise,  
Like mist before the dawn.

How does he find my footprints  
Here in this desolate place?  
Why don't I ever listen, since  
His eyes shine with loving grace?

And why do I always recall  
His smile like a beacon bright,  
Just when I stumble and fall,  
And why is he always right?!

**Vyāsa-pūjā**

O Prabhupāda, I touch your lotus feet  
And yearn to taste that nectar which is sweet.

As humming bees to fragrant flowers fly  
Or restless lovers watch the evening sky,

So am I always thinking of your grace  
And meditating on your moon-like face,

Which shrinking rose to brighten Kali's night,  
That gentle glance which gave me back my sight.

And who bestows his mercy on us all,  
Forgiving us those sins that caused our fall?

To you, *jagat-guru*, I give my heart  
And humbly pray that we never part.

I honor you on this most holy day,  
O most beloved Abhay Charan De.

**Hair Kṛṣṇa**

In 1967, an old man begged a ticket  
And rode a steamer from Calcutta to Nantucket

With a suitcase full of books from another planet,  
Looking for fellow aliens who could no longer stand it.

And there we were, looking in a psychedelic window,  
Trying to find the truth at a cosmic light show.

Children of the factories, rug-rats from the suburbs,  
Wiggled out rebels, sick and tired of the proverbs

Of the white-bread Jesus and the wholesale Moses,  
Of mothers popping downers and daddies who were closers.

We banned the bra, stopped the war, burned the flag;  
We spoke the truth and danced with God in a nickel bag.

Marijuana, alias *gañjā*, turned us on to Śiva;  
We fixed the problem Catholics gave to Adam and Eve.

Mind blowing, orgasmic, rock and roll adventure;  
We set the clock back and reprogrammed the future.

And there he was barefooted chanting: "Hare Rāma"  
Orange-robed, bald-headed Yoda, singing *hari-nāma*,

Names of God, you dig, like Ginsberg, Bob, and Leary,  
Nectar from the gods flooded down upon the weary.

Been there, done that, hipper than yo' mamma,  
Hare Kṛṣṇa, Hare Kṛṣṇa, Hare Rama.

Sing it, give it out, it's the *yogī* drug of choice;  
Leave your body, drop your mind, with nothing but your voice.

Rockin' down the city streets with everybody there,  
Drums and cymbals blazing, we were the cast of Hair.

Countless Harry Kirchners, chanting in the ghettos,  
Scary Krishnas with a ponytail, handing out a rose.

The followers of one old man with Govinda in his eyes,  
Whose words revealed hidden worlds and all the cheating lies.

We walked barefooted down the memories of our youth;  
We released our ancestors from their bondage with the truth.

Harley Krishnas, hairless Christians, dancing orange marines,  
Anachronistic, futuristic, white elephants creating scenes.

And like a puppet master who doesn't touch the strings,  
We served him willingly just to taste the bliss he brings.

Just one "old man" from India named "Prabhupāda"  
Lit our souls and the streets on fire with the holy names of God.

**Bright High Flight**

Eternal master, lead us through the night;  
Your footprints in the sky,  
Will never die  
Or vanish from our sight.

We follow you as soaring eagles fly  
Above the mountain's height;  
We seek the light  
Beyond the sun on high,  
Where lies the spirit worlds in splendor bright.

The tears you cry  
Our broken hearts unite,  
And sailing in the mercy ship you ply.

We fight the only fight,  
For what is right  
And change our darkened souls  
From black to white.

**Saṅkīrtana**

White clouds of mercy overhung  
My mind, like lowing herds  
Of ancient kine and there among  
Were whispered fairest words.

Beyond the dust of golden hooves,  
A song rang out sublime,  
So off I ran as it behooves  
But fools to stay in time.

This song instantly shot past my ear,  
Tick-tocking all the while,  
And in the distance I could hear  
A tune that made me smile.

The stars were dancing on the wind,  
A chorus filled the sky  
With drums that ginned and boomed and dhinned,  
Sweet cymbals bright and high.

Above the clouds, a *kīrtana* roared  
And swung in ecstasy;  
Devotees laughed, danced, and soared  
In praise of Lord Hari.

Up and down, with a swaying motion,  
Shouting Hari Bol!  
Like sharks within a nectar ocean,  
In transports of the soul.

Decorated with spiritual gems,  
Divine enraptured signs,  
Like shining emerald diadems,  
Like drunkards on the best of wines.

Perspiring, laughing, shaking, trembling,

Like soaring birds of prey,  
From every far-off place assembling,  
Their numbers swell and sway.

Then from their midst a form of gold  
Leaps madly into space,  
And all in wondrous awe behold  
The Lord's transcendent grace.

Śrī Caitanya, O Gaurāṅga,  
Tears in vast profusion;  
Groups with *karatālas* and *mṛdaṅgas*,  
Wildness and confusion,

Rushing through the universe  
In search of Kṛṣṇa's feet,  
Govinda Dāsa recites a verse,  
The drum picks up the beat.

Too late! The damage now is done,  
Sweet showers from above  
Descend to earth, on everyone,  
A rain of purest love.

Prabhupāda's mercy floods the ground,  
On men and beasts and trees  
And up they fly with a humming sound,  
Like a frenzied swarm of bees.

Then off across the sky, like geese  
Migrating to fairer places,  
With smiles of delight at their sweet release  
Shining from their faces.

**Rain of Mercy**

Just as a thunder cloud pours rain  
Upon the forests burning plain,  
So the rain of mercy you send  
Upon devotee flowers who bend

And gently sway upon a breeze,  
Their fragrance offered at your knees.  
The breeze is soft and gently sighs  
The holy name beneath summer skies,

Reflections of your loveliness  
Upon their budding consciousness.  
While black bees humming gather 'round  
To taste the nectar of the sound

You speak, the silver moonbeams dance  
And fall beneath your loving glance.  
O Prabhupāda, wandering free  
Through Vraja's fields in ecstasy,

Please place your feet upon my mind,  
Oh, lead me, father, I am blind.  
But when I hear your soothing voice  
I feel my burning heart rejoice.

**You Lit the Fire with My Tears**

When the flame of my love burns low,  
Alone in the third watch of the night,  
And the impending gloom is all I know,  
My wick flickers in the dying light.

O Prabhupāda, I whisper your name,  
As tears drop like a sudden rain.

But that water ignites the flame,  
Water becoming fire seems insane.

Yet somehow it is so and you  
Are suddenly there protecting me;  
The night has passed and morning's blue  
Eyes, flecked with silver filigree,

Open in a sudden burst of light,  
Peaking up in the East, your orb,  
Shatters the fetters that bound me tonight,  
Pouring more love than I can absorb.

Oh, how petty and small my fears,  
How quickly I forget your face.  
So you lit the fire with my tears  
And now I'll never forget your grace.

**Guru's Grace**

When I was still young,  
Life had just begun,  
I stood all alone in the night.

And questioned each star,  
Whether from afar  
They could teach me the secrets of light.

So they granted my boon,  
And sent me the Moon  
Which waxed and waned in my eye.

Then I begged her secret,  
So she led me to it  
And the Sun rose up in the sky.

I blinked with wonder,  
As lightening and thunder



Flashed through the halls of my brain.

It rose up within,  
Where the darkness had been;  
Now the light of truth made all plain.

In the pure light of day,  
I began to pray:  
O wonderful light up above,

Can you fill my heart  
With its missing part,  
And show me the mysteries of love.

The Sun laughed aloud,  
As a rumbling cloud,  
Rolled up dark in the blue,

And a rain of mercy  
Descended upon me  
The causeless grace of my *guru*.

I cried like that rain  
As it flooded my pain  
And washed me clean of all sin.

I dove in that flood,  
In my heart, in my blood,  
I rejoiced and was born once again.

My Mother was truth,  
My Father a youth  
Disguised in the robes of a sage.

His smile was the sky,  
Sun and Moon in each eye,  
His words an eternal age.

And he fed me

Through my ears. At his *amṛta* feet,  
A miracle finally occurred:

The Lord of my heart  
Welcomed back His small part;  
He appeared at my *guru's* word.

The God of all power,  
Before whom men cower,  
The crushing and all-sovereign King,

Came and danced on my chest,  
Came and gave me her breast,  
Just to hear my Gurudeva sing.

That Master of all  
Could not master that call,  
But begged for a taste of his bliss,

And bent down on the floor  
To hear it once more,  
God came and prayed for a kiss.

O mystery unveiled,  
In a life that had failed,  
O hope in a world of despair,

Dear remover of dark,  
Who made me a lark,  
From a worm to a butterfly rare,

You have lifted me up,  
Poured your wine in my cup,  
Left me drunk and abandoned in grace,

Now my best part is you,  
And I vow to be true,  
As I try now to sit in your place.

**Guru-vāṇī**

Some people say you have gone away,  
But your words will never disappear,  
And so to me through what you say,  
You live in my heart as long as I hear.

Each morning, I clean your sitting place,  
Then water the seeds you came to plant,  
Within my breast your loving grace  
Grows daily as I try to chant.

And the holy name, your matchless gift,  
Deity upon my simple altar,  
A stumbling child, I feel you lift  
Me gently up, each time I falter.  
Gone away in flesh they say  
But younger by the day to me,  
Who guides me as I find the way?  
Or smiles and shares his ecstasy?

Yes gone for those who think you went  
But here to all who daily listen  
To your message, heaven-sent,  
Within their minds you smile and glisten.

So live forever, Prabhupāda,  
Within the hearts of one and all.  
You teach the ways of serving God  
And loving your dark-eyed Lord Gopal.

Jāmadagneya Dāsa

**Kṛpāmayī Devī Dāsī**

My Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances. All glories to everything  
about Your Divine Grace.

Today is the last day to submit an offering to you. Embarrassed  
by my lateness, I hope you will not be disappointed.

You know the heart of all of your children and as our caring  
father you are ever praying for our safety and success. You came  
to the West, and with the brilliance of the most accomplished  
master, you transformed the gray outline of our lives into a  
magnificent tableau depicting the depth of color, vibrancy, and  
spirit that is love of God. You painted every aspect of our days  
and years with that love and compassion.

You awakened our consciousness with purpose and hope. You  
taught us to desire to love the Lord, each other, and all of  
Śrī Kṛṣṇa's creation. Who could ask for a better father and  
guide? You and I both know my heart, Śrīla Prabhupāda, that  
"late" is an understatement when it comes to the quality of my  
devotion. Still, I have the persistent hope that you daily forgive  
me and that you are rooting for your entire family of children,  
grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. You want us to truly  
love the Lord. I pray that by your kindness and mercy the  
masterpiece of Kṛṣṇa consciousness, which you so generously  
and inconceivably revealed, will soothe the hearts and capture  
the minds of those who inhabit this place of forgetfulness.

Begging to know, understand, and please you with loving  
devotion firmly fixed in my heart,

*Your daughter,*

Kṛpāmayī Devī Dāsī

**Mahāmāyā Devī Dāsī**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

You are sometimes described as being the miracle *guru*, which  
you are of course, for you single-handedly brought Kṛṣṇa  
consciousness to the West and forever changed the face of  
the earth by transforming hedonistic hippies into "happies."  
We all know how much you struggled, risking your life, just for  
us. Your miracle was not easily attained, yet you never gave  
up, because your commitment to your spiritual master was  
profound.

This transformed hippie thanks you again and again. I am so  
grateful to avoid my almost certain fate — suicide or locked up  
in some mental hospital — and instead receive your merciful  
gift of devotional service to Lord Śrī Kṛṣṇa. I didn't deserve  
anything, yet you gave value to my life. Thank you for not  
giving up on me.

Please consider my prayer for the strength to become an  
effective instrument in fulfilling your mission. My desire is to  
please you.

*Your servant,*

Mahāmāyā Devī Dāsī

**Maṇḍaleśvara Dāsa**

Dear followers of Śrīla Prabhupāda,

With great respect and affection, I bow at your feet. Please accept me as your servant. Although I am unqualified, I will attempt to offer some praise to His Divine Grace A. C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupāda, my eternal spiritual master.

Whenever the Absolute Godhead appears within the material world, it is in no way a discrete, isolated event. The place where the Supreme Lord appears is immediately sanctified as holy ground, and indeed, the entire universe transforms in concordance with the transcendental epiphany.

The Vedic literature tells of how the Supreme Lord once erupted into this mundane world with infinite force and anger as half-man, half-lion, all-God Śrī Nṛsimha. At another time, the Lord, appearing thumb-sized from the nostril of Brahmā, assumed the transcendental form of a boar, Śrī Varāhadeva, and expanded to incalculable proportions. The Lord then effortlessly rescued earth from destruction, valiantly conquered the demon Hiraṇyākṣa, and simultaneously re-established the universal order. Once, many eons ago, the Lord's *avatāra* burst into the mundane world as the colossus Śrī Matsya, in the form of a fish of eight million miles in length, and blissfully swam through the waters of cosmic devastation. Again and again the Supreme Lord descends, bringing His blessed entourage of pure devotees with Him.

Again and again the Supreme Personality of Godhead manifests within the material world, exhibiting His unlimited power, beauty, mercy, and divinity and displaying His holy pastimes. He descends by His own sweet will. Delivering the pious devotees and annihilating the envious evil-doers, He settles all accounts. This He does in full view of all beings,

the faithful and the faithless alike. On such blessed occasions, the pantheon of gods and the host of Vedic sages behold the transcendental form of Godhead, worshiping Him within their hearts. Choirs of angels sing the ancient Vedic hymns as though conducted by an unseen hand, filling the universe with gorgeous, harmonious praise to the all-merciful, transcendental God, who gloriously and causelessly appears within the mundane world. Mere mortals awaken to devotional ecstasy with their voices choked, their eyes filled with tears, and their bodies trembling as they offer their heartfelt surrender and love to the Supreme Personality of Godhead. Certainly the Lord's transcendental birth is the most blessed event.

Although we are now living in the most materialistic of times, we are nevertheless spiritually blessed by the Lord's recent repeated appearances. Consider the following: Lord Śrī Kṛṣṇa, along with His very intimate associates, appeared here, in this universe, on this planet, a mere five thousand years ago — very recently indeed on the scale of universal time. Lord Kṛṣṇa displayed His most intimate loving pastimes with His most intimate associates, and He spoke His quintessential teachings, the *Bhagavad-gītā*. That was about three millennia B.C., just prior to the beginning of this present Age of Quarrel.

Even more recently, just five centuries ago, the same Lord Kṛṣṇa again appeared, although this time disguised as His own devotee, and again He manifested His most intimate pastimes with His most intimate associates. He also gave His most elevated and confidential teachings, and He taught a simple, sublime process for perfection, a process of devotional service divinely tailored for giving the highest transcendental blessings to the lowest most fallen souls of this age.

Finally, very recently, there occurred a most blessed event for which we are all eternally grateful, especially on this day.

Because of this most blessed event, we have all been touched by the hand of divine intervention, and thus the knot of our entanglement in the karmic cycle of birth and death has been untied. One magnanimous and merciful member of Lord Kṛṣṇa's intimate entourage, one pure and selfless participant in Lord Caitanya Mahāprabhu's pastimes descended again to this world, carrying the mercy and the message of Godhead. That one ambassador of divine mercy returned here and personally came to each of us to accomplish exactly what Lord Kṛṣṇa desired: to initiate us into the chanting of the Lord's holy names and thus into the Lord's eternal unlimited pastimes of love.

We know that merciful personality who descended to execute the mission of Godhead to be His Divine Grace A. C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupāda, our eternal spiritual master. The day on which His Divine Grace appeared in this world was September 1, 1896. Each year we honor the anniversary of that day on Nandotsava, the day following Kṛṣṇa Janmāṣṭamī, as Śrī Vyāsa-pūjā-tithi, the appearance day of His Divine Grace A. C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupāda.

Śrīla Prabhupāda was empowered by the Supreme Personality of Godhead and ordered through *guru-paramparā* to continue the flood of mercy that began five thousand years ago with the appearance of Lord Kṛṣṇa and that resurged five hundred years ago with the appearance of Lord Caitanya. I offer my most humble, prostrated obeisance at the lotus feet of my savior, His Divine Grace A. C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupāda.

Despite my words here, I feel foolish and ignorant, both before my spiritual master and before my worshipful *prabhus*, the servants and followers of His Divine Grace Śrīla Prabhupāda. Only by the persistent grace of Śrīla Prabhupāda do I have some understanding that I am but an insignificant servant of the Supreme Personality of Godhead, struggling for innumerable

lifetimes under the Lord's illusory energy. I am in awe that the Supreme Personality of Godhead has come to me as the eternal spiritual teacher. He has come, not because I have any qualifications, but precisely for the opposite reason: that I have no qualifications and no hope without the most extreme form of His mercy. That mercy now stands before me as His Divine Grace A. C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupāda, who is eternally and purely serving the Lord's compassionate desire to lift me and innumerable others from this mire of illusion to the supreme realm of pure devotion.

That the Infinite would attend to this tiny, ignorant soul is beyond my ability to know, to experience, or to feel. I was born in ignorance, and all my unhappiness proceeds from that ignorance. Indeed, I have lived and died in ignorance for eons, birth after birth. The sheer immensity of my ignorance attests to my insignificance. Still, despite my insignificance, Śrīla Prabhupāda undertook great risks and inconvenience, sacrificing "gallons of blood" to come and save me. Thus it is most fitting that I remain eternally in Śrīla Prabhupāda's debt.

Although I am certainly mired in ignorance, with "one kick" Śrīla Prabhupāda can destroy that ignorance. I therefore pray to him: "Please, Master, give me that merciful kick — in the head, in the heart, in the false ego — wherever the ignorance resides. Please purify me by the dust of your lotus feet and situate me fully and eternally in the service of your servants and in the service of all living beings, many of whom I have offended over many lifetimes and many of whom have helped me in numerous ways, even without my knowing."

Looking back now, I can see where His Divine Grace mercifully chose perhaps to accomplish some part of his mission by using me — my senses, my actions, my words. I can see the miracle of where His Divine Grace coaxed me into using my minute

independence to cooperate with his desires. Sometimes it may have even appeared that I was preaching Kṛṣṇa consciousness. I sometimes even thought of myself as an important preacher of Kṛṣṇa consciousness, although in fact I was neither important nor a preacher. I was simply a recipient of divine mercy; such is the open secret of disciplic succession. But my pride became my undoing; such is the open secret of false ego and *anarthas*.

I know that, despite my offenses, I was blessed by Śrīla Prabhupāda, especially by having the association of his disciples. My focus now is on learning to deeply revere and respect all of Śrīla Prabhupāda’s followers. Seeing the depth of my ignorance and the extent of my offenses, however, I seem to have frozen in mid-stride, trying on the one hand to free myself of *anarthas*, yet being on the other hand too ashamed (or perhaps too proud) to take an active role in ISKCON.

It seems necessary and honest that I include these self-reflective confessions in my offering to Śrīla Prabhupāda. I know I am not alone in being a slow disciple. I especially seem to fit Śrīla Prabhupāda’s analogy wherein he said that purifying some of his disciples was like “washing a lump of coal.” If I am to make a heartfelt offering to His Divine Grace, then certainly I must be honest. Yet I must do so without allowing it to taint my offering. My prayer is that my *prabhus* will be pleased with my offering and that, if there are persons with similar difficulties, they might find my offering helpful. I sincerely hope my readers will offer me their blessings, forgive my offenses, and correct me if I have made any serious errors. Most of all I pray to be able to serve.

So powerful is Śrīla Prabhupāda’s message and the association of his followers, that even such a lump of coal as I can eventually become rectified. Śrīla Prabhupāda is unflinchingly training us to desire only pure, unalloyed *bhakti*. And he is

inspiring even me to pray that I be permitted to use my body, mind, and desires in somehow serving his mission in this world. He is inspiring me to hope against hope that I may be allowed to serve, to support, to cooperate with, to glorify, to live or die for, birth after birth, all those who are the Lord’s surrendered servants.

For eons I have been away from my eternal Lord Kṛṣṇa. This madness must end. Now, by Śrīla Prabhupāda’s grace, my false egoism is transforming into my true identity as a tiny, eternal servant of the infinite, Absolute Godhead. That fundamental transformation is occurring only by his mercy. Still, due to my many offenses and attachments, I am surely destined to remain in this material world for many more births — and this is also Lord Kṛṣṇa’s perfect mercy.

My prayer to Śrīla Prabhupāda is that he will engage me as his servant and as the servant of his servants during my extended sojourn of births and deaths. I furthermore pray that I may perform my eternal service without giving any distress to any other soul. Most of all, I pray that I may have on my head the dust of the lotus feet of Śrīla Prabhupāda’s associates (of all my *prabhus*) birth after birth. I pray that Śrīla Prabhupāda will please bless me that I may always serve and worship his words, his mission, and his followers.

Praying at the lotus feet of all those devotees who are dear to Śrīla Prabhupāda, I submit my Vyāsa-pūjā offering for the pleasure of His Divine Grace A. C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupāda and all his followers.

Your servant,

Maṇḍaleśvara Dāsa

Mañjarī Dāsī

At the end of his manifest pastimes in this world, Śrīla Prabhupāda desired to go to Govardhana. Everything the pure devotee does is exemplary; he is *ācārya*. So how are we to understand Śrīla Prabhupāda’s desire to go to Govardhana and circumambulate the hill in an oxcart when he was so very sick?

Let us first understand who Govardhana is and what Govardhana’s significance is as taught by the Vaiṣṇava *ācāryas* in our *sampradāya*. Then let us examine Śrīla Prabhupāda’s mission in relation to these *ācāryas’* teachings. Finally, let us understand how a pure devotee teaches by his life’s example.

From the *Bhāgavatam* we understand that Govardhana is worshipped as Kṛṣṇa. “Oh,” the Vrajavāsīs said, “this form of Govardhana (who was eating their offerings) looks exactly like our Kṛṣṇa.” And also, Govardhana is known as *hari-dāsa-varya*, the best servant of Śrī Hari. Śrīmatī Rādhārāṇī says, “*haridāsa-śreṇi-varyeti-nāmāmṛtam* — This hill is the best of those who are known as Haridāsa.”

Śrīla Raghunātha dāsa Gosvāmī and Viśvanāth Cakravārtī Ṭhākura sing the glories of Govardhana. In the *Upadesāmṛta*, Śrīla Rūpa Gosvāmī has glorified Govardhana and the eyes of Govardhana, Rādhā-kuṇḍa, as the most superior place in the universe. Govardhana is understood to be *rādhā-kṛṣṇa prema-plavitā-bhūmi*, or the land that is soaked in the *prema* of Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa. It is to this Govardhana that Śrīla Prabhupāda desired to go.

Śrīla Prabhupāda strictly followed the *siddhānta* of the Vaiṣṇava *ācāryas* of the Brahmā-Madhva-Gauḍīya-*sampradāya*. He discusses this relationship in his own words in *Gītār Gān*:

*gosvāmī prabhura gaṇa, āśraya sei śrī-caraṇa  
anya mora kichu āsā nāi  
tāira madhye je śrī-jīva, ujjala ācārya-dīpa  
diyāchena caraṇete ṭhāi*

“I have no yearning other than the exclusive shelter of the lotus feet of these *gosvāmīs*. Among all of the *ācāryas*, Śrīla Jīva Gosvāmī stands out as a brilliant torchlight of knowledge, and he has mercifully given me residence by his lotus feet.”

Śrīla Prabhupāda was able to bring *vraja-bhakti* in the line of Mahāprabhu to the West. He performed miracles, literally changing the lives of millions of people. How was this possible? By the mercy of Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī Gosvāmī Mahārāja Prabhupāda and all the Vaiṣṇava *ācāryas* in this unbroken *dhara*, or line. Saying that it is not Prabhupāda’s mercy is not minimizing him. Rather, it is to say that Śrīla Prabhupāda is a *parikara* of Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu and the embodiment of the previous *ācāryas*. He did not make up anything new and it is his *glory* that he didn’t. So let us understand his desire to go to Govardhana in the light of the realizations of our *paramparā*.

In Śrī *Govardhana-vāsa-prārthanā-daṣakam* Śrīla Raghunātha dāsa Gosvāmī prays:

*nirupadhi-karuṇena śrī-śacī-nandanena  
tvayi kapaṭi-śaṭho ‘pi tvat-priyenārpito ‘smi  
iti khalu mama yogyāyogyatāṁ tām agrhṇan  
nija-nikaṭa-nivāsaṁ dehi govardhana tvarī*

“O Govardhana! Although I am a cheater and a rogue, the greatly merciful Śrī Śacīnandana, who is most dear to you, has offered me unto you. Without considering whether I am qualified or unqualified, please bestow upon me a residence near your side.”

Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu gave Śrīla Raghunātha dāsa Gosvāmī His *govardhana-sīlā* and *guñjā-mālā* to worship. But the way Raghunātha dāsa Gosvāmī sees it is that it was he who was offered to Girirāja. The implication of the verse is, “O Govardhana! Because Mahāprabhu, who is most dear to you, has offered me to you, you are obliged to accept me.” In the same way, Śrīla Prabhupāda desired to go to Govardhana at the end of his pastimes in this world. *Nija nikaṭa-nivāsam dehī govardhana! tvām.*

It is no small whim to want to go to Govardhana at the end of one’s life. Prabhupāda is following in the footsteps of Śrīla Raghunātha dāsa Gosvāmī. By this desire, Prabhupāda has shown to us what our own desire should be at the culmination of our lives. He has shown us what our *prayojana* should be. Moreover, by his desire to go to Govardhana, Śrīla Prabhupāda has offered us unto the lotus feet of Śrī Girirāja Govardhana.

*yasya prasādād bhagavat-prasādo  
yasyāprasādān na gatiḥ kuto ’pi*

So we see the great mercy of Śrīla Prabhupāda. Even at the end of his life, when most people are absorbed in their illness or themselves in some way, he was thinking of how to benefit his disciples. Śrīla Prabhupāda didn’t need to go to Govardhana — he *is* there. He is always intimately serving in the eternal pastimes of Śrī Śrī Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa. We meditate on this everyday, *kṛṣṇānandāya dhīmahe*. Prabhupāda is always in Vṛndāvana. He is already a *govardhana-vāsī*. But he is *ācārya*, teaching by his life’s example where our real shelter lies. And he is unlimitedly merciful because he desires the highest destination for us.

And so we pray:

*prāpto yasya prathita-kṛpaya śrī-gurum taṁ nato ’smi*

*Having received this all-encompassing expanded mercy, I  
bow my head at the lotus feet of my guru.*

Mañjarī Dāsi

### Mithilādhiśa Dāsa & Rādhā-Gokulānanda Dāsi

Dearest Śrīla Prabhupāda,

We offer our most humble *daṇḍavat praṇāms* at your holy lotus feet thousands of times and then the same again repeatedly.

You have so kindly accepted us as yours and we want to realize this more. Just as one offers water from the Ganges to worship the Ganges, we worship you with the words you spoke in 1936 on your *Guru Mahārāja’s* appearance day:

“Gentlemen, the offering of such an homage as has been arranged this evening to the Ācāryadeva is not a sectarian concern, for when we speak of the fundamental principle of *gurudeva*, or *ācāryadeva*, we speak of something that is of universal application. There does not arise any question of discriminating my *guru* from yours or anyone else’s. There is only one *guru*, who appears in an infinity of forms to teach you, me, and all others.

“The *guru*, or *ācāryadeva*, as we learn from the bona fide scriptures, delivers the message of the absolute world, the transcendental abode of the Absolute Personality, where everything nondifferentially serves the Absolute Truth. We have heard so many times: *mahājano yena gataḥ sa panthāḥ* [Cc. Madhya 17.186] (‘Traverse the trail which your previous *ācārya* has passed’), but we have hardly tried to understand the real purport of this *śloka*. If we scrutinizingly study this proposition, we understand that the *mahājana* is one, and the royal road to the transcendental world is also one. In the *Muṇḍaka Upaniṣad* (1.2.12) it is said:

*tad-vijñānārtham sa gurum evābhigacchet  
samt-pāṇiḥ śrotriyam brahma-niṣṭham*

‘In order to learn the transcendental science, one must approach the bona fide spiritual master in disciplic succession, who is fixed in the Absolute Truth.’

“Thus it has been enjoined herewith that in order to receive that transcendental knowledge, one must approach the *guru*. Therefore, if the Absolute Truth is one, about which we think there is no difference of opinion, the *guru* also cannot be two. The Ācāryadeva for whom we have assembled tonight to offer our humble homage is not the *guru* of a sectarian institution or one out of many differing exponents of the truth. On the contrary, he is the Jagad-guru, or the *guru* of all of us; the only difference is that some obey him wholeheartedly, while others do not obey him directly.

“In the *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* (11.17.27) it is said:

*ācāryam māṁ vijāniyān / nāvamanyeta karhicit  
na martya-buddhyāsūyeta / sarva-devamayo guruḥ*

‘One should understand the spiritual master to be as good as I am,’ said the Blessed Lord. ‘Nobody should be jealous of the spiritual master or think of him as an ordinary man, because the spiritual master is the sum total of all demigods.’ That is, the *ācārya* has been identified with God Himself. He has nothing to do with the affairs of this mundane world. He does not descend here to meddle with the affairs of temporary necessities, but to deliver the fallen, conditioned souls — the souls, or entities, who have come here to the material world with a motive of enjoyment by the mind and the five organs of sense perception. He appears before us to reveal the light of the Vedas and to bestow upon us the blessings of full-fledged freedom, after which we should hanker at every step of our life’s journey.”

Śrīla Prabhupāda, you have also explained that when one becomes sufficiently serious, the Lord, who is situated in the heart of every living entity, appears outside the body as either *dīksā-* or *śikṣā-guru*, both of whom are nondifferent from Him. The onus is upon us to meet the criterion of becoming “sufficiently serious” and maintaining such consciousness. This divine manifestation of the Lord, Śrī Guru, is by His own prerogative exclusive and cannot be dictated by conditioned souls in this world or by any ecclesiastical body. He is fully transcendental, coming from the plane of eternity, knowledge, and ecstasy, from Goloka Vṛndāvana-dhāma.

We have heard from you that in that transcendental abode everyone is a realized soul and a pure devotee of Śrī Śrī Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa and Śrī Gaurāṅga Mahāprabhu. That abode is three-fourths of Kṛṣṇa’s energy, whereas this mundane world is but one-fourth. By the will of the Lord alone, He may send pure devotees to teach us and, as you have so kindly explained, this is not a sectarian matter. Rather, it is the one *guru* appearing in infinite forms. Again, the onus is upon us to seek out such manifestations of divinity in all times and places and to an extreme degree. If we have such intentions, surely Śrī Guru will appear to us to give us guidance. This transcendently affectionate exchange is a most dynamic affair.

You have given us *Śrī Caitanya-caritāmṛta*, which begins with

the words “*vande gurūn.*” You have explained the conceptions of the *dīksā-* and *śīksā-guru*, or the initiating and instructing spiritual master. In a letter you even explained that you also had a *śīksā-guru* and said that your *guru* mahārāja approved that he would train you. As small children, we did not understand such ideas but could only see that you are our father. That someone else may have a father other than you was hard to conceive of. But again, we defer to your statement that there is only one *guru* who appears in infinite forms.

The truth of *guru* has been explained by Śrī Kṛṣṇa in *Bhagavad-gītā* in the verse beginning with *tad viddhi praṇipātena* and ending with *jñāninas tattva-darśinaḥ*. If we want to know the Absolute Truth, we must approach a realized soul who has seen the Truth, Śrī Kṛṣṇa, and who comes in *paramparā*, a disciplic succession of realized perfected souls. To find such personalities and bow our proud heads at their feet, placing relevant inquiries as to how to serve properly, and then actually doing so is our duty in life.

You have accepted us as your own and that is nothing short of a miracle. We pray that somehow, one day, this lifetime or another, we may become deserving of such an honor and serve your lotus feet with the utmost purity of purpose, thus becoming real disciples. We beg that you kindly overlook our shortcomings and keep us with you always in some corner of your holy lotus feet.

*With all the humility and affection that we can muster,*

*Your fallen servants,*

Mithilādhiśa Dāsa & Rādhā-Gokulānanda Dāsi

### Navadvīpa Dāsa

*namaḥ om viṣṇupādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhūtale  
svāmi-śrī-bhaktivedānta-prabhupādāya te namaḥ*

*gurvājñānām śīrasi-dharyan śaktyāveṣa-sva-rūpiṇe  
hare-kṛṣṇeti-mantreṇa pāścātya-prācyā-tāriṇe*

*viśvācārya prabhāryāya divya-kāruṇya-mūrtaye  
śrī-bhāgavata-mādhurya-gītā-jñāna-pradāyine*

*gaura-śrī-rūpa-siddhānta-sarasvatī-niṣevīṇe  
rādhā-kṛṣṇa-padāmbhoja-bhṛṅgāya gurave namaḥ*

“I offer my humble obeisances unto His Divine A.C. Bhaktivedānta Swami Prabhupāda, who is very dear to Lord Kṛṣṇa on this earth, having taken shelter at His lotus feet. Taking the order of his *guru* on his head, he became empowered by Nityānanda Prabhu to act as a *śaktyāveśa avatāra*. He distributed the Hare Kṛṣṇa mantra all over the Eastern and Western worlds, delivering and uplifting all fallen souls. He is the best of millions of *jagad-gurus*, because he is the personification of divine mercy. He has distributed the sweet nectar of *Śrīmad-Bhagavatam* and the transcendental knowledge of *Bhagavad-gītā* all over the world. He is constantly engaged in exclusive devotional service to Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī Ṭhākura, Śrīla Rūpa Gosvāmī, and Śrī Gaurāṅga Mahāprabhu. I offer my humble obeisances unto Śrīla Prabhupāda, who is like a bumblebee always tasting the nectar of the lotus feet of Śrī Śrī Rādhā and Govinda.”

*nāma-śreṣṭham manum api śacī-putram atra svarūpaṁ  
rūpaṁ tasyāgrajam uru-purīm māthurīm goṣṭhavāṭīm  
rādhā-kuṇḍam giri-varam aho rādhikā-mādhavāśāṁ  
prāpto yasya prathita-kṛpayā śrī-gurum taṁ nato 'smi*

“I am fully indebted to Śrī Gurudeva, because he is giving me so

many things. He is giving me the holy name containing the highest form of thought, aspiration, and ideal, and he is giving me the service of the great saviour, the son of Mother Śacī, Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu, who is like a golden mountain indicating the way to *kṛṣṇa-līlā*. And Śrī Gurudeva has brought me to Svarūpa Dāmodara, who is Lalitā-devī, Śrīmatī Rādhikā’s closest friend. Then he has brought me to Śrī Rūpa, who was ordered to distribute *rasa-tattva*, and then to Śrī Sanātana Gosvāmī, who adjusts our position in relation to *rāgānuga-bhakti*. Gurudeva has brought me to Mathurā-maṇḍala, where Rādhā and Govinda have their pastimes; where the forest, hills, and every creeper, shrub, and grain of sand are *uddīpana* (stimuli) to help me remember Rādhā and Govinda. He has given me Rādhā-kuṇḍa and Girirāja Govardhana, and aho!— he has given me assurance of all these, so I bow my head with deep respect unto his lotus feet.” (Śrī Raghunātha dāsa Gosvāmī, *Śrī Mukta-carita*)

Śrīla Prabhupāda, I heard you say on many occasions that after the departure of the *guru*, the disciple can feel his presence by following his instructions. And without a doubt this is quite true. But I feel that when you withdrew your manifested pastimes from this world thirty-two years ago, you took something with you, and because of this I am feeling deep separation. There is a precedent, however, for this feeling. After the departure of his *gurudeva*, Śrī Raghunātha dāsa Gosvāmī wrote that he felt that the holiest of hills, Govardhana, appeared like a big python coming to devour him. And Rādhā-kuṇḍa seemed like the mouth of a tiger wanting to attack him. Remembering your many pastimes, I long for that future time when, once again, I can be in the presence of your manifest pastimes with more of a capacity and purity, so that I can serve you without offence. You are a ocean of mercy and I am forever in your debt.

You picked up even a wretch like me from a pit of ignorance and engaged me in your pure devotional service. What qualifications did I have? I had absolutely no qualification for your mercy. Jagāi and Mādhāi had some qualification for mercy: they were born and raised in a high *brāhmaṇa* family, and they resided in Navadvīpa-dhāma. They saw and heard the singing of Lord Nityānanda and Lord Caitanya. Even after committing

a great offence against Lord Nityānanda, He still bestowed His mercy upon them. When Gaura heard that His Nitāi had been struck by one of the brothers, He rushed onto the scene with His Sudarśana *cakra* in His hand, and He wanted to kill those offenders. But Nitāi intervened and delivered both of the brothers with His mercy. Mercy over justice!

Śrīla Prabhupāda, your mercy is equal to Lord Nityānanda’s, and this is not surprising. Your esteemed godbrother and friend, Śrīla Śrīdhara Mahārāja, had declared boldly that you are the *śakti-āveśa* of Lord Nityānanda. That mercy I received from you, and you ordered me to distribute it to others.

The quality of mercy is not strained.  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest:  
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.  
Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes  
The throned monarch better than his crown.  
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings.  
But mercy is above this sceptered sway;  
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;  
It is an attribute of God Himself;  
And earthly power doth then show like God’s  
When mercy seasons justice.

— William Shakespeare, *The Merchant of Venice*

Śrīla Prabhupāda, in the summer of 1976, you asked me about my service. I answered by saying, “Śrīla Prabhupāda, it is only by your mercy that I am able to do anything.” I can honestly say that you have given me everything. You gave me initiation into the chanting of the holy name, giving me hope for my deliverance. You said that the holy name descended from Goloka Vṛndāvana — *golokera prema-dhana, hari-nāma-saṅkīrtana* — and that this name will purify the chanter and eventually place him at the lotus feet of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa. At the time that you gave me *harināma* initiation and the name Navadvīpa Dāsa, you told me that Caitanya Mahāprabhu

appeared in the holy land of Navadvīpa-dhāma and that I was His servant. You taught that service to Mahāprabhu was the recommended process for attaining service to Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa and that we should not try to approach Them directly but approach Them only through Him. In your purport to *Śrī Caitanya-caritāmṛta, Ādi-līlā* 13.43, you wrote: *śrī-kṛṣṇa-caitanya rādhā-kṛṣṇa nahe anya*. “By worshipping Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu alone, one can relish the loving affairs of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa together. One should therefore try to understand Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa not directly, but through Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu and through His devotees.” And the best way to worship Mahāprabhu is through *harināma-saṅkīrtana*.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, you showed your disciples how to perform *harināma-saṅkīrtana* by performing it yourself. With an effulgence like the shining of a thousand jewels set in gold, you chanted and danced in ecstasy and inspired us to also dance with extreme joy, thus purifying our stone-like hearts.

After establishing the *saṅkīrtana* movement and clearing the jungle of misconceptions (Māyāvāḍism, Sahajiyāism, scientific speculation, etc.), you established Deity worship in your temples. You personally secured, installed, and trained your disciples how to properly worship Their Lordships Śrī Śrī Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa, Gaura-Nitāi, and Jagannātha, Subhadrā, and Baladeva. By your mercy, I was engaged in the service of cleaning the altar of Rādhā and Govinda in New York the day after receiving Gāyatrī *mantra-dīkṣā*. Shortly thereafter, I began to do *ārātrikas*, and eventually dress Their Lordships. You taught by example how to cook so many nice food preparations to be offered, and you taught how to dance and sing in front of Their Lordships.

Being merciful to all conditioned souls, you brought Lord Jagannātha, Subhadrā, and Baladeva out of the temple, placed

Them on a grand *ratha*, and paraded Them down the streets of many major cities — New York, Los Angeles, San Francisco, and London — just to name a few. You did this just to give the fallen conditioned souls an opportunity to get some *ajñāta-sukṛti* and eventually put an end their material suffering. Who can be more merciful than you, Śrīla Prabhupāda? You travelled around the globe tirelessly, always making sure that the high standards you set for Deity worship were never slackened, and you also enlivened the devotees by your sweet *kīrtana* and amazing lectures, which were always full of Vedic *siddhānta* and verses.

While doing all of this, you always found time to translate and publish your transcendental books — *Bhagavad-gītā, Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam, Caitanya-caritāmṛta, Nectar of Devotion* — and in each and every book, you expressed your transcendental ecstasies in the form of your Bhaktivedanta purports. Śrīla Prabhupāda, you showed me so much mercy by engaging me, right from the beginning of my devotional service, in the production and distribution of your divine literature. Millions of books were printed and distributed around the world by your family of dedicated disciples.

Śrīla Prabhupada, I can’t conceive of making any advancement in devotional service without your mercy. Although I haven’t actively participated in your ISKCON institution for the past twenty-five years, I still nevertheless practice what you taught me by chanting every day, worshipping Their Lordships Nitāi-Gaura, publishing and printing transcendental literature, reading your books, listening to your lectures and *bhajanās*, serving the Vaiṣṇavas, and preaching when the opportunity comes. Please be kind to this lowly disciple and embrace me with your merciful glance, or punish me as you see fit. But please, never neglect this humble servant of yours. I pray that you place me

as an eternal dust particle on your lotus feet. I beg to be your eternal servant.

*An insignificant beggar,*

Navadvīpa Dāsa

**Nārāyaṇi Devī Dāsī**

*nama om̐ viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine*

*namas te sārasvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviṣeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

This year, your mercy has come to me in many ways. You have forced me to drink the nectar of renunciation by removing my dependence on my fallible soldiers, that is, my family and even my body, expanding my vision of family to all your children and grandchildren, and I realize, as you did, that I had one son and daughter but that I now have so many sons and daughters.

You have taken me out of Vṛndāvana to speak on your behalf to those who desire to hear, forcing me to expand my vision of my home from Vṛndāvana (India) to New Govardhana (Australia), to New Rāmaṅ Reti (Alachua, USA), to Vṛndāvana at Inis Rath (Ireland), and to many more places.

You have forced me to take more shelter of you and also to give your shelter to others who would follow you. Please give shelter to all sincere souls who desire it.

In Melbourne, I chanted *japa* in the room where you stayed over thirty years ago. There, I begged for empowerment to speak as you spoke and chant as you had chanted as I seem to be traveling as you had traveled. I also walked along the same beach where you had walked. When will I again see you as I did before?

Please let me always remember you wherever I go and let your compassion flow through me.

Thank you for your kind gifts of mercy, which purify me and bring me closer to you. Please always engage me in your service.

*Your servant,*

Nārāyaṇī Devī Dāsī

**Pañcaratna Dāsa**

*nama orṇ viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrīmate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine*

*namas te sārāsvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

I came to your open door  
Proud of my meager offering.  
Looking past my gifts of broken glass,  
Your servants let me in

And delivered to my dirty hands,  
Stained dark with ignorance,  
Treasures from your storehouse  
Shining with jeweled brilliance.

The fire of your words,  
Through your servants made visible,  
Entered my jaundiced heart,  
Lighting a thin candle

Of desire for reality  
Separate from illusion.  
By your grace, my path was lit  
Towards freedom, not confusion.

Towards service and love,  
My natural state,  
You set me free to surrender —  
Destroying to create

A life of meaning  
In the vast insignificance  
Of human endeavor  
For fleeting happiness.



Hold fast, my heart,  
To the lifeline you have been given,  
To the angels of Prabhupada's mercy,  
And the promise of his vision.

Prabhupada, in your firm but gentle hands,  
Although my strength is weak,  
May I ever stay within your grasp,  
Safe beneath your lotus feet.

*Your unworthy servant,*  
Pañcaratna Dāsa

**Payasvinī Dāsī**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

All glories to you. Please accept my humble obeisances at your lotus feet.

You came to save the fallen souls and you accepted me, the most fallen. Thank you for giving me the holy name and the association of your devotees. With their association and their glorification of you, dear Śrīla Prabhupāda, I am able to remember you. I pray that I may always remember you and keep you always in the forefront of my mind and heart. You are *jagat-guru*.

All glories to you Śrīla Prabhupāda.

*Your humble fallen daughter,*

Payasvinī Dāsī

**Ranchor Dāsa**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

One day in my youth, amid the swirling sounds, people, and colours of central London, a voice stood out. On Kings Road, I met a devotee and bought a little booklet written by you. It was called *Kṛṣṇa Consciousness: The Topmost Yoga System*. On the cover was a picture of a shaven-headed monk meditating on his prayer beads in front of two small brass figurines wreathed in flowers. The figures seemed to radiate energy. The picture was intense and puzzling.

When I read that short book, I didn't understand much, but I heard an insistent voice calling me to work for Kṛṣṇa. That was the dominant theme. "We don't get tired," it said. "All day long we have things to do. There are not enough hours in the day."

Your voice was clear and unwavering. It was a commanding voice. Friendly, but commanding. It was clear that you were addressing a group of faithful followers, and being heard with great attention. At the time, I had no idea that I would become one of those followers.

My friend introduced me to the temple, and within two or three weeks, I was serving Kṛṣṇa there. So at twenty, on the threshold of adult life, I was touched by a great and astonishing person and my life was changed forever.

I felt I had left everything behind. I tried to keep in touch with my family, but without much success — they couldn't understand what I was doing. Although I was still living in central London, in the small temple in Bury Place, I felt I was on an entirely new trajectory, almost on another planet. That feeling stayed with me for several years.

Now, forty years on, I feel your presence very strongly. There have been times when I've felt distant from you, Prabhupāda, but certainly I can't say that today. I think you've always been there through the years, like that story of the footprints on the sand; the times when it seemed you were absent you were with me even more.

Because of you, I've been able to undertake a series of writing projects that have inspired me and brought me closer to you. Most recently, telling the story of you here in England absorbed me, night and day, for more than three years.

All this time, I felt that part of me has tried to escape you, Prabhupāda, while another part of me simply cannot. The truth is, I can't forget you, and that turns out to be my greatest blessing. My life has become an adventure. From one day to the next, I don't know what amazing things will happen, where I will find myself or with whom I will be speaking. I go forward almost blindly, with faith that what I'm doing will lead to something good.

This year, I will be sixty years old — a significant age in a person's life. Once you reach sixty, you know that time is running out. Prabhupāda, I have wasted so much time being distracted by Kṛṣṇa's energies — sleeping, physically and metaphorically, being asleep to the really important things in life. I've neglected your instructions in endless ways.

Now I want to use the remaining years of my life well. Your instructions stay with me. Your wishes for me are a beacon in my life, which I hold onto and through which you hold onto me. Thank you, Śrīla Prabhupāda, for giving my life shape and purpose. Thank you for being my father, my mother, my guide, and my friend.

Ranchor Dāsa

### Rocana Dāsa

Śrīla Prabhupāda,

*nama om viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine*

*namas te sārāsvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

"I offer my respectful obeisances unto His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupāda, who is very dear to Lord Kṛṣṇa, having taken shelter at His lotus feet. Our respectful obeisances are unto you, O spiritual master, servant of Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī Gosvāmī. You are kindly preaching the message of Lord Caitanyadeva and delivering the Western countries, which are filled with impersonalism and voidism."

All glories to His Divine Grace Śrīla Bhaktivedanta Ṭhākura!

I reject all desires to imitate you, my beloved spiritual master, Śrīla Prabhupāda. I am just trying to understand you. I heard you speak a similar message to us in relation to Lord Śrī Kṛṣṇa.

Understanding: You chose to appear on the request of Lord Caitanya Mahāprabhu and Lord Nityānanda, so that Their prophecy would become manifest and the chanting of the holy names would take place throughout the world.

Understanding: This mission was already under way when you arrived. Śrīla Bhaktivinoda Ṭhākura first came and then his son, Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī Ṭhākura, your divine spiritual master, continued on with the cause.

Understanding: A recognition occurred on the first meeting between the two *sampradāya-ācāryas*: "Please take this *saṅkīrtana* mission outside India and benedict the whole world."

Understanding: From your appearance until your disappearance, you have been in harmony with the will of the *yuga-avatāra*. Your ISKCON *antya-lilā* period occurred when your potencies were revealed and you became famous.

Understanding: For the many years prior to your setting foot on foreign lands, no one understood your exalted nature. After twelve years of manifesting your divine potencies, not even your closest disciples understood you to be a rare *sampradāya-ācārya*.

Understanding: I was one among thousands who were inexplicably compelled to participate in your *lilā*. Proportionate to the degree of surrender, we were all empowered to play a small part in your campaign to spread Kṛṣṇa consciousness worldwide.

Understanding: Śrīla Prabhupāda, one can only understand you as the *sampradāya-ācārya* by engaging in devotional service under your guidance and in your mood. Your transcendental qualities and position are not revealed to everyone. I am only beginning to understand your exalted nature.

Understanding: We should adopt the mood of your humble servant without individual independence and act on your order only. You have spoken innumerable orders — enough for all your sincere followers for thousands of years.

Understanding: Those followers who understand the truth of your appearance and activities can direct others in executing your mission. Those who imitate you cannot lead the preaching.

Rocana Dāsa

Saṅkarṣaṇa Dāsa Adhikārī

**Song to Śrīla Prabhupāda**

Śrīla Prabhupāda, you saved me  
from hopelessness and disgrace.

Blessed me with divine vision  
of what lies beyond this place.

So adeptly you uprooted my confusion  
by distinguishing reality from illusion.

So now there's nothing for this feeble soul to do  
but to give my eternal existence to you.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, you blessed me  
with ecstasy unsurpassed.

Released me from the hell of birth and death  
and quagmire karma I amassed.

You astound me amazingly to this very day  
by your words of unprecedented sway.

So now there's nothing else for this ragged soul to do  
but to offer my eternal existence unto you.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, I beg for the mercy  
that I can please you unlimitedly.

For I've got to try to repay the debt  
for the unlimited bliss you're giving me.

In spite of my hopeless disqualifications  
I beg to serve in your movement's global inundation.

Yes, the history books will all solidly declare  
that Prabhupāda saved the world from devastating despair.

So now there's nothing else for this wayward soul to do  
but to devote my eternal existence to you.

Saṅkarṣaṇa Dāsa Adhikārī

**Sarvamaṅgala Dāsī**

Dearest Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my most humble obeisances in the dust at your lotus feet.

There were so many times this year when feeling your mercy and reading your amazing purports, I was inspired to write my Vyāsa-pūjā offering to you. Ideally, every day of our lives should be a Vyāsa-pūjā in thanks for what you've given to us. As the years roll by, it is becoming more inconceivable to me that I met you and received your saving grace. I realise there is no way out of this world of birth, death, disease, and old age save for the path that you have offered to us. Even though I cannot walk it properly, still I feel your presence and great compassion. Because of who you are, we have a chance. Even more than a chance; because of who you are, you pick us up time and time again. Still, it is our responsibility to follow your instructions and thereby taste the nectar of the holy name.

This year, my godsister left her body and because of her faith in you, she was able to give up so much of the material concept of this life — only because of faith in you. I could see her tangibly advancing towards you and the Lord. You transform us, you forgive us, you give us hope when we are at a low ebb.

I feel your presence in your rooms at Bhaktivedanta Manor. I feel authorised by you to attempt to share your merciful presence in these quarters and to engage others in your service. Thank you, Śrīla Prabhupāda, for being there in form and substance, your deity form, the transcendental sound vibration of your tapes, and the words in your books. You are also present in the minds and hearts of those who follow you and you are always at the helm of this Kṛṣṇa consciousness movement, this ISKCON.

I feel privileged to be able to assist my husband, Bhagavat Āśraya in his preaching. He is sold out to your preaching mission and I feel very grateful to have his association to keep me engaged in this way. I pray that you will continue to bless him to speak on your behalf. If only we can keep doing this for the rest of our lives, our time will not be wasted, in spite of our frailties and ineptitude.

Please bless us to serve you eternally, Śrīla Prabhupāda. My desire is to become a better servant of Your Divine Grace and one day to see your smile. I hope I can eventually be worthy of it a little more than I am at this present day. I desire to always desire your service and beg your forgiveness for ways in which I am not up to an adequate standard of Kṛṣṇa Consciousness. Perhaps I am a fool to think I can make it back to your lotus feet, but I will keep on trying in spite of everything that stands in my way, for there is no misery in this world that can cover your glorious effulgence. You are our shining light. Wherever your words are spoken and remembered, this world is illuminated — you hold the shining lamp of knowledge.

*Your fallen servant and daughter,*

Sarvamaṅgala Dāsī

**Śatadhanya Dāsa**

On Śrīla Prabhupāda's holy Vyāsa-pūjā, I beg permission from all the assembled devotees to express some thoughts and appreciation.

In 1977, in those last months in Vṛndāvana, His Divine Grace requested me to stay with him and continue to render personal service along with Upendra Prabhu. Upendra and I would give him a daily bath in the front portion of his bathroom. The bathtub was only a metal kitchuri tub in which he sat quite contented. Upendra scrubbed him with a large soapy sponge and I rinsed him with warm water and dried him with a towel, vigorously as he liked it.

On one such day, Śrīla Prabhupāda was sitting in the kitchuri tub, having already finished the bath, when I suddenly realized that I had forgotten to bring a towel to dry him off. I emphatically told him I was sorry to have forgotten the towel and said I'll bring it immediately from his bedroom closet. I literally ran to the bedroom, got a towel from the closet and ran back to the bathroom in seconds flat. Śrīla Prabhupāda was patiently waiting, sitting in the tub with water dripping down his head, face, and body — the scene was transcendently humorous and charming. I was somewhat gasping for breath when I returned to the bathroom with the towel. As I crossed the threshold, looking at Śrīla Prabhupāda, he extended his arm, hand, and forefinger straight and forcefully at me and exclaimed, "Are you convinced?" I stopped in my tracks at the unexpected repartee — I instinctively replied what I thought was the politically correct answer, but not really the truthful one. As a result, my head lowered and my voice cracked as I said in a shrill voice, "Yes, Śrīla Prabhupāda." His Divine Grace laughed long and loud, along with Upendra, and said, "Alright, just chant Hare Kṛṣṇa," as I dried him off with the towel.

Ever since that time, I've contemplated deeply on what it means to be "convinced": convinced that Śrīla Prabhupāda is the bona fide representative of Kṛṣṇa who can factually take us back home, back to Godhead (*jñāninas tattva-darśinaḥ — Gītā 4.34*); convinced that I'm not this body but an eternal spirit soul, part and parcel of Kṛṣṇa (*na jāyate mriyate vā kadācin — Gītā 2.20*) — Śrīla Rupa Goswami states that unless and until one is actually beyond the bodily concept of life, one can fall down to sense gratification at any time — convinced that Kṛṣṇa is the Supreme Personality of Godhead from whom everything has emanated (*ahaṁ sarvasya prabhavo — Gītā 10.8*); convinced and free from doubt that since everything comes from Kṛṣṇa, we must finally give up sense gratification and surrender fully to Him (*naṣṭo mohaḥ smṛtir labdhā tvat-prasādān mayācyuta/sthito 'smi gata-sandehaḥ kariṣye vacanaṁ tava — Gītā 18.73*); and convinced that I should always stick and remain loyal to ISKCON ("Our Kṛṣṇa Consciousness movement is genuine, historically authorized, natural and transcendental due to its being based on *Bhagavad-gīta As It Is*." — Śrīla Prabhupāda, *Bhagavad-gīta As It Is*, Preface).

Now, after more than forty years in ISKCON and chanting Hare Kṛṣṇa, I can say truthfully, without lowering my head or cracking my voice, that "I'm really beginning to get convinced"!

*Your servant,*

Śatadhanya Dāsa

**Sureśa Dāsa & Ujjvala-prada Devī Dāsī**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept our humble obeisances at your feet.

Thank you for accepting us as your disciples so many years ago. We will always be grateful for the knowledge you imparted to us through your books and instructions. Thank you for teaching us to see God everywhere and to see all things through the eyes of the scripture. Thank you for teaching us to show mercy and kindness to all creatures. Thank you for always speaking about Lord Kṛṣṇa, and for introducing us to the unlimited glories of the Personality of Godhead. Thank you for introducing us to the path back to Godhead, with practical instructions how to get there. Thank you for teaching us all knowledge on all subjects, both spiritual and material. Thank you for introducing us to Deity worship, Vedic culture, *varṇāśrama-dharma*, and the yoga system. Thank you for introducing us to the chanting of the beautiful holy names and to the *saṅkīrtana* movement.

Even though we were completely unqualified, you empowered us to preach the glories of the Lord and distribute His mercy everywhere. Thank you for *kṛṣṇa-prasāda* in all of its forms.

*Your servants,*

Sureśa Dāsa & Ujjvala-prada Devī Dāsī

**Sureśvara Dāsa**

*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 beejesus 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 will 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 & 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 Vṛndāvana for a full week of Prabhupāda’s “Bhāgavata Dharma Discourses.”

At the New Vṛndāvana property called Bahulaban, the devotees work hard to finish a farmhouse temple for Śrī Śrī Rādhā-Vṛndāvana Candra. 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 will come, politicians, academics, and journalists from *Mother Earth News* to *The New York Times* will 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 Vṛndāvana 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 *śloka*s from the Bhāgavata’s First Canto, Second Chapter, “Divinity & 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 and Śrīla Prabhupāda’s appearance days. After the Vyāsa-pūjā *ārati* at midnight, a dense fog settles over New Vṛndāvana. 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 bhāskaraḥ*

“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.” (*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 the left and Prabhupāda’s *vyāsāsana* on the 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 steals 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 beadbag 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 worshipped like God?” (Śrī Vyāsa-pūjā, New Vṛndāvana, September 2, 1972)

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?

[T]here 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. (Ibid.)

This is a preemptive strike. Prabhupāda is identifying literacy, the very foundation of Western civilization, 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. (Ibid.)

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. (Ibid.)

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. (Ibid.)

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. (Ibid.)

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. (Ibid.)

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. (Ibid.)

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 this wild, anomalous postscript to Prabhupāda’s message for the evening news. 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

**Tilakā Devī Dāsī**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda, *jagat-guru*, a million *daṇḍavats* to you.

By Your Grace, my life is transformed;  
wretched it was, but now reborn.

Your disciples with angelic faces  
were chanting in so many places.

They told me of their *guru* dear  
who’d left his land without a tear.

Who came to this forsaken place  
to bring us Mahāprabhu’s Grace.

Of chanting Kṛṣṇa’s holy name  
*Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* recommends the same.

Śrī Śukadeva prescribes: to be free of misery  
one should chant the name of Śrī Hari.

The same is confirmed by Nārada, Prahlāda, and Bali;  
it’s perfect for this Age of Kali.

What was said in bygone ages  
by *mahājanas*, saints, and sages

Was given to the world by you  
as the teaching of Mahāprabhu.

I pray to soon appreciate  
it is your mercy, not my fate.

That in spite of my pathetic blindness,  
you’ve showered me with Kṛṣṇa’s kindness.

*Your servant,*

Tilakā Devī Dāsī

Vegavān Dāsa

Your Presence Perceived

Reading and hearing about you from others  
Is something I often fear.

Your different faces and dichotomies obstruct my view  
As you are laid more than bare.

Disciples with different needs and hopes and different minds;  
Sisters and brothers hoping against hope a pure soul to find.

But different contexts are making many a different you,  
Obscuring and confusing as you and I are crowded with others, too.

And inside I go looking: Where is *my* you?  
But you are *my* master and your words to me — even told through others — I shall trace.

And let others do the same, although through different ways,  
And find their Prabhupāda free to embrace.

My master you are and what happens between me and you is my prime concern.  
Our daily laughs and quarrels and exchange of love make my heart burn and turn.

We've grown closer, daring to argue and to disagree,  
But I am happy noting you still remain with me.

My you is a constant need.  
Truly, you are a presence perceived.

Vegavān Dāsa

Viṣṇugadā Dāsa

Śrīla Prabhupāda,

The saintly persons who established the major world religions were undoubtedly great souls. Their accomplishments are wonderful. Still, they preached among their own people, that is, those of similar background, ideas, locality, customs, and expectations.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, you began your work by personally spreading the transcendental message to a completely different community, country, and people. That is amazing in and of itself. And you didn't stop there. You then continued to travel and liberate souls from six different continents; souls from practically all cultural and ethnic backgrounds. Who before had ever done so? You proved that Kṛṣṇa and *kṛṣṇa-bhakti* are all-attractive regardless of the receivers' culture, race, nationality, or religion.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, you began your mission without material support. You did not rely on the resources or encouragement of family, institution, or community. You were completely alone from a worldly point of view, yet completely dependent upon *guru* and Lord Kṛṣṇa. Beating the big *mṛdaṅga*, you wrote scores of books, making Vedic knowledge understandable for modern times. Your *Bhagavad-gītā As It Is*, without artificial additives or preservatives, is truly organic because it is pure and unadulterated spiritual knowledge. Your preaching adventures inspired dozens of books clearly depicting the mystery of how a pure devotee lives in the world. Through matchless devotion, you achieved unprecedented success for Lord Caitanya's campaign.

Mahārāja Yudhiṣṭhira wanted to hold the Rājasūya sacrifice, so all the leaders of the world would recognize the unparalleled

position of Lord Kṛṣṇa. On that day, Sahadeva nominated Lord Kṛṣṇa as the most deserving candidate to receive first worship. Most of the assembly was delighted. Not Śiśupāla. He exploded, claiming Sahadeva's comments were made by a mere boy swayed by emotion.

Like the Rājasūya, ISKCON observes your Vyāsa-pūjā day. On this day, we recognize, remember, and appreciate your topmost and central position in ISKCON, while you stand at the forefront of all saintly persons of the world. This is not an exaggeration put forward by a fan. The scope and wonder of your uniquely kind deeds will become apparent to anyone who makes an honest attempt to study and understand them. It will engadden their hearts. Some may object to this glorification, and thus check their own spiritual progress.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, You are the full moon among the limitless Vaiṣṇava stars in the expansive firmament of *bhakti*. Your merciful glance continuing to shine upon us is truly the essence of our good fortune. Although I am dull, overly proud, have caused you trouble, and have yet only done a negligible amount of service, please allow me to remain somewhere near your lotus feet, so that in the future I might have the chance to be a little useful to you. Thank you.

Your servant,

Viṣṇugadā Dāsa



**Yadubara Dāsa & Viśākhā Dāsī**

*nama om̐ viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine*

*namas te sārāsvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept our humble obeisances. All glories to you.

Without blessings we are unable to do anything worthwhile in this world, and the greatest of all blessings comes from being one in purpose with your purposes, from having our consciousness unified with your desires. To have this fixed focus is complete freedom, for as much as we follow you purely you will be present in our lives and will guide us. As you always felt the presence of Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī Ṭhākura in your life, so we hanker to feel your presence in ours. This is neither a small goal nor an easy goal, but it's the only goal worthy of us.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, you live forever by your divine instructions. May these tiny followers of yours live with you.

*Your servants,*

Yadubara Dāsa & Viśākhā Dāsī

**Bhajahari Dāsa Adhikārī & Ramyā Devī Dāsī**

Dearest Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept our humble obeisances at your lotus feet.

Thank you for your unlimited kindness and patience.

This year, by your grace, I finally feel able to write you an offering again. I want to express to you how happy I am. Since I last wrote to you, I have had many realizations over the years and many difficulties, too, mostly brought about by a combination of my stubbornness, laziness, and confusion. Now, by your unlimited mercy, I am beginning to see my way through the darkness, and I am looking for ways to please Your Divine Grace. Through these many dark years that I have not written, so much has happened. Having hit the insanity of “rock bottom,” I have slowly been clawing my way back to some kind of equilibrium.

You once said, “So far I know, the only cure for insanity is chanting Hare Kṛṣṇa!” At one stage, due to necessity, I took this to heart and chanted more than ever before. Many wonderful things happened. One of the most amazing of them was meeting a devotee who patiently forced open my eyes in regards to some of your very important instructions. He enabled me to clear up many of the doubts within my heart and mind, doubts which were causing me so much pain and confusion. I will remain forever indebted to him.

On June 18, 1974, you instructed your personal secretary to write the following:

Dear Jayatīrtha,

Please accept my humble obeisances. All glories to Śrīla Prabhupāda.

The other day, His Divine Grace revealed in detail his plans for Hare Kṛṣṇa restaurants, which can be opened anywhere in the world. I

know this subject has been discussed somewhat over the years, but after his talk most recently, he told me to see that this information is disseminated to all the devotees. He described it as “the next phase of our movement.” Please, therefore, make a newsletter of the information which follows for all ISKCON distribution.

The letter then goes on to describe in some detail how your plan for the restaurants should work.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, I love this direction of yours as I enjoy cooking and distributing *prasāda* so much. In 1976, when you were here in London, we took you to see what has since become the home of Their Lordships Śrī Śrī Rādhā-Londonīśvara. We had lost the battle with Camden Town Hall to keep Bury Place as a temple and we were looking for a new home for your Deities. At the time you were not well, and as we drove you past the property on Soho Street, without leaving the car, you simply enquired how far the property was from Oxford Street. When you were informed that it was just a matter of fifty yards or so, you said, “Buy it!”

Practically, from that moment onwards, a team of enthusiastic young devotees went to the streets of London with flowers and *Bhagavad-gītās*, dedicated to raising enough funds to purchase and refurbish a new temple for you and Their Lordships.

In an incredible eighteen months marathon, these twelve devotees collected about £350,000. Eventually, they purchased 9/10 Soho Street for the grand sum of £108,000. Ranchor Prabhu used the rest of the funds to commence “his amazing marathon.” Month after month, he worked tirelessly, overseeing the rebuilding of the inside of the property. He engaged a team of labourers and they took the place apart. The whole of the floor which is now the temple room, was reconstructed using steel girders. Because of this, devotees can leap up and down today, chanting and dancing, without fear of falling through to the floor below.

Underneath this beautiful temple room, Ranchor organised the construction of the first *prasāda* restaurant in London. It was a great success, and is still going today. The only sad thing is that we never went on to open more and more throughout the city. We now want to try as hard as possible to execute this instruction of yours, and indeed, make it the “next phase of our movement.”

You have also written letters to other devotees, requesting them to have “Bhaktivedanta Reading Rooms” attached to such restaurants. You believe that people will think us less sectarian if we do this. Today, there is a great need for such preaching. This year, in an attempt to execute this instruction, my wife Ramyā, my son Mukunda Datta and I have opened a small café in the centre of Watford, the town closest to Bhaktivedānta Manor. It is a small and humble beginning. We are praying that it will develop into something bigger. If it doesn't, at least it will engage us again more fully in your service. Disciples can never repay the debt to their spiritual master. We can only try.

Once, in your rooms at Bhaktivedānta Manor, you were instructing a small group of devotees about *ugra-karma* (pungent work). Revatinandana Swami told a story of how he worked in a tomato canning factory before he met you. He described how hellish it was. Taking encouragement from Mahārāja's account, I began to describe a similar experience that I had had. For a short time, I worked in a hellish factory making stainless steel bathtubs. I described in some detail the nature of the work and finished my account by stating, “Finally, I had to quit as it was driving me insane.” You thought for a moment, and then said the following words that have stayed with me all my life, saving me in my darkest hour. Glancing around the room at your young and eager disciples you said, “That's because in your last lives, you were all *brāhmaṇas* —

otherwise how could you so quickly come to the platform of Kṛṣṇa consciousness?" You then paused for a moment and continued by saying, "Actually, you were all ordered by my spiritual master to take birth to help me spread this movement." A further short pause. You looked up at us all sitting there with our mouths half open and said, "And now we are all together again." The devotees exploded: "Jaya Śrīla Prabhupāda!" Some had tears in their eyes. Thank you, Śrīla Prabhupāda, your mercy is boundless.

I was born into a family of butchers in South Wales. I would happily do it all again and again if I thought I could have another "And now we are all together again" moment with Your Divine Grace.

Once, you instructed a disciple in Vṛndāvana who often chanted out your glories, to do something "useful." Of course, praising the spiritual master is certainly "useful" and something to be encouraged, but I believe you were making a deeper point at that time. There are two lines at the beginning of your purport to the third verse of the *Nectar of Instruction*: "Devotional service is not a matter of sentimental speculation or imaginative ecstasy. Its substance is practical activity." Śrīla Prabhupāda, now, more than ever, I want to do something practical for your pleasure. I want to live over hundred years and distribute Prabhupāda *prasāda* every single day.

We also want to serve and protect cows, particularly through the wonderful Care for Cows project in Vṛndāvana. To date, this project has rescued over a hundred cows, and there are approximately three hundred still roaming unprotected in Kṛṣṇa's most sacred land.

When we first moved into Bhaktivedānta Manor in 1973, you ordered us to buy cows. We found a suitable cow and Pārtha

found the funds to purchase her. Since that small beginning, so many cows have been and are being protected on the Manor's land now. Next year, we hope to be able to report that our family is becoming successful at distributing *prasāda*, and that it is making a difference to cow protection projects.

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda, while writing this offering, I have been forced to remember so many of the offenses that I have committed to you and to so many godbrothers and godsisters over the years. I would like to sincerely apologise to you and all the Vaiṣṇavas that I have offended throughout my proud attempt at devotional service. I am praying to come at least to the clearing stage of chanting the holy names.

In conclusion, I would also like to thank you for the many amazing jewels that you have left in the form of your books, recordings, and other instructions. I especially appreciate and relish the transcendental emotion in three of your ecstatic tape recordings.

The first is your arrival address in Atlanta, 1975. After describing several other temples that you had just visited, you amazed the assembled devotees by stating:

So I see your temple is the best....(Devotees roar loudly, "Jaya! Hari bol!"). So, Caitanya Mahāprabhu is very kind. *Parama karuṇa, pahū dui jana*. Two Lords, Nitāi-Gaurācandra, Nityānanda Prabhu and Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu, They are very kind, you see? They have appeared just to reclaim the fallen souls of this age. So They are more kind than Kṛṣṇa. Kṛṣṇa, He is also very kind. He comes to deliver. But Kṛṣṇa demands that first of all surrender. Caitanya Mahāprabhu even does not demand surrender. He is so kind. (Voice *choking*) So take shelter of Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu and be happy. Thank you very much. (Weeping).

The other two are your *bhajana* recordings of "Cetodarpaṇa-mārjanam" and "Hari haraye namaḥ." All three together make for a very sobering glimpse into the real world of devotional service to Kṛṣṇa. They can be played over and over again,

remaining fresh forever. Thank you, Śrīla Prabhupāda. You are still present with all of us through these blissful transcendental sound vibrations.

He reasons ill that Vaiṣṇavas die when thou art living still in sound.  
The Vaiṣṇava dies to live, and living spreads the holy name around.

We beg to be engaged in your pure devotional service.

Your eternal servants,

Bhajahari Dāsa Adhikāri & Ramyā Devī Dāsī

### Dayāmayī Dāsī

In 1972, I was living in Dundee where I met two devotees, Draupadī and Devidatta, who were living close by. They told me about the ISKCON temple in Edinburgh and as I often went to visit friends in Edinburgh, I became a frequent visitor to the temple.

The temple president at that time was Tribhuvanātha Dāsa. His calm, measured intelligence along with his bliss during *ārātrika* were truly inspirational. Eventually, I asked Tribhuvanātha if I could come to live in the temple. I did so and settled in under the guidance of the lovely Sarvamaṅgala Dāsī.

I don't remember how long after this there was a great buzz because Śrīla Prabhupāda was coming to visit the temple. I remember devotees sitting and chanting outside his room day and night. One evening, Śrīla Prabhupāda was sitting on his *vyāsāsana* in the temple, chanting and playing his *karatālas* with his eyes closed. I was staring at him, wondering if he really was a true representative of God. Whilst I was thinking this, he opened his eyes and they were already locked onto mine, even though I was sitting far back and to the side. I felt myself wither as if he could see into my soul.

Śrīla Prabhupāda initiated me by letter in 1972 and gave me the name Dayāmayī. I was not disappointed that the initiation was by letter. I would never have elicited an audience with Śrīla Prabhupāda because I was too awed by him and would have been tongue-tied. But the next year something happened that made me see him in a different light.

In 1973, some of the Edinburgh devotees travelled to London for Rathayātrā. Prabhupāda was going to be there, too, and a few of us were contemplating what gifts to bring him. I decided to make him a bag for his *karatālas* with a portrait of Kṛṣṇa

embroidered on it. By then, I was married to a devotee named Sukarma Dāsa, and as I was expecting my first child and not well enough to travel, I gave him the bag to give to Prabhupāda.

A few weeks later, I went to the temple and was mobbed by some excited *brahmacāriṇis* waving a blue airmail letter. It was a letter for me from Prabhupāda. Obeying a deafening chorus of “Quick, open it! What does it say?” I opened the letter. This is what it said:

July 11<sup>th</sup> 1973,

Dear Dayamayi,

Please accept my blessings. I have received the very nice bag for kartals made by you and I thank you very much. You are very talented and fortunately you have rightly directed your talent in the service of Kṛṣṇa.

This is the perfection of our life as taught by my Guru Maharaj Bhaktisiddhanta Saraswati Thakur, that whatever talent one possesses he or she should simply immediately turn it over to the service of the Supreme. So I am Kṛṣṇa’s servant and in giving this gift to me I am only accepting it on Kṛṣṇa’s behalf. The bag is very nice and I am keeping my kartals in it and will take it with me wherever I go.

Please go on with your godbrothers and godsisters preaching the message of Lord Caitanya for the benefit of the suffering humanity.

Your ever-well wisher,

A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami

I was thrilled to bits, floating on air. To think that someone so busy, so revered would take the time to find out my name, where I lived, and then to write a letter of thanks!

When I made the bag, my biggest wish was that he would use it, however briefly, before he passed it on to someone else. However, he kept it for the rest of his life. The letter showed me that although Śrīla Prabhupāda was a great spiritual leader, he was also kind, thoughtful, humble, and, above all, a gentleman.

Eventually, my marriage broke down and I went back to Dundee to be with friends and family. I went to university to study

science and have been working as a scientist for over twenty years. I had lost contact with ISKCON devotees until 2009, when I met a friend, Yaduvenu Dāsa, at my former husband’s funeral. Yaduvenu was a devotee from Edinburgh who had been there at the same time as me. We have been exchanging e-mails to catch up on how old friends are doing and he told me about this opportunity to glorify Śrīla Prabhupāda. At first, I thought I couldn’t contribute because of my estrangement from ISKCON, but then I thought that I shouldn’t miss this chance to share a very personal side of Prabhupāda with the people who love him.

To sum up what I feel about the letter: Apart from any living creature, it is the first thing that I would save if my house was on fire. And about Śrīla Prabhupāda: When I see his face in my mind or in a photograph, I feel a sweet pain as if seeing a very much loved and much missed family member who has somehow passed on.

*All glories to Śrīla Prabhupāda!*

Dayāmayī Dāsī

**Ekanātha Dāsa**

My dearest Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my most prostrated obeisances at your divine feet. All glories to Your Divine Grace, my eternal master.

Undoubtedly, you are a transcendental messenger, a pure representative of Śrīmatī Rādhārāṇī and Lord Kṛṣṇa. Lord Caitanya commissioned you to save us, lost bewildered uncultured souls, from this miserably entangling material world of death, which is perpetually submerged in dire ignorance. Dictated by lust, greed, and anger, we were all well on our way to hell for sure. However, thanks to your sublime mercy and our extreme good fortune, in 1965, at the advanced age of sixty-nine, you came to the West to rescue us.

You revealed the ABC’s of *Bhagavad-gīta As It Is*, that is, that we are not our bodies but eternal spiritual joyful souls. Captivated by this remarkable information, we gratefully and enthusiastically surrendered at your feet praying for unmotivated devotional service and blessings. Your personal example set the tone. My indebtedness to Your Divine Grace is incalculable and beyond comprehension. Over the years, my gratitude to and awe of you has become deeply solidified in the inner cores of my heart. I pray that somehow I may always be able to make myself useful to your mission.

Thank you very, very much.

*Your dog,*

Ekanātha Dāsa

**Gauragopāla Dāsa**

*nama om̐ viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine*

*namas te sārasvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

“I offer my respectful obeisances unto His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupāda, who is very dear to Lord Kṛṣṇa, having taken shelter at His lotus feet. Our respectful obeisances are unto you, O spiritual master, servant of Bhaktisiddhanta Sarasvatī Gosvāmī. You are kindly preaching the message of Lord Caitanyadeva and delivering the Western countries, which are filled with impersonalism and voidism.”

*vāñchā-kalpatarubhyaś ca  
kṛpā-sindhubhya eva ca  
patitānām pāvanebhyo  
vaiṣṇavebhyo namo namaḥ*

I offer my respectful obeisances unto all the Vaiṣṇava devotees of the Lord. They can fulfill the desires of everyone, just like desire trees, and they are full of compassion for the fallen souls.

*śrī-kṛṣṇa-caitanya  
prabhu-nityānanda  
śrī-advaita gadādhara  
śrīvāsādi-gaura-bhakta-vṛnda*

I offer my obeisances to Śrī Kṛṣṇa Caitanya, Prabhu Nityānanda, Śrī Advaita, Gadādhara, Śrīvāsa, and all others in the line of devotion.

Śrīla Prabhupāda is so kind and merciful that he gives the lost and misguided souls in Kali-yuga a chance to become Kṛṣṇa conscious through his wonderful books, and instructions. Kind

and merciful, too, are those pure dedicated disciples who diligently maintain his great ISKCON movement, so that we can all go back home back to Godhead.

I remember that as a teenage boy I gave Śrīla Prabhupāda a big red rose at the Melbourne airport in April, 1972. I was astounded by Prabhupāda's complexion, which radiated a distinct golden aura. He took the rose and tapped me on the head with his cane. I had tears streaming down my cheeks. Those days were very special.

When we all returned to the temple at 14 Burnett Street, St. Kilda (a place of pilgrimage which I still visit at least once a year to remember Prabhupāda). I was assigned to stay in front of Prabhupāda's room and even sleep there. My job was to bring him *prasāda* and fresh clothing. Back then in Melbourne, Śrīla Prabhupāda would not eat after coming back from a program.

I remember the Melbourne Town Hall program and the *kīrtana* Śrīla Prabhupāda led. It was remarkable and everyone was totally fixed on hearing Śrīla Prabhupāda chant "*jaya rādā-mādhava*." Never before or since have I heard such a beautiful fired-up *kīrtana*. I played the tambourine and never took my eyes off Prabhupāda. It was so wonderful and blissful.

I would like to thank Śrīla Prabhupāda for coming to the Western countries and especially to the former Eastern bloc because Śrīla Prabhupāda personally sowed the seeds of Kṛṣṇa consciousness in Russia as well.

Lord Caitanya rarely comes in a Kali-yuga; there are Kali-yugas in which Lord Caitanya does not appear. What would the world be like without the chanting of Hare Kṛṣṇa?

I firmly believe that your appearance in the West in 1966, Śrīla Prabhupāda, as well as in the leading Eastern bloc nation

Russia in 1969, planted the seeds for what one day will become an enormous worldwide selfless caring Kṛṣṇa conscious movement. You have given us Lord Caitanya's movement, which is so pure that no lie, even in ISKCON, can last too long, as we have seen and as I have sadly experienced due to my weakness caused by selfish lusty desires to attempt to gratify the illusory material senses of this troublesome biological body I am trapped in.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, you told us to be totally convinced beyond doubt and have faith, conviction, and confidence that Lord Caitanya's movement *will* change us and the world, nay, the universe into a Kṛṣṇa conscious society of devotees simply by following your instructions and example! "Be convinced you are not the material body but Kṛṣṇa's dear devotee," you said, adding that "We will turn this mundane selfish world into Vaikuṅṭha."

All glories to you, Śrīla Prabhupāda, for being so kind and determined to resuscitate the fallen souls with Kṛṣṇa consciousness and take them back home, back to Godhead.

*Your fallen disciple, who is nonetheless resolute in forever trying to serve you,*

Gauragopāla Dāsa

**Janakarāja Dāsa**

Dearest Śrīla Prabhupāda,

With the publication of this book, I am presented with yet another chance to glorify you. Sometimes glorifying you is the most natural, spontaneous, and blissful thing. Sometimes, however, it is not so spontaneous.

While thinking about what to write as an offering to you, I first thought of something that was both interesting and somewhat sensational. But since then, I have been wondering what the purpose of this offering is. It is not to entertain or impress my contemporaries. Not that I have anything against entertaining my contemporaries with remembrances of you, but it seems to me that that is not the purpose of this writing. The purpose is to glorify you, to express myself to you; its perfection would be if it pleased you. For it to please you, it seems to me that my life must be pleasing to you, and not just my words on occasions such as this. My life will please you if I become a sincere devotee of the Lord. I am so far from that, Śrīla Prabhupāda.

You came into my life with a paradigm-challenging explanation of my existential position. I would have dismissed it out of hand if I had not met your disciples. I would have given it up long ago if I had not met you.

As a torch held to the sun, I can try to describe how I perceived you. In essence, I could understand that you were for real and that you fully believed the things you were preaching, no matter how far-fetched they seemed to my conditioned mind. Up until your last breath, and without a hint of deception or deviation, you fully lived the things you were teaching us.

By my great good fortune, I began to practice the science of

*bhakti-yoga* as you brought it to us. It was my conviction that if there was a God, someone would know, someone would bring His message. You were that someone, yet even now I do not fully recognize that message as truth.

Long ago, I faced the demons of my philosophical doubts, but they were killed by your powerful and logical presentation. Now I still struggle with my lingering desires to lord it over the material nature, to be the enjoyer, even though I know I am not.

So thirty-eight years ago, I took initiation from you. I understood quickly that the only way to make real progress was by pleasing the spiritual master, and I tried. I became a casualty in the war against *māyā* and spent many years chewing what I had already chewed, chewed, and rejected as limited and temporary. Yet all the time your words would come back to me to explain why I could not find happiness and where it really lay. It was as if even my attempts to enjoy further convinced me of the teachings you had given me. I could not get away even though I tried to forget the truths you had taught me. Sometimes they became inconvenient truths.

Yet you had taught that the Lord is the most kind and wants nothing from me but my love. He is the natural object of that love and Kṛṣṇa consciousness is the most natural thing. It only appears difficult because of the jaundice-like state of being a conditioned soul. You taught me these things and now, like it or not sometimes, I have to accept that it is the truth, that there is no enjoyment in the material world, just the hope against hope. Furthermore, if I want to compromise and stay here anyway, I can't, I have to die.

These are words of intelligence, realization, and they are your words. Like all your words, I see that they are true. However,

it is not the truth that has won my heart; rather, it is you as the embodiment of truth, love, and compassion who did so.

The other day, I was listening to a lecture you gave. Your voice was so humble, so full of compassion for your young disciples surrounding you. Like a small child, you were begging us to leave this world of suffering and come to the world of love. Just hearing the humble compassion in your voice brought tears to my eyes, Gurudeva.

It is you who has captured me, Śrīla Prabhupāda, everything about you.

Yes, everything you said was true. Yes, it is difficult to give up sense gratification. And yes, there is no alternative.

What can I say to glorify you whose glories are sung by the most eloquent *devas*? What else other than that it is your person who convinced me and to whom I look for help in my attempts to fully embrace this sometimes inconvenient truth?

Falling down thousands of times at your lotus feet, I beg to remain always in your association, Śrīla Prabhupāda.

*Your fallen wretched servant,*

Janakārāja Dāsa

### Janmanālaya Dāsa

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda!

Please accept my most humble obeisances.

Offering obeisances to you, I touch the substance of my life. I am not lost in time and space, not lost in this universe. All circumstances are nothing but stepping stones — and you make me recognize them, and you help me not to stumble.

When you are not here, everything is blind. When you are not here, everything is without hope, and who can breathe without hope? You say, “It’s alright, what you have done is done. Begin now from here. What’s the difficulty?”

Head held high, like a king carrying his crown, I carry my thousands of lives and deaths, proudly, expecting and hoping for appreciation (how pathetic). That’s my difficulty. And when I look in the mirror, it looks back at me with eyes that do not know me. That’s my difficulty. So often I climb hills and mountains, overwhelmed by the sight of the beautiful panorama, but I don’t recognize the grave all around me: *dharma*, *kāma*, *artha*, and *mokṣa*. That’s my difficulty.

But your blessings, your warm and fatherly care and patience guide me out of this harsh, steel-cold world of exploitation. Sometimes it is still difficult, almost impossible to walk the path to the goal where the waves of this world carry me aimlessly, helplessly, hopelessly to the shores of *dharma*, *kāma*, *artha*, and *mokṣa*, all islands, one stranger than the other. And the inhabitants are inviting me to their places: come, join the fun — paradise now — yes, no, why?

Am I hesitant? I am looking and longing and searching for home. Your words, Śrīla Prabhupāda, are my home. You are my home. Desperately, I looked for a name that belongs to

me. You told me to look for the name I belong to: *Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Hare Hare/ Hare Rāma Hare Rāma Rāma Rāma Hare Hare*. Without the name, I lose what I am looking for. You put the light of the name in my darkened heart. Listening to the name is praying.

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda, never were you an old man. Time could not touch you. To look at you is to look right in the eye of beauty itself — *Vṛndāvana*, the goal of my heart. With you I am always there.

*Your son,*

Janmanālaya Dāsa

### Kṛṣṇa-kṣetra Dāsa

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

On this occasion of Śrī Vyāsa-pūjā, I offer repeated *daṇḍavat praṇāmas* in the shining dust of your lotus-like feet.

Among the countless blessings I have received from you to be grateful for, I am especially grateful that you have taught me about the nature and qualities of *sādhus*, yourself exemplifying, encompassing, and expanding the depth of what it means to be such. With your continuing blessings, and by the blessings of all the Vaiṣṇava *sādhus*, it is my ongoing aspiration to partake in *sādhu* culture and thus imbibe *sādhu* qualities.

To help us understand what *sādhu* culture is, you have emphasized three aspects of *sādhu* identity. First, you have said that *sādhus* are God-fearing unflinching devotees. You distinguished between pseudo-*sādhus* (appearing with matted locks and the like but without devotion to the Lord) and genuine *sādhus*, whose pure devotion to the Lord is their distinguishing feature in all circumstances. I am reminded of Śrīla Bhaktivinoda Ṭhākura’s ideal of the *sāragrahī-vaiṣṇava* — an “essence-grasping devotee” — who, by virtue of his or her depth of God consciousness, transcends party spirit and sectarianism and takes as important the valuable substance hidden within various forms. Surely, this is the caliber of a *sādhu* that you represent and for which you intended us to aim.

Second, you emphasized that *sādhus* have several specific virtues, beginning with tolerance. You once commented, “This is the definition of *sādhu*. Saint, who is a saint? A saint is [one] who is very tolerant, tolerant, tolerant to the utmost.” (Lecture on *Bhagavad-gītā* 4.6-8, New York, July 20, 1966) I shall never forget your forceful words when you lectured us on *Bhagavad-gītā* 2.14 in Germany (June 21, 1974), about the necessity to

tolerate as long as we have material bodies. The practice of tolerance is Kṛṣṇa’s first practical lesson to Arjuna. When tolerance is mastered, the further qualities of the *sādhū* listed by Kapiladeva become possible to realize: *karuṇa*, *suhṛda-sarva-dehinam*, and *ajāta-śatru*, all qualities we have seen gloriously displayed by you.

Third, you defined *sādhū* as one who “cuts off” attachment from worldly affection and preoccupations. I understand that a *sādhū* is one who not only challenges conventional worldly life (which is relatively easy to do) but who also succeeds in bringing others to radical change, redirecting lives toward the cultivation of God consciousness. Where would I be if you had not so deftly excised me from the knotted web of illusions I had come to accept as truth?

Significantly, in discussing *sādhutva*, you also noted that there are always *sādhū*s in the world for whom Kṛṣṇa appears to protect and deliver. This world, dark and degraded as it is, can be uplifted only by *sādhū*s, and you showed that it is possible for non-*sādhū*s (such as myself) to become *sādhū*s by *sādhū* association. It was your desire to create and expand such association with persons who are “tolerant to the utmost,” persons who are compassionate, who have no enemies (*ajāta-śatru*, or “whose enemy is not born”).

The quality of *ajāta-śatru* (as listed by Kapiladeva) is most challenging to realize, adversarial as we conditioned souls tend to be. And we might be tempted to resist the challenge with an objection: “Surely Arjuna had enemies, and he is a great devotee.” Yes, he is a great devotee, but no, he did not really have enemies. Only his initially uncooperative mind was his “enemy.” But Arjuna is ever together with Kṛṣṇa (and hence opulence, victory, power, and morality are present), welcoming us to join them to do battle against our own tendencies to

be *asādhū*. Śrīla Prabhupāda, surely it is your desire that I and all your followers become *ajāta-śatru*, however difficult that may be. As you insisted, “‘Impossible’ is a word in a fool’s dictionary.”

Expanding the association of *sādhū*s is your mission. Some organization — perhaps many organizations — may be required to coordinate plans to foster the cultivation of *sādhū* life and *sādhū* association throughout the world, that is, association of persons whose only interest is serving Kṛṣṇa and his associates, persons whose activity it is to help everyone (patiently, tolerantly, and with genuine compassion) to “cut off” attachment to illusive insubstantial values.

*Gurus* and *śāstras* will all be there to help us become *sādhū*s. To accomplish this mission you have brought us the complete “package” of *sādhū*, *śāstra*, and *guru*, along with the means to bring all their teachings together, integrating them into our hearts (*hṛdaye koriyā*) as one clear “singularity” (*aikya*) of determination to reside in the shelter of Kṛṣṇa’s lotus feet.

Nothing is lacking. Your teachings and your example are all with us to show us how to transcend our weaknesses, our divisiveness, and our adversarial natures to be *sādhū*s and to enable us to cross all boundaries of mundane consideration to reach out to each other ourselves first. We have to agree to follow you and your teaching and then reach out to those who are *sādhū*s in their own ways by practicing their own faith traditions with deep conviction, who show how they have realized *sādhū* qualities in their lives, and who even, dare I say, show qualities we can learn from. Then it may be possible to reach out to others and bring many souls into an association we can feel confident about to bring all good fortune to everyone.

In this situation of determined efforts to cultivate *sādhū*ta,

**Lalitā-sakhī Dāsī**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Obeisances again and again at your lotus feet, to you who are most dear to Lord Kṛṣṇa and who so mercifully spread the teachings of Lord Caitanya to save the souls of this world from hedonism and the faulty shelters of voidism and impersonalism. You have taken full shelter of the lotus feet of Lord Kṛṣṇa and are so kindly offering us that same shelter.

The books you gave to the world are astounding; they hold unlimited knowledge and insights into existence. Śrīla Prabhupāda, you’ve given us the gift of hope in this hopeless dark world, where there’s absolutely nothing of value and where voidism or impersonalism becomes the shelter of last resort. By your kindness alone, we have access to the highest reality — the most perfect loving relationship with the Lord and his devotees.

It’s a long journey to attain that goal, hindered as I am by so many apparent obstacles and a heart as hard as iron. But your guidance enables us to focus on the glimmers of light of emerging beautiful qualities around us instead of on the darkness of old conditioning that so often blocks our sight. Śrīla Prabhupāda, you always saw past our faults. Of course, as our spiritual father, you also disciplined us according to our need, but we never felt discouraged or disempowered under your care.

Your loving guidance continues today. You encourage us at every step on our path. You *are* our most dear friend. You know the best and worst of us, but that doesn’t hinder your loving care. In a moment of utter embarrassment at some little realization of my actual fallen condition, you encouraged me, as truly an ever well-wisher. How can I reciprocate with such

Kṛṣṇa surely appears, not only to protect the *sādhū*s but also to see that they flourish and bring lasting well-being to everyone. Thank you, Śrīla Prabhupāda, for bringing this opportunity, and kindly bless me that I may not drop the opportunity to participate in expanding the association of *sādhū*s in the world.

*Your aspiring servant,*

Kṛṣṇa-kṣetra Dāsa

love? You see beyond the ugly conditioned nature to our real identity, and we are therefore totally secure in your care. You are completely freed from any tinge of illusion, and therefore your love for Kṛṣṇa and his love for you overflowed into our lives when you were physically present with us, and it manifests still in your eternal guidance.

As you wrote in your purport to *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* 4.9.17:

A devotee must be very sincere in his devotional service; then, although there may be many things wrong on the devotee's part, Kṛṣṇa will guide him and gradually elevate him to the highest position of devotional service.

By your desire to deliver fallen souls to Kṛṣṇa, and our desire to please you, Kṛṣṇa takes notice and helps us on our path. What greater hope is there?

Kṛṣṇa appeared as Caitanya Mahāprabhu to share the highest love for himself with anyone and everyone without consideration of qualification, and you, Śrīla Prabhupāda, as a humble servant of your *guru-mahārāja*, continued to offer that valuable gem anywhere and to anyone who would take it, and your followers try to preserve and increase your legacy. Every moment that we follow your instructions brings us closer to realizing that ultimate goal of life. What greater gift is there?

As much gratitude as I can muster in my miserly condition I offer at your lotus feet, and I beg to someday become useful in your service. I pray to follow you, Śrīla Prabhupāda, and become engaged as a servant of your servant in your service to the Lord of your life, Śrī Śrī Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa.

*With whatever little love is in my heart,  
your aspiring servant,*

Lalitā-sakhī Dāsī

### Madan Mohan Mohini Devī Dāsī

*om̐ ajñāna-timirāndhasya jñānāñjana-salākayā  
cakṣur unmilitaṁ yena tasmai śrī-gurave namaḥ*

*nama om̐ viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine*

*namas te sārāsvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my most humble obeisances at your lotus feet. All glories to your Divine Grace without whom I would be wallowing in the pit of snakes of material existence.

How can I glorify you, Śrīla Prabhupāda, you who are the most compassionate personality? With utmost humility, you selflessly carried out the instructions given by your spiritual master which were your life and soul and from deep within your heart, you delivered them to the land of the *mlecchas*. You did this with deep and unswerving faith and devotion until your last breath. Truly, there is no one like you.

You changed the face of history; in every circumstance, you boldly preached the message of Lord Caitanya through your words and actions, always setting the perfect example. You were always so personal with everyone and knew exactly how to deal with them. And I am awestruck at how tirelessly you preached and can understand you were able to this because your only interest was not for yourself, but to give Kṛṣṇa to everyone. Always confident of Kṛṣṇa's mercy and protection, you were fearless. You walked with your head held high not in pride, but in fixity of purpose and in the deepest bliss of *bhakti*. And you were so expert to fan the tiniest spark in this one grossly covered individual who was frustrated and searching for

absolute knowledge. Just as the sun nourishes all living entities, you nourished this distressed soul back to life, devotional life, so long ago forgotten.

When I first saw your picture, I felt as if you were my father, my real father. As a father gives his daughter shelter and guidance and love, you gave all that and much, much more. I felt, here was a person I could completely give my heart to, someone I could trust forever. And my trust has deepened. My path has been paved with very long, sharp thorns and there were times when I could do nothing else but chant Hare Kṛṣṇa; through all of that, I gained great faith in the holy name and in your instructions. Your nectar-like words are my lifeline.

The one thing that always astounds me, Srila Prabhupada, was how *dhīra* you were, especially when I see how wild and unruly my mind is. Many long years ago, I was deeply meditating on what it meant to follow the instructions of the spiritual master and at the same time, was lamenting that I had never received a personal instruction from you. Then, in one of the very first dreams I had of you, after an incredible journey which ended up in a discussion with you, you said to me, "Do not be disturbed when things change in your life". Even though I was moving from one temple to another at the time, I wasn't feeling disturbed; however, I realized that things were always changing in this material world and that I was always disturbed! I thought, now you've given me an instruction I can't follow! But, really, who in this world is not disturbed? No one but you, Srila Prabhupada, because your mind is always 100% fixed in Kṛṣṇa's lotus feet. Please bless me that someday I, too, may completely focus my mind on Kṛṣṇa and become *dhīra*.

Srila Prabhupada, I am not an eloquent speaker. The words are sitting deep within my heart and although I am trying to express them, it is difficult and I feel ashamed that I cannot

properly glorify you. So, please forgive this inept fool and allow me to serve you eternally in the association of devotees. Please bless me so I may be able to boldly preach on your behalf.

*Your fallen servant and unworthy servant,*

Madan Mohan Mohini Devī Dāsī

**Madana-Mohana Dāsa**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my obeisances at your most merciful feet.

By carrying out the order of your spiritual master as your life and soul, you set the example and so perfectly fit the saying “All glories to you, Śrīla Prabhupāda.”

Although I’m unable to come to that standard, still you have created in me the faith to associate with others who are instruments of the internal potency, connected ultimately to Śrīmatī Rādhārāṇī and *Vṛndāvana-līlā*. Your desire to establish a society of pure devotees following the *sādhana* you custom tailored — as only you could do — is still growing.

You once mentioned having a fear. You were visiting one of your temples and commented that the Deities looked so nice and to everyone’s surprise you said that that was your fear. No one could understand what you meant or what could be so troublesome about the Deities looking so nice. Then you said that perhaps They only look so nice because you were coming and that They were dressed so nicely for you, and you asked that if you would not be coming, would They continue to be cared for with the same amount of love?

Here in New Ramaṇa-reti, I feel you are pleased, seeing how you are being kept present in your *bhāva* expansion, if that is correct to say, or how you are present when we follow your instructions, whatever one calls it. One can feel your presence in every aspect of this divine manifestation of your energy called ISKCON.

We are those fortunate souls whom you have delivered as your service by bringing us in contact with your books and teachings. Your devotional ecstasy gradually takes its effect;

this is seen by your disciples, your green mangos, who continue to ripen. Everyday, as we follow your instructions, your society gets sweeter and sweeter until, one by one, we are ready to be offered by you directly to Kṛṣṇa.

Because I am still so dull, like an ostrich that chooses not to see all the wonderful advice that is showered upon it, I think no one sees what I pretend not to see also. Sometimes you would say, “*ātmavan manyate jagat*,” a fool thinks everyone else is a fool too. But I know you see my real heart. Therefore, I humbly pray, please continue to tolerate my slow progress. I always hope that you will forgive all my not seeing and not living up to the wonderful realizations with which you have filled my life. As Kṛṣṇa’s ambassador, you are my real well-wisher and true friend. My only joy is when I feel that ever-fresh encouragement and enthusiasm that comes directly from you when I have the spiritual strength to follow your instructions wholeheartedly.

*Wanting to be your disciple,*

Madana-Mohana Dāsa

**Mādhavendra Purī Dāsa**

**The Spiritual Master**

Departing and rebirth, in cycle forever, are keeping in their maze the living entities.

Bewildered, lost, ablaze in a forest fire, the souls cannot escape from their dark destinies.

Similar to a cloud is the spiritual master; drawing from the ocean of unending mercy, he is kindly showering cooling falls of water on the suffering world, stopping the agony.

Under his lotus feet, abodes of devotion, I am seeking shelter with great expectation.

Holding as a treasure his master’s desire, he peddles Lord Caitanya’s mercy far and wide.

On the earth, he visits every nook and corner, determined to fulfil the famous prophecy.

Every town and village will hear the holy name — in this age the antidote for Kali’s vicious spell.

By gaining international fame through his books, the master can broadcast the gospel of Gaura.

As Mahāprabhu spreads *saṅkīrtana*, the High Ambassador starts chanting and dancing.

An artist accomplished in *kīrtana* or *bhajana*, the master on sacred instruments is playing.

Keeping always in mind time and circumstances, the *guru* is cautious regarding ecstasies.

In public, he refrains and controls his trances, well aware that viewers think they are their bodies.

When feelings overflow his dam of gravity, streams of tears gush out from his glistening eyes.

If symptoms, in private, appear on his body, intimates realize the extent of his love.

I bow down at his feet, delicate lotuses, offering with respects my obeisances.

To sustain *sādhana*, the merciful servant of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa initiates the *pūjā*.

To address Their Lordships, endowed with the power, he begs Them to enter the *arcā-vigraha*.

By his own example, the leader of leaders teaches punctuality at the ceremonies.

For the *mūrtis’* pleasure, he adds holy days with their festivities to calendars every year.

To keep the shrine godly, dutiful devotees execute his order by cleaning constantly.



They create outfits and dress the Deities, adding pearls and flowers to adorn Their beauty.

In order to offer to the Lord a flower, I place it at the feet of the dear servitor.

The Lord on the altar is presented with food. Becoming sanctified, soon the love is accepted.

When sucked or licked, and also drunk or chewed, the remnants, it is said, have to be respected.

It is a delight for the spiritual father to observe his children chanting in unison.

Bhaktivinoda's prayer, then honour together, with a tongue pacified, the tasty salvation.

Bowing down at his feet — pink and soft lotuses — with respect I offer my obeisances.

The eager listener is, in turn, elated to depict the glories of Rādhā-Mādhava;

their countless qualities and names unlimited, their forms fascinating, combining in *lilā*.

In the groves, the expert in the art of facilitating ever-fresh ecstasies between the Divine Pair is always assisting Them through tasteful arrangements and with close associates, the *gopīs*.

These events take place beyond mundane reason. The masses miss or twist their significance.

For their good, the teacher provides explanations intended to prevent lusty misconceptions.

From his sweet lotus mouth we are sure to receive bona fide messages never sent to deceive. As a close companion in the realm eternal, he is identical totally with Hari. Offering them worship on an equal footing is approved in the authoritative scriptures.

The Lord's grace comes through the spiritual master — to satisfy his will is a great fulfilment. If action is performed against his desire, on the path there is no possible advancement. To further his mission, conceiving the best way, should be a permanent mature meditation.

Finishing the mansion where every soul can stay is a task to take up with renewed conviction.

Let us worship those feet, especially today, when Vyāsa is revered in our tradition.

Mādhavendra Purī Dāsa

**Nandanandana Dāsa**

**Śrīla Prabhupāda:** Grace means he'll willingly give you mercy. (Morning *darśana* and room conversation, Bombay, January 9, 1977)

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

I do not exaggerate when I say that you are personally Lord Caitanya's *audārya* (magnanimity) manifestation. "Magnanimous" means generous, kind, noble, forgiving, humane, liberal, valiant, and magnificent. Your Divine Grace possesses all those qualities transcendently. If we further look at derivatives of "magnificent", Your Divine Grace is dignified, excellent, glorious, mighty, beautiful, illustrious, and grand. Still further defining "grand": higher in rank, status, or dignity than others having the same title; majestic, stately, dignified, elevated, sublime, grave, pre-eminent, extraordinary, commanding, overwhelming, foremost, and awe-inspiring.

But Your Divine Grace particularly won us over by your great humility.

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda, it is said in the scriptures that one must search and approach a bona fide spiritual master. But in our case Your Divine Grace came to us, thus making the unfortunate greatly fortunate. It is all due to your boundless mercy. Others vituperate us, deride us, and laugh at us due to our low birth; had it not been for you, we would have stood without a chance.

*tad-vijñānārthaṁ sa gurum evābhigacchet  
samiṁ-pāṇih śrotṛiyam brahma-niṣṭham*

"To learn transcendental subject matter, one must approach the spiritual master. In doing so, he should carry fuel to burn in sacrifice. The symptom of such a spiritual master is that he is

expert in understanding the Vedic conclusion, and therefore he constantly engages in the service of the Supreme Personality of Godhead." (*Muṇḍaka Upaniṣad* 1.2.12)

In this way, we can understand that Your Divine Grace is Lord Nityānanda's mercy incarnation. So, by your kind recommendation, we are getting Caitanya's and Nityānanda's rays of benediction.

*nitāiyer koruṇā habe, braje rādhā-kṛṣṇa pābe*

(Narottama dāsa Ṭhākura, *Manah-śikṣā* 3)

And how could we get the mercy of Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa without Lord Nityānanda's grace? Only by Your Divine Grace's benedictions can we receive the blessings of Lord Caitanya and Lord Nityānanda to understand the pastimes of Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa.

Because I am conditioned by material nature, mother Māyā, I think that I am this loaned body. This idea is reinforced by others calling me by different names and designations. I am so foolish that I believe all these false ideas, not bearing in mind my *guru's* instructions. I also pray to mother Māyā to kindly release me from her grip; after all, she is the Lord's servant, His *śakti*. She is Śrīmatī Rādhārāṇī's expansion and subordinate. If Lord Nityānanda is pleased, He will recommend me to Śrīmatī Rādhārāṇī, and I will then be released from Māyā. But, Śrīla Prabhupāda, all this is possible only by your lovingly mercy.

Somehow or other, I have entered into this material world which is like entering a pawnshop — I got a really bad bargain in the form of a loaned material body. Only you came along to wake us up from this bad deal and to invite us to make the best use of this bad bargain. Since I am already here, please engage me in your *saṅkīrtana* movement — I beg at your lotus feet. As stated in the *Bhagavad-gītā* (18.68-69), you are very dear to the Lord; you are the savior of the fallen, no doubt about it.

Your Divine Grace, Śrīla Prabhupāda, I only beg to serve your lotus feet, *janme janme prabhu sei* — you are my lord and master birth after birth.

*Your undeserving servant,*

Nandanandana Dāsa

**Padmalocana Dāsa**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

So many words of praise are being offered to you not just in this world but also throughout the unlimited universes. You are *vaiṣṇava ṭhākura*, *patita-pāvana*, the fulfiller of Lord Caitanya’s desires, the living embodiment of the wisdom of all the scriptures, the commander-in-chief of the *saṅkīrtana* movement, and the only hope for this mad, mad world.

Through your wonderful books Śrīla Prabhupāda, you are continuing to save the conditioned souls. Śrīla Prabhupāda, in this miserable world, your books are the only solace for us, your disciples. Śrīla Prabhupāda, anyone who just touches one of your books becomes most fortunate for they have begun their devotional service. Your books, Śrīla Prabhupāda, embody all the benefits of visiting all the holy places, performing all the different *yajñas*, and bathing in all the sacred rivers and *kuṇḍas*, for your books, Śrīla Prabhupāda, are the embodiment of *kṛṣṇa-prema*. Śrīla Prabhupāda, you have bottled up *rādhā-kṛṣṇa-prema-rasa* in your books and that *prema-rasa* is waiting to be drunk through the ears and tasted by the tongue by anyone and everyone. The amazing thing is that however much one drinks, the ocean of *rādhā-kṛṣṇa-prema-rasa* gets deeper and deeper.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, your lotus feet touched so many places on this planet, and by their touch, all those places are now holy places. Śrīla Prabhupāda, I am so proud that your lotus feet touched my head; now I am sure that the Yamadūtas will not touch me. Śrīla Prabhupāda, the touch of your lotus feet is my gate pass to higher and higher realms of devotion, so why, o why am I still wallowing in self-pity and continuing to bathe in this ocean of stool known as the material ocean?

I am truly sorry, Śrīla Prabhupāda, for all my offences.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, your lotus feet truly are my only shelter, my only hope, and the source of my faith.

*Your servant,*

Padmalocana Dāsa

**Pyāri Mohan Dāsa**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances. All glories to you Śrīla Prabhupāda.

This year is the first time there is a Vyāsa-pūjā book exclusively for any of your disciples to write offerings to you. I think this is a very nice idea. If this book continues year after year, it will eventually get smaller and smaller as your disciples leave their bodies. You have taught us the miseries of birth, death, old age, and disease and your direct disciples are experiencing them first hand as time marches on.

You said, “Just as from childhood to youth there is change of body, from youth to old age there is change of body, similarly, old age, death, and then there is another change of body. But in all circumstances I am still the same person.” So we shouldn’t be disturbed or surprised by such a change, yet we are amazed at how imperceptible old age has developed.

Recently, as I was driving my car and the sun was brightly shining on the back of my hand, I saw how old my hand has become. It didn’t happen overnight, yet I never noticed it before. Old age means death is near and if we don’t want to take another birth, we should take seriously your instructions and surrender.

We have had many lives in which we surrendered to māyā, but if we just give this one life to Kṛṣṇa, we can go back home, back to Godhead. As your disciples, we don’t even have a whole life left; we only have to give the next one, five, ten, or twenty years to Kṛṣṇa and we can go back home, back to Godhead. If we can give at most the next twenty or so years to Kṛṣṇa, we can end this cycle of repeated birth and death.

Someone might think that one whole lifetime is a long time, but for your disciples, most of our lifetime is already finished.

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda, I pray that I, along with all your disciples, take seriously your instructions and become Kṛṣṇa conscious and preach Kṛṣṇa consciousness wherever we are and wherever we go. By these simple activities, we can please you and go back home, back to Godhead never to take birth in this material world again.

Śrīla Prabhupāda *ki jaya!*

*Your aspiring servant,*

Pyāri Mohan Dāsa

**Rāgātmikā Devī Dāsī**

Dearest Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my obeisances in the dust of your lotus feet.

As the time factor takes its toll on this once youthful and energetic body and I experience its concomitant pains and discomforts more and more, I appreciate more and more the magnitude of your compassionate nature. Without intense compassion, how could you, in your advanced age, embark upon fulfilling your *guru's* desire to spread Lord Caitanya's message to every town and village? You truly stretched yourself beyond your comfort zone for the sake of rescuing me from the exhaustive discomfort of imitating God, your beloved Kṛṣṇa. Even though I embodied envy and hate for your most Beloved, still you endured such painstaking endeavor to shower causeless mercy upon me without reservation.

You gave me the one thing that I could never have attained by my own endeavor for millions and millions of lifetimes — the opportunity to serve you, Kṛṣṇa's intimate associate, completely freed from all vice. "By such service one gains affinity for hearing the message of Vāsudeva." (*Bhāgavatam* 1.2.16) This is my only wealth — service to you and to your ISKCON.

Once, in Bombay, you affirmed what appeared to Tamal Kṛṣṇa Goswami in a dream. In this dream you were asked by the previous *ācāryas* to make a report on your preaching mission on this planet. You reported that you had studied the people of this planet and found that they had no capacity for any type of austerity. Nor were they very capable of studying nor were they very pious. You then said that the only thing they were able to do was somehow take shelter of your feet.

(*Memories*, His Holiness Tamal Kṛṣṇa Goswami, tapes 10, 11, 16 & 29; ITV)

I beg that you continue to give me service at your lotus feet lifetime after lifetime.

*Your dependent daughter,*

Rāgātmikā Devī Dāsī

**Rūpa-vilāsa Dāsa**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances at your lotus feet.

**1971. Brooklyn, New York. Henry Street**

After chanting sixteen rounds of Hare Kṛṣṇa for a week, I waited expectantly on the temple steps for my first sight of you. I had seen your picture. I had heard the teachings of other *gurus* but wasn't impressed. I didn't know what to expect. Then you stepped out of the car and the world changed. I had never bowed down to anyone before, but I could immediately understand that you were that person I had spent lifetimes seeking. I fell down to the ground and bowed down to you without reservation. You moved with a fluid, other-worldly grace, as though you were a 3D film projected from another world onto the earth.

Immediately, I understood what it meant to be in the world but not of it. I dashed to the temple room, fighting for a spot near your *vyāsāsana*. As you walked down the middle of the temple room after greeting the Deities, you glanced left and right, and I had the same experience as many devotees have had: your eyes were full of love and compassion, and you seemed to scan us and see everything — we were totally exposed by your laser look of love.

Some of the devotees didn't look too pleased by the aggressive behavior of the long-haired hippie trying to get near you, but I got a spot close by you and next to Kīrtanānanda Swami, who sat and listened, his head cocked to the side like a bird, fully alert to your every word. I tried to do that too, but I remember very little. I do remember that you said that Prahlāda Mahārāja was praying that he was not concerned about his own situation,

but that he was concerned, with love, for all the fools and rascals rotting in material existence (*Bhāgavatam* 7.9.44). In these few sentences, I understood the difference between you and all the other so-called *gurus*. The focus was not on you. You were glorifying the holy name, which is non-different from Kṛṣṇa. You were explaining the mood of a Vaiṣṇava who is dedicated to relieving the suffering of others. You embodied that concern. I understood: This person is the perfect example of a compassionate devotee. I soon became your follower.

#### Mid-1970s. Dallas, Texas

On one of several visits to Dallas, you delivered a powerful class that left everyone awe-struck. Someone in the audience finally asked what it was like to be a self-realized soul. You paused before you spoke, your eyes closed. When you opened them, you spoke two words: “Without fear!” Then you smiled a smile that was oceanic (as Sally Agarwal described it), and a wave of blissful feeling went through the room. Everyone was smiling back ecstatically, and fear had literally been vanquished. I got goose bumps, and my hair stood on end. (Much later, I read in *Caitanya-sīksāmṛta* that a Vaiṣṇava on the *madhyama* platform can create *śraddhā* in the hearts of sincere hearers, but that an *uttama-adhikārī* can produce symptoms of *bhāva*.) My fearlessness was definitely temporary, but I have never forgotten how it felt.

On another occasion in Dallas, you were talking to the *gurukula* teachers in your room about *Vedānta*. You asked us why the impersonalists could not understand *Vedānta*. When there was no answer, you demanded, “I am asking. Why they cannot understand?” You looked at us, expecting an answer. Several devotees took the plunge. One devotee quoted *Bhagavad-gītā*:

*nāhaṁ prakāśaḥ sarvasya  
yoga-māyā-samāvṛtaḥ*

*mūḍho 'yaṁ nābhijānāti  
loko mām ajam avyayam*

I am never manifest to the foolish and unintelligent. For them I am covered by My internal potency, and therefore they do not know that I am unborn and infallible. (*Gītā* 7.25)

We looked at you expectantly for approval, but you were still unimpressed and not satisfied. Then, your disciple, Dayānanda, sat bolt upright and with electric intensity said, “They can’t understand because they don’t have Bhaktivedanta!” Śrīla Prabhupāda, you smiled at this and said, “Here is the answer!” We all experienced transcendental envy, happy that you were happy, but envious of the brilliant answer which explained everything. *Vedānta* means the end of knowledge, and to know *Vedānta*, you must have *bhakti*. And to have *bhakti* you must have come into contact with a Bhaktivedanta.

In your lecture in New York and in the two incidents in Dallas, you revealed the purport of your name, at least for me: His Divine Grace Abhaya Caraṇāravinda Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupāda. Śrīla Prabhupāda, you are the merciful master of all masters, who has full control of his mind and senses, who is fearless at the lotus feet of Kṛṣṇa, who is concerned with a motive of purest love for Kṛṣṇa about delivering the very summit of knowledge to the earth’s confused and unhappy inhabitants, and who embodies the be all and end all of all knowledge: *bhakti*.

You are my lord and master, the medium that transmits the laser of *śabda* to the core of my conditioned heart and changes my world forever. I am floundering, but I will never forget you, and I will never stop trying to serve you, even though the service is so imperfect. Please remember me when my death comes and remember anything I might have done that pleased you. I want

to be with you again. Thank you for finding me and trying to save me. Thank you for allowing me to find you.

*Let me please remain your servant,*

Rūpa-vilāsa Dāsa

#### Sevānanda Dāsa

“Śrīla Prabhupāda’s Mercy Most Wonderful!”

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

*nama om viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine*

*namas te sārāsvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

“We Bathed You in the Jade Green Waters of Purī”

On one great and transcendental day not so very long ago, on the golden sands of Jagannātha Purī, with green palms swaying on sweet and gentle breezes, the silver waves of the sea touched the still shore. Begging for your *darśana* and softly whispering the glories of Śrīla Prabhupāda!

You wanted to take bath where Lord Caitanya had taken bath. The warmth and light of the sun reminded one that you, Śrīla Prabhupāda, have the full favor of Lord Kṛṣṇa.

The *kīrtana* proceeded across the beach, and you were smiling, encouraging us in our devotion.

Your loving attendants were at your side (I had also pressed close), waiting to fulfil your every desire. As the silver and jade green waters swirled around your lotus feet thus massaging them, we began your bath.

Brahmānanda and Gargamuni were there and Rameśvara, Gaura-Govinda, and many others. Out of shyness, I had missed too much mercy and I was determined to serve you in my presumptuous way. I began to bathe your golden form by splashing water on your back, arms, and legs, rubbing them with my own unworthy hands. You rinsed your lotus

mouth with seawater and spit benedicting the waters of Purī, Gurukṛpa was so fast that he scooped it up and drank it like the *caraṇāmṛta* that it actually was.

Prabhupāda, your golden effulgence defeated that of the sun-god; we could not bring ourselves to take our eyes from your form. We were in ecstasy!

Śrīla Prabhupāda, you were majestic! Just like the great *rājarṣi* who had just been victorious over all his enemies, and we were your humble servants, bathing you after a tough battle. Indeed, you had just waged the greatest battle of the Yuga. Even in the winter of your life, you had single-handedly created an empire, with powerful armies of fierce and restless warriors, suitably trained to fight and destroy the forces of Māyā. You were our emperor, the commander-in-chief, as expert as the god of war; we, your devoted men, awaited your divine commands. Your men were loyal, and by their intense love, they are willing to lay down their lives for you, at least our lives of material enjoyment.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, how expertly you waged war against Māyā! How brilliant and resourceful!

Without you to lead us, Śrīla Prabhupāda, there was no hope at all. We see reality, like the glint of gold in a black velvet bag. We are blind.

We wanted to bathe your lotus form eternally, but that was not to be. Later, we were meant to bathe you with our tears. I will bathe your lotus feet daily with tears from my darkened eyes.

We will serve your divine commands, until our dying day. May our lives be consumed as incense offered on the alter of your instruction, and may the smoke be carried to your lotus feet on

the winds of our love. On this day, may our prayers reach you from near and from far on the strength of your mercy and on the wings of our devotion.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, as you know, this *lilā* took place in early '77. I recounted the incident in '84, and now it has been told again. Close that same time you said, "Now it [ISKCON] has taken grand shape! This is a great wonder, the way it has happened all over the world." (8 October, 1977, Vṛndāvana). Also you said, "One thing about my disciples, whatever I say, they follow with absolute sincerity. That will keep the movement going." (13 October, 1977, Vṛndāvana, Talks with Kṛṣṇa Dāsa Babaji).

It's true that this war against māyā, with its skirmishes and struggles, is still ongoing — the story is still being told. However, the naysayers and mischief-makers who doubted or opposed your preaching mission, that is, ISKCON with its GBC/temple president system and with your "Books as the basis," have been proven foolish or envious. Now anyone can see so many temples, centers, farms, schools, and restaurants in six hundred cities in ninety-seven countries, with countless Kṛṣṇa conscious get-togethers and countless millions of devotees and congregational members — all over the world! Your Hare Kṛṣṇa Explosion has continued!

I am not really surprised when I think about it. After all, it was your desire, as well as the desire of Śrī Śrī Gaura-Nitāi! It is all by your mercy.

*samsāra-dāvānala-liḍha-loka-  
trāṇāya kārūṇya-ghanāghanatvam  
prāptasya kalyāṇa-guṇāṇavasya  
vande guroḥ śrī-caraṇāravindam*

As you used to say, "In the desert there are so many caravans. Sometimes when a caravan passes a village the dogs may bark.

But although the dogs may bark, nevertheless, the caravan will pass."

And so it has happened.

However, Śrīla Prabhupāda, in '77 you told us that, "My Mission is only half finished. Now I want to implement *varṇāśrama-dharma*." This is another ongoing campaign, and we are dedicated to fulfil it for you. As always, though, we require your blessings and empowerment.

*yasya prasādād bhagavat-prasādo  
yasyāprasādān na gatiḥ kuto 'pi*

By your mercy and by your divine desire it will take place in time.

You told us what to do, Śrīla Prabhupāda. You said,

Stick to our principle, and see our GBC is very alert. Then everything will go on, even I am not present. Do that. That is my request. Whatever little I have taught you, follow that, and nobody will be aggrieved. No māyā will touch you. Now Kṛṣṇa has given us, and there will be no scarcity of money. You print book and sell. So everything is there. We have got good shelter all over the world. We have got income. You stick to our principles, follow the... Even if I die suddenly, you'll be able to manage. That's all. That I want. Manage nicely and let the movement go forward. Now arrange. Don't go backward. Be careful. *Āpani ācari prabhu jiveri śikṣāya*. (Room Conversation, 22 April, 1977, Bombay)

So many of your spiritual warriors' lives have been consumed as an offering at your lotus feet. It seems so much time has passed. Many great warriors have fallen, wounded in battle, and some have simply faded away or been lost. Now, however, we see that so many new and young warriors have risen to take their place. This again is your success!

In early '77, just after Kumbha-melā, you were visiting Bhuvaneswar and Purī. You wanted to lay the corner stone for the future temple in Bhuvaneswar, and you wanted to meet with the priests of the Jagannātha temple to ask them why they would not allow your disciples to have *darśana* of Lord Jagannātha. I had brought a gift of black marble dinnerware from Hong Kong/Taiwan for you. You had told us that you had fond memories of the black marble dinnerware your father gave you to eat from as a child. We all knew it. And you knew that I knew it. It was an intimate, palpable, and sweet exchange of love that I will never forget. Later, when you left, you gave orders that it be used for the Deities in the future temple.

One morning, we took you on a walk at a private zoo owned by a life member. Just after entering the front gate, we saw a lion in its cage glaring at us. You said to us, "It wants to eat me!" Twice you said that, looking almost child-like and frightened. Then Brahmānanda Mahārāja told you that in Kenya (where he had just come from) the Masai tribe had a custom that in order to enter manhood and marry, a boy had to go into the jungle with only a short spear and kill a lion. Then one of our *sannyāsī* godbrothers laughed and suggested that we make it a rule in our ISKCON that if one wants to get married, one first has to kill a lion. And then another *sannyāsī* laughed and said that it was too bad we don't have any lions, so no one can get married. Almost everyone was laughing. Pradyumna and I were the only *grhastas* present; Hauri Śauri had temporarily left on some business. At that point in the conversation, Śrīla Prabhupāda, you abruptly changed the mood by dropping a "bomb" that was pregnant with instruction. You said to us, "A pure devotee of the Lord is always crying in his heart of hearts for all the poor women and all the poor animals that are exploited all over the world." One could have heard a pin drop if there would have been a floor for a pin to hit.

Aside from women and animals being exploited and the extremely pure soft-heartedness of a pure devotee of Lord Kṛṣṇa, the lesson, as I understood it, was that you wanted us, your disciples and ISKCON, to remember and practice Lord Caitanya’s instruction that *na dhanam na janam na sundarim kavitarim va jagad-isa kamaye (Śikṣāṣṭaka 4)* — that you wanted us to work together in a spirit of love and fellowship, relating to each other on a purely spiritual platform. To maintain cohesion and co-operation, and, above all, to avoid quarrel and fragmentation. After all, such quarrels are only due to bodily identification and perceptions of sometimes irksome material differences as well as out-and-out illusion. That was the lesson I took away with me from the Bhuvanewar Zoo.

On a different occasion, Śrīla Prabhupāda, you told Brahmānanda Swami in a letter “You are all my limbs of my body. Unless you cooperate, my life will be useless.” (Letter to Brahmananda, Montreal, 17 July, 1968) That means: No quarrel and fragmentation! Only cooperation and support for your mission!

We, your disciples who live outside, need to always remember this. Those who are your followers, both inside and outside, need to always remember this. All it takes from us is a little love, gratitude, and a sense of duty to your mission!

*cakhu-dān dilo jei, janme janme prabhu sei,  
divya jñān hrde prokāśito*

You came to save the world. You are the *śaktyāveśa-avatāra, jagat-guru*, the world *ācārya* of all *ācāryas*! You did everything out of your pure love of your Guru Mahārāja, Śrī Śrī Gaura-Nitāi, and Śrī Śrī Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa!

*śrī-guru karuṇā-sindhu, adhama janāra bandhu,  
lokanāth lokera jivana  
hā hā prabhu koro doyā, deho more pada-chāyā,  
ebe jaśa ghuṣuk tribhuvana*

We all must do all that we can for your mission, Śrīla Prabhupāda. Please empower us. You are *mahā-patita-pāvana* and I am *mahā-patita*, your most fallen rotten servant.

Sevānanda Dāsa

Śrīdhara Dāsa

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda, my eternal master,

Now as I fall prostrate before you, please, I’m begging you, please accept my humble obeisances at your divine lotus feet.

Because of your merciful disposition and the kindness of your many disciples, I have somehow wandered back into the vast arena of divine dispensation — the atmosphere of Goloka Vṛndāvana that you effortlessly carry about your person.

This atmosphere has a sweet superlative fragrance that dissolves the value and significance of this entire material manifestation. Śrīla Prabhupāda, you are a wonder to behold!

I lie prostrate before you now. And I am drowning in a sea of paradox. Your mercy is comprehensive and yet person-specific. Your teachings are simple yet profoundly subtle and complex. Your wondrous ways and styles of behaviour seem clear and yet they sit far beyond anyone’s capacity to even try to imitate. Your love and care for the fallen souls is soft and gentle, yet tearing and thunderous like a searing bolt of lightning.

I fall before you now, Śrīla Prabhupāda, in utter bewilderment, and yet with a renewed crystalline vision. Who is it that says lightning doesn’t strike twice in the same place?

Your eternal servant,

Śrīdhara Dāsa

Svākṣa Dāsa and Pṛṣnigarbha Dāsi

Śrīla Prabhupāda, you gave us the Hare Kṛṣṇa movement and saved us. We were two lost souls that wandered into the Hare Kṛṣṇa movement in different parts of the country. You gave us a standard of living that was chaste and sober, showing the world through us that any lives could be saved from abominable activities.

Years later, when we met each other, we found that we had been one of the six people standing in front of the Berkeley temple to see you off when you left after Ratha-yātrā. We did not see each other because we were watching you, however, we always felt blessed because we came to feel you had been watching over us. Our marriage is twenty-seven years and counting. You gave Svākṣa Dāsa his japa beads from your car and accepted him as a disciple. We came to feel you had given us a good life and also hope.

Your loving disciples,

Svākṣa Dāsa and Pṛṣnigarbha Dāsi

Vaiṣṇavānanda Dāsa

Śrīla Prabhupāda Built a House in which the Whole World can Live in Peace

*nama om̐ viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine*

*namas te sārasvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

My dear Śrīla Prabhupāda, please accept my sincere and humble obeisances at your lotus feet on this auspicious and exalted day of your divine appearance, Vyāsa-pūjā.

There are neither earthly nor heavenly calculations for how I can possibly repay even a microscopic iota of gratitude for giving me the shelter of your lotus feet. In my quest for spiritual realization early in my life, I was highly fortunate to come in contact with you and you accepted me as your disciple.

My first glimpse of you convinced me to dedicate my entire life to Kṛṣṇa consciousness. I had never seen nor met anyone like you before; you were like someone from another planet! Your bright facial countenance was effulgent like the shining sun, your deep compassionate eyes, your solemn demeanor, and your friendly and affectionate nature attracted all of us to you. You are all-attractive, Śrīla Prabhupāda, just like Lord Kṛṣṇa; you are a veritable saint and my savior, nay, you are the savior of all mankind!

You built a house in which the whole world can live in peace: the International Society for Kṛṣṇa Consciousness. Your house attracted conditioned souls in the sincere pursuit of the highest goal of life, God realization. It is ever blissful, aesthetically embellished with colorful flowers, aromatic incense, offered

for the glorification of the Lord. It is overflowing with joyful chanting and dancing, sumptuous *prasāda*, philosophical talks expounding the Absolute Truth and the association of many jubilant bright-faced spiritual brothers and sisters.

You established 108 temples throughout the world which are oases' in the desert of the materialistic culture of the present day. With your transcendental chanting in Tompkins Square Park, many young boys and girls flocked to you, abandoning their parents, friends, schools, jobs, etc. Śrīla Prabhupāda, you are truly the modern day "Pied Piper" of the Twentieth Century, enticing us with your magnetic transcendental tune of the *mahā-mantra*:

*Hare Kṛṣṇa, Hare Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa, Hare Hare/  
Hare Rāma, Hare Rāma, Rāma Rāma, Hare Hare*

You brought the message of the Golden Avatar, Lord Caitanya Mahāprabhu to the Occident, the Western world. In this fallen age, charlatans and self-professed *gurus* only seek monetary compensation and mislead the innocent public. However, you abundantly distributed the Hare Kṛṣṇa *mahā-mantra*, "the great chant for deliverance," free of charge. You gave the world the panacea that can remedy all material sufferings in this dark Age of Kali. Śrīla Prabhupāda, you are a *jīvan-mukta*, an eternally liberated soul, a *paramahansa* who descended from Vaikuṅṭha, the spiritual abode of Lord Kṛṣṇa. You are a *śaktyāveśāvatāra*, *jagat-guru*, the empowered spiritual master of the universe who has incarnated for the salvation of the entire world!

We joyfully remember the sixties and seventies when you were physically present with us. Devotees throughout the world would rise early and come daily to *maṅgala-ārātrika* to praise you. All your disciples were fully engaged in preaching Kṛṣṇa

consciousness. Most of us would go out on book distribution, some were worshipping and cooking for the Deities, and others were preparing your books for publication at the Bhaktivedanta Book Trust. The artists drew beautiful paintings — "windows to the spiritual world" as you described them — to illustrate your books. We were protecting the cows, making *ghee* and sweets, farming fruits and vegetables, going out on *harināma*, and engaging in a host of blissful services for your satisfaction. All your disciples understood clearly that pleasing you was the object of our life and the key to making advancement in Kṛṣṇa consciousness.

In the house that you built resided a dynamic society of devotees. The ambiance was personable, friendly, surcharged with enthusiasm, and everyone shared an unparalleled dedication and love for you, Śrīla Prabhupāda. You built a house where we found an intimacy and camaraderie beyond race, gender, ethnicity, or nationality. You injected genuine "love and trust" throughout your society. The devotees would daily offer dandavats to each other, "please accept my humble obeisances prabhu" was a common greeting in those days. We were your selfless servants; everyone served you without expecting remuneration. We just wanted to live blissfully with you, Śrīla Prabhupāda, in the house that you built.

You gave the order to disseminate the Kṛṣṇa consciousness movement all over the world, and, most importantly, to become Kṛṣṇa conscious ourselves. You ordered your disciples to chant a minimum of sixteen rounds daily, follow four regulative principles, attend the temple programs regularly, and dedicate everything we do in the service of Lord Kṛṣṇa. You stated that you gave us everything in your books and that they shall be the spiritual law books for humanity for the next ten thousand years. Your books are replete with the absolute knowledge to

perpetuate the legacy of your disciplic succession, originating from the Supreme Personality of Godhead, Lord Kṛṣṇa. Therefore, it behooves all your disciples, grand-disciples, and sincere followers, both individually and collectively, to take up your order as their life and soul. As Śrīla Bhaktivinoda Ṭhākura strongly affirmed: "Just as one cannot separate the soul from the living entity, the disciple cannot separate the order of his spiritual master from his very life."

During your final pastimes (*līlā*) in 1977 in Vṛndāvana, India, you requested that if we could not expand the Kṛṣṇa consciousness movement, then at least we should maintain what you started. You also conveyed that our love for you would be exhibited by how we cooperate to serve you. You issued the mandate that we should not change anything. You once said, "Kṛṣṇa says, 'Surrender unto Me.' I say, 'Surrender unto Kṛṣṇa.' is there any difference?" When instructing your disciples, you used many examples, analogies, similes, metaphors, etc., to illustrate the science of Kṛṣṇa consciousness. One example is that of the postman. A postman simply delivers the mail and does not tamper with it. In that spirit you presented the *Bhagavad-gītā* *As It Is*.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, you reached various monumental achievements: you came to the West at the advanced age of sixty-nine years old and founded the Hare Kṛṣṇa Movement. You traveled around the globe fourteen times and accepted thousands of disciples. But the crowning glory of your illustrious success is the translation of the topmost Vedic literatures, namely *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*, *Bhagavad-gītā*, and other important religious works. Your books have been translated into sixty-four languages and placed in major universities, libraries, and institutions all over the world! You have received honors and innumerable other accolades from

distinguished and erudite scholars, but you never accepted any personal credit. As you stated in the preface of the *Bhagavad-gītā As It Is*, “If personally I have any credit in this matter, it is only that I have tried to present *Bhagavad-gītā* as it is, without adulteration.” In due course of time, noted historians will document how this Kṛṣṇa consciousness movement saved the world; and this credit is deservedly and unequivocally all yours, Śrīla Prabhupāda.

Today, on this most auspicious occasion of your Vyāsa-pūjā, all your disciples are deeply meditating upon indelible memories of you. We are reminiscing the times during your morning walks, while hearing your lectures, when being present in your room conversations, or kindly receiving a cookie or a flower from you. We call to mind encouraging words you once said to us, and we are taking time again to attentively read the letters you wrote us offering your affectionate guidance. But most significantly, we are remembering the sacred day when we received our initiation and you accepted each of us as your eternal disciple.

And for those second generation devotees, who did not have the fortune “in this lifetime” to physically meet (*vapu*) and greet you, you stated that you are present in your instructions (*vāṇī*), your books, pictures, recordings, videos, and your *mūrti* on the *vyāsāsana*. Your unalloyed mercy and the shelter of your lotus feet are equally available to them. As confirmed by Śrīla Bhaktinoda Ṭhākura: “He reasons ill who tells that Vaiṣṇavas die when thou art living still in sound! The Vaiṣṇavas die to live and living spread the holy name around!”

So, it has been nearly thirty-three years since you have disappeared from our mortal vision. Today, we fervently pray that you bless us, Śrīla Prabhupāda, with the strength and resolution to maintain our vows and continue to expand the

society you founded. All your disciples, grand-disciples and sincere followers humbly offer you our eternal gratitude for building The International Society for Kṛṣṇa Consciousness, a house in which the whole world can live in peace.

Śrīla Prabhupāda *ki jaya!*

*Humbly submitted on this day of Vyāsa-pūjā,  
September 2, 2010,*

Vaiṣṇavānanda Dāsa

**Vedavyāsa Dāsa**

*nama om viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine*

*namas te sārāsvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

“I offer my respectful obeisances unto His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupāda, who has taken shelter under Lord Viṣṇu’s lotus feet and who is very dear to Lord Kṛṣṇa in this world.”

Śrīla Prabhupāda, you are the dearest servitor of the Lord, because you always look for the welfare of all living entities, especially your devotees. There is nothing that pleases Kṛṣṇa more; as He confirms Himself in *Bhagavad-gītā* (18.68-69):

*mad-bhakteṣv abhidhāsyati/bhaktim mayi parām kṛtvā....  
kaścin me priya-kṛttamaḥ.*

“For one who explains this supreme secret to the devotees,” that is, abandon all varieties of religion and just surrender unto Kṛṣṇa, “...there is no servant in this world more dear to Me than he, nor will there ever be one more dear.”

Your dedication and effort to explain Kṛṣṇa consciousness to human society and to the devotees in particular is unparalleled in history. Night after night you translated transcendental literature and wrote elaborate purports by extracting the essence from the previous *ācāryas’* commentaries, combining them with your own ecstatic realizations. Every morning, while taking a walk, you explored philosophical questions with your students; back in the temple, you lectured from Vedic texts, and analyzing their meaning from different angles; during the day you received visitors and preached to them tirelessly; and you still found time to answer thousands of letters by your

disciples addressing expertly the philosophical or managerial issues. All the while you moved from temple to temple, country to country, from continent to continent to guide and inspire your devotees, driven by an ardent desire to fulfill the order of your spiritual master, please the previous *ācāryas* and Kṛṣṇa.

Your guru mahārāja, Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī Ṭhākura, said the following about a personality like you: “He broadcasts the shining brightness of Kṛṣṇa’s effulgence throughout the world. Such an *ācārya*, or spiritual master, should be considered non-different from Kṛṣṇa — that is, he should be considered the incarnation of Lord Kṛṣṇa’s potency. Such a personality is *kṛṣṇāliṅgita-vigraha*, that is, he is always embraced by the Supreme Personality of Godhead, Kṛṣṇa.” (*Cc. Madhya* 25.9)

*namas te sārāsvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

“I offer my respectful obeisances unto you, servant of Sarasvatī Gosvāmī. You are kindly preaching the message of Lord Caitanya and delivering the Western countries, which are filled with impersonalism and voidism.”

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda, just as I was about to plunge into the abyss of impersonalism and voidism, you stepped into my life and saved me. As so many of my contemporaries in the 1960s, I had explored different avenues in the hope to find answers to my questions about the nature of reality, the meaning of existence, and my own self. I had looked into Buddhism, read Herman Hesse, studied psychology, pondered about Ramakrishna’s visions, and experimented with psychedelics. The result was an inkling of something out there, a dimension beyond the present reality, but the conception was vague. Maybe IT was simply a pulsing radiating all-pervading energy that we were to join in its eternal dance.



But then you came to me in the form of the first of your books published in German: *Śrī Īsopaniṣad*, the knowledge that brings one nearer to the Supreme Personality of Godhead, Kṛṣṇa. And right in the beginning, you established the nature of the Absolute Truth:

“[T]he Complete Whole is not formless. If He were formless, or if He were less than His creation in any other way, He could not be complete.” (*Śrī Īsopaniṣad*, Invocation) What simple and yet powerful logic.

“All facilities are given to the small complete units (namely the living beings) to enable them to realize the Complete Whole. All forms of incompleteness are experienced due to incomplete knowledge of the Complete Whole. The completeness of human life can be realized only when one engages in the service of the Complete Whole.” (Ibid.)

Here was the key to complete knowledge. After reading *Śrī Īsopaniṣad*, I felt euphoria and fear at the same time. I had found the truth, but the consequences were daunting. I had to change my life, I had to make a decision, but would I be able to transform from a free-wheeling hippy into a disciplined monk? That night I could not sleep. My mind was racing as it contemplated the future.

Almost forty years have passed since those fateful hours. I never regretted my decision. I have no words to express my gratitude. You accepted me as your servant and made me fortunate. You brought me nearer to our dearest friend Kṛṣṇa.

As my life enters its last quarter, I fall at your feet and beg you to empower me with a drop of your mercy, so that I may be able to do as you were doing. Thus I can hope that I may also become dear to Kṛṣṇa by broadcasting His glories far and wide.

*Aspiring to serve you life after life,*  
Vedavyāsa Dāsa

### Vṛndāvaneśvarī Devī Dāsī

*nama om viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine*

*namas te sārasvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

My dear spiritual master, eternal well-wisher, father, and guide, Śrīla Prabhupāda, I offer my prostrated obeisances at your feet which are as soft as lotus petals and so powerful that they protect all the conditioned souls who take shelter of them.

It seems like such a long time ago since I was able to behold your transcendental form, giving me the feeling of total protection from the material elements. Now your voice occasionally echoes above my mind, saying, “You can die at any moment, therefore you should always be thinking of Kṛṣṇa.”

I cling onto my sweet remembrances of your powerful presence, always exemplifying what it means to be eternal, blissful, full with complete knowledge, and fearless.

By your causeless mercy, I had the immense fortune of being in your physical presence for months at a time when you visited New Dvārakā where my spiritual life began. I can still see your smiling loving glances, your soothing deep eyes full of compassion, love, and understanding.

When envisioning you, I fondly remember your encouraging hand gestures during *kīrtana*, indicating to all present to dance joyfully and experience the bliss of chanting and dancing — the simple and sublime process you gave us to experience the taste of spiritual ecstasy for which we are all hankering.

I remember that you once said in a lecture in New Dvārakā that “even if you don’t feel like dancing, force yourself to

dance and the bliss will come.” Thank you. It works every time, and thirty-eight years later, as my body gets older, still it is the only time I can dance with great vigor and experience transcendental spiritual bliss. For that time, I forget that I am in this body.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, you entered my meaningless world of illusion and filled it with hope, joy and purpose. As part of your plan and potency you created a vast wonderful family of thousands of godsisters, godbrothers, spiritual sons, and daughters, and now third generation, Vaiṣṇava grandchildren, whom I feel connected to on a deeper level than my birth family.

When I first saw you up close during my initiation, I remember vividly your powerful glance looking deep within my being, seeing me as spirit soul, knowing all the dirt in my heart, and all the good and bad deeds I accumulated for so many lifetimes. It was such a powerful, almost frightening experience, feeling completely naked of all false covering in your presence; I remember my head sharply turning away as it was too difficult to bare the cleansing revelation.

I loved to watch you do a simple act, like drinking water; no one else did it in such a fashion. With great elegance you held a goblet very high above your mouth perhaps close to a foot away and as you tilted the goblet the water formed a perfect stream and magically poured into your mouth, never spilling a drop, and I don’t even remember you swallowing. Such an ordinary activity was not ordinary with you.

Every morning you took a walk, always leaving on time and always returning exactly on time to greet the Deities, with the Govindam prayers resounding as soon as you stepped into the temple. You had the inner clock of a Supersoul guiding you, and you were also setting the example, demonstrating for us

the importance of punctuality. This was especially emphasized by you in regards to Deity worship. With great awe and humility you bowed in front of their Lordships, and would then sip a little *caraṇāmṛta*. Once, I was nearby when you were relishing Kṛṣṇa’s bath water mixed with yogurt and sugar, and with a youthful boyish grin you said, “This is so good, I could eat it all day.” Sometimes I think you said such light humorous things to show us your jovial nature and endear us to you even more.

The spiritual master takes great pleasure seeing the devotees taking *bhagavat-prasāda*. From the very beginning, you always cooked first class *prasāda* for Kṛṣṇa to be distributed to devotees and all others fortunate enough to take the blessed food. You also instructed us to do so as well, and emphasized to make sure there was always enough for everyone to eat to their full satisfaction, as this is part of our wonderful spiritual process. As a quantity cook, I remember these instructions.

One of my fondest memories was to watch and listen as you sat on the *vyāsāsana* and ecstatically chanted *Jaya Rādhā-Mādhava*. You played the gong with great zeal, eyes closed, deeply absorbed. As you would bring the *kīrtana* to its crescendo, you would open your eyes and look at all your fledging disciples jumping like there were no boundaries (to this material body). You would smile and take your brass hammer that you used to play the gong and wave it up and down encouraging us to jump higher.

You also took great pleasure in looking at the beautiful Deities that were directly in front of you. In the old temple room in Los Angeles, there was always an invisible line that we never crossed to give Your Grace about a four foot clear path to see the Deities. And if anyone stepped into that path, you made it very clear by waving your hand to move out of your vision to see Śrī Śrī Rukmiṇī-Dvārakādiṣa.

On numerous occasions during your lecture, you stopped the class to tell someone not to sit with their back to the Deities, and if we were all turned towards the Deities, you made it clear not to sit with our backs to you. Therefore, we learned to sit sideways, so as to not make obvious offences in the temple. I am putting this in my offering to you because I feel this is something that has been lost with time, and you made a great impression on me that it was important to you.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, I don't know how it is that I am still fortunate to be able to remain in the association of devotees. I truly believe it is all due to your blessings that I experienced when you were physically present. Sometimes, I think that eating the remnants from your plate — an orange that still had your teeth marks in it — that has kept me going, made me continue with my vows, and that has given me the strength and determination to go on. That may sound silly, but with all my offenses, I think that additional drop of mercy from your lotus lips saved me.

I pray that I will always remember your loving smile, moist compassionate eyes full of love for the suffering souls, and your emphatic encouraging words, “Kṛṣṇa wants you back home, what is the difficulty?” I heard you say this in a lecture in L.A. 1972, when I was a new devotee. You were choked up, tearful, full of emotion and intensity, and it reached into my inner core.

Like many others, I was raised to be God-fearing, but you taught us that God loves us, misses us, and wants us to come back home, back to Godhead and eternally chant, dance, eat, and play with Him and all the *Vaiṣṇavas bhaktas*. When I left the class that day, I was in ecstasy saying, “Kṛṣṇa wants us back home.” It was a wonderful revelation for me. Even now, I have to remind myself of that and it gives me hope and solace.

Thank you for bringing the hope, joy, and bliss that I could never imagine into my life.

Every action you performed was with purpose and expertise, and many times amazing to witness. One time, I had the good fortune of being in a small room with you and about six other devotees, so it was rather intimate, and I watched as you honored *prasāda*. I never saw anyone eat the way you did — it was almost magical. Every bit of food you popped into your mouth from nearly a foot away, the *prasāda* was like a magnet drawn right into your mouth, never breaking apart or falling. Even though it was only eating, seeing these unusual events was so special that it just drew me closer, and I could understand that just by eating you exhibited exalted and extraordinary behavior. After eating, there was some light discussion and you started laughing, and gently rolled back onto the couch where you were sitting, and laughed for some time.

The laughter of Your Divine Grace was so potent that I experienced and felt that every atom was laughing and full of joy. It was an amazing feeling. So thick was the atmosphere with laughter, that it was clear that the pure devotee is so dear to Lord Kṛṣṇa that all living entities take pleasure when you do.

The last time I saw you was in 1976, in New York. You had come for the first Ratha-yātrā there. My husband, my eleven-months-old son Param, and I had just returned from India and were ecstatic to find out that you were in New York. During *guru-pūjā*, you always took great pleasure in handing out sweets to the children. So this was the first time for my son Param to have the opportunity to receive a sweet from your hand. I held my son out and you placed a large piece of *burfi* in his hand. As an infant, Param did not eat much and rarely ate sweets. He also enjoyed putting food in my mouth when he had something to eat. On this occasion, however, he took the

**Yaduvendu Dāsa**

We think that we have met your goodness by the will of providence, just so that we may accept you as captain of the ship for those who desire to cross the difficult ocean of Kali, which deteriorates all the good qualities of a human being. (*Bhāgavatam* 1.1.22)

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

I fall at your lotus feet, giving thanks for the mercy that you have extended to us; not only your disciples, but all conditioned souls who are suffering in the ocean of material existence.

You are the one kind soul who cared. The only one amongst all the great Vaiṣṇava devotees residing in the holy *dhāmas* of India who was prepared to give up bodily comforts and security in old age, risking everything to spread the munificent message of Śrī Caitanya throughout the world. No one else can lay claim to this great achievement and thus you alone deserve the title “Prabhupāda” — the greatest of all spiritual masters.

Although the least significant of your disciples, I feel so fortunate to have lived in your era, to have walked and talked with you, to have been accepted as your disciple, and to have felt the pat of your hand on my very head.

*I beg to remain your eternal servitor,*

Yaduvendu Dāsa

*burfi*, looked at Your Divine Grace, and ate the entire sweet completely absorbed like never before. Such is your potency, that even an infant can experience it and realize it.

So I understood that even a small child knew who you were and you knew who he was and transferred that to him. After he ate the sweet, I held his hands, so he could stand on the floor and you looked at him and with the wave of your hand and smiles of encouragement gestured for him to dance. He jumped in ecstasy for your pleasure, his, and mine.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, I am so grateful that I was so fortunate to have so much of your personal association. There are not enough words to describe a spiritual personality whose presence is not of this world. Every gesture, every glance, every word, or your illuminating effulgence brought the most powerful to their knees and enlightened the hearts of all blessed by your beautiful transcendental self.

You inspired, enlivened, and encouraged, all those who accepted, and those who didn't. Your compassion for the suffering souls was insurmountable. You once had tears in your eyes watching the non-devotees rushing off to work, stuck in traffic, going through so much difficulty, and you said, “They are suffering and working so hard.” Your only desire was to free us from the pain of this world and give us the knowledge and process to live eternally blissful, never to return again.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, please allow me to please you in some small way; bless me that I may pass this good fortune of Kṛṣṇa consciousness onto a fallen *jīva*, as you did to me.

Thank you for your causeless mercy, and I pray that I may always remember you and never forget you. And please don't forget me.

*Your lowly disciple,*  
Vṛndāvanēśvarī Devī Dāsī

**Yaśomati Devī Dāsī**

*nama om̐ viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine*

*namas te sārasvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

I seek your blessings to be able to repay my debt to you and all the previous ācāryas.

*Your useless servant,*

Yaśomati Devī Dāsī

“All glories to you, Śrīla Prabhupāda.”

These are the only words I have ever spoken to you in person. Again and again I offer my obeisances to you with all humility at my command and tears in my eyes. All glories to you, Śrīla Prabhupāda.

On this Vyāsa-pūjā, I want to make an attempt at thanking you. Thanking you for the association you gave me. Thanking you for the GBCs, the *sannyāsīs*, the preachers, the scholars, the temple presidents, the book distributors, the *pūjārīs*....all the devotees who keep on going, sometimes making mistakes, but nevertheless ready to correct themselves and keep on serving you, just like a child learning to walk keeps on trying until success.

From the beginning of my spiritual life, I learned to accept them as your representatives; when I was writing you an eternal draft that never would be good enough to send, I would receive an answer from your representatives, and I still hear from my seniors. Thank you for your greatness, your purity, your strength, also as it still shines through your sincere followers.

In 1972, I gave you my life with all my heart. Once again, and with a lifetime’s experience rather than just my childhood behind me, I want to offer you my life; please mould it according to your will. I plead with our Lord to give me the qualifications I lack to be of use to you and your movement.

**Anavadyāṅgi Devī Dāsī**

Jaya Gurudeva! *Jagat-guru*, our spiritual father, and guide back home, back to Godhead.

Please accept my humble obeisances and my simple offering of appreciation on your glorious appearance day.

The day you left this material world, my heart stopped and my life fell apart. How could I go on without you? I was barely holding on with you here; struggling to rise every morning for *maṅgala-ārātrika* and completing my sixteen rounds.

Now, over thirty years later, it still is not easier. I am so amazed at your ability to come all alone to this most degraded United States in the 60s. I live amidst these meat-eaters, who legally engage in gambling and prostitution. It is so difficult to preach to these thickheads. Just by your purity in chanting the holy names, sitting under a tree in a park in New York, you sparked a world wide spiritual movement that still sweeps through the darkness of Māyādevī in this confusing and chaotic Age of Kali.

Through your books, your torchlight of knowledge still reaches fallen souls, and *kīrtana* is alive and well now and prospers in city yoga centers. *Kīrtana* has become the upcoming rage. No one can stop Śrī Caitanya’s *saṅkīrtana* movement. You made the *mahā-mantra* a household word. Slowly but surely, our sweet Lord is sharing His *līlā* with His fallen children. Now He is on Nick Jr. in a beautiful cartoon rendition of His childhood pastimes.

I simply beg for a mote of dust from your merciful feet, the only shelter for such a fallen soul as I.

*Your lowly servant,*

Anavadyāṅgi Devī Dāsī

**Arcanānanda Dāsa**

I met the devotees on one cold winter Saturday afternoon in Manchester, England, distributing the holy books of Śrīla Prabhupāda. Amazed, I watched the *dhōtī*-clad *bhakti-yogīs* wearing flip flops on bare feet on a cold winter’s day. They gave me a *Back to Godhead* and an invitation to the temple on Lower Seedley Road in Salford.

I went home and absolutely devoured the nectar contained in those pages. The next day, I visited the temple along with my wife and young child and met all the devotees there. They were charming, kind, and very loving towards my family and myself. The *prasāda* and the ecstatic chanting was wonderful and beyond my imagination. I bought Śrīla Prabhupāda’s *Bhagavad-gītā* — a book I was already familiar with, having bought a Penguin edition translated by Juan Mascaro a year before. Śrīla Prabhupāda’s purports and depth of knowledge and insight were stunning and I realised at that time that I was indeed receiving the mercy of the Lord and *guru*.

Within a few weeks, I was invited to visit the London Temple in Bury Place, where Śrīla Prabhupāda was to arrive. We took an overnight train, leaving Manchester at midnight for London Euston (a distance of 181 miles), and arrived at approximately 4:30 a.m. As we arrived, I looked for the slip of paper with the directions to the temple but realized I was lost, so we began asking people if they knew the directions to the temple, but nobody seemed to know where it was. We began to panic but I remembered it was near the British Museum in Bloomsbury, so we headed in that direction.

Very soon, we began to get a faint drift of incense and heard the sound of *mṛdaṅgas* and *karatālas*. As we followed the sound, we met some devotees who were completely in a state

of bliss. “Śrīla Prabhupāda has just arrived in the temple!” they told us excitedly. As we reached the temple, the *kīrtana* was in full force.

The moment I saw Śrī Śrī Rādhā-Londonīśvara and Śrīla Prabhupāda, I became overwhelmed and tears flooded my eyes. So great was this vision before me that I had no capacity or ability to process it and I began to laugh and cry simultaneously and behave in a bizarre fashion, which obviously distracted and annoyed some of the surrounding devotees who looked at me as if I was a loony or troublemaker in need of ejecting. My personal state also began to alarm me as I was having trouble breathing and was experiencing pain in my sides and chest. A kind devotee gently lead me out and downstairs to the kitchen area where he got me some water, and with his kind words I gradually regained control of myself. This incident was probably the most memorable moment of my life.

I went back into the temple to listen to a class being given by His Divine Grace followed by Tulasī-ārati. This was indeed the moment of meeting my true *guru*. I soon abandoned my job and sold my house for next-to-nothing, infuriating my father, and moved to Bhaktivedanta Manor. I was so lucky to have Śrīla Prabhupāda’s association on almost a daily basis and my daughter Kalā-devī became firm friends with little Sarasvatī, Śyāmasundara’s daughter. Śrīla Prabhupāda blessed all our families and he especially showed care for our children, playing little games with them. Our merciful *guru* was so kind to me and my family; somehow we were so lucky.

Previously, I had read many books from different traditions such as Buddhism and Christian writers like Evans Wentz, Swedenborg, etc., but I had never encountered anybody like His Divine Grace. He could answer the most profound philosophical questions like they were child’s play. His depth

of understanding, his kindness, patience, and compassion was deeper than the ocean. Up to that point, I had been worried about my future. I owned a home and had a well-paid job in the carpet and floor coverings industry, so materially everything was in place. But inside of me was a need for spiritual understanding and the thought of a life of ever-increasing mundanity was something too daunting to even think about. Of course, at that time in the ’60s it was a very special time and the search was on amongst all our peers for some kind of new way from the stagnant boredom and gross materialism and warlike dominance mentality of our society. I had met my *guru* and every day I give thanks and praise for the causeless mercy of the Lord. How could a product of the Industrial Revolution born in Manchester like myself receive such mercy?

Our *guru* told us there will be days like these — where greed and disdain for truth are indulged in. Indeed, we can see in the *Bhāgavata* and *Mahābhārata* characters like Śakuni, Duryodhana, etc., committing fratricide and genocide against Arjuna’s sleeping sons and a slew of atrocities from apparently advanced souls — it beggars the imagination.

All we can do now is place all our love and trust in *guru* and Gaurāṅga and leave the rest to them, being ever-diligent to our great fortune for meeting our beloved *guru*. I am especially thankful to Ranchor Dāsa for taking the time and patience to instruct me in the rudiments of *bhakti-yoga* and indeed playing a leading role in this project. I commit my soul to the Lord and his pure devotees.

Thank you, Śrīla Prabhupāda, for all you have done for me. I am eternally indebted.

*Most sincerely,*

Arcanānanda Dāsa

**Badarāyaṇa Dāsa**

My dearest Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my prostrated obeisances at your divine lotus-like feet, which are ever saturated with the deepest devotion and most expansive compassion this world has ever seen.

I have been in your service now for thirty-eight years. There have been times when I strayed from your instructions, which I deeply regret. In spite of this, I have been unable to shake off the superhuman grip you have on my heart — it belongs to you. That’s all there is, really. Everything else is just so much background noise.

When I was still a young college student, seeking the true meaning of life, you came to me in the form of your disciples, your temples, and your books. Ah, the books! Studying and flirting with other paths and doctrines, I saw a common thread of abiding truth. However, the language was often dense, the realizations flowery or murky, and the light of knowledge clouded by a veil of speculative *jñāna*. It did not touch my soul.

Enter the Bhaktivedanta purports. Forget the light switch. The whole universe became illuminated — “Here Comes the Sun”! As I poured over the words you sacrificed EVERYTHING for to write, all doubts were eradicated and what was clouded became crystal-clear. The answers to all my questions were given with such perfect logic. All inconsistencies of other teachings became resolved in your illuminating purports. You did not discredit them, you simply showed us, through the unbroken purity of the disciplic succession, the transcendental hierarchy of the highest reality. And the conclusion: I am spirit soul not this external frame; I am a part and parcel servant of the Supreme Being who is ultimately a PERSON. Wow. And that Personality of Godhead, Śrī Kṛṣṇa, is the all-attractive

reservoir of all beauty and pleasure. How incredibly stunning!

So that was it — nowhere to run, nowhere to hide. I had to submit and surrender, search and destroy (my long-cherished egocentric self).

When a pure devotee enters our life and we are fortunate enough to heed his call, the relentless chain reaction of our karma is broken. The fire of countless births (“millions” Prabhupāda said in a lecture) of endless pains are abruptly extinguished. Our good fortune cannot be estimated. Śrīla Prabhupāda once told a disciple that if we would understand how fortunate we truly were, we would faint. The example is given: drowning in the ocean, a log with a hole floats by as we come up for air; just in that synchronized moment, our head lodges inside and we are saved as we float to shore. The odds? The calculation of our benediction? INESTIMABLE.

So what do we do with this? Śrīla Prabhupāda, in your *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* (5.8.29, purp.) you write, “Those who have taken to Kṛṣṇa consciousness should be very careful that not a single moment is wasted and that not a single moment is spent without chanting and remembering the Supreme Personality of Godhead and His activities.” So simple. You also wrote to Kīrtirāja Prabhu, “Do not hesitate to use your American and European brains to increase, that is Kṛṣṇa’s special gift to you, now use it. Any activity which will please Kṛṣṇa should be accepted favorably, this is our guiding principle. Now apply it in this way, by doing everything for spreading Kṛṣṇa conscious literature, and this is really pleasing to Kṛṣṇa, know it for certain.” Again, clear and simple.

How do I or we act on this profound gift of divine love and mercy bestowed upon us through the medium of His Divine Grace? We take these instructions deep into our hearts. I pray

that I can take them deeply into mine, Śrīla Prabhupāda! May I find the ways and means to always chant and remember Lord Kṛṣṇa. May I find the way to spread your life's work, your super excellent supremely potent Bhaktivedanta purports, for the benefit of others less fortunate. This is our "guiding principle," as you have said. These purports have created a worldwide revolution that spread like wildfire. They can do the same now, if we fervently desire and "strain our brains" to come up with creative ways and means to make this possible, just as Caitanya Mahāprabhu did when He took *sannyāsa*.

In the mood of humility and kindness to all living beings — ESPECIALLY the Vaiṣṇavas — let us work cooperatively to fulfill this quintessential desire of yours, Śrīla Prabhupada, the foundation of all our varied and wonderful activities and projects. This Kṛṣṇa consciousness will flourish and our hearts will be satisfied. As you have said in the same letter to Kīrtirāja Prabhu, "know it for certain."

*Begging to somehow be useful in your mission eternally,  
your servant and son,*

Badarāyaṇa Dāsa

**Bāhuśīra Dāsa**

This Vyāsa-pūjā is not just a festive occasion; it requires deep concern of the truly initiated disciple.

It is contemplative day, not just of flowers, to remind the devotee of the eternal link to Kṛṣṇa and one's *guru*.

*śrī-guru-caraṇa-kamala bhaja mana  
guru-kṛpā vinā nahi koi sādhana-bala  
bhaja mana bhaja anukṣaṇa*

"O mind, worship the lotus feet of the Spiritual Master. Without the mercy of *sad-guru*, no spiritual practices have any potency. Therefore worship him at every moment." (Śrī *Guru Caraṇ Kamal*, refrain)

The door back home has become ajar;  
By His Divine Grace opened, he came from afar.

Not an unimportant task to reckon  
To awaken our *rasa* he has come to beckon.

Delivering a rather motley crew,  
Śrī Guru extends his mercy to not just a few.

A place of pilgrimage his morning walks,  
Crushing scientific Māyāvāda views with his talks.

Kṛṣṇa sent His best saying, "Only you can do!"  
Such a humble *paramahansa* states, "What can I do for you?"

The books you wrote you ascribe, "Kṛṣṇa has done."  
You read them yourself, they leave a *sahajiyā* undone.

You gave Kṛṣṇa Books — Oh, what knowledge!  
You envisioned even a Varṇāśrama College.

How a *guru* acts and speaks is the test;  
Your example and the words in your books always the best.

By your purity and love many a soul won;  
Teaching “Right is might” — a qualified *paramahansa*, you are one.

Only a “*kali-chela*” will think he is equal with his *guru*.  
Beloved Prabhupāda, with straw in teeth this *dāsa* begs to serve you.

Bāhuśira Dāsa

**Bhaktavaśya Devī Dāsī**

To my spiritual master and eternal guide, His Divine Grace A.C.  
Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupāda.

It has been almost thirty-seven years since you accepted me  
as your disciple. The older I become, the more appreciation  
I have for all you have given me and the priceless gifts you  
have given to the world. In my initiation letter you stressed the  
importance of appreciating the devotees of the Lord, quoting  
this verse:

*vāñchā-kalpatarubhyaś ca  
kṛpā-sindhubhya eva ca  
patitānām pāvanebhyo  
vaiṣṇavebhyo namo namaḥ*

You said, “Follow in the footsteps of the older devotees,  
chant Hare Kṛṣṇa constantly, and in this way your life will be  
successful.”

I haven’t always followed your advice, and because of deep-  
seated material desires, I have strayed from the pure path of  
*bhakti*, taking shelter of fallible soldiers.

The test of time has shown that you are truly worthy of the title  
“*ācārya*”, one who teaches by example. At an advanced age,  
you took up extraordinary hardships and even gave up spiritual  
comforts because of your limitless compassion on souls like  
me — without your mercy, we would still be floundering in  
delusion and misery for endless births.

Thank you for giving and teaching me how to chant the holy  
names and how to worship the Deities and the holy *tulasī* tree;  
for explaining the meaning of scriptures like *Bhagavad-gītā*,  
*Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*, and *Caitanya-caritāmṛita*; for *prasāda*;  
and for the most precious gift of all: the family of devotees.

You would be so happy to see how much your spiritual  
family has grown and expanded; generations of beautiful  
grandchildren, their children, all benefiting from your generous  
planting of the seeds of devotion, complete with instructions  
on how to water, nurture, and protect our delicate creepers.

The triumph over fear of old age, disease, and death is an  
unexpected benefit for many of your disciples who have  
departed and for those of us who remain. You prepared us  
since our youth, never sugar-coating the inevitable miseries  
that old age and disease will bring. Yet you also taught us how  
to overcome these miseries by taking shelter of the holy names  
of Kṛṣṇa throughout our lives, so that when death comes, as  
you said, we will not be afraid. By your grace we are able to see  
death for what it is: Kṛṣṇa coming to take us home or arranging  
for a better life to continue making spiritual advancement.

Please forgive me for my past offenses, the greatest one being  
minimizing the depth and scope of your mercy and position as  
the dearest servant of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa. May I be blessed to  
renew my service to you for the remainder of this lifetime and  
in the future.

*All glories to you, and to your faithful servants.*

Bhaktavaśya Devī Dāsī

**Bhojadeva Dāsa**

*nama om viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine*

*namas te sārāsvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Thank you for saving my life, not only once, but many times and in many ways. You have so mercifully offered all your disciples second births and new lives for which we are eternally grateful and indebted.

You have opened the door for people all over the world to receive love of Godhead, *kṛṣṇa-prema*, through the unprecedented mercy, grace, and reciprocal love of Śrī Nityānanda Rāma and Śrī Gaurāṅga Mahāprabhu, the saviors of the fallen.

Visibly and directly empowered by the Supreme Lord, you have kindly taught us the following:

- God is unlimited and everywhere; yet simultaneously is the Supreme Person.
- God has unlimited names, forms, and pastimes.
- God and His service cannot be reduced or bound to limited sectarian conceptions.
- Attainment of love of God is the real meaning and goal of life.
- All conditioned souls are actually eternal loving servants of Lord Śrī Kṛṣṇa.
- We can understand our relationship with God (*sambandha*).
- We have activities to truly realize our relationship with God (*abhidheya*).
- Our need and perfection is to be fully and always

absorbed in our pure loving relationship with God (*prayojana*).

By your perfect example as a personification of *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* we have seen someone who

- is a pure and unalloyed lover of God;
- has given up all desire for profit, distinction, and adoration;
- is free from all fear;
- is equal to everyone;
- is a pure medium to the Supreme Lord.
- has deep spiritual compassion and deep spiritual knowledge;
- embodies all devotional qualities;
- is an ocean of mercy;
- is our ever well-wisher.

Please bless us that by your mercy, any meager gift of love, devotion, or austerity we can offer you, will blossom into deeper love, faith, and devotion to you and the Supreme Lord. That will be the perfection of our lives.

*yasya prasādād bhagavat-prasādaḥ*

“Only by the blessings of the spiritual master.”

*yasya deve parā bhaktir / yathā deve tathā gurau  
tasyaite kathitā hy arthāḥ / prakāśante mahātmanaḥ*

“Only unto those great souls who have implicit faith in both the Lord and the spiritual master are all the imports of Vedic knowledge automatically revealed.” (*Śvetāśvatara Upaniṣad* 6.23)

*One out of many, praying for your blessings,  
desiring to be a useful servant,*

Bhojadeva Dāsa

**Bhūmi Devī Dāsī**

My dearest Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my most fallen obeisances at your lotus feet. All glories to the association you have created for us, so that we were able to learn how to perform devotional service.

Among your disciples you have created so many *gurus*. I am forever indebted to those sons and daughters of yours who trained me in devotional service and befriended me even though I was, and remain, most unqualified. Since this is the first offering I have ever written for you, I would like to thank you for giving me a loving family. You are my eternal father and I would like to take this opportunity to offer gratitude to all the wonderful devotees whom I have known over the years and who have helped me learn about Kṛṣṇa consciousness and who have taken their valuable time to instruct me and accompany me as I attempted to serve you.

I met up with your devotees in 1972, in the Brooklyn Henry Street temple. It was abuzz with devotional activity, and I became immediately enchanted by the rare and unusually amazing qualities that your devotees possessed. I had not even read a book or met you personally, yet I knew I wanted what these devotees possessed, and I wanted very badly to taste what they were experiencing. His Holiness Viṣṇujana Swami let me go out with his Transcendental Rock Opera and observe and participate. He chanted and spoke so beautifully — I was sold in a second. When I came back to the temple, wherever I turned, each devotee was more special than the next.

The second I walked in for the first time, Janārdana Prabhu sold me a book on the stairs of the temple and took my only dollar. He did not give me any change either. I guess that was my first big lesson: When you give to Kṛṣṇa, you don’t hold anything

back. Later on, Janārdana became my temple president in Houston, Texas, and I want you to know that he gets my award for the very best temple president I’ve ever had.

I remember absolutely loving the philosophy as I grew up on the classes of Jayādvaita Prabhu and Jadurāṇī Mātājī. I spent a lot of quality time with Jadurāṇī in those days in Brooklyn and I never heard her once speak anything but the highest *kathā*. I also went on *saṅkīrtana* with her, which was the sweetest of treats. She knew your books backwards and forwards and distributed each one individually, just presenting what was in each book to suit the individual she was presenting it to. I often visited with her as she worked on so many beautiful paintings to illustrate your books.

In those days, the ISKCON press was in NY, and therefore all the wonderful devotees who worked non-stop to make your books, which you described as the handbooks for the next 5,000 years, lived there as well, and absolutely everyone in the temple went on *saṅkīrtana*. I had the most wonderful association with Daivī-śakti, Mahārha, Śikhāṇḍinī, Alarka, Sunītā, Vārāṇasī, Kamalinī, Rāgātmikā, and so many others. Great *saṅkīrtana* devotees from all over America visited our temple in New York regularly and trained us in distributing books. Most memorable were Mūla Prakṛti, Rāmeśvara, Praghoṣa, Buddhimanta and Gopavṛndapāla, all dedicated, charismatic, and on fire to fulfill your desire to make book distribution their life and soul. Romapāda, Yogeścandra, and Toṣaṇa Kṛṣṇa were my early *saṅkīrtana* leaders and I pray that they will forgive me for having a weak mind and calling all the time when things were tough out there and I needed a shoulder to cry on. They were very generous with their encouragement! I did quite a lot of travelling *saṅkīrtana* in my early years, too, and visited many of your temples. I discovered that there were

dedicated devotees everywhere and relished getting to know more and more of my spiritual family as I traveled to different temples.

In 1975, you invited all the devotees to come to Māyāpura and Vṛndāvana for the most incredible Gaura-pūrṇimā celebration and the opening of the Kṛṣṇa-Balarāma Mandira. There, I observed the big picture of what Lord Caitanya’s movement had become due to Your Divine Grace taking to heart the order from your own spiritual master, Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī Ṭhākura. After attending these enlivening festivals, we were all on fire to continue in our service of spreading Kṛṣṇa consciousness fearlessly to every town and village.

On the West Coast, I “settled” in the San Diego temple for many years and got to work with incredible devotees, such as Guṇagrāhī Prabhu and Mahātmā Prabhu. Both were staunch devotees with incredible enthusiasm. They led wonderful *kīrtanas* and gave enlightening classes. I went on *saṅkīrtana* everyday with Līlā-śakti, Madhu, Śātānanda, Ratnavatī, Parā-śakti and Mahodhārī. We were a band of brothers except that we were girls, your daughters, all eager to please you.

While on the Traveling Saṅkīrtana Party in Chicago, I developed a taste for cooking delicious *prasāda* and learned from the best cooks in the movement, most notably Gopati Prabhu. I learned *pūjārī* work from Rukmiṇī, Śīlavatī, Duḥkha-hantrī, and Kīrtikā. I also got to spend a couple of days cooking with Yamunā once, when she was living in Penzance, England. I got to cook in so many of your kitchens and restaurants.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, you have given us so much. I appreciate all of it and hope that one day I will make you proud. I am especially indebted to all the wonderful devotees who you gave me to learn from and associate with. After all that you have given

me, I never ever want to be a burden on you. I pray that I can follow in the footsteps of all my godbrothers and godsisters. Please bless me eternally and give me your association birth after birth, and please help me to become worthy of the society of your devotees.

*Your fallen disciple,*

Bhūmi Devī Dāśī

**Bhuvaneśvara Dāsa**

Dear *Gurudeva*, Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my most humble obeisances.

In all these years, this is the first time I have been given the opportunity to write an offering that will be published. Let me first ask you to forgive me for the offenses that I have committed at your lotus feet. I know you are most kind and merciful, being a pure Vaiṣṇava. Kindly take compassion on this fallen soul. In your *samādhi*, I daily pray that I may please you in some way.

I know that I am most unqualified in this regard. I would like to take this opportunity to thank you for executing the order of Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu and your spiritual master to spread Kṛṣṇa consciousness all over the world. Even though you faced heavy criticism from your godbrothers and the *brāhmaṇa* community, you were fixed in your determination to spread this Vaiṣṇava cult.

Why would you want to make people *brāhmaṇas* if they were not strictly correct? Why would you go through so much trouble if they we’re not proper?

Śrīla Prabhupāda, kindly allow me to continue serving you and your ISKCON until my last breath. I only want to hear your lectures and *kīrtanas* always. May ISKCON continue to increase for your pleasure.

*Your humble servant,*

Bhuvaneśvara Dāsa

**Citraka Dāsa**

Dearest Śrīla Prabhupāda, divine sage, liberator of the soul, and ambassador of Lord Śrī Kṛṣṇa Bhagavān — all glories to You!

I am prostrating myself in front of your lotus feet, exactly as I did thirty-seven years ago, during the most blissful event of my official acceptance by you into the Brahma-Madhva-Gauḍīya-sampradāya family of Vaiṣṇavas! As then, I now feel intensely grateful for the eternal benefit you have bestowed upon my insignificant self, and on this day of your glorious Vyāsa-pūjā, I want to try for the umpteenth time to express it properly to you.

In the Caitanya-caritāmṛta, Kṛṣṇadāsa Kavirāja Gosvāmī tells us that by the mercy of the Lord a lame man can climb mountains, a blind man can see the stars, and a dumb man can recite beautiful poetry. This is exactly what I feel the inspiration generated by you has done to my life. During my brief association with you, I have received such a huge quantity of condensed inspiring energy that I still feel “carried ahead” towards the goal, pure devotional service. This does not take place thanks to my efforts but despite them, like an irresistible force (your energy) meeting an immovable object (my anarthas and attachments)!

Śrīla Prabhupāda, your clever creation — the organized effort of many souls under your guidance known as International Society for Krishna Consciousness — has saved my life and that of many others from the onslaught of Kali-yuga. Forty five years later, this same movement is still alive and well and continues to spread Lord Caitanya’s saving mercy thanks to the conviction and faith you have instilled within all of us. The holy name, your books, your faithful disciples, and all your other gifts, like knowledge of the holy places, Deity worship,



intimate relations with the Lord, and the rest of your teachings, still constitute the single most systematic and efficient way out of this burning material existence. Your philosophical and ontological approach to the Absolute Truth and the personalistic nature of the theology you taught, combined with their simple and practical implementation in our lives, has proven the best antidote against the atheism and impersonalism pervading Kali-yuga; this antidote has provided a safe refuge and a real solace from the pain of karmic reactions.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, with your shining Vaiṣṇava qualities and exemplary loving devotion to Lord Kṛṣṇa, you were able in a short time to establish within the realm of illusion the proper behavior of a liberated soul, a pure devotee of the Lord, or a soul functioning according to his sanātana-dharma. You brought us the "cream" of Vedic knowledge, both as an ideal and in its applied form, that is, yourself. To do that, you had to cross the ocean, accepting untold austerities and discomforts despite your older body, without the slightest motivation for any kind of personal gain, just to please your gurudeva and save us all.

You personally cooked and served prasādam to your first followers. You took care of all of their physical, mental, social, and spiritual needs, and you taught them how to reach transcendence and properly serve the Supreme Being. You lived a life of constant absorption in service with only the bare necessities of bodily requirements. You travelled around the planet again and again, expending your energy for our benefit so as to guide us all safely "back home, back to Godhead."

How happy I was when I had the darśana of your saintly form appearing from airports or your quarters, or during festivals, programs, classes, and morning walks. Your every word, your every movement reflected the direct presence of Kṛṣṇa and your very attractive Vaiṣṇava qualities. The fortune to be in the

presence of a great saint, a transparent medium, and external representative of the Lord was treasured by all as unfathomable mercy from the Lord.

Your eyes were hard to meet. It was like having the personification of *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* in front of you, forcing you to face your own nonsensical consciousness. And what to speak of entering into a conversation with your Divine Grace! But you were all-knowing and took care to make us feel comfortable in your presence, disregarding our childish nature and always encouraging us to invest in our spiritual identity.

Thank you for this Śrīla Prabhupāda! If not for this "bridging" of yours, I could never have had access to your person. No sukṛti, or merit, from my part would ever have entitled me to such association. I am thankful to the Lord that He brought me to you, and I am thankful to you that you accepted, trained, nourished, and protected me, giving me all the means necessary for making this life a success. Thanks to you, I try to live without sins, offenses, bad habits, and other elements that Lord Kṛṣṇa dislikes. Furthermore, I try to practice devotion, remembrance, worship, and love to be forever yours and the Lord's, not mine.

I very much like the results I see in myself after having practiced your teachings since I met you. By now, it cannot be any more obvious that everything of value in me is only due to your intervention, while the mundanity of the rest is due to me and my past foolish antagonizing with the Lord. It is even better to see the changes of character in your other faithful disciples, my godbrothers and godsisters. I am attracted by how wise and saintly they have become, how nicely they present Kṛṣṇa consciousness and how much responsibility they carry out of love for you! Many times I feel ashamed when I compare their services with mine, but even a small taste of the service I do

manage to perform is sufficient to maintain my enthusiasm and determination to keep your teachings intact and apply them.

I hope to be able to provide you with a sample of success by bringing myself and as many other souls I can to the feet of their Lordships Śrī Śrī Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa in this life time. Thus I would like to offer further proof that Kṛṣṇa consciousness works. For if it worked for a low degraded person like me, then what to speak of others? Thank you, Śrīla Prabhupāda, for freeing me from the shame of my past and teaching me how to get ready to meet the Lord face to face again. I will eternally glorify your name for the mercy you directed towards me. But please know that any further mercy is badly needed, and I promise that it will never be wasted!

*Your insignificant servant,*

Citraka Dāsa

### Durgama Dāsa

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

All glories to the divine dust of your lotus feet. Please accept my humble obeisances on this glorious event of your divine appearance upon this earthly planet.

I feel very indebted for your wonderful gift of Kṛṣṇa consciousness — it is impossible to repay. I feel so grateful and blessed by your divine instructions contained in all of your books, especially the *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*. These are divine books that you kindly gave us.

Actually, in only twelve years, you gave us so much. For instance, hearing your lectures is never tiring. Indeed, it is always a fresh and new experience, equal to serving your divine lotus feet.

I recall how your disciples have offered wonderful services over many years by opening new ISKCON centers, while maintaining the 108 centers that you founded as an *ācārya*.

Other disciples have translated your books into many, many languages, getting close to a hundred different translations. Also, the essential service of making new devotees and initiating them in the process of *bhakti-yoga* continues with chanting, inspiring them as you have inspired us in this devotional service.

Since October, 2009, the planning, construction, and excavation of the new temple has started here in Māyāpura-dhāma. It is only possible by your divine kindness that this project will be successful and that the Supreme Lord will install Himself with the three principle deities of the *dhama*. During the year, many guests, devotees, and life members are coming and they are astonished by the peaceful atmosphere.

I'm so thankful to you that in spite of my many shortcomings, you still keep on sending nice souls, encouraging them to take your books and other Kṛṣṇa conscious literature. May this service continue for the pleasure of your great personality.

We all miss you, Śrīla Prabhupāda, but at the same time you are present in your instructions. Please, dear Guru Mahārāja, bless all the wonderful soldiers of the *saṅkīrtana* mission in all your ISKCON centers that they may all feel so inspired to continue to distribute your fantastic books and preach Kṛṣṇa consciousness. May the entire world know your fame, glories, and pure devotion to the Supreme Lord Kṛṣṇa!

One more request: please bless all the devotees in Tripura state of Agartala ISKCON and Udaipur.

Unlimited obeisances to you many, many times, dear Śrīla Prabhupāda. Hare Kṛṣṇa.

*Your insignificant servant,*

Durgama Dāsa

### Gaṇeśa Dāsa

*nama om viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine*

*namas te sārasvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

*durgame pathi me 'ndhasya  
skhalat-pāda-gater muhuḥ*

*sva-kṛpā-yaṣṭi-dānena  
santaḥ santv avalambanam*

My dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Hare Kṛṣṇa! Please accept my humble obeisances millions of times at your feet. Please forgive my offenses and inability to worship you properly, and please accept this prayer as my homage to you on this anniversary of your Vyāsa-pūjā celebration. All glories to Śrīla Prabhupāda.

### Time, Forgetfulness & Vedic Solutions

**Reporter:** What do you try and teach, sir?

**Prabhupāda:** I am trying to teach what you have forgotten.

(Arrival address, London, September 11, 1969)

Time is an amazing energy of Kṛṣṇa. Having experienced fifty years of that energy in this body, it becomes apparent just how quickly time passes for embodied beings, and how quickly we forget. On a morning walk, you corrected a *śiṣya* who was thinking that scientists had been cheating people “from time immemorial.” You responded, “No time immemorial. You are being cheated for two hundred, three hundred years, that’s all. Not before that. All these scientist rascals, have come out within two hundred years. That’s all.” (Morning walk, Cheviot Hills Golf Course, May 15, 1973, Los Angeles)

It was only 246 years after the disappearance of Isaac Newton when you said that. When we study modern history, we find that before the time of Isaac Newton, the vast majority of people in this world obtained their understanding of reality and this universe from spiritual leaders. Even Kepler, who had lived just a few years earlier, believed (as did most Europeans) in the existence of angels and the patron saints of towns and cities. Thus your words, as always, are proved true.

Before 300 years ago, ancient cultures worldwide had had understandings very similar to what is presented in the *Bhāgavata Purāṇa*. It was understood that the universe was spherical and limited, and that outside of the universe, the Person God and the “Elect” (His entourage) existed in eternal beatitude. Isaac Newton was the main scientist responsible for developing the concept that the material universe is infinite, and when that understanding became established within people’s minds as a fact, the concept of God was done away with and the universe was accepted as a mechanistic entity, acting solely according to the laws of physics.

So within the brief span of “two hundred [to] three hundred years,” atheism became established as irrevocable truth. Stemming from that atheistic concept, persons of demoniac temperament began to exploit the populations and the resources of this world with ferocious strength, and the modern world’s ills and their consequences began to exponentially increase. If there is no personal God, then there are no standards and the “atoms” may do as they please without karmic consequences.

Today, we find the populations of this earth beginning to experience the harsh reactions of the godlessness originally propounded by those scientists. Worldwide economic crises, ever-increasing cosmopolitan wars with no boundaries, food shortages, and energy deficits are gaining dramatically,

spurred on by the demoniac world “leaders” who desire to accumulate as much wealth as possible without considering how many people must suffer because of that (*Gītā* 16.13-15). Your conversations about the ramifications of what today is known as “peak oil” (petrol civilization, motor car civilization, technological civilization) are remembered on quite a few occasions.

At least a few relatively scrupulous men with advanced academic and scientific credentials estimate now that the people of the world have entered the “beginning of the end” of the comfortable automated western civilization as we have known it for the past six decades or so. In more than one instance in conversations with Your Divine Grace, you indicated that “within another fifty years, everything will be finished.” (Morning walk, 15 May, 1973)

As part of the *cin-maya-śakti* (*Brahma-saṁhitā* 5.37) of Śrī Kṛṣṇa, Your Divine Grace is imbued with the power of *tri-kāla jñāna*. Therefore, considering the current world scenario, it is of no small significance that Your Divine Grace gave explicit advice about how ISKCON was to develop into a Vedic society. *Saṅkīrtana* — chanting and book distribution — are the bases and wedges of your movement, and while these should continue within the cities, your extended plans for the members of ISKCON were to develop farming communities wherein growing one’s own food, cow protection (*Gītā* 18.44), and the Brahminical culture *had* to be established (*Bhāgavatam* 9.10.50, purp.).

In order to establish a practical example of how the population of ISKCON and the world should be living and worshiping Kṛṣṇa, to show that knowledge about Kṛṣṇa has practical application and meaning, and to nullify the rapidly impending effects described above, Your Divine Grace’s vision for a Vedic

society must be implemented. If it is, there will be a paradigm shift back to a God-centered world, people will begin to remember their ontological statuses, and their valuable now-forgotten ancient ways of living in harmony with nature and other living entities in elevated God consciousness can be revived. Now is the time to do this (*Vedānta-sūtra* 1.1.1).

The best way for us — your disciples — to properly praise Your Divine Grace is by showing how serious we are in implementing your teachings. These teachings are the panacea for the suffering in this world and the “ship for those who desire to cross the difficult ocean of Kali.” (*Bhāgavatam* 1.1.22).

Prostrating myself at your feet on this most auspicious anniversary of your Vyāsa-pūjā, this lowly person offers his homage and his existence to Your Divine Grace.

Your servant,  
Gaṇeśa Dāsa

### Hamsāvatāra Dāsa

I offer my prostrate obeisances at the lotus feet of my eternal spiritual master, His Divine Grace A.C Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupāda.

For almost thirty-three years now, Śrīla Prabhupāda, I have not had the opportunity to associate with you personally. Through all the trials and tribulations of my life since the time you left, it has only been the knowledge and faith you imparted to me and instilled in this lowly soul’s heart that has allowed me to gradually open my eyes.

The faith I have in your mercy and consequently in my own ability to someday become a “real Vaiṣṇava” is my only guiding light in this world of darkness. Though my physical birth and previous life’s conditioning meant that I was unqualified to become your disciple and to serve your order, somehow, inconceivably, you accepted me, not caring for my faults, inadequacies, and shortcomings, giving me the opportunity to begin this journey on the path to perfection.

Although I can see that my desire to become a realized devotee has increased exponentially, and even though I am chanting constantly during the early hours of each day, gradually conquering over so many useless mundane desires and seeing no other method but the path of *bhakti* as worthwhile, still my mind remains uncontrolled. Though there may be a long and winding road ahead of me, I know there can be no value to my life unless somehow or other I manage to do something of some significance to please you before this short life is finished.

Therefore, I prostrate myself before you, Śrīla Prabhupāda, asking to remain engaged in your service. By using my intelligence and discretion, as you personally told me to be always careful to do, I would like to somehow make some real

contribution to furthering the work you began in the West, spreading the chanting of the holy names of the Supreme Lord Śrī Kṛṣṇa. By your mercy only will this blind man see, this deaf man hear, and this dumb man speak in some way that might play a small part in furthering Lord Caitanya’s *saṅkīrtana* movement.

Never will any words I am capable of uttering, nor any actions I may be capable of performing, be enough to thank you — nothing can be commensurate with the mercy you have bestowed upon me by giving me the chance to someday become a fully surrendered devotee of the Lord. All the same, I will continue to offer my prostrate obeisances at your lotus feet constantly, being eternally grateful for the kindness, love, and mercy you have shown me.

Your lowly and most fallen servant,  
Hamsāvatāra Dāsa

### Havi Dāsa

Dearest Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances. All glories to your Divine Grace.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, in this attempt to present to you for the first time a written offering that will be published, I find myself in front of many different avenues. I admit that for me this is not an easy task. Still, I dare, because I am convinced that you appreciate sincere sentiment.

I consider myself a very fortunate soul. I have had the privilege to directly meet a *mahā-bhāgavata*, a lover of God from whom I received the truth related to the meaning of life and to the material and spiritual worlds. I have heard and proudly repeated your message for almost forty years and, for reasons that only your divine person must know, in my youth I drank the liquid with which I had bathed your soft feet. I would like to thank you for the immense kindness that you have shown mankind by bringing the open treasure of Kṛṣṇa consciousness. Only great souls can change the course of history and, as such, you were called to be recognized as the saving bastion of the golden years that the *Purāṇas* had predicted for the dark Age of Kali.

Although your amazing work has not been properly evaluated yet, Kṛṣṇa will make sure that, in the future, you will be recognized as the most important personality who walked the face of this planet. This world inevitably will have to go on experiencing the hardship that results from ignorance until sensible people want to get together and initiate serious comparative studies with a clear intention to understand life with God as part of the equation. The wonderful news is that, with the mature Vedic perspective you brought in the

form of the *Gītā*, the *Bhāgavatam*, and your purports in these books, there is a good chance that this world will experience a renaissance that will last for many years.

In my imagination, I visualize thousands and thousands of people in Māyāpur coming out from their houses and walking to the big “kirtanium” with hundred and fifty *mṛdaṅgas* and other deep sounding hand drums along with hundred and fifty big *kartālas*, creating a slow and coordinated rhythmic pace. A band of musicians play woodwind instruments, while an enormous representation of Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu appears in the middle of the arena, followed by the divine forms of Śrī Jagannātha, Subhadrā Devī, and Śrī Baladeva. A tumultuous sound can be heard: Śrī Rādhā and Śrī Mādhava just entered to witness the celebration, along with our dear protector, Śrī Nṛsīnhadeva! The place is beautifully decorated with flags and flowers. A big flame indicates the beginning of the event, while hundred *brāhmaṇas* can be heard chanting the *Brahma-saṁhitā* in unison. Everywhere, elders can be seen moving slowly from side to side, dancing the “swami step”, while the younger generations have a ball, creating big dancing circles. Everybody is drowning in bliss, while the ecstatic *kīrtana* can be heard for miles around: Hare Kṛṣṇa, Hare Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa, Hare Hare/ Hare Rāma, Hare Rāma, Rāma Rāma, Hare Hare. And you are there Śrīla Prabhupāda... and I am there... and I see so many of my godbrothers whom I love. I feel blessed. I can’t believe my luck.

At this point, I lift my head and come back to the year 2010. It is 6 a.m., and I am writing these words on a desk in a hotel room in Eilat, Israel. I take some moments to experience a particular sentiment that captures my heart. This system of values! This sense of belonging! This inexhaustible wisdom! These loving dealings! This accessible transcendence! This

sublime language! This infinite compassion! This unmatched beauty! Can there be a bigger gift in life? With my eyes closed and my hands together, convinced that you are ever present, I am addressing Your Divine Grace: Śrīla Prabhupāda, although I say all this, I know you know that I have not been able to walk my talk. I beg you to help me overcome my incoherences and shortcomings. Whatever time is left for me in this life, let it be near your sincere disciples, and please grant me the sanity that results from chanting Hare Kṛṣṇa in a pure state of mind. It has been more than enough, Śrīla Prabhupāda. Please do not allow this to go on any longer. Cut my freedom of choice and at once make me yours.

*Your servant,*

Havi Dāsa

**Jagaddhātrī Devī Dāsī**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my fallen obeisances at your lotus feet.

Thirty-seven years ago, you accepted this soul as your disciple and have given me your shelter ever since. You did this not because I deserve it, but because you are so surrendered to the instructions of your gurudeva, His Divine Grace Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī Ṭhākura. By your causeless mercy only, you took on someone so woefully unqualified as me and allowed me to be in the association of your true disciples.

My relationship with you has always been entirely mystical: when I am at the lowest point, you send someone as a reminder to encourage me in my endeavor on the path back home to Godhead. For instance, when I was contemplating giving up book distribution, the very last day and hour I was at the airport, I approached a smartly dressed, very serious business man. I offered the book and blurted out, “Please take this book, this is the last time I will be doing this.” He was silent for a moment and then his whole “persona” changed, he looked right at me and said, “Everything is based on desire.” That was you, Śrīla Prabhupāda, speaking to me through this most unspiritual looking business man.

As a single mom, I often momentarily felt alone and unprotected. But invariably, you emerge through some set of “happenstance” or through some advanced Vaiṣṇava association to assure me that the real protection — always and everywhere — is service at your lotus feet. I beg you to please forgive my numerous offenses, and please allow me the nectar of your devotee’s association. This is my only hope, so that some day soon, I will be burning with the desire to only perform loving service for your pleasure eternally.

I can never glorify you adequately with words, and I am so weak that I am not glorifying you with purely offered service. I call out to you to purify my heart, so that I may approach you in humility and beg for your shelter. Jaya Rādhē!

*Your useless daughter,*

Jagaddhātrī Devī Dāsī

**Jitāmitra Dāsi**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances. All glories to you, my beloved spiritual master.

Recently, I watched a video clip of you accompanied by a sweet song sung by one of your disciples. The song tells of your infinite kindness and of what a gentle loving soul you are. I have always loved this song, but listening to it while viewing the beautiful images of you stirred up an overwhelming feeling of separation.

Having had your personal association only in crowded rooms, I felt blessed to not have to learn to cope without it after your departure. When you departed, I felt sadness, confusion, and a great loss, but nothing like the strong separation I was experiencing at this moment after all these years.

Clearly, I avoided this kind of grieving due to fear of the pain. Yet this pain led me to appreciate all the ways we are blessed with your daily association. For you live on in the instructions you bestow through your books and lectures. And your loving, dedicated disciples have blessed the world with other tools that give us your association, even more tools than we had when you were with us. We now have books of your letters, a wonderful biography, an excellent video record of your travels, and many, many reminiscences. These keep your presence with us and insure that you will always remain the instructing *guru* of *kṛṣṇa-bhaktas* everywhere.

So why have these feelings of intense separation suddenly burst forth from the core of my heart? Why should I experience this pain now? One aspect of your association may never be replaced: the sense of security and protection you bestowed

upon us all while personally guiding us as we helped you establish ISKCON.

In reciprocation of that love and faith we carry on. Sometimes it is hard to know what to do as there seem to be as many opinions as there are devotees. Human nature causes one to form opinions to define oneself. Miraculously, in your presence, it seemed all of us were willing to put aside opinions and accept your position as absolute and you as our general in command. Being young and inexperienced, I did not know how to cherish those days when we had them.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, please help me through my own turmoils in the execution of devotional service in separation from you. Help me to know when to hold on to personal opinions, which are perceived as core values that define me, or when to renounce them for the higher core value of remaining a faithful follower and servant.

With humble obeisances, I pray to remain under the shelter of your lotus feet forever.

*Your servant,*

Jitāmitra Dāsi

**Kadamba Dāsi**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Thank you for giving me a life. It wasn't the life I had expected to live, but, by your instruction, it became a life worth living. I feel as if I stumbled upon you, accidentally — and that changed everything. In my foolish arrogance, I had no idea what you were giving me. Anything I could give you in return isn't enough. Anything any of us could ever give you isn't enough. Somehow, you engaged me although I had nothing to offer to you. I have tried to live my life according to your teaching and to use my possessions in the service of Kṛṣṇa. Please give me a genuine desire to serve Kṛṣṇa. You said that the process of devotional service is simple and the results sublime.

You put us in touch with Kṛṣṇa through His *arcā-vigraha* form and His holy name, and you gave us the chance to worship Kṛṣṇa in these ways. My life feels blessed because of your influence. It is a life blessed with devotee friendships and family. Help me always to appreciate the devotees who have given any part of their lives to this ISKCON movement. Thank you for teaching us that Kṛṣṇa is the proprietor of everything, that we should give the fruits of our labor to Kṛṣṇa, and that in that way we will be satisfied.

You impressed upon us, even in our youth, that the moments of our lives are limited, even though it seemed to us that they were endless. I have already expended so many of those moments. Please help me not to waste the remaining moments I have.

We take suffering as enjoyment and ignore the real business of human life. But you gave us insight into the suffering and pleasures of the world, making us less confused in our outlook of the workings of the material energy. With that

understanding, we can view the happenings around us with clearer vision and not waste time trying to make this world a nice place. Real compassion is telling others about Kṛṣṇa and giving them a chance to hear and chant the holy name.

Please protect the devotees of this ISKCON movement from being led astray, and especially protect the leaders so that they remain steadfast in your instructions as they are guides for us, just as you were, helping us to remain strong in our own determination.

Kṛṣṇa is controller and we are controlled. When we simply remember to accept the control of Kṛṣṇa and not act independently, all fortune is automatically present.

Thank you, Śrīla Prabhupāda, for inviting us to join this *saṅkīrtana* movement, for giving us the privilege of becoming your disciples, and for the opportunity to become devotees of Kṛṣṇa. What a benediction it is to bow down to worship your lotus feet!

*In gratitude,*

Kadamba Dāsi

**Kāla Dāsa**

*nama om̐ viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine*

*namas te sārasvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādī-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

side of the road, looking for a free ride to happiness only you would bestow. Your love for your children from around the world simply grows and grows and grows.

We love you more each passing year and hope it somehow shows.

*Your eternal servant,*

Kala Dāsa

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances.

Your kindness is without bounds. Your mercy knows no limits. Your knowledge is deeper than the deepest sea. Your glories extend beyond mundane vision. Your words of wisdom can end all depressive thoughts.

Your enthusiasm to serve Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī Ṭhākura creates a tidal wave of devotion and drowns every onlooker in *bhakti*. Your tolerance is Lord Caitanya's brilliance.

Your guidance is our enthusiastic choice. Your happiness is Lord Kṛṣṇa's happiness. Your books are the basis of Kṛṣṇa consciousness for all ages.

You are Śrīmatī Rādhārāṇī's agent, advertising the wonders of *bhakti-yoga*. You gave all other Vaiṣṇava teachers the courage to spread Kṛṣṇa consciousness beyond the walls of their *bhajan kutirs*. You gave the world Lord Jagannātha, Who brought his sister, Subhadrā Devī, and Lord Balarāma along to bring more festive joy to all. You gave us temples filled with devotion to Lord Kṛṣṇa standing next to His Love, the transcendently most beautiful Śrīmatī Rādhārāṇī.

You gave us the association of your devoted followers, who serve you in countless ways and invited us all in as family.

You gave us a structure made of pure love. You saw us at the

**Kalakaṅṭha Dāsa**

**Śrīla Prabhupāda Priyāṣṭakam**

O Śrīla Prabhupāda, Lord Nityānanda's sharpest tool,  
Today, Jagāi and Mādhāi aren't exceptions, they're the rule.  
You are that *senā-pati bhakta* forecast to appear.  
In this world, to Śrī Nitāi, how could someone be more dear?

*Mṛdaṅgas, karatālas, hari-nāma*, and books in endless streams;  
Gaurāṅga's mighty weapons in His *saṅkīrtana* regime.  
You launched this sacred arsenal throughout our sorry sphere.  
In this world, to Gaurāṅga, how could someone be more dear?

The taste of Rādhā's love for Kṛṣṇa prompts Gaurāṅga's form,  
A taste you knew could also make the troubled heart transform.  
"Seek out Śrī Rādhā's grace," you urged, en route to Boston's pier.  
In this world, to Śrī Rādhā, how could someone be more dear?

"Do not disturb the ignorant," sings Kṛṣṇa in His song;  
"Their love for sense enjoyment is exceptionally strong."  
And yet, for Him, you came to me and boldly interfered.  
In this world, to Lord Kṛṣṇa, how could someone be more dear?

When Rādhā and her friends pulled Kṛṣṇa in His stunning cart,  
The Ratha-yātrā fest began, a boon to every heart.  
You blessed a hundred cities with its blissful atmosphere.  
In this world, to Lord Jagannātha, could someone be more dear?

When one attacks illusion, such as you did, Prabhupāda,  
He surely will be tested as severely as Prahlāda.  
You thus left us the Deity who mitigates all fear.  
In this world, to Nṛsiṃhadeva, could someone be more dear?

The fearless Śrīla Sarasvatī urged his sons to preach,  
But ev'ry town and village seemed impossible to reach  
Until you smashed the barricade and laid the pathway clear.  
In this world, to your *guru*, how could someone be more dear?

Though Jesus said to "Love thy Lord," his order was obscured;  
The Buddha and the Prophet, too, find chaos masks their words.  
But you left us your law books with a message crystal clear.  
In this world, to your follower, could someone be more dear?

Despite its faulty rhythm, tortured rhymes and worn-out plan,  
A certain fallen poet sings, as sweetly as he can,  
This praise of Śrīla Prabhupāda, a subject so sublime  
That anyone who listens savors *kṛṣṇa-prema*, in time.

Kalakaṅṭha Dāsa

**Mahāmān Dāsa**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances at your lotus feet.

It is by exceptional good fortune that I have come under the shelter of Your Divine Grace, and I pray that you always take charge of my life. I only wish to have you as my loving master, eternally, for you are the embodiment of Lord Kṛṣṇa's mercy.

The debt that any of your disciples or followers (myself in particular) owe to you is insurmountable and cannot be repaid even in millions of lifetimes or by any means, including any amount of service, etc. But by strictly following you and cultivating a dynamic preaching spirit, we can only hope for your pleasure.

Once, Śrīla Prabhupāda, when you were not so well, some early disciples asked you if they could invite some other Gauḍīya Vaiṣṇavas to facilitate the growth of their young and tender creeper of devotion. At that time, you had tears in your eyes and you said "My spiritual master was very special. He saved me." Later on, you revealed that this type of question was an insult to the spiritual master, because the spiritual master's mercy is always available, even in his physical absence. Similarly, Śrīla Prabhupāda, we think that you are very special, being an intimate associate of Lord Caitanya.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, because of your divine qualities, you were so dear to everyone, and you cared for even the most insignificant servants. This is a reflection of Lord Kṛṣṇa's quality of gratefulness, which makes Him think that what He gives to His devotees is insignificant and that what the devotee gives Him is *bhūri-kṛt* (great).

At the time of the inauguration of your Palace of Gold in New

Vṛndāvana, enthusiastic devotees asked you if your palace could be illuminated by jewels as during the time of Lord Kṛṣṇa. You replied, "My followers are my jewels. They will illuminate my palace and this whole world." Similarly, the *Caitanya-caritāmṛta* states (*Ādi* 13.5):

*jaya śrī-caitanya-candrera bhakta candra-gaṇa  
sabāra prema jyotsnāya ujjala tri-bhuvana*

"All glories to the moons who are devotees of the principal moon, Lord Caitanyacandra! Their bright moonshine illuminates the entire universe."

With little realization, I take the liberty to quote another verse from *Śrī Caitanya-caritāmṛta*:

*yadyapi āmāra guru—caitanya dāsa  
tathāpi jāniye āmi tānhāra prakāśa*

"Although I know that my spiritual master is a servitor of Śrī Caitanya, I know Him also as a plenary manifestation of the Lord." (*Cc. Ādi* 1.44)

Śrīla Prabhupāda, please once again accept my millions of obeisances and thanks for saving me.

*Your insignificant dāsānudāsaḥ,*

Mahāmān Dāsa

**Mahārha Devi Dāsī**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda.

Please accept my most humble obeisances. All glories to your divine lotus feet.

Thank you for being so kind to me. I have been able to stay in the association of devotees by your causeless mercy.

I remember how, in the early days, I struggled going out on *saṅkīrtana*. It was so hard for me. I used to cry for at least two hours everyday before starting. I did it for you, but I also did it for name and fame.

When you came to our temple or when I went to see you (I even went on a walk with you), I was so absorbed in myself, I didn't even hear what you said! I really missed out. Thank goodness you were patient with me as I kept pursuing Kṛṣṇa consciousness with all my faults.

I have also offended many devotees throughout the years. And they weren't small offenses, but Jagāi-and-Mādhāi offenses. Please forgive me, Prabhupāda. I was hurt and angry inside.

By your mercy, I have changed. You've sent some very special devotees my way. I have received so much help from them in my spiritual life.

Also, thank you for giving me the holy name. When I first began to chant, it was very difficult. My mind was always giving me trouble. Now when I chant, I feel different. I know I must do it with a service attitude, to glorify and please Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa. I know you will help me to do this. I have to be patient.

I love you, Prabhupāda. I found my funny blanket that I crocheted for you before I was initiated. It was so odd looking,

as I had never crocheted before — yet you saved it! How did you know that I would find it in your quarters so many years later? I gasped when I saw it. You are so special.

Every day, I feel sadness for the conditioned souls wandering aimlessly here and there, missing out on their human form of life.

You once said that you didn't know how long Kṛṣṇa was going to let you live, so you had to spread Kṛṣṇa consciousness quickly. Now I am almost the age you were. I haven't got much time left either. You wrote in my initiation letter, "Please spread Kṛṣṇa consciousness in whatever way you can." I humbly beg you to help me fulfill your order to the best of my ability.

*Always desiring to serve you life after life,*

*Your loving disciple,*

Mahārha Devi Dāsī

**Oṁkāra Devi Dāsī**

My dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances at your lotus feet. I offer my deepest thanks and appreciation to you, having accepted me as your disciple and having given me this golden opportunity to go back to Godhead.

I have realized that it is such a blessing, such a gift to come in contact with a pure devotee of the Lord. To take initiation and have this eternal relationship; to take my vows and live in such a way, knowing I can become purified if I practice what you teach us. And yes, I have great hope I will not have to take birth again. You said, "By desire" — if one has desire, it is possible to go back to Godhead. I believe in your words, your books, your guidance, your benedictions, and your many blessings.

My dear Śrīla Prabhupāda, you came to America with only a few dollars and look what has happened! So many temples, so many devotees, so many people are chanting the holy names of the Lord. Now we have children; our children have children, and they are chanting too.

ISKCON. What is ISKCON? It is your family. As godsisters and godbrothers we sometimes fight and struggle and sometimes come together. However, we know what our gurudeva has taught us: we need to overcome our differences, for ISKCON is your life and soul.

My dear Śrīla Prabhupāda, how may I serve you? I often reflect upon this. Through the years, I have prayed for strength and guidance. And through the years you have led me on many paths. You have never abandoned me. You have always been there for me. You are in your books. You are in my personal conviction. You are in the power of book distribution. I am

living this fact and seeing how potent preaching is. This is making me so very happy because I know that is your wish. Certainly, you are in the potency of deity worship. For all of this you have taught us. Without you we are nothing.

Thank you, Śrīla Prabhupāda, for teaching us how to cook for the Lord; how to clean the temple; how to preach; how to bathe; how to make *brahmāstra* juice, *gulab-jāmun*s, and *halavā*. Most of all, thank you, Śrīla Prabhupāda, for the wonderful memories of when you were physically present. Those memories are eternal. You are still present in another form, yet the potency is the same. I still pray to you the same way. I still worship you the same way. I still see you the same way. You are still with me and always will be with me.

As I get older and more experienced, I reflect on my latter years. I pray intently to you, and my prayer focus changes. I meditate and engage in giving up more things in life. I have the faith and conviction that you can, and will, come to get me when I leave my body. I have the faith that you will take me back if I ask you to. So I pray in this way, because I know that is my natural propensity: not to be in this material world, but to be in the spiritual world. I want to be free from birth and death. Gradually, as the years progress, I try to chant better and more seriously since I know the latter years are ticking away quickly.

My dear Śrīla Prabhupāda, you make life seem so much easier. You are teaching us daily, even now, how to be stronger devotees. I thank you for your instructions and guidance. I thank you for your books. And I thank you for the guidance you give us in our hearts daily. You are ever present. I will never feel lonely, for I have you in my life.

*I remain eternally indebted, your humble servant,*

Oṁkāra Devi Dāsī



**Parividha Dāsa**

*om ajñāna-timirāndhasya  
jñānāñjana-śalākayā  
cakṣur unmīlitaṁ yena  
tasmai śrī-gurave namaḥ*

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Your disciples can be divided into two groups: those who joined “Swamiji” and those who joined your movement. I am in the latter category.

I was attracted by the philosophy, the chanting, the *prasāda*, etc. I had seen your picture in your the *Bhagavad-gītā*, but was not really attracted to what in my eyes seemed your stern looks.

I joined in Amsterdam, in 1973, and when you came to England that year, we went to the Manor in our *saṅkīrtana* van to see you. Almost all the devotees were outside the temple building to meet you with a raving *kīrtana*. Then a car drove up and you stepped outside. I was disappointed because I expected a larger-than-life personality, and with my material eyes, all I saw was a short and kind of feeble person (you were sick at the time). The next day was the Ratha-yātrā. You were brought by car to Hyde Park. Despite the condition of your body, you walked the whole way, and by the time we reached Trafalgar Square it was I, age twenty-three, who was exhausted.

So I realized that you were on a different level, but I was still not convinced of your transcendental position. So, during these first encounters, I often scrutinizingly looked at you to check you out. I remember that one time at the Manor during a *Bhāgavatam* class, I looked at you in this way. At one point our eyes crossed, and you gave me, in my mind, a disgusting

look, as though you understood what I was thinking, and I was very embarrassed.

O Divine Grace, while you were among us, I never asked you a question, nor did you ever say anything to me. I received my *harināma* initiation by mail; my *gāyatrī* by a tape recording. The only exchange I had with you was during a morning walk, when I stepped on the back of your shoe, and you turned around and growled at me.

When you left us in 1977, I didn’t feel any anguish, only disappointment.

It was in the early nineties, that I finally realized that my greatest well-wisher was gone, and I cried about all the missed chances.

So here we are. It is 2010. Lately, hardly a month passes without one of your disciples leaving his or her body. I regularly hear stories that at the time of their deaths, you are there, even with those disciples who have given up on all practices of devotional life.

My dear Śrīla Prabhupāda, I feel so fortunate that you bestowed your mercy upon me by accepting me as a disciple. I’m so grateful to you for taking on so much discomfort to spread this movement, just to please your Prabhupāda.

I hope, deep in my heart, that one day I can please you. Till then, please have patience with this awkward disciple of yours.

All glories to you, my saviour, my hero, my beloved Śrīla Prabhupāda.

*Your aspiring servant,*

Parividha Dāsa

**Praghoṣa Dāsa**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my most humble and prostrated obeisances.

You scoffed at the *yogīs* who sold their secret mantra for \$35 to their hapless victims. You said, “We do no such business in the name of Kṛṣṇa consciousness. We freely distribute the greatest of mantras — the holy names of Lord Kṛṣṇa — free of charge!”

But this was the greatest ruse of all, for you later asserted that a sincere disciple rightly feels unlimitedly indebted to his spiritual master for delivering him from the misery of material existence and restoring his original Kṛṣṇa consciousness by means of chanting and serving these holy names of Lord Kṛṣṇa. Moreover, such a disciple would inevitably pray to be given the opportunity to serve the spiritual master as “his lord and master birth after birth.”

In the beginning of my own restoration, I remember reading the following sentence in your *Beyond Birth and Death*: “Merely by chanting [the holy names of Kṛṣṇa] we can have all the advantages of personal association with Kṛṣṇa.” This single sentence has informed my ever-increasing recognition of my eternally indebted condition to you ever since.

What more do we need than that holy name and the association of the Lord’s devotees, who directly manifest this sacred sound vibration with faith and affection?

I remain forever grateful to you, Śrīla Prabhupāda, and eternally committed to serving you and your effort to share this most amazing sound incarnation of the Supreme Lord Kṛṣṇa with anyone who can receive it with such faith and affection.

On this day, we honor Śrī Kṛṣṇa in His incarnation as Vyāsadeva as He appears to us through you, and we also honor you as you have appeared. You remain visible to us when our every act is carefully considered in light of all your instructions and requests.

*Ever your humble son and servant,*

Praghoṣa Dāsa

**Priya-bhakta Dāsa**

When my mother passed away in 2001, I had the chance to realize Śrīla Prabhupāda’s mercy. Our beloved spiritual master was merciful towards everyone, not just his immediate disciples, relatives, or godbrothers. My mother was a very pious woman who believed in God and Jesus. When I was just a kid, she taught me the Bible according to the Catholic Church’s teachings and thus I grew up to be a believer. This I consider to be her greatest gift to me and a proof of her love. After I left home, I turned away from religion as I began to discover the world and became entangled in all its illusions. Fortunately, I heard the *mahā-mantra* and met the devotees a few years later in 1970. Naturally attracted, I began to chant and visit the temple with my younger brother, and in 1973, we both became initiated disciples of Śrīla Prabhupāda.

My mother often came to the temple and to the Ratha-yātrā festival and considered the devotees as her second family. We often discussed philosophy together and she came to believe in reincarnation. As she grew older, I somewhat feared the day she would pass away as I was attached to her. I realized she had always been my well-wisher. But by Kṛṣṇa’s mercy, it so happened that she and I had *prasāda* together at Govinda’s restaurant just a month before she left this world. And when the funeral urn containing her ashes was buried, it was decorated with a beautiful garland of yellow flowers from Śrīla Prabhupāda’s picture on his *vyāsāsana*.

I wasn’t by her side when she died on the operating table at the hospital. But I had the opportunity to chant Hare Kṛṣṇa into her ears a few minutes later, as well as at the funeral parlor, where many devotees from Montreal who knew her came to say goodbye. As I was wondering where she had gone to, my wife Hiraṇmayī said, “Why don’t you ask Kṛṣṇa?” Which I did.

One morning, some six months after my mother’s passing, I had a strange dream wherein I found myself walking up the street where she used to live. Going up the stairs to her place, I saw her face in the window. After we stared at each other for a while, she asked me, “Are you also dead?” After this, I woke up. Although I still don’t know where her soul has gone, through this experience of Kṛṣṇa’s mercy — which has only been made possible by Prabhupāda’s mercy — I now know that as living souls we are eternal. The *Bhagavad-gītā* says that we do not die along with the material body. Now more than ever, am I convinced of this fact, just as I am convinced of our beloved *guru*’s love, not only for his disciples, but also their close relatives. And I’m sure that my mother has attained a higher — if not the highest — destination after her passing.

*All glories to His Divine Grace Śrīla Prabhupāda!*

Priya-bhakta Dāsa

**Prthuśrava Dāsa**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my most humble obeisances at your lotus feet. All glories to Your Divine Grace!

Almost four decades have passed in my endeavor to practice Kṛṣṇa consciousness under your guidance and I am feeling a serious lacking in my glorifying you with my words and actions. You have quoted your *guru-mahārāja* as saying, “Don’t try to see God, but act in such a way that God will want to see you.” In my advancing years, I lament that I may not have sufficiently pleased you. However, only by pleasing you can I attract the Lord’s grace.

You have so perfectly described the Lord and our original home and original occupation in many ways. And, by hearing this perfect description from you, I actually have a perfect vision of that. I pray for your mercy that I may have perfect remembrance of this in my final moments.

In comparison to many of my godbrothers and godsisters, my service is meager and my *sādhana* not exemplary. But I have great hope based on your wonderful compassion and merciful nature. I have faith that due to your spiritual vision you will find some real sincerity and gratitude in my heart and will allow me the privilege of pure devotional service in the association of Lord Caitanya’s devotees in my future life, wherever that is.

*Praying to always remember that I am nothing but your eternal servant, I remain gratefully yours,*

Prthuśrava Dāsa

**Puṇḍarīka Dāsa**

*nama om̐ viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine*

“I offer my respectful obeisances unto His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupāda, who is very dear to Lord Kṛṣṇa on this earth, having taken shelter at His lotus feet.”

*namas te sārāsvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

“Our respectful obeisances are unto you, O spiritual master, servant of Sarasvatī Gosvāmī. You are kindly preaching the message of Lord Caitanyadeva and delivering the Western countries, which are filled with impersonalism and voidism.”

*om aṅṅāna-timirāndhasya jñānāñjana-śalākayā caḥṣur unmilitaṁ yena tasmai śrī-gurave namaḥ*

“I offer my respectful obeisances unto my spiritual master, who has opened my eyes, blinded by the darkness of ignorance, with the torchlight of knowledge.”

My dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

What more can I say than this? I was born in the darkness of ignorance, but you opened my eyes and gave me the ability to see Kṛṣṇa everywhere. This is the greatest of all gifts and such a treasure to me.

I thank you from the bottom of my heart. Although I am filled with millions of faults, I ask you for just one boon: please engage me in your transcendental loving service.

On the day after I first met you in Vṛndāvana at the Kṛṣṇa-Balarāma Mandira, which was still under construction, I had the good fortune to accompany you on your morning walk. After

walking for some time on Bhaktivedanta Swami Marg, you sat down by the side of the road and you talked about many things. One of them was this, “Disciple means instrument in the hands of the spiritual master.” I’m sure you remember. Guru-krpā Mahārāja was there and also Brahmānanda, Bhagavān and Śrutakīrti, your servant. At that time, I pictured a hammer in your hands, and I thought, “Yes, this is perfect. That is exactly how a disciple is supposed to be. Let me be like that.”

In my early years in your wonderful movement, ISKCON, I suppose I was of little use to you in helping you to build your temples in Vṛndāvana, Māyāpur, and Bombay. But later, I deviated and became useless.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, at this point the duration of my life is undoubtedly short. While I am still healthy and strong, please take pity on this poor wretch and let me once again serve you. You know my *varṇa* and you know my talent. Please engage me in any way you see fit, but if it pleases you, please engage me according to my *varṇa* and talent, and allow me to make some tiny but significant contribution to your great and wonderful movement.

Your movement is not what it once was. It needs rejuvenation. It needs to be brought back to exactly to your formula. Your disciples who had both your *vāṇī* and your *vapuḥ* association know what that formula is. It is difficult for others to know it perfectly. While we have life, Śrīla Prabhupāda, please grant this benediction not only to me but to all your beloved and humble disciples. Bless us that we can come together and cooperate in your service and return your ISKCON to its former glory and potency.

*Your humble servant,*

Puṅḍarīka Dāsa

### Ramaṇya Dāsa

The Great Paramahansa Who Walked Among Us

Śrīla Prabhupāda, you are our shelter and guide, the Founder-ācārya of ISKCON. You are the Vaikuṅṭha man with saffron cloth who came and saved us from hell by your mercy and your own desire. Your Divine Grace has a unique position as the spiritual literary authority for the Golden Age. You preach the *yuga-dharma*, Lord Caitanya’s mission, and fulfill prophecies. No one gave us as much as you, and no one ever will.

You guide us, your disciples, sometimes like a thunderbolt and sometimes like a rose. Oh, master, help us to preach and save the human race, and help us maintain your ISKCON.

The Golden Age of Lord Caitanya is built on your foundation. and you teach us how to preach like you and how to distribute your precious books. You gave us the Deity forms of Śrī Śrī Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa, and you teach us how to serve Them and how to cook for Them. Śrīla Prabhupāda, my shelter and my guide, I miss you — your morning walks, your lectures, you on your *vyāsāsana*, your room conversations, your talks.

Oh, master, Śrīla Prabhupāda, please help us to be humble and work together to satisfy you. In Vṛndāvana-dhāma, you said, “Your love for me will be shown in how much you cooperate and work together to please me.” We should uphold your sacred mission and keep on giving the holy names all over the world. “No one gave us as much as you, and no one ever will.”

Śrīla Prabhupāda, our shelter and our guide, please help us to be Kṛṣṇa conscious.

*Your most insignificant servant,*

Ramaṇya Dāsa

### Rukmiṇī-priyā Dāsī

Calcutta, India, 9 a.m., 13 August, 1965, a few days after his seventieth birthday His Divine Grace A. C. Bhaktivedanta Swami walked determinedly up the gangplank of the ship named Jaladuta. One person was standing on the shore to wave goodbye to him on his way to America.

In *Jaladuta Diary* It is stated that on the night of your heart attack aboard the ship you had a dream. Lord Kṛṣṇa, along with his incarnations was rowing a boat, and the boat was pulling your ship all the way to America.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, there is no-one on this planet who can even come close to achieving what you have done. As one of your godbrothers said, “Bhaktivedanta Swami, you are the one who dug the tunnel through the mountain. Now the rest of us can walk through.”

Now, forty-five years later, I pray to you that I may always be able to stay close to the sunlight of your glorious association through listening to you voice, reading your books, and remembering your glorious achievements.

*Your humble servant,*

Rukmiṇī-priyā Dāsī

### Saṅgīta Devī Dāsī

My dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances. All glories to Your Divine Grace, who continues to give unlimited mercy to the fallen souls who take shelter at your lotus feet.

It is hard to believe that you physically left this world thirty-two years ago. I remember that moment when a godbrother urgently knocked on my door to tell me the dreaded news. In an instant, the world felt vacant of all that was good and pure. As so many disciples did that day, I cried until I felt empty. I felt alone and orphaned. I could not fathom how this movement could continue without your personal presence to guide us. I could not understand how I, a young immature disciple, could live the rest of my life without ever seeing you again.

Three decades later, I still miss hearing that your telegram had arrived, notifying us of your upcoming visit. I miss helping to arrange the flower vases to brighten your quarters. In anticipation of meeting you at the airport, we filled spray bottles with rose water and woven baskets with colorful rose petals. Then we all went to the airport to greet you. In fact, the first time I ever saw you was at the Los Angeles airport. Your plane finally arrived and one by one the passengers entered the terminal. I remember one woman in particular who exited the plane. She was crying incessantly as she came toward us.

“He spoke to me!” she said with tears streaming down her face. “He actually spoke to me!” She continued to cry tears of joy and then disappeared into the crowd of spectators.

I was amazed. She seemed to be exhibiting some type of ecstatic symptoms due to spending a few moments with you.

“How fortunate she is,” I thought. “She will remember this

moment the rest of her life.” Even now, I sometimes think of that woman and wonder how that brief time with you altered her years ahead.

Then you turned the corner, Śrīla Prabhupāda, and I saw Your Divine Grace for the first time. Your powerful presence made you look monumental. With each step you majestically clicked your cane on the floor. You held your head slightly upwards in a regal sort of way, yet when you walked past your young lady disciples you humbly greeted us with folded hands and a loving smile. Next you walked up to our GBC leader, Karāndhara Dāsa, and affectionately hugged him. Karāndhara’s head endearingly rested on your shoulder, just as a young son would lovingly embrace his father. As the loud *kīrtana* continued, you walked through the airport and onto the escalator. The ladies hurried ahead of you so they could spray rose water on the escalator steps. Others rushed to shower the rose petals before your lotus feet, so you would walk upon soft roses rather than the hard floor. Your arrival was perfectly arranged for one as illustrious as you.

I miss those special days, Śrīla Prabhupāda. I also miss seeing you in the Hawaii temple where you would spend a month at a time to rest from your wearisome travels. I remember the day when you allowed me to realize that you do, in fact, hear our prayers. It occurred during your first visit to the Honolulu temple. During that month you gave *Bhagavad-gītā* class every evening. I had to leave class early one night to do service in the *pūjārī* room. Before leaving class, however, I prayed to you.

“Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,” I thought, “if you would just look at me one time, my whole life would be complete.”

I then left the temple room and entered the *pūjārī* room. I knew class had ended because of the enthusiastic *kīrtana*. I

stood alone in the *pūjārī* room knowing I would see you as you exited the temple room. With the *sannyāsīs* and GBC members walking in a line behind you, you suddenly stopped in front of the *pūjārī* room door. You turned to look at me inside the room. Then you folded your hands and with a knowing smile you nodded at me. It was a nod that told me you had, indeed, heard my prayer. Tears streamed down my face as you continued to walk toward your quarters upstairs.

I remember another day during that same visit to Hawaii. I was running to wake the Deities from Their afternoon rest and suddenly you were present above me, standing alone on your balcony with a background of brilliant blue sky painted behind you. I paid my obeisances on the walkway and when I stood up you were looking down at me with a large smile and folded hands. You nodded at me and for what seemed like eternity our eyes met. I, standing so small with folded hands looking up at you, and you, also with folded hands, standing so large looking down at me. You seemed to look right through me, through this temporary body and straight to the soul. I knew then that we had known one another for all time, and that, by your grace, our relationship would continue forever.

Decades later, I remember every look you ever gave me, every smile, and every nod. I remember going into your room in the Honolulu temple and showing you a book of poems I had written for children. You asked to hear one poem and then another. You were so encouraging. I sat with you and only a few others for an hour and listened as you imitated the birds in *Vṛndāvana* and told a humorous story about the monkeys in the holy *dhāma*. You were so kind. Who else have I ever known whose smile I so clearly remember all these years later? Whose eyes touched my heart so deeply that the memory of it has saved me in the worst of times?

Śravaṇānanda Dāsa

Dearest Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances. All glories to your divine incarnation into the darkest regions of the material world; you have no motive other than to save our wretched materialistic covered lives because of your divine love for all the fallen *jīvas*.

Under direct instruction from Lord Caitanya and Rūpa Gosvāmī and Jīva Gosvāmī you underwent so much suffering to try to break through the coverings of ignorance to deliver us back into the loving arms of their Divine Lordships Śrī Śrī Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa.

I remember that when I was living in Jamaica, in 1972, meditating in the mountains on the impersonal aspect of Lord Śrī Kṛṣṇa, I had run out of incense. I went to the capital, Kingston, and was directed to a store where the local residents said they had some really good incense. There I found Spiritual Sky incense with beautiful paintings of the spiritual world on it and posters of the Lord in the Heart. Inside, the rolled up poster was the verse from the *Bhagavad-gītā*, “If one offers Me with love and devotion a leaf, a flower, fruit and water, I will accept it.” (*Bhagavad-gītā* 9.26) I did that and offered huge fragrant roses, mangos, avocados, and leaves to the Lord in the Heart and I felt an experience that no impersonal meditation had ever given me.

That is your divine mercy!

When I returned back to America, I met a devotee who tried to sell me a *Bhagavad-gītā* in the streets of Hartford, Conn, and I told him I was looking for a small one. He showed me every painting one by one and said they were windows into the spiritual world. I was mesmerized but did not buy it at that time.

He walked away and within minutes I was in separation of the beautiful paintings that you divinely inspired and I began my journey to the Brooklyn temple to find a copy of the Macmillan *Gītā* and a copy of the Lord in the Heart poster which I had left behind with a resident of Jamaica.

That is your divine mercy!

I arrived at the Brooklyn temple and finally got the Macmillan *Gītā* and it was Govardhana-pūjā 1972. There were large mountains of cauliflower *pakorās*, *halavā*, cookies, etc., and I ate and ate *prasāda* until I almost passed out and there I was on the floor of the *prasāda* room the next morning. I joined your organization.

That is your divine mercy!

We heard you were arriving at the Brooklyn temple and the whole group of devotees were riding on a wave of ecstasy for you to come. I said that I would wait till you came down the hallway and see what color your aura was. (In the impersonal yoga group I had been in, we had been very much into seeing auras of advanced souls to see their level of achievement.) When you left your room, to came to the temple room and came down the hallway; all the devotees paid obeisances. As you walked towards me, I jumped up to look at you from my prostrations. Your effulgence was more intense than the sun itself and I was struck as if with a lightning bolt. You smiled at me and I knew I had finally found a true pure devotee of God and could throw my life into your hands for your guidance without any hesitation. (Finally, no more cheating *gurus*.)

That is your divine mercy!

A year later, I was able to go to India and there I had so much association with you. You were always so kind that I had never

felt anything like that anywhere else. You were so personal, attentive, and caring to your disciples and were always wondering about their health and well-being. I remember so many incidences where I was able to talk with you and discuss things and strategize our preaching in Madras and Bengal that I always wanted to be with you, but understood to serve you was better than to be selfish and stick by you for only my benefit.

When you asked me to leave Madras and preach in Bengal and show the NY Ratha-yātrā movie (that I had made) in every town and village in Bengal, you said it with so much humility as opposed to demanding it.

When we would sit on the side of the road and talk for hours in Vṛndāvana, you would open the flood gates of nectar and we could sit there eternally by your side.

When I told you (in Nellore, AP, India) what the Madras Gauḍīya Maṭha had said about the spreading of the holy name in every town and village and that “if Lord Caitanya wanted it done, He would have done it Himself,” you gloriously lifted your cane and humbly yet powerfully and ecstatically said, “He left it for me!” We all roared, “Hari bol!”

That is your divine mercy!

I went to be with you in Vṛndāvana in your last days and would sit with you in the evening and chant with other devotees. It was so difficult to know you might leave us. We were not prepared. We were still so immature. Then we were told you would stay. We began to depart from Vṛndāvana and head back to our service to the US. We then heard you had asked where everyone had gone? We were sad and angry we had left your side as you wanted *all* of us by your side.

You then departed and we cried and cried. In life or death, we couldn’t do anything right, and you only cared about us. That was your deep, deep love for all of us and I am so, so, so sorry for my ignorance and hard heart. I wish I had served you with more dedication.

Please, Śrīla Prabhupāda, bless me that I may once again sit by your side and actually be the disciple that I should have been. Let me sit and hear your nectar and drink in the bliss you always emanate. I don’t want to serve anyone but you because I know I am not qualified to serve the Supreme Lord without your caring and patient instructions. You are the most loved by Śrī Śrī Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa and Lord Caitanya. You are the most dear to the disciplic succession. You are the most respected and dear to your Gurudeva. Only with you can we have any hope for the association of Śrī Śrī Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa.

That is your divine mercy!

You are a very *special empowered incarnation of love and mercy* and I wasted the little time I had with you from 1972-1977. I did not fully appreciate who you are. Please allow me to be with you again. I am trying to serve in separation, but many obstacles keep arising. I never saw an obstacle you could not overcome. You kept encouraging me under all circumstances. I just want to feel your presence. These are the only times that life is worth living.

In a letter you once wrote to me, “Always remember Kṛṣṇa and never forget him. Is that so difficult?”

Without your mercy, the whole world is nothing but difficult. Therefore, I continue to pray for your mercy every day. And yes, you are the most merciful! I hope I can try to repay the debt I owe you until my last breath.

Waiting to see and be with you again. Awaiting your divine mercy!

*Your tormented servant,  
hankering always for your association,*

Śravaṇānanda Dāsa

Tamohara Dāsa

It is only possible to deliver a conditioned *jīva* from *māyā*  
By divine intervention of God.  
To a realm that is higher;  
Ecstatically deep and broad.  
An ocean of liquid love!  
In His mercy, to bring us there,  
He sent us Śrīla Prabhupāda.

Śrī Kṛṣṇa Caitanya desired to moisten the dried-up souls.  
To achieve it, He not only comes Himself,  
But Nītāi-Balarāma empowered Śrīla Prabhupāda to bountifully conceive it.  
A world-encircling garland of *prema-nāma-saṅkīrtana*!  
All glory to Lord Gaura Kṛṣṇa! All glory to Lord Saṅkarṣaṇa!

The envious conditioned souls actually have no direct access to the Lord.  
But by His sweet will, just as the ambassador represents the king,  
The *guru* is the personal embodied mercy of Lord Gaura.  
That person who would set the dove of his love of Kṛṣṇa a-wing  
Can do so by the expanded mercy of Śrīla Prabhupāda!

You fortunate persons around the world,  
Just hear the words of Śrīla Prabhupāda!  
His vibrations have the power to deliver you from all fears.  
Just take, just try! You will soon become freed from all false tears.  
Amazed, you will say, “He did not lie!”

All glories to Śrī Jagat-guru, our Śrīla Prabhupāda!  
Like Śrī Nityānanda delivers the Jagāis and Mādhāis of their envious curse,  
Who in turn help spread His mercy throughout the entire universe!  
Who is the original *nitya-siddha* Founder-Ācārya of the society to deliver us back to God?  
Who gave us the sauce, chapter and verse?  
It is only you, our eternal master, Śrīla Prabhupāda!

Prabhupāda planted and maintains a mighty *kalpavṛkṣa* tree of *bhakti*,  
In fact, a world-wide forest of wish-fulfilling trees!  
All the desires of the living entities are satisfied,  
Our devotional service fixed.  
Then Śrī Kṛṣṇa Caitanya Mahāprabhu is also satisfied.  
Let us nourish the roots with our leaves,  
And offer *daṇḍavats* like sticks.

All glories to the devotees of Śrīla Prabhupāda!  
Śrī Kṛṣṇa bless the servants of the servants of Prabhupāda!  
Who chant and preach determinedly, despite obstacle or strife.  
For this is true charity, true knowledge, true yoga, true religion.  
By such service, the fallen find pure love and blissful spiritual reunion!  
They reawaken the soul of their life.

Gurudeva leads us on to a place where Lord Gaurāṅga dwells.  
No ordinary *prema* that!  
Our obeisances again and again!

The Lord’s hair shorn,  
In a deep place by the Yamunā,  
In the house of Kāśī Miśra,  
*Vipralambha* and *sambhoga* have a tug of war,

Causing Lord Caitanya’s tears to well,  
His heart to bend,  
His love to soar,  
His hairs to stand on end!

His beautiful reddish eyes!  
His amazement never ends  
As He comprehends the heart of Rādhā,  
His blissful blackish form deeply hid beneath Her yellow-golden glow,  
How do even Western-born fools such as, Tamohara Dāsa know?

Only by the unequalled mercy of Śrīla Prabhupāda!

Udayānanda Dāsa

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my most humble obeisances at your topmost lotus feet. All glories to you.

It was late 1972 when I first walked through the doors of your ISKCON center in Detroit, Michigan at 8311 E. Jefferson Blvd. It was a cold day in Detroit and I was appropriately bundled up to withstand the elements. Detroit is a hard and dreary place known as “Motown”, the “Motor City” because of the many cars, trucks, planes, tanks, and anything that requires a motor is made there. A truly Kali-yuga town; in this Age of Kali.

As I walked up to the glass-plated temple door, I peered in to what seemed a completely contrasted world. Detroit has an ocean of factories and tool shops. Its smoke stacks pour out a steady flood of poisonous gases that blanket the city in shades of grey. But your temple was all aglow. I could see a large staircase grace the front entrance and it was painted a gloss snow white. The walls were painted in bright pinks, lime green, and saffron. Outside of the temple, people were layered in clothes to protect themselves from the sub-freezing temperatures. Inside your spiritual oasis, the ISKCON residents looked like angels from heaven in their bright colored *dhotīs* and *sārīs*. I had been reading your books, Śrīla Prabhupāda, for months and now and I was acting on those perfect instructions, entering into that perfect world of ISKCON.

As I got to the door, I raised my hand to knock and I froze for a moment. I knew if I walked through that door my entire world would change forever. The minute I paused seemed like hours. My body started to shiver, partially from the cold and partially out of fear. This was the moment of truth. At that point I made my decision. My knuckles rapped against the door frame, and

almost to my surprise, one of the angels stopped and walked over to the door and opened it. A freshly shaven-headed young man named Bhakta Greg (later to be known as Gopāla Bhaṭṭa Dāsa), opened the door and greeted me with a large bright smile, “Hare Kṛṣṇa! Welcome! Please come in.”

Just like that I walked into another world and left my frustrating unhappy material world. This was the world you created, Śrīla Prabhupāda, your ISKCON world. This was your transcendental portal to Goloka Vṛndāvana. There is no doubt that every one of my godbrothers and godsisters have their own story. The details may vary, but that sweet experience, that *ruci* that we tasted was not to be found anywhere in this world. This was your gift to us Śrīla Prabhupāda. You gave us this magnificent ISKCON movement. Complete with your books, your lectures, your letters, your Deities, your morning and evening programs, your regulative principles of freedom, your spiritual diet, your book distribution, your *harināma* programs, your festivals and most important, your devotees.

After more than thirty-seven years since I first walked into your temple, Śrīla Prabhupāda, I thank you for more than anything else that you gave us — I thank you for the gift or your devotees. Because with your devotees books are printed, with your devotees the Deities are worshipped nicely, with your devotees *prasāda* is lovingly cooked and offered. With your devotees there are morning programs, book distribution, festivals and *harināma*. Without your disciples there is nothing. Therefore, I fall prostrate at your feet, Śrīla Prabhupāda, and I thank you a million times over for everything you gave us, especially your devotees.

Kṛṣṇa says in *Bhagavad-gītā*, “Know that all beautiful, glorious, and mighty creations spring from but a spark of My splendor.” (*Gītā* 10.41). ISKCON is non-different from Kṛṣṇa,

because ISKCON is the manifestation and legacy of your pure devotional service to the Lord. If any living being within the universe comes to your ISKCON centers and follows your instructions and the principles of Kṛṣṇa consciousness, there is no force in the material world that will keep them here. That is the beauty of your ISKCON *āśramas*. However, as conditioned souls, we should not think we have become more intelligent than your perfect program. “And what is their duty? Whatever you are hearing from ME, whatever you are learning from ME, you have to distribute the same *in toto* WITHOUT ANY ADDITION OR ALTERATION. . . .” (Śrī Vyāsa-pūjā lecture, Hamburg, September 5, 1969, emphasis added).

Stepping into one of your ISKCON centers is stepping into the spiritual world. Your entire program of four regulative principles, sixteen rounds of *japa*, following morning & evening programs and serving Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa during the day, was — and is — pure devotional service. As conditioned diseased souls, we may not be relishing the unending bliss that all liberated souls in our *sampradāya* would be feeling at every moment because we are sick. Just like a person with jaundice; when he tastes sugar candy, he thinks it is bitter. As that person gets healthy, the same sugar candy becomes sweeter and sweeter. So we see in the temple there are people who are less sick, and there are people that are more sick. There are people who are relishing the programs like anything, and there are people who have lost their taste. Those of us who have lost the taste, don’t be spiritually suicidal and stop taking the medicine. You need to get some medicine from those who are less sick than you. Who knows? The very person who is helping you today may be a person that you will help in the future. But whatever you do, DON’T LEAVE THE HOSPITAL AND DON’T — AND I MEAN DON’T — STOP TAKING THE MEDICINE!

Back in October 1977, I had the incredible good fortune to be in your room in Śrī Vṛndāvana-dhāma. You began talking about your ISKCON movement, “I have given you this big, big movement. If you can, please increase it. At least maintain it. Don’t let it decrease. Please cooperate.” Then you began to cry.

Everyone in the room began crying also. Never in my life have I experienced greater pain than that occasion when I saw Your Divine Grace weep. It has been indelibly etched in my memory. Whenever I encounter any devotee old or new who feels the need to leave ISKCON, I relate this pastime to them. I now humbly submit to any person who has come to Śrīla Prabhupāda’s ISKCON between 1965 and 2010 to please don’t leave ISKCON, don’t leave the hospital, don’t stop taking the medicine, and don’t make Śrīla Prabhupāda cry.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, I am your insignificant slave. For this I am very proud. Please use my body, mind, and words in your service, so that I may assist you in increasing the ISKCON movement. Maybe if I fully surrender to your service, I can make you smile. That would be the perfection of my existence.

Your eternal servant,

Udayānanda Dāsa

**Advaita Ācārya Dāsa & Ārcya Devi Dāsī**

**Prabhupāda, Lord Kṛṣṇa's Ambassador**

You're the ambassador for our Lord;  
Through you we may take up the sword,

The sword of knowledge to cut our way,  
To gradually approach Lord Kṛṣṇa day by day.

Empowered and enlightened with compassion from above,  
You serve the almighty, who reigns with his Love.

Your message is simple, divine, and complete:  
Just surrender to our Lord's sweet lotus feet.

You give us an opportunity to make a success of our lives,  
To know the difference between stupid and wise.

An animal-type life we were destined to live,  
But you came along with so much love to give.

Your glories are known throughout the three worlds and higher;  
You're praised and worshipped by the heavenly Gandharva choir.

An ordinary man you are not at all;  
By your grace you have brought down Māyā's illusionary walls.

Please bless us, dear Prabhupāda, that we may have the faith  
To carry on preaching in this Godless place,

To help the fallen to find their divine vocation,  
To free them from pain, suffering, and degradation.

It's a privilege to serve such a rare person as you;  
Your message will purify our hearts through and through.

To satisfy you and follow your instruction  
Can eventually counteract our souls' destruction.

We fall at your feet and humbly pray  
For your continued causeless mercy on this most auspicious of days.

*Your unworthy servants,*

Advaita Ācārya Dāsa & Ārcya Devi Dāsī



**Ariṣṭahā Dāsa**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances in the dust of your holy lotus-like feet, which are like soothing clouds, pouring down nectar-like mercy on the hearts of the conditioned souls immersed in the burning flames of Kali-yuga.

*nama om viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine*

*namas te sārāsvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviśeṣa-śūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

I am only one of these conditioned souls who were fortunate enough to come in contact with Your Divine Grace. I could be compared to an insignificant straw that has been touched by your mercy and has somehow survived; now that it is in its old age, it begins to manifest a little flower as a proof of your care and compassion.

Out of fear, out of duty, out of love, in search of the goal of life, and humbled by life's seemingly unending difficulties, I am searching for ultimate shelter when all other false material shelters are living proofs of their own falsity, like the deep grass-covered wells we encounter on our life's journey. How many times did I stumble? And how many times did you extend your hand to lift me up again, feeling compassion for such a fool who was learning so slowly?

Maybe it will take several lifetimes until we reach the stage of *prema*, which will grant us entrance to the spiritual world. Our *anarthas* are like big boulders blocking the path. How to remove them? Do I want to remove them? When the illusory energy presents herself before us, almost immediately we are victimized, chained up by her invincible death-producing ropes,

and led away as prisoners whose rosy dreams of enjoyment have transformed into bitter poison.

I have had that experience again and again, lifetime after lifetime, and I really hope that some day I will learn that I am not the enjoyer, nor the controller, but only an insignificant servant, fervently desiring to dive deep and swim inside in the nectar of devotion. I pray that I will never again land on the shore of material consciousness, driven by material desires which are never satisfied but which burn like fire.

Oh, never to take birth again,  
Or to be born again.

Rejuvenated by the sweet nectar  
Of the immortal words,

Emanating from the sea of transcendence,  
The countless ever-fresh instructions are like

Waves pouring into the ears,  
Pouring down into the heart,

To cleanse out all the dirt  
And transform that heart

Into a beautiful residence  
For Lord Kṛṣṇa.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, by your mercy, and also by the mercy of your sincere followers, all this will no doubt take place when my humility grows and produces the fruit of service that gives you pleasure.

Gratitude should not only be a word but also a safe bridge for crossing over the deep dark false ego. You have provided this safe bridge for those who want to prove their love to you through sacrifice. Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda, please protect me

**Dhaneśvara Dāsa**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my most humble obeisances at your lotus feet.  
All glories to you, *jagad-guru!*

*Your useless insignificant servant,*

Ariṣṭahā Dāsa

On this auspicious occasion of your appearance in this world, we glorify you as the Lord's emissary to this material world. You alone had the purity, understanding, wisdom, and potency to take the message of Śrī Kṛṣṇa all around the world and plant the seeds of a spiritual revolution to remake the world. It is a gross understatement to say that your efforts were heroic considering the very materialistic state of the world at that time.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, you had a very broad and long-ranging vision for the future of your movement and the world. You understood very well that the materialistic civilization had no future, and in the mid-50s you predicted that it would not last much more than fifty years.

Time is up! Just as you had predicted, we now witness the beginning of the final stages as the economy leans and lurches, struggles and falters. As the economy fails, so will so-called civilization. Then what? What will come afterward? Some predict a new "Dark Age" in which humans will descend into a modern form of barbarism. But besides giving us the absolute truth of Kṛṣṇa consciousness, you also understood the future and instructed us what to do to save this world.

Recently, Kulādiri Prabhu related your vision in that regard. He said, "I was the temple president at New Vṛndāvana for so many years and Prabhupāda had a vision for a pilgrimage site in North America and a farm community. Especially at the end, when I was with him just before he left, he explained to me that

that the second half of his movement would be dramatically different than the first half. Emergency tactics were used to distribute books and give young people *sannyāsa* and open as many temples as possible. But he wanted places like New Vr̥ndāvana to establish the culture of Kṛṣṇa consciousness with colleges, *grhastha* lifestyle, and all of the things to demonstrate the philosophy that he was so careful to present in his books. So right up to the end, he was telling me that the farm communities were so important for the second half and that the vision would be so different than when his movement got started in the Western world.”

That second half of your movement is now beginning to develop, and in a very timely fashion. His Holiness Bhakti Rāghava Mahārāja has taken the leadership in explaining the need for *varṇāśrama* communities, traveling the world with this message. *Varṇāśrama* is now on devotees’ minds all over the world and efforts are being made in many countries to establish villages according to your instructions. The leaders of ISKCON are even asked to spend a minimum amount of time reading and preaching about your instructions for *varṇāśrama* culture. Our own humble efforts to develop the Gitagrad Family of *varṇāśrama* communities in Eastern Europe is also gaining a determined following.

The time is upon us. Research into the economic disasters of recent times makes us aware that more of the same will be forthcoming and that millions of people will soon become very desperate. The entire world is being sustained by an artificial commodity under the control of a small cabal of demonic men, and by their will an artificial calamity will be imposed — the bitter fruits of their efforts to make illusion reality.

What are people to do? Where will they go for shelter when all of their fallible soldiers have been defeated? They will go to

the farms headed by your devotees who are following your instructions. They will go, as you predicted, by the tens-of-thousands.

Although externally these events will appear to be a great disaster, they will actually be the genesis of a new way of life: the beginning of a New Spiritual World Order. The beginning of the *daiva-varṇāśrama* culture that fosters the spiritual development of everyone, paving the way for them to go back home, back to Godhead.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, as we enter into this time of great adversity and great calamity — the changing of the world order — we pray for your blessings and grace. We have been loyal to you and are endeavoring to serve your vision for more than a generation since your departure. Soon we will have the opportunity to see the manifestation of your vision, the second half of your Movement, and we are thrilled to be able to serve you in this way. It will be the fulfillment of the Kṛṣṇa consciousness movement and the manifestation of an entirely spiritual culture. We pray that we may become qualified to carry out your instructions properly. We pray for your mercy and guidance. We pray to be your instruments to be able to fulfill your vision exactly as you perceived it. Please give us shelter at your lotus feet. Your mercy is all that we are made of.

*Aspiring to be your worthy servant,*

Dhaneśvara Dāsa

**Dīna-śaraṇā Devī Dāsī**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

On this glorious day of your appearance, please accept my fallen obeisances!

When Lord Kṛṣṇa appeared before him, Dhruva Mahārāja was speechless and fell down like a stick at the lotus feet of the Lord. By gently touching Dhruva’s forehead with His conch shell, the Lord enabled Dhruva to glorify the beautiful transcendental appearance of the Lord.

Therefore I pray that Lord Kṛṣṇa may touch my heart with His mercy and give me the right words to praise His glorious pure devotee, His Divine Grace A. C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Śrīla Prabhupāda, with the most exalted and beautiful words that a fallen servant is able to speak.

In the ocean of material pains and pleasures, a drowning person desperately struggles, looking for a helping hand. But all he sees are innumerable other helpless drowning persons—except one: you, Śrīla Prabhupāda, the incarnation of all Vaiṣṇava gurus and great sages, past, present, and future, the essence of all Vedic conclusions. The glories of your godly qualities are eternally sung by the inhabitants of the heavenly planets and the pure devotees of the Lord. The Vedic literature urges us to take shelter at the lotus feet of such a great self-realized soul, who is the personification of the Lord on earth, and to follow his instructions: *mahājano yena gataḥ sa panthāḥ*.

Thousands of searching souls are following the instructions you laid down in your books and are surrendering at your feet, under the guidance of your stalwart disciples. In time these souls will one day take the lead in your movement and carry your legacy to future generations.

Driven by material illusion, some think there is a need to create a better movement than your own. But I, eager to pass down your legacy to future generations, pray that I may be allowed to succeed or fail with your movement.

May I be an instrument in the Lord’s inconceivable plan and serve together with my godbrothers and -sisters in assisting you in your mission.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, the blessings bestowed upon you by your Guru Mahārāja, His Divine Grace Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī Ṭhākura, empowered you to succeed in your mission to spread Kṛṣṇa consciousness all over the world. We pray to become qualified to similarly receive your blessings and empowerment so that we can fulfill our most cherished inner desire, namely, to assist you in your service to him.

*Your fallen servant,*

Dīna-śaraṇā Devī Dāsī

**Jagadvīra Dāsa**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances.

Just recently, I was thinking about all the wonderful gifts that you have given us. I can understand that this is your causeless mercy and kindness upon us due to your dedication and love for your spiritual master and the Supreme Lord, Śrī Kṛṣṇa.

Out of kindness for all living entities... "Kindness" — what a wonderful quality! The Cambridge dictionary describes the word "kind" as: "kind (GOOD) — generous, helpful, and caring about other people's feelings."

We see and hear of kind people in every walk of life. People are kind to their dogs, to their neighbours, to the poor and hungry, etc., etc. But this type of kindness is not real kindness — it doesn't help recipients to get permanent freedom from all their problems and enter a life full of bliss and knowledge.

But the kindness of a pure devotee of the Lord is on a completely different level and of the highest quality. And for your disciples and followers, your kindness has completely transformed their lives. Thus you have secured a special place in their hearts.

When you were here with us, we could see you, hear you give *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* class, (sometimes) go on morning walks with you, stand next to you and feel your love for Kṛṣṇa. I remember once on a morning walk, when I was standing next to you, I was looking into your eyes. You seemed to have had tears in your eyes and I felt that you loved Kṛṣṇa.

I always remember the first time I saw you. You came to the Sydney temple at 83 Hereford Street, Glebe, and you were sitting on the *vyāsāsana* in the back garden, giving out beads

to new initiates. One boy had very long hair and you made a comment about it, but you still gave him his beads. At that time, I was thinking that you were very kind to this boy.

A pure devotee who loves Kṛṣṇa naturally has the greatest kindness, by just being in his presence for a moment, the living entities who are bound up in the prison house of material existence can gain relief from all their suffering.

In your passport, your profession was indicated as "Teaching". You kindly came to teach us what we had forgotten. "I have come to teach what you have forgotten, that is all."

In 1965, you left your home in Vṛndāvana to go to New York, not by flying on business class but by sea. And not on a luxury ship but on a cargo ship. You said that your only solace was *Caitanya-caritāmṛta* in which you were tasting the nectar of Lord Caitanya's pastimes.

At this time, you were sixty-nine years of age and you were without funds or the backing of wealthy persons. This was the first time you were leaving India. You had no health insurance. Why were you going through so much trouble and risk? Because you took the order of Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī Ṭhākura as your mission in life and because of your great kindness for all the suffering living entities.

"I have left Bharatabhumi just to execute the order of Bhaktisiddhanta Saraswati, in pursuance of Lord Chaitanya's order. I have no qualification, but have taken up the risk just to carry out the order of His Divine Grace." (*Jaladuta Diary*, September 10, 1965)

"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

**Kulāṅganā Devī Dāsī**

*vāñchā-kalpatarubhyaś ca / kṛpā-sindhubhya eva ca patitānām pāvanebhyo / vaiṣṇavebhyo namo namaḥ*

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances unto you lotus feet and my gratitude for this ocean of mercy you bestowed upon us.

You are the life and soul of all the temples on this planet. You maintain our enthusiasm in devotional service; without your mercy, nothing will be possible. You spent gallons of blood to make one devotee, and endlessly you were teaching us how to develop love for Śrī Rādhā and Śrī Kṛṣṇa.

In one class on the *Bhagavad-gītā* (New York, 1966), you mentioned that cooking is the most important business in our life. Please give me your blessings to continue and increase my efforts in cooking *maṅgala-ārati* sweets for your pleasure and for that of Śrī Śrī Rādhā-Gokulānanda.

Thank you very much, Śrīla Prabhupāda.

*Your fallen servant,*

Kulāṅganā Devī Dāsī

become happy, the Vaiṣṇavas' desire is then fulfilled." (Śrīla Prabhupāda, *Prayer unto the Lotus Feet of Kṛṣṇa*)

After many days at sea, you finally arrived in Boston harbour. You had forty Indian rupees, which is nothing, really, and it couldn't be changed into dollars anyway. Then Captain Pandia gave you a donation of \$20 for a set of your first three volumes of *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*.

As Śrīla Bhaktivinoda Ṭhākura predicted, "A personality will soon appear to preach the teachings of Lord Caitanya and move unrestrictedly over the whole world with his message." Just like in Melbourne, Australia, in 1974, you led Lord Jagannātha, Lord Balarama, Subhadrā Devī, and all the assembled devotees all around downtown. So many conditioned souls heard the sound of the holy names of the Lord. Yes, your kindness is certainly difficult to comprehend for us conditioned souls.

As one South Indian man wrote to you, "It seems that God has chosen you to be an instrument in His divine hands to bring a change for the good in the millions of hearts thirsting for peace and happiness, love, and freedom in the spiritual sphere."

So even though it is nearly thirty-three years since your disappearance pastime, we can still feel your association and kindness simply by following your instructions. "Please keep yourself fixed up in Kṛṣṇa Consciousness by strictly adhering to all the rules and regulations. Always be sure to chant 16 rounds and study my books daily. This will keep you strong in spiritual life." (Śrīla Prabhupāda, letter to Locanānanda Dāsa, Bombay, 16 January, 1975)

Thank you Śrīla Prabhupāda! I write this for my own purification.  
*Your servant,*

Jagadvīra Dāsa

**Madhusevita Dāsa**

*nama om̐ viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmīn iti nāmīne*

I offer my respectful obeisances unto His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupāda, who is very dear to Lord Kṛṣṇa on this earth, having taken shelter at His lotus feet.

*namas te sārasvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

Our respectful obeisances are unto you, O spiritual master, servant of Sarasvatī Gosvāmī. You are kindly preaching the message of Lord Caitanyadeva and delivering the Western countries, which are filled with impersonalism and voidism.

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my most humble obeisances at your lotus feet. All glories to your divine appearance day!

When the time comes to write the offering for your Vyāsa-pūjā, one tries to find something substantial and catchy to offer you, but, at least in my case, after your appearance day is gone those words stay in the Vyāsa-pūjā book, and the tears and emotions manifested from hearing them are reabsorbed in the ordinariness of life.

Therefore I'll try to say something that will accompany me for the rest of the year, something that will have a real and practical impact on our daily lives.

The most vivid remembrance I have of you is that of being the most determined preacher and wonderful commander, unconcerned with praise and fully absorbed in pushing on Lord Caitanya's mission.

Once when a devotee overdid it in throwing flowers at your lotus feet and in glorification, you told him to do something practical and effective for the mission. A few books printed and distributed were for you more valuable than millions of flowers and words offered.

You wanted us to follow your example and be sober and detached while working hard for Kṛṣṇa in ISKCON, while keeping at distance self-complacency, affectedness, and self-deception. You issued us a true, direct, unmistakable call to offer our lives to this movement, making us understand that this is the most immediate way to become Kṛṣṇa conscious and get out of this miserable material life.

You asked Giriraja Swami how ISKCON would go on without you, and he gave the answer that by remaining sincere, by chanting Hare Kṛṣṇa and following the principles, we would be successful, but you said *organization and intelligence*, meaning that we should work together in a structured way with a single-minded goal: pleasing you and the predecessor *ācāryas* by pushing on this movement.

Therefore I will keep my life very simple: stay in ISKCON and work in ISKCON and for ISKCON only.

Please protect me so that the allurements of sense gratification, both gross and subtle, may not capture me, thereby making me an impersonalist offender or a foolish sentimentalist—in other words, a burden on your movement. Let my attitude toward you remain the same as when I first met you and felt like a useless fool. The news that you were arriving in a few minutes had reached us in Māyāpur, and so we all rushed to welcome you on Bhaktisiddhānta Road, singing and dancing. I had never met you before, so I was dancing like anything, and when we reached your car I started jumping up and down

**Mahādyūti Dāsa**

*nama om̐ viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmīn iti nāmīne*

*namas te sārasvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

One of your numerous good qualities that I find most extraordinary, inspiring, and effective is your absolute faith in Kṛṣṇa to guide not only you but also anyone else who accepts the process of devotional service. As such, you seemed to feel little need to try to control others, even your disciples. Rather, you simply taught them to chant Hare Kṛṣṇa (and other types of devotional service) and then left it to Kṛṣṇa to guide them.

A corollary is your statement that our movement is based on love and trust. Though your followers may take that statement to refer to how we deal with one another, I also take it to mean that our movement is based on *your* love and trust, i.e., your love for and trust in Kṛṣṇa, which manifest in your love for and trust in your followers — a mood which has generated tremendous enthusiasm for spreading Kṛṣṇa consciousness.

Now, even thirty-three years after your departure from our vision, your simple yet profound transcendental ethos has continued to expand ISKCON and its influence far beyond the level of 1977. And by yours and Kṛṣṇa's grace, such expansion and influence shall persist for a very long time.

Thank you, Śrīla Prabhupāda. All glories to you!

*Your servant,*

Mahādyūti Dāsa

**Mahārāja Dāsa**

*nama om viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine*

*namas te sārasvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

Śrīla Prabhupāda, please accept my respectful obeisances at your lotus feet.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, by your mercy, you have made me fortunate, though I struggle to understand my good fortune.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, I accept your inconceivable mercy, and I accept you as my savior. Therefore, I pray, Śrīla Prabhupāda, please forgive me for my offences, committed knowingly or unknowingly.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, please have mercy on me and protect me.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, may I always bow at your lotus feet, again and again.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, may I somehow or other sincerely desire to associate with devotees of Lord Gaurāṅga.

*Śrīla Prabhupāda, all glories to you.*

Mahārāja Dāsa

**Nirantara Dāsa**

**Somehow or Other**

For whom am I writing this offering? Who will read it? I have no idea. If you are my godbrother or godsister, I beg forgiveness for my offenses and thank you for all that you have done for me to help me get this far in my spiritual life. If you are a granddisciple of Śrīla Prabhupāda, I remain your ever well-wisher, but I beg you to consider my following questions.

Soon all Śrīla Prabhupāda’s disciples will have taken our next service positions, either in the spiritual or in the material world. Then the movement started by Śrīla Prabhupāda, the most important society and movement in the entire universe, will be entirely in your hands. What will you do with it? Will you make the same mistakes we made or will you have learned what to do or not to do? Will you have the courage and strength to remain faithful to Śrīla Prabhupāda or will you follow some other idol? Will you stick to just your own *dikṣā-guru* or will you expand your vision so that Śrīla Prabhupāda remains the center of his movement? Will you change his movement in the name of “political correctness” or will you keep it pure and true?

Just as Śrīla Prabhupāda turned the movement over to us, his disciples, when he passed away, soon all of us will pass away and you will be in the same predicament as we were. Then only will you understand why so many things happened or didn’t happen. Yes, once you are in the driver’s seat, it is a completely different perspective.

If I could give you some advice: Just try to remain meek and humble, for that is the only way any of us can advance.

Srila Prabhupāda, if you are actually reading this offering, I

**Padyāvali Devī Dāsī**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances.

*nama om viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine*

*namas te sārasvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

**In Gratitude**

In gratitude, I come before you to acknowledge all that you have given and all that I have received by your kindness and mercy. Your coming into my life gave me purpose and knowledge of how to live my life with goals and with a spiritual awareness of my real identity. I was drifting, searching, looking for meaning but never finding it.

I did not know that I was searching for you — a pure devotee of Lord Kṛṣṇa sent by Lord Caitanya’s causeless mercy to save the fallen conditioned souls. I find myself in your care at your lotus feet as the recipient of your love and mercy.

My fortune cannot be measured. Through your books, your instructions, and the path of *bhakti-yoga*, you gave me the compass by which to live and to love. You have given this fallen soul life’s purpose. How can I thank you enough? All was dark and meaningless until you came and flooded my world with your brilliant presentation of the divine couple, Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa, and Their abode in the spiritual sky.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, because you accepted me as your disciple, I have found the peace of knowing who is God and that I have an eternal relationship with Him as His part and parcel.

am sorry that I have not been a good disciple. I have failed you too many times and have not passed your test. At best I am a “Prabhupāda-bandhu” in the same sense as a *brahma-bandhu*. Honesty is the best policy, and in front of you there is no use in pretending to be something else. Somehow or other, you permit me to remain in the association of your wonderful movement. Somehow or other, you give me the opportunity to serve you through preaching. Somehow or other, I have a taste for reading and reciting your books. Somehow or other, I still love to hear the sound of your singing and preaching. Somehow or other, I am still alive (and one who has life can preach). Since I have not yet left this body, there is still time; there is still a chance that I can actually become your disciple by thought, word, and deed. I can aspire and hope for at least that much.

You accepted me on 16 April, 1974, and that was the most significant day of my life. Finally, I accomplished something of substance; otherwise, I was an abject failure at twenty-four years of age. There has not been anyone after you that has measured up to you as a person. You are the most significant person I have ever met. Indeed, nobody comes even close. The very fact that I saw, heard, and met you means that my life is completely perfect. Somehow or other, I know that I will meet you again, and at that time, I will be most happy to serve you wherever you may be in Kṛṣṇa’s eternal service.

Nirantara Dāsa

This is my thirty-sixth year as your disciple and your ocean of mercy continues to expand. In gratitude, I bow my head at your lotus feet.

Your fallen servant,  
Padyāvalī Devī Dāsī

**Phalinī Devī Dāsī**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances at your golden lotus feet. All glories to your legendary, universally-renowned service to Śrī Śrī Guru and Gaurāṅga! All glories to your unprecedented, unequalled service to your beloved spiritual master, Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī Gosvāmī Mahārāja.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, you are an *ācārya*. Not only did you preach about ideal life, but by your personal example, you showed us the ideal way to live.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, when I remember how your *guru-mahārāja*, Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī Ṭhākura, appeared to you in dreams and asked you to take *sannyāsa*, and how you gave up the association of your material family to enter the renounced order, I am astonished. I am amazed by your renunciation, determination, and strength. I am also gratified to know that up to the time of your disappearance, you did not forget your material family. You made provisions for them even though you were in the renounced order. Thank you for showing us how even as a *sannyāsī*, one need not neglect the welfare of his material family.

When I think about how you took Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī's suggestion to heart — to preach Kṛṣṇa consciousness in the English-speaking countries — I feel admiration for your absolute surrender, faith, resolve, and dogged determination in taking up and carrying forward the sacred mission of your *guru-mahārāja*.

Before you came to America, you walked all over Delhi distributing transcendental magazines and books like *Back to Godhead* magazine and *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*. You would

walk instead of taking the bus, just to save a couple of *paise* for Kṛṣṇa's service. I am astounded to hear of the incredible austerities and service you performed for the sake of your beloved *guru-mahārāja*, Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī Ṭhākura.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, there are so many things I want to thank you for. Thank you for coming to America on a cargo ship. You endured heart-attacks, sea-sickness, and untold hardships to come here. After coming to America by boat, you continued your travels to other foreign lands. You courageously flew around the world many times to nurture your disciples as they struggled to carry on your mission all over the globe. Your influence even spread to the insignificant little town of Cheyenne, Wyoming, USA, where I was living at the time when I first learned about Kṛṣṇa consciousness. Because one of your beloved disciples placed a *Bhagavad-gītā* As It Is in a bookstore there, because two of your beloved disciples appeared on a television talk show aired from Denver, and because I bought a copy of *Teachings of Lord Caitanya* from one of your disciples who was selflessly distributing your books at Stapleton Airfield, somehow this little searching soul was blessed to come in contact with you.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, when I was a little girl of eight years, a teacher told me that there is a place called India where holy men in robes chant the names of God and fall down flat on the ground as they walk from one temple to the next. I used to wonder about those holy men and about the names of God. I also wanted to chant the names of God. I asked my parents and my teachers what the names of God were, but no one knew. I thought, "Maybe I will have to go to this place called 'India' to find those people and learn from them how to chant the names of God." But I didn't have to travel all the way to India because you, Śrīla Prabhupāda, the greatest of those holy

men in robes who chant the names of God and bow down before the Lord, left your beloved Śrī Vṛndāvana-dhāma and came all the way here to America, bringing the holy names of God with you! By your grace, I did not have to go to India to find those holy men and to learn the holy names of God. You brought them to me! I am forever and eternally grateful to you for this incomparable gift.

Thank you, Śrīla Prabhupāda, for your example of selflessly, tirelessly serving your spiritual master, despite your old age and the many challenges you faced. Thank you, thank you, thank you for leaving us your precious books, and for giving up sleep in order to write them. Your books deliver the Absolute Truth in easily understandable language and we receive fresh new realizations every time we read them. Thank you for distributing your books and magazines, and for engaging us in that service as well.

Thank you for giving us *kīrtana*, and for leaving behind your relishable recordings, so that for the rest of our lives, we can continue to hear your sweet melodious voice chanting the names and glories of the Lord. Thank you for all those wonderful lectures that you gave over the years, and for distributing cookies to our children with your golden lotus hands.

Thank you, Śrīla Prabhupāda, for your conversations and letters. Thank you for teaching us how to cook "with cleanliness and great respect" for Kṛṣṇa, and for showing us by your good example how it is so very important to honor *kṛṣṇa-prasāda* daily and to distribute *kṛṣṇa-prasāda* to the suffering, conditioned souls of this world.

Thank you for personally demonstrating how to worship the *arcā-vigraha* of the Lord with love and devotion, with

cleanliness and punctuality. Thank you for teaching us how to be clean inside and outside, and how to use Kṛṣṇa's time efficiently. Thank you for demonstrating how to serve Kṛṣṇa by offering Him everything we do and say and think and perceive.

I also want to thank you, Śrīla Prabhupāda, for mercifully appearing to me in dreams. Those sweet times of relishing your personal association are the most enlivening, comforting, intimate, and unforgettably encouraging experiences I can remember.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, because of the ideal standard which you exemplified, we find the strength every day to rise early, bathe, chant the holy names of Kṛṣṇa, worship the Deities, read your transcendental books, cook, offer various preparations for the pleasure of Kṛṣṇa, and perform our daily duties — whatever they may be — for the service of Kṛṣṇa. Thank you for giving us the ideal method whereby we can practically serve Kṛṣṇa in our daily lives, and thank you for giving us continued strength by having personally set the perfect example of how can continue to live.

Thank you, Śrīla Prabhupāda, for always practicing what you preached. Please help us to live our lives according to your teachings. Please help us to continue to follow your instructions and to keep our vows.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, you wanted to establish *daiva-varṇāśrama-dharma*. You wanted to teach us personally how to grow our own crops for Kṛṣṇa, protect cows for the pleasure of Kṛṣṇa, and learn the arts that are necessary for maintaining ourselves in this world in a simple manner for the service of Kṛṣṇa. Please help us now to practice and develop this part of your divine mission. We pray to Kṛṣṇa to empower us to satisfy you in this way. We pray to become pure instruments to convey your

teachings to others by demonstrating simple village life with Kṛṣṇa in the center.

*Always grateful for your mercy,  
I pray to remain your eternal daughter  
and aspiring servant,*

Phalini Devī Dāsi

P.S. Śrīla Prabhupāda, here are the lyrics of a song I wrote to you long ago.

### The Love in My Heart

There is no gift in this whole wide world and universe  
That can begin to repay the gift you've given to me.  
There is no wealth great enough that it could ever compare  
To the rare gem that you have kindly given me.

What can I give to a person who has everything?  
Nothing I own could ever really impress you;  
Nothing at all in this wide world  
Can ever show you how I feel.

What can I do to show you how grateful I am?

I know you've said that the way to please you best of all  
Is if someday, once again, I could feel love in my heart  
For your friend Kṛṣṇa, who's the supreme friend of everyone.  
If I love Him, then that will really please you most.

So to this end, I vow to dedicate the rest of my life  
To reawakening the love for God that's there in my heart.  
And so I pray that you'll accept this as my humble gift to you  
As I have nothing else to give except the love in my heart.

Please accept the love in my heart.

### Prapūjaka Dāsa

*nama om viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine*

*namas te sārasvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviṣeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances.

I have just finished a book in Swedish describing two years (1974-76) of my time as your servant in ISKCON. This book is a little attempt by me to glorify you and thank you for accepting me as your initiated disciple.

In those years, I was travelling around in the USA, India, and Eastern Europe. When I spoke to one godbrother here in Sweden about my book, he suggested that I enclose a part from it in this offering to you; I took it as an instruction. So here, Śrīla Prabhupāda, is a small part from when I was travelling in former Yugoslavia, in the autumn of 1976, together with your disciple Dvārakeśa Dāsa. In August 1976, we arrived in the town of Dubrovnik, on the south coast, and were chanting Hare Kṛṣṇa in the streets and preaching to all the people there:

*After a week had passed in the beautiful town of Dubrovnik, I wrote a letter to a friend in Sweden: "Dvārakeśa and I are in Dubrovnik in the south of Yugoslavia just now. It is a nice town surrounded by a high wall that was constructed in the 16<sup>th</sup> century to protect the inhabitants from invaders. Every day, we chant Hare Kṛṣṇa in different places, mostly in front of a big church in the old part of town. LOTS of people, mostly young ones, listen to the chanting and show GREAT interest. Books on meditation and yoga are not for sale in this country. Therefore, we sell a lot of Prabhupāda's books, but we have to*

*do it secretly because the police are harassing us all the time. They have also checked the car several times but have not found any of our well hidden books.*

*"So far, our stay here has been a GREAT SUCCESS. People really like the music and the philosophy. Today, a local newspaper published an article about us and it was written in a very positive mood. It also included a nice picture of Dvārakeśa and me chanting Hare Kṛṣṇa in a crowded marketplace.*

*"Almost every evening a lot of young people would gather at our car to discuss kṛṣṇa-bhakti with us. They would also buy books, japa-mālas, and records. The philosophical discussions would sometimes go on for many hours and then, late at night, we would cook nice halavā and serve. Everybody loved it!"*

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda, please help me, please give me strength and inspiration to continue glorifying Your Divine Grace.

Your fallen servant,

Prapūjaka Dāsa

**Puṇḍarīka Vidyānidhi Dāsa**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Taking straw between my teeth, I fall down, offering my respectful obeisances at your lotus feet. All glories to Your Divine Grace!

As ācārya, Śrīla Sanātana Gosvāmī taught everyone by his example as he approached Lord Caitanya at Vārāṇasī. Taking a straw between his teeth, he clasped the lotus feet of Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu and humbly submitted:

*nīca jāti, nīca-saṅgī, patita adhama  
kuiṣaya-kūpe paḍī' goñāinu janama!*

“I was born in a low family, and my associates are all low-class men. I myself am fallen and am the lowest of men. Indeed, I have passed my whole life fallen in the well of sinful materialism.”

Actually Śrīla Sanātana Gosvāmī was born in a high-class *brāhmaṇa* family, and he had brothers, Vallabha and Rūpa Gosvāmī. His words, I think, were rather spoken with persons like me in mind. We were born in the West, outside the realm of Vedic culture, and we were trained in western schools, which you aptly compared to slaughterhouses. We have no qualification whatsoever — *yogyatā-vicāre, kichu nāhi pāi*.

Yet somehow or other, out of your causeless mercy, you came to the West to freely distribute the same mercy that was given by Lord Caitanya, the most merciful of all incarnations. How could one possibly forget your compassion and magnanimity? Prahāda Mahārāja stated:

*evam janam nipatitam prabhavāhi-kūpe  
kāmbhikāmam anu yaḥ prapatan prasaṅgāt  
kṛtvātmasāt surarṣiṇā bhagavan grhītaḥ  
so 'ham katham nu visrje 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?”

Unlike Prahāda Mahārāja, I cannot claim to have achieved a transcendental position. As unfortunate as I am, I remain unqualified and unable to appreciate the gift you have brought us. I can only hope that by associating with your servants, I may someday have an opportunity to offer some small service to Your Divine Grace. Until that time may come, I can only beg of you: *nā theliha rāṅgā-pāya, tomā vine ke āche āmāra* — “Please do not kick me away, for I have no other shelter.”

Thank you, Śrīla Prabhupāda, for giving us the opportunity to engage in devotional service.

*Your aspiring servant,*

Puṇḍarīka Vidyānidhi Dāsa

**Rājendranandana Dāsa**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances. All glories to your Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupāda!

Another year has flown by and another opportunity arises to put thoughts to paper and express a drop of your glories and some sense of my immense gratitude.

Because I have some difficulty where to begin, I'd like to start with the first verse of the *Gurv-aṣṭaka*, the first thought during every morning's *maṅgala-ārati*.

*saṁsāra-dāvānala-liḍha-loka-  
trāṇāya kārūṇya-ghanāghanatvam  
prāptasya kalyāṇa-guṇārṇavasya  
vande guroḥ śrī-caraṇāravindam*

“Just as a cloud is getting water from its source, the ocean, and can extinguish a blazing forest fire with its rain, similarly, you are getting mercy from the fountainhead of all mercy and are distributing that mercy everywhere, extinguishing the blazing fire of repeated birth and death for us conditioned souls. I offer my respectful obeisances unto you, Śrīla Prabhupāda.”

To be receiving your divine grace in so many forms is just unbelievable. I know that I had no qualification to receive the topmost gift of *kṛṣṇa-bhakti*. You confirm that when you said of your disciples, “I created your qualifications.” But somehow or other, I am receiving such unimaginable good fortune after such a long, long time of suffering.

*brahmāṇḍa bhramite kona bhāgyavān jīva  
guru-kṛṣṇa-prasāde pāya bhakti-latā-bija*

According to their karma, all living entities are wandering

throughout the entire universe. Some of them are being elevated to the upper planetary systems, and some are going down into the lower planetary systems. Out of many millions of wandering living entities, one who is very fortunate gets an opportunity to associate with a bona fide spiritual master by the grace of Kṛṣṇa. By the mercy of both Kṛṣṇa and the spiritual master, such a person receives the seed of the creeper of devotional service. (*Caitanya-caritāmṛta Madhya* 19.151)

Because of your divine empowerment, and by the power of the lotus feet of Śrī Nityānanda and Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu, you are giving the process and clear instructions on how to apply devotional service, thus bringing to an end not only my cycle of repeated birth and death but that of so many other fortunate ones.

You have made the most difficult and rare perfect achievement very simple — “Just chant minimum sixteen rounds and follow the four regulative principles and I'll take you back home at the end of this very life.”

I've been following this process long enough and have experienced enough purification that I am fully convinced of this promise. It's a fact that I see devotees leaving their bodies and going with you back home, back to Godhead. In *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* 11.2.42 it is said:

*bhaktiḥ pareśānubhavo viraktir  
anyatra caiṣa trika eka-kālah  
prapadyamānasya yathāśnataḥ syus  
tuṣṭiḥ puṣṭiḥ kṣud-apāyo 'nu-ghāsam*

“Devotion, direct experience of the Supreme Lord, and detachment from other things — these three occur simultaneously for one who has taken shelter of the Supreme Personality of Godhead, in the same way that pleasure, nourishment, and relief from hunger come simultaneously and



increasingly, with each bite, for a person engaged in eating.”

By hearing your instructions daily, assimilating them, and following them to the best of my ability, I feel so satisfied, so enlivened in devotional service. A very important aspect that I’m really beginning to realize is that allows me to want to only please you and the Lord with my thoughts, words, and deeds is that the desire to enjoy this illusory energy separately is wilting and dying inside of me. I’m tired of plugging into the lower modes and am following your lead, being lifted into goodness in which one appreciates and hankers after this spiritual realm of *bhakti*.

Sincerely and seriously wanting to please you is my biggest contribution to this surrendering process and I see you and the Lord arranging everything else. It is really simple if we’re dedicated to this one priority but difficult when we foolishly and selfishly hold back and try to cheat you and the Lord by holding on to some aspect of sense gratification.

I know that you’ll hold my hand and guide me to and in pure devotion, but I have to want it and only want pure devotion. Daily, I’m begging you, please allow my determination to be fixed and not be some temporary sentiment like an elephant’s desire to bathe.

So, one moment, one minute, one hour, and one day at a time I want to be your disciple, think of you, offer my obeisances, and serve you eternally.

*man-manā bhava mad-bhakto  
mad-yājī mām namaskuru  
mām evaiṣyasi yuktvaivam  
ātmānam mat-parāyaṇaḥ*

“Engage your mind always in thinking of Me, become My

devotee, offer obeisances to Me and worship Me. Being completely absorbed in Me, surely you will come to Me.” (*Bhagavad-gītā* 9.34)

You are always serving the Lords of your life and I wish to use this body, mind, and words as long as I have them in your service too, so that after my last breath you’ll accept me in your association once again and allow me to serve you and Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa without obstruction. Please continue to be kind upon me.

Śrīla Prabhupāda ki jaya!

Śrī-kṛṣṇa-saṅkīrtana-yajña ki jaya!

Samaveta-gaura-bhakta-vṛnda ki jaya!

*Your lowly and insignificant aspiring servant,*

Rajendranandana Dāsa

**Rāmanātha-sukha Dāsa**

*om̐ gān gaṇapataye namaḥ*

*om̐ bhūr bhuvaḥ svaḥ tat savitur vareṇyam  
bhargo devasya dhīmahi dhiyo yo naḥ pracodayāt*

*om̐ ajñāna-timirāndhasya jñānāñjana-salākayā  
cakṣur unmilitam̐ yena tasmai śrī-gurave namaḥ*

*nama om̐ viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmīn iti nāmine*

*namas te sārasvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

*om̐ apavitraḥ pavitro vā sarvāvasthām gato ’pi vā  
yaḥ smaret puṇḍarikākṣarīm sa bahyābhyantaraḥ śuciḥ*

“Whether pure or impure, or having passed through all conditions of material life, if one can remember the lotus-eyed Kṛṣṇa, he becomes externally and internally clean.” (*Hari-bhakti-vilāsa* 3.47; quoted from the *Garuḍa Purāṇa*)

*vande guroḥ śrī-caraṇāravindam*

Dearest Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Repeated obeisances to you, my eternal spiritual master and shelter, the topmost swan-like devotee who magically appeared into the “love generation” of America in 1966-’67. You humbly gave yourself, inspiring all Kali-yuga’s lost souls by freely giving the highest knowledge of Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu. Someday, the full history of your ISKCON movement will reveal how you single-handedly transformed the entire world by personally giving the science and art of bhakti-yoga to all who desired it. Know that I am a rogue and a rascal, a number one fool without qualification to glorify you on this auspicious Vyāsa-pūjā 2010. Know also that I love you more than any other person I have

ever met in my life. This is not some pointless sentiment by your disciple; rather, my love for you sustains my very life.

*vande guroḥ śrī-caraṇāravindam*

The history of how you appeared into San Francisco’s Haight-Ashbury of January 1967 is a story of the Lord’s love for you Śrīla Prabhupāda. You glided like the swan that you are into the Haight-Ashbury scene on January 17, just three days after the biggest gathering of its kind in the Western world, the first Human Be-In. Modeled after the famous Kumba Melā in India, the success of the Be-In created a euphoric, mystical mood in the Haight neighborhood. You, Śrīla Prabhupāda, along with the guidance and protection of your sweet Lords, Radha and Kṛṣṇa, danced and chanted and enraptured the flower power culture. The never-to-be-forgotten Summer of Love was provided for you by the Lord in order to spread the message of *bhakti-rasa*. From that spiritually fertile ground, you planted the seed of *bhakti* that sprouted and grew into a world-wide movement meant for the coming Aquarian Age. Back then, it was the dawning of the Age of Aquarius. Now, in 2010, that age will soon be upon us.

*vande guroḥ śrī-caraṇāravindam*

In 1973, when I was nineteen years old, I became known as “Bhakta Ron,” I received your causeless mercy in many ways. I fondly remember those good ol’ days, attending ecstatic *maṅgala-ārātrikas*, cooking for and serving your devotees, and chanting to Śrīmatī Tulasi Devī in her Atlanta Georgia temple greenhouse — a huge greenhouse filled with many vibrant Tulasi plants. It was in those formative years that I experienced your mercy and favorable glance in ways that cannot be described. I knew the love generation was in your hands and would sweep the world with its force.

*vande guroḥ śrī-caraṇāravindam*

Now in my fifty-sixth year, I can reflect on the many blissful moments, days, and years spent in ISKCON....the “best” years of my life. I can also reflect on my many foolish mistakes and offenses; the lost battles in the war against Māyā. Please forgive me for my many, many offenses Śrīla Prabhupāda, as I, like many of your disciples, want to correct myself but often seem to lack the strength and determination. Weakened by false ego and *vaiṣṇava-aparādha*, the Supreme Lord Himself took away my power of discrimination; my Kṛṣṇa conscious focus has become blurry and confused.

Though battle-weary and wounded, I pray for your causeless mercy to manifest again. I pray that I can continue to cook for and serve your devotees in your ever-expanding ISKCON army. I am convinced that your association and guidance is now needed more than ever before as Kali-yuga marches inextricably into more and more chaos, confusion, and spiritual bankruptcy.

*vande guroḥ śrī-caraṇāravindam*

About a year ago, you came to me and inspired me in a very nice way. Picking up an old 1995 *Back to Godhead* magazine, I read an article by Satsvarūpa Mahārāja about your infinite compassion. That article revealed a very confidential part of your personality. After requesting permission to write your biography, you told Satsvarūpa, “Yes, if you want to write my life story, you should say that what I did was like transplanting a Tulasī plant.”

Here, in this short cryptic answer, you have delineated the entire philosophy of Kṛṣṇa consciousness centered on understanding the relationship between Tulasī Mahārāṇī and you, her confidential servitor. In a humble way, your statement

to Satsvarūpa Mahārāja that day indicates your unique status in the *guru-paramparā* as an empowered *śaktyāveśa-avatāra*, as a pure soul empowered by Śrīmatī Rādhārāṇī, *hlādinī-śakti* Herself, the quintessence of all essences. I pray that I may always be allowed this vision of devotional love between you and Śrīmatī Tulasī Mahārāṇī, who helps in granting us devotion for our Supreme Father Hari or Kṛṣṇa.

*vande guroḥ śrī-caraṇāravindam*

Śrīla Prabhupāda, the love generation is still in your hands, ready to inundate the world with *kṛṣṇa-bhakti*. My heartfelt prayer on this Vyāsa-pūjā is that Bhakti-devī, the essence of *guru-tattva*, guide and inspire me to see you in her presence. My prayer is that you also grant me the privilege of devotional service. May I always remember the bliss I felt as Bhakta Ron, dancing and singing your glories at *maṅgala-ārātrika*, serving and cooking for your devotees, and assisting the *saṅkīrtana* movement of Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu. My desire is that you will also grant me a residence in the pleasure groves of Śrī Vṛndāvana-dhāma. Thus, within my vision I will always be able to behold the beautiful pastimes of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa.

This fallen and very lowly servant of Kṛṣṇa prays, “May I always swim deep in the ocean of *bhakti-rasa*, in the divine love ocean of Śrī Śrī Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa.”

*vande guroḥ śrī-caraṇāravindam*

*Your insignificant, neophyte, and foolish servant,*

Rāmanātha-sukha Dāsa

**Syāmakuṇḍa Dāsa**

*On the Wave of Devotion Emanating from the Supreme Personality of Servitor Godhead His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupāda*

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

In 1972, on my eighteenth birthday, my younger brother by five years gave me a poster of Mahā-Viṣṇu lying down on the Causal Ocean. I hung this poster on my wall but I did not even know who He was. During that same winter, one of your disciples came to my back door in Gainesville, Florida, and sold me a *Kṛṣṇa Book*. I offer my obeisances to this disciple of yours. I tried to read these books but I was too intoxicated to understand.

Next, I saw the Rādhā-Dāmodara school bus and devotees walking along University Avenue. In my mind, I thought that being a “hippie” was the thing to do, but on seeing your disciples, I thought “Wow, when you really do not care what people think of you, that is what you become!”

Soon after that, the hippie community put on a vegetarian feast along NW 14th Street, between University Avenue and NW 1st Avenue. The police allowed the hippies to close off that portion of the street for the afternoon. The two churches that straddle that street cooperated as well. One of the churches is still there, while the other has just been re-built and the Kṛṣṇa House is now just two blocks north.

I helped all day long cutting vegetables for the feast. Near the end of the festival, that yellow Rādhā-Dāmodara school bus stopped at the yellow barricades. A *brahmacārī* got off the bus and then moved the barricade. The bus then pulled to the end of the street and swung open the rear door to the bus. A

disciple of yours named Śrī Vallabha Dāsa began to pass out fresh *halavā* to the hippies in waxed paper cups. I stood in line and waited for some of this *halavā*. It was so good that I went back for seconds and then thirds. When I came back for thirds, Śrī Vallabha turned to the devotees on that bus and said, “Hey, this kid is back for thirds.” I stood there dumbfounded and wondered what he was saying. He then turned to me with a third cup of *halavā* and said, “Hey kid, you’re going to be a devotee. You like *prasāda* don’t you? You’re going to be a devotee”. He was laughing but not knowing what he meant, I was unaware that this was a great benediction descending from the lips of Śrīla Prabhupāda, Lord Nityānanda, and Lord Caitanya.

After they had finished serving out the *halavā*, Viṣṇujana Swami got off the bus with a *mṛdaṅga* and gloves on his hands. The other devotees got off the bus as well with *karatālas* and such. Then an ecstatic *kīrtana* began with Viṣṇujana Swami leading. The devotees were in ecstasy, jumping very high in the air and singing *Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Hare Hare/Hare Rāma Hare Rāma Rāma Rāma Hare Hare*. The *kīrtana* was so ecstatic that all the hippies joined in with flutes and drums. There seemed to be no consideration for externalities. The *kīrtana* went on for quite a while and even though the devotees had left, the *kīrtana* continued without them for quite some time. Just the hippies and the holy name. I offer my obeisances to these devotees on the Rādhā-Dāmodara bus, to that *halavā*, and that *kīrtana*.

Spring and summer came. During that time, I used to eat at a vegetarian snack bar which had pictures on the walls of many famous American Indians, such as Geronimo, Chief Joseph, etc. Amongst these photos was a picture of Śrī Kṛṣṇa sitting on a rock with a calf, His flute, and a peacock feather in his tiara. I

used to think, “Who is this Indian (American)? Whoever He is, He is very, very, very beautiful.”

When the fall semester at the University of Florida began, I met Śrīman Saṅkarāna Dāsa on his Madras blanket in the Plaza of Americas. I would sit next to him and join in the singing of the Hare Kṛṣṇa *mahā-mantra*. I would eat his Simply Wonderfals and chant Hare Kṛṣṇa. I was attracted to the chanting but I was averse to his preaching. But, with a friend’s encouragement, I would visit the Kṛṣṇa house at the north-east corner of NW 11th Street and NW 3rd Avenue. That same blue house is still there. I would come for the free vegetarian food as I had been a vegetarian for a while.

The temple was started by Amarendra Dāsa Adhikāri and his wife Gāyatrī Devī Dāsī. Sudarāna Dāsa and Saṅkarāna Dāsa Brahmācārīs were the other residents in that temple. Dāneśvara Dāsa and his wife, Harināma Devī Dāsī, and Ekādaśī Dāsa were coming around as well but were not initiated yet.

By these devotees loving service to you, Śrīla Prabhupāda, I was encouraged to join. I offer my respectful obeisances to these devotees and I pray to you that I can become completely engaged in your loving service for eternity. You are my savior and spiritual guide. You are so powerful that the waves of love of Godhead that emanate from you push even the *asuras*, like me, to come to the lotus feet of Śrī Mukunda, Govinda, and Gopī-jana-vallabha. Please bless me that I can imbibe the qualities of a devotee and assist you in spreading this nectarean message of Love of Godhead.

Your disciple,

Syāmakunḍa Dāsa

### Tāraka Dāsa

*nama om viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine*

*namas te sārāsvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

“I offer my respectful obeisances unto His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedānta Swami Prabhupāda, who is very dear to Lord Kṛṣṇa, having taken shelter at His lotus feet. Our respectful obeisances are unto you, O spiritual master, servant of Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī Gosvāmī. You are kindly preaching the message of Lord Caitanyadeva and delivering the Western countries, which are filled with impersonalism and voidism.”

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my prostrated obeisances in the dust of your lotus feet again and again.

On this anniversary of the blessed appearance of Your Divine Grace in this world, may your glories be broadcast and heard everywhere. I would like to express my gratitude for everything that Your Divine Grace has done and are continuing to do for me, but how can I hope to do that adequately? After all, I have always known that had Your Divine Grace not cast your merciful glance upon this lowly wretch, I would most certainly have ended up institutionalized or dead in short order. I shudder to think of the unspeakable torment that awaited me in the hereafter. How do I thank Your Divine Grace for saving my life, not once, but numerous times and in many ways?

The mercy which Your Divine Grace has regularly shown me is immeasurable and I cannot estimate the extent to which I am indebted to you. Your Divine Grace has given me a wonderful life in ecstatic devotional service and you have shown me the path back home, back to Godhead. The beauty of the

transcendental forms of Their Divine Lordships, Śrī Śrī Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa, the nectar of the Lord’s holy names, the association of the Lord’s devotees, and your transcendental literature are but a few of the treasures Your Divine Grace has given me. No amount of thanks is sufficient, but I thank you a thousand times, Śrīla Prabhupāda. Though the debt is too great to ever repay, I beg you to allow me to continue to try, birth after birth.

On this occasion, Śrīla Prabhupāda, we are all enthused to glorify you in the most wonderful ways and I have been trying to think of something uniquely personal to say. As I set about writing, I am gazing out my window. It’s a beautiful, warm, bright, and sunny day which inspires a flood of sweet memories of my time serving in the presence of Your Divine Grace. I remember warm sunny mornings in Śrīdhāma Māyāpur. I was regularly blessed with the service of guarding your quarters, which meant, among other things, ensuring that there were no noises to disturb Your Divine Grace. One morning, the usually peaceful atmosphere was shattered by the sound of someone loudly playing a recording of Your Divine Grace singing and playing harmonium. It was Śrī Śrī Ṣaḍ-gosvāmy-aṣṭaka, the eight prayers to the Six Gosvamis from the *Kṛṣṇa Meditations* album. I heard,

*kṛṣṇotkīrtana-gāna-nartana-parau premāmṛtāmbho-nidhī  
dhīrādhīra-jana-priyau priya-karau nirmatsarau pūjītau*

It was sung melodiously to the accompaniment of the most extraordinarily unique and expert harmonium playing which produced an indescribable sweetness. I was new to Māyāpur and new to this service. I was not yet familiar with the circumstances but enthusiastic to perform this duty. I knew that however sweet, loud sounds such as this were not permitted, so I jumped into action, searching for the source of the music in order to reprimand the perpetrator.

The sound seemed to be emanating from the servant’s quarters, but upon arriving there I realized the sound was, in fact, coming from the veranda on the other side of the *mandira*. Rushing to the spot, I found the music to be coming from directly behind a teakwood screen dividing the veranda. Peering around the screen, I was shocked to behold Your Divine Grace seated behind a harmonium deftly fingering the keys and singing lovingly while gazing out at Śrīla Bhaktivinoda Ṭhākura’s *samādhi* in the distance. Your soft golden skin shone brightly in the warm morning sun as the transcendently sweet sound filled the four directions. Feeling foolish to have made such a mistake, I dove to the floor to offer my obeisances and returned to my post. I relished the sweet taste of the exquisite sound and heard Your Divine Grace sing, “*nīdrāhāra-vihārakādi-vijītau cātyanta-dīnau ca yau.*” Many times I heard or read Your Divine Grace quote this line. In your purport to *Caitanya-caritāmṛta, Madhya-līlā* 4.123, Your Divine Grace wrote,

In other words, a *paramahansa* simply engages exclusively in the service of the Lord without caring even for eating or sleeping. It was stated about the six Gosvāmīs: *nīdrāhāra-vihārakādi-vijītau*. In the *paramahansa* stage one conquers the desire for sleep, food and sense gratification. One remains a humble, meek mendicant engaged in the service of the Lord day and night. Mādhavendra Purī had attained this *paramahansa* stage.

While guarding your quarters throughout many nights, I saw first hand that you, Śrīla Prabhupāda, were such a *paramahansa*.

All descriptions I had heard of your daily schedule given by servants and secretaries indicated that Your Divine Grace slept approximately two or three hours in the evening and rose by twelve or one o’clock in the morning to begin your translating work. In the afternoon, it was described that Your Divine Grace would sleep perhaps an additional hour or two. This

was not my experience and what I witnessed, I think, is quite remarkable and glorious.

In the evenings after giving *darśana* to guests and devotees, I saw that usually, but not always, Your Divine Grace would lie down, while your servant, Hari Śauri Prabhu prepared your desk for your night's work. During that time, I noticed that Your Divine Grace would be chanting on your beads and not sleeping. I was usually outside the room at that time, but whenever I assisted Hari Śauri Prabhu with the mosquito net, for example, Your Divine Grace would always be awake and chanting softly, though lying down.

The *darśana* ended at varying times but afterwards, Hari Śauri Prabhu completed a few tasks and then went to take rest. What I saw consistently each and every night was that after Hari Śauri Prabhu left the room for the last time, as soon as he closed the door to the servants' quarters you immediately got up. The light would go on and within moments I would hear the sound of your voice and that of the dictaphone clicking on and off. Night after night I sat outside your quarters in several of our Indian temples over the course of a little more than a year until I left India in the spring of 1977. I always experienced the same thing. As far as I could tell, you never slept at all in the evening. There was only one exception when you were extremely ill in Hyderabad. That night you laid down for one hour between four and five o'clock in the morning. There were also times when you were very busy and did not sleep during the day.

As far as I could tell, throughout 1976 and into 1977, Your Divine Grace was regularly resting not more than one or two hours in any given day and that was only in the afternoon, if at all. I could feel your sense of urgency in the matter of completing the translations and purports to the *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*.

Your Divine Grace had already given us the Tenth Canto of the *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* in the form of *Kṛṣṇa, The Supreme Personality of Godhead*. Now it was critical that translations and purports be completed at least through the Ninth Canto. I do not presume to comprehend the mind of my spiritual master, so I am hesitant to comment, but I personally believe Your Divine Grace understood that you had little time and so, in loving devotion to Śrī Kṛṣṇa and to your guru mahārāja, as well as out of love for your disciples and compassion for the fallen souls of this world, you sacrificed your sleep. Who in this world can forgo sleep? Perhaps for a day, but for months? I saw that at busy times Your Divine Grace would go for several days with practically no rest that I was aware of and yet you showed no signs of fatigue. I find this to be most extraordinary and glorious, Śrīla Prabhupāda, and I want the world to know that you are such a spiritual master, a veritable ocean of auspicious qualities. Just like the Six Gosvāmīs, whom you have described as having conquered over sleep, you too, Śrīla Prabhupāda, have manifested this extraordinary quality of a *paramahansa*.

The greatest literary gem and transcendental treasure *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* (1.18.13) states, "The value of a moment's association with the devotee of the Lord cannot even be compared to the attainment of heavenly planets or liberation from matter, and what to speak of worldly benedictions in the form of material prosperity, which are for those who are meant for death." By the determination and sacrifice of Your Divine Grace, you have made the greatest benediction of your divine association available to all through your Bhaktivedanta purports to the *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* complete through the Tenth Canto. Your Divine Grace has often stated that you came to make us fortunate. By your mercy, Śrīla Prabhupāda, our good fortune is incalculable and we shall remain forever in your debt.

**Tattvavit Dāsa**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances at your lotus feet.

Bewildered & misdirected, I take seriously your words & directions, though I am free to do anything. *guru-mukha-padma-vākya, cittete kariyā aikya*. Then my life is successful.

Your words & books are for all; even Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu Himself is completely liberal toward fallen souls. He is Kṛṣṇa in the mood of Rādhā, to taste Their wonderful pastimes and to distribute the wonder to all. Your book distribution peaked in 1978: fifteen million. Both in '79 & '83: fourteen million. In each of four more years, your books reached ten million souls. The past decade began in a three-year slump (of two million books annually) but ended up at six million, which also happens to be the yearly average of thirty-seven years of results.

Currently the devotees are charting new directions. You were clear about your desire to spread Kṛṣṇa *bhakti* in Africa, and the new African branch of the BBT hosted a conference in April of 2010 to connect more than 250 leaders. This helped the BBT understand the situations in regions across Africa and how to distribute books in each.

Now, in America, the biggest publishers hope that iPads & Kindles will bring electronic books to the masses. Noting that forty percent of the people in the U.S. last year read only one book or less, Steve Jobs (he ate *kṛṣṇa-prasāda* in college) made iPads capable of doing other things than just displaying black-&-white text. An iPad provides color and audio & video. So publishers will be embedding audio-visual and value-added features in e-books. It could be authors discussing their books, music, or a clip from a movie that touches on the book's topic.

The BBT can put audio-visual elements in your e-books. E-books have undeniable advantages for publishers: no warehouse fees, printing expenses, or shipping costs. E-books will not be the end of book distributors, though. An author needs a publisher for editing, distributing, and marketing, and you have the BBT & ISKCON devotees for this. Your words lead to such powerful realizations that we enthusiastically share and distribute them.

“Do not bother,” you said, “whether you will be spiritually advanced or not, but take the word of the spiritual master and carry it. Then everything is guaranteed: *guru-mukha-padma-vākya, cittete kariyā aikya, āra nā kariha mane āśā.*” Śrīla Narottama dāsa Ṭhākura advises carrying out the spiritual master’s orders and not desiring anything else.

You wrote, “If the regulative principles ordered by the spiritual master are followed rigidly, the mind will gradually be trained to desire nothing but the service of Kṛṣṇa. Such training is the perfection of life.”

Your servant,  
Tattvavit Dāsa

**Yādavendra Dāsa**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances on your appearance day.

We are lost in the tossing waves of the Pacific Ocean-like material world. I am neither a good and enduring swimmer, nor will I become a Sanskrit scholar in this life time. Out of your deep concern you have thrown us the board of the Hare Kṛṣṇa *mahā-mantra*. Thank you very much for this gesture of mercy!

Utility being the principle, how useful, simple, and sublime the Hare Kṛṣṇa mantra is! It can counter boredom, anxiety, insomnia, and solitude. It is the best medicine for all kinds of diseases, as you have often demonstrated. It is the ultimate rest for the raging mind and will save us from the entanglement in the material world. Our real purpose and success in life is to become successful Hare Kṛṣṇa mantra chanters.

Recently, one real estate agent explained that she was only surviving in the industry due to her callousness towards bad news and disappointments. Whilst considering her statement, I realized that I am only surviving by the grace of the Hare Kṛṣṇa *mahā-mantra* and its dispenser, Your Divine Grace.

The year 2009 was my best ever for book distribution, with over 6,000 pieces distributed all around Australia. I would like to humbly apologise for a decrease in my distribution. This constant travelling from town to town and visiting business after business is such a strenuous and mentally taxing activity!

Thank you Śrīla Prabhupāda for engaging me in your service!

Your useless servant,  
Yādavendra Dāsa

**Ādikartā Dāsa**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances. All glories to your divine self, and your glorious service.

Thank you again for saving me from ‘the planet of death’ and material life. Please accept this short offering as a very inadequate attempt to thank you and to glorify one whose deeds signify a person who is performing the greatest welfare work.

In the *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* 8.7.44, we find the following very revealing verse, spoken about Lord Śiva, after he had drunk the poison that was churned from the ocean by the demigods and demons:

*tapyante loka-tāpena  
sādhavaḥ prāyaśo janāḥ  
paramārādhanaṁ tad dhi  
puruṣasyākḥilātmanaḥ*

“It is said that great personalities almost always accept voluntary suffering because of the suffering of the people in general. This is considered the highest method of worshipping the Supreme Personality of Godhead who is present in everyone’s heart.”

Therefore, you performed the highest method of worship of your dear Lordships Śrī Śrī Gāndharvikā-Giridhārī, alias Śrī Śrī Rādhā-Londonīśvara. The gallons of blood that you sacrificed to save us from a hellish situation were sacrificed with love for the pleasure of your guru mahārāja, Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī Ṭhākura, and the whole disciplic succession, who live only for the satisfaction of the divine couple Śrī Śrī Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa.

We, your followers, know how much you endeavoured to save

us from the clutches of the material energy. Whilst some may write of the lofty topics of *rāgānuga-bhakti* and *mañjarī-bhāva*, your good self sacrificed your time to get up at midnight to write very elaborate and lengthy purports on the most basic aspects of Vaiṣṇava *siddhānta*, which others may have found too elementary to bother with. This was your love; that you wanted your followers to get the philosophy right.

Furthermore, you spent so much of your valuable time writing letters to your disciples and others to clarify certain aspects of Kṛṣṇa consciousness. You could have been simply meditating on Kṛṣṇa’s intimate pastimes with the *gopīs* but instead you chose to sacrifice your time to educate your followers on fundamentals of Kṛṣṇa consciousness, without which the whole philosophy can be so easily misunderstood.

You said that if you could save one person from material life it was all worth it. So I am sure you must be very happy that so many people all over the world are reaping the benefits of your great sacrifice. From China to Hungary, from Africa to America, from Russia to South America, we are all grateful to you for what you have done. You are the one, Śrīla Prabhupāda, who started this revolution. You are the bona fide representative of Gaurāṅga Mahāprabhu who has inspired so many to sacrifice their lives to please you. How could we give up your service and accept another? You gave us everything. For those who have the eyes to see you showed the spiritual world. You gave us access to the sacred writings of great personalities, such as Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī, Śrīla Bhaktinoda Ṭhākura, Śrīla Viśvanātha Cakravartī Ṭhākura, the Six Gosvāmīs, and Śrīla Kavi-karṇapūra Gosvāmī. The list goes on, but you are the one that planted the seed of the tree that bears the fruit of *kṛṣṇa-prema*. You are the one that fertilizes that tree with your association through your books, disciples, lectures, and care.

I only pray that everyone in this great ISKCON of yours never loses sight of the fact that you are the Founder-Ācārya. With that in mind, I beg all future generations to keep you strictly in the centre.

We can see how Mahāprabhu's influence is shaping the world. Two hundred years ago, the slave trade was a very terrible, prominent, feature of society in America and even in Europe. In fact, Liverpool, George Harrison's birthplace, was the main port for the European continent. Even sixty years ago, black people were often treated like animals. Now it is not only against the law to discriminate against black people, there is even a black president who seems a lot smarter than the previous white one. This would have been inconceivable a short while ago. In the State of Louisiana, USA, the Governor is Indian. He is a Catholic, but still, it would have been hard to imagine such a thing happening years ago. This gives us the realistic hope that before long, people here will be ready to worship a black God who happens to go by the name of Kṛṣṇa and who just happens to have a beautiful girlfriend, Rādhārāṇī (I guess we might want to wait a bit before we tell them about the other three billion).

I am a very slow fallen soul, as you are very well aware of, and I can honestly say I have sacrificed very little for the benefit of people in general. Still, when I go out preaching at the universities here in America, I meet so many nice young people who are very open to Kṛṣṇa consciousness. Not many of them are quite ready to move into a temple (although some are), but they are very polite and often buy your books from me. Last semester, I had five different sets of students spontaneously approach me to do a presentation on "Hare Kṛṣṇa". When I preach, I go dressed in a *dhoti*, so anyone who thinks that we should all just go out dressed as *karmīs* is out of touch.

It is unfortunate, though, that we have failed you in the area of self-sufficient farm communities. Your dear disciples, Śrīpāda Śivarāma Swami and Śrīpāda Bhakti Rāghava Swami, have established such successful communities. In one purport concerning Vāmanadeva only accepting two steps of land, you stated that one should be satisfied by living simply off the land. However, in the US we are now ashamed to admit that we do not have even one farm, whereas in the past we had so many and we were showing people how to be satisfied living in this way. Here in America we have had many challenges and it has been difficult to establish such farm communities. However, I am hopeful that by your mercy and our endeavours, such communities will be established here again.

It is interesting that recently the most widely read newspaper in the country, *USA Today*, published a main article in which they stated how many young people are buying land and growing food. Even against the protestations of their parents, who thought that a more lucrative career would be better for their "little darlings", these young people are attempting to grow food and live simply. Of course, their endeavours will be imperfect because unless they demonstrate cow protection as you desired, their success will be limited at best. You wanted a complete example to show to people, not just an armchair philosophy, so please enthuse us with the desire to please you in this way, without which our "changing" of society will be similarly incomplete.

Please forgive me, Śrīla Prabhupāda, for my offences. I hope that one day I will be a disciple you can be proud of. Wherever you are, we know that whether you are assisting Śrī Rūpa-māñjarī in making tasteful arrangements for the perfection of Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa's conjugal pastimes, or playing with Kṛṣṇa and Balarāma as a cowherd boy, or off in some other planet

distributing the holy name, you are my eternal guide and friend, and without meeting you, my life would have been a very hellish experience. I thank you from the depths of my soul.

*Your insignificant disciple,*

Ādikartā Dāsa

### Ambarīṣa Dāsa

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my most humble obeisances at your lotus feet.

Please bless me that I may find the words to glorify you properly.

Those of us who have been saved by Your Divine Grace can never properly repay or give enough appreciation for the mercy so freely distributed to the fallen and ignorant people of the Western world. Even in a million lifetimes, I cannot come near reciprocating the difference you have made in my life.

Your amazing personality has been fashioned by Kṛṣṇa in such a way that you could personally interact with all types of people with the ease of a fully realized personality and intimate associate of the Supreme Person, the greatest friend. When I initially met you after reading several of your books, you immediately became my *guru* in the first minute. It was if we had known each other for many years, and you had decided it was time to straighten out my life.

The satisfaction I felt by trying to serve you eclipsed any selfish attempt I had made in the past to satisfy my own senses in this material world. After seeing you for just an instant, everything fell into place and made sense. You immediately dissipated the fog from years of searching for truth from fallible sources and false teachers.

Your personal association was the greatest pleasure of my life. No one who ever had the experience of meeting you remained the same afterwards. I have had the profound joy of being in a position to acquire property that has given you comfort by serving your preaching mission. Helping to provide a peaceful place for translating or a mansion for the deities and preaching to important people has been the ultimate satisfaction for

many of us who have endeavored to serve you in both Hawaii and in Detroit.

Now we are endeavoring to carry out a mission for which you planted the seed in my consciousness over thirty years ago. The Temple of the Vedic Planetarium is your master stroke to divert the attention of the materialistic world to Śrīdhāma Māyāpur and the lotus feet of Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu. Over the years this plan has been nurtured by many of your disciples. Finally, we are at the point of departure and can only pray that we have your blessings in this endeavor. Almost at every stage there are significant problems. At those times, I try to remember all the trials and tribulations you went through to bring us Kṛṣṇa consciousness.

Just see your potency that one word or sentence can change many lives. After spending just twenty minutes at the Fiji airport, those who were empowered by you have gone on to open several temples on the island. You translated over eighty books with purports that speak directly to the captives of Māyā in this Age of Kali. You traveled around the globe tirelessly, personally opening over a hundred temples, and you created a worldwide organization which has thrived even in the chaos after your departure. You have arrested the degrading descent of countless souls, placing them on the path back to Kṛṣṇa and saving them from the greatest fear.

In humility you will never take credit for any of this, but you give all glories to your own spiritual master. For us, however, you will always be the shining beacon and complete shelter. Without the hard-fought effort of your sojourn to the Western countries, how would we have ever known any of the great transcendental personalities or the mercy of Caitanya Mahāprabhu? It is by your grace alone that any of us carry on building temples, writing books, making disciples, and chanting

the holy name. Without your personal touch and guidance, surely we all would have floundered.

As we move forward day by day with this ambitious project in Śrīdhāma Māyāpur, it is by your grace alone that we are meeting any success. By simply following the direction you left for us years ago, we begin to succeed and realize that all we need is your instruction and love to see results. To the degree that we believe we can do something different, we will diverge and fail. If we stick closely to your lotus feet we can never be disappointed or lost.

What you have proposed at Māyāpur is nothing less than a complete revolution in the modern view of the universe, human life, and the perception of God. It will turn present science on its head, and crack the armor of ignorance created by atheists and impersonalists. The innocent and inquisitive will begin to see that there is another reality which is much more sublime and amazing than anything created by man. They will begin to see that the Kingdom of God is a reality and that it is obtainable for the price of just chanting Hare Kṛṣṇa.

Although you are always present for us in your books, instructions, *mūrti*, and our memories, we miss your smile and laughter. We miss the personal exchanges with you and the camaraderie of soldiers in the field with their commander. Because you were fearless, we were fearless. Because you had firm faith, we had firm faith. Because you were determined in your preaching efforts, we followed along in your wake, hoping to be of some assistance. We carry on in your absence, but it is hardly the same.

Now we must serve in separation, even as we hanker for those days of personal association. As I approach my waning years in this lifetime, my only hope is to be reunited with you

somewhere. My greatest aspiration is to serve you birth after birth. Please continue to be merciful to all of us who endeavor to follow and assist you. Our feet are slipping again and again. We can never repay you, but the very least we can do is remain simple, sincere, loyal, and surrendered.

*Your fallen servant,*

Ambarīṣa Dāsa

**Dhruva Mahārāja Dāsa**

**Please Remember All That I Have Done For You**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances. All glories to your divine lotus feet!

It would be foolish, head-in-the-sand ignorant, to think that my turn in the line of your disciples departing from this world is not approaching fast. Therefore, I search for verses appropriate to this situation, so I can “see through the eyes of scripture” how to deal with it.

Let this temporary body be burnt to ashes, and let the air of life be merged with the totality of air. Now, O my Lord, please remember all my sacrifices, and because You are the ultimate beneficiary, please remember all that I have done for You. (*Śrī Īsopaniṣad*, Text 17)

In the purport to this verse, you wrote, “In this mantra the living entity prays to enter the spiritual kingdom of God after relinquishing his material body and material air. The devotee prays to the Lord to remember his activities and the sacrifices he has performed before his material body is turned into ashes.”

You also told us that Kṛṣṇa wants us back in the spiritual sky more than we can desire, and if we take one step toward Him, He’ll take ten steps toward us. For my entire adult life, I’ve been running as hard as I know how in the direction you pointed out, and if Lord Kṛṣṇa is running ten steps toward me for every one step I’ve taken, we must be getting close to each other by now.

I have travelled many steps in your service, Śrīla Prabhupāda; from parking lots to airports; State Fairs to jails; from the USA to India, around the world and back; from holy *dhāmas* to truck-stops and bars on book distribution.

No man's life can be encompassed in one telling. There is no way to give each year its allotted weight, to include each event, each person who helped shape a lifetime, so there is little sense in compiling a list for each second, minute, hour, day, week, month, year, or decade since the day I began reading your books and following the way of life you taught. However, as my body dwindles and my influence in the world does the same, society is gradually forgetting all that I've done and will ultimately lose all memory that I even existed. All my work will fade into oblivion with hardly a trace.

Such is the fate all mankind, as you so clearly describe in your purport to *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* 2.2.6:

The great kings, leaders and soldiers fight with one another in order to perpetuate their names in history. They are forgotten in due course of time, and they make a place for another era in history. But the devotee realizes how much history and historical persons are useless products of flickering time. The fruitive worker aspires after a big fortune in the matter of wealth, women, and worldly adoration, but those who are fixed in perfect reality are not at all interested in such false things.

Thus, I pray that on the spiritual plane my sacrifices are accounted for. My body is dwindling and I'm growing more and more tired physically. Nevertheless, I hope you'll bless me as my running after you, shouting "Kṛṣṇa! Kṛṣṇa!" gradually slows to a mere shuffle and the light of life flickers until it finally fades from this body and the memory of mankind.

*Your servant,*

Dhruva Mahārāja Dāsa

**Jivānuṣadhi Devī Dāsī**

*nama om viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine*

*namas te sārasvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

"I offer my respectful obeisances unto His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupāda, who is very dear to Lord Kṛṣṇa, having taken shelter at His lotus feet. Our respectful obeisances are unto you, O spiritual master, servant of Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī Gosvāmī. You are kindly preaching the message of Lord Caitanyadeva and delivering the Western countries, which are filled with impersonalism and voidism."

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

As I sit to write an offering to you, I feel very unqualified, yet the desire to glorify you is there in my heart. Nothing seems proper or good enough when looking for appropriate words of praise and appreciation. It may be like offering a candle to the sun, but my hope is that these words will be received like "the broken linguistic attempts of the growing child."

When I saw you sitting in that simple airport chair in San Francisco, California, in 1975, I was totally amazed at how you were sitting in that simple, ordinary seat because it just didn't seem good enough for you. Your greatness emanated from every pore of your body. Your every move was so refined and definite, without any trace of self-aggrandizement. I noticed how the rest of us seemed coarse and uncultured in comparison. You moved among us normal unsophisticated people in such a loving and gracious manner. It was clear to me that you were an emissary from the spiritual world and had come to spread the *saṅkīrtana* movement of Śrī Caitanya

Mahāprabhu. At that time, I remember experiencing a strong feeling that all I wanted to do was to serve you.

Ṗṛṣṇigarbha Devī Dāsī said that we must have been reaping some results from our book distribution efforts because there were only a handful of devotees present there and the two of us just made it in time to catch a glimpse of you before you boarded the plane. She said that you were smiling at us as we rose from offering obeisances. I didn't see you smile at that time and therefore hanker for that smile still today. Your beautiful enchanting "oceanic" smile is the reward we hope for as an assurance that we have pleased you in some way.

I know we remain forever indebted and can never repay you for all that you are giving us, but if we can at least please you in some small way, then we will feel our life is successful.

In one purport in the *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* (1.1.8, purp.), you quoted a famous verse with this translation:

*yasya prasādād bhagavat-prasādo  
yasyāprasādān na gatiḥ kuto 'pi  
dhyāyan stuvamś tasya yaśas tri-sandhyam  
vande guroḥ śrī-caraṇāravindam*

The secret of success in spiritual life is in satisfying the spiritual master and thereby getting his sincere blessings. Śrīla Viśvanātha Cakravartī Ṭhākura has sung in his famous eight stanzas on the spiritual master as follows: "I offer my respectful obeisances unto the lotus feet of my spiritual master. Only by his satisfaction can one please the Personality of Godhead, and when he is dissatisfied there is only havoc on the path of spiritual realization."

I pray that I will not create any havoc and always remain faithful, showing my love and appreciation by cooperating with all your faithful followers.

I also pray that some day my service will please you and that I will be able to see your beautiful smile.

*Your forever indebted servant,*

Jivānuṣadhi Devī Dāsī



**Karṇapūra Dāsa**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my *danḍavats* at your lotus feet.

Uncontaminated devotional service is the objective of pure Vaiṣṇavas. Such service must be performed in the association of other devotees. Our attraction to rendering loving devotional service to the Lord increases by associating with devotees of Lord Kṛṣṇa. It is by that association that we get a taste for transcendental love and are thus able to revive our eternal relationship with Lord Kṛṣṇa.

It all starts with submissively listening to pure devotees. The type of service rendered needs to be in line with the spiritual master's desires. The spiritual master knows perfectly well how to engage his disciple's special tendency in the service of the Lord. A problem will arise if we do not think the spiritual master has properly considered our special tendencies but rather simply engaged us according to his particular needs. Usually, before one can be engaged according to his special tendency, one needs to purify his heart for some time by rendering menial service. The more one dislikes or resists this type of service, the harder it will be for him to appreciate the association of devotees. It is an initial test given to see if one is really anxious to give up one's material designations and surrender to the process. That is why it is so important for devotees to help and encourage one another to stick with the process. The more one helps others, the more one will be helped. The more others help you, the more obliged you feel to serve them. The trick is always trying to help others without expecting others to help you.

Kṛṣṇa will most certainly help you, but not always in the way you may expect. His help could even come in the form of a

calamity or adversity. Therefore, one should always pray for Kṛṣṇa's mercy and accept whatever happens as His mercy. The more strictly you can follow the purificatory process, the easier it will be to appreciate even the reversals.

Thank you, Śrīla Prabhupāda, for so selflessly endeavoring to relieve the suffering of the fallen conditioned souls.

*I beg to become your humble servant,*

Karṇapūra Dāsa

**Kṣīracorā Dāsī**

My dearest Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances, and my eternal thanks and gratitude for your kindness in accepting me as your disciple.

By your grace, my life has been blessed and continues to be blessed in ways I could never have imagined. I continue to be overwhelmed by how far your presence has expanded. There are so many truly wonderful and awe-inspiring programs and so many wonderful Vaiṣṇava devotees in every town and village — only because of you.

You spoke the truth: Kṛṣṇa is God, and everything has unfolded, and continues to unfold, beyond imagination.

In your *mūrti* form, you have arrived in my new home in a new town and in my new business, too. I am excited and honoured to have you and our beloved Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa here with me. When I ordered your *mūrti* last month, along with a *mūrti* of Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa, paraphernalia, and pictures, I could only smile when I went to the checkout page and saw, to my surprise, that the total amounted to exactly \$108.—! I could only conclude that you want to be here with me, and I thank you with all my heart.

I pray that I may continue to grow to become the Vaiṣṇavī I am meant to be. I also hope that somehow, I may be able to assist you in spreading Kṛṣṇa consciousness in this world.

With love and gratitude on this auspicious day of your appearance,

*Your eternal servant,*

Kṣīracorā Dāsī

**Mahā-puṇya Dāsī**

**Homage of thankfulness to His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupāda, for his Vyāsa-pūjā.**

All glories to you, divine swan amongst swans, who arrived among ourselves to save us from ignorance!

With humility, I present this offering to my spiritual master, Śrīla Prabhupāda, with thanks to him I have been able to dedicate myself to his wonderful service and adore his sweet lotus lips for the past thirty-eight years, having had the great fortune and blessing to have taken initiation from him. I received my *japa-mālā* directly from his lotus hands. It now remains under my care and is the one for my chanting. When I touch it, I can feel the energy that he deposited when it was in his power.

Millions of thanks to you, divine master, for coming to fill us with your blessed presence. May Lord Śrī Kṛṣṇa keep you always next to Him. Surely, that is where you are now enjoying His transcendental pastimes in the company of Śrīmatī Rādhārāṇī.

Surely, you always remain in my mind with your precious presence giving me inspiration.

Really, never before I knew what was true love until I knew you.

In the first moment that I knew you were in this world, you lighted up my life.

Lastly, the life that I have now seems to me nothing compared to all that you have given to me.

All occasions in the past when I felt alone fade when your memory sweetens my life.

Paternity is another attribute of your holy self, because you are the father that takes care, guides and bestows a name to his children.

Rarely exists someone that is perfect, but you are the great exception.

And you nourish my body, my mind, and all my senses with your wisdom and sanctity.

Because you dance, preach, and show to us how wonderful spiritual life is.

Have you not changed our impious lives? Have you not converted us through the Divine?

Under all circumstances, you use a pure and pristine vocabulary with your body as well as with your lotus mouth,

Principally because you are like a great swan that never soils himself with anything; no one can contaminate you.

An *ātman* so great like you rarely exists; you came to bless us eternally.

Donate I will my whole self to your lotus feet, so you can protect it repeatedly; this is my most humble request.

Among the fortunate, I feel myself like a sheep of your great flock.

With humility I bow down millions of times at your lotus feet.

*The most fallen of your aspirants,  
praying to be a servant of the servant*

Mahā-puṇya Dāsī

**Mahādevī Dāsī**

Śrīla Prabhupāda, there you were,  
praying to Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmī in Śrī Vṛndāvana-dhāma,  
“You please guide me  
how to establish this Kṛṣṇa consciousness mission in the West...  
*nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādi.*”

Then you came, sat under a tree,  
and chanted Hare Kṛṣṇa in New York.  
So far away from your beloved Vṛndāvana,  
no money, no friends, no family,  
but deep faith in the holy names of Kṛṣṇa  
and the order of your Guru.

Consequently, ISKCON was born  
from your pure, selfless heart,  
from Lord Caitanya-Nitāi’s  
*nāma-saṅkīrtana.*

Through you Hare Kṛṣṇa exploded  
around the world,  
in every town and village —  
all because of you.

No one had ever done before,  
no one will ever be able to do  
what you have done,  
as you have already done.

In those twelve years  
with your sacred *vapuḥ*,  
we all sang and danced and worked together  
around your sacred *vāṇī*.

Sooner than later,  
you were leaving us

from your home at the Kṛṣṇa Balarāma Mandir  
to return to your eternal home  
to be with Kṛṣṇa and Balarāma again  
in Goloka Vṛndāvana where you came from.

Prabhupāda, you fervently prayed,  
as you were leaving us,  
“Your love for me will be shown  
by how much you cooperate  
to keep this institution together  
after I am gone.”

I beg to stay focused  
on this humble request,  
trying to help maintain  
what you have so kindly established,  
what you have so kindly given to all of us.

You want us to respect and honor  
each other along the way,  
see every day as a new day  
to serve you, serve your ISKCON,  
serve the devotees,  
please you in some way.

There is so much to do  
to share your wisdom, humor and kindness,  
to share your *vapuḥ* and *vāṇī* with others.  
THERE is so much to do  
to nurture and maintain  
your numerous personal accomplishments.

And you want us  
to nurture and sustain  
loving relationships with each other.

To practice the Sunday Love Feast mood  
with each other,  
so loving relationships will be natural  
when we go back home too.

O Prabhupāda,  
I’m trying to walk the talk,  
begging for deep gratitude  
with each mantra, with each step.

With each opportunity  
before the last breath,  
I pray to please you  
as your dizzy daughter.

See your determined disciple  
as your dog-like *dāsī*;  
less talk,  
and more of the nine *sevās*.

You are still a living *guru*, Prabhupāda,  
as you sit on the *vyāsāsana*,  
accepting *guru-pūjā* and heartfelt prayers.  
Guests ask me, “Is he real?”  
I say, “Yes, of course...”

You are still a living *guru*  
as you take *prasāda*  
on the millions of altars around the world.  
You are still a living *guru* through your words,  
in your books, in your letters, in your conversations —  
through your life that is still gloriously alive.

In our service, in our hearts,  
in our aspiring aspirations,  
you are so totally alive as you clearly communicate  
with anyone who talks to you, who prays to you,

who serves you, who hears from you,  
who believes in you.

You have told me in dreams,  
in nightmares, in my karmic handicaps,  
when I thought I was losing it,  
“I am always with you.”

Whenever I get lost  
you find me:  
“I am always with you.”

As I talk with you everyday,  
exciting, sad, enlivening, mad,  
funny, and serious, I feel you Prabhupāda...  
stern, smiling, solace, shelter:  
“I am always with you.”

Daily I put my fallen head on your lotus feet,  
on the back of your sacred *samādhi* in Vṛndāvana  
and say out loud our daily Prayer:  
“The lotus feet of my spiritual master are the ONLY way  
by which I can attain pure devotional service.

I bow down  
by your Grace.  
My only wish... I wish...  
attachment to your lotus feet  
is the perfection that fulfills ALL DESIRES.

O Prabhupāda, you are most certainly  
living amongst us:  
hearing everything,  
seeing everything,  
tasting everything,  
smelling the fragrant *mālās* and  
maybe not wanting so many around your neck  
on a hot day!

And certainly you feel the hearts  
of the millions of devotees  
in your international families.

Tears in my eyes  
to hear you say,  
“Thank you boys and girls.  
Chant Hare Kṛṣṇa and be happy.”

Your

Mahādevī Dāsī

Mahāsana Dāsa

Your Words

The Absolute Truth  
 Has opened my eyes;  
 Each day, I thank Kṛṣṇa for your words.  
 Renouncing the world  
 And not looking back,  
 Vaiṣṇavas take shelter of your words.  
 Above the three modes,  
 Not faltering once;  
 All glories to you and your words.  
 With no common sense,  
 I vibrate my tongue;  
 Let my words be echoes of your words.  
 Lord Caitanya spread  
 Kṛṣṇa consciousness;  
 I think He is present in your words.  
 Languishing in the material world,  
 Let me carefully listen to your words.

Mahāsana Dāsa

Medhāvī Dāsa

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my most humble obeisances at your lotus feet.

All Glories to Your Divine Grace.

Recently, I received a phone call from the USA in reference to a rumour that I had taken re-initiation. Initial reactions ranging from humorous amazement to disbelief and shock crowded my head. Why would someone suggest this? Or better: who would do so? I had gone to see a presentation in Cape Town by one of your senior disciple artists to try to understand what her connection was to this other Mahārāja. When she spoke, her only references were about your advice and instructions on how to present the Lord's transcendental pastimes through the medium of art. It didn't appear to me that she had replaced you with someone else. I do realize that some persons feel hard done by situations and decisions made by ISKCON authorities — i.e., your GBC, which is ultimately yourself, or even Lord Kṛṣṇa, or His material energy — and that they may want to try their luck elsewhere. It's not unnatural to feel some resentment when one has misunderstood one's position, when one has zipped when one should have zagged. And it is repeatedly unnerving to realize that one is not as advanced as one had thought oneself to be. We are, unfortunately, only human.

As for me, I feel "*sa-nātha-jīvitam*", completely satisfied by having such a perfect master. No one can replace you. Even though I am not a good disciple and definitely not a high-grade one, I do not blame you for my lack of material or spiritual success — all that is my fault.

I do become disappointed and generally angry, though, when anyone who has had the good fortune to come into contact

with you, your movement, your books, your temples, or your disciples to become persuaded, beguiled, or befooled that anyone can be, or ever will be, equal to you in your love for Lord Caitanya and Nityānanda; your determination to serve your spiritual master, Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī Ṭhākura; your deep understanding of the mood and mission of the great *ācāryas*; your ecstatic translations of the holy scriptures; and your limitless compassion for the fallen souls of the West. Before you came there was nothing here but a big zero.

But can I honestly say that the order of my spiritual master is my life and soul? Was it ever? There are austerities that were performed, hopefully, to serve you, such as collecting at rock concerts in the USA for "In God we trust"; running the kitchen "godun" and guarding the cows in Māyāpur from a little hut; sloshing through the mud and cobras to attend *maṅgala-ārātrika*; freezing in transit vans in the UK, distributing books, records, candles, etc.; running around in torrential rains, soaked to the bone, on the streets of tiny Irish towns to sell records and books; a couple of week-long stays in Crumlin Road Prison, Belfast; and staying out eighteen to twenty hours a day selling paintings to build a temple for their Lordships in South Africa. Some said that what we did was "inhuman", but the difficulty wasn't the cold, the wet, or the fatigue — we just wanted and hoped to please you, but only you can say for sure.

For now, it is basically maintaining my family, trying to keep some association with the devotees, and remaining appreciative of all you have done for me. I hope that I am not an embarrassment and that I may do some pleasing service for you in the future.

Your lowly servant,

Medhāvī Dāsa

**Nandagopa Dāsa**

Most dear Gurudeva Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Hare Kṛṣṇa!

Due to your merciful journey to the West, I and thousands of other lost souls had the great opportunity to begin our devotional service to the Supreme Lord Śrī Kṛṣṇa. You accomplished so much in so little time that everyone is amazed by your great example and dedication to save the fallen souls.

Dear Gurudeva, due to my deep conditioning (as you very well know; I have a deep realization of this when you looked at me for a split second in the LA temple in 1975), I am a turtle in spiritual life, and as I enter my final chapter of old age, I still feel so impure and fallen and still so attached to family life, etc. However, everyday your Bhaktivedanta purports are a source of enthusiasm and encouragement for me, dear Śrīla Prabhupāda. These, along with the *mahā-mantra* you gave us, keep me alive and sharpen my intelligence. Furthermore, merciful *kṛṣṇa-prasāda* and associating with simple honest Vaiṣṇavas is so enlivening. And above all, the lotus feet of Nitāi-Gaura, Rādhā-Śyāma, Kṛṣṇa-Balarāma. . . All these are your great gifts to the world, Śrīla Prabhupāda.

I want to take this opportunity to beg Your Divine Grace to please somehow always keep me under the shelter of your lotus feet and under the shelter of sincere and pure-hearted godbrothers and godsisters. Please bless ISKCON to become more and more pure, more transparent, and that love and trust may develop among its members, because the whole world is looking for an example. Please give us the strength and purity to all become small Prabhupādas, because it is not possible to reach your great level of devotion, compassion, purity, wisdom, etc.

Our ISKCON is so much in need of your merciful guidance and inspiration, dear Gurudeva, especially the leaders who are trying to maintain this great transcendental project after your departure. Please bless them all with deep and selfless vision, spiritual strength, and purity to do what you want them to do in every circumstance and to be able to keep your lotus feet and divine inspiration in their hearts. Please bless us all, Śrīla Prabhupāda, to qualify ourselves, so we can be united to work together in love and trust in your great ISKCON.

*Your insignificant servant of your servants,*

Nandagopa Dāsa

**Paradhyeya Dāsa**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances. All glories to your lotus feet by taking shelter of which one becomes separated from his attraction to this material world and instead gains an irresistible longing to know and serve Lord Kṛṣṇa.

Your divine appearance in this world was an event that will ultimately be recognized to have changed the course of human history. By deliberately and purposefully following the order of your spiritual master, Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī Ṭhākura, you brought the storehouse of *kṛṣṇa-prema* out of India and into the godless and hedonistic Western world.

Although your divine society of devotees, ISKCON, started in a humble way, it has now spread and rooted itself firmly in almost every country and language of the world. Even today, ISKCON is young, still in its infancy, but it has made a significant impression in the minds of millions. The all-attractive nature of Kṛṣṇa is winning the hearts and minds of millions more as your army of dedicated followers pushes on your movement without regard to success or failure, knowing that every endeavour to spread Kṛṣṇa consciousness never goes in vain.

You have given your blessing and empowerment to push on this preaching mission equally to all your disciples. It is simply a matter of following your instructions without any deviation that will lead to success. By doing so, each one of your disciples will achieve results that are beyond their imagination.

Being a member of a military family, some of whom spent their military careers in India, serving the demonic purposes of the British Raj, I feel a special pride and pleasure to be a disciple of Your Divine Grace, knowing that I have been accepted by

you as a soldier under your command in Kṛṣṇa's transcendental army to help fight against and defeat the asuric goals and purposes of modern mundane society. And the beauty of this fight is that there are no casualties on the battlefield.

Any person who is exposed to the weapons in Lord Caitanya's arsenal has his demonic qualities vanquished and immediately takes on a blissful life, while experiencing ecstatic feelings of attraction to Lord Kṛṣṇa. To be shot by the arrows of the transcendental Cupid, Kṛṣṇa, is to receive eternal life full of bliss and knowledge.

The whole world loves mystery and the greatest mystery of all is the secret of eternal spiritual life and the elusive path back to Godhead. Śrīla Prabhupāda, you have fully exposed this great mystery of spiritual life and the identity and whereabouts of the all-attractive form of Kṛṣṇa to all the people of the world. You have opened the door to the spiritual world widely and you are taking us there through your instructions on how to enter into the eternal pastimes of Lord Kṛṣṇa, the Eternal Friend of all souls.

May we spend life after life in this service of assisting in your movement until the last conditioned soul is liberated from the clutches of illusion.

*Śrīla Prabhupāda ki jaya!*

*Your eternal servant,*

Paradhyeya Dāsa

Ravi Dāsa

My memories fade; it seems only the feeling remains.  
 Your love for Kṛṣṇa,  
 Your love for all your disciples,  
 Your love for every living entity, all part and parcel of Kṛṣṇa.  
 Your enthusiasm to deliver Kṛṣṇa consciousness to every part of the planet.  
 Your dedication to publishing the *śāstra*,  
 Your ability to engage everyone in devotional service.  
 You are my master, and I am so proud to be your disciple.  
 You are the spiritual master who *Bhagavad-gītā* talks, advises us to surrender to.  
 The *uttama-adhikārī*, the topmost swan-like devotee.  
 Great Vaiṣṇava poets have composed songs in praise of such a great soul.  
 You touched me and transformed my life from a lost and lonely ugly duckling.  
 Your words, your example are everything to me.  
 My only real desire is to have more of your association.  
 When will that day be mine?

Ravi Dāsa

Sāmapriyā Devī Dāsī

*nama om viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
 śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine  
 namas te sārasvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
 nirviṣeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

An advanced devotee inspires others to serve Kṛṣṇa by his words and his person. He sees what one is doing for Kṛṣṇa, no matter how insignificant it appears, and overlooks what one is not doing for Kṛṣṇa. Such a devotee is Śrīla Prabhupāda.

The residents of this world, who speak many languages and are reared of many cultures, chant Hare Kṛṣṇa and dance in the streets of every town and village because of the devotional service of Śrīla Prabhupāda.

Kṛṣṇa consciousness is the natural constitutional position of the soul, and *bhakti-yoga*, or devotional service, is the awakening process. It is the right, duty, and inclination of every living entity and not reserved for a small number of the honored few. This process of *bhakti* does not rise from the modes of material nature and even if performed by one who is influenced by them, the act of *bhakti* remains pure. We need not judge or condemn one another because of our impure execution of this process.

In Śrīla Prabhupāda's presence there is always hope — hope to achieve the goal of human life and supreme happiness.

Śrīla Prabhupāda's vision is pure and untinged. He sees the soul by piercing through the layers of illusion, which do not at all exist in his transcendental vision.

Under Śrīla Prabhupāda's watch, material competition, which drains spiritual enthusiasm but fuels fruitive activities, is stunted

like a contagious disease destroyed by a powerful antidote. His inspiration is revolutionary and evolutionary.

Śrīla Prabhupāda's books nourish the *bhakti-latā* as his words dry up the weeds of *ahaṅkāra*, which destroy all the blooms in the heart if left unchecked.

My dear Śrīla Prabhupāda, you know Kṛṣṇa. He is your most intimate friend and I am your dependent ward. Only if you bestow your mercy upon me by bringing me to Kṛṣṇa and introducing me as your loyal servant, can I meet Him. There is no other way to achieve such a lofty goal. I stand behind you, gathering the dust from your lotus feet and living in your wake.

You have given the world transcendental knowledge and cleared the clouds of illusion from the saddened eyes of your followers. You have allowed their bright faces to shine, reflecting the sun of *Kṛṣṇa-prema*.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, your books are the embodiment of hope and they reveal the Absolute Truth on every page. These divine books are the constant companion of those who seek freedom from illusion. Their shelter awakens one to reality and gives the blessings of your intimate association.

O beloved spiritual master, whatever I say falls infinitely short of glorifying you. I am a beggar with nothing and long only for your glance. This alone will bring life to the barren desert of my heart.

*Your fallen but faithful servant,*

Sāmapriyā Devī Dāsī

Sarvopama Dāsa

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

You gave me *hari-nāma* initiation in Chicago in 1975 along with eighty or so other Rādhā-Dāmodara saṅkīrtaneeros. I've been in India for three years now. I'm amazed by the beauty of India. While I understand we're not Russian or American, black or white, men or women, I still have a prayer that might seem nationalistic to some. If I follow all your instructions, Śrīla Prabhupāda, I have no doubt I'll go back home, back to Godhead. The problem, however, is that I'm not too bright and I'm sure I'll make some mistake and have to take at least another birth here on this planet. If, indeed, that is the case, then my heartfelt prayer is that Kṛṣṇa will kindly allow me to take birth here in Bhārata-varṣa, *punya-bhūmi*, this most blessed and pious land, Mother India.

If you take a look at a map, India is heart-shaped. That's because India is the heart. India is the heart of the world. All the real love is here in your India, Śrīla Prabhupāda. Where else can we find Kṛṣṇa "*prema*"? If I'm in America, Europe, Russia, Australia, or anywhere else in the world and I ask people whether or not they believe in God, most will say yes, but then if we start to ask who God is, what God looks like, who God's friends are, and what God eats, they will think we are crazy. So you have given us transcendental knowledge that goes beyond the negligible positivism of mere belief and a chance to have the most valuable thing of all — you've given us love of God. By your mercy, Śrīla Prabhupāda, we don't just believe in God, we can actually know and love God. How very fortunate we are.

In the same way, a large bill like a thousand rupee note is the highest denomination, I now see, without a doubt that, Kṛṣṇa

consciousness contains all the best and highest ideals of all other philosophies. Even great authors, physicists, historians, and highly honored and respected intellectuals and philosophers through the ages have always been amazed by the wisdom of the Vedas.

Other "*sādhus*" left India for America before you did, Śrīla Prabhupāda, but they just gave some smattering of information in hopes that it might spark a little interest and garner them some favor. Everyone told you that what you wanted to do was impossible. They told you low class degraded westerners could never really hope to understand Kṛṣṇa consciousness and even you may have had your doubts.

We're given to understand that during the years you prayed for the mercy of Kṛṣṇa to help you carry out the order of our *parama-guru*, your own Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī Ṭhākura, there were times when even you felt you had been given an impossible task. And yet you showed such heroism and determination. You showed such bravery and unparalleled commitment. You went to the land of the *mlecchas* and *yavanas*. You went where messy sinful meat-eaters and whoremongers like me were the rule and not the exception and you started preaching.

The other day here in Vallabh Vidyanagar, Gujarat, I saw a truck across the street from the temple and a group of college-age representatives for Mountain Dew soft drinks were setting up a display to promote their products to other young people in this college town. Suddenly your absolute brilliance hit me, Śrīla Prabhupāda. These gigantic corporations sink anywhere from 50% to 60% of their profits back into advertising. They use every possible different media avenue, and TV and print media is a major portion of their budget. Their experience shows, however, that of all the different ways they have for

contacting members of the public, personal interaction is the most effective and gives them the biggest bang for their buck. People are a little sceptical of messages pumped at them on the boob tube and tend to ignore most of the advertising in magazines and newspapers. When they actually see someone live and in person talking about a product they are more likely to give some credence to any claims. Under your guidance, Śrīla Prabhupāda, we acted according to this understanding. Now because the Jehovah's Witnesses and Mormons are using this technique, they are having great success, while, in comparison, we seem to languish.

Against the advice of friends and family, Śrīla Prabhupāda, you left the safety and security of India, and risking great peril you traveled half way around the world to the USA. Then, for nearly half a dozen years, you humbly presented Kṛṣṇa consciousness to whomever would listen. When we chant the *prema-dhvani* prayers we call you the savior of the whole world. We say, "Founder-Ācārya of ISKCON, His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Prabhupāda, savior of the whole world; *jagat-guru*, Śrīla Prabhupāda, *ki jaya*." You saved the whole world, Śrīla Prabhupāda. It took you about six or seven years to bring in the first thousand members of your International Society for Kṛṣṇa consciousness and then you asked us to take over so you could get back to your translating work.

You also made an amazing statement, saying that except for this "handful" of your disciples who were now chanting the *mahā-mantra*, the whole planet would have been reduced to a charred cinder and all life would have been extinguished. Who can really understand the power of the holy name? You had no doubt and by your example we gained great courage, while you saved all our lives. If everyone on planet earth could really understand this it would also be clearly appreciated that there

is no honor or award you don't deserve. By default Nobel, Pulitzer, any prize available, and any doctorate, diploma, or lofty credential is yours.

You asked us to simply go out and chant the *mahā-mantra* in public. When we regularly did that we had spectacular success. People saw a definite demonstration of faith and without exception they could see that chanting really did make us all happy. Your strong faith saved us all. Śrīla Prabhupāda, my wife and I go out chanting every day and we see unending miracles developing in our life as a result. People invite us into their houses for lunches and dinners and printers invite us into their businesses and print us up calling cards. Tailors repair our clothing with their needles and sewing machines; they say they want to do some *seva* because they've seen us going by their stores on *nagar-saṅkīrtana* and *harināma*.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, you said we should all be like lions on the chase and lambs at home. When we all went out chanting together it really was like that. Without *harināma*, the devotees are at each other's throats in the temples and meek and unobtrusive when they go out in the world. Why have we turned it around like that?

Can we simply do again what you asked us to do?

Your very fallen and humble servant,

Sarvopama Dāsa



Satyaṛāja Dāsa

“I Know Only You”

My dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my heartfelt obeisances at your lotus feet.

All glories, appropriately, go to you.

This is because you are clearly the Lord’s representative in this world. You brought Kṛṣṇa to us in no uncertain terms — even though we were unworthy. Somehow, you set aside our disqualification and granted us *darśana* of the Lord in His personal form.

Although I must say, after all these years, I still do not know Kṛṣṇa. I know only you.

You have introduced us to multifarious forms of the Lord — not just Kṛṣṇa Himself but also His many manifestations, incarnations, and expansions.

On this auspicious day, I meditate on three in particular: Śrī Balarāma, Śrī Nityānanda Prabhu, and Śrīmatī Rādhikā. Indeed, for me, you are the embodiment of these personalities. And this is perfectly natural, for, as you so ably taught us, these are the transcendent manifestations of *guru-tattva*.

As you have said, Śrīla Prabhupāda, “Balarāma means *guru-tattva*. Balarāma represents *guru*. *Yasya prasādād bhagavat-prasādo*. If we want to understand Caitanya Mahāprabhu, if we want to understand Kṛṣṇa, then we must take shelter of Balarāma. *Nāyam ātmā bala-hīnena labhyaḥ*. This *bala-hīnena labhyaḥ*, this Vedic injunction, means ‘Without the mercy of Balarāma you cannot understand, you cannot realize your spiritual identification.’” (Lord Nityānanda Prabhu’s *Āvirbhava*

Appearance Day Lecture, Bhuvanesvara, February 2, 1977)

Balarāma is the Lord’s elder brother, and in this way He adopts *guru-bhāva* in Their manifest *lilā*. In ancient Indian society, the elder brother is considered a type of *guru* by his younger siblings. This mood of Balarāma’s guruship is clearly expressed throughout the *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*. One passage, in particular, comes to mind, namely, Tenth Canto, Chapter Fifteen. There, in Dhenukāsurā-lilā, we read that Balarāma lies down, putting his head in the lap of another cowherd. At that time, Kṛṣṇa massages His feet and otherwise serves Him with great love.

Yet, while acting as the perfect *guru*, it is always understood that He is the perfect servant as well. Indeed, this is what it means to be a perfect *guru*. We refer to Him as “Servitor Godhead.” In this capacity, He expands Himself into Kṛṣṇa’s various paraphernalia, including the Lord’s clothes, Brahmin thread, shoes, bedstead, and all the *dhāmas* or holy places — giving full facility to Kṛṣṇa’s *lilā*. No one can serve Him better.

That being said, I do not know Balarāma. I know only you.

You, too, Śrīla Prabhupāda, are like a divine being to your devotees. You function as our master and allow us to serve you for our own advancement in spiritual life. And yet, like Balarāma, you are very much the superlative servant yourself, giving spiritual facility to all and sundry.

You have also taught us about Nityānanda-Rāma: “Balarāma comes as Nityānanda Prabhu. *Balarāma hailā nitāi*. Therefore we must take shelter of Balarāma.” (Ibid.)

As you have taught us, Nityānanda Prabhu always wanted to assist Mahāprabhu as His servant. But because the former had been initiated by Śrī Śrī Lakṣmīpati Tīrtha, who was Mahāprabhu’s senior, and because Nityānanda Prabhu was

older than Him in years, Mahāprabhu honored Him as a *guru*. Thus, in the *mahābhāva-prakāśa-lilā*, Śrī Caitanya worshipped Nityānanda-Rāma with full regalia, displaying for one and all how much He appreciated Him as representative of *guru-tattva*.

Nityānanda Prabhu showed us *guru-tattva* in yet another way. He extended His mercy to everyone, even to criminals like Jagāi and Mādhāi. He saved them from their sinful lives, protecting them from becoming further ensconced in their debauchery and leading them to lives of devotion.

As Nityānanda Prabhu showed compassion to the wayward souls of that era, you showed such love to us. This is the essence of *guru-tattva*, embodied by Your Divine Grace in the same way that it was embodied by the Lord Himself.

The *guru* is therefore regarded as an expansion of Nityānanda Prabhu, a *nitya-parikara*, or an eternal associate of Śrī Śrī Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa, in his own right.

That being said, I do not know Nityānanda Prabhu. I know only you.

We are often told that the ultimate in *guru-tattva* is Nityānanda Prabhu. As a manifestation of Balarāma, He is the *mūla-guru-tattva*, or the original *guru* principle. But this is only partially true.

In essence, Śrī Guru is *āśraya-vigraha*, the very form and abode of divine love — he is the vessel, the container, in which God’s love is stored. God Himself is the *viśayā*, the object, of that vessel. Śrī Śrī Guru, then, is a beloved maidservant of Kṛṣṇa Himself, serving Him as a receptacle of His love. In this way, *guru-tattva* epitomizes the *śakti* of the Absolute; he is the transcendental feminine aspect of God, representing Śrī Rādhā above all else.

As your own guru mahārāja, Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī Ṭhākura, wrote:

*Guru-tattva* is indeed a manifestation of Kṛṣṇa, but one must understand the spiritual master to be a manifestation of the supreme worshipper [Śrī Rādhā] rather than the supreme worshipable object *Rādhikā-nātha* [Kṛṣṇa]....If we can see the beauty of Śrī Rādhārāṇī’s toenails in our spiritual master’s lotus feet, we will no longer think about where to find Her. If we are fortunate enough, we can attain service to and darshan of our spiritual master’s lotus feet, because he is non-different from Śrī Rādhā and very dear to Her.

Following in your guru mahārāja’s footsteps, you have taught us a similar, related truth. Expanding on the fact that Śrī Guru and Śrīmatī Rādhārāṇī are one and the same, you inform us that the surest way to Śrī Kṛṣṇa is through Rādhārāṇī’s mercy:

If Rādhārāṇī recommends that “This devotee is very nice,” then Kṛṣṇa immediately accepts, however fool I may be. Because it is recommended by Rādhārāṇī, Kṛṣṇa accepts. Therefore in Vṛndāvana you’ll find all the devotees, they’re chanting more Rādhārāṇī’s name than Kṛṣṇa’s. Wherever you’ll go, you’ll find the devotees are addressing, “Jaya Rādhē.” You’ll find still in Vṛndāvana. They are glorifying Rādhārāṇī. They’re more interested, worshipping Rādhārāṇī. Because however fallen I may be, if some way or other I can please Rādhārāṇī, then it is very easy for me to understand Kṛṣṇa. (Lecture on Rādhāṣṭamī, Śrīmatī Rādhārāṇī’s Appearance Day, London, August 29, 1971)

That being said, Śrīla Prabhupāda, I do not know Śrīmatī Rādhārāṇī. I know only you.

But I have confidence that through you, my dear master, I will one day know Śrī Kṛṣṇa, Śrī Balarāma, Śrī Nityānanda Prabhu, and Śrīmatī Rādhārāṇī. For you are Their other self — you are that aspect of divinity that mercifully comes down to the material world and shares Their essence. You are the embodiment of *guru-tattva*.

And so, on this day, I thank you for dancing into my life, bringing the Lord into proximity and beckoning Him to dance, too, on my tongue.

There are songs in this world that change people's lives, but I must say that, in this case, your life has changed my song: And so I sing, "Hare Kṛṣṇa, Hare Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa, Hare Hare/ Hare Rāma, Hare Rāma, Rāma Rāma, Hare Hare."

I do not know how to chant these sixteen transcendental words properly, Śrīla Prabhupāda. But I know you.

Truth be told, I do not even know you. Who can know a pure devotee of the Lord? We know bits and pieces of your glory, and more unfold in due course. But I am working on it. I am trying to know you, and therein lies the process you have so mercifully bestowed upon us. By rendering service in the mood you showed by your own example, we can come to know you better — and thereby know and learn to love the Lord of your life: Śrī Śrī Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa. So please bless me, so that your manifold glories will blossom before my eyes and that I may at least write an appropriate offering in the future, having failed to do so in the present.

*Your aspiring servant,*

Satyarāja Dāsa

### Śyāmalāl Dāsa

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances. All glories to your Divine grace.

I feel extremely fortunate that I am a small part of your mission (ISKCON). You have repeatedly said that this mission will go on for the next 10,000 years. I have full faith and confidence in this prophecy.

Your words, your actions, and your love for your followers have proved your place as *jagat-guru*. I have joined your ISKCON because of your genuine followers and your books. I consider myself the most fallen, most useless, and least intelligent, but I have become the most fortunate by gaining your mercy.

I am happy that I am able to do some form of devotional service. I remember that you once instructed me to go to Africa. I was a young boy of twenty-three and so foolish, did not understand your vision. I had no experience to fully grasp this instruction and execute your wishes accordingly. You read my mind that I was afraid of Africa, but you had assured me that I should go and that you would take care of me personally. I have felt your presence many times.

I recall memories of preaching in troublesome African countries as I was involved in many car accidents. At one time, we were trying to escape the police and our car went down a forty-five meter deep cliff. This was a difficult time, but all this did not stop my preaching activities. I knew that making life members and then turning them to initiated devotees of your ISKCON ultimately pleased you the most.

Many times you stressed to devotees that if we need to know anything regarding Kṛṣṇa conscious subject matters, it is given

in your books. We do not need to look elsewhere for answers. Therefore, all your followers should read your books like a daily prayer. In this way, all our doubts will be eliminated and there will be no confusion or misunderstanding.

In your lectures, you have many times mentioned that our love for you will be shown through how we cooperate with each other. I pray that all your disciples become united by following your instructions in the way you wanted them to be followed.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, please empower all your disciples to recognise your precious ISKCON the way you left it.

*I am begging to remain in your service, your humble son,*

Śyāmalāl Dāsa

### Śikhi Mahiti Dāsa

*nama om̐ viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine*

"I offer my respectful obeisances unto His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami, who is very dear to Lord Kṛṣṇa, having taken shelter at His lotus feet."

*namas te sārāsvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe nirviṣeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

"Our respectful obeisances are unto you, O spiritual master, servant of Sarasvati Gosvāmī You are kindly preaching the message of Lord Caitanya and delivering the Western countries, which are filled with voidism and impersonalism."

*brahmāṇḍa bhramite kona bhāgyavān jīva guru-kṛṣṇa-prasāde pāya bhakti-latā-bīja*

"According to their karma, all living entities are wandering throughout the entire universe. Some of them are being elevated to the upper planetary systems, and some are going down into the lower planetary systems. Out of many millions of wandering living entities, one who is very fortunate gets an opportunity to associate with a bona fide spiritual master by the grace of Kṛṣṇa. By the mercy of both Kṛṣṇa and the spiritual master, such a person receives the seed of the creeper of devotional service." (Cc. *Madhya* 19.151)

Śrīla Prabhupāda, thank you for saving me from the clutches of material energy. I was suffering at such a young age. My suffering was not due to lack of material facility. My karma provided me with not too much and not too little. I lived in a middle class family, but in my teenage years, I realized that the things being provided for my present and future enjoyment were insufficient. I looked for answers at my familie's Baptist

Church, at the Black Muslims, and in the countless philosophical discussion with my older brother.

One night, while sitting on the roof of our home pondering the wonders of the universe, while searching the starry summer night, we asked ourselves very sincerely, where does it end and why do we exist?

The next day, my older brother brought home your *Back to Godhead* magazine. He had come in contact the *harināma-saṅkīrtana* party downtown Chicago on his way to university. He rushed into my room with great excitement saying, “Read this! It is amazing!” That evening I read your *Back to Godhead* magazine and became relieved of the suffering due to ignorance. In retrospect, you came to my home and saved me.

You awakened my dormant Kṛṣṇa consciousness and opened the doors of the spiritual world. I felt such great relief. It was as if an excessive heavy bolder perched on my shoulders had been removed. I was sixteen at the time, and it took two more years for me to take shelter of your temple in Evanston, Ill. I lived too far from the temple to visit, so I came as soon as I was able to escape my previous life.

Again, there was a perfect arrangement in your Evanston temple. So many advanced and enthusiastic devotees were serving you. How could I not be enlivened to surrender to your lotus feet? Thank you for providing so much.

Of course, throughout my devotional life, you have always been there, giving me encouragement and opportunities to serve. My misfortune is that I haven’t surrendered 100%. Everything has been provided: service, temple *seva*, preaching, *bhajana*, festivals. But I am so unfortunate, I don’t take full advantage. Viṣṇujana Swami once said to you, “Why are you so merciful too me?” You replied, “My mercy is equally

available to everyone, but you take it.” There is no higher taste than to serve your lotus feet.

Service we must perform. That is the nature of the *jīva*. But the *jīva* under the spell of *māyā* gives his service to his body, family members, his community, and nation. These recipients of service are cruel. They give nothing but misery in return. You, on the other hand, don’t make any business of service. You are a *paramahansa*. You accepted my motivated service without condition and offered it to Lord Kṛṣṇa. In this way, you are engaging me in Lord Kṛṣṇa’s *nitya-līlā*.

Your ISKCON *līlā* is very sweet. I have met one of your early disciples who said that he can’t wait to take birth again to assist you in preaching. This struck me like a thunderbolt because he wasn’t joking or making a show of pure devotion. I’ve thought about this. He is right. To be one of your *saṅkīrtana* warriors is very sweet. You require many servants to assist you in preaching. You need *pūjārīs*, book distributors, managers, etc. To take birth and tolerate the onslaught of the material energy while we do our best to fully your desires is a great and noble service. I imagine being the first devotee to surrender at your lotus feet having the enormous responsibility of helping you establish your preaching mission. Even greater is having to continue your mission after your physical departure. Your ISKCON mission is nothing but sweet.

On the 114<sup>th</sup> anniversary of your appearance, I offer my life and soul. I can never repay you the debt of saving me. All I can offer is this useless body, mind, and intelligence. Please continue to tolerate my shortcomings. I promise to look for and pluck the weeds of imperfection that hinder loving my service.

Your servant,

Śikhi Mahiti Dāsa

Śrīniketana Dāsa

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances at your lotus feet. All glories to your holy appearance day in this material world.

We are trying to glorify you with this submission of words — inadequate as it surely will be — as a matter of great recognizance for what you have given to us. By some unimaginably great fortune, we received the blessings of Lord Kṛṣṇa to come in contact with Your Divine Grace.

As we engaged in following your instructions, you bestowed your causeless mercy upon us. As a consequence, we became more and more attached to the process of *sādhana-bhakti* despite all the up and downs that were there.

Today, after almost forty years of practicing, we are still with you and your service. We consider this as the greatest blessing.

It goes without saying that we are very far from what is known to be a pure devotee, but we are confident that by sticking closely to your lotus feet, serving you and your mission in whatever capacity we still have left in us, we may become eligible to take birth in a devotee’s house in the next life.

You asked us to finish our business in this material world in this life. “Don’t wait for another lifetime! Finish in this life!” you instructed.

This instruction is difficult to execute, for this fallen servant of yours is addicted to all varieties of gross and subtle sense gratification. For the moment at least my ambition is simply not to leave your shelter. Kindly bestow your mercy upon this insignificant disciple of yours, so that I can always remember what you have done for me.

Please also let us develop some sincerity in our daily service to Lord Kṛṣṇa. Kindly bestow upon us the capacity to chant the holy names with devotion and without offenses and not just as a mechanical daily ritual. Only then will you be pleased and *kṛṣṇa-prema* can awaken in our heart.

In the meantime, we can only carry on patiently, waiting for Your Divine Grace to bless us so that we can execute your instructions to your satisfaction. Only by pleasing you will Kṛṣṇa be pleased — *yaśya prasādād bhagavat-prasādo/ yasyāprasādān na gatiḥ kuto ’pi*.

This useless servant bows down at your and Lord Nityānanda’s lotus feet desperately crying, *rākha rāṅgā caraṇera pāśa* — “Please keep me in a corner of Your lotus feet.” (Śrīla Narottama dāsa Ṭhākura, *Prārthanā*, Song 36 “Nityānanda-niṣṭhā”)

Your insignificant disciple,

Śrīniketana Dāsa

**Sukhavāhā Devī Dāsī**

Thank you from the bottom of my heart.

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

I bow down at your divine lotus feet and pray for your protection and mercy in developing a genuine service attitude. What else do I have to offer to you, dear father?

I think of you initiating this movement and teaching your first disciples single-handedly, while fully depending on Kṛṣṇa. I admire your courage and your youthful determination in moving the mission forward, whatever the external circumstances were. The vision of your unlimited hope without attachment or expectation gives me great inspiration and confidence.

You are asking us to do what you encouraged your first disciples to do: to make a radical shift in consciousness, to step out of our familiar comfort zone into a brand new unfamiliar yet mystical experience. And you personally showed us how to do that by coming to New York City with nothing except your firm faith and full surrender to whatever Kṛṣṇa sent.

Your example has created a strong foundation on which to build. Help me to keep the integrity of this foundation intact in my life. Oh, dear holy father, please continue to open my heart to grow and expand my understanding of what it means to be Kṛṣṇa conscious. Please give me the eyes to see beyond the limitations of my puny false ego. And most of all, please protect me from denial and ignorance of my own shortcomings and weaknesses by revealing to me what I need to work on to truly serve you in a pleasing way.

Teach me your ways, dear master, and keep me in line and do whatever it takes for me to deeply imbibe and embrace your mission thoroughly by allowing me to serve and associate with your dearest servants.

*Your aspiring servant,*

Sukhavāhā Devī Dāsī

**Tridaṇḍī Dāsa**

*nama om viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine  
namas te sārasvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirvīṣeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

Most dear and beloved Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept our humble and respectful obeisances at the dust of your lotus feet. Such spiritual dust carries the all-powerful causeless mercy of Śrī Śrī Gaura-Nitāi. If even just a particle touches our head, our whole existence becomes perfect. Beloved Śrīla Prabhupāda, Your Divine Grace is worshipable and perfect in every single aspect. Single-handedly and in no time, you propagated Kṛṣṇa's name all over the world. This fact is there for everyone to see.

You have proved it — your love for Śrī Śrī Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa is so pure that you have manifested the power to attract the Most Attractive.

Lord Śrī Kṛṣṇa normally hides Himself, His joyful spiritual world, and His wonderful pastimes from the mundane vision behind the cloud of māyā, but because He was attracted by your pure love and out of His own sweet will, He agreed to emerge in His whole glory from that illusory fog, thus showering His causeless mercy over all the countless fallen conditioned souls. The power of your pure love is unfathomable. To mundane ears this may sound like exaggeration, but it is confirmed in the *śāstras* and by all the *ācāryas*.

You are "*sevaka-bhagavān*, the servitor Personality of Godhead, and Kṛṣṇa is called *sevya-bhagavān*, the Supreme Personality of Godhead who is to be worshiped. The spiritual master is the worshiper God, whereas the Supreme Personality of Godhead, Kṛṣṇa, is the worshipable God. This is the difference between

the spiritual master and the Supreme Personality of Godhead." (*Bhāgavatam* 7.15.27)

You are perfect in every single aspect, free from the flaws and weakness affecting the conditioned soul. No one could have performed such a wonderful spiritual miracle without being an intimate associate of the Lord, an infallible personality from the spiritual realm.

Trying to understand your all-transcendental position from our conditioned state of consciousness — projecting on it a maybe educated but still contaminated intelligence and logic, even if we have a "doctorate" in *śāstric* studies — will result in useless efforts and waste of precious time.

Sometimes, we hear discussions about your standing on two different platforms at the same time, a "perfect spiritual one" and a "less perfect material one." Infallible in spiritual devotional matters but still a human being, like everyone else, and as such, when dealing with subjects pertaining to the material sphere, so-called mistakes can also find their way inside your thoughts, words, decisions, deliberations, and consequent actions. This logic is fallacious and does not apply to Your Divine Grace. It's not a "quantum probability wave collapse" or hearsay and observations collected by the limited senses of conditioned souls panels, no matter how educated, that can judge or decide what is mistaken and what is not.

We have understood from you that only the Supreme Personality of Godhead, Śrī Kṛṣṇa, can decide from His absolute position what is "right" and what is "wrong", and He is answerable to none; it is right if He likes it, otherwise it is wrong. That's all. As fallen conditioned souls, we have very limited capacity in understanding issues referring to both the so-called "material" and "spiritual" platforms.

Duryodhana offered Śrī Kṛṣṇa hospitality in his palatial building

and sumptuous food, but no devotion. Kṛṣṇa did not liked it. Obviously Duryodhana was mistaken. The devotee Vidura, however, out of ecstatic love, offered Him banana peels while throwing away the pulp. Śrī Kṛṣṇa enjoyed the banana peels as the most tasteful preparation. Obviously Vidura was faultless from every angle or point of view.

There are two classes of beings, the fallible and the infallible. In the material world every living entity is fallible, and in the spiritual world every living entity is called infallible". (Gītā 15.16)

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda, please excuse us if at times, in our clumsy behavior, failing to properly understand our insignificant status and position, we mistakenly think that our vision, sense perception, judgment, or opinion has got some value and that therefore we commit offenses at your lotus feet, even unwillingly or unconsciously.

We have full faith in Your Divine Grace, in your teachings and instructions and absolutely no faith in the contaminated intelligence of those who are not perfectly situated on the platform of unalloyed devotion to the Supreme Personality of Godhead, even if they are materially considered great geniuses or most expert in some particular field. Nor will we put our faith in the limited and fallible perception coming from our own or somebody else's contaminated senses.

We will follow your instructions and offer Śrī Kṛṣṇa the banana pulp, setting the peels aside, but retaining the understanding that everything we do, regardless of what and how we do it, would be a mistake if it goes without your approval and does not please Your Divine Grace, even if it is "perfect" from the relative material point of view, so to speak.

We will repeat your words as they are and will answer with your answers to whomever raises questions, any kind of questions,

without modifying anything, with the full confidence that during our preaching service we will be able, by your mercy and the mercy of Śrī Śrī Gaura-Nitāi, to meet any confrontation with anyone absorbed in the materialistic demeanor.

We simply have to purify our consciousness.

**Prabhupāda:** Offenseless chanting, that will purify. That is the easiest process, given by Caitanya Mahāprabhu. *Ceto-da...(?)* He first of all recommends cleansing the heart. And as soon as your heart is cleansed, then you become immediately purified. This is the way. So be always engaged, either in chanting or reading or preaching. Then it will be clarified.

**Rūpānuga:** It is actually a very easy process.

**Prabhupāda:** Yes. This is the easiest process. There is no secondary process. Chanting. And it is recommended by Caitanya Mahāprabhu, the authority, *param vijayate śrī-kṛṣṇa-saṅkīrtanam*. So many things will happen.

*ceto-darpaṇa-mārjanam bhava-mahā-dāvāgni-nirvāpaṇam*

*śreyaḥ-kairava candrikā-vitarāṇam vidyā-vadhū-jīvanam*

*ānandāmbudhi-wardhanam prati-padam pūṇāmṛtasvādanam*

*(sarvātma-snapanam) param vijayate śrī-kṛṣṇa-saṅkīrtanam (Cc. Antya 20.12)*

This is His recommendation. We haven't got to invent something. It is there already. You do it. (Conversation with the GBC, March 27, 1975, Māyāpur)

Dear Śrī Kṛṣṇa, You are seated in everyone's heart. From You comes remembrance, knowledge, and forgetfulness also. Please do not let us forget how intimate an associate Śrīla Prabhupāda is of You.

Please let us always remember how foolish we are when we

**Vaiyāsaki Dāsa Adhikārī**

*nama om viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine*

*namas te sārasvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe nirviṣeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

My most dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

This year, I was invited to celebrate the Āvirbhāva-tithi of Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu at your ISKCON center in Baroda, Gujarat. It seemed that the whole city had come to help celebrate Lord Caitanya's advent. For two days, the entire complex was completely filled with people coming and going all day and well into the night.

The wonderful temple complex here has been developed over the years by your dear disciple Bāsu Ghosh Prabhu, who is so dedicated to spreading your glories through your ISKCON society wherever he goes. My experience at the Baroda temple was so good that I want to share it with you.

The center is situated on a large tract of land in a very good area of the city. Surrounding the beautiful temple are many green park areas where people congregate with their families. After coming to take *darśana* of Śrī Śrī Rādhā-Śyāmasundara, Śrī Śrī Gaura-Nitāi, and Lord Jagannātha, Baladeva, and Subhadrā Mahārāṇī, people like to find a nice spot on the lawn where they happily take *prasāda*. The line for taking *prasāda* is so long that it sometimes stretches for more than five hundred meters long.

I was reminded how you once explained to me the concept of sharing. You remarked that the mentality of a thief is that he takes what belongs to someone else and keeps it for his own benefit. In this connection, you told me to share the teachings

*Your menial servant,*

Tridaṇḍi Dāsa  
(Narakāntaka Dāsa)

of Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu that you have given me wherever I went.

If I simply kept the knowledge and teachings for my own benefit, you explained, I would have the mentality of a thief because the knowledge belongs to Kṛṣṇa and no one else. Conversely, if I shared that knowledge with many other people than I would be rightly situated and would have the mentality of a *sādhū*.

Here at ISKCON Baroda, the devotees under the leadership of Bāsu Ghosh Prabhu are freely sharing all the gifts that you have shared with us, and thus they have the *sādhū* mentality. There is a first class *prasāda* restaurant where wealthy Hindu families can come and take sumptuous *prasāda* served in an aristocratic manner in an opulent setting. There is also a snack bar catering to the general public that serves South Indian and Gujarati snacks and sweets.

Every day there are groups of women who sit in the temple for hours at a time singing beautiful *bhajan*s in glorification of the Lord. Their singing is very simple yet so very sweet, that the sound vibration takes the mind back to the simple lifestyle of Śrī Śrī Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa in Goloka Vṛndāvana.

At the back of the property there is another large park-like area where children can run and play freely. On one side there is a wonderful *goshala* with many native breed cows that provide milk for the Deity offerings, as well as for the restaurant, the snack bar, and the *prasāda* distribution.

All in all, the Baroda temple complex is a huge success and is one of your most successful projects in India. I was so inspired by the wonderful service done by Bāsu Ghosh Prabhu that I am simply praying to you today, on your Vyāsa-pūjā celebration,

that you also bless me that I may do something wonderful for your ISKCON society and thus spread your glories unlimitedly.

*Your eternal servant in grateful service,*

Vaiyāsaki Dāsa Adhikāri

**Vedamāta Devī Dāsī**

Dear sweet spiritual master, Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances.

It has been so many years since I have thought of writing an offering to you, and so many years since I first met you in 1973. So much has happened since then that I want to share with you now. I don't know where to start: the plazas, malls, concert venues, interstates, or airports? So many books have gone out to so many nice people, and I wonder if you are just pleased a little by the small insignificant service I try to render. Just like Kṛṣṇa, you are not in need of any service, so your accepting my service is for my benefit, not yours.

Sometimes I think, how did I get so lucky? I know you are always there; you and I together, with you over my shoulder in these isolated places. I am convinced that each book that goes out will satisfy your desire to liberate every person in this universe. One soul at a time. I often pray to the Supersoul in someone's heart of hearts, "Oh, Kṛṣṇa, please, just let them take this book. Śrīla Prabhupāda will be so pleased — just give them a chance to hear." I try to read a sentence or two with them, a paragraph, so I know the seed has been planted.

There are so many stories of people with their common and extraordinary circumstances, but all are suffering. The despondent lady who was losing her husband of twenty-nine years and then took a book, returned home, and went to the Miami temple for a Sunday Feast and then wrote to me about how enlivened she was. The biker in Daytona who was on the verge of suicide, but then got a book. The college kids at the smoothie bar in a college town. The young boy, maybe eleven or twelve, who wanted the vegetarian cookbook because he was already a vegetarian and wanted his mother to cook for

him! The old lady at Wal Mart starting out on a and journey into yoga. The middle-aged couple with a sick despondent child on a back-road town post office in Vermont. The truck drivers in Oklahoma, while weaving on and off on the I-40, taking cows to an unthinkable place — they sure got an earful at 5:00 a.m. *Japa* time at that plaza! He should not remain.

Why these books are here? This *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*, *Bhagavad-gītā*, *Vedānta-sūtra*, and so many nice books there are. Why? Just to make us advanced in knowledge. So we should not try to remain in foolish condition. And if we try to become elevated, Kṛṣṇa will give us facilities. (Lecture on *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* 7.9.11-13, Hawaii, 24 March, 1969)

So as I venture out to do my own little summer Every-Town-and-Village Tour 2010, I am a bit sceptical. Old age is creeping in. My right knee might not make it more than two hours at a time, my back is shot, and sleeping in the van is getting harder for a sixty years old. I have little in the world now, the kids are gone, and I have no permanent home. But when I have a van full of Your Divine Grace's books, I am wealthy. So we will try it again, the downsized version, you and I.

So I again pray for your mercy to send those who really need a book and want knowledge of Kṛṣṇa. *Yasya prasādād bhagavat-prasādo* — by the mercy of the spiritual master one receives the mercy of Kṛṣṇa. So I will keep your instructions in my heart: distribute books, distribute books, distribute books alive. Please allow me to continue in this small way. (I must admit, it's nice now. I can live in the van alone with your lectures and *kīrtanas*.)

*Always begging to remain lower than the straw in the street and more tolerant than a tree, your humble servant,*

Vedamāta Devī Dāsī

**Vijeta Dāsa and Ārya Devī Dāsī**

*nama om̐ viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine*

*namas te sārasvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

*om̐ ajñāna-timirāndhasya jñānāñjana-śalākayā  
cakṣur unmīlitaṁ yena tasmai śrī-gurave namaḥ*

My dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

During your physically manifest presence on this planet as the founder and ācārya of your International Society for Kṛṣṇa Consciousness, you blessed the world many times over by constantly traveling from place to place to teach love of Kṛṣṇa. While doing so, your appearance sparked a collective fire that spread throughout every devotee community. Devotees would come from hundreds of miles to get a glimpse of Your Divine presence. You encouraged and enlivened everyone in their service regardless of how new or senior they were, and regardless of what their service was, be it menial and insignificant or crucially important to the progress of your movement.

However, in comparison to the many disciples you accepted, only a very small number of devotees ever really got to see you and personally offer you flowers or direct service. By your mercy, you keep repeating over and over again in your books that the “physical presence is immaterial” and that following your instructions is more important. Your “vāṇī” is more important than your “vapu”. This truth has been proved time and time again as I witness first-hand the power of your spoken word. I see many devotees who are junior to me in age but senior in their dedication to following your orders.

Just as you left your guru mahārāja’s “house” in order to try and fulfill his true teachings and orders, many of your disciples have also left your ISKCON house and are trying to fulfill your order and wishes in whatever small way they can. Of course, we do not have the purity or potency to create even a minute fraction of your success, because everything that we now have is simply by your mercy only.

If we are meant to live our lives with very little godbrother and godsister association, then please let us remain attached to your lotus feet, so that when we give up this material body, we will be reunited in your transcendental loving service forever.

You are the light, and you are the captain.

You are here in your books, and you are here in your song.

You are the strength, and you are the heart  
of devotion so pure; we beg to “come along.”

You are the wisdom, and you are the father,  
who has given us all, but we still got it wrong.

You are the present, and you are the future;

The sincere will know that you have not “gone”!

You are personified hope and bestower of joy

To all who will listen about real Vṛndāvana.

You bring us the peace we all need so much;

How can we ever repay for what you have done?

You are the sound that makes our hearts melt.

We pray to your feet ‘cause that’s where we belong.

*With all the humility I can summon from this fallen, corrupt, polluted, ignorant body and mind, I beg to remain forever an insignificant speck of wet Juhu sand, stuck to your lotus feet as you dance forever in glorious kīrtana for your beloved Śrī Śrī Rādhā-Rāsabihārī, Śrī Śrī Gaura-Nitāi and Śrī Śrī Sītā-Rāma, Lakṣmaṇa, and Hanumān.*

Vijeta Dāsa and Ārya Devī Dāsī

Rucira Devī Dāsī

Dearest Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my most humble obeisances. All glories to your divine lotus feet!

1896 was the year that you appeared;  
To family members you were most endeared.

Your Vaiṣṇava family worshiped Gaurāṅga;  
Gour Mohan De insisted you learn *mṛdaṅga*.

Seeing Rādhā-Govinda in their temple each day;  
From their worship you never did stray.

Flying kites with your sister and Govinda's name;  
Jagannātha's Ratha-yātrā was not just a game.

Narendranātha Mallika insisted you come to hear;  
Your opinion your friends held most dear.

Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī you then met;  
Gandhi's movement you were forced to forget.

At this first meeting your life's goal was unfurled:  
"Preach Mahāprabhu's message throughout the world."

Your *gurudeva's* words were clear and strong;  
To start serving his mission did not take long.

Business failure and distasteful family life;  
Kṛṣṇa freed you from all of that strife.

In 1944 *Back to Godhead* was begun;  
From writing to selling, by you all was done.

The *sannyāsa* order you took in 1959;  
You would soon go West — this was a sign.

From Vaiṣṇī-gopālājī to Rādhā-Damodara temple,

Your life in Vṛndāvana was very simple.

The presence of Rūpa Gosvāmī was your inspiration;  
Going to the West was your only aspiration.

In Bombay, Śrīmatī Morarji you went to see:  
"Please give me passage to America for free."

You sailed on the *Jaladuta*, August 13, 1965;  
After two heart attacks you thought, "If another comes, I'll not survive."

Lord Kṛṣṇa came in a dream to free you from fear;  
His many forms were rowing the boat — you knew He was near.

Butler, Pennsylvania, your first testing ground;  
Imagine the nightmare you saw all around.

New York City, Dr. Miśra's yoga retreat;  
Māyāvāda philosophy, but you had to be discreet.

Help from godbrothers and friends you requested;  
Your patience and determination surly were tested.

A loft with David, to the Bowery you went;  
Disillusioned hippies were the help Kṛṣṇa sent.

When David attacked, you moved yet again;  
Carl and Eva's apartment was not the place to begin.

"Matchless Gifts" was the storefront Mike had found;  
This was only the beginning, but you were breaking ground.

26 Second Avenue: three classes a week you started;  
From sinful life thousands of souls departed.

You travelled the world thirteen times without cease;  
Translating the *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* would increase.

Constantly preaching to anyone who would hear;  
To Kṛṣṇa and the devotees you are so dear.



Impersonalism and voidism you came to defeat;  
To watch you smash Darwin is such a treat.

*Varṇāśrama-dharma* you wanted to start,  
But before it got started, you decided to depart.

Your departure in Vṛndāvana put us all in despair;  
The whole world wondered how your movement would fare.

ISKCON is maturing and growing strong;  
The second generation is coming along.

Your books are being distributed throughout the land;  
In destroying communism you had a hand.

Dearest Śrīla Prabhupāda, we all want to please you;  
We pray that you guide us in all that we do.

If we take up some service that you have left,  
Then of your association we'll never be bereft.

Thank you for introducing me to this wonderful movement and to my most worshipful deities Śrī Śrī Gaura-Nitāi, Śrī Śrī Rādhā-Śyāma, Śrī Śrī Kṛṣṇa-Balarāma, and for the nectarean association of the Vaiṣṇava devotees of the Lord. How can I ever repay you!

*Looking forward to seeing you again. Your eternal servant,*

Rucira Devī Dāsi

**Abhilāṣa Dāsa**

*om ajñāna-timirāndhasya jñānāñjana-śalākayā  
cakṣur unmilitaṁ yena tasmai śrī-gurave namaḥ*

“I was born in the darkest ignorance, and my spiritual master opened my eyes with the torchlight of knowledge. It is unto him that I offer all respects.”

I have been asked by the devotees to write an offering glorifying you, my beloved spiritual master, Śrīla Prabhupāda. I do not feel intelligent or adequate enough to do so. Please accept this as my humble attempt.

How does one properly praise a pure devotee?

I have always been attracted to people of character and renowned fame. You, Śrīla Prabhupāda, are the physical embodiment, the house and shelter, of all good qualities and the most confident servant of the Supreme Lord. By your personal example, you have shown what bravery is. You traveled to America at the age of sixty-nine, when most men are retired, and endured a heart attack, the cold North American winter, and, at times, the ill treatment of the crazed inhabitants of New York City. You did this on the order of your guru mahārāja to bring us the message of Lord Caitanyadeva. For this, I (we), your disciple(s), are eternally grateful.

You were articulate, erudite, scholarly, and tolerant to adversity and the misgivings of your young disciples. You possessed blessed intelligence, fully controlled senses, and lived a truly amazing life.

You picked me up out of the slums and taught me the importance of being clean in body, mind, and habits. You taught me who God is, what my true relationship with him is, what his divine name is, and the process for approaching

him. By your very example you have shown your disciples how to live in spiritual life, business life, and family life and how to leave this world and go back to Godhead.

I remember that when I was a young boy of fifteen years — it was in 1975 at the Brooklyn Temple at 439 Henry Street — you were sitting on the *vyāsāsana* giving a lecture and you allowed me to fan you, looking over at me periodically (I suppose to make sure I was doing it properly). After all, what did I know of comforting the pure devotee? How excited I was! Then again, in 1976, at the Detroit Temple, while you were giving a lecture and overseeing my initiation and fire sacrifice, you gave me *maha-prasāda* from your very hand and smiled at me. Perhaps you remembered me from the previous year? How exciting were those days!

As a young boy, I did not know your true greatness, nor do I know now what activities I have performed in previous lives to be so fortunate to have met such a rare soul as yourself and to have been accepted as your disciple. It is only now that middle age has come upon me that I am getting a deeper understanding of your magnanimity and my eternal debt to you. Again, I say you have shown by your example how Lord Kṛṣṇa can fulfill our goals and dreams if we follow the orders of our spiritual master and the *guru-paramparā*.

May you forgive me for not always following your instructions and for my offenses. My personal misgivings were due to my immaturity. Please excuse me just as a father forgives the foolishness of his young son. Now that I have matured in age, knowledge, and experience, I am ready to apply the orders and instructions that I have heard from your very lips many years ago in my youth.

I bow at your feet with tears in my eyes and with genuine

humility in my heart. I bow at the feet of the assembled devotees and ask forgiveness for any offense I may have committed consciously or unconsciously. Only by doing so can one make spiritual advancement and be saved from the mesmerizing effects of this material world.

*Sincerely,*

*Your disciple,*

Abhilāṣa Dāsa (Kshatriya A.C. Ali-Shabazz)

**Akrūranātha Dāsa and Jagariṇī Devī Dāsī**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept our humble obeisances in the dust of your lotus feet.

We are reading your books and are discussing them, getting newer and newer realizations each day. Thank you for blessing the world with these marvelous books, which are themselves incarnations of Kṛṣṇa, “book *Bhāgavata*.”

One time, when there was concern about deprogrammers and courts stopping your ISKCON movement, you said, “It is too late. The brainwash books are out.”

More and more books are still going out all over the world in dozens of languages, increasingly in India now as well, and they are being read and appreciated. It is too late, indeed, for the materialistic and atheistic way of life. The brainwash books are out.

More and more people are now appreciating your books and are receiving transcendental enlightenment and bliss from them. Study groups are forming where devotees regularly read and discuss your books and follow the principles of *bhakti-yoga* you explain there. By reading your books with great attention, all their sinful reactions are being destroyed and they are becoming advanced devotees of Kṛṣṇa.

It is only a matter of time before the world sits up and takes notice of your books in a gigantic way. Eventually, major universities will have departments in Kṛṣṇa consciousness, and the faculty will all be pure devotees. Films and television shows will be full of first-class glorification of Kṛṣṇa’s names, forms, qualities, pastimes, and *rasas*. Commuters will be seen with bead bags in hand, finishing their *japa* on their way to work.

Politicians will have to be known as sincere devotees of Lord Caitanya in order to be elected. *Harināma* parties will crowd the streets in the evenings everywhere, and the big stadiums in the cities will fill up with devotees coming to have mass *kīrtanas* and hear the *hari-kathā* of pure devotees. The Deities in the temples will dance in joy, being pleased with the *saṅkīrtana*.

You have accomplished all this, Śrīla Prabhupāda. Rest assured. The brainwash books are out. And we, your followers, will continue distributing, reading, and glorifying them, because they are saving the world.

*Your servants,*

Akrūranātha Dāsa and Jagariṇī Devī Dāsī

**Arjuna Dāsa**

My dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

*nama orṇ viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine*

*namas te sārasvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviṣeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

*he guro jñāna-da-dina-bandho I  
svānanda-dātā karuṇaika-sindho II  
vṛndāvanāsīna hitāvātāra I  
prasīda rādhā-praṇāya-pracāra II*

*aṁśo bhagavato 'smy ahaṁ sadā dāso 'smi sarvathā I  
tat-kṛpāpekṣako nityaṁ tat-preṣṭha-sāt karomi svam II*

By Your Divine Grace’s compassionate mercy we realize that we are but a tiny part and parcel of the Supreme Lord, and when we engage in His service constantly we become very dear to you.

In the days of Your Divine Grace’s manifest pastimes, during which you watched over our devotional seedlings so carefully, I remember us reciting the ten offenses to avoid when chanting the holy names in the early morning.

For the third offense, we would recite, “It is offensive to consider the spiritual master an ordinary man.” This is as per Your Divine Grace’s most excellent *Caitanya-caritāmṛta* (*Ādi-līlā* 8.24, purp.): “The third offense at the lotus feet of the holy name, which is called *guror avajñā*, is to consider the spiritual master to be material and therefore to envy his exalted position.” Nowadays the third offense seems to have been watered down to only, “To disobey the orders of the spiritual master.” And thus the trend is now to simply consider your disciples ordinary mortals.

*Guruṣu nara-matir. . . yasya vā nārakī saḥ (Padma Purāṇa),* “Those who consider the spiritual master an ordinary man find their lives simply hellish.” This is confirmed by you in Your Divine Grace’s wonderful *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* (7.15.25-6): *etat sarvaṁ gurau bhaktyā puruṣo hy añjasā jayet* — “One attains inner peace and conquers all impediments to spiritual bliss very easily (*añjasā*) or automatically if one engages in the service of the spiritual master with faith and devotion. In this way one can conquer the influence of the modes of nature.” *Yasya sākṣād bhagavati jñāna-dīpa-prade gurau, martyāsad-dhīḥ śrutam tasya sarvaṁ kuñjara-śaucavat:* “The spiritual master should be considered to be directly the Supreme Lord because he gives transcendental knowledge for enlightenment. Consequently, for one who maintains the material conception that the spiritual master is an ordinary human being, everything is frustrated. His enlightenment and his Vedic studies and knowledge are like the bathing of an elephant.” *Martya-asat-dhīḥ* means considering the spiritual master to be like an ordinary mortal and maintaining such an unfavorable attitude.

It seems not many realize that Your Divine Grace’s glorious ISKCON is Śrīmatī Rādhārāṇī’s personal movement. After all, it is Mahāprabhu’s movement, and *śrī-kṛṣṇa-caitanya, rādhā-kṛṣṇa nahe anya:* “Lord Caitanya Mahāprabhu is a combination of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa.” His disciples and all the *ācārya’s* in our disciplic succession such as the Six Gosvāmīs, Śrīla Viśvanātha Cakravatī Ṭhākura, Śrīla Bhaktivinoda Ṭhākura are all *mañjarīs*.

*Mañjarīs* are Śrīmatī Rādhārāṇī’s most intimate servants and most dear to Her. Your beloved *guru* Mahārāja, Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī Ṭhākura, is *śrī-vārṣabhānavī-devī-dayitāya kṛpābdhaye*, the personification of Her special mercy. Your Divine Grace is also *rādhā-praṇaya-pracāra*, spreading Her *saṅkīrtana* mission. Your Divine Grace has imbibed and

possesses the ocean of Her special qualities: you are so merciful, so auspicious, so humble, so tolerant, so kind, so very grave, so loving towards all living entities, so respectful to everyone, so perfectly behaved, so aristocratic, so humorous, so fascinating, so innocent, so reverential — we could go on and on: *kalyāṇa-guṇārṇavasya vande guroḥ śrī-caraṇāravindam!* “I offer my respectful obeisances unto the lotus feet of such a spiritual master, who is an ocean of auspicious qualities.” (*Śrī Śrī Gurv-aṣṭaka* 1)

So it is impossible that Her unlimited mercy has now reached a limit with Your Divine Grace just because a bunch of nay-sayers, who seem to have missed the instruction about becoming *apaiśunam*, or averse to fault-finding (*Gītā* 16.2), are making such a big noise. Just see the fun. Do they mean to imply that your lotus self and your most venerable Queen of Vraja can no longer make any pure devotees?

I remember that in the last days of Your Divine Grace’s manifest pastimes, we were sitting with you in your ISKCON Vṛndāvana temple with your Bhaktivedanta Swami Gurukula students, who were so nicely chanting the *Brahma-saṁhitā* prayers for your pleasure. One of your senior disciples quipped, “They are pure devotees, Śrīla Prabhupāda,” and you responded, “You are all pure devotees.”

It is not surprising that some or many of your leading disciples have seriously erred, as in our war against *Māyā* there are sure to be numerous victims. But the mistakes of one or more individuals does not warrant that we leave our duty of following your instructions, preferably within your ISKCON. As Your Divine Grace has emphatically stated, this fidelity to your ISKCON is what pleases you the most. To dwell on everything that is not ideal or utopian in your ISKCON is not helpful to us spiritually. After all, *bhuñjāna evātma-kṛtaṁ vipākam*, each one

of us is simply undergoing our own personal sinful reactions (*Bhāgavatam*, 10.14.8). So, *‘dvaite’ bhadrābhadrā-jñāna, saba-‘manodharma’ ‘ei bhāla, ei manda,’-ei saba ‘bhrama’* (Cc., *Antya* 4.176), “. . . saying ‘This is good’ and ‘This is bad’ is all a mistake,” simply mental acceptance and rejection. Such a mentality will not help our progressive march back home, back to Godhead or back to the eternal shelter of your lotus feet.

Lord Caitanya’s movement, your ISKCON, is *ānandāmbudhi-wardhanam*, ever-increasing the ocean of bliss in the spiritual world by introducing so many new pure devotees into the spiritual world. This is the real meaning of *kṛṣṇānandāya dhīmahi tan na guroḥ pracodayat*, for what pleases Lord Kṛṣṇa more than Śrīmatī Rādhārāṇī’s transcendental service arrangements for His pleasure? *Nikuñja-yūno rati-keli-siddhyai yā yālibhir yuktir apekṣāṇiyā.* (*Śrī Śrī Gurv-aṣṭaka* 6).

Even though I am the most fallen, obnoxious, and nonsensical rascal, still my only hope is to one day assist Your Divine Grace in your favorite duty of arranging for Śrīmatī Rādhārāṇī to be with Kṛṣṇa. And despite the fact that I am such a fool, I cannot but observe how so many of your sincere disciples and granddisciples are successfully preaching and thus so nicely carrying on Her mission. So even though it seems so hopeless for me,

*durjanaṁ sajjanam kartum upāyo nahi bhūtale |  
apānam śatadhā dhautam na śreṣṭham indriyam bhavet ||*

“There is no method at all on this planet to turn an evil-minded person like me into a gentleman — even if one washes the anus a hundred times, it cannot be turned into the face.” (*Śrī Śrī Cāṅkya Nīti* 10.10) Still, I have full confidence in the *cintāmaṇi*-like unfathomable mercy of Your Divine Grace.

Your Divine Grace has given us the most wonderful

transcendental house of ISKCON to live in, where we can practice the *yuga-dharma* of congregationally chanting the holy names in loving ecstasy each and every day — while attending *maṅgala-ārātrika, tulasī-pūjā, guru-pūjā, and sandhyā-ārātrika*, as we most joyfully did when you were still present amongst us. I remember you had us perform *tulasī-pūjā* twice a day, the second time just before *sandhyā-ārātrika*, after which you would give class on your illuminating *Bhagavad-gītā As It Is*.

*Aham-mamādi-paramo nāmnī so ‘py aparādha-kṛt* (Cc., *Ādi-līlā* 8.24, purp.). The noisy critics (*rtvikvādīs* and other *nindāvādīs*) do not realize that “the etymological development of the word *aparādha* is *rādhāt arthāt ārāadhanāt-apagataḥ*, which means ‘to be distanced from worship.” (HDG B.P. Purī Gosvāmī Mahārāja, *The Heart of Kṛṣṇa*, Introduction). My question to them is, is not their incessant complaining not simply *yasya vā nārakī saḥ?* Should not devotional service be joyfully performed (*su-sukham kartum avyayam* — *Gītā*, 9.2)?

Many enjoy wrangling with the proverbial leaf falling from *Vaiṣṇava* or not. They seem to have missed how Your Divine Grace so often quoted and wrote, *“sādhur-jīvo vā maro vā,”* “A devotee, either he lives or dies, his business is the same — to serve Kṛṣṇa. So *jīvo vā maro vā*. He is not different from Kṛṣṇa, so living or dead, it hasn’t even meaning for him. Therefore he is called liberated, *jīvan-muktaḥ.*” (Discussion with Hayagrīva on Plotinus.) Again,

In a spiritual body the devotee becomes a direct associate of the Lord, but even though a devotee may superficially appear to be in a material body, he is always liberated and is engaged in the same duties of service to the Lord as a devotee in *Vaiṣṇavaloka*. There is no distinction. It is said, *sādhur jīvo vā maro vā*. Whether a devotee is alive or dead, his only concern is to serve the Lord. (*Bhāgavatam*, 9.13.9, purp.)

Those who faithfully stick to Your Divine Grace’s instructions and prove how much they love you by not leaving your ISKCON are blessed by you with *niṣṭā*, or fixed up devotional service with true love — *prema-bhakti jāhā hoite* (Śrī Guru-vandanā) — it is you and only you who can personally and kindly give us that divine loving service.

The Third World War, it seems, may be occurring quite soon now, and you had predicted that our farms would thereafter become the world’s future cities. For those of us still alive, we may soon be obliged to once again take shelter in your world-wide house of ISKCON. *Kabe ha’be bolo se-dina āmār!* — “Please tell me, When will that day be mine?” (Bhaktivinoda Ṭhākura, *Kabe Ha’be Bolo*, from *Śaraṅgati*).

With all the humility we can muster, we fall at Your Divine Grace’s lotus feet, the safest of shelters, and thank you for your divine gift of your Kṛṣṇa consciousness movement, or ISKCON.

*Tavāsmi*, Śrīla Prabhupāda! To the members of Your ISKCON, despite all their apparent shortcomings, *dāso ’smi!*

*Begging to remain your servant,*

Arjuna Dāsa

**Aśalata Devī Dāsī**

*nama om viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine*

*namas te sārāsvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my most humble obeisances to your lotus feet again and again on this auspicious day, your appearance day.

I want to glorify you not only once a year on your Vyāsa-pūjā, but every day of my life. Truly, I cannot express myself with words, but I always thank Śrī Śrī Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa for giving me a *guru* like you.

You are really a great *mahātmā*, a unique *guru*, and *jagat-guru*. You are *karuṇā-sindhu*, *Patita-pāvana*, who opened the door of Kṛṣṇa consciousness to the whole world.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, you opened my eyes and gave me real knowledge. I used to be bewildered with questions and you are the one who gave the answers. You acknowledged that Kṛṣṇa is the Supreme Personality of Godhead. With Kṛṣṇa’s mercy, one gets a bona fide *guru*. When I was searching for the Absolute Truth, Kṛṣṇa gave me a *guru* like you. I am so fortunate to have you as my *guru*.

You came as a boat for me to cross this material ocean. What would have happened to my life without you? You showed me the path to my real home, back to Godhead, and you told me the procedure to get there. I am forever grateful to you.

That is the kind of *guru* I have, Śrīla Prabhupāda!

Śrīla Prabhupāda, you are the real disciple. To follow the

instructions of your *guru*, you took charge of spreading Kṛṣṇa consciousness in the western world, with nothing in hand except your saffron clothes, shoes, and cane to walk over the earth.

In the early days, you would sit under a tree to chant and preach. You would spread your own *chādar* on the ground to sit on. You kept going on with your efforts to spread Kṛṣṇa consciousness all over the world. You selflessly worked day and night. You were sleeping only two or three hours in the night because you were dictating your books and preaching. You faced any and every obstacle that came in your way, regardless of personal comfort. You performed so much austerity. You are a pure devotee of Kṛṣṇa. What you did is unbelievable.

That is the kind of *guru* I have, Śrīla Prabhupāda!

Śrīla Prabhupāda, you went to an English school, and after studying hard, you were entitled to your degree. But you did not really care about it; you gave up your degree in order to preach Kṛṣṇa consciousness all over the world.

That is the kind of *guru* I have, Śrīla Prabhupāda!

Seeing your austerity, purity, and sincerity, Kṛṣṇa came to support you with His full force. Your dream came true and Kṛṣṇa consciousness has spread all over the globe.

That is the kind of *guru* I have, Śrīla Prabhupāda!

You have changed the lives of millions of people. Your movement is growing more and more. Many more people are still becoming Kṛṣṇa conscious because your purity is still pushing the ISKCON movement. The ISKCON movement, Hare Kṛṣṇa devotees, and your books are known all over the world. It is so amazing that the western people, who did not know who Kṛṣṇa was, changed into devotees of Kṛṣṇa. It is so

remarkable that all those young people who joined ISKCON became so skilled and talented in Kṛṣṇa’s service. This is all by your sincere efforts to spread Kṛṣṇa consciousness.

That is the kind of *guru* I have, Śrīla Prabhupāda!

It is by your mercy that you accepted me as your disciple and gave me shelter at your lotus feet. I am still in ISKCON and Kṛṣṇa consciousness just because of your association and sweet memories of you, and I always want to stay in ISKCON. You gave me so much affection and so much mercy that it seemed like I knew you forever.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, please continue to be merciful unto me. Please continue to give me the shelter of your lotus feet and bless me so that we can serve you and Śrī Śrī Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa more and more.

Thank you, Śrīla Prabhupāda.

*Your worthless servant,*

Aśalata Devī Dāsī

**Atmātma Dāsa**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda.

Please accept my humble obeisances, all glories to your lotus feet.

*nama om viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine*

*namas te sārāsvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

It is now thirty-three years since you have physically left this world. On that great day of your departure to continue your eternal service to the Lord, we as your many disciples wished to be with you and thank you personally for the great gift you have given us. At that time our instruction was to remain in your service of book distribution and not travel to India to see you. We were told this was your desire, but later we found out that your desire was for all your disciples to come and be with you.

You came to England despite your bodily condition and granted us the opportunity to see the Lord's pure devotee, full in all his glory, surrounded by his faithful servants, and having completed the order of his spiritual master, Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī Prabhupāda. You were the greatest gift the Lord could bestow on this earth, His wayward sons and daughters, and the many souls of this world. We are the witnesses of your achievement and we are your faithful children left here to continue your mission to give Kṛṣṇa to everyone we meet.

For me, my association with you has in the main part been through your books and audio lectures. You have on occasion come and shown how you are still with us, guiding us. Your mercy is being carried on to future generations by your

wonderful purports and masterful translations of *Bhagavad-gītā*, *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* and *Caitanya-caritāmṛita*, along with other books. These are the greatest treasures. They are far beyond the temporary illusions of the material world. For a conditioned soul born in darkness, these books give the light and the ability to see far beyond a mortal vision.

How fortunate I am to have witnessed your presence here amongst us! What must I have done in the past for this great good fortune? Your mercy is such that from wherever we are coming, simply by a moment's association with you, our path through the darkness of Māyā is immediately changed.

How can I continue to serve you? How can I take your words without changing anything and pass them on intact to future generations? Māyā is tough and unyielding. She performs her service to the Lord to keep wayward souls conditioned, but you, Śrīla Prabhupāda, have kindly come and released me from her clutches.

How can I serve you who are very dear to your spiritual master, you who have taken his instruction to heart and perfectly presented Kṛṣṇa consciousness to the Western, Eastern, Northern, and Southern countries? And where are you now, Prabhupāda? There is no end to your mercy.

I bow down at your lotus feet again and again and again. You are my shelter, you are my ship and you are the wind in my sails. Lord Kṛṣṇa stands at the door that you have opened.

*I remain always your eternal servant,*

Atmātma Dāsa

**Baḍa Hari Dāsa**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances.

Thank you for saving me. Who knows how many lifetimes I've wandered in this world, not understanding my true situation. You kindly picked me up and showed me the real truth of devotion to Kṛṣṇa as the purpose of life. As you wrote, "The *Nectar of devotion* will teach us how to turn the one switch that will immediately brighten everything, everywhere." (*Nectar of Devotion*, preface)

Your words are full of light and strength. You gave endless spiritual knowledge and compassionate practical instruction. Your greatest gift is undoubtedly the holy name in the form of the *mahā-mantra*. By taking shelter of your powerful instructions and the holy name, the darkness dissipates and there is hope, a great hope one day to serve you, free from all obstacles, free from all depression and lethargy, with a joyful heart, and unconcerned for personal well-being. Other than service to you and your divine mission, there is only confusion.

In conditional life, our obstacles are formidable to say the least. As Śrīla Bhaktinoda Ṭhākura writes in humility, "In my heart reside duplicity, insincerity, the desire for fame and the six enemies: lust, anger, greed, envy, illusion and madness." I am continuously being thrown back into ignorance by these things. It seems overwhelming at times. Still, there is great hope. I know one day, by your grace and the transforming power of the holy name, that my heart will be fully cleansed. One day, pure love for Śrī Śrī Rādhā-Śyāmasundara will shine like the sun.

On your divine appearance day, I pray that I may be fully

engaged in serving your mission, which is the only true light in this dark world. More than ever the world needs your gift of Kṛṣṇa consciousness. Please give me the vision of how I can best give your gift to others. Please give me the clarity of purpose, strength, and intelligence to serve you properly and be your instrument.

*All glories to you, Śrīla Prabhupāda!*

*Your aspiring servant,*

Baḍa Hari Dāsa

**Bhagavān Ācārya Dāsa**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

By Kṛṣṇa's mercy, I found your *Bhagavad-gīta As It Is* in a book store and, after reading it, visited the Chicago temple and met some of your disciples. Soon afterward, I saw you face to face, and when our eyes met, at that moment, I knew I had found my eternal spiritual master.

By your pure desire and perfect example, you inspired thousands of ordinary conditioned souls like me to give up their material pursuits and join the *saṅkīrtana* movement of Lord Caitanya Mahāprabhu in order to save suffering humanity. Your compassion is immeasurable. You opened my eyes with the torchlight of knowledge and I will be forever in your debt.

*Your servant,*

Bhagavān Ācārya Dāsa

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances at your divine lotus feet.

Recently, I was listening to one of your early lectures. It was in New York City, in 1967. You were speaking about the twenty-six qualities of a devotee. You asked a disciple to read the different qualities. When he came to the quality of kindness, you said, "Yes, a devotee is very kind." When I heard you say that, I felt that you were the full embodiment of kindness. I could just hear the kindness in your voice. You were so kind to give up everything at an advanced age to come to America to give us Kṛṣṇa consciousness. You took so much trouble to teach us, persons who knew nothing about Kṛṣṇa, how to practice spiritual life, and how to be a devotee.

When I listen to your early classes from the 1960s in New York, I can just hear in your voice the intense desire to teach us Kṛṣṇa consciousness. Like a loving father teaching a young child, you patiently taught us everything we had to know to become fully Kṛṣṇa conscious, while overlooking our faults. You are actually our eternal loving spiritual father, and we are your spiritual children.

You did not only want us to become Kṛṣṇa conscious but also free from all suffering. You could see our suffering and wanted us to become happy. That is true kindness and compassion. You weren't looking for name and fame; you just wanted to give us something very wonderful: Kṛṣṇa consciousness. This was something we didn't even know existed, yet you knew that we needed it and that it would make us very happy. You have mentioned that someone who is happy is no longer in distress. So you wanted us to have the highest happiness. Your

**Datta Dāsa**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances at your lotus feet.

Thank you for accepting me and so many others as your disciples. Thank you for sharing Kṛṣṇa consciousness with the world, and thank you for being so patient with those of us, who, like myself, are so reluctant to follow your good instructions.

Vyāsa-pūjā is a day for glorifying one's spiritual master. I believe that part of your greatness is that you want to see your disciples overcome obstacles to their spiritual lives. Therefore, on this particular Vyāsa-pūjā, I would like to make some requests, even though I have no right to do so. You are the most merciful and benevolent personality, and you have the potency to grant these requests if you so desire, for you are perfect in every one of these areas.

I pray that you help me give up my false ego and its illegitimate offspring, pride. May I serve you properly by doing so.

I pray that you take away my conception of being the enjoyer and the controller.

I pray that you give me the wisdom to make a profound difference in your movement.

I pray that you give me the power to discriminate between what is proper action and what is not, and to avoid offending all Vaiṣṇavas.

I pray that you give me the intelligence to serve your instructions, interests, and intents.

I pray that you give me the courage to first see the truth and to then speak it.

only goal is to give us Kṛṣṇa consciousness and inspire us to give it to others.

You have planted the seed of devotion in our hearts, and it has fructified in so many of your followers. By your grace and kindness, we have the opportunity to meet Kṛṣṇa face to face. You wrote in *Kṛṣṇa Book*, "One may search for Kṛṣṇa the Supreme Personality of Godhead through the pages of the *Vedas* and *Upaniṣads*, but if one is fortunate enough to associate with a devotee, he can see the Supreme Personality of Godhead face to face." (*Kṛṣṇa Book*, Chapter 12) We are eternally indebted to you for this wonderful gift. Now it is our obligation to give it to others.

One way we can do this is by distributing your books. This is not actually a burden, but it is the most ecstatic and enjoyable activity. Our natural love for Kṛṣṇa and all living beings is aroused when we distribute your books. It works like magic to purify our hearts and those of the people we meet. That is your kindness for giving us this process to elevate ourselves as well as others.

I humbly pray to be a part of your mission and a member of your loving family of devotees. It is wonderful to be with all your devotees and reciprocate loving exchanges with them. Please allow me to assist you in your mission of bringing all fallen souls back to Kṛṣṇa. Please keep me always fixed in the service of your movement and humble, submissive, with a good service attitude, and working cooperatively. I offer my prostrated obeisances at your divine lotus feet.

*Begging to be your humble servant,*

Cakrī Dāsa

I pray that you give me the vision to see the good in others and blind me to their apparent faults.

I pray that you give me the tolerance, vision, and genuine respect for others, so that I can give up judgmentalism.

I pray that you give me the strength and perseverance to stand for your interests, even if it means occasionally opposing others within our family of devotees.

I pray that you give me a drop of the ocean of unlimited transcendental love you have for everyone — devotee or not.

I pray that you show me the way to sow harmony among devotees and remove dissension.

I pray that you grant my requests, so that I can be a disciple who pleases you rather than one who disappoints you.

Thank you for engaging me in your service.

*Your unqualified servant,*

Datta Dāsa

**Drutakarma Dāsa**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances. All glories to Your Divine Grace.

Thank you for appearing in this world. Thank you for accepting me as your disciple. Thank you for giving such a perfect example of devotional service.

You often said that you simply followed the order of your guru mahārāja. I aspire to do the same. Although I did not directly receive any specific order from you, you did give many orders and expressed many desires. I look at these orders as jewels that you left on the ground of service. They are there for anyone to pick up.

So somehow I have picked up one of these jewels, your desire that your disciples challenge some of the mistaken theories of modern science, such as the Darwinian theory of evolution.

I pray that I may be able to satisfy this desire of yours.

*Your fallen servant,*

Drutakarma Dāsa

**Gaura Dāsa**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances. All glories to your pure devotional service in spreading the mission of Lord Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu in every town and village.

It has been thirty-three years since I last saw your physical presence in March, 1977, in Śrīdhāma Māyāpur. I was amazed to see that you were carried on what looked like a stretcher from your rooms downstairs to give the *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* class on the teachings of Śrī Prahlāda Mahārāja from the newly published Seventh Canto. Despite your failing health, nothing could stop you from your service to your servants of *nityaṁ bhāgavata-sevayā*. Please bless me with this same determination to always hear your *Bhāgavatam* purports from your lotus lips.

To really hear the purports you so painstakingly wrote every morning at 1 a.m. means to apply them in my life. Two years ago, I finally did my Bhakti-śāstrī at your MIHE by the mercy of Janmāṣṭamī Prabhu, Atul Kṛṣṇa Prabhu, Kadamba-kānana Swami, Jayādvaīta Swami, Bhakti Bṛhat Bhāgavata Swami, and Pūrṇacandra Goswami, but now I must also fully apply and teach the same to others. So this weekend I drove a van of devotees to attend the 24 hour *kīrtana* in Toronto and was inspired to hear how Mahesh Patel, one of your longtime congregational members in Montreal, rises at 1 a.m. to chant his *japa* of the Hare Kṛṣṇa *mantra* every day before he goes to work at 4 a.m. If he can rise so early, why can't I? You have left me with the structure of your ISKCON and you said it was up to your disciples to fill in the rest, so please empower me to do this by taking better care of your devotees.

Recently, I read about the passing away of your disciples like Padmalocana, Amekhala, and Campaka, and I was reminded of

your statement before you left in Vṛndāvana: “Don’t think this is not going to happen to you.” It is sobering to reflect on my own mortality, and how there may only be a few breaths left to render you some service during this “spot life”. Please give me the intelligence and purity to accomplish more service to you.

Presently, together with your grand-disciples Nara-nārāyaṇa and Vedavyāsa Prabhus, I go to a different yoga center every month to do Hare Kṛṣṇa *kīrtana* organized by Vedavyāsa. People seem to enjoy the *kīrtana* very much, and in the same way that you taught us, we serve out some simple *prasāda*. I give people invitations to attend the Sunday Feast at your Śrī Śrī Rādhā-Manohara temple in Montreal and pray that they will take *darśana* of the Lord and receive the benefit of associating with your followers. Your enthusiastic grand-disciples inspire me to keep on serving you.

Thank you very much, Śrīla Prabhupāda, for sending into my life so many of your wonderful devotees who have trained me in various ways and who have reflected so many of your divine qualities, like compassion and humility. I would not have met or served you if it was not for them. You always expertly fanned the spark of *bhakti* in the heart of everyone you met and brought out the best in all of us for Lord Kṛṣṇa’s service. You said that you only asked your Guru Mahārāja one question, “How can I serve you?” So I am asking you the same and that the answer may become manifest in my heart. Please help me to realize fully what it truly means to be a Gaura Dāsa.

Please rid me of all of my *anarthas*, so that I may be a better instrument in your hands to serve your will in spreading Kṛṣṇa consciousness to others. I was not allowed to go with you on morning walks or to visit you in your room in Māyāpur, even though there had been an announcement to do so at the scheduled time. Please bless me to catch up with you and join

you in whatever universe or planet you may be in, so that I can be fully trained and purified by you to serve Śrī Śrī Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa.

Please, Śrīla Prabhupāda, forgive me for all of my offenses to you, your servants, your Deities. I am not fit to be in your ISKCON, so I have distanced myself from your institution. But you have so kindly provided me with everything to still qualify myself. As your father Gour Mohan De begged the visiting *sādhus* to bless you with *bhakti*, please bless my two sons, Dhanañjaya and Mahāprabhu, that they may share this joyful process of chanting the Hare Kṛṣṇa *mantra*, dancing, and honoring Kṛṣṇa *prasāda* with whomever they meet, and that they may become pure devotees of Śrīmatī Rādhārāṇī.

At fifty-five years of age, I should be in the *vānaprastha* stage of life, so I live alone, beside a forest, the *vāna*, but at the same time, I don't want to be a coward and run away from the battlefield of declaring war on *māyā* with your books and the Hare Kṛṣṇa *mantra*. I just gave your *Bhagavad-gītā* in French to a professor of Religious Studies at a local College, and for many years, I have been speaking about Kṛṣṇa consciousness at Dawson College, giving out your life-transforming books to every student in the class.

I'm very grateful to your dear disciple Śrīla Jayādvaita Swami for inviting me to participate in collecting a few scattered thoughts as a token offering of my gratitude to you and for reminding me of the goal of human life, the revival of my Kṛṣṇa consciousness, and the great need to share this with others. Please arrange with your Lord Caitanya and Lord Nityānanda for more opportunities for me to do *kīrtana* and share your books and *prasāda* to all receptive souls.

*Your aspiring servant,*

Gaura Dāsa

**Gaura Keśava Dāsa**

*asmad gurubhyo namaḥ  
asmad parama gurubhyo namaḥ  
asmad sarva gurubhyo namaḥ  
rādhā-kṛṣṇa samārambhām  
kṛṣṇa-caitanya madhyamām  
bhaktivedānta paryantam  
vande guru-paramparām*

I offer my obeisances unto the succession of teachers that originates from Śrī Śrī Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa, includes Śrī Kṛṣṇa Caitanya Mahāprabhu, and culminates with His Divine Grace A. C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupāda.

*om ajñāna-timirāndhasya jñānāñjana-salākayā  
cakṣur unmilitaṁ yena tasmai śrī-gurave namaḥ*

"I offer my obeisances to my teacher, who opened my eyes, which were blinded in the dark well of ignorance, by applying the salve of divine knowledge."

Śrīla Prabhupāda, you ushered in a new age of preaching Kṛṣṇa consciousness globally. It was our great good fortune to have come in contact with your mission and teachings. There is no way to repay the causeless mercy that you have shown us. Without your contact, this world would have remained primarily a place of darkness and ignorance. Mahāprabhu has favored you with the ability to fulfill His prediction. Your teachings are now the reference points that so many use as mainstays of their lives. You are the needle of our philosophical compass that now points towards the Lord. Please continue to grace us with increased understanding. Mediate for us with the Lord, so that we may avoid the greatest type of fear.

The supreme form of worship is that of Lord Kṛṣṇa.

*Ārādhānānām sarveṣām viṣṇor ārādhanaṁ param.* Even a minute of devotional service to the Lord will save us from repeated birth and death. Yet we are unable to directly offer even that. Greater, however, than direct devotional service to the Lord, is the service of His Vaiṣṇava devotees. *Tasmāt parataraṁ devi/ tadyānām samarcanam.*

Of all the services rendered to the Vaiṣṇava devotees of the Lord, no service is greater than that rendered to the spiritual master.

But what service can we offer to you? Even that is dependent on your causeless mercy. We are unable to save others. We are unable even to save ourselves. We have nothing to offer and thus must rely on you for everything. Forgive us for our inabilities and bless us.

We take refuge at your lotus feet and offer our obeisances to you. *Asmad guru-caraṇau śaraṇaṁ prapadye/ asmad gurave namaḥ.*

*Your servant,*

Gaura Keśava Dāsa



Gopapatnī Devī Dāsī

**Where are you Śrīla Prabhupāda?**

Where are you Śrīla Prabhupāda?  
Running through the night,  
Serving Kṛṣṇa's pastimes  
In the soft Vṛndāvana moonlight?

Where are you Śrīla Prabhupāda?  
Playing tag with Madhumaṅgala?  
Catching Kṛṣṇa first  
And sharing with Him  
Your simply wonderfuls?

Where are you Śrīla Prabhupāda?  
With Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta,  
Playing your *mṛdaṅga*?  
Dancing by the Gaṅgā  
With Lord Nityānanda?

Where are you Śrīla Prabhupāda?  
At another 26 2<sup>nd</sup> Avenue,  
Gathering together another crew  
For Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu?

Where are you Śrīla Prabhupāda?  
You are in the heart of each devotee  
Who follows your instructions  
In this dark Kali-yuga blight.

Where are you Śrīla Prabhupāda?  
You are calling your disciples, left and right.  
Are you on the hellish planets,  
Fighting, armed with Lord Caitanya's light?

Where are you Śrīla Prabhupāda?  
I've done nothing for you in this life...  
I want to be with you wherever that may be.  
Please, I beg of you, let me please come too!

Wherever you are Śrīla Prabhupāda,  
Lord Kṛṣṇa is there, too.

*Your useless servant,*

Gopapatnī Devī Dāsī

Haridās Dāsa

**Kṛṣṇa Doesn't Waste a Single Teardrop from His Pure Devotee**

Dear Prabhupāda,

All glories to you! My humble obeisances at your lotus feet. I beg at your lotus feet that I may always be blessed to serve you.

I distinctly remember the following incident. Once, back in 1974, Śrīla Prabhupāda was sitting in his room on Hare Kṛṣṇa Land with visitors for the evening *darśana* all around him. One of the visitors, Maharana Mewar, was quite well-known to us and was there with his family; there were other prominent people as well. Śrīla Prabhupāda was discussing with Maharana about the plans of the project and the architectural plans, the blue prints, were on his table. Then, during this conversation, Surabhī Mahārāja walked in to bring the daily report, which contained some very bad news for Śrīla Prabhupāda.

As Śrīla Prabhupāda was hearing this bad news (exactly what it was I don't know, but it had something to do with permissions from the municipality or government), suddenly there was a dead silence in the whole room. Śrīla Prabhupāda held his head in his hands and bent down over the table where the blue print was. I clearly recall that he started dropping some tears from his eyes. Then, after a tense moment, he raised his head and said, "Is this building always going to be on paper only or is it ever going to happen?" This was his only comment, and again he fell silent. Remembering this incident, I would like to say that Kṛṣṇa doesn't waste a single teardrop from His pure devotee.

Very shortly after Śrīla Prabhupāda's "tear incident", we saw the Hare Kṛṣṇa Land project slowly progressing more and

more, and today we see how such a wonderful project has come up in the course of only two years.

Śrīla Prabhupāda told me that "all your life you must serve in this temple." But due to my strong desire for sense gratification, I missed my service in the Juhu temple for twelve long years. To compensate those precious twelve years in Hare Kṛṣṇa Land, I wish to be reborn as long as ISKCON exists (10,000 years) and serve Śrīla Prabhupāda's mission.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, because of the forgiveness, kindness, affection, and mercy you showered upon me, I have been able to recognize the strength of *harināma* and the *mahā-mantra*.

*Your eternal servant,*

Haridās Dāsa

Jagannātheśvarī Devī Dāsī

My dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisance at your lotus feet.

When I remember your final pastimes in this world, what penetrates my heart deeply is the intensity of your concern for us, your disciples. When an ordinary man is on his death bed, he worries about his dependants and how they will manage without him. In the same way, Śrīla Prabhupāda, you were worried about your spiritual sons and daughters, except that your anxiety was much more intense and completely transcendental. Instead of entering *samādhi* or performing *nirjana-bhajana* according to the Vaiṣṇava tradition, instead of focusing your mind on Kṛṣṇa and preparing yourself to enter His pastimes, you continued to preach to your disciples. You were suffering untold physical pain, preparing to leave your body, but instead of being concerned about yourself, you were simply concerned about us, how we would go on without you. For you, Śrīla Prabhupāda, your selfless love for your disciples was your most powerful emotion, your *samādhi*, and your *bhajana*. "Greater love hath no man than this." (John 15:13)

Having witnessing this, we can rest assured that you have never abandoned us and that you never will abandon us. On the contrary, you are always watching down on every single one of us, waiting for us to rejoin you in your transcendental pastimes with the Lord. Just as you have never deserted us, Śrīla Prabhupāda, we will never desert you. Please keep us always under the protective umbrella of your lotus feet.

*Your eternal daughter,*

Jagannātheśvarī Devī Dāsī

**Jānakī Devī Dāsī**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda.

Please accept my most humble obeisances in the dust of your lotus feet.

Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Your kindness and mercy shine ever true  
With your wisdom and love flowing freely from you.

Sent by Kṛṣṇa to guide us poor wandering souls,  
Bring us back to His shelter is your sacred goal.

The books that you gave us teach us all that we know;  
Their logic and wisdom show us which way to go,

Though much time has passed since your personal presence,  
In your timeless teachings we find you in essence.

By carefully studying the purports you gave us,  
We know we can reach to the goal that you showed us.

We are more than just this dull mortal frame,  
But an eternal pure soul linked with His holy name.

The process you gave us is simple yet true,  
Though to follow it properly we truly need you

To shy from the pitfalls of lust, anger, and greed,  
To stay clear from the danger of false pride and prestige.

The dangers are many, Māyā tests by the score.  
Still, we strive ever onwards to reach for the shore

Of that eternal abode from where we've all come,  
Back to Godhead, back to our eternal home,

To serve ever after that tender young lad,  
Who plays on His flute midst the damsels of Vraj.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, the great gift that you gave us:

A promise of love everlasting to save us.

By holding on tight to your lotus feet  
May we draw ever closer to Kṛṣṇa so sweet.

My offences are many and I've still much to learn,  
But dear master, please help me and keep me from harm.

Please bless me that I may be worthy of you,  
And may you be pleased with some service I do.

For only with your kind blessings can we  
Advance in our consciousness and be free.

So with a pure heart and His name on our lips,  
We loudly chant "Hare Kṛṣṇa" and raise our fingertips

Up high to the heavens and dance to the tune  
Of *mṛdaṅgas* and *karatālas* in *saṅkīrtana* swoon.

Remaining true to your mission, helping you to spread  
Far and wide this pure message of "Back to Godhead",

So more souls will gather and together praise you,  
Our Eternal Master, our *jagat-guru*!

*His Divine Grace Śrīla A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupāda ki jaya!*

*Your fallen but aspiring disciple,*

Jānakī Devī Dāsī

**Jaya Gurudeva Dāsa**

*nama om viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine*

I offer my respectful obeisances to His Divine Grace Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupāda, who is very dear to Lord Kṛṣṇa, having fully surrendered to His lotus feet.

*namas te sārasvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

I offer my humble obeisances to the empowered servant of His Divine Grace Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī Ṭhākura Prabhupāda, who is engaged in preaching the gospel of Lord Caitanya Mahāprabhu and who is thus removing the burden of impersonalism and voidism from the lives of people living in the western world.

Since nearly half a century, His Divine Grace, 108 Śrī Śrīmad A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupāda, Founder-Ācārya of ISKCON, my worshipful master and ever well-wisher, has been successfully preaching the message of Lord Caitanya to the whole world via his transcendental books. His Divine Grace is also the first ācārya in Lord Caitanya’s line who systematically made recordings during His entire mission till his last breath. Prabhupāda’s chanting *japa*, singing in his own inimitable tunes, playing *karatālas*, *mṛdaṅga*, and harmonium, lecturing, having conversations and discussions with disciples and guests — all these *cintāmaṇi* jewels, Śrīla Prabhupāda’s matchless gifts, have been preserved for posterity on magnetic tapes (today on CD or MP3 files). At this very moment, Prabhupāda’s words or his singing are actually being heard in someone’s home. As Prabhupāda’s books are transcendental, so are his recordings. There’s no doubt about it.

At the start of Prabhupāda’s missionary efforts, when he was alone in New York, His Divine Grace had a small portable cassette recorder. In the late sixties, his personal servants started to carry portable, sometimes very heavy, reel-to-reel tape recorders. Every reel was safely stored.

In the early seventies, Prabhupāda started recording his word-to-word translations, verse translations, and purports of the *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* and the *Caitanya-caritāmṛita* on a portable dictating machine. This machine travelled with him everywhere, and it was the first thing to be unpacked upon arrival at yet another ISKCON temple. The recorded cassettes were numbered, labelled, and transcribed on typewriters (later on computers) by his dedicated disciples. Prabhupāda also made several recordings in professional recording studios, including the Golden Avatar Studios in Los Angeles. The total time of Śrīla Prabhupāda’s recordings (within a period of twelve years) amounts to more than two thousand hours. If one would listen to Prabhupāda’s voice twenty-four hours a day, he or she would spend three and a half months just listening. If anyone would hear a different lecture or conversation every day, he or she could go on listening for four straight years. The fact that Prabhupāda systematically used recording gear is extremely important for his disciples and all present and future listeners (students). Śrīla Prabhupāda lives on in sound, literally.

For this 2010 publication of offerings by disciples of His Divine Grace Śrīla Prabhupāda, I humbly submit the following short play.

**Śrīla Prabhupāda and the microphones**

*Setting: Personified microphones, living in the spiritual world, who had recorded Śrīla Prabhupāda’s voice during his pastimes on planet Earth, fondly recall His Divine Grace. This play was*

*initially written for children.*

Bhakta microphones:

- (1) RCA (pronounce as “are see a”)
- (2) GE (pronounce as “jee e”)
- (3) Neumann (pronounce as “new man”)
- (4) Lenor the Dictaphone
- (5) Uher Sr. (pronounced as “you her senior”)
- (6) Uher Jr. (pronounced as “you her junior”)

**Prologue**

The other day, I heard one of my godbrothers say

That all modern inventions had come their way,

Just to be on time for Abhay Charan’s, His Divine Grace Śrīla Prabhupāda’s, birthday.

Happy day, oh happy day, when Śrīla Prabhupāda made his way!

All modern Earthly inventions stood in line that day,

Waiting for His Divine Grace to come their way.

**RCA:** Prabhupāda was living in a small room on the fifth floor of a New York office building. In those days, in the winter of 1965, I used to be his only listener, his only dedicated and reliable servant. Well, together, of course, with my other half, the tape recorder. Prabhupāda used to plug in the tape recorder and set me up in a plastic microphone holder on his trunk. I also had a little on/off plug on my body. Prabhupāda would take out a pair of hand cymbals from a cloth pouch, wrap them around his fingers with attached strings, close his eyes, and start clashing them mildly — *tsa tsa tsaaa, tsa tsa tsaaa* — while singing

with the most exquisite voice. I captured the sound through my magnetic resonator and electric coils, transformed it into electric signals, truly and without adulteration, and send it to the reel of magnetic tape in the recording machine. Although I was very small, indeed, I did a good job. Prabhupāda sang and sang for hours. There was only Prabhupāda and I. It was sooo nice! He chanted many mantras. There were the prayers to the six Goswamis, prayers to Queen Kunti, and of course the *mahā-mantra*—Hare Kṛṣṇa, Hare Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa, Hare Hare/ Hare Rāma, Hare Rāma, Rāma Rāma, Hare Hare. One cold New York night, I transmitted a long monologue to a tape, the *Introduction to Gītapaniṣad*, which was later published as the introduction of the *Bhagavad-gītā As It Is*. But then — oh fateful day! — someone broke into Prabhupāda’s room and stole me away, together with the tape recorder. How unhappy I was... Prabhupāda used to keep me in a nice soft cloth, in a box, away from moisture and dust. I was sold for a handful of dollars to a pedlar’s shop and a few years later, I ended up in a garbage can. But, by the will of providence, most of the recorded tapes survived.

**GE:** That is inspiring to hear. It would have been a dreadful pity should those tapes be lost and gone. As for me and my other half, the portable tape recorder, we were a gift from one of Prabhupāda’s first disciples, back in 1966. I was also quite handy. And I had a nice and stable fitting. Prabhupāda liked me very much. For two months, I transmitted to tape one of his longest monologues, namely, *Kṛṣṇa, the Supreme Personality of Godhead*.

**Neumann:** You see, dear brethren, I used to be one of the upper-class mikes, if you know what I mean. I was made in Germany and was owned by a recording studio downtown Manhattan. One day, I can’t remember quite when, sometime

in 1966, Prabhupāda and a half a dozen of his followers came to the studio for a recording session — something like a happening. My servant, the sound engineer, plugged me into my personal amplifier, all set with most expensive lamps and golden circuits, and off I went, transmitting impeccable sound. And impeccable it was! Prabhupāda was playing a bongo and I was recording his voice. I picked up some of that bongo too — boy, what a fantastic rhythm that was. And Prabhupāda’s voice! What purity, vigour, strength, and determination. He chanted the *mahā-mantra*—Hare Kṛṣṇa, Hare Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa, Hare Hare/ Hare Rāma, Hare Rāma, Rāma Rāma, Hare Hare, and his followers chanted along and played all kinds of crazy instruments — for one hour straight! Oh, it was just ecstatic chanting. At the end of the chant, Prabhupāda read an explanation about the meaning of the mantra. The technician added some extra effects to the recordings and the album was finished. It didn’t sell much, but I heard from a brother of mine, Jack Newman, who used to work at the EMI studios in London, that the famous Beatles went crazy over it. George Harrison, one of the Beatles, became a devotee of Kṛṣṇa just by listening to this album.

**Uher Sr:** I was purchased for Prabhupāda with a portable lightweight recorder. Like my brethren, Mister Neumann, I was made in Germany. I served Śrīla Prabhupāda in the early seventies. My brothers were used by journalists and TV people. Prabhupāda’s servants took very nice care of me, always keeping me ready for recording lectures and conversations. I could distinctly hear every sound, transmitting at a very broad frequency range. I was very precise. Prabhupāda even referred to me personally: “...just like here we have got this tape recorder, this microphone. Somebody may say, ‘Oh, how fine discoveries are these. They are working so nicely.’ But one should see that this tape recorder or this microphone cannot

work for a single moment unless a spirit soul touches it. This is intelligence. We should not be wonderful by seeing a machine. We should try to find out who is working the machine. That is intelligence, *sukhārtha-vivecanam*, to see the finer.”

**Neumann:** I had a brother in Germany, Johann Neumann. He worked at a radio station in Frankfurt. In 1974, he recorded a session at Schloss Rettershoff, near Frankfurt. Prabhupāda’s disciples had rented the Schloss and installed deities of Śrī Śrī Rādhā-Madana-mohana there. Prabhupāda stayed for a week. A room on the first floor was temporarily converted into a recording studio. Prabhupāda played a first-class double reed harmonium and sang beautifully, with his own melodies, traditional Gauḍīya Vaiṣṇava *bhajans*. His disciples accompanied him on *mṛdaṅgas* and *karatālas*, and in the background there was this mystical drone of the *tampura*. According to what I heard from experts in sound engineering, the recordings made at the Schloss Rettershoff sessions were both technical and musical milestones. The album became known as the “Kṛṣṇa Meditation” album. Yeah, and my brother Pete Newman from Los Angeles told me that there was a professional studio set up next to the Hare Kṛṣṇa Temple. It was called the Golden Avatar Studio. Together with several other first class microphones, he used to be employed there in the mid-seventies, recording dozens and dozens of Prabhupāda’s *bhajans*.

**Lenor the Dictaphone:** I was Prabhupāda’s servant for many years. I never recorded music. I was just meant for the spoken word. In fact, that is why I became Prabhupāda’s personal servant and assistant. In fact, I was Prabhupāda’s right hand. He dictated, always holding me in his right hand. I transmitted translations and purports to the *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* and the *Caitanya-caritāmṛita*. I had a little switch on my body, which allowed Prabhupāda to go back and forth on the tape, to

erase, and redo sections. In one of his books, he also referred to me personally: “For example, we are now dictating into a microphone and recording on a dictating machine, and thus we are finding how the machine can be connected to the Supreme Brahman. Since we are using this machine in the service of the Lord, it is Brahman. This is the meaning of *sarvaṁ khalv idam brahma*. Everything is Brahman because everything can be used for the service of the Supreme Lord. Nothing is *mithyā*, false; everything is factual.” (*Bhāg.* 6.16, purport)

Usually, I was plugged in from night to dawn, transmitting the sound of Prabhupāda’s voice to the small cassette in the recorder. When he finished dictating, He would lay me on my back, on a special holder, on top of the dictating machine, just like a telephone receiver. Prabhupāda’s servants would cover me with a soft cloth. When Prabhupāda was travelling for preaching to ISKCON temples around the world, His Divine Grace’s secretary used to carry me in a little white bag. Of course, I also had many brothers, serving Prabhupāda in the temples around the world. My last home became Vṛndāvana-dhāma. In 1977, after Prabhupāda’s disappearance from our mundane vision, Prabhupāda’s disciples placed my earthly form on a nice glass shelf in the rooms of Śrīla Prabhupāda, in Vṛndāvana, where it is on display to this very day.

**Uher Jr:** My dear brethren, you are truly the most fortunate of us all. I started transmitting to tape Prabhupāda’s lectures and conversation after my older brother was sent to the factory in Germany for repair. On one occasion, Prabhupāda also referred to me: “Our scriptures are coming from Vedic literature, which has existed from the beginning of creation. Whenever there is some new material creation — like this microphone, for instance — there is also some literature explaining how to deal with it. Isn’t that so?” (Conversation with Mike Robinson of the

London Broadcasting Company, August, 1976)

Once, in Bombay if I remember well, a guest from the UN visited Prabhupāda and was ready to record their conversation, but then he saw me set up on a little tripod stand on the table and asked, “Swamiji, why are you recording this?” Prabhupāda answered, “So that my disciples may hear me and be with me when I am absent from their eyes.”

### Epilogue

Happy day, oh happy day,  
when Prabhupāda made his way!  
I listen to Him every day,  
And pray,  
To continue to do so,  
Day after day.

Jaya Gurudeva Dāsa

**Jaya Mādhava Dāsa**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my most humble obeisances.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, please have mercy on me and ISKCON.

This is my humble offering from my heart and soul. For some reason you accepted me as your disciple. I was suffering in this horrible material world, but you saw me and my condition and gave me the greatest gift a human can get: *bhakti-yoga*, the chanting of the holy names of God plus my wonderful godbrothers and godsisters, who trained me on your behalf.

In the material world, I was tired of seeing my birth family's sufferings and the sad condition of the world with demons running it and being in control of people's hearts and souls. By Lord Kṛṣṇa's grace, I got your causeless mercy at a young age. You got control of my heart and soul and accepted a fool like me as your initiated disciple. I'm forever grateful for that honour. This gift can never be repaid by me, yet I hope to try.

I remember being seventeen or eighteen years old and standing for hours with your disciples on the streets of downtown Philadelphia in the 1970s for *hari-nāma-saṅkīrtana* and running from the police! In those days, practically the whole temple went out all day and night to distribute your *Back to Godhead*, books, and *prasāda*. I was so happy to see the devotees regularly out on the streets in the USA — I wish it were today.

Since you left us, things have gone amiss. As a pure devotee you are not limited by time and space and I'm sure you know well the situation and condition of your ISKCON.

Now, I'm tired of seeing my spiritual family's sufferings in the West. I want to see your ISKCON in America and Europe

flourish as it once did. Please bless your ISKCON in the West to regain its power to preach and follow your exact instructions without change.

For many years, I was a *brahmacārī* in your ISKCON and served you imperfectly, but you accepted my services. Now, in my later years, I know just how critically important your book distribution is and I thank you from the bottom of my heart for allowing me to do this service (even though it is hard). This book distribution and *harināma* is the only solution for the world's many increasing problems. Everything else is to support that.

The years go by so quickly and I wish I could have done more for you. Now I live, work, and preach in Moscow, Russia. Sometimes, I lie awake at night and I can't sleep because I worry about the health and future of your ISKCON in America and the West. This is not fault-finding; it is my grave concern.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, please send new inspiration to all of us and the leadership of ISKCON to renew our original vows to you on your appearance day! Thank you for your causeless mercy to such a fallen rascal like me. Please forgive my ocean of offenses and shortcomings. I think about you and my godbrothers and godsisters. I now see how valuable they are. All your followers are valuable souls.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, I have no right to ask anything of you but I ask humbly: please do not forget all your disciples inside and outside ISKCON. Thank you is not enough... just words. Please let me serve with you again in your preaching mission for Lord Kṛṣṇa.

Śrīla Prabhupāda *ki jaya!*

*Your servant and disciple,*

Jaya Mādhava Dāsa

**Kṛṣṇacandra Dāsa and Nabhasvatī Devī Dāsī**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances. All glories to Your Divine Grace.

On behalf of my family, I would like thank you for your unceasing love, kindness, and direction.

It has not been easy for me, Śrīla Prabhupāda, since your departure more than thirty-three years ago. For me it was so much easier serving you personally in Vṛndāvana from April to November in 1977. Those months when you were drawing a close to your manifest *līlā* were very dear and special to me, Śrīla Prabhupāda. The small opportunities to sit or walk with you, to shade you from the sun, to sing for you, and take some of your remnants will stay with me forever.

I am forever grateful for your love and kindness towards me and my family.

I know I am only one of countless fortunate souls who have been touched by your love for Kṛṣṇa, and from the bottom of my heart I thank you for that, Śrīla Prabhupāda. Thank you for the wonderful devotee association you have created globally. Your achievements are for the benefit of all conditioned souls, Śrīla Prabhupāda. For this I am eternally grateful. I submit myself to try and help you in that endeavour, Śrīla Prabhupāda, life after life. Śrīla Prabhupāda *ki jaya!*

*Your eternal son,*

Kṛṣṇacandra Dāsa and Nabhasvatī Devī Dāsī  
(children and grandchildren)

**Līlāsukhī Dāsī**

My offering is one of gratitude and thanks for the gift of *saṅkīrtana* Śrīla Prabhupāda brought to us here in the Western world.

I first met Śrīla Prabhupāda in 1971 in Honolulu, HI. The message he brought then was to chant, chant, and chant and to feed people *prasāda* and chant some more. I give thanks to him that he brought this great blessing to us as devotees.

Unfortunately, I feel he would be unhappy to see that so little chanting exists anymore in the temples or on the streets. The ISKCON temples I occasionally visit have minimal chanting with a solemn dirge sound which does not seem to infuse anyone with Kṛṣṇa's name. The chanting of the early days was intense, strong, joyful, and long-lasting and brought one to a truly meditative state.

Prabhupāda said *saṅkīrtana* was the order of the day, not the politics, not the service, not the books, but *saṅkīrtana*. This is the way I choose to continue to honor Śrīla Prabhupāda: through *saṅkīrtana*. Once again, I give great thanks to him for bringing this to all of us.

*Haribol!*

Līlāsukhī Dāsī

**Mahābhāgavata Dāsī**

*nama om̐ viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine*

*namas te sārasvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviṣeṣa-sūnyavādī-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

My dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my most humble obeisances. All glories to you, Śrīla Prabhupāda, who has changed the world during your short stay on this earth.

Many years back, I wrote you a letter. It read in part, “You have taken me from the depths of hell and placed me in the association of devotees. For this I am eternally grateful.” Today, I speak those simple words again. Your greatness is yet to be realized, Śrīla Prabhupāda.

I sometimes thought that ISKCON has changed. But, in truth, it has not. You are still *jagat-guru*, your books are still the law books for all mankind for the next 10,000 years, and you are still the Founder-Ācārya of ISKCON, the house in which everyone can live. Most of all, you are Prabhupāda, the master at whose feet all other masters sit. And it will always be that way.

By your mercy, devotees come in from all parts of the world.

I am taking this opportunity to say that I offer all that I am and all that I have at your lotus feet. Please forgive all my offenses, and most of all, please always allow me to act as one of your many servants. May I be of some use in this *saṅkīrtana* movement.

*Your fallen and grateful servant,*

Mahābhāgavata Dāsī

**Nidrā Devī Dāsī**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances. All glories to Your Divine Grace on the most wonderful occasion of your Vyāsa-pūjā.

A special time period will arrive when the majority of souls on this planet will recognize how your love is responsible for the amazing flood of books, *prasāda*, and holy names that has inundated every town and village. Your compassion is ploughing the way for this wave, and you are kind enough to engage us, though all the credit goes to you.

We owe everything to you and beg for your mercy to help the rest of the planet to have the same realizations and mercy. Thank you for giving real life to us all. Your blessings are needed to distribute your glories and that of Śrī Pañca-tattva.

All glories to your love!

*Your aspiring servant,*

Nidrā Devī Dāsī

**Nitya Tr̥ptā Devī Dāsī**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my most humble obeisances offered at your lotus feet.

Thank you for saving my life and giving the reasons to exist. Without your divine teachings and continued guidance — through the books you so carefully translated and purported, through your recorded lectures and teachings, and through your dedicated followers — I would be a lost soul amongst other lost souls floundering in the material whirlpool of *saṁsāra*.

My only purpose in this life is to do whatever I can to serve you; to do what I can to help preserve your legacy of images for present and future generations of devotees, so they may have a glimpse of your incredible mercy; and to be able to see a pure devotee and have faith that you are real and have a valuable gift for us all — true life and true love — a gift that is eternal, ever-existent, beyond the constraints of time and space. You have given us the Supreme Person, Śrī Kṛṣṇa and Śrīmatī Rādhārāṇī.

I am eternally grateful to you.

*Your fallen servant,*

Nitya Tr̥ptā Devī Dāsī

**Pālaka Dāsa**

*guru-mukha-padma-vākya, cittete koriyā aikya,  
ār nā koriho mane āśā  
śrī-guru-carāṇe rati, ei se uttama-gati,  
je prasāde pūre sarva āśā*

“My only wish is to have my consciousness purified by the words emanating from his lotus mouth. Attachment to his lotus feet is the perfection that fulfills all desires.”

My dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Your acceptance of this crow-like disciple goes far beyond the mere concept of being merciful upon me. Causeless mercy is the only way of explaining the unlimited kindness you bestow upon all conditioned souls, who, while roaming aimlessly in this world of darkness, somehow or other come into your association. Coming in direct contact with your lotus feet is beyond mundane comprehension and something I still have to fully appreciate. Nonetheless, Śrīla Prabhupāda, on this most blessed day of your appearance in this world, I remain forever grateful and eternally indebted to Your Divine Grace.

*ata ātyantikam̐ kṣemaṁ  
pṛcchāmo bhavato 'naghāḥ  
saṁsāre 'smin kṣaṇārdho 'pi  
sat-saṅgaḥ śevadhīr nṛṇām*

“Therefore, O completely sinless ones, I ask you to kindly tell me what the supreme good is. After all, even half a moment’s association with pure devotees within this world of birth and death is a priceless treasure for any man.” (*Bhāgavatam* 11.2.30)

As we see in the *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*, even a fraction of a moment of your association, Śrīla Prabhupāda, is indeed a priceless treasure for any man. Out of your causeless mercy

and compassion for the plight of humanity, you came to give that association freely to one and all without discrimination. Śrīla Prabhupāda, you are even more merciful than the Lord Himself because you take all risk by instructing the Lord's glories to the faithless, thus giving any man the opportunity to once again regain his original nature as a servant of God. You coined the phrase "back home, back to Godhead", which was and always will be your motto for redirecting the conditioned soul back to their original home.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, your unflinching faith in the power of association and devotion to your Lord Śrī Kṛṣṇa has now given hope and purpose in this world. You continually and tirelessly spread this Kṛṣṇa consciousness through the sound emanating from your lotus mouth. We see the Supreme Lord's nice arrangement that practically your every word was recorded, thus preserving unlimited moments of your pure association for the good of countless generations to come. Indeed, the entire miserable world has now become blessed and most fortunate by the presence of your lotus feet and by the sound which continues to emanate from your lotus mouth through your books and recordings.

*Begging forgiveness for all my offenses,  
your worthless servant,*

Pālaka Dāsa

**Prabhu-kṛpā Dāsa**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

By Your Divine Grace, I am throwing my meaningless and worthless life down as an insignificant offering. I pray that I may grovel in the dust at your holy lotus feet which is where I beg to remain! Today, tomorrow, and forever, I pray that you will again consider me to be your disciple. As there is no other hope or refuge other than Your Divine Grace.

I didn't pass the entrance exam and don't have anything of any substance to offer. Still, with your glowing saffron cloth, radiant smile, and fearsome *daṇḍa*, you have chosen to stand over me, over us, over all of us, over the whole world. You have taught and are teaching us to lift ourselves up by putting our heads down to find the nectar of unconditional love in our otherwise barren hearts.

Your Divine Grace, you danced, chanted, lectured, and chastised us with the seeming absence of your love; your love which was always present but sometimes covered. In so many different ways, you are giving us life where we had none. Like others, I am praying that the desires and numerous wanderings of my many lives won't eclipse my vision of the Lord's holy lotus feet and His eternally glorious servant, Your Divine Grace.

You are the lens of purity that lives within us and the illumination moon in the darkness of a very long and lonely night. The perfectly pure ambassador of the Lord's holy name who, by Śrī Caitanya's pastime and your own sweet will, has inspired and will inspire countless generations of *mlecchas* and *yavanas* to offer their lives in service to Your Divine Grace.

*Your worthless and less-than-insignificant disciple,*

Prabhu-kṛpā Dāsa

**Prahlādpriya Dāsa**

*nama om viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine*

*namas te sārasvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

In 1975, I accepted an invitation to attend Lord Jagannātha's Ratha-yātrā festival in Philadelphia. I could not have imagined that it would change my life forever. All you did was glance at me. But your glance was not ordinary — it was extraordinary. It pierced like an arrow through my heart, mind, and false ego. As Satsvarūpa Mahārāja so aptly put it: "Prabhupāda's glance penetrated your soul and left you naked before him in all your foolishness and sinfulness. He exposed you with his glance."

You took your seat and began to speak. With tears welling up in your eyes, you spoke with deep and heartfelt appreciation, affection, and gratitude to your disciples and guests. You thanked them for their hard work and dedication. You took no credit. You gave all the credit to your spiritual master. The arrow gradually turned into a rose, soft and gentle.

I was a child of barely nineteen years old. I didn't understand much of anything. A few short hours before meeting you, my life had no direction, no clarity, no purpose, no truth, no love, and very little hope. Suddenly that changed. For the first time, I saw what true compassion and unconditional love looked like in the form of Your Divine Grace.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, you taught me how to be clean, how to eat, how to sleep, how to speak, how to listen, how to think, how to live, and how to love. Everything of value in my life, both materially and spiritually, has come from Your Divine Grace. I

cannot fathom ever being able to repay you. For more than thirty-five years, I have attempted in some small, flawed, and insignificant way to assist you and your disciples in spreading the message of Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu. Now, fueled by the determination, surrender, sincerity, and dedication of your many sons and daughters, I continue to aspire to surrender and serve you in a manner befitting of a disciple. I am certain now, as I was then, that this can only happen thanks to Your Divine Grace.

Please, Śrīla Prabhupāda, do not kick me away. I have no right to ask, but I beg you to continue to allow me the opportunity to serve you — birth after birth if necessary. After untold lifetimes, I may, perhaps, begin to repay you for all that you have done, and not just for me but for so many.

*I beg to remain in your service,*

Prahlādpriya Dāsa



Puṇyātmā Dāsa

**Celebrating His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami  
Prabhupāda, the Hare Kṛṣṇa Movement,**

**Our Liberation and the Liberation of the Universe**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my prostrated obeisances at your lotus feet.

Your Divine Grace, I am writing this letter of thanks and celebration on behalf of all members of the human race and all *jīvas* within the eight million four hundred thousand species on the wheel of *samsāra* who are currently residents of this planet and every planet in this universe.

*vande śrī-kṛṣṇa-caitanya-nityānandau sahoditau  
gauḍodaye puṣpavanta ucitrau śandau tamo-nudau*

“I offer my respectful obeisances unto Śrī Kṛṣṇa Caitanya and Lord Nityānanda, who are like the sun and moon. They have arisen simultaneously on the horizon of Gauḍa to dissipate the darkness of ignorance and thus wonderfully bestow benediction upon all.”

The keyword is “all.” The liberation of this universe has begun. All residents of this universe who are made aware of the blessing they are receiving will celebrate Śrīla Prabhupāda. They will celebrate all your divine guidance you have very kindly and mercifully given to us in your books. You are the *guru* who lives in his books forever.

Because of your association, when I wake up in the morning and say “Hare Kṛṣṇa,” I celebrate the presence of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa in my life. Why? Because you told us that when we

chant Hare Kṛṣṇa, the Divine dance upon our tongues and into the atmosphere. I offer the Divine Couple Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa flower garlands and throw flower petals at Their feet and pray for the day that I will become Their servant. Then I pray to Pañca-tattva and thank Them for appearing to liberate every *jīva* in the universe. I offer Them flower garlands, throw flower petals at Their feet and celebrate Their mercy flowing into our universe with the unfolding reality of every *jīva* in this universe boarding Their flower airplanes home to *kṛṣṇa-loka*. I pray to Tulasī-devī and offer her a flower garland and ask her for residency in Vṛndāvana for all residents of this universe. I pray to Śrī Sītā-Rāma-Lakṣmaṇa-Hanumān for pure devotional service. I offer Them flower garlands. I pray to all twenty-one incarnations of Kṛṣṇa. I offer Them flower garlands and celebrate Their presence in my journey of life. I pray also to Lord Brahmā, Lord Viṣṇu, Lord Śiva, and the universal government of thirty-three million demigods, the four Kumāras, Nārada Muni, the Six Gosvāmīs of Vṛndāvana, all the residents of Vṛndāvana, Māyāpur, Jagannātha Purī, and the residents of the nine islands of Navadvīpa.

Actually, my objective is to develop and perfect a relationship with all personalities who reside within your books, Your Divine Grace. When I look at a set of your books I tell people, “Let me introduce you to my spiritual master and all the members of the universal form, the lord of the sun, Vivasvān; the lord of the Moon, Candra; Mother Earth, her name is Bhūmī Devī; the lord of the ocean, Varuṇa Deva; and the divine goddesses who appears in the form of sacred rivers — *gaṅge ca yamune caiva godāvāri sarasvati narmade sindho kāveri jale ’smin sannidhirṁ kuru* — who are very mercifully offering karmic amnesty with a drop of their sacred waters. Actually, Śrīla Prabhupāda, I could go on all day celebrating all your family members who reside in your books. Among your statements, Śrīla Prabhupāda, there

are a few that I relish most and which inspire me to perfect my understanding, namely:

- (1) If you think of me, I’m there.
- (2) Attachment to Your feet fulfills all desires.
- (3) I will live forever in my books you will utilize.
- (4) When you get back to the spiritual world, it will be like you just left.

I pray to you continually, Śrīla Prabhupāda. “If you think of me, I am there.” I prayed to you to make me get free from impersonalism in regards to this statement. I remember getting to carry you into Bury Place. There were four of us and I was front right. My eyes did not leave, focusing on your every emotion. I have relived that experience with you in Bury Place fifty billion times. Now, if becoming free from impersonalism means that I’ll be able to experience your devotion to Śrī Śrī Rādhā-Londonīśvara, I pray to experience that same level of your presence in my perfect moments. Your *kurtā* was soaked with tears as you cried before Lordships, while Yamunā Devī sang the Govindam prayers. Please free me from impersonalism, so that I can enter into the dimension that allows me to be with you. When I pray to you to let me be with you, I celebrate your global body of followers, all chanting:

*Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Hare Hare/  
Hare Rāma Hare Rāma Rāma Rāma Hare Hare*

The mantra for deliverance.

I ask you, Your Divine Grace Śrīla Prabhupāda, if I was free from impersonalism in regards to that statement, what would I see? I just see your Hare Kṛṣṇa movement as your physical body. You’re a self-realized giant and the Hare Kṛṣṇa mantra is pouring out of your body. I know that this vibration is circling the universe nine times, purifying it and fulfilling the mission of

Gaurāṅga Mahāprabhu. *Prasāda* is pouring out of your body, approximately four million plates a day. The spiritual world is manifesting all over the planet in your temples. Your books, books, books are being distributed all over the planet.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, one day I said to Gurudāsa Dāsa that we should do a show with all of your books displayed on the wall. The title of the show would be, “Prabhupāda — The Guru Who Lives in His Books.” The audience can ask a question to Śrīla Prabhupāda. Gurudāsa Dāsa would pick up a book randomly and read your answer. He loved the project. I hung up the phone and prayed to you, Śrīla Prabhupāda, what if your answers don’t correlate with the questions and we embarrass you? So I said, Śrīla Prabhupāda, I want to ask you a question. I’ll open one of your books and see if your answer correlates with the question. My question: “Śrīla Prabhupāda, how do we liberate the universe?” Your answer came (Rādhārāṇī is my witness) from the randomly chosen book *Beyond Birth and Death*. I opened it at Chapter 3, “Liberation from Material Planets.” I was absolutely amazed and celebrated your presence in that moment. Jaya Śrīla Prabhupāda’s direct answer.

I celebrate that we are with you by reading your books. Your global movement is purifying the planet every second of every day. The *mahā-mantra* is pouring out of your body. You have said that if we become Kṛṣṇa conscious, we can recreate Vaikuṅṭha. Vāsudeva Datta liberated a universe with one prayer. You have said attachment to your feet fulfills all desires (your desire is our desire). *jīvera mocana*, the deliverance of all living entities. This statement is coming from a person whose family is the universal form. There are no limits to what can be achieved if we surrender to you.

And your ultimate statement: When you get home, it will be like you just left.

When you arrived in New York all by yourself and went to work, Śrīla Prabhupāda, your pure devotion created a global movement, the system and synchronicity of which is fulfilling the mission of Gaurāṅga Mahāprabhu. Whatever impurities there are will obviously be purified in time from a satellite, Śrīla Prabhupāda. The whole human race is a group of insects, living for hundred years. A bleep in our eternal journey. If we take shelter at your feet and become dedicated to your plan, our life is perfect exclusive loyalty.

Your global body is you personally present, pouring the Hare Kṛṣṇa mantra out of every pore of your body. This vibration is circling the universe nine times and it is building momentum. In six years, ISKCON, your global body, will be fifty years old. Five year Vaikuṅṭha marathon taking birth. Attachment to the lotus feet of the spiritual master fulfills all desires. Keywords are “all desires.” Lord Caitanya’s mission to bestow benediction upon all. The keyword is “all.”

I pray to serve you, Śrīla Prabhupāda, and your global body of ISKCON until my last breath. I am a fly in the presence of a giant śaktyāveśa guru with my head at your lotus feet, begging for your mercy, guidance, shelter, and service to Śrī Kṛṣṇa and Rādhārāṇī and Tulasi-devī and every personality in your books. Jaya Śrīla Prabhupāda.

*Really fallen but aspiring servant,*

Puṇyātmā Dāsa

### Śaktipati Dāsa

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my obeisances at your lotus feet. Please forgive my offenses, many as they are and have been.

I just want to say thank you. I only met you in person once, during the Festival in the Park of 1975 in San Francisco, California. You were up on the stage and gave a lecture and then a *kīrtana*. I heard your voice and felt the power of God. When your devotees invited me to join your movement, I jumped at the opportunity! I joined the temple and you accepted me as your disciple; I had desired so much to be recognized as such, although I proved unworthy and fell short after some years.

I will never be able to fathom the kindness that you manifest, nor the love you have for the truly fallen souls of this age. Despite my grievous offenses and dense ignorance, the seed that you planted has grown, and your mercy became manifest in my heart. I dare not ask how this is possible; it is a miracle only known to you and those who know you in truth. The lame man is crossing the mountain, the dumb man is singing eloquent words, and gradually even this lame dog is learning to listen for his master’s voice.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, thank you for the books you left in which you live and speak. Thank you for your devotees who call your name and spread your words and through whom you manifest your mercy. Thank you for being the best of the best. Thank you for the holy names of Kṛṣṇa. Thank you for sharing your divine mercy with a worthless dog that to this day remembers your beautiful voice and trots along, trying to catch the droplets of a drop of your ocean of mercy even now, many years after you moved on from this world.

My earthly words fall so very short, yet I must try — given this chance — to say: Śrīla Prabhupāda, thank you!

And to all who read this, please, please, please forgive this wretched soul’s offenses.

*Your servant,*

Śaktipati Dāsa

### Śauri Dāsa

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my prostrated obeisances.

This insignificant servant will now attempt to glorify you whose devotion is beyond the ability of words coming from my mouth or mind to describe properly. Your impact on my life has continued beyond the expectations of my family and of the friends I had before you gave me shelter under your lotus feet. Your Divine Grace can be compared to Nārada Muni when he gave instructions to the two sets of sons of Dakṣa whom he had sent off to perform austerities to become qualified to create progeny. Just as Nārada Muni turned the sons of Dakṣa away from the entanglement of household life to a life of spiritual enlightenment, you turned many of us, including myself, away from an aimless degraded life centered around sex, drugs, and rock-’n’-roll to a life of spiritual enlightenment.

You set the perfect example of putting into practice the *Gītā śloka* (10.10):

*teṣāṁ satata-yuktānāṁ  
bhajatāṁ prīti-pūrvakam  
dadāmi buddhi-yogaṁ taṁ  
yena mām upayānti te*

“To those who are constantly devoted to serving Me with love, I give the understanding by which they can come to Me.” You were constantly devoted to serving your spiritual master despite all odds.

After your spiritual master departed and his institution splintered into different factions, you joined none of them and

preached without its help. Your family didn't cooperate with you, so you carried on preaching without Them. You attempted to preach Kṛṣṇa consciousness in Jhansi, but circumstances proved unfavorable, so you just moved on to again try and carry out the order of your spiritual master elsewhere. So many trials and tribulations were put on you path, but you persevered. Finally, you got a free passage to America on a steamship, but while on board you suffered two heart attacks. You still carried on trying to fulfill the order of your spiritual master to preach the message of Lord Caitanya in the English language. You ended up in New York amongst hippies and alcoholics and continued trying. My dear Śrīla Prabhupāda, you never quit trying to spread Kṛṣṇa consciousness despite so many difficulties!

Even after finally getting your early disciples to assist you in trying to fulfill your spiritual master's order, there were so many difficulties. Still, you pushed on, trying to spread Kṛṣṇa consciousness. It is only because of your persistent endeavor, despite all odds, to try and spread Kṛṣṇa consciousness that Lord Caitanya's message was given to me thirty-five years ago and is still being given to other lost souls to this day.

Whenever I feel overwhelmed in my puny endeavors to give Kṛṣṇa's message to others, all I have to do is think of what you went through and how you persevered. I also remind others who have difficulty in this glorious endeavor of what you went through and how you always kept trying to preach Kṛṣṇa consciousness.

I fall at your feet with all humility, begging you to please request Śrī Kṛṣṇa to empower me to please you by spreading His message to some people, in some way, in some land. I've failed so far, but, like you, I'll keep trying and maybe I'll be successful in giving Kṛṣṇa consciousness to some people,

somewhere, someday. I know that if I will be successful, you will be pleased with me — that will be the success of my life.

*Your humble servant,*

Śauri Dāsa

Śrī Pradā Devī Dāsī

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

I offer my respectful obeisances at your feet.

I would not have understood who God is, who I am, what my relationship is with God, and what the purpose of my life is, if it weren't for you. When you acted on your spiritual master's instructions to distribute the science of Kṛṣṇa consciousness throughout the world, I was given the greatest benediction that any soul could ever receive in this world. I have fallen down, as a child learning to walk will occasionally fall down. And yet I hear your words of encouragement to get up and persevere.

I am this fallen *jīvātmā*, so covered over by the veil of *māyā*. It is through you, my dear spiritual master and father, that no matter how wobbly I am in moving towards Kṛṣṇa, I continue to persist in this adventure towards the goal of life, which is to return to the love of Kṛṣṇa and to all the loving devotees I left behind when I descended into this world of nescience.

How do I express to you how grateful I am that you are selflessly helping me? You are my guide, my light, my way home, back to the world I miss, and back to the friends I have forgotten. I know it is you who has saved me from this darkness of *māyā*'s illusion. I know it is you, Śrīla Prabhupāda, who has given me the happy ending at the end of this story. I know you are near me and in my heart, always helping me when I have made a misstep. I pray you will never leave my side and that I may somehow or other always remain in your service and that of all the wonderful devotees. Thank you, thank you, thank you for your mercy! Hare Kṛṣṇa! All glories to you, Śrīla Prabhupāda!

*Your humble servant,*

Śrī Pradā Devī Dāsī

Śubhaviḷāsa Dāsa

*nama om̐ viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine*

*namas te sārasvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviṣeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my *daṇḍavats* at your lotus feet. All glories to you, Śrīla Prabhupāda.

We are honoured by your mercy to be your disciples. Your boundless love was not only shown to me as your disciple but you also treated me like your son and Indresh as your grandson. Śrīla Prabhupāda, you mercifully said so.

In the *Caitanya-caritāmṛta* the Lord Himself predicts,

*pr̥thivīte āche yata nagarādi grāma  
sarvatra pracāra haibe mora nāma*

“My holy name will be chanted in every town and village” and Śrīla Bhaktivinoda Ṭhākura predicted the appearance of a great personality who would come to the West and preach the message of Lord Gaurāṅga and fulfill the prediction of Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu. Śrīla Prabhupāda, you fulfilled these predictions with great success! Śrīla Prabhupāda, you have distributed devotion for Kṛṣṇa to anyone and everyone all over the world.

It is very hard to describe what wonders you have performed. I have traveled all over the world but did not find anything that compares to the standards you have set.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, your instructions and standards have resulted in the following:

- The best Deity worship
- The best dressing of the Deities
- The best flower offerings
- The best temple cleaning
- The best personal standards
- The best preaching
- The best book distribution
- The best *prasāda*
- The best *harināma*
- The best knowledge
- The best standards in everything

I remember when you first walked inside the temple building in 1976. After seeing the deities of Śrī Śrī Gaura-Nitāi, Śrī Śrī Rādhā-Gopinātha, and their Lordships Jagannātha, Baladeva, and Subhadrā, we walked into the hallway. I was on your right side and you stopped near where the reception area is now. You turned towards me and asked, “Śubhaviḷāsa, I like this temple. Can I stay here forever?” I said, “Yes.” And you are indeed staying here forever — your *vāṇī* lives forever.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, thank you, thank you, thank you for your kindness and mercy. Please always keep us under lotus feet and shelter.

*Your servant,*

Śubhaviḷāsa Dāsa

When I was in the Kṛṣṇa-Balarāma Mandir in Vṛndāvana recently, it was so amazing that people and devotees were not only visiting the temple, but that it was full and people kept coming and coming like a sea of people. This is all because of your endeavours and mercy. Because you took Caitanya Mahāprabhu’s message around the globe, Vṛndāvana has become an international pilgrimage destination at a scale never before imagined. Devotees of every cast and creed are clamoring for *darśana* and are constantly buying beautiful ornaments for the Deities in your temples on every continent of the globe.

When I go to the morning programs in Vṛndāvana or Māyāpur, it feels like I am in *kṛṣṇa-loka*, not in this world, all because of you, Śrīla Prabhupāda.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, I continue to keep my sweet personal memories of you close to my heart. Not only from Vṛndāvana, Chicago, or Detroit, but especially when you were physically and personally here in Toronto in 1975 and 1976, giving us your mercy by visiting our home. This presence continues to be felt by me all the time.

### Ugreśa Dāsa

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

On this holy day of your appearance, I offer my humble obeisances to you.

*nama om viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine*

*namas te sārāsvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

*mūkaṁ karoti vācālaṁ paṅguṁ laṅghayate girim  
yat-kṛpā tam ahaṁ vande śrī-guruṁ dīna-tāraṇam*

By your mercy, I was taken under your wing in 1976, thirty-four years ago; I was twenty-one years old. You were in Māyāpur at the time, in a land I had never seen. But your potency and love of Kṛṣṇa reached out and swept me up from the clutches of Māyā’s hand.

I remember you crying while giving a lecture and thanking us “boys and girls” for coming and helping you spread Kṛṣṇa consciousness around the world. We, who had given up meat-eating, illicit sex, intoxication, and gambling, were to follow your lead in the march back home, back to Godhead. You taught us everything, how to eat, how to dress, how to pray, and, ultimately, even how to die.

Before your guidance, I had no understanding of who I was, what my purpose was in this world, or where I would go at death. I took your words “distribute my books” as my heart and soul and experienced the bliss of giving your mercy to conditioned souls in airports, shopping malls, street corners, and wherever I could put a book in someone’s hand.

Our *saṅkīrtana* troops were “fired up” by your glance, your

smile, or your words of praise for us. Our mission came directly from the desk of the Supreme Commander, Lord Caitanya, and you were the expert general.

Those were glorious days that have left an indelible mark on my life, and, hopefully, have given my devotional creeper much needed “spiritual fertilizer.”

Today, your disciples are scattered far and wide — all holding your mission within our hearts and praying for your mercy. “Preaching is the essence,” you have stated, “and your love for me, will be shown by how you cooperate together.” As long as we sincerely follow your words and directions, your blessings will shower us with Kṛṣṇa’s love.

In his song *Gurudeva*, Śrīla Bhaktivinoda Ṭhākura states that:

If you examine me, you will find no good qualities.  
Your mercy is all that I am made of.  
If you are not merciful unto me, I can only weep,  
and I will not be able to maintain my life

So begging at your lotus feet, I ask you please, Śrīla Prabhupāda, to never forget this servant. One day my body will be finished, just like so many of my godbrothers and godsisters, who have left to join you in the spiritual world.

I beg that you will continue to guide and instruct me. Help me to remove all traces of envy from my heart, and, in the last moment, be there holding my hand as I jump into Kṛṣṇa’s embrace. Hare Kṛṣṇa! Śrīla Prabhupāda *ki jaya!*

*Your servant,*

Ugreśa Dāsa

Vyāsāsana Dāsa

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my most humble obeisances, and kindly forgive my offences.

On this most blessed event — Śrī Vyāsa-pūjā, the appearance day of my beloved spiritual master — I am filled with a sense of gratitude and wonder. I cannot even imagine where my life would be today if you had not appeared and blessed us all with your divine benediction.

The fact that you have always resided in my heart and have been my most constant friend and ever well-wisher, even without your physical presence, proves my eternal relationship with you. So many friends and family have come and gone, but you, Śrīla Prabhupāda, have remained in my life as the one constant I could always turn to.

You are present in your *vāñī*, or your books and instructions. You are present still in your pictures and *mūrtis*. You live in the hearts of your sincere devotees. You have touched us all so deeply; we cannot help but remember you. Śrīla Prabhupāda, I am most unworthy to have received your mercy, and because of knowing my insignificance, it has caused me to be even more grateful and appreciative of your blessings.

In the *Śrī Caitanya-caritāmṛta*, there is one verse I would like to use to describe my mood and feelings.

“Indeed, [I am] like a dwarf who wants to capture the moon. Although we are completely unfit, a desire to receive Your mercy is awakening within [my] mind.” (Cc. *Madhya* 1.205)

This is my position, I am completely unworthy and most fallen. Therefore, by showing me your mercy, your mercy is most successful. For you are *patita-pāvana*, the savior of the fallen

souls, and who is more fallen than me? I have no good qualities; born of low birth, without good intelligence, without beauty, or wealth, I am a fallen soul, desiring only for your causeless mercy to be bestowed upon me.

While writing this homage, I was reminded of a dream I had recently.

In my dream, you were reclining on your right side, propped up on your elbow and I was kneeling down in front of you. I said, “Śrīla Prabhupāda, my Kṛṣṇa consciousness is still very child-like.” Your face lit up and your lotus eyes became very large. “Oh!” you said. “My favorite picture of you is still the very first one I ever saw”, I replied. And I then began to cry. You leaned forward and very gravely but kindly said, “Yes, it is alright to have love and affection for your spiritual master.” I awoke from the dream and offered my obeisances thinking of your extraordinary magnanimity and kindness and your ability to ease our suffering and allow us to love you even more.

In writing this homage, I went through my library and found my very first Hare Kṛṣṇa journal that I began as a young *brahmacārī*. One of the very first entries I read when I opened it was:

My dear Lord, any person who is constantly awaiting Your causeless mercy to be bestowed upon him, and who goes on suffering the resultant actions of his past misdeeds, offering you respectful obeisances from the core of his heart, is surely eligible to become liberated, for it has become his rightful claim. (*Bhāgavatam* 10.14.8)

I don’t know why this particular verse was so important to me so many years ago or why it was one of the first entries in my journal. But it is still my child-like wish that your causeless mercy be bestowed upon me, as I continue to offer you my respectful obeisances from the core of my heart. You have stolen my heart, and I cannot help but love you.

In writing this homage, I also went to an offering that you

Yogīndra Dāsa

Essential truth spoken concisely is true eloquence.

(Cc. *Ādi* 1.107, quoted from *Brs.* 1.2.234)

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances. All glories to Your Divine Grace!

It is very kind of you to give me the guidance by which I can make progress back home, back to Godhead.

Such a [sincere] devotee, after his initiation by the Lord or His bona fide representative, takes very seriously chanting of the glories of the Lord....They are conducted by one single desire: to go back to Godhead.” (*Bhāgavatam* 1.6.26)

Your annual Vyāsa-pūjā is the major event of the year by which I deepen my identity as one of your followers. This year it is enhanced by this unprecedented collection of homages open to your initiated disciples. How fortunate I am to be one! Your influence is so far-reaching that generous patrons and grand-disciple producers have stepped forward to offer the opportunity to glorify you in this additional printed volume to the international family of godsiblings.

Many, like me, may not often be asked to write an homage in the regular Vyāsa-pūjā book, which I relish every year from cover to cover. I thus look forward just as much to this particular new venue of hearing and chanting your unlimited qualities and pastimes from all of your variegated sons and daughters, regardless of their apparent big or small positions in your service. It is timely as well, since our corps has now become aged, reminding us of the sense of urgency you so powerfully instilled in us by the inevitability of your immanent departure from the very start of your preaching in the West.

Please save me from the deep-rooted desire to enjoy the world through fruitive activities. Worse still would be an impersonal liberation devoid of your association and that of your dedicated disciples and followers.

Your insignificant servant,

Yogīndra Dāsa

**Aṅkoththa Dāsa**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

*nama om viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine*

*namas te sārāsvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

With all humility, I offer you my prostrated obeisances.

In your undivided and concentrated service to your guru mahārāja, you cast Lord Caitanya’s *prema-mahājāla* around the world and somehow, by some great fortune, I was one of the many souls you gathered to be of some service to you.

When a powerful unstoppable system of energy is released in the world, people call it “a force of nature.” When I see what you achieved in such a short timespan in your world-wide preaching, you are no doubt “a force of spiritual nature.” So much so, that even though it has been over thirty years since you enacted your disappearance pastime, the sonic boom of love for Kṛṣṇa that you unleashed is forcefully penetrating the hearts of the sleeping souls under the spell of Māyā even now, helping them to come to their natural spiritual state.

I frankly admit to you, Śrīla Prabhupāda, that I am a useless and incompetent disciple, but I pray that you may see fit to make me a useful follower by bestowing upon me just an atomic fraction of the intense serving mood that you personify.

I take shelter of your wonderful written *granthas*, spoken *vāṇī*, and *saṅga* of dedicated disciples.

*Begging to always remain your humble servant,*

Aṅkoththa Dāsa

**Gopimātā Devī Dāsī**

Dear kind and sweet father; you are my hero.

You are the person I used to think of as being too good to be true but for whom I was searching nonetheless. Now I know absolutely that you are the possessor and distributor of all our good fortune and our heart’s desire: Lord Caitanya’s mercy.

You have waited patiently nearby to be offered a permanent sitting place in my heart, but I have been distracted by my false ego. I have been held hostage by my *anarthas*, such as envy, pride, anger, desire for recognition, and unending cravings.

I have cherished these rascals, thinking them my friends. Now I see what tricksters they are.

Let me become your spiritual warrior, Prabhupāda, proactively seeking out the enemy within but never accusing the purveyor of my karma. Let me agree to be transformed into a simple servant, so that I can actually be of some use to your most amazing mission to save the world.

As my *anarthas* fall away, I will feel light, strong, and free — free to serve the Lord with all my heart — and I also feel strong enough to carry your message to those souls who are so much in need. I so much look forward to having *your* desires be *my* desires. All this is possible because we are blessed by the best.

Thank you for revealing the sweet personal aspect of the Lord to us. There is no greater gift. Thank you for arranging for me to have the association of your fixed up devotees. Thank you for not giving up on us.

*Your servant forever,*

Gopimātā Devī Dāsī

**Indrānuja Dāsa Adhikārī**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances. All glories to your divine lotus feet.

Kṛṣṇa consciousness is an evolving process that can be both utterly inconceivable yet completely enlightening. Most people outside of Gauḍīya Vaiṣṇavism would consider this completely irreconcilable, but by your grace we are ever being enlightened by the process of purification in devotional service. Also, by the same token, we can appreciate our good fortune caused by our association. For instance, recently one of your senior disciples came to Bhaktivana and gave a PowerPoint presentation on *Bhagavad-gītā* to some yoga students. His talk, along with the slide show, was both illuminating and easy to understand and made me think of why and how I came to this path and, more to the point, what makes my faith increase in a book I have been studying since 1972.

This also makes me remember an incident that happened over forty years ago while I was sitting with my mother watching a TV show called *Top of the Pops*. The Radha-Kṛṣṇa Temple’s song “*Hare Kṛṣṇa*,” arranged by your intelligent son, George Harrison, had just entered the top 20. In the midst of dry ice, a group of shaven-headed monks and flamboyantly dressed young ladies sat and mimed to their “hit song,” the Hare Kṛṣṇa mantra. Nothing like this music had ever been heard of in popular music before in the UK, and amazingly it was a smash hit. I remember chanting this walking down the street and hearing others do the same. How extraordinary this was — the *kīrtana* of the holy name being chanted all over the country without any *harināma* party for 400 miles (truly the *bṛhad-mṛdaṅga*)! At that time, I could never have imagined the significance. To send three couples to the UK, literally on a

wing and a prayer, not knowing anyone, and then within a year to meet the greatest band in the world and have the *mahā-mantra* be produced by a living legend; what grace, kindness, and mercy!

So for me, an insignificant disciple, all this was a door opening in the mind; remembrances of some special mercy flooded in, and I was swept up by the flood of Lord Caitanya's mercy to be deposited at the shore of your lotus feet. Six years after that, I was sitting, literally, at your lotus feet as you were waiting for your flight to be called as you went off to see your children in France. I could not look at your face for more than a few seconds. But I remember thinking, "Just keep the feet in your mind and pray for mercy." How I got through those turbulent days, I will never know, but here I am, forty years later, still remembering your lotus feet and still praying for your mercy but with increased realization of just how much I need it.

They say that as the body ages, mental acuity decreases. However, it appears that memories of spiritual significance appear to be enhanced, while the mundane fades with the fading of the sensual appetite. The significance of this would appear to be closely related to your mercy, so in retrospect we can see how your service plays a significant role in our lives even after your seeming disappearance. Sometimes, I want to cry when I think of the mercy you have given me. That mercy humbles me to the core and I am paralyzed, caught between heaven and hell, *nivṛtti-mārga* and *pravṛtti-mārga*. Neither is the goal, but our conditioning can make us move one way or the other, only to be burned by mercy and returned to the *bhakti-mārga*. On the recorded remembrances, I can hear your dear godbrother, Purī Mahārāja, referring to you, his voice straining with love: "*Doyā, doyā....so merciful so merciful.*" Hearing Purī Mahārāja's heartfelt love for you, what more can be said?

Like a polite guest who knows when his time is up, I am drawn to finish this glorification. Before I do, I want to relate one last story I heard from Guru Dāsa in the late summer of 1976, at Bhaktivedānta Manor, on the occasion of the 11<sup>th</sup> anniversary of your coming to the West. He told us that when you stepped off the boat, one of the first things you saw was a sign on a huge warehouse. The sign said, "Unalloyed Steel." He said you took that as a direct sign from the Lord that you should preach unalloyed love to all the people and Kṛṣṇa would do the rest.

The difference between mundane and spiritual, you taught us, was in the attitude we had towards the thing in question, for all things belong to the Lord and we should surrender everything back to Him knowing "from whence it came." So, unlike many of your contemporaries from India, you came with an attitude of self-sacrifice. Still, I am in awe as I imagine your slight form stepping onto that pier that day in September, 1965. Of course, in the words of the great Śrīla Bhaktivinoda Ṭhākura, you are the *sāra-grāhī* Vaiṣṇava, the fearless warrior fighting against Māyā's illusion and dragging the faithless into the Ṭhākura's light. I pray that I may also, in some small way, be allowed to serve your feet and be blessed by that same light. So, on this most important day of the year, I rededicate myself to your mission.

In the words of Prahāda Mahārāja to Lord Nṛsiṃhadeva, "*Tava bhṛtya-sevām*" — "How could I leave his service?" Please accept whatever small service I can give and please, despite all my faults, accept me as a grain of dust at your lotus feet.

*Praying at your lotus feet and always begging for your mercy, I beg to remain your servant,*

Indrānuja Dāsa Adhikārī

**Jivānanda Dāsa Vanacārī**

*nama om viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine*

*namas te sārasvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracārīṇe  
nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

"I offer my respectful obeisances unto His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedānta Swami Prabhupāda, who is very dear to Lord Kṛṣṇa, having taken shelter at His lotus feet. Our respectful obeisances are unto you, O spiritual master, servant of Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī Gosvāmī. You are kindly preaching the message of Lord Caitanyadeva and delivering the Western countries, which are filled with impersonalism and voidism."

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances at your lotus feet.

For almost thirty-six years, I have been the undeserving recipient of your causeless mercy. Your mercy is transcendental and therefore unlimited and ever-increasing. Whereas I must admit that I have little understanding of the nature of your love for me, I want you to know that I am deeply appreciative of it. I know that I do not properly appreciate your love and mercy, but sometimes I make a little progress toward that goal.

You have tried to save me from the clutches of māyā although I am undeserving and without any qualification. You have shined the light of knowledge into my broken life and have given me the opportunity to end my suffering. I am like a drowning man and you have thrown me a line to save me. All I have to do to get out of this ocean of material suffering and off this merry-go-round of birth after birth is take hold of your lotus feet.

You are offering pure love of Godhead, *kṛṣṇa-prema*, but I still

hesitate to fully surrender. Therefore, I pray to you, my lord and master, please do not give up on me. Please continue your unlimited compassion upon me.

I also pray that I may develop compassion for the fallen conditioned souls trapped in this material world. I pray to you and beg you to please allow me to be instrumental in saving them somehow. I see nothing but suffering as I travel through this world and want very much to help you fight this war against māyā. Please allow me the transcendental pleasure of assisting you in establishing this movement of Caitanya Mahāprabhu.

I pray to you my, beloved spiritual master, please allow me to serve you and your ISKCON. Please give me the ability to spread the holy names of Lord Kṛṣṇa and help you to save this unfortunate world. Please give me the ability to speak in such a way as to touch the hearts of the confused souls in this world. Please give me the intelligence, the stamina, and the focus to help you in your mission.

*Your humble servant,*

Jivānanda Dāsa Vanacārī

**Kośarūpā Devī Dāsī**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Falling in the dust of your lotus feet, I humbly offer you my obeisances and prayers of gratitude.

Sometimes, I am fortunate to feel your presence: in your photo, listening to your singing, or while reading your books. Every now and again, you kindly appear in my dreams, to encourage and instruct me.

As Nārada Muni instructs Gopa Kumāra throughout his sojourn, bringing him closer and closer to his eternal relationship with his Lord, so you tirelessly instruct your followers on the path of devotional service. I find great solace in Gopa Kumāra’s story, believing that one day, I will also have your eternal association and that of Śrī Pañca-tattva and Śrī Śrī Rādhā-Śyāma.

I started my search for you early in this life. Once having found you, I have not strayed. But that is not due to any qualification on my part. I believe it is because I had left you before, in another life, and regretted it deeply.

When I first met your followers, I was only eleven years old. In the next two years, your books found their way into our house, and then we moved across the street from the temple in Laguna Beach. Every day, devotees passed by on their way to the beach, chanting on their *japa* beads. Walking to school or downtown, I couldn’t help but notice the bright pink Hare Kṛṣṇa sign that hung from the second story of the duplex that served as both the temple and *āśrama* on Pacific Coast Highway. Sometimes a *brahmacārī* in bright orange robes would be tending the flowers in the tiered garden, or caring for Tulasī-devī in her green house. On some days, the *harināma* party would parade by.

In 1975 and 1976, you visited the Laguna temple twice. Atoning for some past offence, I did not come to the temple until a week after you had gone. On my first visit, the devotees were still high and excited from your personal association. One devotee showed my friend and me the house where you had stayed, the bricks you walked on, and the window that was used as a second entrance for the crowd that spilled out of the temple room onto the patio.

Coming to the Hare Kṛṣṇa temple and participating in the *kīrtana*, class, and feast was enjoyable and I chalked it up to another experience in my search for God and the true meaning of life. But the Kṛṣṇa people were strange and I had a lot more searching to do.

My second visit to the temple was the one that permanently altered my life. It was a quiet day. I was the only one in the temple room. After offering obeisances to Gaura-Nitāi, I came before your large photo on the *vyāsāsana*. Seeing you closely for the first time took my breath away. For so long, I had been looking for you, my spiritual teacher. Now I found you. Unquestionably, I recognized you as my *guru*, the teacher I was seeking. My joy at finding you was followed by panic, “He’s the Kṛṣṇa’s *guru*! I’m not going to be a Hare Kṛṣṇa!”

However, the power of *prasāda* and the holy name quickly wore away my resistance. I started chanting *japa* and coming to the morning program. Soon came street *saṅkīrtana* and book distribution. High school teachers, family, and deprogrammers all had strong opinions on what I should and shouldn’t do. They presented logical arguments, alternatives, and threats. Nevertheless, in a few months time, I was on travelling *saṅkīrtana*, distributing as many books as possible to please you.

**Kṛṣṇa-kīrtana Dāsī**

My dear Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances.

All glories to Your Divine Grace and to your pure followers!

We would like to offer our heartfelt gratitude for attracting us to your lotus feet with your sweet and transcendental books, divine demeanour, and merciful glance. Day after day, you are giving us shelter and are thus allowing us to remain protected from sinful life. By your mercy, you engage us in pure devotional service for the divine couple and use us as your instruments to expose abuses and set proper examples in society.

We are eternally indebted for your compassion. As early as 1972, you came to France to pick us up and save us from repeated birth and death. Please, Śrīla Prabhupāda, go on instructing us, chastising and purifying us with your sharp words and perfect example, so we can follow in your footsteps and become pure and loving servants, qualified to join you in your eternal *līlā* in Goloka Vṛndāvana. Kindly bless us so we become empowered to assist you in your mission of inundating the world with *kṛṣṇa-prema* and bringing sincere souls under the shelter of your lotus feet for eternal guidance.

Following Śrīla Bhaktivinoda Ṭhākura’s prayer, we humbly declare: “If you examine me, you’ll find no qualities; your mercy is all I am made of. If you are not merciful to me, I can only weep and I won’t be able to maintain my life.”

So please, Prabhupāda, be merciful to this menial servant and allow us to always feel your presence by our side and to remember your sharp words, which drive away ignorance and establish us again in our original position at the lotus feet of Śrīmatī Rādhārāṇī for eternal *seva*.

Your loving daughter,

Kośarūpā Devī Dāsī



With our love and devotion, we offer our humble obeisances again and again in the dust of your lotus feet.

*Your grateful servant,*

Kṛṣṇa-kīrtana Dāsī

**Matsya Avatāra Dāsa**

*nama om viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale*

*śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine*

*namas te sārāsvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe*

*nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

*om ajñāna-timirāndhasya jñānāñjana-salākayā*

*caḥsur unmīlitaṁ yena tasmai śrī-gurave namaḥ*

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my respectful obeisances.

Your unlimited love has transformed my heart and intellect. It is your pure devotion to the divine couple, Śrī Śrī Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa, as expressed in your tireless work in spreading the holy wisdom, that has transformed the modalities and flavors of listening and thinking of countless people in the world.

The deep, multiple, and sometimes unexpected changes that happened since your disappearance have not deleted or eroded your greatness; rather, they have exalted it. Thanks to your mercy, I, among all the people that were so lucky to meet you, know you, and serve you, received a number of spiritual presents, such as enlivening and sweet sentiments toward you, which range from appreciation to gratitude and love and from a sense of responsibility to surrender to Kṛṣṇa.

Learning from your teachings and from your behavior in various circumstances of life has indelibly impressed upon me the sweet flavor of following your footsteps, all with the purpose of developing your perfect life model. This model reflects the character of a devotee so dear to the Lord and is expressed in the memorable verses of the *Bhagavad-gītā* (12.13-19).

By your example you have taught us to tolerate all adversities and not get excited about success. You have taught us lessons on the transience of the world and on the immortality of the soul. You have shown us how devotees consider the bitterness of loss and the joy of gain as nothing else but two different yet equally precious aspects of Kṛṣṇa's mercy. You have educated us to share joy and suffering in a constructive and evolutionary manner by transforming all our actions into holy love offerings to Śrī Kṛṣṇa.

Thanks to your spiritual vision, even we can see the Creator, all creatures, and the creation as a unique and inseparable reality. In His immanent aspect, we perceive God as the world, and in His transcendent aspect as the Supreme Soul that enlivens the world. Creatures who are caught in the net of sense perception and consequently victimized by appearances are unable to free themselves from the conditions of and desires for transient mundane objects without recognizing the transcendent reality and without knowing how to decide between immortal love and the whim of the senses.

All those who came in contact with you, like me, have been so lucky to meet you, and by knowing you, they received the opportunity to give real meaning to their otherwise useless lives. The magnanimity and mercy you expressed to everyone through your rare and genuine ability to relate lovingly with people of all age, character, culture, religion, and social class and through adequately sharing your relationships of spiritual love, have shown us the existence of a human and divine dimension unknown to us before. Your vision was revolutionary and came from a superior and spiritual point of view.

The masterly vital and irreplaceable teachings you expressed in your everyday life transformed my personality and have enlightened me about how to live the journey of life. Whatever

results I have been able to obtain were due to your mercy and the blessings of the devotees.

*I pray the lenient and merciful Lord to give me the grace to always serve you.*

Matsya Avatāra Dāsa

**Nanda Kumāra Dāsa**

*nama om̐ viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine*

*namas te sārasvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

*tvaṁ gopikā vṛṣaraves tanayāntike 'si  
sevādhikāriṇi guro nija-pāda-padme*

*dāsyam̐ pradāya kuru mām̐ vraja-kānane śrī-  
rādhāṅghri-sevana-rase sukhinīm̐ sukhābdhau*

“O beloved spiritual master, you are always in the presence of the cowherd girl Rādhā, the daughter of King Vṛṣabhānu. Please award me service at your lotus feet, which are the proprietors of devotional service. Please place me in the ocean of joy by bestowing upon me happiness in the mellows of service at the lotus feet of Śrī Rādhā in the groves of Vraja-dhāma.”

**A Treasure Box of Love**

“The exemplary character of devotional service manifested by the devotees of Vṛndāvana is the purest type of devotion. It is enjoined in authoritative *sāstras* that devotional service must be *ahaitukī* and *apratihatā*. This means that devotional service to Kṛṣṇa cannot be checked by political or religious convention. The stage of devotional service is always transcendental. The *gopīs* particularly showed pure devotional service toward Kṛṣṇa, so much so that Kṛṣṇa Himself remained indebted to them. Lord Caitanya thus said that the devotional service manifested by the *gopīs* in Vṛndāvana excelled all other methods of approaching the Supreme Personality of Godhead.” (Śrīla Prabhupāda, Kṛṣṇa Book, Chapter 32, p. 308)

As the Yugācārya you exemplified this mood of pure devotional service. The highest ecstasies of the *gopīs* of Vṛndāvana, especially those of Śrī Rādhikā were personified by Lord Caitanya Mahāprabhu. Just as Lord Caitanya is the combined form of Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa, devotional service performed under your guidance is the combined *rasa* of service to Vṛndāvana

in Māyāpur.

Just as Rādhā-Śyāma emptied the jewel box of Their love and decorated each other with their playful pastimes and swam in each other’s beauty to Their hearts content, you similarly emptied the jewel box of your heart. The jewels from your love box took the form of your personal ecstasies that flowed like the raging river of Rādhā-Śyāma’s love. This overflowing river of love revealed itself as your Bhaktivedanta purports. This transcendental flow of nectar enveloped and purified the three worlds.

The *gopīs* were questioning Kṛṣṇa as to why he had disappeared from their vision. He replied that he wanted to invoke a different aspect of their love. “My desire was to perform the *rasa* dance with you. For that, all participants had to be united in a common mood. Only then would the dance be successful. When you all came from your homes, you were all absorbed in your individual moods. For you there was nothing but Me and our love. Although perfect in every way, each of our relationships was exclusive, leaving no room for a third person, what to speak of millions.” (Śivarāma Swami, *Na pāraye 'ham*, p. 153).

Similarly, you displayed your final pastimes to invoke a common mood of loving service to Your Divine Grace. Devotees came with their individual moods and each expressed their love for you. You wanted them to be united and to cooperate because this love was not to be fleeting but eternal. Exhibiting your final pastimes you drew devotees into the core of your heart and they pleased you by their common but uncommon love. They became puppets dangling from the love strings of your heart.

When Kṛṣṇa disappeared from the arena of the *rasa* dance, the *gopīs* became mad. “Like mad women we searched for you

**Natabara Dāsa**

*nama om̐ viṣṇu-pādāya kṛṣṇa-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrimate bhaktivedānta-svāmin iti nāmine*

*namas te sārasvate deve gaura-vāṇī-pracāriṇe  
nirviśeṣa-sūnyavādi-pāścātya-deśa-tāriṇe*

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances. All glories to Your Divine Grace.

The first time I saw you was the most ecstatic and amazing experience of my life. I had just arrived at Juhu, Bombay. I was sitting down to write to my parents, to inform them that I had reached safely. Suddenly, a burgundy Ambassador car entered the temple compound. About a hundred people were running after the car. In my mind, I was thinking, “Why this running behind the car. Why?” I was more surprised when I saw several Western devotees among this excited crowd.

The car stopped at the entrance of the Juhu temple. The door opened and Your Divine Grace stepped out. I simply froze taking *darśana* of your saintly personality. “Is this really happening?” I asked? I cannot truly describe my feelings. I had read and distributed your books, I had worshipped you, I had heard your glories, and now suddenly my hero was just yards away. I was standing there in amazement and disbelief.

I had just arrived from Mauritius with the hope to meet you, serve you, and become your disciple. By your mercy it was all happening within hours. I joined in the madding crowd, following you with my eyes fixed upon you. Although knowing that I am insignificant, in my heart I was hoping that you would glance upon me. You entered the building site and looked around the project, sometimes pointing in different directions

everywhere. How much darker and desolate was the forest without you. We asked the flowers, creepers and trees where you were. We approached the deer for sympathy — all to no avail. And then, remembering your elegant movements, loving smile, playful glances and enchanting talks, we enacted your pastimes.” (Śivarāma Swami, *Na pāraye 'ham*, p. 46).

You similarly left one temple for another thus plunging the devotees into the depths of despair. This was another way of increasing the devotees’ love for you because love is enhanced by separation. By remembering your wonderful activities, by talking about you and knowing that you love and care about them, the devotees were able to live another day because you promised that you will return.

In this way, by enacting these wonderful pastimes, you drew the devotees closer and closer. Being showered by the mercy of your unbounded love, the devotees sported in the ocean of bliss. Desiring only to please Your Divine Grace, the devotees sacrificed everything. But you easily eclipse their sacrifices by your own, because they were for the welfare of the world.

Praying, rolling in the dust of your lotus feet, folding my hands above my head, I offer these words: *na paraye 'ham*.

*Your eternal servant,*

Nanda Kumāra Dāsa

with your walking stick and with your head raised majestically. This impression of you, I always carry in my heart as my lifelong daily meditation. Whenever I think of you, this is what I see. I could not hear what you were saying, but I could see that you showed great satisfaction over the scope of this project.

Later, I wrote to you, asking if I could become your disciple. Through Haṁsaduta Dāsa, you kindly wrote back to me, giving me my new name, Naṭabara Dāsa. You allowed me to fan you in Vṛndāvana and serve you in other ways. I have witnessed your glories worldwide and Your Divine Grace is being worshipped and glorified daily. I beg you to please keep me under your ISKCON umbrella and allow me to serve.

*Your most insignificant servant,*

Naṭabara Dāsa

**Rāvaṇāri Dāsa**

My dearest Śrī Mahā-Prabhupāda,

*nama om̐ rūpa-pādāya / rādhā-preṣṭhāya bhū-tale  
śrī-mahā-prabhupādāya / bhaktivedānta-nāmine*

I offer my respectful obeisances unto His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupāda, who is also known as Śrīla Mahā-Prabhupāda after widely opening the free access to all other Prabhupādas in the Gauḍīya Vaiṣṇava lineage and having delivered them through his personal example, books, and teachings to all Western and Eastern Gauḍīya Vaiṣṇava students. He is very, very, very dear to Śrīmatī Rādhārāṇī, having taken shelter at Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmī Prabhupāda’s lotus feet.

*gurvājñāṁ śīrasi-dharyan / śaktyāveśa-sva-rūpiṇe  
hare-kṛṣṇeti-mantreṇa pāścātya-prācyā-tāriṇe*

I offer my humble obeisances unto His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupāda, who, having the order of his guru on his head, became empowered by Nityānanda Prabhu to act as a *śaktyāveśa-avatāra*. He distributed the Hare Kṛṣṇa *mantra* all over the Eastern and Western world — fulfilling Mahāprabhu’s prediction — thus uplifting and delivering all fallen souls.

*namo mahā-vadānyāya / gaura-prema-pradāya te  
śrī-mahā-prabhupādāya / śrī gaurāṅga-tviṣe namaḥ*

I offer my respectful obeisances to the most munificent and charitably disposed *śaktyāveśa-avatāra* A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Mahā-Prabhupāda. He is distributing everywhere pure love of Lord Gaurāṅga through his Bhaktivedanta Purports. He is identified by learned Vaiṣṇavas as Śrīla Mahā-Prabhupāda, since he made available to all the many Prabhupādas of the Gauḍīya

*paramparā*. His name is also Mahāprabhu-pāda because he took complete shelter under Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu’s lotus feet, thus borrowing Śrīmatī Rādhārāṇī’s golden complexion.

**Mahāprabhu-pāda & Mahā-Prabhupāda**

Śrī Kṛṣṇa Caitanya is known as Mahāprabhu since He is the *avatāri*, or the *avatāra* that contains all *avatāras* — “Prabhus” — within Himself. This is demonstrated by His diverse and direct *viṣṇu-avatāra* revelations to all inhabitants of Śrī Navadvīpa, particularly to some of His intimate associates.

In the same light, addressing you as Śrīla Mahā-Prabhupāda corresponds to the fact that single-handedly you carried the teachings of all Prabhupādas of our Gauḍīya Vaiṣṇava-*paramparā* to all corners of the world by taking shelter under their lotus feet, thus setting an example. Therefore, I address you as Śrīla Mahā-Prabhupāda since all Prabhupādas became broadly accessible to the whole world through your exclusive devotional task.

Since you are the most humble servant of all those Prabhupādas — headed by Śrīla Rūpa Gosvāmī Prabhupāda on to your *gurudeva* Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī Prabhupāda — Śrī Nityānanda Prabhu Himself became attached to your personal humility and compassion for the fallen souls. Due to Śrī Nityānanda’s own need to glorify Śrī Gaurāṅga’s name everywhere, He empowered you as His *śakti-āveśa-avatāra*. To all you declared your position as a humble servant of your Prabhupāda and through your Bhaktivedanta purports you thus distributed Mahāprabhu’s teachings everywhere. Therefore, you substantiated also the meaning of Śrīla Mahāprabhu-PĀDA as most appropriate to your personality. To learned Vaiṣṇavas you’ll eternally be Śrīla Mahāprabhu-PĀDA, and to me you’ll always be my own Śrīla Mahā-Prabhupāda.

There is much to be done for everyone else to know about your glories, since we all need to implement your teachings not only in our own lives but everywhere possible. Perhaps the most important place to do so would be Śrī Māyāpur Dhāma, since it is the birthplace of the *yuga-avatāra* Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu and the place wherefrom the International City of Māyāpur will spread as you wished.

Perhaps the most audacious preaching tool we inherited is the development the International City of Māyāpur. This city is to become a truly spiritual *icon* through your ISKCON movement (ICON: Inclusive or International City of Navadvīpa), which is meant to accommodate all sorts of individuals able to embrace Vedic *varṇāśrama-dharma* that leads to *daiva-varṇāśrama* or *sanātana-dharma*. The City includes preaching tools that present diverse Vedic educational branches, the most revealing being the Vedic planetarium. This temple is capable to expose the lowest of mankind — or those who promote knowledge through their imperfect sensual perception only, i.e., through the *annamaya* or *prāṇamaya* states of consciousness, as the mundane scientists do — to the immersing reality of your Bhaktivedanta Purports exclusively as contained in your *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*. However, the City’s ultimate preaching tool would be our own implementation of your formula of Love & Trust under Mahāprabhu’s theology of Union in Diversity — wherein *Love* becomes synonymous to *Union*, and *Trust* becomes synonymous to *Diversity* — thus emphasizing our understanding and further realizations of *rasa & tattva*. We pray that through your blessings, my beloved Śrīla Mahā-Prabhupāda, the Vaiṣṇava *brāhmaṇas* in ISKCON may inspire everyone else to implement such tools.

Since you declared Śrī Māyāpur to be your place of worship, obviously everything will evolve from the Śrī Māyāpura-

candrodaya Mandira itself — where the principle of “worship” constantly takes place — if we follow in your footsteps. Further analysis of your teachings on the principle of “worship” shows that it springs from Śrīmatī Rādhārāṇī Herself, the Personality of the “root of worship,” which means to worship 24/7/365 as She eternally does. By executing the principle of *abhidheya*, while engaged in your constant worship and assisting your *sevā* to Śrī Rādhā-Mādhava and the *aṣṭasakhī* headed by Śrī Lalitā Devī, we will also perform our best preaching activities. May you eternally and constantly guide us through your own personal examples, teachings, and writings.

**MAHĀ-PRABHUPĀDA’S SAMBANDHA-JÑĀNA (Basic relationship with Your Divine Grace)**

The pitiful *nitya-baddhas* that accepted *dikṣā* initiation directly or indirectly from you and then left your association, have *never* actually been in contact with your ultimate personal and direct spiritual engagement to the Divine Couple.

It is *not* possible for *nitya-baddhas* to establish their ultimate personal relationship with Your Divine Grace — i.e., to have their *svarūpa* and personal confidential *sevā* to the Divine Couple revealed through the agency of your divine revelation — and then become totally forgetful of you. Such conception springs from atheistic influences, i.e., *nirviśeṣa-sūnyavāda*.

To suggest that someone who left your sweet spiritual personal company has been fully aware of your spiritual qualities and intimate service to the Divine Couple in the spiritual realm of Kṛṣṇa-loka, is against our Vaiṣṇava *siddhānta*. Surely *none* of the students who have left your personal association in *vapu* or *vāṇī* would develop full-fledged spiritual symptoms of *prema* and still deny you as their vital spiritual mentor. The ones that have totally forgotten Your Divine Grace have actually *never*

fully embraced your personality and Vedic culture, which is the culture prevailing on Kṛṣṇa-loka and the Vaikuṅṭhalokas. The Vedas assert that there is *no* history of a Vaiṣṇava becoming a Māyāvādī, or impersonalist, but the other way around.

We pray that the forgetful *dikṣā* and *śikṣā* students of yours who have left your association, can soon revive their *śānta-rasa* consciousness of you (since it’s forever established, being spiritual). Constant remembrance of your instructions is the basic stage of *śānta-rasa*, which has been implicitly established at the time of *dikṣā* initiation or by *śikṣā* after appreciating your kindness and munificent character as revealed in your Bhaktivedanta Purports. We pray that those aspiring Vaiṣṇavas may soon come out of the darkness of *forgetting* Your Divine Grace’s insurmountable mercy, which is exclusively established in *śānta-rasa*. Only after transcending the fussy and somehow impersonal conception of the mood of goodness, which is invoked at the time of *dikṣā* or *śikṣā*, someone may decide to develop a more personal relationship with Your Divine Grace.

Proper engagements in personal relationships with Kṛṣṇa are exclusively based in pure realization of the *dāsyā*, *sakhya*, *vātsalya*, or *mādhurya* spiritual moods. To claim that one is already established in the highest stages of *śānta-rasa* — as Śrī Prahāda Mahārāja, Śrī Sanat-kumāra, Śrī Nārada, and Śrī Śukadeva Gosvāmī while in his mother’s womb — by massaging, offering garlands, cooking, washing clothes, attending Deities, distributing books, managing any temple or the whole ISKCON Society, while lacking the proper spiritual qualifications for such elevated personal services, is tantamount to Vaiṣṇava philosophical neglect and ignorance of proper Vedic culture in the line of Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmī. The example of Kāla Kṛṣṇa Dāsa is most appropriate to illustrate such pretentious claims.

**MAHĀ-PRABHUPĀDA’S ABHIDHEYA-JÑĀNA (Personal relationship established through constant and practical devotional service to your lotus feet)**

Close vicinity to your transcendental body or plain appreciation of your personality was achieved through the process of *dikṣā* initiation. However, such closeness does *not* automatically grant a fully established spiritual engagement into your personal *rasa* with the Divine Couple in Goloka Vṛndāvana. It is a blunder to consider that one has finally achieved or attained Goloka Vṛndāvana on Kṛṣṇa-loka after having been personally connected with you in the Gokula Vṛndāvana of Uttar Pradesh in Bhārata-varṣa. Only by adhering to *smārta*, or “caste”, principles of relationship or the mundane sentimental conceptions of “love” the *prākṛta-sahajiyās* believe in would such claims be expressed.

The process of *vaidhi-sādhana-bhakti*, or establishing a relationship (*sambandha*) with Kṛṣṇa by following rules and regulations, naturally extends to *rāgānuga-sādhana-bhakti*, or the spontaneous practice (*abhidheya*) of loving devotional service while in the material world. Only after bestowing your divine grace to assist you in the assistance of the intimate servants, or *parikaras*, of the Divine Couple, proper exposure and service to the *rāgātmika bhaktas* results (*prayojana*). To be considered bona fide, everything in the path of an aspirant Vaiṣṇava will always be based on your personal *sevā* to Śrī Śrī Rādhā-Madanamohana, Śrī Śrī Rādhā-Govindadeva and Śrī Śrī Rādhā-Gopinātha in the line of Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmī Prabhupāda.

A personal relationship with you, Mahā-Prabhupāda, is practically established through constant meditation on your personal direct *sevā* to Śrī Śrī Rādhā-Govindadeva, which is a “dream come true” (*not* a “bad dream” based on mental speculation that embraces Māyāvāda theories). Proper

meditation on your service becomes a *reality* based on the science of self-realization, as scientifically ruled by the Six Gosvāmīs of Vṛndāvana under the *acintya-bhedābheda* guidelines given by Śrī Caitanya Himself. The end result is to be eternally engaged in your personal service in Kṛṣṇa-loka through disciplic succession (even though one may *never* have been in your direct personal physical presence while in this material world).

**MAHĀ-PRABHUPĀDA’S PRAYOJANA-JÑĀNA (Meditation on your greatness established through śāstra or through Vedic philosophical speculation, rather than “modern”, i.e., mundane mental concoctions)**

Just as Śrī Kṛṣṇa brings His personal associates to perform His pastimes in this world (*bhauma-līlā*), opening up the chances for many *nitya-baddhas* to attain or achieve His personal and direct service in Vraja-dhāma or Dvārakā-dhāma in the spiritual world, you may surely have done so as well. Neither the Lord nor His eternal *parikaras* are ever alone. The only way to assert such consideration is to observe which students of yours — whether through *dikṣā* or *śikṣā* — have fully developed the twenty-six qualities of a devotee and are constantly practicing the tenets of Mahāprabhu’s *Śikṣāstakam*.

The way in which someone actually embraces all principles of Vedic culture will expose such individual’s spiritual realizations in Kṛṣṇa consciousness. This is so because Śrī Kṛṣṇa Himself is the compiler, the knower, and the One to be known by the study of the Vedas. Therefore, the test of someone’s spiritual realizations in Kṛṣṇa consciousness will be determined according to such an individual’s adherence to the broad components of Vedic culture — whether by observing *varṇāśrama-dharma* or *sanātana-dharma* (*daiva-varṇāśrama*).

The tendency to deify a spiritually powerful devotee has always been there in the *nitya-baddhas* of all religious paths. While still influenced by impersonal identification or by immature spiritual sentiments of loving attraction for you, there will always be somebody seeing you as God Himself. The *śāstras* will either expose such foolishness or support such kinds of feelings while one is in the material world; arguments and counter arguments will flow to ascertain that you are actually non-different from God, but they will also remind us of your statements that for someone to say “I am God” is equal to saying “I am dog.” Revelation of the *ultimate reality* could be bestowed upon those who fully embrace Mahāprabhu’s *acintya-bhedābheda-tattva* tenets.

The philosophical tenets of voidism, impersonalism, and personalism can always be used to support the *nitya-baddha-jīva’s* desires. This *circumstantial reality* within the material world will always be so, since *things may not really be as they actually are, but as we perceive them*. Thus, the importance of wisely following *guru, sādhu, śāstra* in disciplic succession becomes essential for *realization*.

Vedic tenets are *not* dogmatic since they explain absolutely everything in all respects — either spiritual or mundane — thus opening the perfect practice of free will, which is the acme of true loving relationships. The Supreme Lord, and you yourself, Mahā-Prabhupāda, lovingly manifest to every single living entity according to their particular *bhāvas*, whatever they may be. This is the law of a perfect loving relationship based on absolute free will. Since the Lord and His devotees are always all-embracing and all-loving, this fact occurs *both* in the material *and* spiritual worlds.

As a perfect *ācārya* you taught by example that spiritual love is *never* imposed by artificial means, and your formula of spiritual

success is always based on *love and trust*. Thus, in pursuance of true *love* one should never *trust* dogmatic sentimentalism rooted in psychological coercion or dogmatic principles of hypocritical theism belonging to ecclesiastic sectarian administrations. In Kali-yuga, dogmas are sponsored by self-promoting false *ācāryas* whose devotion is to spread uncivilized “modern” circumstantial dogmas that are antagonistic to Vedic culture. The Vedas are *not* dogmatic, since they contain uplifting spiritual rituals with observable positive scientific results. Dogmas can be found in the followers of mundane *varṇāśrama-dharma* but *never* in the *sanātana-dharma* that is followed by authentic Vaiṣṇava *brāhmaṇas*, who are the few proper human beings that rejoice the eternal dynamics of Śrī Kṛṣṇa’s Vedic culture. In short, Dog-MA, or “mother-dog”, is exclusively followed by puppies, i.e., sons of a bitch.

The living entity’s exclusive and only possession, in its constitutional identity as an eternal servant searching for a truly personal relationship, is its free will. Only free will substantiates true *love*. Within the material world this free will be exclusively used in a negative or positive fashion; in the spiritual world of Kṛṣṇa-loka its use will exclusively show a positive dynamic.

True love for you awakens after surmounting the constitutional feelings of *śānta-rasa* the living entity manifests, for it is meant to evolve constantly towards direct personal engagement in serving your divine *svarūpa* out of free will — whether in the holy *dhāma* of Vraja-bhūmi in Bhārata-varṣa, or Vraja-dhāma of Goloka Vṛndāvana in Kṛṣṇa-loka.

Śrīla Mahā-Prabhupāda, I constantly pray to remain your eternal servant under any condition and always in *sevā* to your eternal servants, wherever you and they may be present.

Rāvaṇāri Dāsa

Satyavati Devī Dāsī

Śrīla Prabhupāda, I pray that...

I may chant the holy name without offense instead of chanting only to find solace from my suffering condition.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, I pray that...

I may develop compassion for those who are suffering the pangs of Māyā.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, I pray that...

I may never stop loving *kīrtanas* that glorify the Supreme Lord and his devotees.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, I pray that...

I may never leave the association of devotees who, like me, want to follow the process of hearing and chanting.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, I pray that...

I may be able to relish the nectar of reading transcendental literature that describe the pastimes of the Lord and His associates.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, I pray that...

I may burn to ashes my desires to enjoy separate from Kṛṣṇa.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, I pray that...

I may be able to serve you by doing what you want instead of what I think would please you.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, I pray that...

I may stop my mind and my words from criticizing others.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, I pray that...

I may put my arrogance aside while performing devotional service.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, I pray that...

I may stop kidding myself about how I can make spiritual progress while hurting or offending others in the process.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, I pray that...

I become like a wireless medium to propagate the glories of the holy name to those in need.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, I pray that...

I may surrender to your desire of following the order of Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī Ṭhākura to spread this Kṛṣṇa consciousness movement all over the three worlds.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, I pray that...

Your mercy is all I am made of.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, I pray that...

I may be worth being called Satyavatī Devī Dāsī (ACBSP)

Satyavatī Devī Dāsī

Śikhipiccha-dhārī Dāsa

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances to your lotus feet.

First, I would like to thank you for inviting me to India; after thirty-one years it was like having an ice cream in each hand. I felt like I had been restored to my former self, when I had just joined and was innocent and sweet. You have taught me one thing — many things actually — but one important thing is that to change my heart, I had to become selfless in my service efforts; then and only then, would I be able to receive the mercy of the Lord.

Sometimes people ask me, “Do you know what love is?” But I don’t have the heart to tell them, because they will never know unless they turn to the Supreme Lord in all in earnest. Then they say, “Do you know God and love Him?” And I say, “Yes, I can say.”

Love is when the Supreme Lord sends his dearest servant to your “back door.” (Meaning: When you are full of sinful activities and trying to live a lie as someone special and everyone should pay attention to you only.) Thank you, Śrīla Prabhupāda.

Love is when that dearest friend taps you on the shoulder and says, “Please don’t do that.” (Meaning: “Please don’t ignore me; you’re on fire with lust.”) Thank you, Śrīla Prabhupāda.

Love is when I acknowledge the position of that dearest friend and accept him as my real father. (Meaning: This is your real father, the one who can actually save you from the forest fire of illusion.) Thank you, Śrīla Prabhupāda.

Love is when I listen to his every word, and not just imbibe

these words, but try to live them, even if it seems impossible. (Meaning: Others may think of you in so many ways, even talk to others about you in so many ways, but stay true to Śrīla Prabhupāda — preach, preach, preach.) Thank you, Śrīla Prabhupāda.

Love is when you are rejected, for purification, and you feel that you are lost, but still Kṛṣṇa and *guru* are there for you when you are ready to become humble and submit to their loving care.

Thank you, Śrīla Prabhupāda.

Love is when you are invited to be amongst devotees for so many wonderful activities like bathing the lord, dressing the lord, making an offering to the lord, singing for the lord; these are the nice loves, *harināma*, pilgrimage, Ratha-yātrā, Jhulana-yātrā, Janmāṣṭamī, *guru-pūjā*, greeting the Deities, helping devotees in need, *Bhāgavatam* classes, *maṅgala-ārātrika*, *tulasī-pūjā*, bathing in the Gaṅgā or Yamunā. Thank you, Śrīla Prabhupāda.

There are so many more. But without Śrīla Prabhupāda, not even one of us could have experienced any of these activities. In fact, even the children in ISKCON couldn’t have experienced these activities without your mercy. Everyone is dependent on your mercy. Thank you, Śrīla Prabhupāda.

And there are some that are sacrifices for the Lord and that are not so easy and that require more than just sentiment. Like talking to strangers about where they are heading: “Excuse me do you know that your real happiness is pleasing the supreme lord?” “What do you mean? I am God.” “I am happy.” “I am me.” “I already have a relationship with God.” “I worship my God, not your God.” “I have my path.” “I don’t care for God.” “I don’t care for religion.” “I don’t care for you and any others

— me first, that’s my path. And if you don’t like it, too bad.”  
Please, Śrīla Prabhupāda, give us a drop of your preaching capabilities, your purity, your love, your boldness. Thank you, Śrīla Prabhupāda, for everything.

Please don’t kick me away. Please let me aspire for your lotus feet and continue the struggle to be Kṛṣṇa conscious in every situation. Thank you, Śrīla Prabhupāda. Hare Kṛṣṇa. Hare Kṛṣṇa.

Śikhipiccha-dhārī Dāsa

**Strītamā Dāsī**

To my ever well-wisher and eternal spiritual father,

All the words that can describe your glories have been said by far more qualified persons than me. My only claim to reality is the connection I have with you. By your causeless mercy my daughters are devotees, too. Such is my good fortune always coming from Your Divine Grace.

I am your eternal daughter and my only prayer is to be able to distribute your books and remain at your lotus feet birth after birth. Then my life will truly continue to be sublime. This debt I can never repay.

I gave you my heart, Śrīla Prabhupāda; please keep me at your lotus feet.

*Always praying for your mercy, your beggar,*

Strītamā Dāsī

**Vaikuṅṭha Mūrti Dāsī**

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

Please accept my humble obeisances. All glories to your lotus feet.

You have given me the only objects, activities, and goals of value in my life. I pray to never forget that to serve you is the supreme destination.

Thank you for your association in person, in your books, and in the form of the Deities. Thank you for my godsisters and godbrothers who have made my life worth waking up for.

I love you Śrīla Prabhupāda.

*Your servant,*

Vaikuṅṭha Mūrti Dāsī

P.S. Thank you for my lovely children.

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