

Dec. 2010



CARE FOR COWS

I N V R I N D A V A N

**TRIBUTE TO
MADHU**

**CELEBRATING
KRSNA'S COW
HERDING PASTIMES**

SAVED BY A COW & CALF

NEW ADMISSIONS



Care for Cows in Vrindavana
is inspired by His Divine Grace
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International Society for Krishna Consciousness

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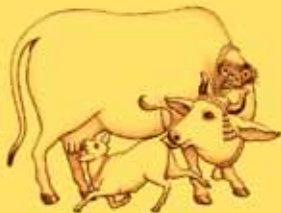
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CARE FOR COWS

IN VRINDAVANA

careforcows.org

Jaya Sri Guru! Jaya Sri Gopala!
Jaya Sri Go Mata!

Dear Friends,

Our Govardhana Puja and Gopastami festivals brought a record crowd. Both celebrations were happy occasions which inspired many to offer well-wishes and promises of continued support.

Rupa Raghunath of Vrindavan Food for Life has offered to host forty members of our herd at their hospital/Sandipani Muni School complex in the village of Kiki Nagla only two kilometers further down the Sunrakh Road. The cows are sure to be well-protected and happy there as there is good security and several acres of organic vegetables growing.

We plan to move the twenty invalid residents to a one-acre plot just off the Vrindavan-Chatikara road. That facility is scheduled to be ready in one month.

While most are not happy about our moving from the Sundrakh facility, it is becoming more and more clear that doing so will give all the cows more room and a healthier environment as well as involve more people in their service. We pray we can always remain in their service.

The CFC Staff

Care for Cows in Vrindavan is a Charitable Trust registered in India, USA, and Switzerland.

~ PORTRAIT OF THE MONTH ~



~ BHOLANATH ~



Above: A replica of Govardhana Hill made from

CELEBRATING KRISHNA'S GOVARDHANA PU

The Tenth Canto of *Srimad-Bhagavatam* describes how Krsna once convinced His father Nanda Maharaja to abandon the traditional worship of Indra the rain-god and instead worship Govardhana Hill. Krsna argued that since Govardhana Hill provided all necessities to their cows, and since the cows in turn provided them with all of their requirements, it was

more appropriate to worship Govardhana Hill.

Nanda Maharaja conceded to Krsna's argument and offered all the paraphernalia meant for Indra to Govardhana Hill. This infuriated Indra who retaliated by inundating all of Vrindavan with heavy rains. As the water started to rise the Vrajabasis desperately appealed to Krsna to save them from drowning. The cows also had no



Sri Gopal

The Cowherd Boy Who Lifted Govardhana Hill to Protect the Cows and Vrajabasis from Devastating Rainfall

rice, halava, fresh fruits, dried fruits and nuts

COW-HERDING PASTIMES

PUJA & GOPASTAMI

place to sit and to appease them all Krsna lifted Govardhana Hill and balanced it on the little finger of His left hand creating a giant umbrella to shelter the distressed cowherds and cows.

Indra was thus defeated and the residents of Vrindavan reveled in loving exchanges with Krsna under the hill for seven days.

Govardhana Puja was observed this year on November 7, 2010

and more than two-hundred-fifty guests participated by performing *kirtana*, worship the cow and partaking in a succulent feast.



South Indian priests perform the worship





Above: Decotees perform *kirtana* in honor of the cow.

Upper left: Our bulls watch curiously as the preparations are being made.

Far Left: Guests interacting with the calves. **Left:** An honored calf.

Below left: guests preparing to be served the feast after the worship of Govardhana Hill and the cow has been completed.

GOPASHTAMI

The Day Krishna was Named Govinda

by Jagatananda Dasa

Because Krishna protects the cows, one of his dearest names is Govinda. The first week of the bright fortnight in the month of Karttik, i.e., up to the Saptami, are the days during which Krishna held up Govardhan Hill to protect the cows, cowherds and milkmaids from the wrath of Indra.

On the eighth day, when Indra's ego had been obliterated by Krishna's show of miraculous power, he came down to earth

and fell at Krishna's feet offering prayers and begging forgiveness for his audacity.

At the same time, the queen of the divine cows, Surabhi, rained milk on Krishna and consecrated him Govinda, meaning "Lord of the cows."

This day is commemorated as Gopashtami. Since Krishna loves the cows, one shows one's devotion to him by showing devotion to them.

Traditional ways of celebrating the occasion including bathing the cows in the morning and decorating them with flowers, ornaments and cloth, and offering

articles. This will increase one's good fortune and lead to the realization of all desires.

Gopashtami is celebrated joyfully in almost all parts of India



them and the cowherds who take care of them worship.

As a part of the cow worship, the devotees feed them sweets and jaggery by hand (*go-grasa*) and circumambulate them several times. One should also walk with them a certain distance and play with them (*go-krida*).



On Gopashtami, when the cows come back from grazing in the evening (*go-dhuli samaya*), they are to be greeted and once again given puja with the five principal

to a greater or lesser extent. But it is a particularly special event in goshalas, as giving in charity to them is also recommended. The whole day should thus be devoted to contemplating the sacred nature of the bovine species! Our own progress depends on protecting the cows. Protecting them is self-protection, let it be said.

Hari-bhakti-vilasa (16.251-252) recommends the two following verses from the *Skanda Purana*:

May the goddess Lakshmi who is situated amongst the gods in the form of the cow to provide ghee for the sacrifices free us from the bonds of death.

May I always live amongst the cows: may they be before me, behind me and to my every side.

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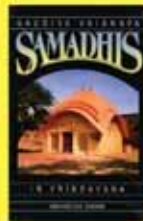
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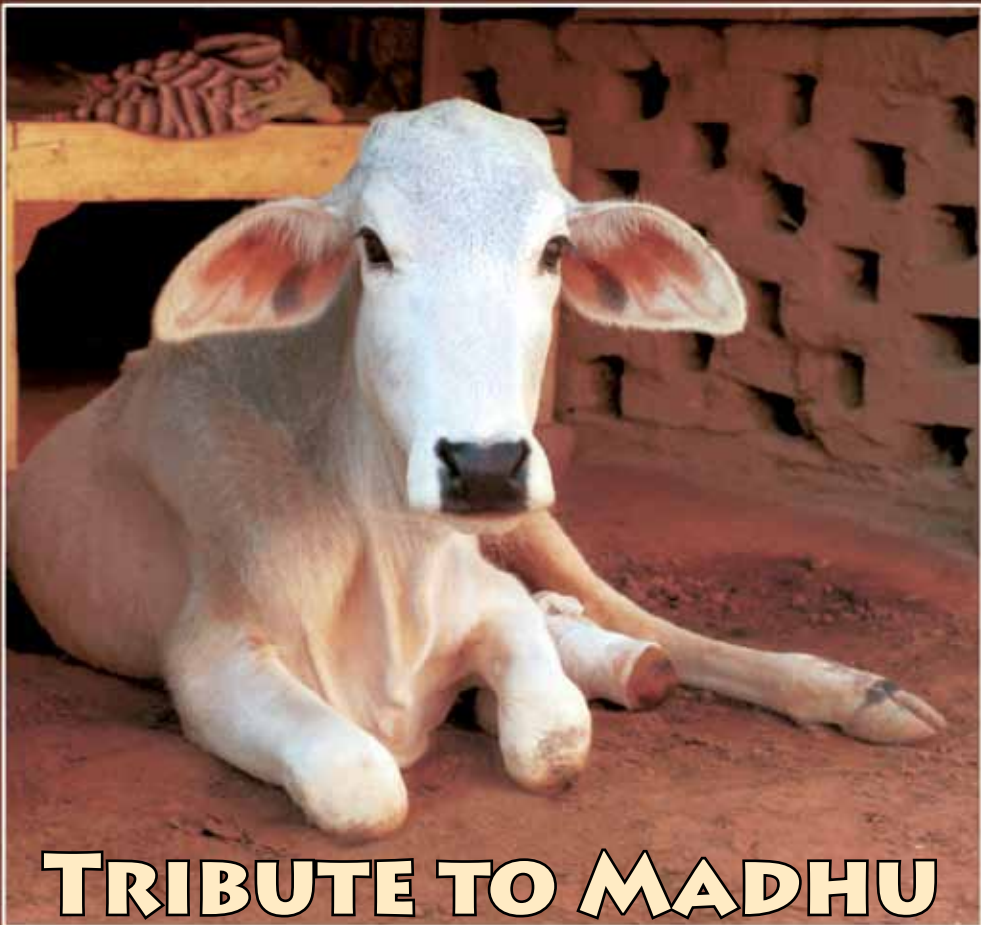
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TRIBUTE TO MADHU

Madhu Mangal was one of the first patients to be accepted at Care for Cows. He was sitting peacefully on the side of the street ruminating when the driver of a Tata Sumo backed-up and crushed his hind leg. Witnesses started screaming and the driver sped forward crushing the leg again and drove off. That was may 2001 when Madhu Mangal was six-months-old.

After Dr. Lavania examined him he reported that the so much of the bone had been crushed that

amputation was the only solution. After the operation Madhu did not get up for about two weeks and Dr. Lavania recommended that we make a bamboo frame to support him in a standing position. We did so and gradually Madhu's three legs got strong enough that he could stand supported by the frame for two hours at a time. After a few days he began to get up by himself and hobble around.

He was humble and friendly and seemed grateful that we were helping him. Within a month a

cow named Vrinda arrived also with a crushed hind leg that required amputation. She adjusted faster than Madhu and while they lived in the same pen together they bonded and could be seen regularly consoling each other(See cover). It was a good marriage.

As Madhu grew his body weight began to collapse his rear ankle and in time he was not able to stand for very long. His stump became stiff and atrophied so he could not use it to stabilize himself. We devised a sling which he would use at feeding time. As he sat most of the day, soon his front legs started to get stiff and even standing in the sling became difficult for him.

When Vrinda died it was obvious that Madhu was affected and it meant that he was alone most of the time. He was stoic and never demanded any special treatment but always showed gratitude and appreciation when someone would offer attention. Many guests took a liking to him and would brush him and bring him snacks. He was expert at requesting bananas with his eyes and always managed to get his share.

He remained seated for almost three years and since we rotated him regularly and sat him on sand, he did not develop pressure sores until his last month. During his last year Madhu's legs stiffened as he could not use them and he suffered much discomfort. He was extremely tolerant, noble and never morose. He never got to





roam in a pasture or be the bull he was meant to be yet he was kind and affectionate to all who would sit with him.

One of his friends who visited and brushed him regularly thinks that Madhu stayed with us for almost ten years so that people could benefit from having the opportunity to serve a real Vrajabasi.







Chaitanya Simha Dasa with Pushpa, a cow he saved after she was run over by a car

SAVED BY A COW & CALF

The testimony of Chaitanya Simha Dasa

If someone had predicted that one day I would be vegetarian, I would have made a wager against it and awaited a huge return.

During my mid-twenties my daily diet consisted of meat. When my mother cooked vegetarian food, I would wince and feel like it was a fast day. Meat was something that filled my belly better than any other food and the more I ate, the more I felt satisfied.

It never occurred to me that eating meat was connected to the slaughter of innocent animals.

Despite my Indian descent, I did not restrict myself from any particular type of meat. Even eating beef was not a big deal for me. Since I was brought up in the West I felt normal going to burger joints and consuming whatever was available as life during the Eighties was centered around enjoyment and selfishness.

One would expect that coming from a Hindu background would mean one automatically had faith in a Supreme Person, but most in my generation knew little or nothing about Who the Supreme Being was and what He required from us.

However, whenever I read or heard about a disaster, natural or otherwise, I silently questioned God as to why this happened. My questions gradually deepened and I began to wonder who God is, what happens at the time of

death and why the world is full of suffering.

My father was a patron of a Krishna temple in England so devotees frequently visited our home to offer us sanctified food and other gifts. Once I questioned them regarding the purpose of life and later one of them took the trouble to come to our house to give me a book. I was really not much of a reader but the devotee noticed my hunger to know the Truth.

The next day I had to go to Kenya on a business trip and decided to take the book along with me. It captured my attention because it seemed to answer all the questions that were erupting in my head. I could not put it down and finished it before we landed in Kenya. As I waited for my luggage my mind echoed the mantra the book had taught me: *Hare Krishna Hare Krishna Krishna Krishna Hare Hare, Hare Rama Hare Rama Rama Rama Hare Hare*. I felt blissful and satisfied silently repeating this mantra.

After getting settled in Kenya my client invited me for lunch and took me to a lavish Italian restaurant. We browsed the menu and I decided to have veal flavored with various aromatic herbs and garden vegetables. Being young and pretty athletic it was not a problem for me to

digest such a meal. Throughout the day, however, the mantra I learned in the book would occasionally ring in my mind.

I returned to my five-star golf resort hotel where I had a room far away from the reception where it was very quiet. It was a special room given to privileged clientele and I felt honored as I needed a good nights rest away from the busy area at the front of the hotel.

Little did I know that would be the night that changed my life forever. In my slumber I saw a beautiful fawn-colored cow with eyes shedding sad tears. Next to her was a calf of the same shade looking at me and beckoning "Why?"

This picture persisted and began to gnaw at my inner self demanding that I question my actions. The vision of the cow and her calf persisted until I started to feel a burning sensation throughout my body. I felt as if my bed was transformed into red hot coals. I was shaken from sleep and went to the bathroom to splash some water on my face. My head started to spin uncontrollably as if someone held me by the feet and spun me around. The image of the calf asking "Why?" appeared again. I did not know what to answer but immediately bent over the toilet bowl and screamed. Whatever was



in my stomach forcefully gushed out. I had never experienced such violent vomiting. For the next half-an-hour I spewed my guts out until there was nothing left except my life itself. I thought the end was near... that I was going to die.

In this most bizarre situation the pieces of the puzzle started making sense. I connected the book, the mantra and the cow and her calf.

The thought that my life could end with my head in a toilet in a five-star hotel inspired me to pray deeply.

I prayed to the Lord, "If You wish that I live through this ordeal, I promise to never again eat any kind of flesh."

My mind reacted to this prayer and asked, "Are you sure?"

I could not endure this nightmare any longer. With my stomach emptied out, I felt a new life dawning on me. I felt as though all my sins had been wiped clean and that I was starting a fresh new chapter in my life. I felt fortunate to be alive.

After this I managed to rest and awoke just before dawn. As I watched the sun rise I felt he was smiling on me. I looked into the mirror and saw a new life starting.

The episode was something I can never forget and I sat down and contemplated the events of my life. In a deep meditation I realized that just to gratify my tongue and belly I had inflicted pain and suffering on many innocent animals. I never again wanted to witness the pitiable tears of a cow being separated from her calf for the sake of

satisfying my belly. A deep sense of regret overcame me and I felt ashamed for all the violence I had inflicted on poor animals. I again affirmed my vow to always be merciful to the innocent creatures of this world and I felt a sense of acceptance from whom I had made my vow to.

Many years have passed since that eventful day and I now I see the cow as my only shelter. She saved me from the miseries of this world and made me aware of how prone we are to accept without question the violent norms of modern society. We are led to believe that the filthy temptations of western society are acceptable when they are obviously not beneficial. Today, people, especially innocent children, have not a clue about the violence hidden behind the simple glass of commercial milk.

Whenever I visit Vrndavan with my family we feel gratitude while sitting amongst the residents of Care for Cows. It has become our favorite place as there we have a chance to connect with the sacred creatures who saved my life. The cow asks for very little and takes grass and other things we do not use and transforms them into love in the form of milk. Since cows want love and affection like all living entities don't they deserve to be treated like human beings? Krishna Himself cherished these most sacred animals by personally tending to them. I owe my life to them. Thank you to mother cow for saving me.

NEW ADMISSIONS



To the right is one of the most gentle, humble and noble bulls that has ever joined us. He was turned out to wander the streets and found his own way to our gate. He frequented our outside feeder and one day was invited in has had made himself at home. Both of these new admissions require sponsors. Those interested in maintaining a well-behaved son in Vrindavan may inquire from [kurmarupa\(at\)careforcows.org](mailto:kurmarupa@careforcows.org).

It happened again that an unknown foreign pilgrim saw an injured calf on the streets of Vrindavan and felt impelled to do something. Not discouraged by the prevalent apathy and disempowered feelings common to most passersby, he pleaded for help only to be snickered at for his inability to speak Hindi. Finally a *ricksha-walla* feigned concern and helped the pilgrim load the young bull on the seat and brought them to Care for Cows for the correct fare times four.

After helping unload the bull and placing him on a clean sand bed the pilgrim watched with concern the cleaning of the wound and the setting of the fracture then sighed with great satisfaction for having made a selfless sacrifice to help the downtrodden knowing it would please the Protector of the Cows.

His face shone much brighter than that of the profit-oriented opportunist who peddled off to increase his fortune further.



Thank You From the Cows



The cows send their heart-felt thanks to those who assisted during November 2010

Abhirama Dasa	Iryna Lukyanenko	Rachel Basaric
Adi-sakti dasi	Jagannath Dasa	Rasa Mandala Dasi
Alexandra Kolemagina	Joseph Allmon	Renato Basaric
Amit Goswami	Kantilal Shivilal	Rachel Borsch
Anonymous	Kirupanithi Pooranavelu	Rahul Sharma
Anshul Mehra	Kitri Waterman	Ravi Gopal
Bhakta Vidya Sagar	Krishen Kanadia	Rohinisuta Dasa
Bonnie Hamdi	Krishna Priya Dasi	Rose Bauco
Carl & Stella Herzig	Labangalatika Dasi	Sergey Vasiliev
Carly Gumina	Lilia Murasheva	Shanti Green
Chandricka Pasupati	Liliya Toneva	Smruta Sawardekar
Charles Power	Luci Mattinen	Suada Ajanovic
Christian Katstner	Ludmila Gafner	Sujana Dasi
Derek Carroll	M. A. Tottey	Suryakant Gautam
Devala Dasa	Madhava Dasa	Tomasz Zulawnik
Devender Kumar	Madhava Priya Dasi	Tonis Porgand
Dhruva Maharaja Dasa	Mandapa & Jagat Priya	Tracy Molina
Doyal Govinda Dasa	Mandira Mani & Sri Govinda	Venkata Venkateswaran
Elena Nikiforov	Margaret Newman	Vijay Sharma
Elizabeth Stewart	Mark Leigh	Vikas Shah
Emil Bagirov	Nalini Gogar	Vladimir Shlepkov
Enver Ajanovic	Nayan Ruparelia	Vyapaka Dasa
Gaurangapriya Dasi	Padma Inc.	Vyasapada Dasa
Hansavatar & Yogamaya	Paolo Musu	William Yeung
Hulya Erdem	Podoleanu Irina	Yajnavalkya Dasa

May cows stay in front of me; may cows stay behind me; may cows stay on both sides of me. May I always reside in the midst of cows. —Hari Bhakti Vilas 16.252