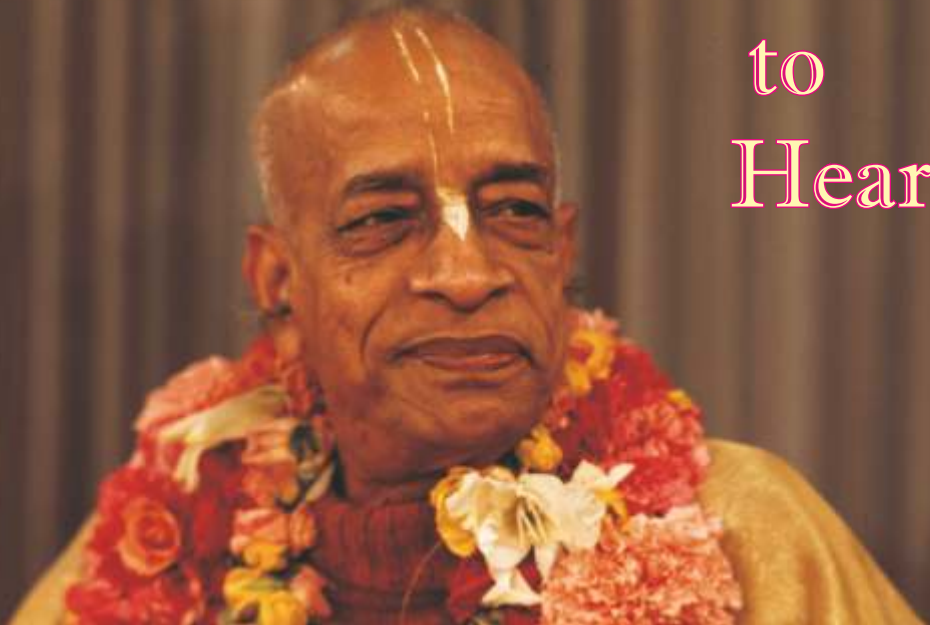


Heart  
to  
Heart





*A Puṣpāñjali of Contemplative Prayers  
Offered at the Divinely Soft Lotus Feet  
of Our Beloved Śrīla Prabhupāda.*



*Oh Prabhupāda, oh moon amongst devotees and touchstone of preachers. Chanting Kṛṣṇa's name with a voice intense with emotion, you captured the hearts and minds of the people of this world. Please capture my heart, a stubborn and stray animal, and make it your own.*



*Oh Prabhupāda, oh selfless and magnanimous maintainer of your devotees. Raising your arms and dancing in ecstasy, you gave new life to a world drugged by the vices of Kali. Please appear in my heart, dance up a storm, and blind me to everything but you and the world of your Rādhā Śyāma.*





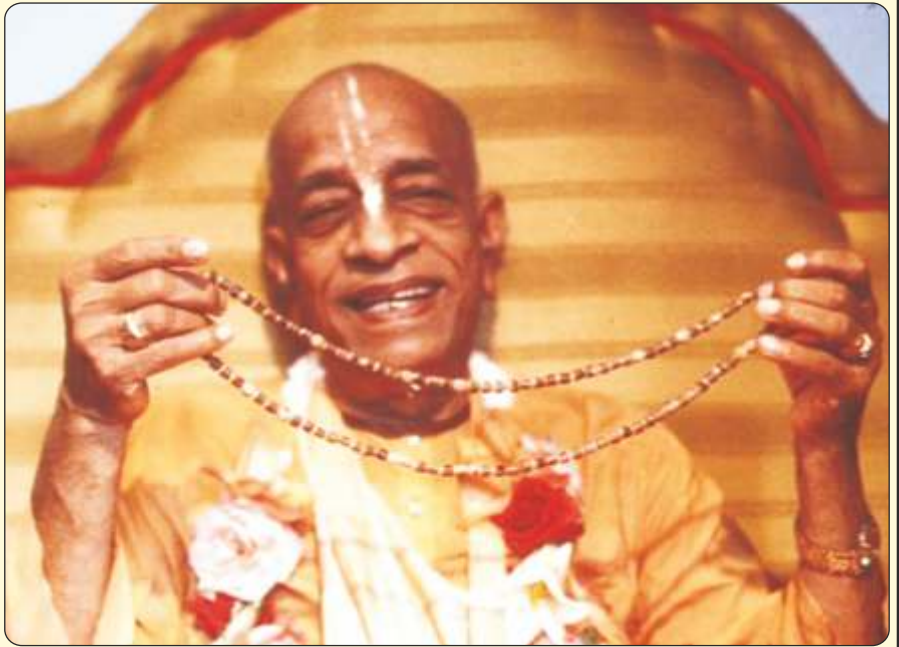
*Oh Prabhupāda, the soft light from your lamp of affection illuminates my heart and step by step makes clear the path through the dangerous darkness of Kali's reign. May my mind and heart be forever fixed on that lamp in gratitude, for it is my only solace and safety in this mad, dark world of names.*



*Oh Prabhupāda, your lotus lips continuously showered forth the sweetest nectar in the form of Kṛṣṇa's name and fame. So unassumingly you gave us so much, so easily. Let me never treat your gifts cheaply. Rather, like a miser counting and admiring his coins, let me become increasingly attracted and attached to the treasures you have given us.*



*Oh Prabhupāda, although I have not even a sesame seed of pure devotion for you and your Śyāma, you can make the impossible possible. Kindly take up residence in my heart, and also give me residence in yours. Then I will surely come to understand what it means to truly love Kṛṣṇa.*



*Oh Prabhupāda, when will you rescue this unfortunate person drowning in an ocean of self-inflicted pain? When, even in a dream, will my head be decorated with the dust of your lotus feet, and my face blossom into a smile from the soothing rays of your loving glance?*





*Oh Prabhupāda, real love flourishes in the fire of separation. Now is the time to prove my real love for you. Let me not trust my mind and senses, and their accomplices, which tell me that you're gone.*

*If I truly love you, I will surely find you:*

- \* in the faces of your sincere devotees*
- \* in the pages of your books*
- \* in the struggle to become Kṛṣṇa conscious, and serve you.*

*Yes, Śrīla Prabhupāda, by your grace I will surely find you - for you so kindly manifest yourself in so many wonderful ways.*

*A Maṅgala āratī Meditation  
Śrīla Prabhupāda's Samadhī Mandir  
Śrī Vṛndāvana Dhāma*



*Oh Prabhupāda!*  
*When will I confidently sound the*  
*conch, announcing the victory of your*  
*teachings and devotional process over*  
*my unruly mind and senses?*



*Oh Prabhupāda!*  
*When will I offer you a mind strongly*  
*but sweetly fragranced with the*  
*incense* *scent of non-enviousness and*  
*true equanimity?*



*Oh Prabhupāda!*

*When will I offer you the **lamp** of my heart, ablaze with the desire to serve your desires as my own?*





*Oh Prabhupāda!*  
*When will I offer you honest **tears** of  
repentance for the many times I  
have abused your very gracious and  
practical magnanimity?*

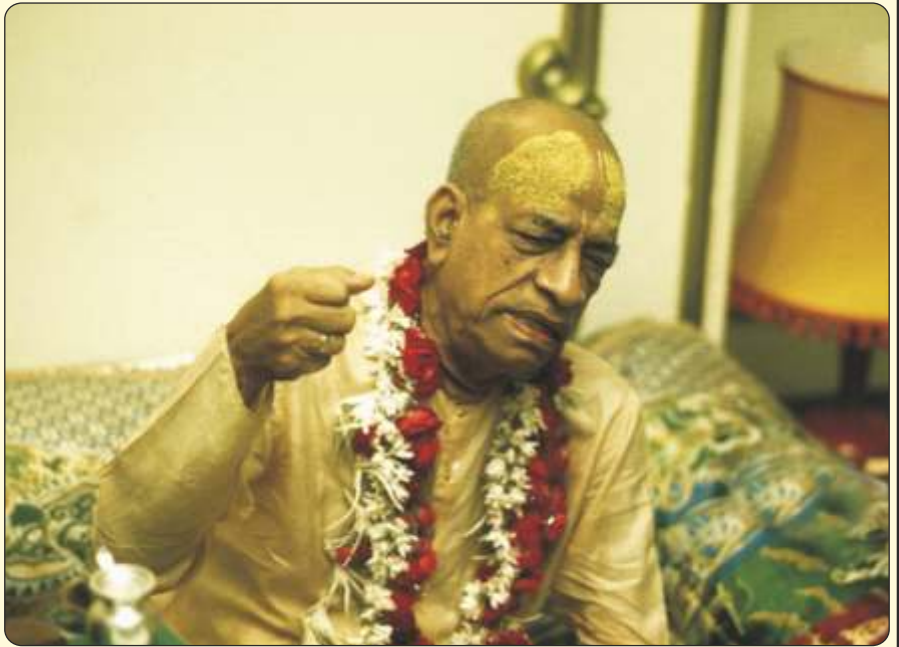


*Oh Prabhupāda!*  
*When will I take the well-kept **cloth***  
*of my false pride and help clean the*  
*weeping sores presently paining your*  
*beloved ISKCON?*



*Oh Prabhupāda!*

*When will I stop worshiping you  
with **flowers** offered without  
devotion, and sincerely offer the  
lotus of my heart at your divine  
lotus feet?*

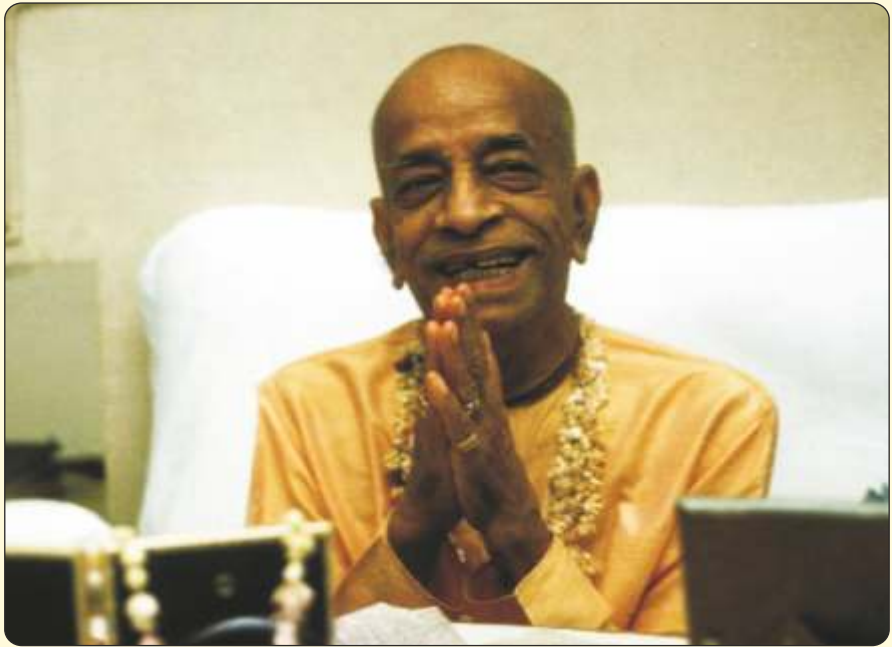


*Oh Prabhupāda!*  
*When will I take the **cāmara** of*  
*unmotivated discrimination and*  
*whisk aside the self-imposed*  
*obstacles obstructing my whole-*  
*hearted service to you?*





*Oh Prabhupada!*  
*When will I fan you with enthusiastic*  
*plans for nourishing and expanding*  
*your mission; plans based on simple*  
*purity and compassion?*



*Oh Prabhupada!*

*When will I sound the **conch** to announce that the final battle has been won; that my mind and heart have taken full and permanent shelter at your divinely soft lotus feet? Oh Prabhupāda, when, oh when, will that day be mine?*

*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!*

*Śrīla Bhaktivinoda Ṭhākura*