

February 2013



CARE FOR COWS
INTERNATIONAL

**BOW YOUR
HEAD**
COWS LOVE,
THINK & ACT
**TRIBUTE
TO BHARATA**

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



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is inspired by His Divine Grace
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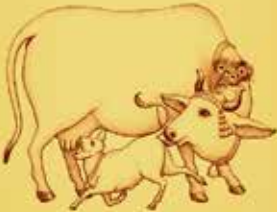
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CARE FOR COWS

INTERNATIONAL

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Dear Friends,

"This demonic world is the greatest enemy of cows. Just see how they are maintaining hundreds and thousands of slaughterhouses. Innocent animals, giving you milk, the most important foodstuff. Even after death, the cow is giving you its skin... and you are so rascal that you are killing. And you want to be happy in this world. You see?

How sinful they are! They have no consideration... Why is cow protection so much advocated? Because it is very, very important.

There is no such injunction that one should not eat the flesh of the tiger. You can eat. Because for those who are meat eaters, it has been recommended to eat the flesh of goats or other lower animals -- sometimes dogs also, or hogs -- you can eat. But never the flesh of cows. So, the innocent cow, the most important animal, gives service even after death... While living, giving service, so important service, giving you milk, even after death she is giving service by supplying the skin, the hoof, the horn. You utilize in so many ways. But still, the present human society is so ungrateful and rascal that they are killing cows. So Krsna comes to punish them, these rascals."

From a lecture by His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada on Srimad-Bhagavatam 1.8.43, Los Angeles, May 5, 1973

The CFC Staff

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





Kartikeya & Nagnagiti

BOW YOUR HEAD

Life Teaches Kartikeya His First Lesson

They say it was the coldest winter in thirty years... no sunshine for three weeks. Finally one afternoon the sun broke through the haze and lit a small oval area in the barnyard. My mother Nagnagiti waddled over and plopped herself down to deliver me. As the labor pains ensued, she stretched all four legs and began panting. The *gopas* (cowherd men) had been watching her udder swell over the last few days and were awaiting my arrival.

They gathered around my Mom to assist if necessary and as my front hooves protruded they understood that I was in the wrong position to be delivered. I was upside down and stuck in the birth canal which is a dangerous complication.

I should have been in a diving position with my head between my legs with my nose at my knees. I was in the position of a back dive which is a dangerous way to take birth.

The *gopas* tried to shift me over with no luck. They called the vet who was experienced with this complication and he tied a thin rope to my hooves and pushed me back into the womb and gently turned me around so I was in the proper position and then pulled me out.

I had been warm in the womb, then cramped in the birth canal and then thrust into a record cold

winter. As my Mom began to lick me I felt reassurance and soon felt my instincts direct me to try to stand. My legs felt numb but after a few tumbles I was able to stand unsteadily while trembling.

I was distressed as I realized that I was quite helpless to ward off the cold. My instincts further directed me to find my food source and all I could understand was that it was located somewhere above my head. I stumbled around my mother pointing my nose skyward attempting to find my quota of food. I knew that if I did not get something warm and nourishing soon, I would perish. I raised my nose trying to locate the milk as my instincts directed but failing to locate it I began to pray, "He Govinda! I am helpless and in danger. You are known to give pleasure to cows so please help me or I'll perish."

I repeated this prayer as my wobbly legs fumbled around my mother who remained seated. Even though the *gopas* tried to help her stand, she could not as she was too exhausted from the stress of the delivery. I had no choice but to continue searching with my head held high and chanting my prayer.

Then I felt a heavy hand on the back of my neck. While I struggled to search above, now a much stronger force pushed me down. I resisted with all my might but it was

of no use... After crumbling unto the cold ground I intensified my prayer thinking these may be my last words, "He Gopala! If You don't help me now, I will surely die!"

The heavy hand pushed me down until my nose nuzzled against my mother's udder and I could smell the milk within. Instinct directed me to nurse and all my fears fled as the rich ambrosial nectar filled me with warmth and comfort. I was united with the source of my life. The force I had taken to be hostile was actually the hand of a *gopa* helping me find what I most needed.

My prayer had been answered!



I drank my fill and was covered with a wool blanket in a warm room for several days. I became steady on my legs and drank all the milk I wanted and soon became strong enough to run.



On the first day of my life I learned this important lesson:

**If your prayer
is not answered
while holding your nose
in the air...
pray harder and
bow your head.**

— Kartikeya



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

Sri Sri Siksastaka



COWS LOVE, THINK & ACT

By Holly Cheever, DVM,
reprinted from Action for Animals

A dairy cow made the tough choice to hide one of her calves after giving birth to twins. As her fifth birth, the cow remembered her previous agony and knew that both of her babies would be taken away unless she tried to save one. The intelligence and care displayed by this mothering cow is both heartbreaking and breathtaking. Told by Dr. Holly Cheever, read this touching tale about an amazing display of motherly love that proves animals love and feel. Dr. Holly Cheever graduated from Harvard University, summa cum laude, in 1971 and from The College of

Veterinary Medicine at Cornell University in 1980 with a class rank of #1. She has been in private practice ever since.

I would like to tell you a story that is as true as it is heartbreaking. When I first graduated from Cornell's School of Veterinary Medicine, I went into a busy dairy practice in Cortland County. I became a very popular practitioner due to my gentle handling of the 'dairy' cows. One of my clients called me one day with a puzzling mystery: his Brown Swiss cow, having delivered her fifth calf naturally on pasture the night before, brought the new

COWS IN THE NEWS

baby to the barn and was put into the milking line, while her calf was once again removed from her. Her udder, though, was completely empty and remained so for several days.

As a new mother, she would normally be producing close to one hundred pounds (12.5 gallons) of milk daily; yet despite the fact that she was glowing with health, her udder remained empty. She went out to pasture every morning after the first milking, returned for milking in the evening and again was let out to pasture for the night — this was back in the days when cattle were permitted a modicum of pleasure and natural behaviors in their lives — but never was her udder swollen with the large quantities of milk that are the hallmark of a recently-calved cow.

I was called to check this mystery cow two times during the first week after her delivery and could find no solution to this puzzle. Finally, on the eleventh day post calving, the farmer called me with the solution: he had followed the cow out to her pasture after her morning milking and discovered the cause: she had delivered twins and in a bovine's "Sophie's Choice," she had brought one to the farmer and kept one hidden in the woods at the edge of her pasture so that every day and every night, she stayed with her baby — the first she had been able

to nurture FINALLY— and her calf nursed her dry with gusto. Though I pleaded for the farmer to keep her and her bull calf together, she lost this baby, too — off to the hell of the veal crate. [ALL dairy farmers (organic, small-scale, local, family-owned, humane-certified) get rid of the male babies since they cannot lactate]

Think for a moment of the complex reasoning this mama exhibited: first, she had memory — memory of her four previous losses in which bringing her new calf to the barn resulted in her never seeing him/her again (heartbreaking for any mammalian mother). Second, she could formulate and then execute a plan: if bringing a calf to the farmer meant that she would inevitably lose him/her then she would keep her calf hidden, as deer do, by keeping her baby in the woods lying still till she returned. Third — and I do not know what to make of this myself — instead of hiding both, which would have aroused the farmer's suspicion (pregnant cow leaves the barn in the evening, unpregnant cow comes back the next morning without offspring), she gave him one and kept one herself. I cannot tell you how she knew to do this — it would seem more likely that a desperate mother would hide both.

All I know is this: there is a

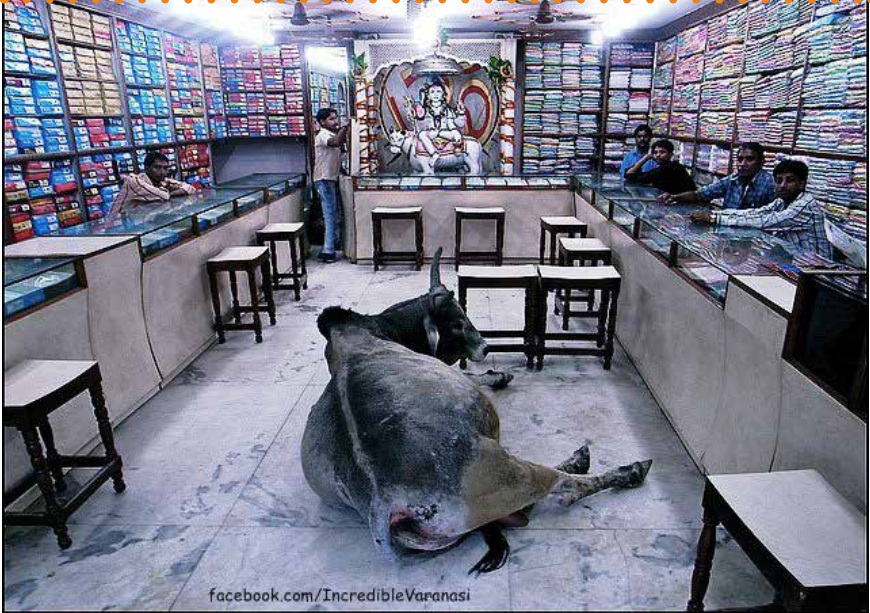
lot more going on behind those beautiful eyes than we humans have ever given them credit for, and as a mother who was able to

nurse all four of my babies and did not have to suffer the agonies of losing my beloved offspring, I feel her pain.



The best use of a BMW!

BULLS IN THE NEWS



[facebook.com/IncredibleVaranasi](https://www.facebook.com/IncredibleVaranasi)

Twenty-five years ago, a bull walked into the Lucknow Chikan

Shop, a cloth store tucked away in the dusty folds of

Varanasi. It stayed on for half a day. Paramanand Chhugani, the shop owner, rubbed his eyes and scratched his head.

The next day, the bull returned and stayed put till the lights went out at 9 pm. Chhugani's surprise took on the form of devotion. A devotee of Lord Shiva, the supreme deity of Varanasi, Chhugani decided that the bull's visit was a sign from the Lord. By the third day, the bull had a name—Nandi Baba. "Outside every Shiva temple there sits Nandi (bull). I am a bhakta of Shivji so it was natural to name him Nandi Baba," Chhugani declared, "I am overwhelmed by his presence in my shop."

The first Nandi Baba died. But other bulls followed, all named 'Nandi Baba' by Chhugani. The current incumbent is Nandi Baba the Fourth. Chhugani's business has expanded since his first bovine visitor. In 2003, he opened a second shop, Lucknow Chikan Centre. It is mandatory for employees of both shops to pay obeisance to Nandi Baba IV.

Chhugani saw a divine hand even in the inauguration of his second shop. He spotted a Nandi in the vicinity and realised he had found his chief guest. "I kept the door open and waited," Chhugani said. "Sure enough, Nandi walked into the shop. What's more, it went straight to Shivji's idol inside

the shop. It looked at the idol for some time, then licked it. Afterwards it sat down at the foot of the idol. We couldn't believe our eyes. Since then, Nandi Baba visits my shop every day."

Nandi Baba is organised. He arrives at the shop at 9.30 am, except in the summer, when he waddles in half an hour later. The shutters are opened only after the bull reaches the shop. He walks in first and everyone else follows. Then, he walks up to the idol of Lord Shiva, licks it and sits down at its feet. The shop is cleaned even as Nandi Baba sits there. The area around the idol is cleaned only after the bull leaves the shop in the afternoon to stroll around the market. Chhugani ensures that it gets a sumptuous lunch. Post lunch, he returns and sits till closing time. Fearing that the bull will be inconvenienced if the shop is closed, Chhugani keeps it open every day of the year.

Shoppers in Varanasi are used to Nandi Baba's presence. People in Varanasi have anointed Nandi's visits to the shop as a miracle. Sometimes, they flock there only to worship him. The Chhuganis do not turn back anyone who is keen to worship their Nandi Baba.

"We are blessed by Nandi Baba's presence. How can we deprive other devotees of the pleasure of worshipping him?"



TRIBUTE TO BHARATA

Bharata was gifted to Care for Cows in 2003 by the Bhaktivedanta Swami Goshalla and was the first working ox we had. He was gentle, noble, unassuming, dutiful, self-satisfied, peaceful and aloof. He trained Padmalochana who was younger and smaller. As Padmalochana grew and demanded to be the leader of the herd, Bharata showed exemplary humility and did not protest. He was satisfied just to work and was always cooperative. He was the emblem of good behavior and never demanded any special treatment or recognition. In fact he was so unassuming that I dare say we did not offer him the full respect he deserved.



Bharata & Padmalochan driving the school bus



Bharata & Padmalochan ploughing



Bharata & Vraja generating electricity

He and Padmalochana were an ideal team and would plow and take the village students back and forth the school six days a week.

After Padmalochana was accidentally electrified in May 2011 Bharata assumed leadership of the herd of twenty-six bulls who perform the school bus seva for the Sandipani Muni School.

This winter it was reported that one of the younger bulls playfully mounted Bharata from behind and while moving away Bharata twisted his leg on some bamboo poles that were lying on the

ground. He limped away and was placed in a private shed to recuperate. We thought it may take a week or so for him to return to his normal state. But after two days Bharata began fasting and within a week left this world to our surprise.

Bharata was never sick and never required any special treatment. He quietly did his service and stayed in the background serving without expecting anything in return. We somehow thought he would always be with us and his unexpected departure has left us sad and regretful that we did not appreciate him for the great soul that he was.

May he be at peace on the bank of Sri Yamuna.



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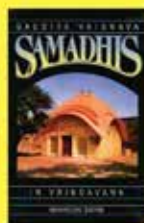
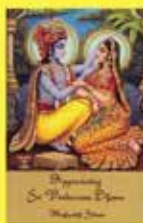
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Thank You From the Cows



The cows send their heart-felt thanks to those who assisted during January 2013

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W G Hiler
Yuval Niv

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