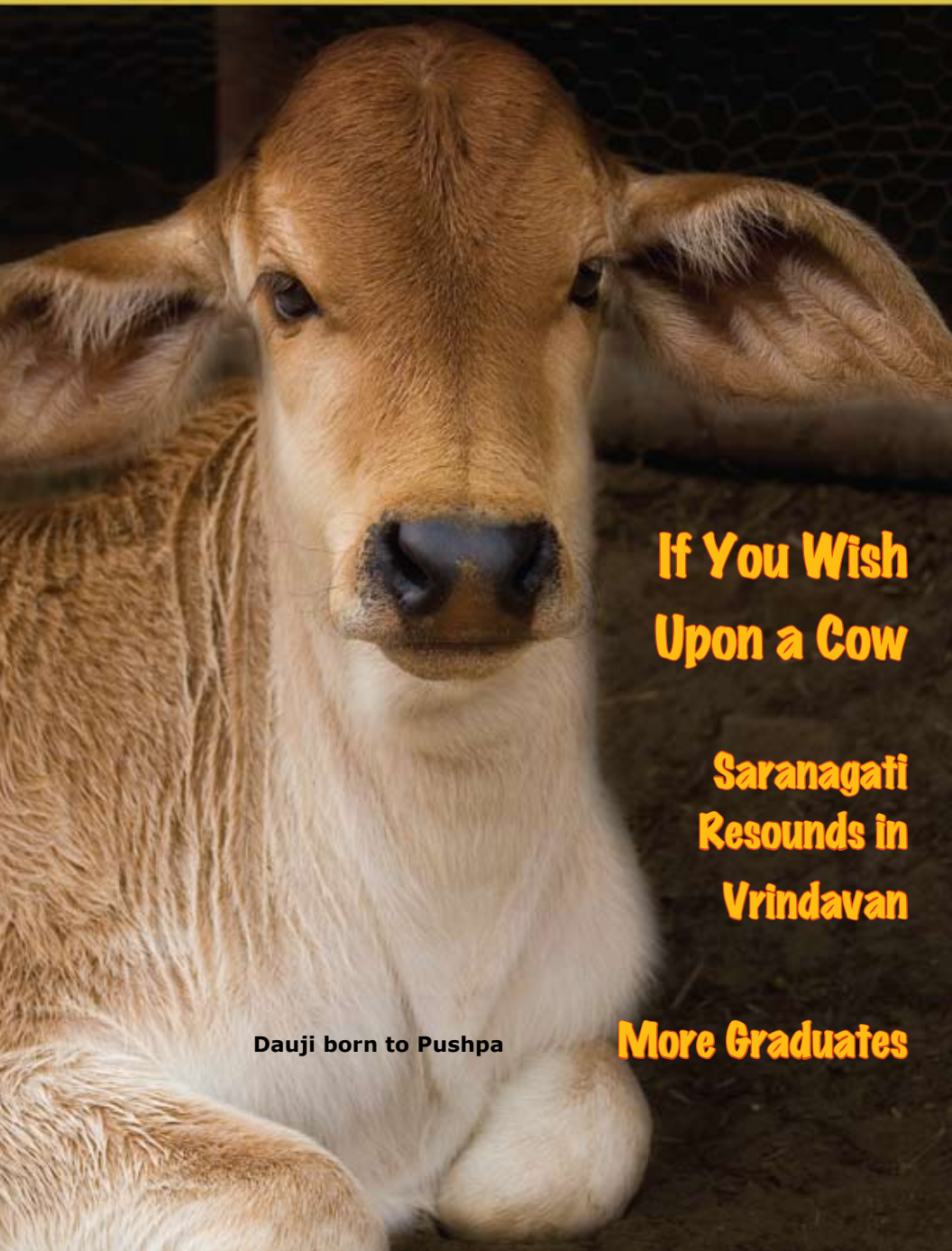


Jan. 2009



CARE FOR COWS

I N V R I N D A V A N



**If You Wish
Upon a Cow**

**Saranagati
Resounds in
Vrindavan**

Dauji born to Pushpa

More Graduates

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



Care for Cows in Vrindavana
is inspired by
A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada
Founder-Acharya
International Society for Krishna Consciousness

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CARE FOR COWS

IN VRINDAVAN

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This is a statement from the famous hadith collection Zâd al-ma`âd by Ibn Qayyim. I have been all through the many hadith books and I have never found any saying that the Prophet of Islam, peace be upon him, ate beef. In fact, he advised against it. If Muslims would leave off eating beef on the advice of their own Prophet it could really help to ease the tensions between Hindus and Muslims.

The Prophet, peace be upon him, said: "You should use cows' milk and ghee as it is good for health, but beef is bad for health."

Urdu commentary by Hafiz Nazr Ahmad:

In the Book of Medicine of the Mustadrak the first hadith is: The Messenger of Allah, peace and blessings upon him, said: "Allah did not create any disease without creating its cure; and in cows' milk there is a cure for every disease. Cows' milk is superior. It is free from everything harmful and provides healing for various illnesses. Physicians prescribe butter and ghee as medicine."

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





If You Wish Upon a Cow

by Braja Sevaki Dasi

Attention all skeptics, doubting Thomases, pessimists, and those who don't believe in the Easter Bunny anymore...(well, okay, the Easter Bunny is a total myth, but...)

It's that magical time of year when children wish for things and sometimes they come true; when grown-ups make resolutions that never come true; and when people like me, stuck somewhere between child and grown-up, write stories about mystical things that are 1,000% true.

I'm sure by now all of you have met or heard of Pushpa. In case you haven't, she's the famous chocolate colored calf who came into Care For Cows around three years ago this month, broken and crippled and without much will to live: and neither would you if you'd been hit by a car and left on the side of the road for a week. Fortunately a cow-friendly chap named Caitanya Simha Dasa from Dubai stopped his car on his way to the Dauji temple and picked up that little chocolate calf--a tiny wee girl of only three or four months old--put her in his back seat, and drove her back to town, where he knew someone who'd lived in Vrindavan for a long time and had a cowshed that looked after broken little cows and bulls. He drove around until he found it, and deposited Pushpa into the loving hands of the Care For Cows clinic.

It was a day or two later I came in the gate and saw little Pushpa

lying there. They told me that she wouldn't survive, that she had no will to live...besides her broken leg and displaced hip, she had been torn up a little on her side, and no one was sure if she was internally injured. It turned out she wasn't, but she had a long, long way to go before she recovered. Her tiny little calf spirit had been broken...



Pushpa upon arrival



Pushpa was barely alive



I sat down in the dirt that first day and stroked her head and ears for a long time. I cried at the thought that no one had stopped to help her. I still cannot believe it, and it doesn't bear thinking about.



Pushpa recuperating

I cried and prayed and sang to her, and returned over the course of the next week or so and offered more of the same. I reluctantly had to leave Vrindavan to return home, but I couldn't get that little calf out of my mind. I'd fallen in love with her.

I harassed my husband daily, and eventually he caved in and within a couple of weeks we returned to Vrindavan. He immediately fell in love with Pushpa, and we, along with the

lovely chap who had rescued her, "adopted" her officially.



Pushpa with Caitanya Simha

The scriptures say that these Vrindavan cows are special, and that they never forget even the slightest act of kindness towards them, which they reward a thousand times over. Of course, none of us could really care less about rewards from Pushpa: we just loved her and wanted her well...she was, to all of us, our little chocolate girl, and her suffering was a painful thing to watch. But a strange thing happened last month that reminded me of how much reciprocation these cows give in the most unusual ways...



One day I was wishing I could do more for Pushpa and her friends...I would sometimes wish I had so much so I could give it to her and the other cows and bulls; how I'd love to sponsor the people who look after her, to make their lives easier, to give them freedom from stress about where their livelihood will come from, how they'll pay the bills, who will feed their children, and so on. It's a slightly conceited thought, of course: there are many generous folk who give to CFC and they're looked after very well down at the cowshed. But still...my little girl lived there and I was inclined to think about her and those who cared for her. I have a photo of Pushpa's hoof in a silver frame near my computer, and as I



was looking at it one morning in December and having these thoughts.

In a totally unrelated incident, Kurma Rupa (KR) contacted me

for the first time in months that afternoon, telling me he wanted to start a Facebook group for CFC.

The next day, KR wrote and told me that Pushpa had just given birth to a little bull. I was overjoyed (though a little miffed at the thought that no one knew who the father was...what was goin' on down there?!)



Pushpa with her newborn calf

I decided to write a short piece about it on my blog (<http://lostandfoundinindia.blogspot.com>). I had started the blog only a few weeks earlier as a way to exercise my writing muscle. I wanted to write a book and get it published, so it was my way of disciplining myself: making sure I wrote an entry daily was a good way to go about it.

That day, I gave a brief history of Pushpa and added some photos of her and her new bull baby.

In a totally unrelated incident, I received more visitors and comments on my blog that day than ever before.

The next day I added an update and a photo gallery, plus a link to the CFC page, and encouraged everyone to go and have a look at the cowshed operation and to donate: it was Xmas after all, "go and make a cow happy," I wrote. And they did.

In a totally unrelated incident, the best literary agents in India signed me on that very afternoon.

The next day, I awoke thinking "nothing could be better than the

last couple of days," only to find that it was: more comments than ever, and more hits on the site than ever.

Pushpa had stolen their hearts: people were writing in promising never to eat cow again; some were sending donations; some were telling me they were sitting in front of the computer crying at her story. Five hundred people read her story that day.

In a totally unrelated incident, a publisher from the UK wrote and told me he wanted to buy the rights to my book.

The comments were amazing: none of these people were vegetarians that I knew of, bar three of them. But Pushpa still touched their hearts. All of the



Pushpa in contemplation



Dauji in contemplation

comments were positive, everyone touched a little by her beautiful story, or the sweet innocence they saw in the photo of her little baby bull.

Only one comment marred the occasion: a girl who insisted that her "love for cows" (she worked in agriculture) and eating them was not a contrary viewpoint. I told her it was insensitive to say those things on a site where cow protection was being discussed. She said that I was "welcome to my opinion." I knew she had a dog, and so I wrote in response to her comment, "If someone came after your dog, pinned it to the ground, slit its throat, cut it to pieces, cooked it up, and ate it, I'm sure you'd have more than just an 'opinion' on that."

In a totally unrelated incident, that girl's dog died that night.

Moral of the story:

1. Don't mess with cows: it's really bad karma. Their suffering is not a joking matter.

2. A Vrindavan cow remembers even a kind glance, what to speak of a kind word or gesture. The blessings they can bestow are not imaginary. They steal your heart and change your life: if you let them.



Pushpa and Braja Sevaki



Left to right: Kanai Priya Dasa, Kartamasa dasa, Radha Kund, Dina Tarine Devi, Kanai Priya



Dina Tarine Devi

SARANAGATI IN VRI

It was one of those hazy winter mornings when the sun hadn't quite decided to shine or not when a group of residents and friends of the Saranagati Community in British Columbia arrived to chant *bhajan*s. They were headed by Dina Tarine devi and Yamuna devi. Yes! The one whose wonderful voice is heard singing Govindam



ya's daughter and wife, Yamuna devi, Nadia, Amala Purana, Hari Bhakti, Nilesh Vadhwana

TI RESOUNDS NDAVAN

prayers each morning in temples around the world. What a treat!

To welcome them we spread some *durries* in front of Krsna's Samadhi so they could set up the harmonium, *mridanga*, *karatalas* and *tampura* and chant the songs of Bhaktivinoda Thakura's *Saranagati*—songs focused on the process of surrender to the Supreme Lord.

As Kartamasa focused his



Yamuna Devi



concentration, Radha Kunda handed out song books and we all read aloud the English translations of the verses about to be sung. The ether became filled with the Thakura's pleas to be granted the privilege of unalloyed devotional service as the curious noses of cows and antelopes investigated the assembly.

Villagers gathered at the gate

to listen and appreciate and a man came forward requesting that we take his cow who he could no longer afford to keep. He reluctantly parted with her and she was appropriately named Saranagati.

It was a gathering to remember and we pray that the residents of Saranagati bestow upon us the determination to live simply and focus our energy on surrender.



Van Krsna's first harmonium lesson



Kanhai Priya's daughter & Laksmi



Saranagati
sponsored by
Nilesh Vadhvana



SYAMALIA joined us in August 2008 when he was only eighteen-months-old. He is high strung, very strong, but because he trusts people, he is quite cooperative.

He resisted the training for a few days as he did not understand what he was supposed to do, but the patience of the trainers paid off and within two weeks Syamalia was ready for a dry run. He pulled the empty school bus to and from the school with one of our veteran bulls and within a few days became reliable enough to work steadily.



NITAI was born to Sudevi in January 2003 and was a very beautiful calf (see below.) He has always been shy, reserved and well behaved. He is tall and slender but getting strong as he progresses in training. Presently he is drilling with the small cart and will not pull the school bus until he is stronger.



More Graduates

BALAJI was a frail orphan who joined us in August 2004 when he was about six-months-old. He was morose for several months but is mild-mannered, submissive and very dutiful. He is one of the favorites of the trainers as he learns quickly and is obedient. Since he is slight in stature he will do odd jobs pulling the smaller cart and be used as a back-up bus driver when he is stronger.

MUKTI joined us in January 2007 after being rescued from a farmer who had beat him for grazing in his field. His rear leg was damaged and he was unable to walk properly for a few weeks. We moved him to Belvan but he broke the fence and found his way back to Sundrakh by the next morning. He is stout, determined and intelligent.



Thank You From the Cows



The cows send their heart-felt thanks to those who assisted during December 2008

Alla Nikolayeva	Hardegger Dora + Eugen	Olexandr Avetysyan
Amit Jagtiani	Hooman & Fariba	Paesi Marcus
Amy Bardsley	Huwiler August	Pradip Fogla
Amy Windsor	Jacquelynn Fortner	Pragati Vaid
Ananda Dasa	Jaganath Rao	Priya Krishnan
Andretta Mergherita	Jahnke Heiko	Radha Mohan Sevaka
Animal Life	James Moore	Radhajivan Dasa
Ann Kennedy	Janet Urbanczyk	Rama Pyari Bhandari
Annmarie Phelan	Janie Leary	Ramasubramani Ganesan
Anshul Porwal	Jatin Bhandari	Rohinisuta Dasa
Araik Avetisyan	Jaya Radhe & Tamal Patra	Rudin Christian
Arlene Sherbow	Josef Scherer	Samuthkanta Dasi
B.B. Govinda Swami	Kapoor Family	Sanjay Dahiya
Bader Urs	Karuna Purna Dasi	Schaller Doris
Bickel Stefan	Keshava-Priya Dd	Schreier Flora
Brönnimann Benedict	Kitri & Rita	Srinivas & Radha Damodara
Buddhimanta Dasa	Krauer-Hug Familie	Streuli-Karp Adelheid
Chandramukhi Dasi	Labangalatika Dasi	Sujatha Vishnoi
David Thornton	Laksmi Rupa Dasi	Syama Dasi
Devala Dasa	Lee Foreman	Syamavallabha Dasa
Dhruva Maharaja Dasa	Lenherr Martina	T.K. Chaudri
Diezi Lilo	Lisa Kubisz	Vabulari Gianfranco
Dominik Bletz	Lokanath Dasa	Varun Juneja
Elizabeth Stewart	Luci Wyatt	Vladimir Ivanov
Estermann Familie	Madhava Dasa	Vrindavan Candra
Fida Wild	Mana McDowell	Vyasapada Dasa
Frei Karl	Manish Agrawal	Weiss Irena
Garuda GmbH	Meister Manfred	Wunderli Carl
Gauranga Priya Dasi	Melissa Harris	Yajnavalka Dasa
Hadorn Kurt	Nilesh Vadhwana	Yulia Chernyaeva

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