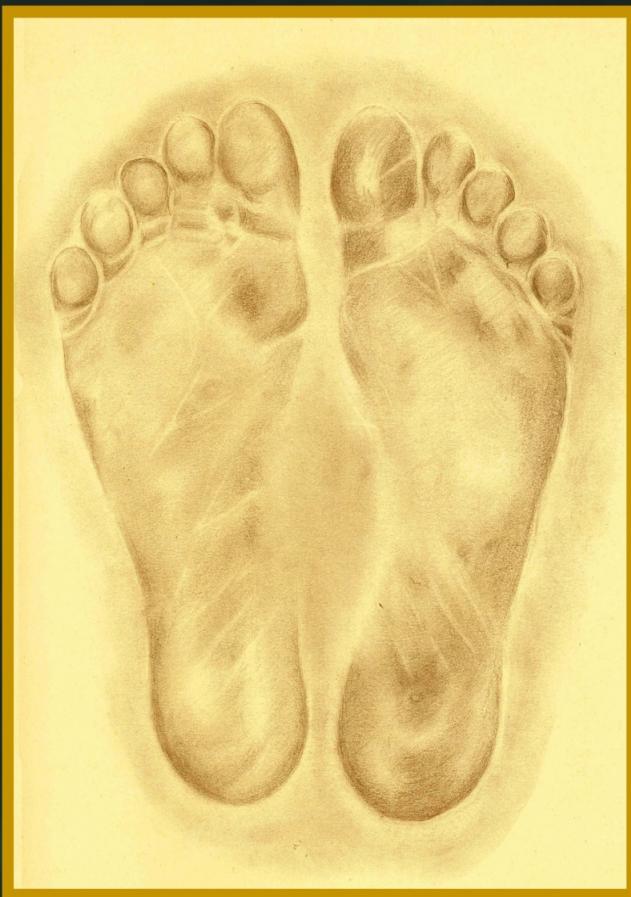


# Prabhupada



# Now!

BRAJISMA DAS AND DRAUPADI DASI

# Prabhupada Now!

## Connecting with Srila Prabhupada

Brajisma das and Draupadi dasi

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*This book is dedicated with eternal gratitude to our beloved spiritual master His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Srila Prabhupada. And also in loving memory of our beloved daughter Dhira-lalita.*

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# Dreams and Experiences

*Taken from a class of H.H. Bhakti Caru Swami*

If one understands that the spiritual master is eternal, although I do not see him, he is there, he is actually sitting in our hearts as the Supersoul, as the *Caitya-guru*, there's no difference between the spiritual master who is in front of us, as a devotee of Krsna, and the Supersoul who instructs us from within our hearts. Because in *tattva*, in truth or in principle both are actually the same.

One is Krsna Himself who is acting as the spiritual master sitting in the heart, and the devotee, spiritual master, is directing us from without, according to the instructions of Krsna. So Krsna's representative without and Krsna who is sitting in the heart as a witness as *Caitya-guru* both are the same in principle. So there is never a moment we are without the spiritual master. We are always with the spiritual master.

But if we think that now our spiritual master has gone and we fall into the mode of passion and ignorance, then very soon we will lose our spiritual position and go back to *maya*. Therefore we should be very very careful. We should always remember that the spiritual master is there all the time, and we are never without his association. And the spiritual master although he disappears from our vision, he watches us, and in our need he comes and helps us. He directs us.

I'm sure every sincere disciple experiences that. That's how

the spiritual master constantly helps us in order to make spiritual progress. So that platform, is the real platform to transcend the miserable material existence that we are in.

## H.H. Sacinandana Swami

*Excerpts taken from an article entitled 'A Reunion of Hearts and Realizations' by Sacinandana Swami*

From the 14th to the 19th January 2003, a reunion took place at Hare Krsna Land, Juhu. H.H. Sridhar Swami had called all over the world to invite those disciples of Srila Prabhupada who had helped him found the Hare Krsna Juhu Temple, which is now one of the most well-known temples in Mumbai, India. Many visitors come here every day to have the wonderful *darshan* of Sri Sri Radha Rasabihari in this, the most attractively built temple you can imagine.

The development of this temple from a tin shed in a mosquito- and-snake-infested jungle to one of the most attractive spiritual places in the world is amazing. It is a tale of the determination of Srila Prabhupada and the surrender of his early disciples to his will. I will not talk about this tale because it has been told by many devotees who are more knowledgeable than I, but I want to talk about the enlivening experience of having all the older devotees together.

It was after our first Ratha-yatra festival on the 15th of January. The devotees had set up a huge stage, two minutes from Cross Maiden, where Srila Prabhupada attracted many devotees by his historic lectures and *pandal* programs. The stage was already filled with early disciples including Shyamasundara and Gurudas, when a deeply touching spiritual experience took place.

Out in the crowd I saw a handsome young man who looked like a German scholar. He was led by Krsnacandra to the stage. All of a sudden the older devotees recognized him: "Hey Pradyumna! Hey panditji! Come and speak."

Pradyumna Prabhu quickly ascended the stage and stood with beard and suit before the microphone. Then out of his mouth came the traditional *mantra*: *Om namo bhagavate vasudevaya* three times, just as he had done when he chanted the sanskrit for Srila Prabhupada. For me this was the spark that ignited a most beautiful spiritual realization.

All of a sudden I had the feeling that Srila Prabhupada was there with us on the stage and that he would soon address his disciples and the crowd with the most profound realizations, as he had always done. I felt drawn through the corridors of time to sit at the lotus feet of Srila Prabhupada.

During my preaching I have often heard the theory of Albert Einstein, who explained how past, present and future are all simultaneously present, although because of our conditional senses we only experience what we call the present. He said that these three phases of time are present in so-called time bombs. There is a beginning, a middle, and an end to these time bombs, and you can access different pasts, presents and futures in these different time bombs.

I also heard about a scientist who once took a walk through a forest in France and all of a sudden found himself in the middle of a 17th century battle. Afterwards, he wanted to investigate his perception and also by the help of quantum mechanics, came to the same conclusion as Einstein. But now I was experiencing it directly. I do not wish to say that it was the same experience as Einstein tried to explain. I would prefer to say that all of a sudden I found out that Prabhupada's activities are really on an absolute level, a dimension that can be accessed either through an advanced stage of Krsna consciousness or, as in my case, through Krsna's mercy and Prabhupada's mercy. As tears welled up in my eyes, I looked

around to see if anyone else had had a similar experience, and I saw Jananivas also breaking out in tears. Knowing myself to be a little sensitive at times and therefore seeing things that are not there, I asked him about the experience he had, and he told me the same thing that I had felt. I knew that Prabhupada was there.

This same feeling came to many devotees during this reunion. All those devotees who were there had sacrificed so much for Srila Prabhupada. They virtually lived in the kingdom of risk, surrender, and utmost endeavour to please *guru* and Krsna, a kingdom that transcended external circumstances and allowed them to experience the bliss of Krsna consciousness.

This was possible by Srila Prabhupada's expert guidance which taught us the most exalted spiritual concepts in an amazing way. Throughout this reunion there were so many little nectar drops that flooded our hearts with Prabhupada consciousness. What was maybe the most important for me as a participant was the realization I mentioned earlier on.

By connecting ourselves with Srila Prabhupada either through his direct *vani* or talks about him, we experience him and his wonderful guidance. I would encourage all of the readers of this little article to please experience this for yourselves.

Contact Srila Prabhupada, and you will feel totally gladdened.

## Gregg Burman

I once had a wonderful dream. I dreamt that two devotees came and took me to Srila Prabhupada.

It was a beautiful sunny day and Prabhupada was sitting outside on a large cane rattan seat holding his walking stick looking very happy and shining majestically.

“This is Greg, Prabhupada,” said one of the devotees.

“Ah,” said Prabhupada indicating for me to come beside him. The perfume of sandalwood, camphor and marigold warmed me to him.

With the end of his walking stick he began to draw in the dry ground the letters of my name...

G. R. E. G.

He pointed with his stick to the first letter G. and pronounced “guh,” as if studying ancient hieroglyphics.

To the next letters R. E. he pronounced “ree,” and to the last G. he pronounced “govardhan.”

“Your name is Giri Govardhan,” Prabhupada proudly exclaimed immediately giving a broad smile at which the devotees all laughed heartedly at Prabhupada’s profound instant translation and –apparent instant ‘initiation’?

It was so instant and so quick that I was dumbfounded and didn’t quite take in what had just happened other than to feel horrifically embarrassed that Prabhupada had misspelled my name wrong!!!

I couldn’t laugh with them, I just gave a silly sickly grin.

I felt sick to my stomach –not the way someone should surely feel after having a spiritual name revealed by their spiritual master! I was at a loss, dumbstruck, embarrassed and feeling useless at my inability to understand the situation. I just kept staring at the letters Prabhupada had written on the ground. The devotees took one look at my dumb face and, pointing at me, increased their laughter.

I frighteningly plucked up the courage to interrupt their laughing by nervously telling Prabhupada “Prabhupada, I am sorry but... you have misspelled my name wrong....” I swallowed heavily as they all stopped laughing!

Prabhupada looked at me sternly. He looked back at the letters in the dirt.

“Explain!” he said pointing to the letters.

I was so embarrassed I was about to spoil a perfect moment, should I just ignore it and just say everything is all right?

I took empty courage, “It is spelled G. R. E. G. ‘G’, Srila Prabhupada.”

“My name has three G’s,” I managed to splurt out.

I wanted to dig a hole to bury myself with the guilt and anguish and the embarrassment.

I was on the verge of crying out with the pain that was tightening in my stomach. “Krsna, Krsna, Krsna” was all that I could repeat in my mind over and over again. I was lost with utter, total dejection.

“Hmmm,” Prabhupada hummed cautiously.

He was looking down at the letters very studiously. The devotees looked on, anticipating puzzlement.

Prabhupada began to draw another G at the end of my name.

G. R. E. G. G. and he underlined the last G.

Tapping his finger lightly on the handle of his cane he studied the added letter with grave concern.

Then Prabhupada raised his head and looked at us all.

His eyes glistened.

A beautiful broad smile appeared on his lips.

“Ah!, ah!” he proclaimed, again pointing to the extended letters.

“G. R. E. G. G.” he spelled out.

“G. RE. GOVARDHAN...

GOSWAMI!!!”

There was a slight pause... then we all burst into side splitting laughter. Prabhupada smiled broadly and chuckled with laughter.

The laughter increased so much that myself and the devotees were rolling on the floor holding our stomachs.

We could not stop laughing –it was actually beginning to hurt. We were starting to hyperventilate we could not breathe. The sight of our helplessness made us laugh at each other even more loudly.

Then Prabhupada started to hold his stomach as his laughter and joy increased at the sight of us all struggling with the ecstasy and the agony!

That now made it even worse for us and we went into further mad, excruciating tears and laughter.

But I had laughed so loud... that it woke me up....!!

Half awake I was still laughing out loud, but stopped when I could still hear the laughter of Srila Prabhupada and the other devotees fading in the distance of my mind.

As I fully awakened, with an abrupt jolt back into the material world, their laughing faded completely.

I suddenly felt a vast emptiness and an overwhelming deep sadness of having left Srila Prabhupada's presence.

I had definitely been there, I had definitely seen, I had definitely heard, I could still definitely smell and feel the warm bright sunshine.

But it had only been a dream!

I still feel that emptiness even today as I write.

My eyes however still see, vividly, in front of me, Srila Prabhupada's beautiful smiling face, glowing and laughing in that bright glorious sunshine.

A smile, that somehow I know, I will see forever. A vision that will never ever leave me, never.

Chant Hare Krsna and be happy!

Srila Prabhupada ki jai!

## Premamayi dasi

I joined Srila Prabhupada's movement in 1978.

Later I was in charge of the *gurukula* children. One day, after *mangala arati* I was feeling tired and along with some other devotees I went to my mother's room (Mahamrta). They were preparing some herb tea on the gas stove and then they left so that I could take rest. I was alone in the room. Mahamrta was doing Deity service.

I fell deeply asleep. Suddenly, I saw that the room was getting luminous and then I saw Srila Prabhupada walking towards me. He stopped in front of me, looked at me very profoundly and then disappeared along with the aura that emanated from him.

It was so shocking that I woke up abruptly and then I started to perceive an intense gas smell. The devotees did not realize that they had left the gas stove open. I was in great danger.

I then realized that Srila Prabhupada came to save my life.

All glories to His Divine Grace Srila Prabhupada!