



तव कथामृतं तप्तजीवनम्
tava kathāmātaà tapta-jévanam

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A LITTLE LEARNING IS DANGEROUS

*His Divine Grace A. C.
Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada*

I am finding that if any of our students artificially try to become scholars by associating with unwanted persons, they become victimized, for a little learning is dangerous, especially for the Westerners. I am seeing that as soon as they begin to learn a little Sanskrit, immediately they feel that they have become more than their guru and then the policy is kill guru — and be killed himself.

So we shall have to teach character and spiritual understanding to the young children. To study other things as a high grade scholar is secondary for us. The first thing is to build up character and be experienced in the understanding of the conclusions of the *Śrīmad Bhāgavatam*. ❧

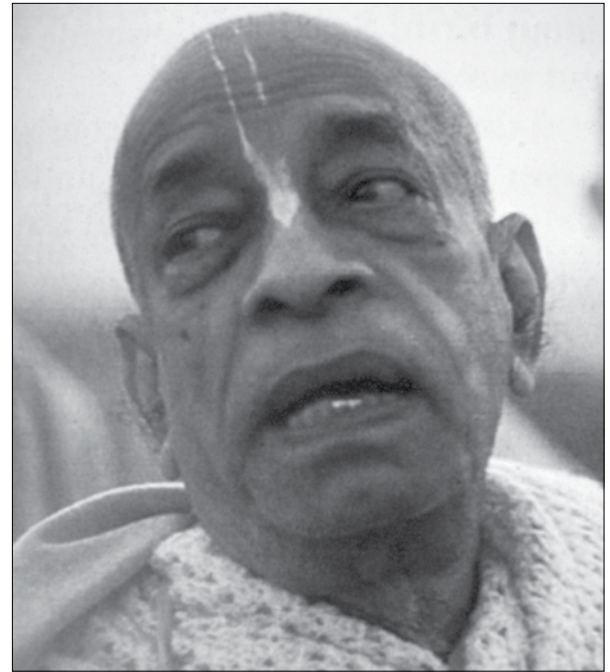
— Letter to Dixit. 18 September 1976.

PRABHUPADA IS STILL DIRECTING

Sri Srimad Gour Govinda Swami Maharaja

Devotee: Why are there so many conflicting ideas for the ISKCON movement?

Gour Govinda Swami: Bah, stop it! There is no conflict. No conflict. No conflict. You are a mad fellow! There is no conflict, no confusion. It is all clear, *bābā!* Conflict and confusion are within you. Therefore you see conflict. If you put on yellow glasses, everything looks yellow. A man sees the



*His Divine Grace
A. C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada*

reflection of his mind. In your mind there is conflict and confusion, and therefore you see it outside.

When Hanuman went to Ravana's capital Lanka, he was extremely angry because the demon Ravana had kidnapped his master's wife, Sita. Out of anger, Hanuman's eyes were red hot. Ravana had kept Sita in a very lovely garden, called the Ashok Van. *Aśoka* means, "no lamentation". That garden was extremely beautiful. Ravana had brought so many varieties of nice flowers,

fruits, and birds from the heavenly planets. In that garden were many wonderful ponds and springs. Hanuman went there, but he saw no variety. He saw everything red, because anger was inside him. His eyes were red hot. Do you understand? Are your doubts clear?

Devotee: No.

Gour Govinda Swami: No? Why not?

Devotee: For instance, when Srila Prabhupada was directly present, everything in ISKCON was under his direction.

Gour Govinda Swami: He is still directing, but you can't see it. You have no vision. It will take time for you to understand. Be patient and wait, wait, wait. All these problems are inside you. The conflict is within you. Therefore you see such things outside. ☞

— From a lecture in Bhubaneswar on 23 March 1993.

BHIMA MEETS HANUMAN

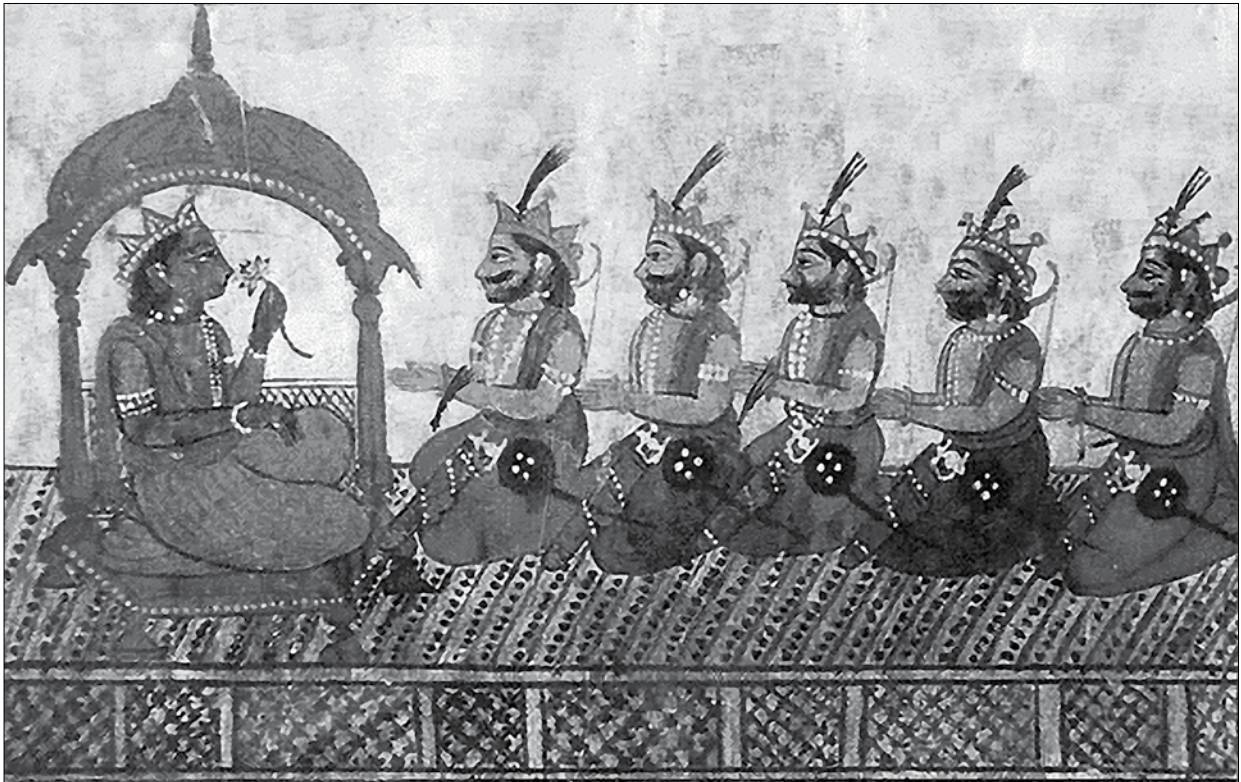
Adapted from the Vana-parva of Mahābharata

As the Pandavas made their way from one holy *tīrtha* to another, they finally came to Badrikashrama in the Himalayan Mountains. It was a very scenic spot that could hardly be described in words. The flowers that bloomed there could not be found anywhere else in the world. One day, as Draupadi was gazing on the

beautiful scenery, a strong wind arose and blew a thousand-petaled lotus flower into her lap. The flower had a celestial effulgence, a captivating aroma, and its beauty was unearthly. She took the flower to Bhima and requested, “Behold, O Bhima, this most celestial flower. O repressor of the foes, it has gladdened my heart. I shall present this one to Yudhishthira. Will you also obtain others for my satisfaction so that I may carry them to our hermitage in Kamyaka?”

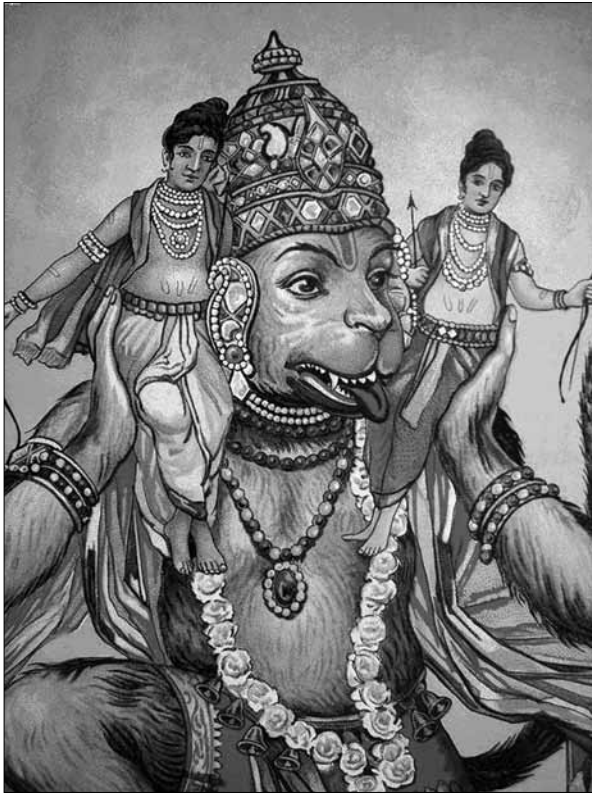
Bhima was delighted to please Draupadi in some way, and he proceeded to follow the path the scented flower had left. He traced the perfumed air for some time, and suddenly he realized he had covered a long distance. When he blew his conch shell, rousing the lions in the area, he then heard a loud pounding that caused the earth to tremble.

As Bhima approached that pounding sound, which was like a challenge to him, he suddenly saw a huge monkey lying on a stone slab. The monkey was waving his tail in the air and dashing it against the ground, causing the tremendous noise that spread in all directions. Bhima was completely amazed, for he had never seen a monkey like this before. The monkey was sitting there with half-opened eyes, calmly blocking the way. As Bhima approached, the monkey advised him,



Krishna and the Pandavas

Lithograph, Ravi Varma studios, c. 1920



Hanuman carrying Rama and Lakshman on his shoulders

“Young man, why do you make so much noise? Most of the animals in this region were sleeping peacefully, and now you have awakened them. Please be more considerate, and do not be so cruel to the inhabitants of this region. Beyond this point, the forest is impassable. It is a path leading to heaven and cannot be taken by ordinary mortals. Rest awhile here and eat some fruits. After your fatigue is relieved, you may return to your residence.”

Bhima was surprised that the monkey could talk like a human being, and questioned him, “May I know who you are? What monkey speaks like a human being? You must be some demigod in disguise. As for myself, I am the son of Vayu, and my mother is the chaste Kunti. My name is Bhima, and I am one of the Pandavas.” Bhima then told him the history of how they were exiled to the forest. He also informed the monkey that at the present moment they were waiting for the return of their brother Arjuna from the heavenly planets. The monkey smiled when Bhima told him all this, and said, “I know that I am obstructing your path, but I have become ill and cannot move. If you want my advice, you should return via the path by which you came.”

Bhima’s eyes reddened in anger, and he became very impatient. “I do not want your advice,” he said.

“Move out of my way, or I will have to move you myself.”

The monkey replied, “I have grown too old to move and most of the time I simply lie here. If you insist on going further, then you can do so by leaping over my body.”

Bhima was becoming frustrated with the whole matter. He said to the monkey, “You are an elderly personality, and you are lying on my path. It is not proper for me to jump over your body, for the Supreme Soul exists in everyone. It is also disrespectful to elders. If I had not known that Supreme Lord exists in everyone’s heart, then I would have leapt over your body and this mountain as the great Hanuman did when he crossed the sea to Lanka.”

The monkey inquired, “Who is this Hanuman who bounded over the ocean? You speak of him with respect. His name comes with affection from your mouth. Have you met him before? Can you relate something about him?”

The monkey looked at Bhima with a smirk on his face, and Bhima became furious. He exclaimed, “You are a monkey, and you do not know who Hanuman is? Hanuman is the greatest of all monkeys. He is also the son of the wind god Vayu and is, therefore, my esteemed brother. He is famed for his devotion to Lord Ramachandra. He is the illustrious chief of the monkeys, who is renowned in the Ramayana. When Lord Ramachandra lost his wife Sita, that brother of mine leaped across the sea to Ravana’s abode and discovered her whereabouts. He then set the city of Lanka on fire. Later, he killed many *rākṣasa* generals in the battle of Lanka. He even carried a huge mountain from the Himalayas just to save the life of Lord Ramachandra’s brother, Lakshman. I am insignificant in comparison to his strength, but I am able to fight with you if I have to. I must proceed further into this forest, and you must clear the way.”

The monkey smiled calmly when he saw Bhima’s impatience. He said, “Please do not be angry with me. I tell you the truth when I say that I am too old to move from this spot. If my tail obstructs your path, then just move it aside and go on your way.”

Bhima, thinking that the monkey was failing in energy, thought, “I will take hold of his tail and throw this monkey, destitute of strength, to Yamaraja’s abode.” Assured of his prowess, and smiling, Bhima approached the tail, and with his left hand he tried to move the tail as if it were a twig on the ground,

but the tail would not move. He tried with both hands, but still he could not lift the tail. He tried again and again, but still he could not budge the tail so much as an inch. The monkey was smiling in amusement, which only increased Bhima's anger. Bhima tried repeatedly to lift the monkey's tail till his face was completely red, his eyebrows tightened, his eyes rolled, his face was contracted in wrinkles, and his body was covered with sweat. Finally, Bhima had to admit his defeat. He went before the monkey and prostrated himself, saying, "Please forgive my harsh words. Out of ignorance I have transgressed the conduct of good behavior to elders. Your power is greater than mine, and therefore, you must be some demigod descended from the higher regions. Please tell me who you are."

The monkey smiled at him and said, "I will gladly tell you who I am. I am the son of the wind god, Hanuman." With these words, they tightly embraced each other, and tears of joy came from their eyes. They talked for a long time, and Bhima was thrilled beyond words that he had finally met his brother, whom he had only heard about previously. Before their departure, Hanuman bestowed a boon on Bhima,

*vijayasya dhvajasthaś ca nādān mokṣyāmi dāruṇān
śatrūṇān ye prāṇa-harāḥ sukhaṁ yena haniṣyatha*

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"Staying on the victory flag [of Arjuna], I will shout out fiercely in such a way that it will make the enemies almost lifeless, and thus it will be easy for you to kill them."

After Hanuman gave this boon to the Pandavas, the brothers embraced and departed. ☞

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MY DESIRE

Sri Gopal Das

(*Dhānaśī-rāga*)

*hari hari āmāra emana kabe habe
viṣaya dāruṇa viṣa jāñjāla chuṭibe*

Hari! Hari! When will I escape from the power of this horrible poison?

*dārā-sukha-bhoge mu-i ha-iba virakta
śaraṇa la-iba śuka vaiṣṇava bhāgavata*

When will I renounce the joys of household life and take shelter of Srila Sukadev Goswami, the *vaiṣṇavas*, and the *Bhāgavatam*?

*karaṅga kothali hāte galāya kānthā diyā
mādhukarī māgi khāba vraja-vāsī haiyā*

When, residing in Vraja with a patchwork cloth around my neck and a bowl in my hand, will I eat by begging as a *mādhukarī*?

*saṁsāra-sukhera mukhe anala jvāliyā
thu thu kariyā kabe yā-iba chāḍiyā*

When will I spit far away the flames of material sense gratification that burn in my mouth?

*jāti kula abhimāna sakala chāḍība
gopālera āśā kata divase phalība*

When will I renounce my family, social station, pride, and everything else? Ah! After how many days will Gopal's desire be fulfilled? ☞

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