|| Krishna Manogat ||  
  
Today I feel like talking to you. You may be surprised suddenly  
why after so many years I want to talk to you. I have spent more than five thousand years  
but I want to talk to you. I felt like saying something and  
the reason I am not telling you is that I am not going to stay with you, but it is so true  
that, as I lived my life, whatever I experienced, whatever I did good or bad, everything  
is going to unfold in front of you. How many adjectives in my name  
have been added. God, Purushottam, Yugandhar Avatar! In all of them, I am  
just an ordinary human like you. Before my birth  
how many miracles have been written on my name. All those miracles are in front of you  
is going to unfold. What is true is what I have to tell you. From my birth  
to my death, my entire journey is going to be presented to you.  
In my journey, I have met many people who love me  
wholeheartedly. In the matter of love, I have been very fortunate. Very  
Yashoda mother, Nandbaba, Balarama, Arjuna, Sudama, my childhood friend Pendi,  
Gopikas, Radha, Uddhav; how many names are there.  
  
There are many imaginations in your mind about me. In childhood, many  
killing demons, dressing up the gopis, stealing milk and yogurt from your own house,  
giving advice to Arjuna on the battlefield. Marrying thousands of women.  
You have accepted me as an avatar and this complete avatar form, but avatar  
who is not? You are also an avatar. You are a complete avatar  
are. You read the Gita, but if you had understood it, then you would have known  
that I am also in you.  
I have seen different forms in each of you, I have seen different  
colors in each of you, according to each one's likes and dislikes, whoever is in me  
  
> 9> 9> 9> 9> 9> 9> 9) 9> 9> 9> 5> 9> 9> 9> 5> 9> 5> 9> 9 || Krishna Manogat Ut (7) > 9> 9> 9> 5> 5> 9> 5> 5> 9> 9> 9> 9> 9> 9> 9> 9> 9> 9

I liked the color, but truly I did not have any color of my own. I flowed like water. Whatever color came in front of me, I mixed with it, and my life became harmonious. There was no limit to my living. From birth, in my life, one after another drama unfolded, but my life remained untouched by all the storms and clouds that came in my life. If I have to give thanks, there are countless names. Even the word 'thank you' seems incomplete in the face of such completeness that has adorned my life with millions. Even today, I remember my soul, then I become silent. Like a storm in the ocean, and on the shores of the vast ocean, they come and go. Tears flow from the shores of my eyes, crossing the boundary of my soul. Remembering all those who support me, who love me, who love me, countless souls come to my mind. Without a feeling of silent grace, nothing stays near me.  
  
With those who love me unconditionally and with those who oppose me, I want to speak to everyone. My life character will appeal to you, because you have come to paint; but today how my life screen looked from my perspective, I will tell you. All the colors you have painted on me, show me my true form. All the dirt that has accumulated on my life character needs to be removed, needs to be cleaned.  
  
I have not thought of giving any advice to Arjuna in the Gita. I just want to present the Gita of my life in front of you. Some call me peaceful, loving, wise, knowledgeable, while others consider me low, deceitful, greedy, and sinful. I do not worry about this, what you think about me or what your opinion is about me. I want to present my opinion to you. You may not accept it, my laughter will not be fake, but what I have kept hidden in the depths of my heart for many years, I want to reveal it all.

In my life, I never denied anything. The soul was accepted, but there was no opposition from the body. The Supreme Being was accepted, but I never turned towards the world. I am neither violent nor non-violent. The battle of Mahabharata was just a game for me. Many people wonder if I was ready for war. Everything I did was to avoid it, but the circumstances were such that there was no alternative to war. I will speak about that later. It is necessary to clarify the things that are associated with my birth. Even though my birth took place in a prison, my life was still free. I lived my life according to my own will. I never cared about what people would say.  
  
Since childhood, I have never forced any values on my mind. I made an effort to find the answers to every question that came my way. I may not have found a place for myself, but I was never satisfied with the prepared answers to the questions. While searching for answers, I never hesitated to question individuals or scriptures. Searching for answers based on practical principles in life was my favorite pastime.  
  
Since birth, the sword of death hung over my life. Truly, I will have to thank existence for that, because it kept me alert. I have never felt the fear of death. Death has become a support for my consciousness. However, I do not like to separate death from life. Death is a part of life. Separating death from life is a mistake. Death is a eternal truth. Without accepting death completely, one cannot attain perfection in life.  
  
I was born in Mathura prison and my life began along with my birth. The game of my birth and death continued until I left my body. I enjoyed the taste of this game until the end. I experienced joy. Many difficult situations came in my life, but none of them could create any obstacle in my happiness. Whether it was joy or sorrow, humiliation or honor, victory or defeat, I enjoyed every moment of my life.

Defeat, success or failure never shakes my inner feelings in any situation. My laughter never fades away. The existence has given me a gift from birth and I am the reason for the existence for that. While talking to you, I need to start from somewhere, my mind is anxious about how to narrate the events of my life; because many events are still fresh in my memory. That's why I keep talking as I remember. I will not fall into the trap of arranging events in order.  
  
But I have to start from my birth, because many stories and incidents are connected to my birth, where do I start? But some incidents are deeply connected to my birth, some things that my birth parents Baba Vasudev witnessed and what they said, what discussions took place, which I later learned from Nandbaba. I will tell you how that incident happened.  
  
Many miracles have happened in my life, but I was never responsible for any miracle. I have not performed any miracles in my life. I had a lot of spiritual power, nothing like that, but my faith in existence was limitless. Faith in oneself and love for nature! What nature has given me cannot be expressed in words. Just as Yashoda was my mother, nature was also like my mother for me.  
  
In the presence of nature, I want to get lost somewhere. Whether it is the rising sun or the setting sun, I like to see its beauty. Whether it is a blooming bud or a bloomed flower, it always attracts me. Closing my eyes and listening to the chirping of birds was my favorite pastime. Playing in the waters of the Yamuna, gazing at the stars, looking up at the sky, many questions arise in my mind.

I wanted to create, but I wanted to put all those questions in the corner of my mind and enjoy the present moment. But there will be times when there will be idle time, then I want to dwell on the questions that bother me. In this process, I did not take anyone along. This was my own struggle.  
  
When a question is formed, the search for its appropriate answer begins; but there are also some questions in which a person himself gets lost and the question remains unanswered. Whenever I come across a question, I first practice on the question, because many times the question is not a question and sometimes it can be meaningless. Before starting the search for answers, we have understood our question clearly, whether it is necessary to understand it or not.  
  
I realized about my uncle, then many questions were formed in my mind. Did someone tell my uncle? Did someone say he heard the radio, did someone take him to Naradmunich's ara, did someone tell him about some dreams. Why does he think about this and when did he come to know, but it is so true that, from my father's son, his life is in danger, this thought was running in my uncle's mind and as a warning, he made my parents prisoners and kept them in jail.  
  
I do not understand why people are so afraid of death. No matter how much effort we make to live safely, death cannot be avoided. I like to live in an unsafe state, because in an unsafe state, our internal powers become active, this is my personal experience.  
  
Death is with us from the first breath of our birth. Where the last breath will be taken, only God knows, 'But death is always with our life. When we see others die, we also remember that we are going to die one day. The memory of this stays with us for a long time. By giving a dead body to the fire, we are born again in the mind.

You return to your world, but the truth is that we are all travelers on the same journey. Today someone, tomorrow someone else will have to end their life journey. We all live in the illusion that we are permanent residents on this earth. No matter how much effort we make to live a safe life, we cannot prevent anyone's death today.   
  
My uncle and aunt were arrested and the rule was made that whoever is born must die. My birth also took place in Mathura jail. It seems to me that everyone's birth takes place in jail. If we look closely, the body is also a jail for the soul. One in jail and the other in the midnight.   
  
With my birth, I too was beaten by my uncle with a stick, but perhaps my birth time became the cause of my life donation; because all the guards were unconscious and asleep. Due to doing the same work daily, a kind of laxity had come in their work and on that day everyone had received a feast. After giving the beating, they forgot to tie the rope and take me out of the jail. This was the grace of existence. My father remembered this story and as I read my life, I prepared to put my own life in crisis.  
  
My mother's mental preparation had been done. Time was running out, what would happen at any moment was not known, but my father had decided in his mind that, no matter what happens, he had to make every effort to save my life. It was midnight. I was put in a basket and my father did not make a sound and fell outside the jail.  
  
Outside the jail, there was darkness all around... Where had my father disappeared... In a very short time, he reached the banks of the Yamuna River... The clouds had already filled up... My father put his feet in the river and heavy rain started. The lightning was shining... The rain intensified.

It was... the water of the Yamuna was rising, but Baba did not know where he would get the strength and courage from. His only focus was to save his son. The water of the river was rising, but Baba did not feel any fear. He somehow managed to cross the Yamuna and enter Gokul. In other situations, he may not have taken this risk, but at that moment, he was afraid of the rising waters of the Yamuna, not of the heavy rain. Despite the darkness, he bravely moved forward, guided by his courage.  
  
If you have a question, how do I remember everything? What will be the memory of a child born at that moment? You remember your childhood memories, but can you tell me about memories from two or three years ago? This story was told by Vasudev Baba to Nand Baba, and then Nand Baba told me, and then Nand Baba made it clear to me when he told me; that's why I remember it.  
  
Nand Baba woke up Yashoda. He explained the situation to her. But Nand Baba asked, if you take the empty-handed, then there is a danger to you and Devaki's life, and the child's life will also be in danger. They discussed this matter. Finally, it was decided that Yashoda became the girl. Yashoda was in deep sleep. Nand Baba gave his daughter to Vasudev Baba and put me in Yashoda's arms. This situation was difficult for both. There were tears in their eyes. There was intense pain in their hearts, but the decision was important because the time was dangerous. Baba took Nand Baba's daughter back to the prison and put me in Yashoda's lap; to grow up on the land of Gokul, to blossom!  
  
Krishnamanogat x  
3000020000200 000K ॥ Krishnamanangat I (13) >5>9>9>9>9>(>9><>9>9)9>5>9>9>9)5>9)5

A new festival of my life has begun...  
  
Living amidst the beauty of nature, surrounded by natural beauty, Gokul!  
My first bond in Gokul was with nature and the cows, looking at the cows in the courtyard, I felt a different kind of joy. Not only in our courtyard, but in Gokul, every cow seemed to have a special connection with me, something was developing between me and the cows that even the cows seemed to recognize me. Mother used to feed the cows in the courtyard. The lamp of the cow's ghee was always kept burning in the temple. Milk, curd, buttermilk, ghee, and butter were kept filled in the pots at home. Throughout the day, many gopis and gopas would come to play. Many people seemed to enjoy playing with me more than milk and curd. I wanted to play with Balarama Grandfather. Sometimes we would argue, but our quarrel would not last long. We did not want anything other than each other.  
  
Another favorite pastime of my childhood was to sit under the clock, watch the trees, the forest, sometimes the sky, and sometimes watch the Yamuna. The morning sun and the setting sun meant my life and soul. One day I did not see him, and I felt like I had made a mistake. During the monsoon, for many days, he did not appear in the crowd of clouds, and I kept looking for him all day. Sometimes for a few moments, when he would hide behind the clouds, I would feel such joy that I cannot describe! It seemed as if he understood my feelings and just for me, he would come to give me a glimpse for a moment. The joy of that moment would fill my happiness for many days.  
  
I liked to sleep in the courtyard. At night, while sleeping in the courtyard, I would look at the moon and stars in the sky, wanting to disappear into the light, always fascinated by the sky. I would make an effort to see far into space. The shining stars in the sky seemed to double their beauty in the dewdrops. I had many questions.

How does this star hang in the infinite space? What will be the secret of the creation of this vast universe? Who is the creator of all this? How are the creation of my eyes, my body, many living beings, animals, etc.? Who am I? Where did I come from? Humans come to life from which unknown world and where do they go after death? Will I ever know the mystery of birth and death?...  
  
While contemplating, when the mind sees the diversity of existence, it should be filled with gratitude towards the unknown creator and flow with an indescribable peace. No words, no thoughts, no questions. Just! Silence! The need for peace should be felt. A different experience that cannot be expressed in words. I have never spoken about the questions that will arise. My mother always loved me. I never liked going to the river Yamuna. She always told me not to go to the riverbank to play. Even when I went out for a long time, she wanted to search for me or send someone. I really liked taking cows and goats to the forest for grazing.  
  
Once while returning to the village, I felt something under my feet. I stopped. Below it, arpa had thrown something. It was a flute. It was beautifully decorated. A red thread with pink flowers was tied on it. I cleaned the mud on it. I wiped the dust off the holes on it and tried to play it. There was a sound coming out of it, but it was not sweet. I wanted to play the flute for the gopis in Gokul. I went to everyone, but the flute I found was not anyone's. No one was ready to take it from me. Finally, it stayed with me. Then what! I wanted to play it all day long. My parents never scolded me for that. But I knew that they were aware of it.

Some voices are born to be liked by the ears. I found solace in solitude, sitting under my favorite peepal tree on the banks of the Yamuna, trying to play the flute/foot for hours on end.  
  
One day, as I was playing the flute, my mind was completely absorbed in it. I didn't even realize when my grandfather came and said, "Krishna, don't stop. It sounds good, keep playing." It dawned on me that, while making an effort, I had learned to play the flute. I thanked Goddess Saraswati, as no one had taught me. It must have been the grace of Mother Saraswati. Slowly, I started creating beautiful melodies from that flute.  
  
The flute is such a wonderful and beautiful musical instrument. It can be easily carried anywhere. The flute becomes a symbol of our minds. Like the flute, we too can become free from thoughts, and beautiful melodies will be born from our minds. But to do that, we must learn the art of filling the holes in our minds - greed, attachment, jealousy, etc. Our life is like a tuneless song, but if we fill the holes in our minds with the right notes, beautiful melodies will be born from our souls. To transform our lives into sweet music, we must work on developing the right methods for our minds, and develop the right direction for our minds. This small flute taught me the thread of life and living. I fell in love with the flute, and the flute with me. It stayed with me for the rest of my life.  
  
I learned to play the flute on my own, and I also learned to mend it on my own. But every evening, while practicing with the flute, along with exercises on the tabla, I felt like a warrior learning different battle strategies from my grandfather and father. My body would be drenched in sweat, and the red soil from the tabla would cover my entire body.

Required. Grandfather used to tell us how important it is to take care of our bodies during the time of war. He would say, "During times of war, you must not forget that you are each other's relatives. Imagine fighting with the enemy and fighting with each other. That is why your grandfather and I wanted to excel in martial arts. We wanted to have other partners with us. Some would practice sword fighting outside, swinging swords and drums, giving us encouragement. I enjoyed practicing direct combat, but I always had to be forced to exercise. However, grandfather never had to be forced to exercise. He enjoyed exercising and his ability to exercise for a long time was even greater.  
  
In Gokula, we used to drink milk, yogurt, and buttermilk from our own cows. There was not much scarcity at home, but this became a kind of game for us. Everyone at home and in Gokula had become tired of our cows. Then at many places, everyone had to lift their hands high because they could not reach the pot. Then we found a solution by using our brains. We stood upright on each other's shoulders and reached there. Because of this, many people were jealous of us, but still, some could not succeed. Mother wanted me to get angry, shout, scold, but she never raised her hand on me.  
  
Sometimes I would wake up in the morning and go under the banyan tree by the Yamuna river to wait for the rising sun, I liked it, but I never told mother that I wanted to go to the Yamuna river. I felt like I should not go to the Yamuna river. I did not know what fear she had, but I felt a strong attraction towards the Yamuna river. Its water, the trees spread far away on its banks, the fine sand touching my feet, everything was delightful for me. I wanted to keep looking at the sky for a while. When the redness started spreading in the sky, the sun appeared.