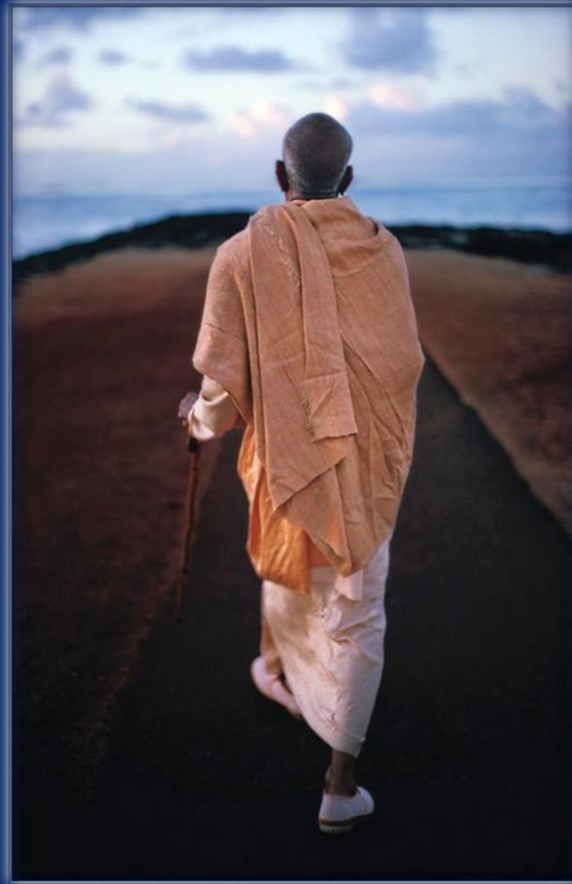


A DREAM COME TRUE

Srila Prabhupada's Struggle In Bombay And Finally Successful Departure For United States



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A devotee just follows Lord's commands

Wherever whenever Lord's will demands

Being fully surrendered to the Lord

Bhaktivedanta Swami moved forward

Swami's mission was Krishna's own will

Without any personal agenda to fulfill

Guru's order boiling in heart's core
Swami came to the Bombay's shore

Time passed by and no bright way
Swami grew older and non-fray
Now no more selling books or printing
"Going America" was the only thinking

With ready passport and sponsorship
He visited owner of Scindia Steamship
Meeting secretary of the company owner
He submits his plea with sponsor paper

Secretary went to Sumati Morarji
With the earnest request of Swamiji
"Swami is pleading to go to America
For teaching people about Sri Krishna."

Morarji denied the idea strongly
Swami was too old for this journey
"Where he will live? What he will eat?
Let in India his all work be complete."

Yet Swami twice resent the secretary
But Morarji sent him back negatively

Swami requested a meeting finally
With hope to convince her personally

Swami has nothing to do with America
Neither with India, nor with Scindia
His worry was only his Guru's order
He saw it to be ever delaying further

Carrying bold determination within
Grey haired old Swami entered in
His request cried, loud, emphatic
"Please give me one ticket!"

All these years Swami was trying
Pushing forward Guru's each saying
This seemed to be last opportunity
Morarji then replied back to Swami

"No one to receive you, no one to see
In old-age sickness, no one to heel
What you will eat and you will drink?
Please analyze everything and think?"

"My secretaries think, please hear
Swami is really going to die there"

Sumati rejected Swami's last request
Swami disagreed her question's quest

Swami made a face of dismissing
These are all hurdles obstructing
His decision was fixed and clear
Preaching about Krishna everywhere

Sumati said, "You are my father
How can I lose you for-ever?
By allowing you to go alone
I can't leave you die gruesome"

Swami heard silently all her cause
There was total silence and pause
With remaining final faith and hope
The last words then Swami spoke

"You say this all but don't do bother
Even the smallest plea of your father
My spiritual master said me to preach
Kindly, please help me go out to teach

To fulfill my Guru's each teaching
I will go every possible reaching"

This was Swami's final plea

"Okay Swamiji", said Sumati

"Battle USA" was not yet over

"P-form" was necessity another

No US Visa and other permission

Alone in Bombay, without habitation

Sumati made arrangements for Swami

He lived in Bombay in Scindia colony

With only his trunk and typewriter

Swami stayed in unfurnished shelter

For him opulence was not in matter

He was special sadhu and scholar

Some neighbors became interested

After knowing what Swami intended

Though old, he never stopped preaching

Widely spreading Chaitanya's teaching

He would go every town, village, city

Swami became people's new celebrity

Rice, sabji, fruits all families brought

So much so that he never even thought

He distributed whatever excess remains
Fortunate children in colony got remnants

Older residents assembling together
Visited Swami daily in order to hear
Rare teachings from the Bhagavata book
More rarer were purport that Swami took

Mr. Vasudeva, chief cashier of Scindia
Impressed with Swami Bhaktivedanta
He visited Swami to learn regularly
Also purchased all books of Swami

Writing, chanting were Swami's only activity
Neighbor Nagarajan asked out of curiosity
"Swamiji, what are you so intensely writing?
I observed you whole day only translating"

Swami confidently gave him his two books
"Child you will know, just read these books"
Every day he went out trying, demanding
His visa and P-form were still pending

He himself pushed his books' selling
Searched sponsors for further publishing

He looked for various pious professional
Who could make some help financial

Swami used to return in evening
After whole day's lonely tussling
Old Bhaktivedanta unsupported
Tired deadly, morose, unattended

But his work has not yet ended
He again wakes up rejuvenated
Determined service unparalleled
His glorious writing again resumed

Each day was even more challenging
No one came forward in helping
Swami carried on his work still
Sitting in room chair or windowsill

Nagarajan asked Swami of preaching
How much was his full day collecting?

"Not much today, it is depressing"
Swami replies back complaining

"Time is currently not rightly ours
People are all arrogantly oblivious

Nobody is now fully understanding
My all these endeavors' necessity"

After a minute Swami starts again
His tireless work will not go in vain
He becomes tired, but never defeated
Never ever any discouragement reflected

Some people would come to Swami
Hear discourses and gave some money
Since his work had endless demanding
For any help he was always appreciating

Swami had endless wisdom to teach
But he has got no support to preach
Working hard for his loving master
Swami personified selfless character

In the service of his dear Lord Hari
He can spend whole world's money
But he walked two miles to save money
Daily Andheri station to Schindia colony

Mrs. Morarji wanted to hear Bhagavatam
She knew Swami's unparalleled wisdom

For about two weeks Swami recited
The sublime teachings and commented

People at Scindia helped and assisted
To get Swami Visa-form fully accepted
He had help in US for sponsorship
And now backing by Scindia Steemship

On July 28th (1965), his visa came,
But P-form was another hard game
Proceedings were slow and everyday battle
It seemed to be insurmountable obstacle

No assistance, no tangible helping
The old Swami was alone struggling
Swami visited Matachori for meeting
Inquired about his P-form passing

Metachori replied him fully negating
All chances of P-form's passing
"You are just sponsored privately
No institution called you officially"

"How would you be taken care,
If you will be forsaken there?"

I have now decided to cancel it
You going there is not at all fit.”

Swami requested to meet manager
His decision of going cannot alter
Mr. Rao, manager, agreed finally
P-form, visa were now fully ready

Now the time of great fortune began
Krishna was unfolding His secret plan
Swami was now ready with everything
To finally start his worldwide preaching

Sumati Morarji then fixed the trip
August thirteen, on the cargo ship
“Jaladuta” ship sailing from Calcutta
With Arun Pandia, a vegetarian brahmana

Captain Arun was advised by Morarji
To carry extra vegetables for Swamiji
Mr. Choksi spent the last two full days
In service to Swami in Bombay subways

He helped Swami in last stipulations
Buying clothes and other preparations

Swami prepared a pamphlet for preaching

They collected that too from printing

Finally Choksi drove Swami to station

Kolkata was his next on way destination

Swami arrived in Calcutta little early

Two weeks' time still left for journey

It was 'his' city but now where to stay?

Loving Krishna took everything away

Swami had many friends and relatives

But no one was now really supportive

Out of hundreds of people that he knew

He chose someone stranger and new

Not a disciple and not a friend

Someone with a simple helping hand

Sisir Bhattacharya, a kirtan singer

He met in Lukhnow the previous year

Swami requested Bhattacharya to arrange

Preaching program for local coverage

Sisir arranged for Swami's staying

Also fixed some preaching meeting

He took Swami to his friends' residences
Swami sang kirtans and gave discourses

Bhattacharya thought Swami was special
This saint's leaving for America was novel
He tried to broadcast Swami in newspapers
Hindustan, Amrita Bazar and a few others

No one turned interested in his story
Being fully ignorant of unfolded mystery
Swami was very special, so was his journey
His travel to US will make golden history

Dainik Basumati, a local daily
Agreed to print for him finally
Mentioning about Swami's core motto
They printed a small article with photo

Bhattacharya assisted Swami's travelling
To different places for his preaching
One day Bhattacharya started arguing
Rebellious to what Swami was saying

He presented his views various
Swami shouted and became furious

“It is not important what you feel
Just follow whatever sastras reveal”

Then before one day of his leaving
He came to Mayapur seeking blessing
With open heart he visited the Samadhi
Of his beloved Bhakti Siddhanta Saraswati

Swami’s full life was for guru’s mission
Today he begged guru with clear vision
43 years back he was ordered
To preach in English and go abroad

Today came the blessed opportunity
To make this dream into the reality
With folded palms he was praying
Begging for mercy with eyes crying

He returned Calcutta, now fully ready
An umbrella, dry cereal and attaché
Main baggage was his booklets
Two hundred three-volume sets

Glorious day came fortunately
Swami would leave eventually

Mountainous confidence was needed

Swami owned in abundance indeed

He will be in momentous isolation

From past living and his own tradition

He was sufficiently old and fragile

Health was upset, weak and futile

US was very unlike to present India

India owned culture even in Kaliyuga

Sadhu was still respected allover

Though being unknown and poor

People knew here Bhagavata's glory

They at least faithfully heard Swami

He met leaders waiting on their doors

Ministers, milliners, and governors

But America was a different story

No one ever knew Sadhu's glory

No Bhagavata ever, no temples there

No free ashramas to stay anywhere

Unknown people and unknown territory

Probably would be an unwelcoming country

Who would there respect his noble deeds?
Who would take care for his personal needs?

In midst of all these big challenges
His plans never sought any changes
His books gave him abundant confidence
Knowledge of the Absolute transcendence

He had flyers for presenting it well
India's message of Peace and goodwill
Whenever he will meet someone there
He would just produce them this flyer

August thirteen, the day of journey
Bhattacharya and Swami came by taxi
Carrying in hands Chaitanya Carita
Swami then reached port of Calcutta

He wanted once again to confirm
Ticket, passport, visa, P-form
Sponsor's address and all fundamentals
Swami was now ready with all essentials

Black cargo ship, small, weathered
Was fully ready at dockside, moored

Indian sailors curiously observed

As saffron dressed Sadhu entered

Krishna-bhakti was yet hidden glory

Lord was sending His own emissary

He looked alone but was never lonely

Faith in Guru accompanied him fully

No one was 'his' standing there

No one to bid him bye-welfare

After years of struggling in great difficulty

He managed lastly to go out of country