**Namah om Visnu padaya krsna presthaya bhutale**

**Srimate gopal krsna goswamin it namine**

**Prabhupadasya sahityam yah prakasya vitirya ca**

**Pracaram krtavam sadhu bhagavatpadaya ten namah**

Dear Srila Bhagavatpada

Please accept our humble obeisance to you and to Srila Prabhupada.

We are gathered here today to celebrate the occasion of 81st Vyasa Puja celebration of our revered spiritual master, His Holiness Gopal Krishna Goswami Maharaj. Though he is no longer physically present among us, his divine presence continues to guide and inspire our hearts through his unwavering dedication to Lord Krishna and the mission of Srila Prabhupada.

Maharaj was an extraordinary soul, a unique combination of humility and strength. His gentle smile and composed nature reflected his deep compassion and unwavering commitment to his spiritual responsibilities. His life was a profound example of surrender, service, and spiritual conviction.

His compassion transcended all barriers. Maharaj connected with thousands across languages, nations, and cultures—sharing Krishna consciousness with sincerity and grace. Whether addressing large gatherings or speaking personally, his words uplifted and inspired all who heard them.

He was not only a powerful speaker but also a living example of Srila Prabhupada’s teachings. His actions embodied discipline, devotion, and faith in the Lord. He led with clarity and courage, encouraging countless devotees to dedicate themselves to the spiritual path.

On this sacred occasion, we remember and honor his legacy. More than remembrance, this is a moment of recommitment—to walk the path he so gracefully walked, and to pray for the strength to follow his inspiring example.

Srila Prabhupada, recognizing these exemplary qualities, appointed him as a member of the very first Governing Body Commission of our society.

Maharaj had a remarkable ability to engage people in Krishna’s service, recognizing and nurturing their individual talents.

He was deeply committed to expanding the mission of Krishna consciousness and worked tirelessly to establish new temples, faithfully carrying out the instructions of his beloved Guru Maharaj.

Maharaj’s passion for book distribution stood out as one of his lifelong missions. He was a pioneer in this sacred endeavor, inspiring devotees with his determination and success.

Everyone who met Maharaj felt personally cared for, as if they held a special place in his heart—such was the warmth and sincerity he carried.

Among his many achievements, he established numerous temples—including 21 dynamic centers in Delhi alone—leaving a lasting impact on the growth of our movement.

From my experience within this society for over five decades, I can say with conviction that Maharaj was a fearless and steadfast servant of this mission—brave, committed, and unwavering in his dedication.

My personal association with Maharaj began around the time he had notaccepted the renounced order of life. Our relationship went beyond formal roles—it was one of mutual respect, between a diligent servant and a guiding spiritual authority.

Over time, through frequent interactions and thoughtful discussions, he gradually entrusted me with greater responsibilities.

He appointed me as a member of the management council and gave me the role of a signatory on society bank accounts—roles that carried both trust and accountability.

Our bond deepened further when he became an initiating spiritual master. He graciously accepted my entire family—my mother, sister, and myself—under his spiritual care, offering us shelter with kindness and compassion.

To be included in the very first group of initiations was a blessing beyond words.

With great trust, Maharaj continued to engage me in various services—some as simple, yet, cherished, as dropping him off or receiving him at the airport—each one an opportunity to serve and connect more deeply with him.

The memory is still vivid in our hearts. Every time Maharaj visited Vrindavan, without fail, he would stop by our room to inquire about our Mother.

Even amidst his busy schedule, he never overlooked this loving gesture—his visits were always filled with care and affection.

That warmth and personal attention remain etched in our minds.

We cannot let this moment pass without expressing our deepest gratitude.

I vividly remember how Maharaj personally accompanied our family from Delhi to ensure we were properly settled. His care wasn’t just thoughtful—it was deeply personal.

During that journey, he would repeatedly turn back to check if another car was following ours. Curious, I asked him why. He softly explained that the route passed through a forested area, and he feared that the locals might mislead or harm those unfamiliar with the way.

Such was his protective nature—always putting others’ safety and comfort before his own.

Maharaj had an extraordinary way of caring for his Godbrothers. He always ensured they were treated with the highest respect and genuine affection.

Once, he told me,

“Reserve a special room for someone coming for a long stay.”

That "someone" turned out to be none other than H.H. Satsvarupa Maharaj, who stayed in our guesthouse to write Srila Prabhupada Lilamrita. During his stay, Maharaj made sure every detail was perfect, reflecting his deep love and reverence for his fellow devotees.

During the six months Maharaj stayed with us, he made sure we never lacked care or affection.

Despite many challenges, he took on numerous responsibilities related to the administration and well-being of the devotees. Whether offering guidance, suggesting improvements, or giving key instructions, he was always present and involved.

Many nights, he stayed up late in meetings, ever alert to the potential for intrusions or danger. His constant concern was the safety and protection of everyone around him.

His life was a true testament to selfless service and unwavering devotion.

There’s one memory that stays with me—something that felt almost like a premonition.

During that visit, Maharaj was unusually expressive—laughing, joking, and engaging in long conversations, as if he was connecting with everyone on a deeper, final level.

As he prepared to leave, I asked, “Why so soon?”

He replied, with a hint of sadness, “There is no alternative.”

I gently urged him, “Why not stay in Vrindavan a little longer and rest?”

But he simply said, “No—I have to leave.”

Then he asked a question that took me by surprise:

He said, “How many rooms are we occupying? Don’t lock them. Rent all of them out—you’ll receive some revenue for the temple.”

Even in his final conversations, his heart was thinking of the temple’s welfare.

A Maharaja was leaving for Dehradun, Abhay told me that he stood silently before our room – much longer than usual.

Curious, Abhay asked Maharaja’s servant, “Does maharaja wish to see me?”

He replied gently, “maharaja had a long conversation with me.”

When Abhay shared this with me, my sister and I looked at each other in quiet surprise. Even today, I have no answers. we still don’t understand, or what he wished to say. It remains a mystery – one we carry with us.

**Your Humble Servant’s**

**Ganapati Dasa**

**Rasa-priya devi dasi**

**Leela-Shakti devi dasi**