

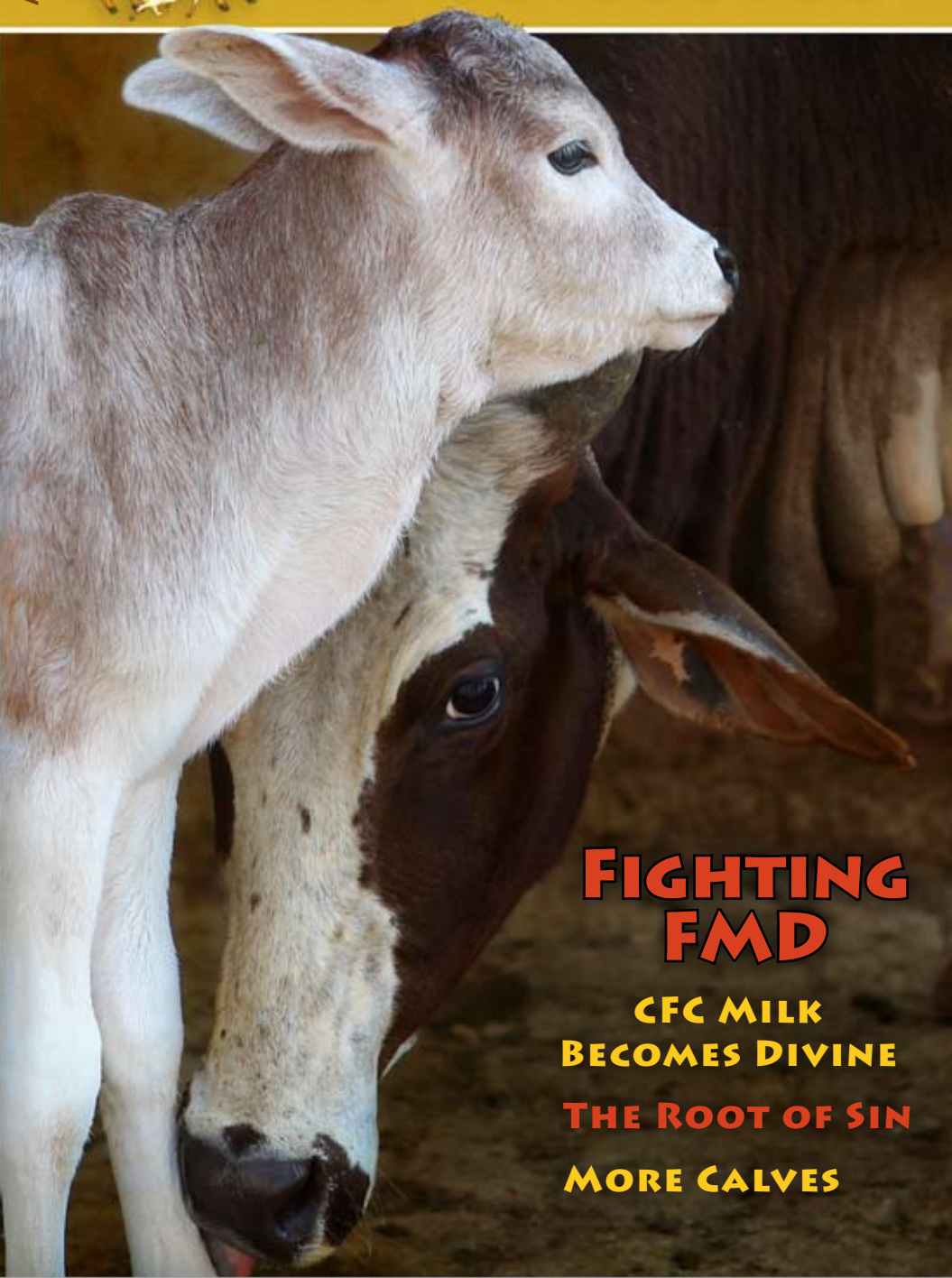
April 2010



# CARE FOR COWS

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I N V R I N D A V A N



**FIGHTING  
FMD**

**CFC MILK  
BECOMES DIVINE**

**THE ROOT OF SIN  
MORE CALVES**



Care for Cows in Vrindavana  
is inspired by  
**A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada**  
Founder-Acharya  
International Society for Krishna Consciousness

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Jaya Sri Guru! Jaya Sri Gopala!  
Jaya Sri Go Mata!

*Dear Friends,*

"A cow should not be owned by one who is a killer of cows, nor by one who sells them to killers of cows, nor by one who is unrighteous and sinful, nor by one who is untruthful in speech, nor by one who is outside the Vedic culture, nor should cows ever be given to such persons. Cows should be gifted only after ascertaining and determining the qualification of the receiver.

Cows should never be given unto those in whose residence they are likely to suffer from fire or sun.

Cows should always be given away accompanied by their calves.

**Those cows who have been rescued from situations of distress or have been received from humble farmers unable to continue to take care of them properly are considered to be most auspicious."**

*Excerpt from Anusasana Parva,  
Mahabharata*



**CARE FOR COWS**  
IN VRINDAVANA  
careforcows.org

*The CFC Staff*

Care for Cows in Vrindavan is a Charitable Trust registered in India, USA, Holland and Switzerland.

~ PORTRAIT OF THE MONTH ~



~ KRIPA ~





**Tongue and gums infected with FMD**

FMD (foot and mouth disease) is a common and infectious disease that strikes mostly in the summer. Despite the Indian government's attempt to eradicate the disease by vaccination, a fewer number of cases still occur. During the first stages the mouth is affected. Sores appear on the tongue, gums and inner lips which cause the cows to drool thick, elastic saliva.

Infected cows experience great discomfort while feeding and often lower their head and twitch their lips. If they are not treated effectively, they may starve to death.

The saliva of the infected cows gets into the fodder and drinking water and in this way



# **FIGHTING FMD**

**Tips on treating it effectively**



**Young bulls infected with FMD**

the disease spreads. Infected cows should be isolated if possible.

Open sores also appear either where the hoof joins the leg or in the soft tissue between the split in the hoof and the cows will be seen either licking the sores or shaking their hoof if they cannot reach it. The sores can be cleaned and treated with iodene. If, however, the sores are infested with maggots, they must be removed, the sore disinfected and dressed.

Since we have not had a case of FMD in three years, we were not expecting it. Radhika was the first to show the symptoms and Dr. Dvivedi of the Go Seva Samelan diagnosed her with FMD. He told us the most effective treatment is to apply alum powder or boric acid directly on the lesions.

Those of you who work with cows know that they do not cooperate by sticking out their

tongue when it requires treatment. Their head must be kept still while trying to extract the tongue. While pulling out Balarama's tongue we found that stretching it increased the size of the lesion which of course increases the time it takes to heal. We then changed our strategy. We allured the infected cows with a small piece of gur in the left hand and when they would open their mouth to take it, we would insert the right hand, palm up holding a mound of alum powder about 2-3 inches in diameter on the fingers, and then smear it on the roof of their mouth and extract the hand. The patient would then lick their palate and apply the powder onto the infected areas themselves. This method proved to be very effective and in most cases cows were cured in three days by making two applications a day, morning and evening. The sooner the treatment begins, the sooner it is cured. Milder cases were cured after only two applications.



**Infected with FMD**



**FMD patient cured**

# CARE FOR COWS MILK BECOMES DIVINE

Report by Sura Dasi



As the senior milker at CFC I am one of the first to get all the news and am always eager to pass it on.

So here goes:

The calf-boom at Care for Cows continues and it has brought about an unexpected auspicious result. Since we are not a dairy the cowherd men were in a quandry what to do with all the milk. Initially they produced a smoked cheese which became a success overnight. But I learned that the effort proved time-consuming and as summer set in refrigeration became a concern so now the production is reduced.

One day one of our cowherd men met the Head Pujari of the famous Sri-Sri Krsna-Balarama Temple in Raman Reti. After exchanging greetings the Pujari was offered some of our smoked cheese for his home worship and he happily accepted it. The cowherd man and Pujari's discussion naturally centered around cows and Krsna and the

Pujari mentioned that the Bhaktivedanta Goshalla was in the process of retiring some of their cows and in the interim there was a shortage of the milk they required everyday for Their Lordships. He mentioned that for a short while they would have to collect milk from local dairies until their new pure-bred herd begin to supply. Reliable sources say these were the topics they briefly discussed.

A day or so later the chief cowherd men asked me if I thought it would be a good idea to offer our milk to Their Lordships in the Temple. I was amazed that he would ask such a stupid question! This is not the first time I've asked myself, "Hey, who's protecting who?"

I answered, "No, I don't think it's a good idea. I think it is the **best** idea I've ever heard! I think it is the most wonderful opportunity that has ever







**Sri Sri Krsna-Balaram flanked by a cow and bull**

presented itself to us!"

The cowherd man's eyes widenend as I raised my voice, "Don't you remember how I was brought here ten years ago blind, boney and abandoned? But for CFC no one wanted anything to do with me... and now you ask me if I think it is a good idea that our milk is offered to the Supreme Personality of Godhead? What great fortune has befallen us?"

I got carried away and called out, "He! Mohini! "Krsna and Balarama need some milk. Do you think we should offer some to Them?"

The milking parlour became uproarious! Tithi, Kisori and Ananda became startled.

"You mean Krsna and Balarama will drink our milk?" asked Kisori. "This is the greatest honor that can befall us!"

Indulekha cried out with her voice trembling, "We've certainly come from rags to riches. I'll start giving more milk right away!"

Mangala lowered her great horns and roared at the milk man, "You think we are like the *yajnic brahmanas* who refused Krsna and Balarama? **No!** We're like their



**Sri Sri Gaura-Nitai**



**Sri Sri Krsna**

wives who immediately agreed to give them whatever They want. You deliver our milk to Them or we'll all go on strike!"

Varsana Ratna lowered her head and started to snort like a bull. "This is a chance to perfect ourselves... don't blow it! Deliver every drop of our milk to Them without fail!"

Among the clamour of milk buckets and the calves calling their mothers the chief milker told the other cowherd men to

put extra grains in the hay. It was obvious they were intimidated and clearly on the defensive.

Within minutes the chief cowherd assured us that our milk would be delivered daily to all the Deities and two milk men were dispatched to deliver the morning milk.

As our eyes followed them straining to carry away two large milk pails the sun rose and our hearts ran and danced as fast as our calves who played in the barnyard.



**The twenty happy cows who have the honor of having their milk drunk by the presiding Indulekha, Gaura Purnima, Kalindi, Priya, Rukmini, Sakhi, Sura Dasi, Sati.**

**Bottom:**





Sri Sri Krsna-Balaram



Sri Sri Radha-Syamasundara



Deities of the Sri-Sri Krsna-Balarama Temple. Top: (From left to right) Ananda, Jaya Radhe, Mohini, Mohini Jr., Manjari, Mangala, Kisori, Varsana Ratna, Tithi, Yamuna, Sita, Praneshvari



# PROTECTED BY THE POWERFUL NANDI

by Kalpnath Singh

Dharamu Kaka had a beautiful white bull with black eyes named Mangal. He had a huge hump, big horns, a massive neck and could pull heavy carts with ease. He had only one troublesome trait -- he always untied himself and roamed around as he desired.

During the day Mangal would rarely untie himself but at night it was common that he would get loose and roam here and there. Irregardless of how much he was fed by Dharamu Kaka, at night Mangal would untie himself and wander about nibbling in the fields or sampling whatever food remained in the various cow feeders in the village.

Mangal was so clever that he didn't regularly visit the same feeder or field but would randomly frequent several places and after one or two hours return and sit silently by his hitching post.

During the day if anyone saw that Mangal was loose they would fasten his hitch but at night nobody dared to go near him as he appeared dangerous.

In time, Mangal learned what feeders offered the tastiest morsals and he would stop at each to take some samples. Whenever he was spotted by a villager, he would quickly move on... so people were not afraid of him.

Nonetheless, the villagers were irritated by Mangal's nibbling in the fields and snitching from their feeders and would often complain to Dharamu Kaka and several times they asked him to sell Mangal to another village.

The Pandit of the village was a wealthy man named Swaminath and was highly respected by the villagers, so much so that no one dared to disagree with him. One day Pandit Swaminath told Dhamaru Kaka that many villagers were complaining about Mangal and asked him to what he planned to do about it.

Dharamu Kaka said, "Panditji, this bull is very nice and simple. The only trouble is he likes to wander and eat and that's why people complain. He has an independent nature and doesn't

like to be tied-up day and night.”

Pandit Swaminath sternly said, “Sell this bull immediately.”

The words of the pandit affected Dharamu and although unwilling, over the next few days he begun to search for someone who may purchase Mangal.

It was well known that Pandit Swaminath was very rich and thus some thieves planned to rob him. One summer night, while the two sons of Swaminath had gone away to officiate a wedding, Panitji was sleeping on a cot in his front yard. At about 10:00 p.m. four dacoits seized him and he became paralyzed by fear. Two of the thieves forced themselves into the house and beat the ladies and children and began to steal the valuables.

While the thieves were plundering the pandit’s house, Mangal happened to be wandering in the area and sensed something was wrong. He watched the dacoits for a short while and then attacked as if he was death personified. He gored one of the thieves who screamed loudly before falling on the ground dead.

The other dacoits attacked Mangal who bravely held his ground and fought back so furiously that they finally fled.

The commotion awoke the villagers who one-by-one arrived at Panditji’s house to offer help. They were all astonished to see Mangal, still snorting and bleeding profusely, standing by the dead thief.

Pandit Swaminath, his wife, both daughters-in-law and the rest of the villagers were amazed by the noble bull’s bravery. When Mangal’s angry glance fell on his master, tears welled-up in his black eyes and Dharamu Kaka began cleaning his wound and drying his tears with his *gamsha*.

With deep gratitude the wife of Swaminath Pandit began offering *arati* to Mangal and at that very moment all the villagers spoke in a united voice, “Dharamu Kaka, be fully assured that we will never let your bull leave this village.”

Pandit Swaminath said, “Dharamu, not long ago you told me that your bull is very simple, like Lord Siva’s carrier Nandi. From this day onward we will worship him as Nandi and it will be my great privledge to pay for whatever food he takes from any feeder or field in this village.”

This incident was spoken about for many days by all the people in the village.







# THE ROOT OF SIN

**There are three gates leading to this hell--lust, anger and greed. Every sane man should give these up, for they lead to the degradation of the soul. -- Bhagavad-gita 16.21**

**From greed comes anger, lust, delusion and destruction; therefore greed is the root cause of sin.**

*-- Hitopadesh, Mitralabha Text 27*

Though Truth is unpleasant... still it should be told. I took a most fortunate birth in Vrindavan where in times past, everyone kept at least one cow in their home and treated us just like family members. When the economy was based on agriculture, cows were seen as the most valuable asset. From cows people get dung which is the most effective fertilizer. Not only that, but it is used as fuel for heating and cooking. When

mixed with clay, cow dung is often used for plastering the walls and floors of the house. Some people burn a piece of dried cow dung as the smoke is known to repel mosquitoes and other insects... and the ashes are used to scrub and polish metal pots... and teeth even.

Our urine is used for curing various diseases, and from our milk, butter and ghee are made which are not only very

nourishing, but are required ingredients for the worship of Lord Krsna. So it is not hard to understand why the cow is said to be the personification of the earth. As the earth supplies all of man's necessities, so does the cow... at least when man lives the sane life he's meant to.

Modern society has turned everything upside down. It is not based on getting food, but on getting money. People are brainwashed by the media to think that acquiring money is most important as with money one can supposedly purchase everything that is required. The problem is that accumulation of money fans the fire of greed... and as stated above, greed destroys all good qualities in man.

Being born in the home of a greedy man transformed my life into a hell. I was perceived as nothing more than a carrot to dangle in front of my mother to inspire her to give milk... for milk can be sold in the market for money. My mother naturally wants to give me milk to satisfy her maternal instincts and my hunger but she was not allowed to. My greedy owner would let me nurse for a few seconds to inspire my mother to lower the milk, then would abruptly pull me away and steal every drop. I can never remember a day when my hunger was satisfied. It was torture.

When we are deprived of milk, which is the only food we eat during our first month, our immune system is stunted, our

digestive system is damaged, our bones remain weak and brittle, our reproductive organs never fully develop and we become anemic. All so our greedy owner can have money to purchase a motorbike, a hand phone, an MP3 player. To acquire useless things to appear affluent, he robbed me of my very life.

I was tied-up constantly, starved, ignored and never allowed to enjoy my mother's affection. As you can imagine, it was torture for her as well. So it is not surprising that she stopped giving milk after only a few months. Then I was thrown in the street to weak to walk much less fend for myself. Not knowing where to go, I sat in front of my greedy owner's house as the living evidence of his greed and cruelty. What will the neighbors think?

So he called Care for Cows to announce that he has found an abandoned calf who is "sick" and needs help... and asks if they will take me in. He requests a passerby to load me on the floor of a rickshaw and sits on the seat using my back as a foot rest. And get this--when we got to Care for Cows he posed as my savior and boasted that he has saved many other calves as he is a Vrajabasi whose upbringing has taught him the value of cow protection!

Thus my life ended. My only hope is that this tortured unfulfilled life serves to convince you that greed is the root of all sin and inspires you to avoid it at all costs.





# NEW ADMISSIONS

This two-year-old pure-bred Tarparka bull was sent from the *goshalla* of Pancharatna Dasa near Jaipur. He was transported along with three other Tarparkas who will reside at Premkisor's *goshalla* near the *parikrama* path.

Upon arrival he was naturally defensive and disoriented but he is now well-adjusted and gentle. He has large ears and a thick velvet-like dulap. He is being kept with our working bulls and oxen and will be trained to pull the school buses.



# NEW ADMISSIONS



This three-year-old abandoned cow appeared at our gate suffering from FMD as if she knew we were treating our herd for the same malady. We treated her and she was cured in three days and admitted.

This one-year-old bull was brought to us by the man who supplied us fresh clover all winter. He was hit by a car and is suffering from a broken rear leg. He is weak but we are hopeful that he will recover.





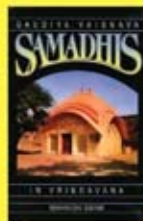
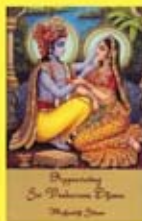
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# MORE CALVES BORN



Rasarani

Gopi joined us four years ago and made a remarkable recovery. This is her first calf who was adopted by Heidi Drury from Australia who named the calf Rasarani. Unfortunately after one week Rasarani suddenly died from reasons unknown to us.



Gopi and Rasarani

# MORE CALVES BORN



Rukmini's calf



Rukmini

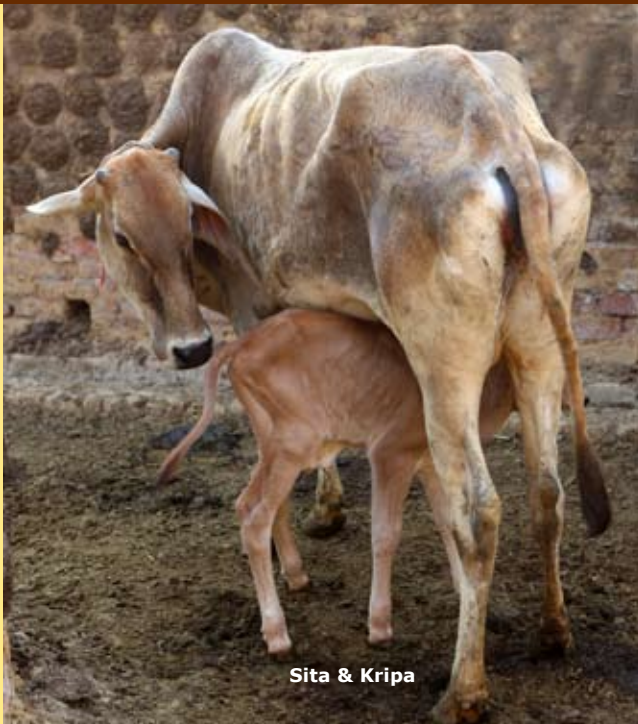
Rukmini joined us three years ago and fully recovered from a leg injury caused by a hungry dog. Above is her first calf who is healthy and happy. She has not been named and requires a sponsor.

# MORE CALVES BORN



**Kripa**

Sita was born at CFC six years ago from Shanti. Kripa is her second calf and he has been adopted for life by Naomi and Alina Tanizawa from Japan. Kripa's elder brother is Vishvambara who is almost two-years-old.



**Sita & Kripa**



# MORE CALVES BORN



**Nama Cintamani**



**Sati**

Sati came to us three years ago from Govardhana after being attacked by hungry dogs. Nama Cintamani is her first calf and has been sponsored by Hari Katha and Sri Yasoda from Australia.

# MORE CALVES BORN



Dhuli

Dhuli is the first calf born to Yamuna and is featured on the cover of this issue. She has been sponsored by Deepak and Priti Khullar from UK.



# Thank You From the Cows



**The cows send their heart-felt thanks to those who assisted during March 2010**

Alex Korkin  
Alina & Naoki Tanizawa  
Amit Goswami  
Anatolij Dorogutin  
Anil Kumar  
Anna Palijcuka  
Anna Sunko  
Anna Wilson  
Anonymous  
Arcana Dasi  
Ariel Telford  
Avinash Vijay Wagh  
Balasingam Sathananthan  
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Bonnie Stewart  
Carl & Stella Herzig  
Chandramukhi Dasi  
Chandricka Pasupati  
Christian Katsner  
Daniel Kogan  
Deepak & Priti Khullar  
Devender Kumar  
Dhruva Maharaja Dasa  
Dipti Chokshi  
Dominik Bletzt  
Doyalgovinda Dasa  
Emily Jiminian Jiminian

Essential Herbs & Vitamins  
Gary Markelov  
Gayatri Gita  
Gaurangapriya Dasi  
H.H. Mahanidhi Swami  
Hamsa Avatar & Yogamaya  
Hamsarupa Dasa  
Hanul Bhandari  
Igor Goldengur  
Jagannath Rao  
Janhava Dasi  
Jayesh Patel  
Jeffrey Wallien  
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Jitarati Dasa  
Jivakan, Yoga for Everyone  
Jyoti Alkesh  
Kantilal Shivilal  
Kitri Waterman  
Krishen Kanadia  
Madhava Dasa  
Madhavamuni & Kisori  
Madhava Priya Dasi  
Madhusudana Dasa  
Mandira Mani& Sri Govinda  
Manish Bishnoi  
Manoj Kumar Vadavat  
Maximo  
Mayapur & Champalklata  
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Vyasapasa Dasa  
William Yeung  
Yajna Murti Dasa  
Yajnavalkya Dasa

**May cows stay in front of me; may cows stay behind me; may cows stay on both sides of me. May I always reside in the midst of cows. —*Harī Bhakti Vilas* 16.252**