

March 2009



CARE FOR COWS

I N V R I N D A V A N

Butchers in Braja

A Cow's True Friend

The Cow That Cried

New Admissions



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

Dear Friends,

February was a special challenge for us... especially in dealing with those who make a living by abducting cows for slaughter. We think it is appropriate to refer to them as butchers.

Besides them, we have to face all kinds of intrigue from their covert accomplices who can fairly be called "friends of the butchers." They pose as sympathizers and offer support but only with intent to win our confidence so they can learn of our plans and thus weaken our defenses and alert our enemies. Their charming smiles and words are most deceptive.

Sorry to say, but it seems that the values of the elite of modern India have changed. It is no longer the cow who is sacred, but it is profit that is sacred. Cow protection is being replaced by profit protection.

This shift creates many new challenges for those of us dedicated to cow protection. Where there was once genuine support we now find hostility. Our concerns for security were formerly minimal but now must be maximized. In light of this we apologize for any neglect or delays you may be experiencing in our regular communication, sending of photos of your dear sponsored cows and in updating our web site.

The CFC Staff

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



Care for Cows in Vrindavana
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International Society for Krishna Consciousness

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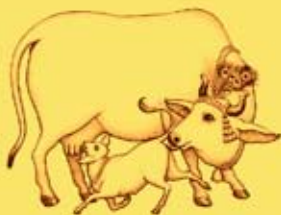
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CARE FOR COWS

I N V R I N D A V A N

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~ PORTRAIT OF THE MONTH ~



~ SVARNA ~



Yudisthira Gaur regularly patrols the Delhi-Agra highway to attend to cows injured by reckless

A Cow's True Friend



Yudisthira Gaur has no choice but to be a *go sevak*. Something from deep within impels him to tend to cows in distress. By profession he is an advocate but his obsession with *go seva* steadily drags him away from his legal practice and family duties to tend to his growing self appointed responsibility: to tend to all cows injured on the Delhi-Agra highway between Chatta and Vrindavan.

"It has become unbearable for me to sit in my law office anymore," he told me. "I must attend to the cows. I am not a rich man," he confessed, "but I want to use all my energy to help the cows. I don't want to waste a moment."

He regularly travels from Chatta to Vrindavan distributing his calling card with his mobile number beckoning all road-side businessmen to call him anytime they see a cow in distress. He claims that there is an average of two cows hit by careless motorists daily on the twenty-kilometer stretch that he patrols. His efforts have brought him together with several veterinarians, *goshallas*, and other like-minded people to form a community of *go sevak*s dedicated to attending cows in distress.

He has gradually organized Braja Saran from Barsana, Ananda Gopal Dasa from Kosi, P.K. Gupta

from Delhi, Daoji Chaturvedi from Mathura, and Swami Krsnanand, Swami Purusottama, Bhakti Bhusana Dasa, Kurma Rupa Dasa, and T.K. Choudary from Vrindavan to form an alliance of several trusts to tend to the plight of abandoned cows.

He is presently working on what he calls his "Dream Project"— to restore 2,500 acres of government land near Deeg and Badrinath in Braja to create a natural habitat for abandoned cows. He wants them to be able to wander and graze freely eating their chosen



A three-acre ashrama which has been donated to Bhakti Bhusana Dasa



Over looking the 2,500 acres which Yudhisthira Gaur and



The secluded hermitage of Syama Baba which hosts a

herbs away from the malignant cancer of greed choking Braja Mandala today.

His plans are to drill wells to provide plenty of water for the thousand cows he hopes to bring there to live among the nil gai, deer, and peacocks that grace the

area. His hopes to plant trees, shrubs and grasses all over the hills and in this way provide abandoned cows with their natural birthright. Care for Cows is among the several trusts and individuals who pledge to help him achieve his dream.



from where he will coordinate the protection of the arriving cows.



Ananda Gopal Dasa plan to restore for hosting 1,000 cows.



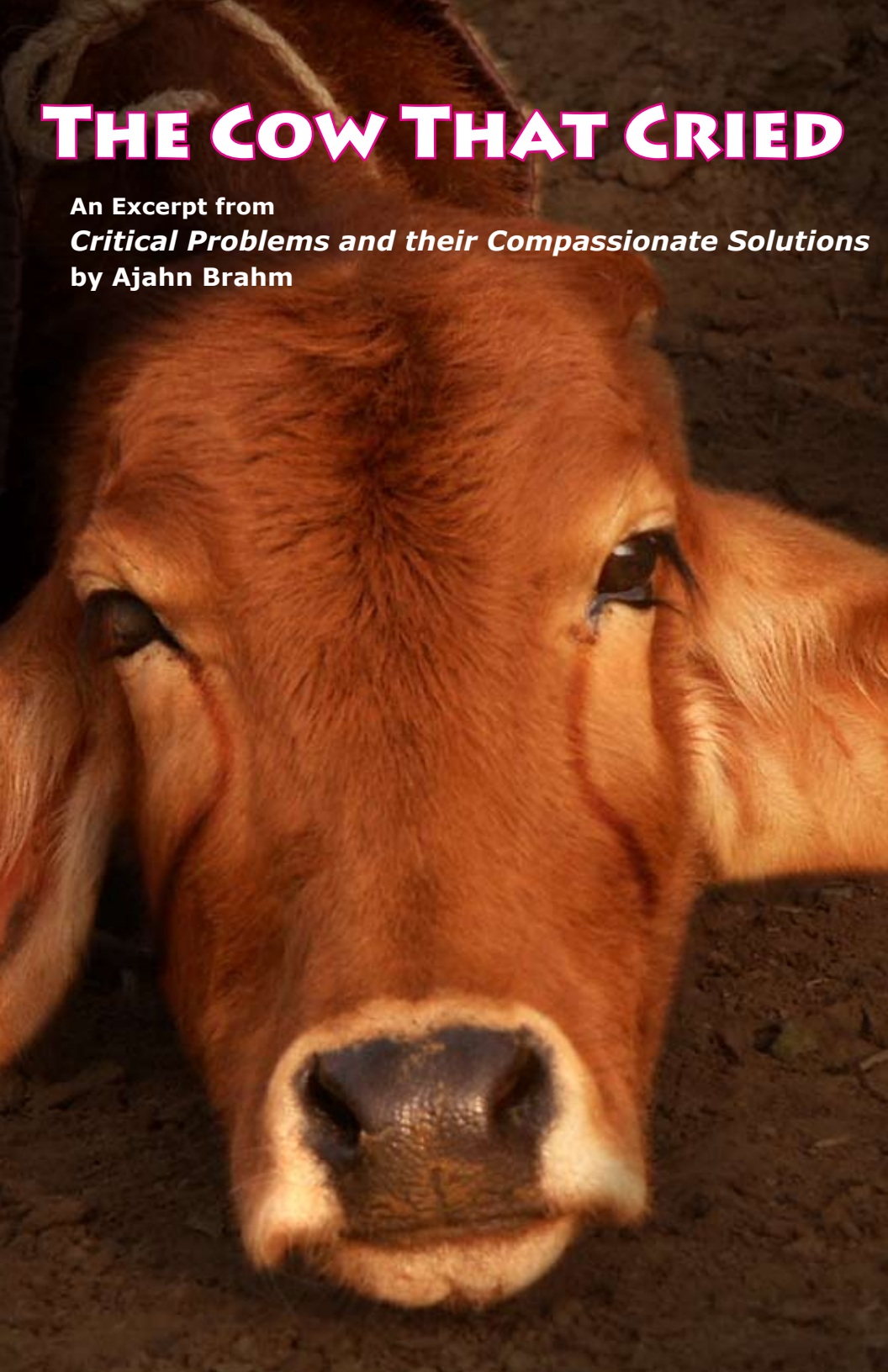
large dry kund which we plan to fill with fresh water.

THE COW THAT CRIED

An Excerpt from

Critical Problems and their Compassionate Solutions

by Ajahn Brahm



I arrived early to my meditation class in a low-security prison. A criminal whom I had never seen before was waiting to speak with me. He was a giant of a man with bushy hair, beard and tattooed arms. The scars on his face told me he had been in many a violent fight. He looked so fearsome that I wondered why he was coming to learn meditation. He wasn't the type. I was wrong of course.

He told me that something had happened a few days before that spooked the hell out of him. As he started speaking, I picked up his thick Ulster accent. To give me some background, he told me that he had grown up in the violent streets of Belfast. His first stabbing was when he was seven-years-old. The school bully had demanded the money he had for his lunch. He said no. The bully took out a long knife and asked for the money a second time. He thought the bully was bluffing and refused to give it again. The bully never asked a third time, he just plunged the knife into the seven-year-old boy's arm, drew it out and walked away.

He told me that he ran to his father's nearby house in shock with blood streaming down his arm. His unemployed father took one look at the wound and led his son into the kitchen, but not to dress the wound. The father opened a drawer, took out a big kitchen knife, gave it to his son, and ordered him to go back to school and stab the bully back.

That was how he had been brought up. If he hadn't grown up to be so big and strong, he would have long been dead.

The jail was a prison farm where short-term prisoners, and long-term prisoners close to release, could be prepared for life outside by learning a trade in the farming industry. Furthermore, the produce from the prison farm would supply all the prisons around Perth with inexpensive food, thus keeping down costs. Australian farms grow cows, sheep and pigs, not just wheat and vegetables; so did the prison farm. But unlike other farms, the prison farm had its own on-site slaughterhouse.

Every prisoner had to have a job on the prison farm. I was informed by many of the inmates that the most sought-after jobs were in the slaughterhouse. These jobs were especially popular with violent offenders. And the most sought-after job of all, which one had to fight for, was the job of the slaughterer himself. That giant and fearsome Irishman was the slaughter.

He described the slaughterhouse to me; super-strong stainless steel railings, wide at the opening but narrowing down to a single channel inside the building, just wide enough for one animal to pass through at a time. Next to the narrow channel, raised on a platform, he would stand with the electric gun. Cows, sheep and pigs would be forced into the stainless

steel funnel using dogs and cattle prods. He said they would always scream, each in their own way, and try to escape. They could smell death, hear death and feel death. When an animal was alongside his platform it would be writhing, wriggling and moaning in full voice. Even though his gun could kill a large bull with a single high-voltage charge, the animal would never stand still long enough for him to aim properly. So it was one shot to stun, next shot to kill. One shot to stun, next shot to kill. Animal after animal. Day after day.

The Irishman started to become excited as he moved to the occurrence, only a few days before, that had unsettled him so much. He started to swear. In what followed he kept repeating, "This is the God f***ing truth!" as if afraid I would not believe him.

That day they needed beef for the prisons around Perth so they were slaughtering cows. One shot to stun, next shot to kill. He was well into a normal day of killing when a cow came up he had never seen before. This cow was silent. There wasn't even a whimper. Its head was down as it walked purposely, voluntarily, slowly into position next to the platform. It did not writhe, wriggle or try to escape.

Once in position the cow lifted her head and stared at her executioner, absolutely still. The Irishman hadn't seen anything even close to this before. His mind

went numb with confusion. He couldn't lift his gun; nor could he take his eyes away from the eyes of the cow. The cow was looking right inside him.

He slipped into timeless spaces. He couldn't tell me how long it took, but as the cow held him in eye contact, he noticed something that shook him even more. Cows have very big eyes. He saw in the left eye of the cow, above the lower eye lid, water began to gather. The water grew and grew until it was too much for the eyelid to hold. It began to trickle slowly all the way down her cheek forming a glistening line of tears. Long closed doors were opening slowly to his heart. As he looked in disbelief, he saw in the right eye of the cow, above the lower eyelid, more water gathering, growing by the moment, until it too was more than the eyelid could contain. A second stream of water trickled down her face. And the man broke down.

The cow was crying.

He told me that he threw down his gun, swore to the fullest extent of his considerable capacity to the prison officers that they could do whatever they liked to him, but "THAT COW AIN'T DYING!"

He ended by telling me that he was vegetarian now.

That story was true. Other inmates of the prison farm confirmed it for me. The cow that cried taught one of the most violent of men what it means to care.



Butchers in Braja

On the cold, damp and foggy night of January 2, 2009 a truck with five or six men stopped in front of our gate. They were armed and hostile and arrived with intent to steal our cows. One of them demanded that our guard surrender the keys to the gate but he secured himself upstairs. The intruders jumped the gate and performed a thorough search of our facility. Since our cows are not tied up they moved about restlessly in the fog filling the night with the frantic ringing of their bells. The thieves next broke the lock on our front gate but then mysteriously left without taking anything.

We reported the incident to the local police and they advised us to hire two gunmen. Several of us volunteered to stand guard as well. By the kind arrangement of T.K. Choudary we were supplied two men armed with shotguns for the next month. Unfortunately, they proved to be most incompetent and though we changed them several times we felt safer when they were not

around. It became obvious that the gunmen had absolutely no interest in protecting our herd. One night we asked them to fire a warning shot into the air and the cartridge exploded only after the sixth attempt to fire it. The gunmen were lazy, unreliable and untrustworthy and it soon became apparent that their only interest was that we protect their guns while they slept next to the cow dung fire and wake them periodically to serve them tea. It was obvious that they could easily be persuaded to become informers for the thieves. We felt great jubilation, relief and more secure after they were fired.

In any case the break-in and frustration with the hired guards had a unifying affect on the volunteer *go-sevaks* at Care for Cows. Several stalwarts took two to four-hour shifts each night between 8:00 p.m. and 4:00 a.m. Neighbors gave us their phone numbers and invited us to call them in the middle of the night in the case of an emergency. Mr. P.K. Gupta, a wealthy businessman

from Delhi, donated flood lights and pledged to arrange a siren to distract and scare off any intruders. Dr. Saurabh from Faridabad supplied us with surgical tubing to fashion our custom metal sling shots which fire glass marbles, steel ball bearings or alternatively, metal staples . A local carpenter crafted a small cross bow with bamboo arrows for helping repel the thieves who are known to be well armed.

We fashioned a spear, a hatchet and cayenne pepper bombs to engage the thieves and Molotov cocktails to attack their conveyance. Since foreigners are not allowed to obtain licenses for fire-arms, we are only able to secure an air rifle for protection. Hence, our arsenal is not so formidable, yet we are prepared to defend our herd at all costs.

By the end of January we felt that Care for Cows was reasonably secure but we received several reports that cows were being stolen in other places around the town... some as late as 5:00 a.m. We got permission from the local police to patrol the streets by motorcycle as a service to the rest of the community. Every night two or three of our volunteers patrol areas that street cows frequent and at times we are accompanied by police or concerned residents with gun permits. Our objective is to locate the butchers, notify the police and then help chase them out of town.

By February 18 two abductions

had been reported and we learned from interviewing several night guards in Caitanya Vihar that butchers had congregated in front of Radhe Dhama. The guards reported that at 4:30 a.m. two trucks and fifteen men armed with the guns and sharp swords stopped there. Six armed men jumped out and loudly announced that if anyone comes out of their house, it will only be to meet with death. While they stood intimidating several residents in the neighborhood, another five men forced several street cows on their truck by prodding them with swords. The remainder of the men carefully guarded the truck and sped off after loading some cows. Several men rode in the back of the truck poised to shoot or throw rocks at all who attempted to pursue them out of town. It is interesting to note that this incident took place hardly two hundred meters away from the local police station.

We left an emergency phone number with night guards in the area and since then, whenever they sight butchers in the area, they call us immediately. Two or three other men live in the area and have pledged to jump into action whenever needed. A vigilante group to protect the street cows had formed.

On the night of February 22 we received a call from concerned guards who had sighted about five butchers in a Tata 407 truck. They had thrown rocks at the butchers

from the rooftop and effectively chased them away. We rushed to the scene after the butchers had fled but were pleasantly surprised to find a policeman and several armed local men who had joined the cause of protecting the cows. Our numbers were increasing.

On February 26 at 3:00 a.m. we received a call from vigilante guards again. We quickly scrambled two motorcycles and three men leaving one to protect Care for Cows. Again we arrived at the site of the attempted abduction after the butchers had fled but the vigilantes stayed on sharing their experience while confidence and camaraderie grew. We formulated a more effective strategy to encounter the butchers and returned to Care for Cows.

Around 4:00 a.m. we received another call from the vigilantes who again sighted the same group of butchers now parked near the Sandipani Muni School. They agreed to stay quiet until the rest of us arrived to make a joint attack. We set out from Care for Cows in two groups using two different routes to reach the parked truck. We arrived in less than five minutes and immediately attacked the truck with strong slingshots firing steel ball bearings. Caught by surprise the butchers immediately fled towards their planned exit where an ambush awaited them. We followed the Tata 407 as it began to pick up speed and the men in the back started to hurl

rocks at our motorcycles. When they reached Radhe Dhama two licensed rifles roared loudly striking the truck which now recklessly turned the corner and sped towards the highway. We followed them from a distance but then returned to the site where the other vigilantes eagerly awaited to hear our report.

Special thanks to all who stand by ready to back up our efforts to rid Vrindavan of these foul menaces. Special thanks to Jagannath Dasa who trained others in Judo; to Braja Gopala and Akil who stand watch and organize the vigilante guards; to Dr. Saurabh, a cardiologist who several times joined our nightly guard duty; to Devaki Kumar and Mukunda for joining us whenever called upon; and thanks to Param dasa for his readiness to come and join us at the short notice whenever needed.

It is most unfortunate that cow protection today in Krsna's holy land means that one has to risk his life to keep them from being abducted for slaughter. Owing to the greed instilled by the mass media India is turning away from its culture and, according to one reliable report, proudly stands ahead of the USA in beef exports! Included in our email notice are several links that will shed some light on the true extent of suffering that the holy cows are faced with in India as the government turns a blind eye to their plight.



I am suffering from an injured pelvis and am not able to stand up at present. They have put me in a sand pen for those of us who have to sit most of the day. Here we are well fed and attended to and I think that within a month I may be able to stand and walk again. Wish me luck.

New Admissions

I arrived with a broken front leg which has been cast and is presently mending. The Dr. said I should get plenty of rest, eat heartily and just take it easy for a month. While following these orders I got adopted by Nadia dasi from Switzerland who named me Syama Gauri. I must say, she is crazy about me.



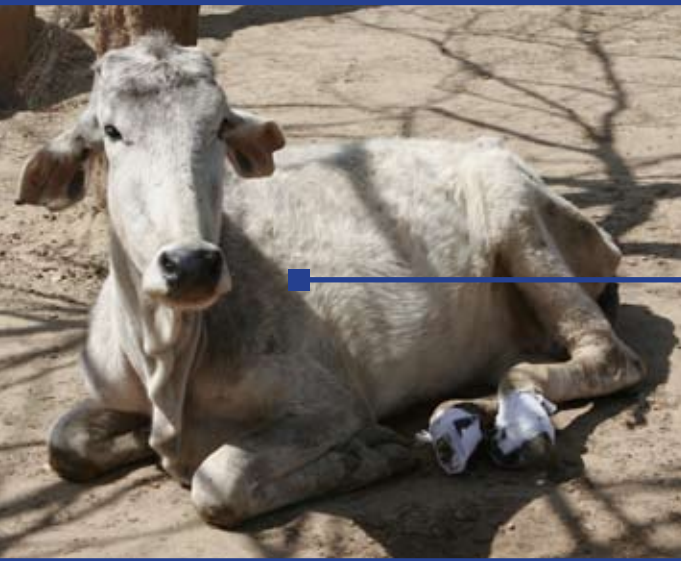
I had been living on the street for at least a year and must say it was not easy. I found out that Care for Cows had a feeder outside their gate for cows and bulls they could not admit due to over crowding. I hung around there for a few days and then just muscled my way in. When they tried to shoo me out I lowered my head threateningly and snorted. They backed off easy enough. I dare anyone to try to move me outta here.





At left you see the Care for Cows medical staff picking about 200 maggots out of my rotten hooves. It wasn't exactly like a beauty-parlor pedicure but I must say they were thorough. Next they treated me for parasites and ticks and gave me a good brushing. Then they fed me lavishly and gave me all kinds of encouragement to boost

my self-esteem. I can feel my attitude toward the human race already starting to improve and I have decided to stop pouting, pick up my spirits and push on.



I literally got run over by a car and my pelvis is seriously injured. Yudisthira Gaur arranged to bring me here. The jury is still out with the verdict if I will be able to walk again. I have no appetite but have accepted a few bananas from those who showed the most concern for me. I need all the good wishes I can get.

New Admissions



I was injured on the highway and also saved by Yudisthira Gaur. My foot was just a mess and I couldn't tell if the people loading me on the truck were friends or foes. My experience is that people are pretty heartless so I put up quite a fuss and managed to seriously bruise one of the cowherd men. It wasn't until the next day that I realized they were trying to help me. Since then, I have been apologetic and well behaved. I'm flattered that even though I just got here they featured me on the cover of this months CFC Newsletter. Things are looking up for me.



Thank You From the Cows



The cows send their heart-felt thanks to those who assisted during February 2009

Akil Singla	Isani Dasi	Priya Krishnan
Alla Nikolayeva	Jagannath Rao	Radha Jivan Dasa
Amit Goswami	James Moore	Radha Mohan Sevak
Anatolij Dorogutin	Janet Urbanczyk	Radhapati Dasa
Andrejs Porofijevs	Jennifer Beckman	Rohini Suta Dasa
Anna Leonova	Jhanava Dasi	Russ Ewen
Anna Mityashina	Katerina Polonsky	Sacimata Dasi
Annmarie Phelan	Katyayani Dasi	Sarah Niedzwiecki
Anon	Keshava-Priya Devi	Santosh Dasa
Araik Avetisyan	Kirti Seth	Suan Ng
Arya & Vijeta	Kitri & Rita	Sujatha Vishnoi
Atanu Dasa	Labangalatika Dasi	T.K. Choudary
Bharat Jaisinghani	Liliya Toneva	Tal Avital
Chandramukhi Dasi	Lisa Kubisz	Tatiana Ganenko
Devala Dasa	Madhava Dasa	Tatiana Leonova
Dominik Bletz	Manoj Kumar Vadavat	Tusta Krsna & Stephanie
Eka Gopi	Marianna Polonski	Vera Elizarova
Elena Carre	Mayapur Fiorentino	Vidyasagar Lokhande
Filip Cargonja	Mun Mun Comar	Vikas Shah
Gaurangapriya Dasi	Nalini Gogar	Vladimir Ivanov
Gottfried Rainer	Neera Rishi	Vyasapada Dasa
Haimwatti Greenberg	Nishant Vashist	Yajnavalka Dasa
Hamsavatar Dasa	Nityananda Dasa	Yogamaya Dasi
Hülya Erdem	NK Padayachee	Yulia Chernyaeva

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. —Hari Bhakti Vilas 16.252