



CARE FOR COWS

IN VRINDAVAN

03.06 - 1

**Treating
Foot &
Mouth Disease**

**Unwanted Cows
Find a Home**

Our Miracle Calf

**Tribute
to Nandi**



Our Miracle Calf

Three months ago we received a phone call from a distressed doctor who was on Govardhana parikrama. He reported that he had found a young bull on the street with a serious leg fracture. He hired a vehicle to transport him to Care for Cows and gave the driver instructions on how to get here. He asked us to be on the look-out for him as the bull was in serious need of help.

We waited for hours but he didn't show up. That evening Syama Gauri

dasi found a bewildered bull of the same description trapped in the middle of Vrindavan's main street with traffic zooming past in both directions. Apparently the driver could not find our location, so he dumped the bull in the street and left. Syama Gauri managed to get the trembling white bull to the side of the road and called Care for Cows to send the ambulance rickshaw to pick him up. Half an hour later the seven-month-old patient reached the go-

sadan dazed and hungry, standing on three legs, the broken back leg dangling. We calmed him, fed him, and arranged a place for him to rest.

In the morning Dr. Lavania examined his leg, which was broken above the knee, and said, 'This is an old case. Since his leg is not swollen we can understand that it was broken maybe 10 or 15 days ago. Now the calcium has covered the ends of the broken tibia and they will not mend properly. It's a lost case.'



Somarasa's broken bone protrudes through his skin

Kurma Rupa phones for a bone saw as advised by Dr Lavania (right)

Soma's wound today, almost fully healed

The veterinarian's statement brought to mind the image of another resident bull, Madhu Mangala, who years before had also suffered from a protruding broken bone in his leg. After all efforts to mend it had failed, his leg had to be amputated. Thus I feared that this new bull would also become an amputee.

'What we have to do,' said Dr. Lavania, 'is cut the protruding part of the bone off and tuck the

remaining part into the leg so the wound can heal. After that we'll decide how to proceed.'

The next morning more than one inch of the bull's tibia was cut off, the two broken ends of the bone aligned, and the wound dressed. Lavania told us to keep it clean as the gash had to close substantially before preparing a cast for the leg.

We were all surprised when the bull got up and hobbled off, lightly touching his broken leg to the ground. Lavania recommended that he be tied up to minimize the chances of damaging his leg further by trying to use it.

After two days Dr. Lavania returned to witness the bull putting weight on his leg while walking with

only a slight limp. He exclaimed, 'By seeing the way he walks one would not be able to tell that he has a broken leg. I can't understand how his broken tibia remains straight while he puts weight on it.'

We laid the bull down, removed the dressing and Lavania saw how the



wound had closed substantially and his tibia appeared to be fused together. 'I can't imagine how this has happened. I doubt the bone will mend without a cast but let's leave him for a few more days and see how he progresses.'

When he returned three days later the bull chased after a guest who was distributing bananas and pushed aside the other calves so he could get more. He watched with amazement as the bull not only put weight on his leg but pushed and kicked with it. Lavania chuckled and said, 'This is a miracle case! If I told my colleagues that after removing more than an inch of his tibia it healed without a cast, they would never believe me. This is nothing but

a miracle case.'

We changed his bandages every other day and when he would see us coming with the cotton and gauze, he would run and dodge so at times it took three of us to catch him. He is very playful and in three months his wound has closed completely and

his leg has miraculously mended without a cast.

The bull was named Somarasa and is becoming known as the most persistent

and mischevious snack-monger in the herd. He badgers everyone who brings gur, bread, or fruits to distribute to the residents. He is normally mild and gentle but when the opportunity for snacks arises he becomes most determined and aggressive. His favorite pastime is sticking his head into a huge wok while the dalia is being cooked for the next day's breakfast. A daily sight is Somarasa's face with a wet, sticky ring around his mouth where he's had his head in the wok. It doesn't seem to faze him, either, that the mixture becomes hotter and hotter – he sticks his head right down to the bottom of the wok, scooping up the porridge-like dalia and munching happily away.



Tribute to Nandi

1998 -
FEB 14
2006



Early years - Nandi as a calf



Nandi grown into a youthful and handsome three year old



Nandi's long tail swept down to touch the ground

During the last twenty years Nandi was the only Gir bull to be seen wandering the streets of Vrindavan.

Girs are known for their bulbous head, backward-pointing horns, long, curved, pendulous ears and their reddish color. As a species they are known to be gentle, and the cows are hailed as good milkers. Nandi was born in an ashram in Raman Reti but since he was a bull, the residents did not want to keep him. After being weaned, he was left to wander as he liked, and as a yearling he would often come to Care for Cows to spar with Padmalochan or sit and ruminate with Shanti and Baba, who were among our first residents.

Before Nandi was two years old, the residents of the ashram where he was born performed a ceremony in which the mark of a trident was branded on his right hip, indicating that he belonged to Lord Siva. In Vrindavan it is understood that bulls marked with a trishul should be respected and thus not worked, harmed, or restrained in any way. It

appeared to us, however, that the ceremony served only to relieve the residents of the ashram from their responsibility to maintain the bull calves produced by their dairy. Offering the unwanted bull calves to Lord Siva disguised their irresponsibility as a virtue. When an ashram puts a bull on the street, the unembellished truth is that within their walls there is no room for Dharma.

Nandi was a picture of good health. His glossy, deep-red coat grew solid black around his hump and was sprinkled with white on his thick velvety dewlap (the fold of skin under the throat). The tuft of his tail touched the ground (an auspicious sign) as his short thick legs carried his massive torso all around Vrindavan. His broad neck carried his huge head low to the ground in a threatening demeanor, and he was known to fight with other street bulls over cows in heat. His gait made him recognizable from quite a distance.

Whenever he came to the go-

sadan we would cheer and invite him to eat with our herd. At first he was aloof but after accepting many laddus and bananas he gradually became friendly towards us. One summer when he visited we noticed a large maggot-infested battle scar in his left side, so we brought him into the compound and tied him securely so we could attend to it. He was an unruly patient and it took almost three weeks for it to heal.

He was not happy to be confined for that period, though he ate well and developed a taste for being groomed. He was happy to be released but returned every other day or so to be fed and groomed.

When we moved our herd to Sunrakh, Nandi followed and decided to stay with us. He soon became the rival of Padmalochana and would duel with him whenever a cow came into heat. To avoid the conflict we moved him into a different corral but there he would daily fight with Maharani. It was a task to keep up with the destruction left in the wake of their sparring. During this time he



Nandi branded as Lord Siva's bull



Care for Cows Purnanandini - Nandi and Suradasi's daughter



Recent photo taken January 2006

fathered Purnanandini in Sura Dasi.

One day, three of the sadhus that offered Nandi to Lord Siva came to the go-sadan and told me that I had to let him go as it was an offense to confine a bull marked with a trishul. I responded by saying that it was also an offense to leave a bull in the street with a maggot-infested wound and teased that in a dream Lord Siva ordered me to take care of Nandi. They cowered briefly but firmly insisted I should let him go now that he was healed. I reluctantly agreed and they walked him to the Krsna-Balarama tree where he turned left and they returned to their ashrama in the opposite direction. The next morning Nandi promptly arrived for breakfast and after eating his full share, challenged Padma and Maharani from outside the gate.

From that time on we made no attempt to keep him inside the go-sadan but he would regularly visit and be fed separately. It seemed he was never really hungry but mostly came to check if any cows were in heat and always tried to break into

their area. On several occasions, while Padmalochan was pulling the school bus, Nandi blocked the road and challenged him to fight. And if no one would accept his challenge, he would strengthen his massive neck by ploughing his head into mounds of sand left on the side of the road for construction purposes. He was a real scrapper.

During his frequent visits, after brushing the sand from the folds in his neck, I would sometimes hold his horns and press my head to his mocking a challenge. Often he would back up as if I had overpowered him. Or at other times I would turn my back to him and he would nudge his massive head against my buttocks and gently lift me off the ground. At times he would pester me when I was busy by nudging me with his head demanding that I attend to him. He knew where I kept the gur and would indicate for me to get him some. He used to play with me in this way... a gentle giant.

During Balabhadra's recent visit to Vrindavan he explained how he

had seen a massive red bull lying dead just off the parikrama path and heard from the locals that he had been killed by another bull. I went to the site and in disbelief saw Nandi laying still. I was directed to the ashram where the victor lived and was surprised that, though strong, he looked like no match for Nandi. I was told that they only butted heads twice and Nandi fell. He looked like a handsome warrior who had bravely discarded his body on the battlefield.

It took six men one hour to load him on a bullock cart and transport him to the go-sadan where we dug his grave and laid him with his head to the East. Several admirers offered a Hari-nama chaddar, maha-prasad garlands, flowers, Ganges water, incense and circumambulated him. We then covered his eight-year-old form with cool Vrindavan sand as the sun set on the disappearance of a unique and majestic resident of the holy dhama. We pay tribute to Nandi who has ended his time in this world and returned to Goloka, the transcendental land of cows.



Nandi's heavy body is carried off the cart and then lowered into the earth



Sacred cloth and garlands adorning Nandi

Curing FMD

FMD (foot and mouth disease) is a common and infectious disease that many cows get, especially in the summer. Despite the Indian government's attempt to vaccinate all cows and prevent infection, a few number of cases still occur. During the first stages sores appear on the tongue, gums and inner lips which causes the cow to drool and makes feeding very difficult. If the cow is not isolated, the contagious saliva can mix with the drinking water and the disease spreads to other cows in this way.

Over the years we have successfully treated more than 30 cases of FMD in our herd with a village remedy consisting of common salt, mustard oil, fitkari (alum) and turmeric. The procedure is to first rinse the cow's mouth with water, pull out the tongue and scrub the infected parts with a paste of these ingredients. Three or four applications is generally enough to restore the mouth so they can resume eating.

We have found that all four ingredients are not necessary. Most recently we cured a mild case of FMD using only salt and tumeric.



FMD sores are seen on this tongue and hard palate



Inspecting Mohan's clean tongue - cured of FMD



Unwanted cows find

Recently, one morning while herding the cows up to the field, a weak abandoned calf stood by sadly watching as the herd strode by. She was gray, disheveled and had patches of fungus all over her face, neck and shoulders. The base of her spine was also injured and she was unsteady on her feet. As I approached to have a closer look, she cowered and turned away fearing I would harm her.

We coaxed her into the go-sadan, fed her and began treating the patches of fungus with a solution of copper sulfate. Within a few days she was no longer infectious and was admitted into the area where the calves recuperate. She is very gentle and timid and has been named Gopi.

With proper medical treatment and nutritious food, Gopi's condition is improving and she is gaining weight.

Two weeks back Kunja Bihari a cheeky white bull calf arrived. The



neighbors of Gaura Keshava dasa at Yamuna Kunja recently had their cow abducted by thieves leaving her young calf behind. The owners were very disturbed as without the sale of the milk they were not able to maintain the calf and were at a loss

of what to do with him. They left him in the street to find whatever food he could and when he would wander by Yamuna Kunja, Gaura Kesava would feed and groom him. Thus the calf became attached to him and practically moved in.

One day Kunja Bihari suffered a green-stick fracture in his rear leg and Gaura Keshava called us about having him admitted to Care for Cows. He agreed to bring him to the go-sadan and hired a

brand new Toyota to do so. Since it was the car's virgin voyage, the calf sanctioned the rear compartment with gober and mutra assuring it a long and productive life.

His leg has almost completely mended though he still has a limp.



a Home

One mid-February evening at dusk, after we had closed the go-sadan for the night, a tractor and trailer pulled up to the gate, dumped a full-grown three-legged cow on the driveway, and took off. Our Nepali guard Narayana came to have a look and in fear she hobbled across the street, obviously disturbed at being uprooted from her former home.

In the morning we served her some busa (crushed wheat stalk) mixed with mustard cake, wheat bran and chick pea husks. She was skeptical and not at all friendly. We tried several times to coax her towards the go-sadan but she was determined not to enter. She is surprisingly agile even though her right rear leg has been amputated

below the knee. Whenever we cornered her, she would sit down in defence. This went on for three days and we practically made no progress in gaining her confidence. On our last attempt we got her about 20 yards from the gate but she sat down determined to go no further. We placed an eight-foot stretcher next to her, loaded her on it, and five of us palanquin carriers successfully carried her into the go-sadan.

For about a week she stayed as far away as possible from the other residents but one night her resistance broke and in the morning we found her peacefully sitting next to Madhu Mangala, our five-year-old bull who as a calf lost the same leg. She has been named Sakhi Vrinda.

AYURVEDIC HEALING OIL

Gavausadhi Healing Oil is a traditional Ayurvedic medicinal oil, with a blend of natural organic herbs in a pure sesame oil base.

It reduces stiffness, tenderness and pain in various inflammatory conditions. Gently massage in for deep penetrating pain relief in joint and muscular pain, stiff neck, lower back pain and sprains or strains.

- Hand-picked, high quality organic ingredients
- Medicinal herbs with healing properties
- Not tested on animals

Proceeds of sale go to Care for Cows



Made by traditional methods at Care for Cows go-sadan



Positive Progress

Krishnachandra was brought to Care for Cows during Kartika by Prithu dasa who found him after being run over in front of the MVT in Vrindavan.

His left front ankle was broken and bleeding upon arrival and on top of that, he was severely undernourished and depressed. Krishnachandra spent the next few weeks in recovery with two other calves - Somarasa

and Kirtiraja. Within three weeks his ankle mended and today he is able to walk with only a slight limp, which should disappear in time. As you can



Krishnachandra thin and weak on arrival in Kartika

see from the above photo Krishnachandra has filled out well over these last three months, in fact much more than his fellow patients. His self

esteem is high and he has developed an obsession for gur.

No doubt the medical treatment helped him along, but what really boosted his recovery is his voracious appetite, and of course, lots of attention and good company.



Look who's Walking

Our last issue showed Braja upon his arrival, his left front leg broken and bent outwards at almost a 90-degree angle. The broken leg, being shorter than the other, caused his shoulder to droop and his spine to twist which in time promised to develop into further and more serious complications.

Dr. Lavania worked for three hours to straightening the leg, using local anesthesia, and fashioning a

bamboo cast to hold it in the proper position. He mentioned that the muscles required to lift and swing the broken leg forward had become atrophied since they had not been used for months and that we should massage his shoulder twice a day with our Gavausadhi Healing Oil.

After the cast was fit, Braja walked even more awkwardly as his muscles were not working and he could now only drag his leg. Daily

massage and exercise for the past 20 days have revived his shoulder muscles which he is using to lift and move his front leg forward as he walks - much better than when he first arrived.

Within the next two weeks we should be able to remove his cast and hopefully applaud a restored limb. Meantime Braja is eating and resting well and enjoying all the extra attention as he recuperates.



Emily the Runaway

Emily the cow was on her way to a slaughterhouse in Massachusetts in November 1995, when she decided she would rather be free. The three-year-old, 1,400-pound holstein heifer bravely leaped over a five-foot fence. For 40 days and 40 nights following her daring escape, she managed to live in the woods around the town, foraging for food and hobnobbing with a herd of deer.

Slaughterhouse workers took off after their runaway animal, but she disappeared into the woods and eluded them all day. It was November, 1995, the beginning of an odyssey that would capture the imagination of the entire community. The workers scoured the woods, leaving out bales of hay to entice Emily back into their grasp.

She would have none of it. Instead, people reported seeing her running with a herd of deer, learning from them how to forage in the woods.



Soon the local paper was running updates on Emily sightings. Meg Randa read the first one. She thought to herself, "There's got to be some way we can purchase her and let her

live in peace." Emily's story excited the interest of animal lover Meg and her husband Lewis, who had given many animals sanctuary at their Life

Experience School, a school for children with special needs. The slaughter-house ended up selling Emily to the Randas for \$1, reasoning that the cow had run off much of her value - by the time she was captured, she had lost over 500lbs and required veterinary treatment.

Meg took great care to assure Emily that she and her family were vegetarians, finally coaxing the elusive heifer into a trailer with a bucket of feed. Emily became famous as her story appeared in countless newspaper and magazine articles, as well as coverage by CBS and a forthcoming children's book.



Bovine

Emily was soon a cult figure, and sympathizers pledged in her presence to stop eating meat. She was even "bovine-of-honor" at a human wedding that took place in the Randas' barn.

In February 2005, Emily was diagnosed with uterine cancer, and died in August. "Emily was an amazing creature that blessed the lives of thousands and helped countless people on their journey to vegetarianism," Abbey members wrote in a message posted on the center's Web site. Many who attended a memorial for Emily remembered her as an animal with an uncanny ability to touch people's lives. "She changed us," one friend said, as she fought back tears. "She's very powerful."

The brave bovine's tale even

reached all the way to Hollywood where a film version of the Emily story, hoped to be completed this year, will add to part of her legacy.

Emily was recently honored during an unveiling of a bronze statue at her Peace Abbey grave. People filled the grounds to pay respect to the cow who gained international attention after escaping a Hopkinton slaughterhouse 10 years ago. The statue, created by Lado Goudjabidze, looks like an average bovine, but Emily stands for much more – her story is one of survival, perseverance and inspiration. Adorned with a blanket and flowers (a Hindu offering of respect), Emily stands at her eternal resting place, where she will live on as a symbol of vegetarianism, humanity, and nonviolence.

DID YOU KNOW?

Blind and vision impaired cows cope with their handicap remarkably well and can be reared with little extra effort.

They quickly learn to remain within the group, following the herd to and from pasture. Blind cows are best accommodated and fed in separate quarters so that they are not disturbed by their peers.

Suradasi, long time resident at Care for Cows, lost 100% of her vision in both eyes as a result of insecticide carelessly being sprayed in her face. She has a separate area to walk in the day, keeps company with our recuperating patients, and has been known to mother orphaned calves, letting them suckle her milk.



Suradasi, our champion milker, with her new born calf



The Name Govinda

After the lifting of Govardhan Hill, Lord Indra spoke the following to Krsna before offering abhishek:

"This is the message conveyed by Brahma and the cows that wander about in the heavenly realm, residing in the planet known as Dyuloka: 'We are very pleased by your transcendental pastimes of protecting the cows. The compassion

you have exhibited by rescuing the cows certainly deserves praise. We cows, bulls, and calves are very pleased and satisfied. Cows fulfill all the desires of human beings. Farmers utilize the service of the bulls by engaging them in pulling carts and tilling the land. The demigods are pleased when they are offered milk and ghee through the sacrificial fire.

Lakshmi is pleased when we supply an abundance of cow dung. My Lord, You are immensely powerful. You are to be considered our spiritual master because you have delivered us from a great danger. Therefore, from today onwards, may You be known as Govinda, one who gives pleasure to the cows.' "

Harivamsa Purana Visnu Parva Chapter 19, 40-43

Life on the Streets

A young brown calf with a white tag on its ear stands on a dusty street. To its right is the front wheel of a bicycle. The background is a blurred street scene with a wooden wall.

At the tender age of six months, when their mother's milk has dried up, unwanted male and female calves are taken by their owners to a distant area of town and dumped in the street, in the hope they will not be able to find their way back.

Day and night these frightened calves run in the streets desperately calling out and crying in a vain search for their mothers. Dejected and overcome by hunger and fatigue they forage for morsels of food in rubbish heaps, and rest along the roadside. At risk of starvation, malnutrition, disease, being injured or killed by vehicles, and slaughtered for their skin, survival now, for this dependant calf, is tough.

Join with us in our endeavour to care for Vrindavan's abandoned calves. For information on how you can help, please contact

kurmarupa@careforcows.org



CARE FOR COWS

I N V R I N D A V A N

Providing shelter, food and care for the abandoned cows in Krishna's holy land

Hectares of Vrindavan's forest is now cleared and sold for residential purposes. Abandoned cows no longer find pasturing grounds and are forced to live on the streets.

Foraging through garbage heaps they consume a variety of inedible and filthy things, primarily plastic bags, and soon becoming malnourished and diseased. They often suffer injuries by careless motorists. Of course, this is not how it should be in Krishna's holy land.

Care for Cows in Vrindavan started in an attempt to address

these issues. We provide medical attention and lifelong maintenance to abandoned cows, bulls, retired oxen and orphaned calves. We are volunteer workers who offer our talents and resources for tending to the hundreds of neglected cows living on the streets of Vrindavan.

It is not uncommon that cows are hit or run over by cars and left in the street to die. Over the past seven years we have attended to hundreds of sick and injured cows in Ramana Reti alone. We currently maintain a growing herd of 112.

Because of our limited facility,

daily we have to turn villagers away who would rather give us their cows than abandon them. Today's primary threat to Vrindavan's street cows is being abducted and cruelly transported for slaughter. As this illegal activity flourishes, we urgently need to acquire land to remove the cows off the streets and offer them protection. We need your help.

For information regarding Care for Cows Land Fund, Sponsor a Cow, Feed the Herd, or to make a contribution on-line, please visit www.careforcows.org or email kurmarupa@careforcows.org



Yasoda May 2002 - found in the scorching mid-summer, abandoned and starving



A radiant picture of good health and happiness - Yasoda today at Care for Cows