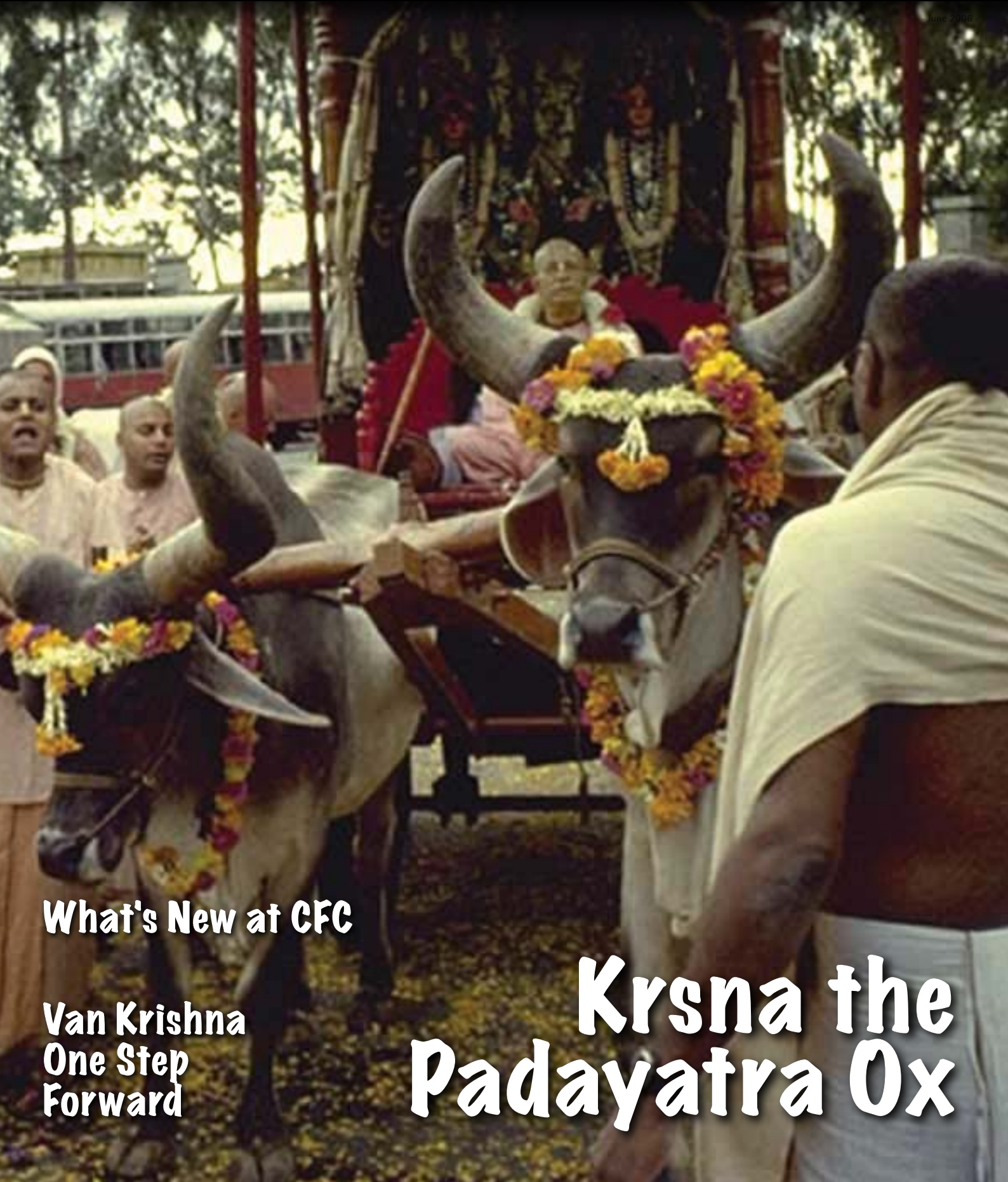




# CARE FOR COWS

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IN VRINDAVAN



**What's New at CFC**

**Van Krishna  
One Step  
Forward**

**Krsna the  
Padayatra Ox**





# One Step Forward

**As reported in last months newsletter, Van Krishna, Care for Cows special resident deer or nil gai was recently the unfortunate victim of a malicious attack leaving him with multiple fractures in his back left leg.**

This set in motion weeks of intensive care, three major surgeries including two amputations on the fractured leg, and various setbacks during his recovery. Van Krishna's trial continues with another roller-coaster month of events, fortunately ending on a high...

One week after the second amputation Van Krishna was faced with yet another setback when the suture line broke down, as was the

case after the first amputation. This time however the skin didn't slip all the way back up his leg, and Dr Karen, adamant to save him from further major surgery, performed a



local procedure at the goshala, suturing the edges of the peeled back skin to the flesh in the hope it would stay in place and stop slipping back further. She then began treating the mass of exposed tissue at the bottom of the stump as an open wound.

A few days later evidence of new tissue in the area appeared and as the days went by more positive progress shone with every bandage change as Van Krishna's rapidly growing new

granulation tissue filling out and reshaped his stump. There were cheers and smiles beaming from Van Krishna's recovery room as Dr Karen revealed the sutured skin had successfully attached itself to the underlying tissue and 1mm of new skin had grown down from

the suture line in a thin pink band around most of the stump's circumference. Now at the end of the month, this band of new skin has increased to about 4mm wide in some places, so we expect it can take a number of months to cover such a



large area.

As Van Krishna's wound improves day by day life is becoming more comfortable for him. Now out of intensive care Van Krishna has moved from his private recovery room to a new bamboo enclosure from where he can also monitor lots of activity throughout the day. Happy with the condition of the healthy new granulation tissue and seeing there was very little discharge from the wound Dr Karen wound up Van Krishna's antibiotics and pain killers, so he has been injection free for the last 10 days! The sticky Elastoplast bandages, a necessity last month in the treatment of his wound, have now been exchanged for a soft cloth pouch attached to a strong strap

which fits over a light gauze bandage covering his wound, and fastens with velcro up and over his back. His patches of bare skin unavoidably stripped of fur by bumps and bandages are being treated with moisturizing balm and tiny fine new hairs are appearing here and there.

Each morning Van Krishna is carried out of his enclosure to the nearby cow sling which is secured under and around him and acts as a support to catch him if he falls off balance. This time also allows us to safely leave his stump unbandaged to allow fresh air to circulate and any fluid to drain from the wound. There he spends several hours standing, mostly on his own strength, over breakfast and brunch happily

nibbling from a bowl of leaves and eagerly accepting fruits and treats offered by the CFC team and visitors. Fast becoming known for his sweet-tooth Van Krishna can finish off a 3kg bowl of fruit salad in a matter of minutes. It is certainly a highlight in his day and gives him something nice to look forward to.

Van Krishna still has a long way to go before his stump has healed and risk of infection always lingers, especially with the monsoon around the corner which brings flies and disease to a peak. We hope that by continuing to provide careful wound management and a clean, healing environment he will have the best chance for recovery and the least trouble over the months ahead.





# Krsna Part One

**In the fall of 2001 the Padayatra came to Vrindavan to conduct the Vraja Mandala Parikrama and during their stay we often visited their camp to admire the bulls.**

The most impressive of the lot was Krsna, the black and regal veteran who had circumambulated India twice during his ten years on the road. His massive horns were almost perfectly symmetrical and when he held his head up, their tips rose to a height of seven feet. Though gentle, when he wanted to be left alone, he would cock them threateningly to distance all irritating admirers.

At the end of the Parikrama H.H. Lokanath Swami, Istadev dasa and Sanak-Sanatana dasa discussed the possibility of retiring Krsna in Vrindavan. Though he was fit to pull the cart for another year, they were concerned that he might reach his

limit far from an appropriate place to retire so they decided to leave him in Vrindavan though he was still strong.

When the news spread that he would be retired here, we rushed to Lokanath Swami to beg him to leave Krsna at Care for Cows. When we promised to build the majestic bull a special shed and Radhapati and I signed a document vowing to attend to his every need, Lokanath Swami happily agreed.

The day the Padayatra pulled out, Krsna was disturbed to be left behind and since I was holding his lead rope, he blamed me for his misfortune. He was attached to being with the other bulls and especially to pulling the cart of Sri-Sri Nitai-Gaurasundar.

It took him a few months to settle in and he was often more than unruly. In the attempt to pacify him, we proposed to build a cart so he

could do some light work as he was used to walking about twenty kilometers a day. Everyone liked the idea so we began immediately and on the day we finished I asked Jaya Vijaya, who had worked with Krsna on Padayatra for several years, to help us hitch him up and take him on a ride through Raman Reti.

Like in a dream, a picture arose in my mind of this noble bull, luxuriously garlanded with flowers and brass bells, strutting in royal gait down Vrindavan's main street with hundreds of admiring eyes first falling on him and then on me perched proudly on the cart holding his reigns in my left hand while showering blessings upon all with my right, much like a hero riding in procession down New York's Fifth Avenue in a stretch-limo.

As we led him to the harness, Krsna firmly resisted but after a

# The Padayatra Ox



A lifetime of service ahead for young Krsna



Padayatra oxen travel all over India pulling the deities cart, accompanied by devotees and kirtan. Krsna pictured on right



twenty minute struggle, four of us managed to secure him. While Arjuna sat on the cart, Rama Babu walked beside him holding the lead rope, while Jaya Vijaya and I followed behind.

Since Krsna was accustomed to pulling the Supreme Personality of Godhead on a teak wood intricately hand-carved



cart he did not find it becoming to pull an ordinary mortal on a puny mango wood cart fit for a horse. To demonstrate his dissatisfaction, he took off at full speed eliciting a chorus of shouts from the four of us. I ran after the cart while a distressed Jaya Vijaya fell behind holding his hand on his hernia. When Krsna reached the main road he tried to scrape the cart off on two of the biggest neem trees lining the road but Ram Babu tugged the lead rope just in time to divert him. Snorting in irritation, Krsna broke into a full gallop and waved his horns wildly threatening the opposing traffic of cars, bicycles, three-wheelers and rickshaws sending them into a flurry. On that day Providence arranged for all reckless drivers to reap the fruit of their actions.

Shouts at desperate volume warned all on the road that the bull with the most formidable horns in Vrindavan was running amok. Children squatting on the side of the road gathered their pants around their knees and scurried behind trees in fear of their lives. A fruit vendor's metal scale with three mangoes clanged on the street as he frantically shoved his cart out of the way. Under a tree, a man with his face fully lathered toppled out of the barber's chair and bolted.

As Krsna approached the Parikrama path, pilgrims, vegetable venders, horse-carts and five-year-old girls carrying their infant siblings scattered in all directions. Village women dropped the loads on their head and shrieked in various high pitches filling the ether with panic.

Two men on a motor scooter rudely dismissed lesser pedestrians and bicycles with shrill beeps and fearlessly entered the road unaware that their superiority would too soon be foiled. Their eyes widened and their pan-stained teeth chattered as Krsna lowered his massive horns like the prongs

of a fork lift prepared to scoop them in the air. They skidded abruptly and desperately dragged the scooter to safety, the cart whisked by missing them by inches, the driver discovered he had wet his pants. As the cart sped under the Bhaktivedanta Swami Gate, the veins in Arjuna's neck bulged as he alerted everyone of the danger. Rama Babu, at great personal risk, bravely ran along side the angry bull pulling the lead rope to break his speed.

Oblivious to everything but their ears and genitals, three young men in a motor rickshaw meandered in the middle of the wide road, their arms extending out of the vehicle gyrating to the rhythm of the cinema song blasting unnervingly from their cassette player. On the back of the three-wheeler was

written, "King of the Road" and as the driver leaned out to proudly decorate the pavement with red slime, the corner of his eye caught the raging bull in full gallop about to overtake them. The party was over.

Providence arranged to dispel the three Princes' illusions of grandeur by having their royal conveyance side-swiped by a speeding ox cart. The initial crash silenced their song and sent the vehicle spinning. Cries and screeching tires predominated briefly before the smashed heap toppled over on its side, smoking. Sunglasses, a greasy comb, shattered mirrors, a plastic Ganesh murti, an imitation Seiko watch, a bundle of 555-brand beedies, cassette tapes, a

photo of a cinema actress showing her cleavage, a puddle of black oil and the shattered hopes of three tangled Bollywood wanna-bes lay in disarray on the black top.

Krsna was disappointed that the impact did not free him from his bondage and in greater anger swung into a wide U-turn and headed back toward the Bhaktivedanta Swami arch in search of a stationary object to side-swipe. By some stroke of luck he lost his footing and fell to his knees and upon attempting to get up got twisted and bound in the harness and lay on his side snorting furiously. The cart and his massive heaving body formed a road-block and cars traveling in both directions began

to pile up and honk uproariously. Hundreds of gawkers instantly gathered to scream in Hindi which easily lends itself to shrill exclamations. Krsna's rear leg was caught in the harness and as I tried to release it so he could stand, a merchant woman shook her fist at me while retrieving Pepsi Cola bottles rolling on the sidewalk; truck drivers and their seedy assistants descended their screeching beasts to goad me in chorus to clear the passage; the dethroned princes screamed frantically, one held his long red pinky fingernail skyward as he flashed his bleeding elbow, the other showed a skinned knee



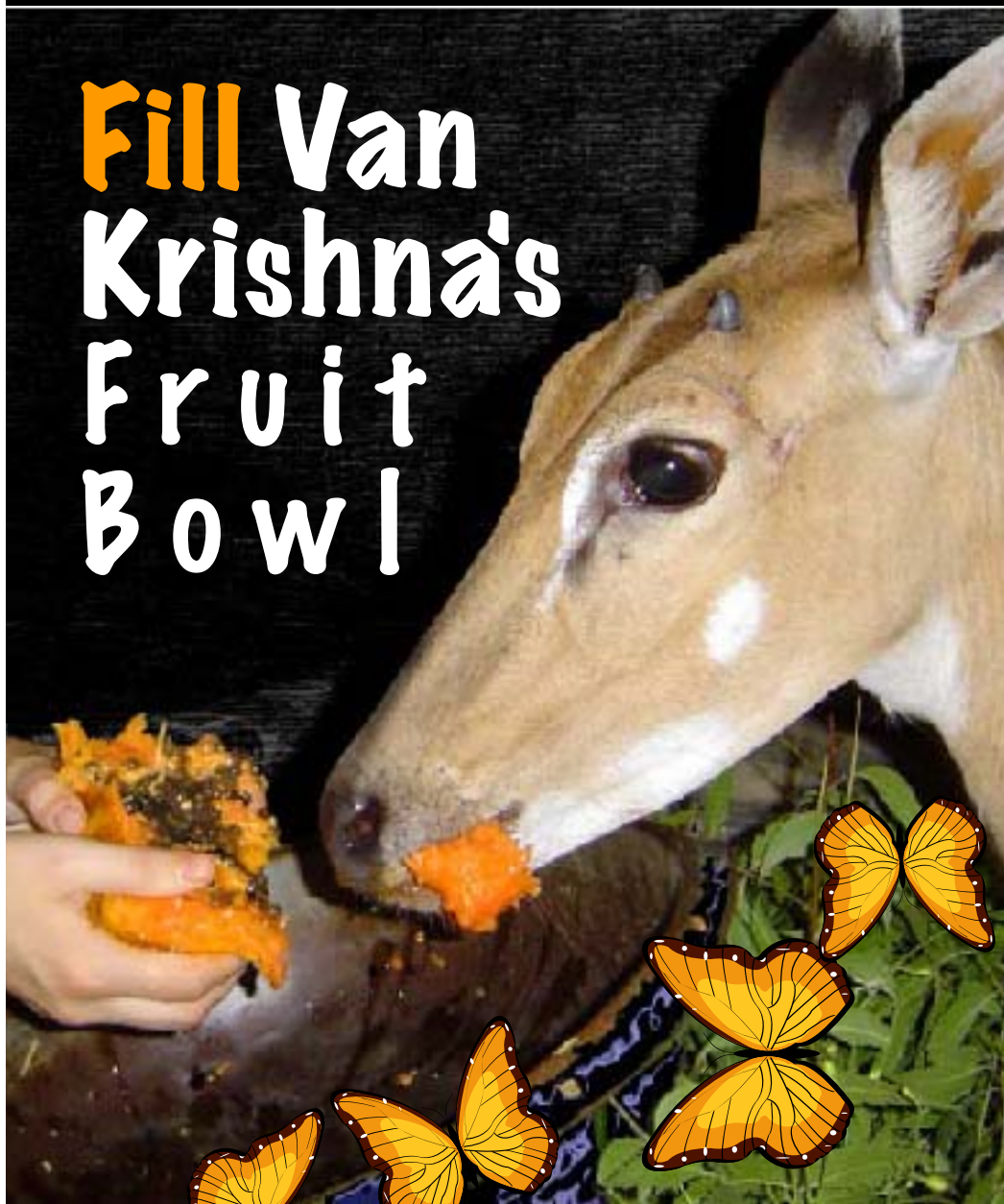


protruding out of his torn imitation Levis, the third yanked on my kurta demanding I drop everything and attend to them. Pandemonium.

Despite the chaos we managed to get Krsna up and with four hands clinching his nose harness, we slowly walked him to the goshala while maybe fifteen opportunists followed behind formulating strategies on how to capitalize on their scratches, rips and dents. When we arrived the cowherd men were filling the feeders with fresh grass and after unhitching Krsna, he calmly walked over to his new shed and began devouring his share as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened.

As I approached to chastise him, he dismissed my intimidating posture by closing his eyes and pointing his muzzle at me while nonchalantly munching the fresh clover. After swallowing, his penetrating gaze firmly expressed, "Did you get the message? Don't EVER AGAIN try to use me to enhance your false prestige."

# Fill Van Krishna's Fruit Bowl



Your chance to help keep Van Krishna's spirits high with a daily supply of seasonal fruits - his favorites being mango, watermelon, papaya, chiku, pomegranate, apple and mandarin, all loaded with vitamins and minerals essential to his diet. If you would like to be part of Van Krishna's recovery send your donation on-line at [www.careforcows.org](http://www.careforcows.org) for "Van Krishna's Fruit Bowl."



Kurma Rupa and Krsna at a CFC festival



Expertly camouflaged this spider performs go-seva at CFC by catching a good share of troublesome flies



# Caught on Cow Cam

March 2, 2004

A Friesian cow took a detour from a wedding where she was meant to be a guest of honor, wandering into a German bank where she was caught on security cameras sidling up to the tellers.

A surveillance camera shows the cow, named Paula, strolling into the *Sparkasse Savings Bank* in Wunstorf, a small rural town in northern Germany.

"The cow entered, made an elegant turn and walked right back out," a bank spokeswoman said. "It was an extraordinary experience, but it was over very quickly."

The cow was supposed to be taking part in a nearby wedding ceremony when it wandered into the local bank.

When farmers in the rural region marry, the new bride traditionally milks a cow to prove her skills in the homestead economy.



Robber style photos taken by bank security cameras



Paula slips past the enquiry counter attendant



Paula decides to shop around on interest rates



**Shortly after the death of Nandi, his daughter, Purnanandini, fathered in Sura dasi, died of what we were told was pneumonia.**

The loss of both of them left a vacuum in the goshala. The next month we all noticed that a two-year-old bull appeared on the streets of Raman Reti with features strikingly similar to Nandi. He was not a pure bred Gir, but his coat was the same, his ears curved the same way, his gait and nature all reminded

us of Nandi. Radha Caran and Krsnamayi began bringing snacks to the bull who was sometimes friendly and sometimes unruly. In due course they won his confidence to the degree he followed them to the goshala and moved in. Upon his arrival he was offered a mahaprasad garland of marigolds and allowed to clean-up the broccoli patch, and was named after his father.

Rohini and Ashvini were turned out somewhere in Raman Reti about

three weeks ago. Nanda Kishor noticed that Rohini had an injured horn and that the summer was taking its toll on them as they were quickly starting to wane. We made plans to take them in and it so happened that on the day Radha Caran allured Nandi to the goshala, Rohini and Ashvini were foraging nearby and we captured them simultaneously. They are both very friendly and affectionate so it seems they have been well taken care of.

# Newcomers in May



Mini Nandi similar in looks and nature to his dad



The dad's baby photo shows their similarities



Rohini and daughter Ashvini having their first meal at CFC



# Pass the Salt Please

As in our own diet, salt plays an important role in a cow's diet too.

Prolonged, deficient diets lead to an intense craving for salt and affected animals will often lick and bite any object, and may avidly attack salt blocks. As a result of salt deficiency milk production, food intake, growth and fertility may be depressed. Therefore it is important for the overall health of cows to be supplied salt blocks, made available in the cows feeder.

The Care for Cows herd of 116 adults and calves are regularly seen completely absorbed licking pink rock salt crystals from Lahore, Pakistan, sliding them from one end of the feeder to the other. They consume 125kgs of salt per month.



Distributing salt blocks from the flat bed rickshaw tray





# What's New at the

**The month of May brought some positive changes around the Care for Cows go-sadan.**

Our good neighbor *Food for Life* wound up their one acre vegetable garden and moved onto their new land, leaving an ideal space for the cows use. Seeing the unused plot adjoins the go-sadan land, allowing easy access for the cows, we fenced off the area and by the end of the month 100 of our cows and oxen were released into the field to meander about.

Their first few days were spent investigating, sounds of mooing and cow bells chiming were heard in all directions as they spread out and roamed freely here and there, young bulls matching up strength and

locking horns in friendly sparring competitions, and other cows gathered at the perimeters curiously observing passers-by such as buffaloes, camels, donkeys and one



most intriguing, hyperactive pony that visits every other day.

As cows are tempted to nibble tree bark which can kill the trees, gobar is coated on the tree trunks to prevent the cows damaging them as cows will not eat gobar. So a happy

herd are enjoying the newly fenced area during the day sheltered from the blazing mid-summer sun under the shady trees, and return again to their yards and sheds for dinner and protection at night time.

Another project underway was to raise the level of the cows front yard with land fill soil. Last year the monsoon brought heavy rains and the yard flooded, became waterlogged, and as a result the cows were at times

bogged down in 1ft deep slush and mud. To prevent foot rot and other hoof diseases at the worst times we had to close off the area and transfer a number of the cows, housing them in any dry spot we could find around the go-sadan.





# CFC Go-sadan

Last week 56 tractor loads of soil were brought in and over a number of days the yard was gradually filled up to a safe height and leveled out to allow proper drainage. Everyone got involved, even the oxen volunteered to flattening out the heaps of soil, and the cows did their bit to pack it down by sitting on it with their weight. Hopefully we'll be able to keep the cows as dry as possible during the forthcoming wet season.

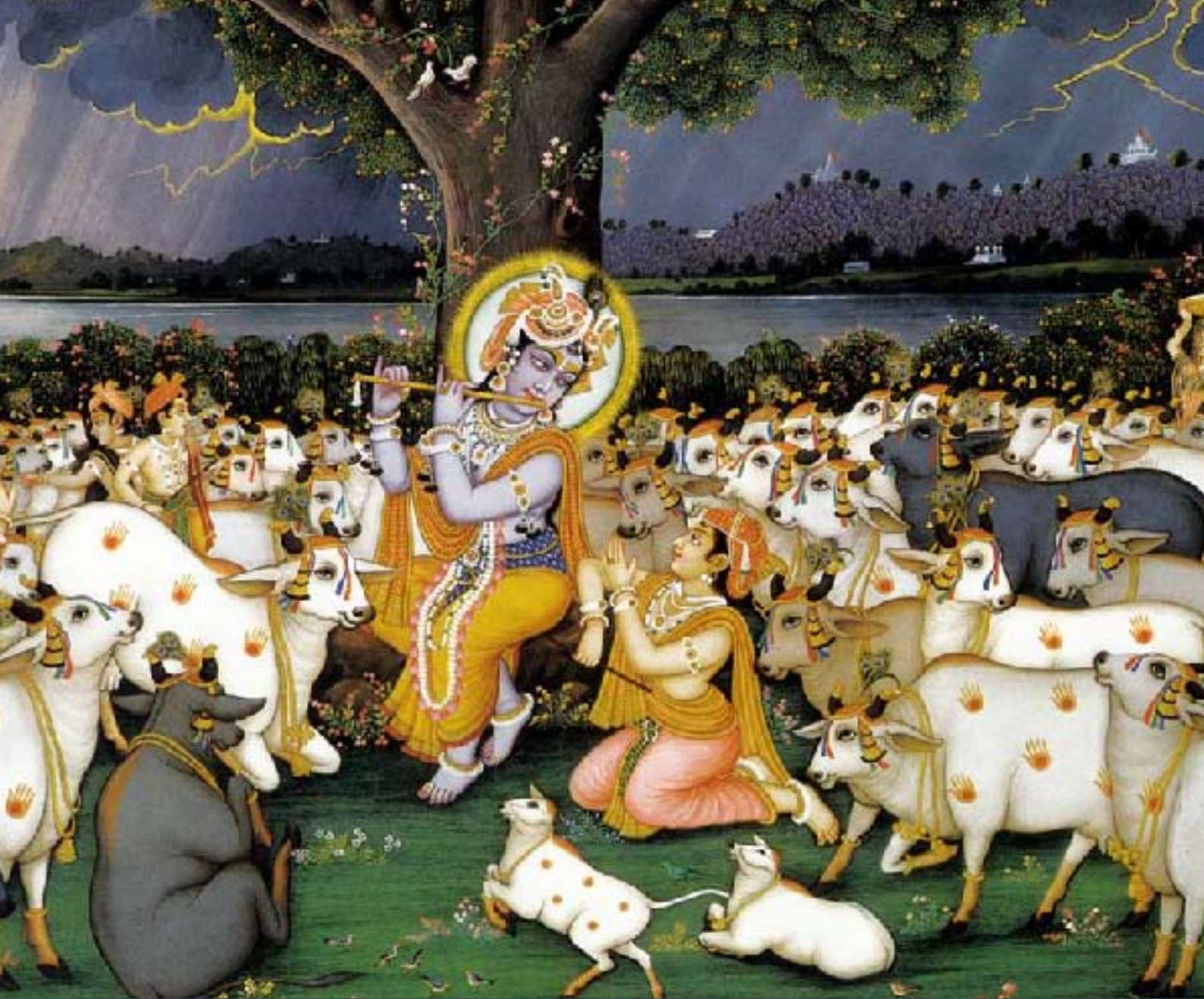
By the end of May the CFC herd had increased to 116! To cope with the extra number of residents and the quickly growing herd members, three spacious new feeders were constructed - all are in use and one of the feeders is already filled to capacity with orphaned calves.



If you would like to engage in go-seva and contribute towards last months projects, please email [kurmarupa@careforcows.org](mailto:kurmarupa@careforcows.org) - our costs incurred are:

- **Cows new fence** US\$ 160 / Rs 7,000 - cost includes steel, bamboo, wire and labor
- **Soil fill for cows yard** US\$ 280 / Rs 12,000 - cost includes soil, delivery and labor
- **New cow feeders** US\$ 55 / Rs 2,400 - cost includes bricks, cement, sand and labor





# The Lords Herd

**Sri Krishna is surrounded by cows with long, slender tails. They approach Him with an unsteady gait, for their udders are swollen with milk.**

Their large eyes become glued to the lotus face of the Lord while half-chewed tender shoots of grass remain poised on the ends of their teeth. The newborn calves remain motionless,


their beauty enhanced by the milk-foam flowing from their small lips and teeth, with which they had so eagerly sucked at the full udders. They cock their little ears to hear the deep, enchanting notes from His flute. The older calves, with colorful blankets around their throats and little horns emerging from their soft heads, raise their tails, butt

each other, playfully gallop this way and that, and finally gather around the Lord.

The massive bulls, laden with the burden of their huge humps, lowing deeply, approach Him lazily. But when the liquid nectar from the flute enters their cocked ears, they flare their nostrils and tilt up their heads."

**Sri Hari-bhakti-vilasa**




A white cow with large, pinkish-red ears stands in a trash heap. The cow is looking directly at the camera. The ground is covered with dry leaves, twigs, and various pieces of trash, including plastic bottles and crumpled paper. The background is dark and out of focus.

Glorified throughout the Vedic scriptures, worshiped by the demigods, mother of all mankind – such is the exalted position of the cow. Now she seems to have no place in today's throw away society. This unwanted sacred cow is found rummaging for some food through a roadside trash heap in Raman Reti, Vrindavan.

# Life on the Streets





Tilak joined Care for Cows four years ago, after being handed over as a calf when his mother stopped giving milk.

After time he became healthy and strong and at the right age he was fully trained to work and plow, proving to be very cooperative and intelligent. He is known by the distinct tilak mark on his forehead and his gentle nature. Help us protect and train more oxen in Vrindavan.

For information on Care for Cows Ox Training Program, Land Fund, Sponsor a Cow, Feed the Herd, or to make a contribution on-line, please visit [www.careforcows.org](http://www.careforcows.org) or email [kurmarupa@careforcows.org](mailto:kurmarupa@careforcows.org)



CARE FOR COWS  
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Tilak on arrival at CFC, May 2002

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