

April 2012



CARE FOR COWS

I N V R I N D A V A N



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

Dear Friends,

"Krishna counts His cows on a *mala* of gems. For each of the four colours of cows—white, red, black and yellow—there are twenty-five subdivisions, making a total of one hundred colours. Those coloured like sandalwood-pulp or having a head shaped like a *mridanga* create eight further groups.

To count these 108 groups of cows Krishna uses a *mala* of 108 jewel-beads. Thus when Krishna calls out, "Hey Dhavali" (a white cow), a whole group of white cows come forward; and when He calls "Hamsi, Candani, Ganga, Mukta" and so on, the twenty-four other groups of white cows come.

The reddish cows are called Aruni, Kunkuma, Sarasvati, etc.; the blackish ones are called Syamala, Dhumala, Yamuna, etc.; and the yellowish ones are called Pita, Pinlgala, Haritalika, etc. Those in the group with tilaka marks on their foreheads are called Citrita, Citra-tilaka, Dirgha-tilaka and Tiryak-tilaka."

(Srimad Bhagavatam 10.35.18-21 &

purport.)

The CFC Staff

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



Care for Cows in Vrindavana
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International Society for Krishna Consciousness

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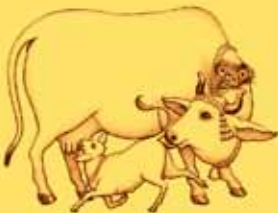
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CARE FOR COWS

IN VRINDAVANA

careforcows.org

~ PORTRAIT OF THE MONTH ~



~ PADMANANDINI'S CALF ~

MEET MONI



Our good friend and dedicated *go-sevak* Yudhisthira Gaur is directing the Sri Radha Mohan Ji Goshalla in Chaumuha, fifteen kilometers from Vrindavan. Though he is an advocate by profession, his real passion in life is *go-seva*. He has taken upon himself to attend to all cows who are injured on the Delhi-Agra highway between Chatta and Vrindavan.

Some months ago a cow was struck and killed on the highway by a wreckless driver. Yudhisthira called upon Chandrasekhara Maharaja, a *go-sevak* who attends to the burial of cows killed on the highway. After placing the cow in *samadhi* they delivered her one-year-old dwarf calf to Care for Cows.

They named her Mohini which means "enchancing one", and indeed, she is enchanting. Since she is short, they also shortened her name by one syllable and call her Moni.





Though Moni is one-year-old she is shorter than our one-week-old calves. She has a peaceful





Rohini Suta Dasa (right) and Gauranga Priya Dasi (left) at home in Vrindavan

"I CARRY WHAT THEY LACK"

by Rasamandala Devi

Last month Gauranga Priya Devi Dasi did something totally out of character according to her husband Rohini Suta Dasa. Normally a reserved and self-effacing devotee of Their Lordships Sri Sri Krsna Balaram who is not at all prone to spontaneous outbursts, Gauranga Priya shocked even herself what to speak of her husband when she leapt into action unaided by him. What caused her to act without consideration of herself: The cries of a distressed calf.

After returning home from the Krsna-Balaram Mandir's morning

programme, Gauranga Priya began to prepare for the daily worship of Krsna-Balaram and Their cowherd friends Sudama and Sridhama. But as she began to organize for Their worship she heard the plaintiff calls of a calf crying outside her window and felt the need to investigate what was wrong.

Originally thinking that somehow the neighbouring *goshalla* had forgotten to let the calf back inside she decided to let them know and so relieve his suffering. However, when she approached them they denied ownership saying that the bull calf

was from another dairy.

Gauranga Priya felt such compassion for the distraught calf, she got some milk and returned only to be told that the calf didn't like milk - only *chapattis* - an obvious admittance that the baby bull was from their *goshalla*, otherwise how do they know his likes and dislikes!

When the baby bull continued to wail and his mother could clearly be heard calling pitifully in response from inside the *goshalla* it became totally apparent that this had been his home. As Gauranga Priya watched in

disbelief she saw the *gualas* trying to frighten him off as now he was becoming an embarrassment to them due to the interest being taken.

The truth is that this young calf had served his purpose and was no longer required. Unfortunately due to the lack of pasturing grounds and the so-called advancement of technology this practice of kicking out the calves especially bulls has become the normal state of affairs in India. Expensive nuts and bolts have replaced healthy, sustainable, inexpensive bullock power, making



The distraught young bull

bulls redundant in the artificial modern world.

The mother had gone dry and now her calf was nothing more than an unwelcome expense. Accordingly he was turned out into the streets to join the many abandoned animals who scourge for anything edible amongst the copious rubbish which is usually discarded in plastic bags with all kinds of household waste as well as sharp articles like razor blades. As would be expected, most of the street animals become ill from eating such disgusting and dangerous things.

Gauranga Priya soon realised that these *gualas* were not going to accept responsibility, thus she decided to seek assistance of people who did care.

Acting with determination she waved down a three-wheeler milk van on the Sunrakh Road and caught a ride to Kiki Nagla, four kilometres away. When she arrived at Care for Cows she told Kesi, the *goshalla* manager, of her predicament and he said if she could arrange to get the calf there, CFC would provide him with the love and protection he required. Unfortunately CFC is without a vehicle to assist in transporting cows/bulls. (Anyone wanting to donate a vehicle please contact Kurma Rupa or Kesi Nisudana – the cows will bless you a thousand/million fold.)

Already acting as a lady on a mission, Gauranga Priya filled with buckets of determination, started walking back along Sunrakh Road from Kiki Nagla to her home, looking out for any likely suitable vehicle. No-one was on the road at this time, but in the distance she saw a farmer driving his tractor. Frantically she called out to him using sign language plus a few Hindi words and managed to convince him to take her back to find the calf.

While enroute Rohini Suta called to tell his wife that the calf was no longer there. Not to be deterred, especially after getting this far and actually having found a kind farmer with a tractor and trolley, she continued. Fortunately by the time they arrived at their destination the calf had returned.

She ordered the farmer to load the calf onto his trolley. Then to everyone's surprise the *gualas* who had abandoned the calf appeared and happily lifted the baby bull onto the farmer's trolley. Then even supplied some rope and cloth to tie up his legs to stop him from jumping off. When the calf was secured, the driver told Gauranga Priya to hold the calf by the ears to keep him calm as he proceeded to drive the tractor away. As they were travelling along a mysterious young boy jumped in and helped her keep the baby bull peaceful.



Sridhama

Approaching Kiki Nagla the farmer suddenly stopped and gazed over his shoulder into the distance. Gauranga Priya strained to see what had prompted this unexpected action. Then she saw them. A herd of wild *Nil Gai* (antelope) came into focus gracefully galloping across the road in front of them and disappeared into the fields on their left. Oh what an auspicious omen she thought. When the road was clear they continued on their journey. Upon arriving at Care for Cows Kesi greeted her by saying, "OK, now you can give him a name," to which she immediately replied, "Sridhama."

One might ask from where Gauranga Priya's intense concern for Krsna's cows came from. What

caused this normally meek and mild devotee to transgress her nature and exhibit fearlessness?

Gauranga Priya will reply, "In 2007 we saw a video produced by Care for Cows which intensified our attraction to the pastimes of Krsna-Balaram, Their cowherd boyfriends and Their much loved cows."

On Nityananda's Appearance Day 2007 Gauranga Priya and Rohini Suta began sponsoring two of the residents at CFC. One of those gentle injured animals which they adopted was Radhika the much loved *Nil Gai* who had been rescued by CFC. She passed away peacefully last month. The funds which they regularly paid for Radhika they asked to be transferred to little Sridhama.



Sudama



Balaram

Over the years Rohini Suta and Gauranga Priya inherited Gaura-Nitai and Radha-Gopinath Deities, along with Giri Govardhana and many Salagram Shilas. There was an amazing scene on the CFC video of cows running and dancing and in Gauranga Priya's heart she could see Krsna and Balaram laughing and playing within the midst of this joyful scene. It was then that Gauranga Priya developed an intense desire to have Krsna-Balaram come to her home where she could worship Them nicely.

Once Gauranga Priya received the Krsna-Balaram Deities she commissioned a beautiful painting to use as a backdrop for the exquisite Lords' altar. Then not yet content with sponsoring cows and looking after Krsna-Balaram she decided that they needed some of the cowherd boys in their home also. When Sridhama and Sudama arrived in a box from Jaipur marked "Sri Cowherds" she opened it with delight. Now the playful figures of Sridhama and Sudama accompany Krsna-Balaram along with all the other



Krsna



Sridhama

Deities in receiving so much love and devotion from these humble devotees.

Gauranga Priya's intense desire to please Krsna and Balaram by selflessly saving one of Their cows and sponsoring it for life caused Krsna to empower her to be able to do something which she did not think possible:

But those who worship Me with devotion, meditating on My transcendental form--to them I carry what they lack and preserve what they have.

Bhagavad-gita 9.22





VRINDAVAN PILGRIMAGE

More than a year ago we received a request from Nicole Sopco (right), a Yoga teacher from Chicago, to help her organize a pilgrimage to Vrindavan. Her careful planning and co-ordination with Jaya Devi of the Jiva Institute fructified this month when she and eight vegan yogis arrived for a ten-day pilgrimage.

The group visited the major temples in Vrindavan and daily visited several holy places associated with Krsna's pastimes. Many attended evening classes on the pastimes of Lord Krsna at the Jiva Institute given by Satya Narayana Dasa Babaji.

The group also spent a few hours at Care for Cows brushing and interacting with many of our residents. It was joyful!

The abandoned cows of Vrindavan pray they visit more frequently and in greater numbers.



A CHANGE OF HEART

An interview with Álvaro Múnera
by Toni L. Querol

A bull named Terciopelo [Velvet] gored the Colombian bullfighter Álvaro Múnera, aka "El Pilarico," in 1984, confining him to a wheelchair for life. Múnera was 18 years old back then. His best friend, "El Yiyo," was gored to death months later, and the manager of both bullfighters committed suicide three years after that.

Múnera became a hardcore animal rights defender and nothing less than the Antichrist for tauromachy [bullfighting] aficionados.

He currently works in the Council of the City of Medellín, using his position to defend the rights of disabled people and to promote anti-bullfighting campaigns.

How did you decide to be a bullfighter?

Álvaro Múnera: I was born in Medellín, where my dad had taken me to see bullfights since I was four years old. The atmosphere at home was totally pro-*taurino* [*taurino* is the Spanish adjective for everything relating to bullfighting culture]. We didn't talk about football or any other thing, it was just bulls. Bullfighting was the center of the world for my dad. Since I grew up immersed in this *taurino* atmosphere, it was logical that at the age of 12, I decided to be a bullfighter. I started my career and five years later I became successful at the



El Pilarico

Medellín Fair. This was when Tomás Redondo, who was the manager of *El Yiyo*, agreed to be my manager too. He took me to Spain. I fought 22 times in Spain until on September 22 of 1984, I was caught by a bull. It gored me in the left leg and tossed me in the air. This resulted in a spinal-cord injury and cranial trauma. The diagnosis was conclusive: I would never walk again.

Four months later I flew to the US to start physical rehab, and I seized the opportunity to go to college. The US is a totally anti-*taurino* country, and due to my former profession I felt like a criminal. I became an animal rights defender. Since then I've never stopped fighting for every living being's right not to be tortured. I hope I will continue to do so until the very last day of my life.

Did you ever think of quitting bullfighting before

that bull confined you to a wheelchair?

Yes, there were several critical moments. Once I killed a pregnant heifer and saw how the fetus was extracted from her womb. The scene was so terrible that I puked and started to cry. I wanted to quit right there but my manager gave me a pat on my back and said I shouldn't worry, that I was going to be an important bullfighting figure and scenes like that were a normal thing to see in this profession. I'm sorry to say that I missed that first opportunity to stop. I was 14 and didn't have enough common sense. Some time later, in an indoor fight, I had to stick my sword in five or six times to kill a bull. The poor animal, his entrails pouring out, still refused to die. He struggled with all his strength until the last breath. This caused a very strong impression on me, and yet again I decided it wasn't the life for me. But my travel to Spain was already arranged, so I crossed the Atlantic. Then came the third chance, the definitive one. It was like God thought, "If this guy doesn't want to listen to reason, he'll have to learn the hard way." And of course I learned.

Is there a lot of regret that you let it get to the point where you became paralyzed?

I think it was a beautiful experience because it made me a better human being. After convalescence and rehabilitation, I started working toward the goal of amending my crimes.

Many animal rights defenders applauded your decision, but many others say they can't forgive you. They even call you "mass murderer" to this day.

There are people who think that I'm just resentful for the accident. That's absurd. I've rebuilt my life and dedicated it to helping hundreds of disabled people get ahead, in addition to fighting for animal rights. On top of that, I don't know of any resentful person defending his victimizer. A bull confined me to a wheelchair and another one killed my best friend! I should reasonably be the last person on earth to care about bulls.

But as for the people who cannot forgive me for what I did to so many bulls? I have to say that I understand them and agree, to some extent. My only hope is to have a long life so that I can amend my many crimes. I wish to have the pardon of God. If He doesn't pardon me, He has good reasons not to do so.

Chiquilín, another repentant bullfighter, claims to have seen bulls weeping. He says that he cannot kill even a fly nowadays.

I take my hat off to that man. He's a real hero who learned his lesson through reason and thinking.

Are you in touch with any other repentant bullfighters?

Truth be told, I don't know if there are more repentant bullfighters. What is indeed known is that there are more and more ex-bullfighting *aficionados* every day. These are people who realized how macabre the show they were supporting really is, and so they stopped going to the bullrings. Sometimes they tell me their personal experiences and thank me for the articles I write.

What was the decisive factor that made you an animal-rights defender?

When I went to the US, where I had to face an antitaurine society that cannot conceive how another society can allow the torture and murder of animals. It was my fellow students, the doctors, nurses, the other physically disabled people, my friends, my North American girlfriend, and the aunt of one of my friends, who said I deserved what happened to me. Their arguments were so solid that I had to accept that it was me who was wrong and that the 99 percent of the human race who are firmly against this sad and cruel form of entertainment

were totally right. Many times the whole of the society is not to blame for the decisions of their governments. Proof of this is that most people in Spain and Colombia are genuinely anti-bullfighting. Unfortunately there's a minority of torturers in each government supporting these savage practices.

If the people of both countries are against bullfighting, why do bullfights still exist?

Well, I believe that bullfighting eventually will disappear if it doesn't remove its elements of torture and death. There's a generational shift in values, and most well-educated young people are against cruel traditions.

In your articles you've associated tauromachy with a lack of culture and sophistication on the part of its aficionados. Isn't this a bit simplistic? How do you explain that intelligent people like Ernest Hemingway, Orson Welles, John Huston, and Pablo Picasso were into bullfighting?

Look, to be a talented person doesn't make you more human, more sensible, or more sensitive. There are lots of examples of murderers with a high IQ. But only those who have a sense of solidarity with other living beings

are on their way to becoming better people. Those who consider the torture and death of an innocent animal a source of fun or inspiration are mean-spirited, despicable people. Never mind if they paint beautiful pictures, write wonderful books, or film great movies. A quill can be used to write with ink or blood, and many terrorists and drug dealers of the 21st century have university diplomas hanging on the wall. The virtues of the spirit, that's what really counts in God's eyes.

**if one confesses, it is hoped,
that one is forgiven. I felt like
the worst shit on earth.**

The Real Moment of Truth

**"There is a single moment...
and when you see it,
you can never go back.**

**If you go back, it means you
never saw it."**

~ ~ 0 ~ ~

**When ignorance fades away,
the soul comes to the fore**

"Very little of the great cruelty shown by men can really be attributed to cruel instinct. Most of it comes from thoughtlessness or inherited habit. The roots of cruelty, therefore, are not so much strong as widespread. But the time will come when inhumanity protected by custom and thoughtlessness will succumb before humanity championed by thought. Let us work that this time may come. A man is ethical only when life is sacred to him, that of animals as well as that of his fellowman, and when he devotes himself helpfully to all life that is in need of help."

Dr. Albert Schweitzer; Physician,
Missionary, Theologian and Nobel
Laureate for Peace 1952

**"Suddenly, I looked at the
bull. He had this innocence
that all animals have in their
eyes, and he looked at me with
this pleading...**

**Deep down inside me there
was a cry for justice. I describe
it as being like a prayer...**





LITTLE BHAKTA

by Rasamandala Devi

I don't know why I was forced to leave my mother. One day we were peacefully together and then I was thrown in the streets. I was wandering alone, slowly becoming weak and disheartened when a thoughtless driver hit me and left me badly injured. On the side of the road I sat hoping that somehow or other my mother would find me. She never did. While I was crying for my dear mother a caring soul appeared on a bullock cart and brought me to Care for Cows.

Never in my life have I known such kindness from humans. I have a carer who is always giving me lots of hugs and kisses while calling me "sweet little boy." Practically all day she sits with me gently massaging my legs and back. But unfortunately try as she might to strengthen my body after

two months I still can't get my legs to hold me up.

I was taken to Mathura Veterinary University Hospital where a group of student doctors and their Vet Professor probed my body to see if I had any breaks anywhere, then they put me under this big X-ray machine and took photos. The diagnosis was that



I didn't have any broken bones. They prescribed vitamin injections to loosen up my contracted muscles, increase my vitality and help the healing process.

Slowly the nasty wounds on my legs are getting better from the medicine and all that Ayurvedic cream smeared on my injuries every day. But try as I might I can't stand up and my body is getting weaker due to lack of mobility. It seems that I have some nerve damage and muscular atrophy. I hear my Carer cry when she tries to support me in

a standing position after hours of gentle massage and physio. I want to make her feel better so I look up at her with my big black eyes and say: "Thank you. Please don't cry I feel so lucky to be with



Krsna's caring devotees, please don't cry no matter whatever happens." I know she understands what I am trying to say because she always replies, "My dear sweet boy, Krsna really loves you. You are so dear to Him. He may just want to take you Back Home soon to be with Him eternally. And I feel very happy."

Last week my carer introduced me to another lovely person who also sat with me for hours holding my head in her lap stroking my pains away. This lady decided then and there that she wanted to sponsor me. I wanted to tell her that I may not be here for very much longer but that I feel so fortunate knowing that whether I get well or leave my body I could be in no better place than here



at Care for Cows in Krsna's Holy Dhama, Vrindavan in the arms of loving devotees.

Ed: This young bull never recovered but left his body peacefully on March 8, 2012 on the occasion of Gaura Purnima and was buried on our premises.



CALVES GALORE



Nine months ago, owing to negligence, twenty of our cows were bred unexpectedly. A new record for Care for Cows... Anyway, the *goshalla* is sure full of life! People are coming from all over to see them. What follows is a brief introduction to each one.



Above left is Anjali's first calf who is named Nanda Maharaja and sponsored by Konem Murali.

Left is Jhanavi's first calf. We thought Jhanavi was sterile as she is ten-years-old and never gone into heat... or so we thought. Her calf is named Krsna Priya sponsored by Sri Radhika Dasi



Above is Gauri Priya's very peaceful second calf. She has been named Shakambari and is sponsored by Apoova.

Below is Ekadasi's third calf named Champa sponsored by Natalia Borsukova







Above left is Kisori's third calf who is sponsored by Thad & Frances

Above right is Lajjasila's third calf at one-hour-old.

Left is Mohini's fifth calf who is named Menaka and is sponsored by Shivam Rajgor.

Right is Rangini's third calf named Masha sponsored by Lila Rasa & Lriva





Above is Nandini's first calf who is named Arjuna and is sponsored by Hamlesh Motah.

Above right is Padmanandini's fourth calf who is featured in this months protrait.

Right is Sakhi's second son named Sudama sponsored by Pranesh Patel.

Far Right is Rani's calf named Raghava.







The second calf of Rukmini



The first calf of Mekhala named Lalita sponsored by Pimenova Alena & Asya



The third calf of Tithi named Gavriusha sponsored by Olga Tereshko

The first calf
of Vrinda
named
Prahlada
sponsored
by Dr.
Kesava





Our female Nil Gai named Subhadra was also sponsored by Pranesh Patel



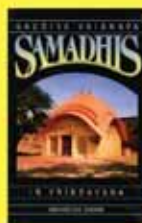
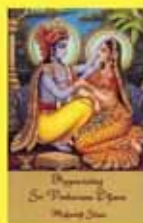
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Thank You From the Cows



The cows send their heart-felt thanks to those who assisted during March 2012

Acyutatma Dasa
Aditi Sathye
Alena Kochetkova
Alena Pimenova
Alina Yershova
Aliya Kaziyeva
Amit Goswami
Amratlal Vaidya
Anil Kumar
Ankit
Anonymous
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Gaura Hari & Radhika Dasi
Gauranga Priya Dasi

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Kavita Shah
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Olga Tereshko
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Oxana Marcelino
Panthea Macknight
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Paramsparsa Dasa
Pranesh Patel
Pure Heart
Radhapati Dasa
Rahul Sharma
Ramabhadra Dasa
Ranchor dasa
Rasmandala Dasi
Ravi Gopal
Rohini Suta Dasa
Saccitananda Dasa
Sanjiv Keswani
Shyam Kisor & Indurekha
Sivam Rajgor
Smolek Olga Shinko
Sraddha Rajkomar
Sreedharan Prashanthan
Sri Govinda & Mandira Mani
Sri Radhika Dasi
Srinivas Bhat
Srinivasan Ganesan
Suada Ajanovic
Sukania Venugopal
Suman Lata Saini
Svetlana Gritsay
Tusta Krsna & Vrindasundari
Tracy Molina
Uday Kiran Gopalam
Valentina Mazyliuk
Venkata Venkateswaran
Venkatesh Raghavan
Vijay Sharma
Vikas Shah
Vladimir
Vyasapada Dasa
Yajnnavalkya Dasa
Yuval Niv

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