



INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY FOR KRISHNA CONSCIOUSNESS
Founder Acharya: His Divine Grace A. C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada

HARE KRISHNA NEWS

May / June 2019

Sketch by Thashalen Naidoo

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Editor's Note

Here's a scenario: you return home to discover that your house keeper didn't turn up and your baby was left alone, without a feed or change the entire day. She is howling, traumatized by the abandonment and starvation. What would you do? BUT your house is also on fire. It's raging and going to destroy everything. What would your first instinct be? Comfort your child? Try to escape and save yourself and your baby?

I presented this scenario to the university students who attended the Bhakti Yoga Society's National Retreat at the temple. They unanimously voted to escape. It's the obvious course of action.

This is our story irrespective of our agenda. That baby is our life. It must be lived, maintained, and nurtured. We cannot ignore life and all that comes with it. However, as long as we don't understand that this life, which is so precious to us, is within a burning house, caring for it comes to nothing. We will perish in the fire.

And what is the fire. It is everywhere and in everything. It is large and in charge but at the same time subtle and almost unrecognizable. For example, every time we send a WhatsApp message with a smiley face and we choose one of the six skin shades...we fan the fire. How? We decide to misidentify with our skin. We are not our skin. This declaration reinforces this misidentification and ensures everyone else misidentifies us too. We are so much more, so much greater! And this world does everything to make us small and neatly packs us in what we are led to believe is "a bespoke box that is a true expression of our individuality". Never mind that a few million other people chose that colour too.

It's the grand illusion. We don't smell the smoke. We don't hear the crackling, don't see the flames, nor the burning heat. We only hold onto our child, comforting her and ignoring the fire.

It doesn't matter if we comfort, feed, and nurture our child...the burning house will consume all. Everything we accomplish will be zero. The scenario sheds light on the critical issue. The child is extremely important, but that burning house is urgently important. If you do not escape, there will be nothing. Life is the child, the fire is the grand illusion, and spiritual pursuit is the escape from the fire.

This simple newsletter, is a map to help you escape. Turn the page, please!

Warmest wishes
Rasa-sthali Dasi
Write to me: rasasthali@iskcondurban.net

Farewell Ananga Manjari!

Her Grace Ananga Manjari Dasi, a long time resident of the Sri Sri Radha Radhanath Temple passed away on Wednesday 8 May in the morning. Devotees were with her through the night. She was a dedicated and loyal servant of Sri Sri Radhanath and we are confident that her destination is auspicious.

Partha Sarathi Das Goswami, "Ananga Manjari was my first disciple. I initiated her in 1990 at the Durban Festival of Chariots on the Beachfront. Subsequently she moved into the temple and did important service for Sri Sri Radha Radhanath and she helped me, in particular, with deity worship. For about sixteen or seventeen years she accompanied me every year to Govardhana Hill, India, sometimes for five to six months at a time. She would engage in more intense service there and started the practice of chanting sixty-four rounds of the Hare Krishna *maha-mantra* daily. Sixty-four rounds takes about eight hours. She maintained this chanting for many years. She is a wonderful example.

"Some years ago she developed a heart condition, and went for a by-pass but continued to stay in the temple. It is described that a long life that is not God conscious is absolutely useless – *srama eva hi kevalam*. To live a long life without any attempt to become self-realized is of no use. Rather live a short life with meaning. A life of meaning is to try to become God conscious, self-realized, and try to understand the real problems in life. Old age and death are like two sisters. Whenever there is old age, there will be death. This is the material body. So when the body starts crumbling and when it starts to break up, the soul or the life force leaves that body. That is called death. This is what has happened. Ananga Manjari who is the soul has left her mortal frame. Where has she gone to? She didn't just evaporate. Because she led a God conscious life, she will take birth in the Lord's pastimes. God has pastimes. God is a person. He has feelings and we can take birth in the Lord's pastimes.

I am convinced that Ananga Manjari has taken birth in the Lord's pastimes where she will have a spiritual body. The spiritual body doesn't get diseased. The spiritual body is eternal. This is our real identity. We do not belong here in Durban, South Africa or even on this earth planet. We belong in the spiritual world. Ananga Manjari led a wonderful life. There is nothing to regret. To leave one's body at the age of eighty-two is respectable and nice but more important is how she led her life. She spent her last thirty-five years in devotional service. This is what we must remember. And if we want to honour her, we ourselves should try to emulate her example. I will take Ananga Manjari's ashes to India and mix them with some Radha Kunda, Yamuna and Ganges waters and



then spread it on the bank of Radha Kunda and in the valley of Govardhana Hill, where she lived for so many months every year. As her spiritual guide I will perform this last ceremony and pray that she associates with Lord Caitanya, Lord Nityananda, and Radha-Krishna in their wonderful divine pastimes."

She will go to Krishna. She was so advanced. May she bless us all!

Bhakti Bringa Govinda Swami

Mother Ananga Manjari was always very nice to me. When she first moved into the temple, as I recall, I was still a *brahmachari*, but she would cook for me often, in a very devotional spirit. She always seemed positively minded, and with a very nice mood of service in Krishna consciousness. She was a gentle soul, and I never heard her say anything negative about anyone. I am praying to Sri Sri Radha Radhanatha to give her shelter at Their lotus feet.

Your servant,
Bhakti Caitanya Swami

Ananga Manjari used to chant many rounds. Sukumari was keeping me informed of Ananga Manjari's condition and eventually told me of her departure. I have been praying for Ananga Manjari all along, and I shall continue to pray for her. We shall miss her. Hare Krishna.

Hare Krishna.

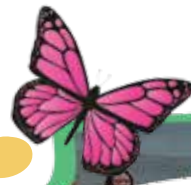
Yours in service,
Giriraj Swami

I know her well. She is in my prayers. She will be at the eternal Govardhan Hill very soon!
Indradyumna Swami

The Flutter of Butterflies

The 2019 National BYS Metamorphosis Retreat
Durban Krishna News

There they stood. A row of faces with mixed expressions waiting to board the 9pm bus to Durban. All the students from Wits and Pretoria University filled every seat in the lower section of the double decker bus. The discrete chuckling amongst those who knew one another, and the shuffling sounds caused by others pulling out their blankets as they nestled into their seats, gave me a sense of ease. The rumble of the engine signalled the beginning of a voyage we couldn't predict the outcome of. But as we drifted off to sleep, one by one, we all harboured hope. The hope that this voyage can give us renewal, insight into ourselves, freedom from the relentlessness of Johannesburg, and answers to some of our questions about life.



It had rained overnight en route to Durban. When the taxi pulled over at our destination, we saw a small group of people singing and dancing in the wet parking lot, holding bright orange marigold garlands, ready to greet us. I saw my friend Rukmini who whisked us away, with a smile as wide as you can imagine, through the gates of the Temple of Understanding.

"At times, I ended up endeavouring to relinquish something. It looked like, I had been swimming in the ocean for a very, very long time. I even had an inclination that I had a place there, that I was unified with the waves, the glow of the water. My body moved in a state of harmony with the ocean. I even swam around just attempting to stay afloat. By then I got depleted and I started to choke. At that point I chose to swim back to the land. When I got to the land I just felt so significant in light of the way that I had some distance with gravity for such a long time. What's more? I broke down on the beach as I endeavoured to find balance again. Subsequently, my feet found gravity and I stood up to take a look at the horizon one last time. At that point I realised that regardless of how stunning the ocean was, the means by which it made me feel extraordinary, it was never all mine. At that point I got some answers concerning Krishna. By then I comprehended that my feet were intended for the land and not to deal with the sea. I may potentially run, climb mountains, or even dance. Krishna helped me to discover my purpose in life. Hare Krishna"

Anonymous
BSc Honours, Mathematical Sciences
University of the Witwatersrand.





“I think I’ve finally found my path. Thank you for giving me a space in this strong community of spiritually deep souls. I will share what I received.”
Skye

The temple structure shimmered in quiet and reverential elegance under what little moonlight that was left from our seven-hour trip. We could sense the difference in the atmosphere. We were in a new world — a cocoon of spiritual energy.

It was Gaura Purnima—the appearance anniversary of Sri Chaitanya Mahaprabhu, who spread love for God through the chanting of the holy names. After a much-needed nap, some time to refresh, and a small bite, we were packed in yet another

bus. With a trip that was thankfully far shorter than the previous, we arrived at Durban North Beach. A rhythmic boom from drums and ringing from cymbals came from the most colourful street parade moving along the beach promenade. And in the middle of this kaleidoscope of colour was Kadamba Kanana Swami, singing Hare Krishna. Like fish to water, all the students jumped in without a second thought. One passerby remarked to me, “I’ve never seen so many people of different colours and backgrounds so happy together”.

Later that evening we had the chance to witness a play called *Desert Dwellers*. The students huddled in two small groups, one on the ladies’ side and the other on the gents’ side of the temple room, amidst hundreds of devotees, watching the production. Much like ourselves in this retreat, the story spoke of a seeker searching for meaning and fulfilment.

“I brought my friends from church along. Seeing how you act with such love towards God makes me want to get more serious about my religion.”

Jess





The following morning all the boys were up as early as 3am. I woke to the swooshing of water from the showers and a concert of (somewhat melodic) voices singing from the bathroom. Everyone was brimming with enthusiasm to get to this magical morning session they had heard so much about.



"I'm working as an intern in clinical psychology. Learning the meditation really helped me and will help me help others." Pande

Through the course of the metamorphosis retreat, students participated in activities like japa meditation, yoga, a temple tour, and talks about inner transformation. Eager minds posed sharp questions and shared their wisdom and realizations. I quickly realized

that this was a special group of students open to the experience of self-realization. Walking along this inward journey with them was Bontle. Her interactive workshops and gentle nature created the perfect conditions for growth and reflection.

"It was bliss. Dancing, singing, wonderful prasada, endless learning experiences, group work, and directions on how to live happily. Who wouldn't want to live in that environment everyday!"

Avron

Swarup Damodar was the quintessential sage leaving all the students feeling spiritually wealthier as he gave them valuable trinkets of divine wisdom. The key, however, was how this new-found spiritual wealth would be spent when we left this divinely inspired temple environment. And that's where Rasa-sthali stepped in.

She spoke of the secret to



"It was the most amazing and spiritually awakening process. It was a well-spent weekend with like-minded people and most importantly was the environment that we can't take for granted, a spiritual environment, which brings you closer to Krishna."
Tandazani

nurturing our spiritual life is not only to keep the company of like-minded individuals, but to seek out those individuals who are like-hearted. Intention matters. We should love ourselves enough to protect our heart's desire for eternal happiness by being with those who share the same vision for themselves.

As the retreat was drawing to an end, the students had one final special person to meet. It doesn't get more special than meeting Srila Prabhupada. Smita Krishna hosted the students for a movie night to watch Hare Krishna! The Movie. Enthralled by the wonder of Srila Prabhupada, the students left with new-found appreciation for him and the home he built for everyone.

"Amazing life-changing experience made possible by the association of genuine people. It is always special to spend time at the Temple of Understanding."
Mesha

Quote
"I was so amazed by the people around us. I never met another group who completely accepted me immediately. My heart has really opened up since the retreat." Chels

On that final morning, when all bags were packed and sad goodbyes were being said, I realized how profound of an experience the metamorphosis retreat was from the reflections the students shared and the bonds they built. Each of them were, in some small way (or more) transformed. The ability to fly is within every caterpillar. It takes a process of inner absorption to grow the wings to fly. For the students, and organizers, the retreat was a concentrated period of absorption. And like the flutter of butterflies, each student, each person emerged with new wings to glide up to their spiritual destiny.

Mukundanghri Dasa
Thursday, April 4, 2019
Johannesburg, South Africa





Photos courtesy of Purush Soodon, Priya Kishori Dasi, Sri Nam



**DURBAN
FESTIVAL
OF CHARIOTS**
19-22 April 2019

Ekadasi Devi

Goddess, Warrior & Protector

By Acyuta Gopi Dasi

Indra, king of the heavens, along with all the celestial demigods approached Svetadvipa on the shore of the milk ocean. Svetadvipa, the effulgent island, is home to the Supreme Lord Vishnu along with the goddess Lakshmi. This place was their safe haven, and the assembled demigods could feel their fears and anxieties washing off just as the waves from the ocean of milk receded from the shore of the ethereal island. Indra was sure that the Lord would be able to help them, and with that faith he put forth his appeal.

"Oh Lord of the universe, oh Supreme Personality of Godhead, we offer our respectful obeisances to You." Indra paused to close his eyes and touched his forehead to his joined palms in salutation. All of the accompanying devas followed, offering Lord Vishnu their respects.

"You are the creator, maintainer, and destroyer, of this entire cosmic manifestation. You are the mother, father, and the supreme shelter of everyone." Indra glanced back and the dejected look of the other demigods, who were in trouble, gave him the strength to continue. Indra extended his arms in supplication to the Lord who was his only saviour.

"Although it may appear as though we are controllers of the many universal affairs, actually, we are merely Your servants, put into our positions by You. We are always subordinate to You, our master, and are forever dependent on Your abundant grace. Oh Supreme Mystic, the demigods have been driven out of our heavenly kingdom and have lost our home. We were ousted by a cruel and vicious demon who has fled to the Earth Planet. We are now plunged into an ocean of miseries without our kingdom. We beg for Your aid! Lord, be pleased with us!" Indra was aware that with each plea, his voice rose and became more and more urgent.

On hearing such a fervent prayer from the king of the devas, Lord Vishnu began to understand their dire situation. In a deep voice that seemed to come from everywhere all at once, He spoke to Indra. "Who is this invincible demon who has defeated even the demigods? What is his name and what is the source of his prowess? Please explain everything to Me in detail. Do not fear." Lord Vishnu held His right hand up to Indra to give him the encouragement to speak, His soft, red palm facing the demigods and blessing them with fearlessness.

Indra took a breath feeling instantly relieved. "There is a fierce demon named Mura. The great city of Chandravati is the capital of this horrible being, but he has now taken over our capital city of Amaravati and we have been unable to withstand his attacks. Not only has he overtaken our city, but he is living in our palaces

and has even dared to take over the post of some of the most important devas like Agnideva, Yamaraja, and Varuna. He has rendered us ineffective. Although we have all joined forces, it has been impossible to defeat him. Completely exhausted and with no other recourse, we have come to You. You are our only hope."

Lord Vishnu's soft smile vanished. His eyes looked intense and His gracefully curved eyebrows drew close together in annoyance. He cast a grave and sober glance over all of the demigods. When the Lord's beautiful eyes, usually so full of love, came to rest on Indra again, the king of the heavens could see the fire blazing behind them. The Lord was angry. "My dear Indra, do not worry. I will personally kill this enemy of yours. All of you should travel along with Me to the city of Chandravati."

The demigods released a collective sigh of relief and gratitude and all at once, they raised their clasped palms above their heads and murmured chants of thanks to the Lord who would once again come to their rescue.

The demigods, rejuvenated by the presence of Lord Vishnu marched on the city of Chandravati to do battle once again with Mura and his army of demons. The Lord defeated the demon horde, dispersing them as if they were nothing more than a swarm of gnats. However, when He engaged in battle with Mura himself, the Supreme Lord used various weapons but the demon refused to die.

Finally, Lord Vishnu engaged in hand to hand combat, wrestling with the demon for ten thousand years. Their blows sounded like the planets themselves were being crushed into powder, but the battle raged on and on, the devas watching with bated breath, hoping that their Lord would bring an end to their suffering soon.

Overcome by the punishing blows of the Supreme Lord, Mura was defeated and lay unconscious on the blood-stained battlefield. Feeling tired, Lord Vishnu left Mura and the battlefield and journeyed to Badarikasrama high in the Himalayas to rest. Once in Badarikashrama, He entered a beautiful cave called Hemavati and laid down. He entered a deep slumber, His beautiful lotus eyes closing against the fatigue He felt from fighting so long with the demon.

Suddenly, the demon Mura who had regained consciousness shortly after Lord Vishnu departed for the ashrama, followed the Lord to His resting place and entered the cave. It was dark and quiet inside the cave, but Mura could easily see the effulgent form of Lord Vishnu. Seeing his opponent sleeping so peacefully, the demon smiled evilly. This would be the perfect opportunity to put an end to Vishnu who had destroyed all of his plans and many of his demon soldiers, not to mention countless demon rulers before him. Raising a sword, which glinted menacingly in the reflected light from the Lord's many jewels and shining armour, Mura could almost taste victory as he brought it down with a swoosh!!

Mura was momentarily blinded by a fierce, bright light which was almost as hot as it was intense. The light lit up every corner of the cave, but Mura was not to be deterred. He pressed forward with the edge of his sword thinking this to be another trick of that crafty Vishnu. There was nothing that would defeat him. As the light dimmed, Mura glanced down to see Vishnu with His eyes still closed, resting just as peacefully as He had been before. The demon's eyes widened as he wondered who or what it was that was currently stopping him. He looked up and into the furious face of a woman.

The brightness of her form was still illuminating the inside of the cave. She had dazzling armor and was holding a sword firmly against Mura. She also had various other weapons. It seemed as though the longer Mura looked at her to try and decipher all of the details of his opponent, the brighter her effulgence became until it was too painful to try and look directly at her. No matter, whoever it was, Mura would do battle with them, and he would win. He would stop at nothing until he killed Vishnu.

Time was lost to both the demon and the warrior goddess as they fought, the clang of their swords relentlessly echoing off of the inner walls of the cave, but Vishnu never stirred. Finally Mura raised his sword high above his head, ready to deliver a death blow to the goddess, but she was quicker than the demon, and with blurring speed, her sword slashed through the air and Mura's head rolled at her feet while his body was suspended in motion, freezing for a moment in his last battle stance before crumpling to the floor of the cave in a lifeless heap.

The goddess stood back and gazed at the sleeping form of her beautiful Lord with folded hands. His eyes opened, and her eyes dropped to the ground before her, overcome with shy reverence. Lord Vishnu looked at the beautiful woman who stood before Him. She had a beautiful face with what the Lord knew were wide lotus eyes even as she glanced down and away from Him. A golden crown adorned her head and her black hair hung free in waves that flowed around her. She had many weapons which she held at rest, but her sword was dripping with blood. Lord Vishnu followed the trail of blood and saw the body of the demon Mura lying, forgotten on the floor of Hemavati cave. Astonished, Lord Vishnu looked toward the goddess again.

"Devi, who are you?" His tone was gentle and she looked up at him timidly, but in her eyes was the unmistakable courage and competence of a born warrior. "My Lord, I am born from Your very own body, the moment this demon raised his sword to kill You. I have killed this wretched demon who sought to kill You as he saw You sleeping." She cast one last fierce glance at the demon before returning her gaze back to the Lord. A beautiful smile curved onto His lips.

"Oh goddess, I am very pleased with you. Please ask for any benediction you desire." Vishnu looked at the beautiful girl waiting to hear her desire.

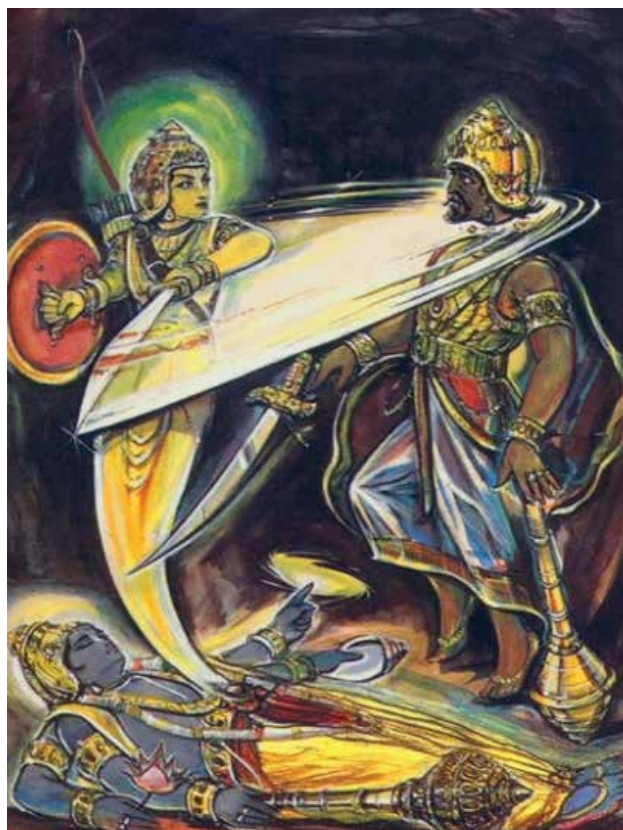
"Oh my Lord, if You are pleased with me and wish to give me a boon, then just as You have allowed me to protect You who protects the entire universe, with my very essence, by laying waste to this sinful demon, please give me the power to deliver any person who honors me on this day by eradicating any and all of their greatest sins." The goddess smiled as she asked for the benediction which immediately brought joy to her heart.

"So be it, Devi. You are My spiritual energy. Since you have appeared on this day of Ekadasi, your name shall be Ekadasi Devi. Anyone who follows the vow of Ekadasi, honoring you, will be relieved from all sinful reactions and attain inexhaustible heavenly and transcendental happiness." The Lord raised his right hand, benevolently fulfilling the wishes of the compassionate goddess Ekadasi Devi.

This is an adaptation of the story of Ekadasi Devi found in the Garga Samhita. While this story needs no re-telling, I have tried to parrot it here with love and devotion.

Any mistakes or discrepancies found in this story are all my own, and I pray for the forgiveness and blessings of all who read this story, and of course for the blessings of Ekadasi Devi herself that she may be pleased with me. Ekadasi may be observed by fasting from grains and beans and amplifying our spiritual activities on two prescribed days in a month.

Acyuta Gopi is a disciple of His Holiness Radhanath Swami. She serves at the ISKCON Brooklyn Temple as a Pujari, Sunday School Teacher, and Kirtaniya. She has recently published a book, Prema Mala. You can follow her on Facebook (Acyuta Gopi), Instagram (lowercase.gopi) and acyutagopi.me



Harmonious Discord

Marriage Matters

By Partha Das

A dramatic paradox of marriage is that the qualities that originally attract a couple, in time can become a source of irritation. Is this a hopeless flaw of the creation or an enigma beckoning our understanding?

Everything's Perfect, We're in Heaven!

Rama is attracted to Manjari, a carefree, extroverted, life of the party, who brings him out of his shell. Manjari, who also tended to be a bit disorganised, was attracted to the soothing atmosphere of the organised introvert, Rama.

Everything Will Be Perfect If You Change

This unfolds in Rama and Manjari's marriage as the honeymoon stage wears off. Previously unnoticed differences become progressively prominent. Qualities originally attractive now cause exasperation. Rama, the introvert, feels a need to stay home and read. He starts to resent being dragged out to social events. Manjari now feels stifled by his insistence on staying home and resentful of the constant complaints of the "mess" she leaves everywhere.

The marriage devolves as the waves of discord become stronger. Each feels devalued, unaccepted, and criticism reigns. If not checked, this type of behaviour could turn into a cacophony of resentment and contempt and could possibly trigger the tsunami of a divorce. Let's stop here, and edit the script.

We can rewrite the elements of discord to be a catalyst for deeper and a more meaningful connection. Couples often feel solace in discovering that it is normal to have growing pains in marriage and that it is possible to acquire skills to navigate the storms, learn what they can change, and become respectful of their differences.

In marriage there are forces that create harmony and forces that generate discord. In successful marriages there is the third element of synergy, which brings the disharmony back into synchronisation. This energy comprises

elements of humility, tolerance, and respect intertwined in loving devotional service.

We have the wonderful story in the *Srimad Bhagavatam*. When Arjuna apprehended Asvatthama, who had committed the horrendous murders of the sleeping sons of Draupadi, Bhima wanted the culprit to be severely punished whereas, Draupadi, their wife, wanted him spared. Bhima and Draupadi both gave valid evidence based on the sastra supporting their positions during the tense situation.

Finally Krishna told Arjuna that he has to find a solution in which Bhima, Draupadi, and Krishna Himself would be satisfied. Now that's something to remember in the heat of disagreement – for everyone to come away satisfied.

Arjuna took this cue and astutely severed the jewel from Asvatthama's hair, which was considered so insulting; it was even worse than death (SB 1.7.55).

Thus Bhima, Draupadi, and Krishna were satisfied. Dissonance was brought into harmony by keeping Krishna's desire that everyone be satisfied in the centre.

A big aspect of Krishna conscious behaviour is respecting everyone as part and parcel of Krishna. This respect builds trust. If our partner is not satisfied in a situation, we need to communicate, collaborate, and cooperate to find a win-win situation.

The most powerful element to harmonise discord is Krishna consciousness, which Srila Prabhupada described as the panacea for all material problems (SB 4.11.31). The simple realisation that Krishna will be satisfied if we jointly collaborate can greatly help to resolve our challenges.

Here is a scenario where Manjari and Rama discuss their challenge with humility, compassion, and respect.

Manjari sensing the increasing tension in their relationship decides to draw on some skills they learned in premarital mentorship. She approaches Rama.

Manjari: Can we sit



down and talk about connecting, I am worried we are getting a bit distant. I don't think Krishna would be satisfied with this.

Rama: For sure, I was hoping you would ask.

Manjari: I am guessing you're getting a bit burned out from me wanting to go out to every event and you would prefer to stay home.

Rama: Not exactly. I appreciate that you have helped me to become more social. It's just that sometimes I need a bit of quiet time.

Manjari: So you do like going out but at the same time you need to balance that with your quiet nature.

Rama: Exactly.

Manjari: What would work for you?

Rama: Well, I like to socialise for an hour or two but after that I start getting impatient and need a quiet space.

Manjari: And I get wrapped up in one conversation after another after you're ready to go home and you must feel trapped

Rama: You nailed it.

Manjari: How about you giving me a signal when you would like to leave. I really lose track of time when I am talking and I would actually like to get home earlier.

Rama: That would be great. And I am sensing that you are getting frustrated with me getting on your case about leaving things all over the house.

Manjari: I do feel a bit discouraged and judged when you complain. I am trying to become more organised. When you say things like I leave my stuff, "ALL over the house," I feel hurt.

Rama: I am sorry for using a generalisation like that, it was wrong because I can see that you are making an effort. In the future I will be more careful with my words and also try to be appreciative of the efforts you are making. Please forgive me. Is there anything else I could do?

Manjari: It would help if you would request rather than complain. What if we come home earlier from the social events and you help me clean up the house? Then we could sit down together and have some quiet time, reading together.

Rama: Super awesome idea! Deal?

Manjari: It's a deal.

Thus Rama and Manjari learn the enduring dance of communication. A much nicer ending than having the vehicle of their marriage perpetually stuck in the ruts of discord. Rama and Manjari's scenario was condensed for theatrics. Quite likely, due to their different natures it will require an ongoing communication dance to broker a working agreement. The key is to be patient and to keep trying while finding a solution where everyone is happy.

By being Krishna conscious with the qualities of compassion, humility, and respect, a couple can work to become more connected to each other and grow closer to Krishna.

Chocolate Chip Muffins

The Vaishnava Chef

By Chandrashekara Das

These moist and delicious muffins make a wonderful breakfast item or snack.

Ingredients

2 cups cake flour
2/3 cup castor sugar (can use half brown sugar for a caramel taste)
1 Tblsp baking powder
½ tsp salt
½ cup chocolate chips or carob chips
¼ cup sour milk
1 cup milk
1 ½ tsp vanilla essence (use alcohol-free vanilla extract for a more intense flavour)
½ cup sunflower oil

Method

Pre-heat oven to 180°C.

Combine the dry ingredients (flour, sugar, baking powder, salt, and chocolate chips / carob chips) well in a large mixing bowl. Whisk together the sour milk, vanilla and oil in a separate mixing bowl. Pour the wet ingredients into the dry ingredients and mix until just moistened. (The trick to soft muffins is to avoid over mixing the batter.) Pour mixture into a prepared muffin tin 2/3 full.

Bake for 20 minutes until golden brown.

Offer to Krishna with love and devotion and serve.

This recipe yields 12 muffins.

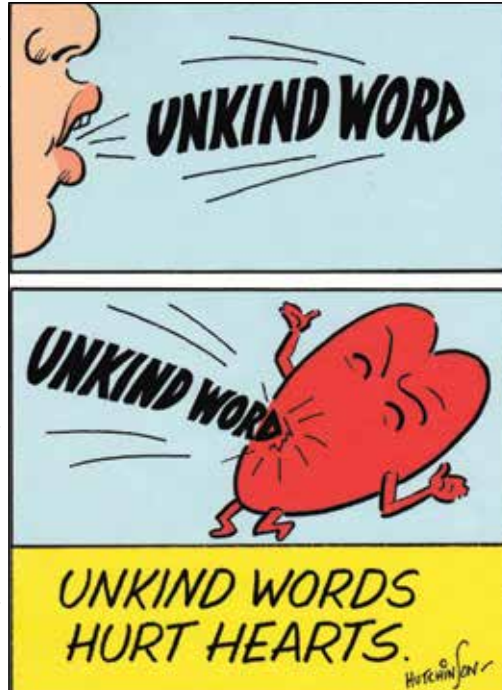


Weaponised Words

The Psychology of Unkind Words

By Ananta Gauranga Das

In the Mahabharat Arjuna took a vow to kill anyone who instructs him to put down his weapons. During the battle of Kurukshetra, Yudhishthira — being enraged by Arjuna — orders him to cast down his bow and discontinue fighting. In order to fulfil his vow, Arjuna prepares to kill his brother but Krishna saves the day by advising Arjuna to kill him metaphorically. For a warrior, dishonour is worse than death. As such, Arjuna stabbed his brother with the blade of his sharp tongue and rebuked him by calling him a coward and eunuch. In this way, Arjuna slayed his brother with the sharp arrows of abrasive words, which pierced Yudhishthira's ego rendering him temporarily incapacitated. The tongue is small but what colossal damage it is capable of. "If you have nothing nice to say, say nothing." But society has a horrid fascination with profanity and nasty utterances. Lets try to understand why this is so.



To spew forth abrasive words is to use language as a weapon. A sharp tongue triggers negative emotional responses. Bhaktivedanta Swami compares the body to a boat and the tongue to a rudder. As in a boat the rudder is a tiny part of the vessel yet has the crucial role of steering the boat. In the journey of life in order to reach an auspicious destination, it is crucial to control the rudder. Before we conquer the world, first conquer thyself. *The Upadeshamrita* explains: *vaco vegam* – there is the urge to speak. So control begins with the tongue, our speech. Bhaktivedanta Swami

writes, "Controlling speech, however, does not mean self-imposed silence." He means that we become silent to material sound vibrations or at least minimise it and rather use the tongue for spiritual utterances. So it's not that we don't engage the tongue, rather we engage it in spiritual connectivity. For example, we have the choice to read Bhagavad-gita or a Hollywood tabloid. We can criticise friends or foes or chant God's holy names. Spirituality is not to not use

material things rather spirituality is to not be used by material things. Thus when the tongue reverberates spiritual utterances it transforms our consciousness. Thus we become connected to God via the medium of the tongue.

The unfiltered utterances gushing from our mouth are a reflection of what is harboured in the heart. Bludgeoning an adversary with unkind words is like stabbing yourself in the tongue. Yes! It offers an emotional release of pent up frustrated psychological energy but the repercussions result in emotional bruising and psychological scarring. Better to build someone up on the foundation of inspirational encouragement than to tear them

asunder with disheartening diction. Krishna advises in *Bhagavad-gita* that controlled speech includes the following: 1. In speaking words that are truthful, pleasing, and beneficial; 2. Not agitating to others; and 3. In regularly reciting Vedic literature. Tread lightly with your words. Sticks and stones may fracture bones but words have the potential to break hearts, hopes, and dreams.

"Better to trip with your feet than your tongue" — Zeno of Citium.



On The Cover

Sketch by Thashalen Naidoo.

Thashalen describes himself as a 25 year-old aspiring devotee and is currently studying for the architectural board exams.

He enjoys sketching, reading, gardening, playing harmonium, singing and most especially, book distribution. He says, "My devotional career started with my admiration of the photorealistic artwork published by Bhaktivedanta Book Trust. My curiosity grew and with life's challenges pushed me to dive deeper into Srila Prabhupada's books, particularly the Nectar of Devotion, which answered most of my questions.

My inspiration for this sketch stems from one of the devotional practices described in the Nectar of Devotion that "...one should remember the Deity." I tend to remember anything I draw, so my prayer is that this sketch will assist me to recall the deity of Sri Caitanya Mahaprabhu at Sri Sri Radha Radhanath Temple. You can find Sri Chaitanya Mahaprabhu on the right hand side on the main altar. He is the golden avatar (incarnation) who came to spread love for Krishna through the chanting of the Hare Krishna *maha-mantra*.

I pray the readers are captivated more by this Deity's endless beauty. I wish to thank the Hare Krishna News team for the wonderful opportunity to offer this service."

Krishna, "...of bodies of water I am the ocean."

PLASTIC Waste Challenge

For the Kids

BY RASA-STHALI DAS

Do you know that most of our waste makes its way to the ocean? This is an experiential learning challenge is to help preserve our oceans. . You can invite your friends and family to join you to make a greater impact. It's simple BUT not easy.

The Challenge

1. Decide how long you will compete: 7 days, 14 days, 21 days, or if you want to introduce a new habit then, 28 days.

2. Collect your waste in a bag - chocolate & sweet wrappers, juice boxes, yoghurt containers, chips packets, and any plastic you would throw away. Organic waste such as fruit peels can be thrown away.

3. You will need to wash all the waste

to prevent smells and unwanted visitors.

The Objective

1. How much waste did I generate? Are you surprised by how much waste you collected? It is important to be aware of how much waste we create.

2. How can I dispose of the waste responsibly?

Research recycling options in your area.

3. Decide to make better choices: reduce, reuse, recycle, or up-cycle.

Share Your Experience

(WhatsApp Hotline 062 526 3606)

Send a photo of your completed waste challenge.

Share how this experiment has changed the way you deal with waste. What is your plan of action?



How long until it's gone?

Why nearly all plastic ever made still exists



450+ Years

Plastic Bottles



10-500 Years

Plastic Bags



30 Years

Takeaway coffee cups



50 Years

Polystyrene cups and boxes



200 Years

Plastic Straw



50 Years

Wax milk cartons



Here's a scary thought... we have never seen a plastic bottle or bag degrade. *It's never happened.* We only started making them 50 years ago!

Why so long?

Plastic is **made from oil** and it contains no naturally occurring materials. This means the micro-organisms that eat all our food and paper waste *can't digest plastic*.

Over a very long time, plastic does degrade. This is called **Photodegradation**, or the breaking apart of the molecules due to long exposure to the sun's UV light.

So even when we say a plastic straw will take 200 years to break down, *it will never go away*. It just breaks into smaller and smaller pieces.

EVENT Guide



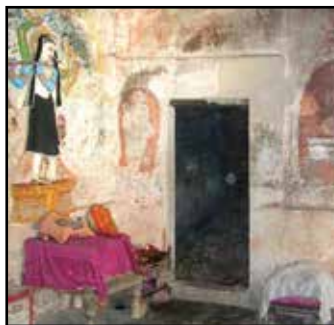
Disappearance of Sri
Ramananda Raya
23 May | Thursday



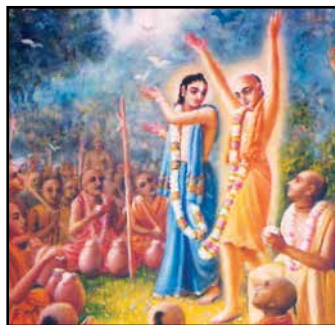
Appearance of Srila
Vrindavan Das Thakur
31 May | Friday



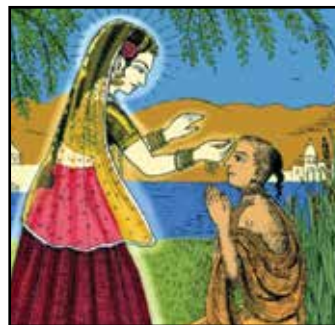
Ganga Puja &
Disappearance of Sri
Baladeva Vidyabhusana
12 June | Wednesday



Appearance of Srimate
Gangamata Gosvami
12 June | Wednesday



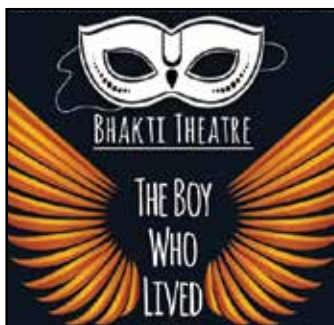
Panihati Cida Dahi Utsava
15 June | Saturday



Disappearance of
Sri Syamananda Prabhu
18 June | Tuesday



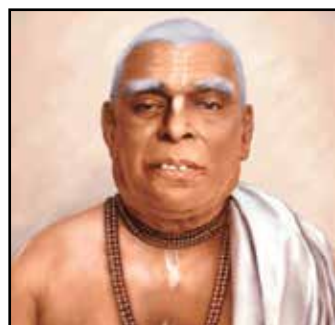
Disappearance of
Sri Srivasa Pandita
27 June | Thursday



Bhakti Theatre
29 June | Saturday | 5pm



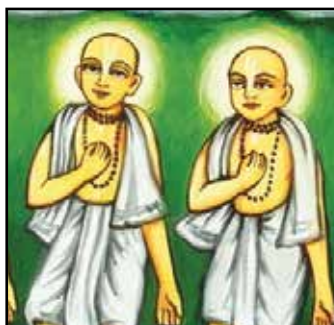
Disappearance of
Sri Gadadhara Pandita
2 July | Tuesday



Disappearance of Srila
Bhaktivinoda Thakura
2 July | Tuesday
Fast until midday



Disappearance of Sri
Svarupa Damodara
Gosvami
4 July | Thursday



Disappearance of Srila
Sanatana Gosvami
& Guru Purnima
16 July | Tuesday



16 July – 14 August
First month of
Chaturmasya begins
Fast from green leafy vegetables



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temple@iskcondurban.net

DurbanKrishna



Ekadasi
30 May | Thursday
Break Fast
31 May | Friday
06:42 - 10:09

Pandava Nirjala Ekadasi
13 June | Thursday
Break Fast
14 June | Friday
06:48 - 10:13

Ekadasi
28 June | Friday
Break Fast
29 June | Saturday
09:08 - 10:16

Ekadasi
12 July | Friday
Break Fast
13 July | Saturday
06:50 - 10:18

Fast from all grains, beans and legumes. | This fast awards spiritual benefits and detoxifies the body and mind.