



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

HARE KRISHNA NEWS

July/August 2021



Art by Ana Kishori Peres



Take My Hand
How Shall I Serve You?

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Write to the Hare Krishna News Editor, Rasa-sthali Dasi: rasasthali@iskcondurban.net
Layout & design by Rasa-sthali Dasi.

Vaishnava Calendar

4 Aug	We	Ekadasi
5 Aug	Th	Break fast 06:38 - 10:14
18 Aug	We	Ekadasi Radha Govinda Jhulana Yatra begins
19 Aug	Th	Break fast 06:25 - 10:08 Srila Rupa Gosvami's Disappearance
21 Aug	Sa	Last day of the first Chaturmasya month
22 Aug	Su	Lord Balarama's Appearance (Fast till noon) Jhulana Yatra ends Second month of Chaturmasya begins (yogurt fast for one month)
23 Aug	Mo	Srila Prabhupada's departure for the USA
30 Aug	Mo	Sri Krishna Janmashtami: Appearance of Lord Sri Krishna (Fast until midnight)
31 Aug	Tu	Nandotsava Sri Vyasa-puja of His Divine Grace A. C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada (Fast until noon)
2 Sep	Th	Ekadasi
3 Sep	Fr	Break fast after 10:26
11 Sep	Sa	Srimati Sita Thakurani's (Sri Advaita's consort) Appearance
14 Sep	Tu	Radhastami: Appearance of Srimati Radharani (Fast until noon)
17 Sep	Fr	Ekadasi Sri Vamana Dvadasi: Appearance of Lord Vamanadeva Srila Jiva Gosvami's Appearance (Fast until noon for Lord Vamana and Srila Bhaktivinoda Thakura)
18 Sep	Sa	Break fast 05:50 - 09:50 Srila Bhaktivinoda Thakura's Appearance (Fast on Fr, 17 Sep)
19 Sep	Su	Srila Haridasa Thakura's Disappearance
20 Sep	Mo	Bhadra Purnima Acceptance of sannyasa by Srila Prabhupada Third month of Caturmasya begins (milk fast for one month)
28 Sep	Tu	Srila Prabhupada's arrival in the USA
2 Oct	Sa	Ekadasi
3 Oct	Su	Break fast 05:31 - 09:40

Child Protection Office:
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076 719 6461
www.childprotectionoffice.org

Festival season

Utsava seva

Render personal service to the Sri Sri Radha Radhanath. You are invited to offer service on the upcoming festivals: Sri Balaram Purnima, Sri Krishna Janmastami, Sri Vyasa-puja of His Divine Grace A. C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada, and Sri Radhastami.



Contact Bhakti Devi: 082 494 7722 or
tck@iskcondurban.net



Maha Abhishek

Sri Krishna Janmastami
& Sri Radhastami



Contact Bhakti Katha: 061 464 5327 or psdgbhakti@gmail.com



On the Cover

"Take My Hand!"

By Ana Kishori Peres

My name is Ana Kishori and I'm 14 years old. I have been a devotee since birth, and ever since I can remember, I've always been focused on drawing Krishna, from my six-year-old drawing of Him with disproportional features to my still progressing art today. I have always been looking for inspiration and ideas to portray Krishna in the majestic and beautiful way that He is. My art is far from perfect and is still a work in progress, but I am so grateful to be able to draw Krishna from my heart. I have always been fascinated with art, and I love seeing the gorgeous art displayed on the covers of the Hare Krishna News. For this cover, I used a digital art app on my father's iPad using my finger. It was quite the mission to get it done, since it was my first attempt with digital art, but in the end it was definitely worth it. I read manga and watch anime, a Japanese style of animation, which inspired me in the art style for this drawing. I look up to different artists to try and find my art style, which I'm still trying to discover. In this drawing I was inspired to convey a message that Krishna is always there for you, in every situation, ready to take your hand whenever you need.

Soul Poetry

Take My Hand

By Nikunja Vilasini Dasi

Crimson and orange sunsets
The ocean's backdrop
Seagulls swoop to the waves
A spectacle of beauty, enticing
Waves crash and roar
in a vast treacherous ocean
Dangerous creatures lurk
Waiting, watching

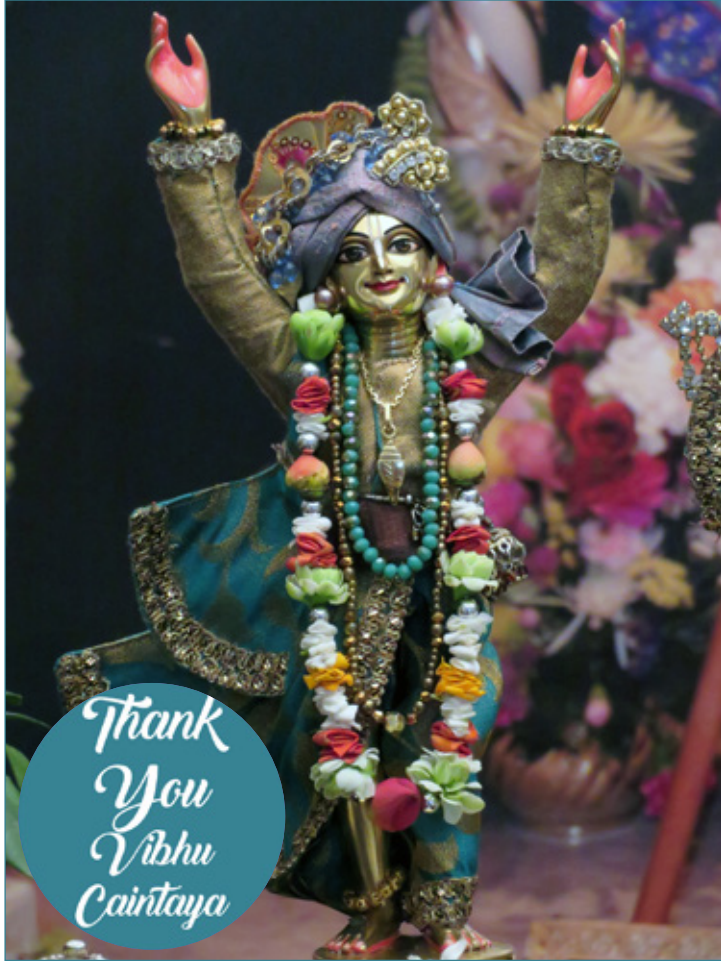
Pounded by the waves
We're drowning and gasping
We reach for air
But we are still choking
Callous and merciless
The current takes us
What hope is there
Death awaits us

"Take My hand!"
A voice reassures us
But there's only a voice
No hand to latch on
We look to one another,
thinking it's the other
But realize we're drowning together
Paddling toward disaster

We hear the voice again,
this time louder
We flounder and swallow water
"Take My hand; I'll take away your fear!"
It must be a dream
So we tread more water
We can do this on our own
But our doom gets closer

"Take My hand, and I'll show you the way!"
The voice now seems nearer
But we are gaining momentum
The tide cannot touch us
So we splash and kick harder
Yes! The shore draws closer
"Take My hand, and I'll carry you!"
The voice still taunts us

No, this ocean is nice after all
Look at the dolphins dancing among us
But then a monster wave attacks
Drowning our illusions with us
Where is that voice
That promised to save us?
We are desperate and useless
Surrender we must



The sun smiles from the clouds
Shining on our faces
We reach out frantically
Tormented and defeated
A strong hand hauls us
From the verge of death
But we see the ocean has shrunk
To the size of a cow's hoofprint

Still clasping the hand,
We step over the puddle unscathed
Our eyes erupt in tears of joy
Blurring the hand that holds us
The voice breathes over our shoulder
Its sweet laughter bathing our soul
"Take My hand, my dear friend,
And I'll take you back home!"

*samasrita ye pada-pallava-plavam
mahat-padam punya-yaso murareh
bhavambudhir vatsa-padam param padam
padam padam yad vipadam na tesam*

For those who have accepted the boat of the lotus feet of the Lord, who is the shelter of the cosmic manifestation and is famous as Murari, the enemy of the Mura demon, the ocean of the material world is like the water contained in a calf's hoof-print. Their goal is *param padam*, Vaikuntha, the place where there are no material miseries, not the place where there is danger at every step.
(Srimad Bhagavatam 10.14.58)



Dear Devotees,

Please accept my humble obeisances. All glories to Srila Prabhupada.

I will soon be relocating to serve in Gauteng in the capacity of Temple Co-President of ISKCON Sandton.

It has been an amazing journey for me, and I have learnt and grown spiritually so much since joining Sri Sri Radha Radhanath Temple community back in 2006.

It's been a fantastic spiritual ride for me. We have danced, laughed, shared each other's anxiety, and sometimes, even cried together. I thank you from the bottom of my heart for all your association, care, support, assistance, and friendship.

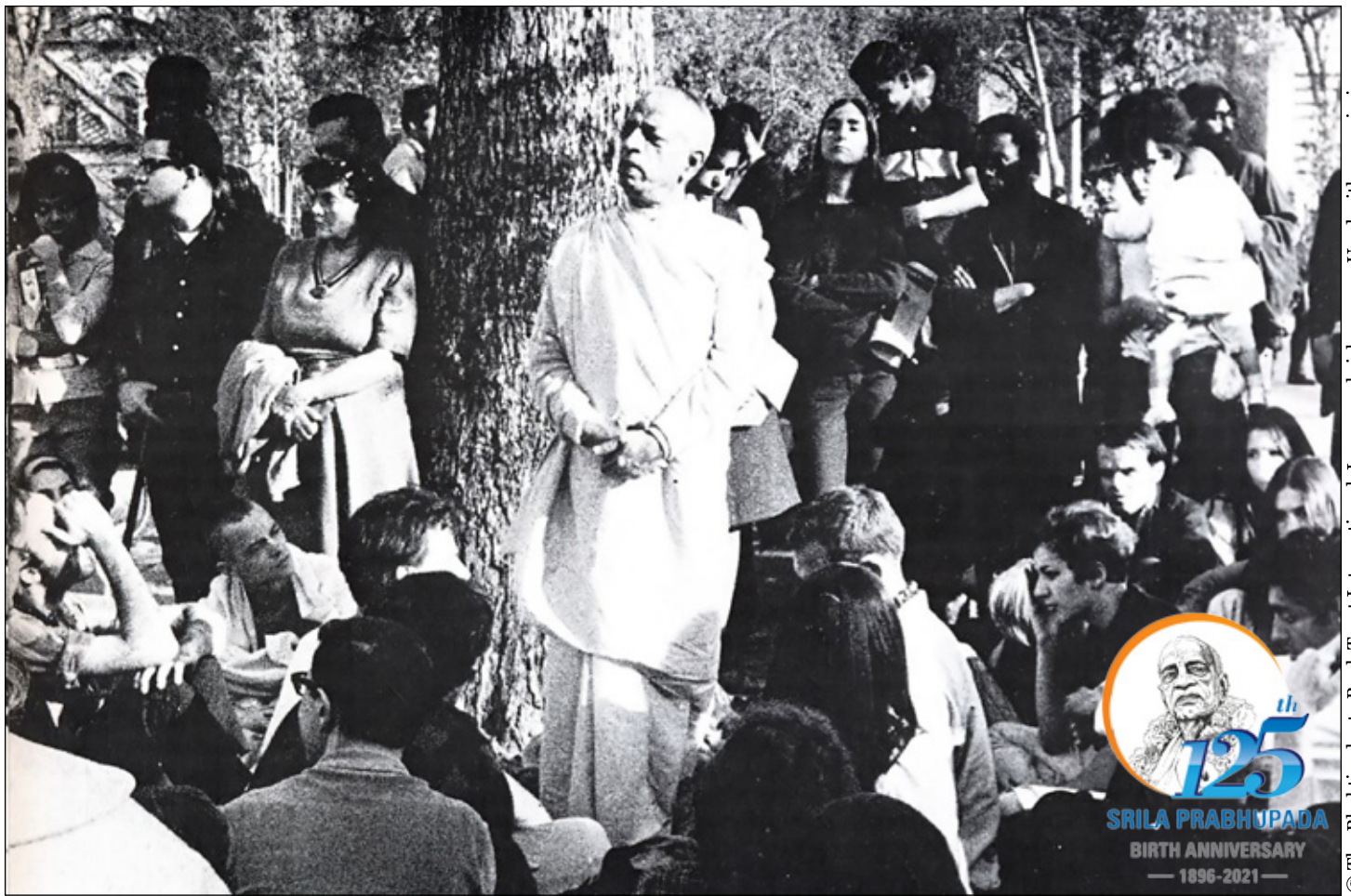
I pray that each of you continue with your personal practice of devotional service and your service to the Temple and ISKCON. My prayer is that with all your dedication and devotion here at The Sri Radha Radhanath Temple you will take our temple to the next frontier.

I will miss my team and every devotee in this community. Please bless me and my family in our way forward. I ask that you please forgive my shortcomings in my execution of my service to you all.

Sri Sri Radha Radhanath Temple will now be managed by the capable and experienced hands of His Grace Ramvijay Prabhu and His Grace Swarup Damodar Prabhu. Kindly give them the same dedication that you have always shown to me. We will always be connected through the process of devotional service — since you are serving at Sri Sri Radha Radhanath Temple and I will be serving at ISKCON Sandton and like this we will always be connected in devotion.

Please let me know if I can serve you in any way.

Trying to be your servant,
Vibhu Chaitanya Das



How Shall I Serve You? Living With Srila Prabhupada By Gaura Bhumi Devi Dasi

1965

The wind peaked with curiosity. The saltiness in the air and faint blaring of ships' horns and seagulls in the distance stirred a sense of building tension and finality. The Swami had reached a metaphorical fork on his path, and it was time to turn. His confident gait concealed the nervous quiver of excitement that tingled through his heart. 43 years, built up of steady droplets of faith, prayer and suffering, and a singular voice in his head, had led him to this point. "It cannot wait; it cannot wait," the voice had been repeating, almost to the point of frenzy. The Swami tightened his hold on his briefcase and trotted on as the steamship loomed ahead, each step playing back a memory which layered concrete bricks of faith on the pliable sand of his heart. As the Swami strode towards the ship, the winds of the past billowed onwards, creating a corridor of memories.

1922

Abhay sighed in weariness as he was led through the hustle and bustle of Calcutta traffic. Narendranath, his friend, held his arm in a vice-like grip and insisted he meet a holy man. Abhay was tired of holy men; many were becoming an slight on the saffron robe, not to say that genuine *sadhus* did not exist. But Narendranath insisted and dragged him along. Soon enough, Abhay met a bespectacled *sadhu*

whose effulgence shined a flicker of light onto the cobwebs in Abhay's consciousness. The *sadhu's* deep, quiet tone upturned the particles of Abhay's heart. "Krishna Consciousness is so important – so exclusively important – that *it cannot wait*."

1954

Business was down. Abhay's definition of purpose had changed many years ago, and his heart was not into money since meeting the *sadhu*. Years passed, yet his need to hear and help the *sadhu* grew; thought by thought, moment to moment. His pockets may have been sparse, but his determination was bountiful. He would reform the world, however long it took. He carefully took to scripture as a means to till the soil of his heart and plant seeds of inspiration. One evening Abhay searched high and low for his set of *Srimad Bhagavatam* books. His heart sunk as his wife revealed that she had traded his precious books for biscuits. A surge of resolution passed over his heart. He would never return home.

1959

Free from obligation, Abhay had no shortage of ideas for writing material. His pen flowed freely from the deepest roots of his soul. The thought of sharing his mission with others caused the seedlings in his heart to bloom and he revived his previous magazine publication – *Back to Godhead*. Abhay personally sourced paper, proofread, arranged for printing, and sold his magazine all over Delhi. He walked around the city, sitting at tea stalls and encouraging

all who stopped by to buy a copy. More often than not, he was met with indifference and anger, and his regular readers took copies out of obligation rather than interest. Despite the urgency of his message, he was never impatient or shrill in his deliverance. He patiently took time to till soil, plant seeds, and cultivate sprigs wherever he could, often neglecting his health. During the summer, Abhay ignored the limitations of his body. While out and about, he began to feel dizzy and weak. As he hurled towards unconsciousness, Abhay thought of how much work he still had left, despite the difficulty. "It cannot wait...it cannot wait."

1962

The moonlit sky did nothing to cool the humid stickiness of the day, yet the sun's departure allowed one to tread on the sand in peace. The evenings allowed for people to flock to Vrindavan's temples to gain respite from the heat and their suffering. Eyes closed in fervent supplication, their meditation would break with a mechanical clack-clack-clack. Visitors would peer into the corner room in the temple courtyard and be treated to a most peculiar site. A *sadhu* sat at a low table and clacked away on a typewriter, his eyebrows furrowed in concentration, spurred on by an invisible force. Many did not know what to make of this, a *sadhu* using a typewriter? A *sadhu* was meant to go inward and stop interacting with the mundane. What could this *sadhu* be doing? "This mission cannot wait for political change... it cannot wait," the voice whispered in the *sadhu's* ears. Each clack on the typewriter added a solidified weight to the *sadhu's* resolve. The *sadhu* had spent a lifetime hearing, imbibing, and meditating on the message of his guru. He now had something to say to the world.

1965

The Swami peered around the office in brimming patience. Telephones rang, papers shuffled, and people brisked about in focus. The Swami continued chanting on his prayer beads as he waited, and waited, and waited. This was his third day waiting for a meeting with Mrs Sumati Morarji – the head of the Scindia Shipping Company. He was ready to pluck the fruits from his heart, and he knew that the western world was famished. Mrs Morarji denied him a ticket, citing health, food, age, and unnecessary travel. The Swami would not budge on his request. "Swami, you will die if you go," she concluded. He made a final plea, pushing every ounce of faith he had gained these past 69 years into this one moment. "It cannot wait. *It cannot wait.* Please."

~ "Wanted – candidates from any nationality to qualify themselves as real Brahmins for preaching the teachings of Bhagwat Geeta for all practical purposes throughout the whole world...Apply: A.C. Bhaktivedanta, Founder and Secretary of the League of Devotees, Bharati Bhawan, P. O. Jhansi (U.P)" – Abhay Charan De

Prayer to Srila Prabhupada, Abhay Charanavindrada Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada By Karuna-Sakti Devi Dasi

I pray to Srila Prabhupada who is Abhay, fearless in preaching Krishna consciousness, to help me become fixed and fearless in my own path of Krishna Consciousness.

I pray to Srila Prabhupada who is Charanavindrada, always fixed at the lotus feet of Krishna, to help me find shelter and remain fixed at Krishna's lotus feet.

I pray to Srila Prabhupada who is Bhaktivedanta, the knower of and uncompromising preacher of the true essence of the Vedas, Krishna, to help me know Krishna.

I pray to Srila Prabhupada who is Swami, perfectly sense controlled, undisturbed by the six urges, to help me overcome the temptations of my mind and senses.

I pray to Srila Prabhupada, at whose feet many prabhus reside, to give me shelter from Maya at his lotus feet.

I pray to Srila Prabhupada who is saktyavesh avatar and Jagad Guru, to help me find shelter of and learn from the many devotees who have realised Krishna by his mercy.

I pray to Srila Prabhupada who built a house in which the whole world can live in, to help me to remain humble and grateful for the opportunity to live in his house.



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Spiritual Gardening By Byron Kyle

We look for permanence in impermanence without realising that everything always changes — our bodies, our minds, our emotions, and even our beliefs.

I recognise that people are rarely content with what they have or where they are and they perpetually take up endeavours surmising "this will bring me happiness, this will fill the void."

Sometimes we fail in our endeavours and sometimes we succeed. When we fail, we often grow bitter and despondent. When we succeed, the novelty eventually wears off and we are back at square one — turning away from ourselves, we try to live vicariously through others.

In a world rife with icons and self-made gurus, we latch onto those we admire and those who preach what we want to hear.

We are bombarded by impotent and fashionable platitudes, such as "live in the present" — as if it were possible to be anywhere else.

Having glimpsed or experienced a modicum of happiness, we grasp endlessly at it, trying to imitate

our heroes, those people whom we think have it "together," forgetting they too are fallible, they too are changing, and they too have their own story.

Have you ever stopped to ask: "What is this void I am trying to fill? Is it okay if it never is filled, and can I live with myself if it isn't?"

At the crossroads of life, when we have tried almost everything we finally begin to turn inward and arrive at spirituality, we arrive at yoga.

We begin to ask, "Who am I?"

Unbeknown to us, by asking this question our spiritual seed starts to germinate.

In the pursuit of spirituality you begin to meditate. You may try every method imaginable, but nothing seems to be working. Why?

We have forgotten that meditation is a consequence. Love of God is a consequence. Joy is a consequence.

We have planted only the seed but expect the fruit when there is not yet a tree.

When planting a tree, think of what it requires: light, soil, water, and manure. Similarly in spiritual life, we must think of sadhana (daily mindful practices) and seva (service for the spiritual upliftment of humanity).

What kind of fruit do you want? Mangoes? Bananas maybe? When beginning the process of spiritual development many are confused by the variety that is available. It is important to seek a strong spiritual background and spiritual teacher. Remember, not a single thing we have learned in our life we have learned by ourselves. What makes you think spiritual life will be any different?

Gift a set of Srimad Bhagavatam and secure your golden ticket back to Godhead.



**GO TO
GOLOKA**
SEPTEMBER 20

Contact
Priya Kishori
082 806 1646
priyakishori.bcais@
gmail.com
Radha Raman
076 587 9558
radharamandas.kks@
gmail.com



Jackfruit Barbecue Ribs

By Mark Thompson aka Sauce Stache

With the "Vraai" vegan braai craze, we decided to share a recipe to get your own vraai going in the comfort of your home! This recipe is from <https://www.livekindly.co/barbecue-vegan-ribs/>. Or watch the video: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GSvGn6Z3Ub4>

1 hour 30 minutes to prep | 55 minutes to cook

INGREDIENTS

RIBS

570grams young green jackfruit
1 cup vegetable stock
1 tablespoon soy sauce
1 cup cold water
1 cup vital wheat gluten
2 tablespoons pea protein powder
2 tablespoons nutritional yeast
2 teaspoons hing
1 tablespoon smoked paprika
1 teaspoon cumin
1 tablespoon tapioca starch
1 teaspoon oil
2-3 stalks lemongrass

DRY RUB

2 tablespoons brown sugar
2 teaspoons kosher salt
2 teaspoons black pepper
2 teaspoons hing
1 teaspoon dry mustard
½ teaspoon smoked paprika
½ teaspoon cumin
½ teaspoon cayenne pepper

PREPARATION

1. Drain and wash your jackfruit in a colander. Press the hard ends of the jackfruit and separate any seeds you find under the cold water.
2. Add your washed jackfruit along with vegetable stock, soy sauce to a small or medium sized saucepan and use cold water to cover the jackfruit. I used around a cup of water for my saucepan. Bring to a boil, then reduce heat and allow to simmer for 20 minutes.
3. Now in the bowl of a stand mixer or mixing bowl add gluten, protein powder, nutritional yeast, hing,

smoked paprika, and cumin. Mix the dry ingredients together.

4. Once the jackfruit is done simmering, drain the liquid from your jackfruit. I poured the jackfruit through a colander into a mason jar.

5. Add the jackfruit to your mixing bowl along with the gluten and seasonings and turn on slow mix to combine. I used a dough hook on my stand mixer.

6. Add ½ cup of your remaining broth from the jackfruit to the mixer while mixing. Allow to mix together, knead and combine for around 5 minutes. (if you don't have ½ cup of broth left you can add water, or more vegetable stock.)

7. Your mixture should now look very "meaty"! Add your tapioca starch and oil, I used chili oil to add some spice. Knead together on 2-3 speed for 5-10 more minutes. Your mixture should look slightly wet. If needed add more broth about a teaspoon at a time.

8. Remove from the bowl and knead together by hand until fully combined. Flatten mixture into a long rectangle about the width of your hand and 3x as long!

9. Remove outside of lemon grass and cut into 3 even sized pieces for your "bones." On your "rib meat" place your "bones" about 1-2 inches apart covering only half. Fold over your meat and press together. Wrap in parchment paper, and allow to rest refrigerated for at least 1 hour to overnight.

10. After your meat has rested mix together your dry rub seasonings and cover the entire outside of your ribs, rubbing into the "meat."

11. Prepare your grill. For a charcoal grill I recommend using real wood chunk charcoal along with a steam box. For a steam box I simply used a foil pan filled with water placed next to the hot coals. This will create moisture in the grill and help regulate the grill temp. I created a hot zone and a steam zone in the grill by placing the charcoal in only half of the grill.

12. Once your grill is ready and grates of been oiled, temp between 120°C and 150°C place your "rib meat" on the cool side above the water pan, cover and let grill for 45 minutes, flipping half way through. After 45 minutes flip your ribs to the hot side above the grill to sear for 1-2 minutes per side.

13. After you got your sear, while still on the sear side of the grill brush with your favorite BBQ sauce. I used a 50/50 mixture of sweet BBQ sauce and tomato sauce. Offer to Krishna with love and devotion. Slice between "rib bones" and serve!



Gauranga!

Call Out "Gauranga!"
For the Kids (For Everyone!)
Compiled by Rasa-sthali Dasi

This is a fun travel game developed by the Bhakti Yoga Society students during a Durban Festival of Chariots some years ago. This is a great way to remember Lord Gauranga and call out to Him.

Objective
Be the first to call out "Gauranga" when you spot a yellow vehicle.

Rules

You can be flexible here.
1. Vehicle major colour must be yellow, i.e. there could be other colours but the major colour must be yellow.
2. A gold coloured vehicle can be accepted, after all "Gauranga" means golden limbed one.
3. Vehicles can be on road or parked and must be spotted by at least one other player.

Winner

Person with the most Gaurangas, wins.



SRI SRI RADHA RADHANATH TEMPLE

+27 31 403 3328 | temple@iskcondurban.net | www.iskcondurban.net

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