

International Society for Krishna Consciousness  
Founder-Acarya His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada

**SRILA PRABHUPADA 125<sup>TH</sup> VYASA PUJA**  
**SPECIAL EDITION**

**OCEAN OF NECTAR**

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# OCEAN OF NECTAR

(E-MAGAZINE FOR EVERY EKADASI)

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SEPTEMBER 2021

## 1. DON'T EVER LEAVE ISKCON

Surrounded by devotees  
In Vrindavana  
You were preparing to depart.

You lay in your bed  
In silent meditation  
With Krishna playing in your heart.

The room was filled  
With the fragrant smoke  
Of frankincense.

And sandalwood pulp  
Your body was fragrant  
With some divine perfume.

From the spiritual sky.  
Devotees sang softly the holy name  
Accompanied only by a small kartal.

But the sound penetrated  
Even the stonelike hearts.

Satsvarupa Maharaja entered with Madhudvisa,  
Who left the movement with a girl.  
Your meditation broke, and you spoke  
Like a father concerned about his prodigal son,

“You got married, breaking your vows. So what?  
Still you can serve.”

Pointing at the householder devotees in the room  
You said, “Look at them.  
They are also married.  
So you also can come back and stay

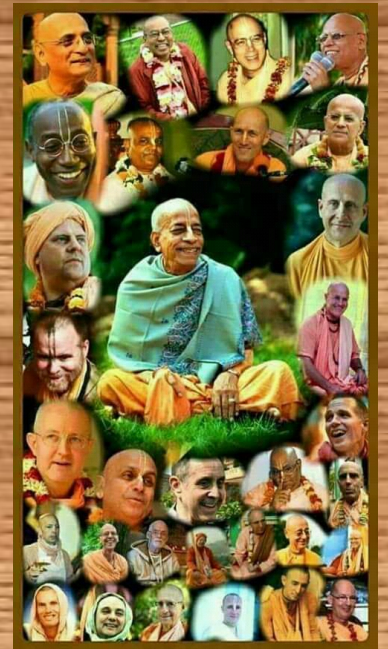
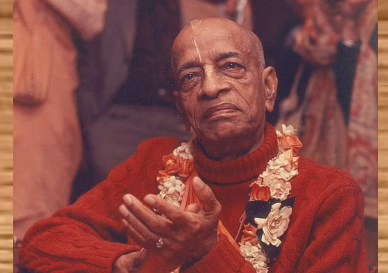
In the association of devotees.  
No matter whatever happens,  
Don't ever leave ISKCON.”

You repeated –  
“No matter what happens,  
Don't ever leave ISKCON.”

I visualize the material nature,  
An abysmal ocean,  
The bodies swept away

In its dangerous currents.  
No one can ever swim those waves,

**DON'T EVER  
LEAVE ISKCON**



What to speak of the deadly aquatics

Of Hare Krishna maha-mantra in its sail.  
The best captain, Srila Prabhupada,  
Is steering that ship.

Proudly bears the insignia "ISKCON"  
In the whorl of a golden lotus.  
Who will ever want to leave that shelter?

In the middle of the night  
The world is asleep.  
Only the sound of the holy name

In spite of your weak health.  
You did not eat anything for weeks.  
Waiting to serve you, I watch.

Not due to my love for you,  
But because someone had hurt my pride.  
I do not like to fight,

I walked over to your bed  
To massage your feet,  
Not out of my unalloyed love for you,

I do not appreciate your compassion  
For all and your suffering  
Due to our sins.

Breaking the silence, you say softly,  
"Just offer this life to Krishna."  
The veil of Maya is lifted,

That impatiently wait for their prey.  
On that ocean there is a ship  
Sailing smoothly with the strong wind

Devotees blissfully chant and dance.  
On the deck.  
A flag on the mast

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Glides through the air of Vrindavana  
From some distant place.  
You try to translate

You can't even lift the hand-set  
Of your Dictaphone.  
My heart was heavy.

But passionate encounters hurt me.  
I brood over some insignificant happenings.  
Exhausted you lay down.

But out of some dry sense of duty.  
My stonelike heart is heavy from the wound.  
Obsessed with my own feelings,

Mechanically I massage your feet.  
You can understand  
What goes on in our hearts.

And my heart breaks, and

Tears come streaming down my eyes.  
"I love you, I love you, Srila Prabhupada!" I cry.

"If you love me,"  
You replied,  
"then cooperate with them  
Who also love me."  
I resolve in my heart,  
"I will, I will, Srila Prabhupada."

*Bhakti Charu Swami*

**2.**

## **SRILA PRABHUPADA APPRECIATION**



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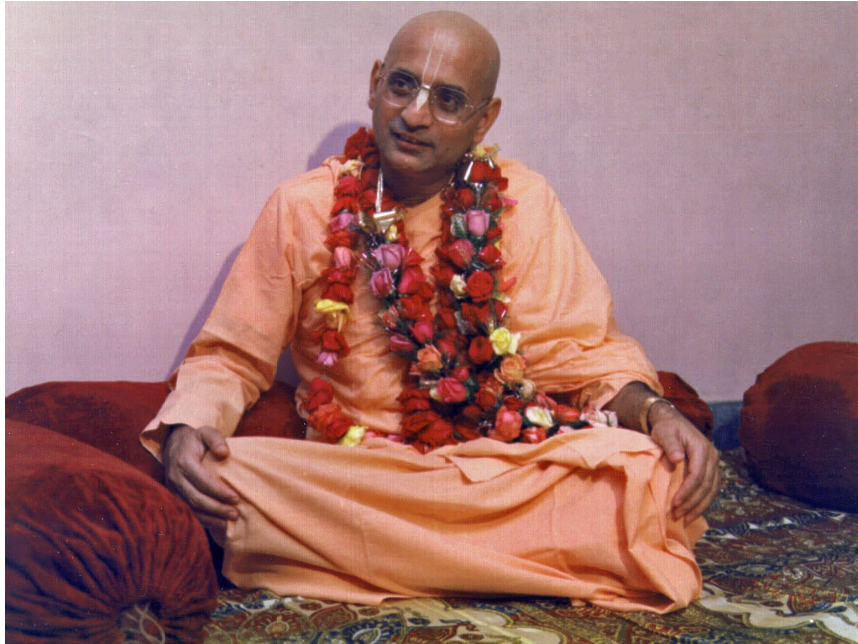
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3.

### GURU MAHARAJA'S INSTRUCTIONS



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(The content of this E-magazine was based on a Vyasa Puja Offering by HH Bhakti Charu Swami Maharaja to Srila Prabhupada in 1988 entitled "Don't ever leave ISKCON.")

*(Compilation & editing by Hemavati Radhika dasi)*