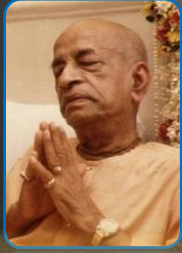


Freedom Newsletter



Dedicated to His *Divine* Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada
Founder Acarya of the International Society for Kṛṣṇa Consciousness

ISKCON Prison Ministry / **JANUARY 2021**

PO Box 2676
Alachua, FL 32615

THE CHANCE TO END SUFFERING

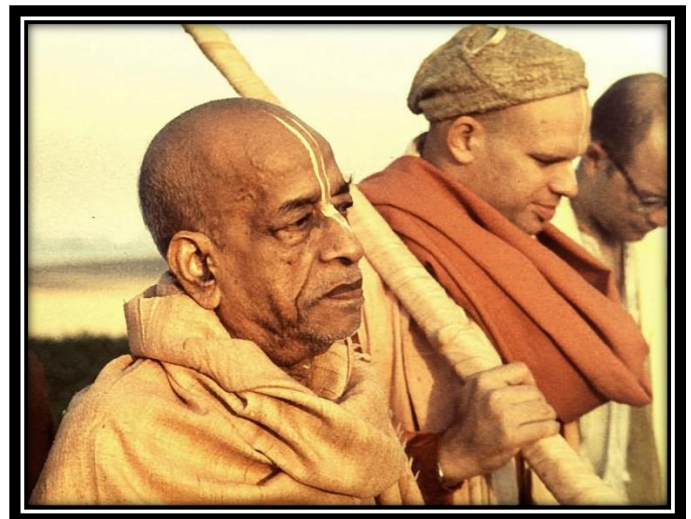
This exchange between His Divine Grace A. C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada and some of his disciples took place in April 1975 during an early-morning walk in Mayapur, India.

Disciple: Srila Prabhupada, sometimes people argue that if there is no God, it doesn't matter what I do, and if there is a God, then He is controlling everything and it still doesn't matter what I do, because everything is predetermined anyway. In either case, I am free to do anything I like.

Srila Prabhupada: Yes, but why do you suffer?

Disciple: Well, it's all God's plan. I suffer according to God's plan.

Srila Prabhupada: No. It is not God's plan that you suffer; you suffer because you violate God's laws. He is controlling everything, but He has given you minute independence: You can either follow His laws or violate them. But you are so foolish that you do not understand you are suffering. Your position is like that of the cats and dogs, who also cannot understand that they are suffering.



Our point is that you are suffering because you have violated God's laws, and if you become obedient to God you will not suffer. But you are such a fool, such a rascal, that you do not even know that you are suffering.

Disciple: But the devotees also seem to be suffering.

Srila Prabhupada: Yes, but they are not suffering like the non-devotees. Material life, which is the cause of suffering, is like a disease, and devotees are giving up this diseased condition of life for Krishna consciousness. If you are suffering from some disease, you cannot expect to be cured immediately. But one who is taking the medicine is very intelligent. His sufferings will soon be gone. But these non-devotee rascals will not even take the medicine—Krishna consciousness—so they will continue to suffer.

And for the most part, devotees enjoy. Why are you always chanting Hare Krishna and dancing unless you are enjoying?

Disciple: Sometimes I get a sick stomach, too.

Srila Prabhupada: That's because you have a material body. But your suffering is just like the movement of a fan that has been switched off. The fan is still moving, but

the switch is off; so it will soon stop. Similarly, your suffering will soon stop, because you are acting on the spiritual platform. And after giving up this body, you will have a completely blissful life. As Krishna says in the *Bhagavad-gita* [4.9], *tyaktva deham punar janma naiti*:

"After giving up the body, a devotee doesn't take birth again in the material world." You are not going to get another material body, full of suffering. That is your advantage.

But these non-devotee rascals are going to continue getting body after body, all full of suffering. They will have to accept one body and suffer, and then again they'll have to give up that body and take another body and suffer. As long as one accepts a material body he will have to suffer, because having a material body means suffering. So those who are not Krishna conscious will change bodies one after another and continue to suffer the threefold miseries [those caused by the body and mind, those caused by other living beings, and those caused by natural calamities].

But devotees, even if they appear to be undergoing some suffering, will eventually give up the material body and remain in their spiritual body, free from all suffering.

Disciple: [taking the position of a materialist] That is simply your faith.

Srila Prabhupada: And it is your faith that you do not believe it. We are accepting the words of the *Bhagavad-gita* on faith, so we have a chance of getting promoted to the spiritual world. But you have no faith, so you are sure to continue suffering in the material world. We are at least willing to take the chance, but you are so foolish that you are not willing to take the chance. So your suffering is sure to continue.

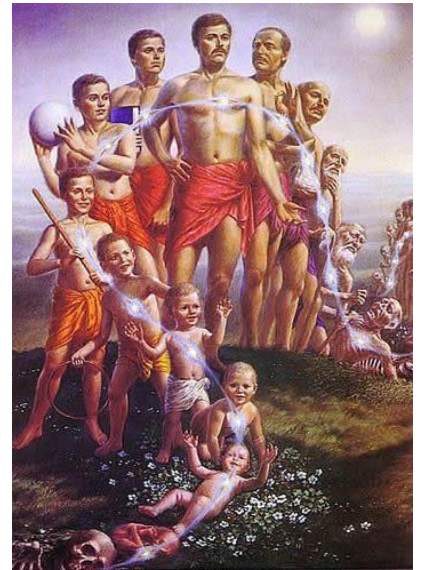
Disciple: Indians often say, "Well, I will take the chance when Krishna wishes. His will is supreme, so whenever He wishes He will make me Krishna conscious."

Srila Prabhupada: In the *Bhagavad-gita* [18.66], Krishna says, *sarva-dharman parityajya mam ekam sharanam vraja*: "Give up all your nonsense and surrender unto Me. Become Krishna conscious." So, Krishna wishes that you surrender to Him. Why don't you obey His wish?

Disciple: Why does Krishna arrange for the pleasures of sense gratification if they only bring us suffering?

Srila Prabhupada: Again, the same answer: Krishna has given us minute independence—we can use our senses for either sense gratification or for serving Him, which is the real pleasure of the senses. The senses are meant for enjoyment, but if you try to enjoy your senses in a diseased way—by gratifying them—that is your misfortune, and you will have to suffer. You have to cure your disease by becoming Krishna conscious. Then you will enjoy unlimitedly.

We are not like the Mayavadis [impersonalists], who want to destroy the senses and become senseless. That is not our program. We want to purify the senses (*sarvopadhi-vinirmuktam tat-paratvena nirmalam*). Suppose a man



cannot see because he has glaucoma. The Mayavada program is that if your eye is giving you trouble and you cannot see, pluck it out. That is not our program. We want to cure the disease so you can see very nicely. So, our senses should be cured of the material disease by our

practicing Krishna consciousness. Then we will be able to enjoy real sense pleasure by using our senses in the service of Hrishikeshā [Krishna], the master of the senses.



HOW I CAME TO KRṢṂA CONSCIOUSNESS

EXPERIENCE KRISHNA CONSCIOUSNESS

By **Tim Homrighausen** —Inmate in Coleman, Florida (now released)

It is sometime during the summer of 1968. Mom, Dad, an older brother and sister are returning to the U.S. from a trip to Germany where they, along with many Gospel Evangelists attended the World Congress on Evangelism.

On the way to the airport, through the window, I saw a van moving, in which a baldhead man—with some sort of paint drawn on his face—sat. He appeared to be wrapped in some sort of orange sheet. Our eyes met and held for maybe five or six seconds, although it seemed like several minutes. I was nine years old.

After arriving at the airport, I noticed, across the large parking lot, a van from which several people, with pony tails on the back of their otherwise bald heads, were getting out. They were wrapped in orange sheets that flowed like long robes with tube-shaped objects hanging around their necks. Even then, I had a feeling of kinda knowing them; a sense of familiarity.

By the time we reached the building, these people had disappeared somewhere inside the terminal. And just as we were entering the walkway, my ears picked up the sound of music or drums, off in the distance.

As I looked through the window on the other side, I saw, off in the distance, a crowd of orange robes that were moving around appearing to be dancing. My ears tuned in on the drums and again made a connection with the people from the van. Again, there was a feeling, a comfortable feeling, like I knew these people somehow. As we were walking toward the baggage claim, we were getting closer to the drums. For just a moment or two, I seemed to forget about seeing my folks.

Somehow, as best I can describe, a feeling of pride came to me; it felt as though I knew the drummers and was somehow connected with the whole group of baldhead, ponytail, orange sheet, face make-up people.

II

While in Miami, Florida, weekly trips were made into Coconut Grove to get my sister to and from private Oboe lessons. I was a pre-teen. The highlight of those rides was always being able to go by Bongo Park (Peacock Park) and notice the hippies having a good time in the park.



A few minutes later we noticed my family welcoming us back and we waved excitedly then walked to meet up just outside of the baggage claim.



On one such passing, my entire being was once again touched and stirred as I recognized the orange robes, drums, singing and dancing. The car window was rolled down and I could hear the drums and recognized the beat. The feeling of connection I felt was so very warm and fuzzy that it could almost be compared to hugs from my Grams or aunt. Even similar to the remembered

feeling of hopping into my father's lap as a very young child. Different, but somehow the same. So I began to look forward to the twenty minute drive to Coconut Grove and back.

Many times, it was just the hippies and even then, I imagined hearing the drums, cymbals and singing in a very mystical kind of way; I didn't feel so much a curiosity as a sense of attraction and familiarity. It's not very easy to describe, but those that know how it is, know how it is.

III

Although I feel as though there could be no higher degree of intimacy as the first moments of eye contact with a devotee through the windows of moving vehicles in NYC traffic, it wasn't until the Holiday Season of 1973—as young teenager—that I actually spoke with one. It was on Jackson Square in the middle of the French Quarter in New Orleans, Louisiana, as, it was but a few miles bike ride from my neighborhood.

One day, right on Jackson Square, there they were: a whole group. Robes, ponytails, painted faces, drums, cymbals, and all! I heard the drums heard from blocks away and so, needless to say, I pedaled faster to get there. I

locked my bike in haste and the very next thing I knew, I was right next to the dancing, singing group. My feet began



to move as the sensation I felt went beyond curiosity, beyond attraction and the experience became one of belonging and participating. (As I have come to learn, each and every experience is unique unto itself, yet it is more intimate, deeper and intense each and every time... or so it was with me... still today.)

So, there we were and, as the group was constantly moving, spinning and swirling, within a few months, I found myself just a few feet from one of the drummers and surrounded by orange robes.

Once again, a brief moment of eye contact with a devotee, the drummer, and he gave me a most kind, compassionate, understanding nod, the same kind that came from my grade school science teacher as I correctly recited the periodic table. Or maybe even the nod from my father when I stood to offer my seat to another. Still, not easy to describe, but very deep and intimate... a nod? Deep and intimate? Yes! Very much so.

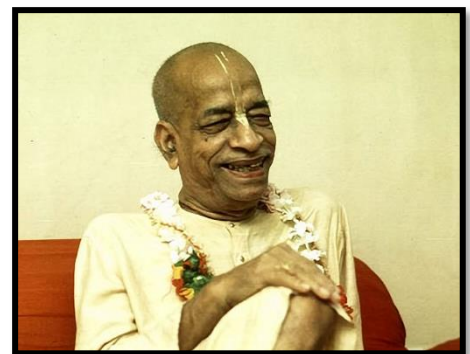


As the rhythm picked up and the robes were flowing and swirling higher and faster, my way was made back toward the edge of the group. The group was moving quickly and as I got a little further away, an orange robe was beside me. He said "You believe in God don't you?" My answer was "Well, yeah. My dad is a Pastor of a Church here. He is also Chairman of the Board for the Federation of Churches and was the Bishop of the Church in several states as President of the Southern District of the Lutheran Church." The devotee said that their Guru probably knows of my dad. He added that they would be going soon and asked if I would go with them to where the Guru was. I had a strong feeling of mystique and curiosity... a Guru?! And he knew about my dad? I was soooo OK with going with them.

The robes spread out for more than half a block keeping a very brisk pace along the sidewalk toward the edge of the French Quarter. A van pulled up and several devotees got in and sped off. The rest of us turned left onto Esplanade Avenue and continued until we arrived at a big, old mansion.

I went to the backyard area, drank cups of cold fruit juice and was then invited inside and led to where an older man was sitting on stacks of colorful cushions. There were several orange robes around and there was someone massaging his shoulder when he asked me to approach him. I positioned myself a few feet in front of him as others

were kneeling and bowing around me. The feeling of mystique was incredible, yet not as much as the warm, fuzzy calm that overcame me



as I looked into the eyes of this older man, past his robes, colors, and painted stripes on his forehead and nose. When he spoke, it was only his voice that I could hear as he asked about my dad.

When I started answering he interrupted me, "I know that. Tell me about your relationship with him." I said "Well, I'm one of his sons and..." He stopped me again and said, "This too I realize. Tell me how you are together with him." I thought for a second, not sure what to say, then I let him know "Well, I massage him sometimes too" (he was being massaged as we spoke.) He said "Oh, show me how." And with that, he excused his masseur and

motioned for me to rub his shoulder. As I was doing so, he asked how I learned. I let him know that my dad would rub my neck, scalp or shoulder and ask “Can you do it like this?” So I did it how it was done to me. With that, he motioned for his devotee to rub my shoulders while I was rubbing his. I felt it and did the same to him. I felt like I was in the living room, and when I noticed the others there, their faces were in question and awe. He said to all “Now this is succession.” Everyone chuckled.

I learned later that he, the Guru—Srila Prabhupada—was the man from India that brought Kṛṣṇa movement to the U.S.

I cannot recall or speak of this without the hairs on my arms and neck standing up, with goosebumps, as it is happening now [as I am writing this]. I get misty-eyed as I recall when, later on, I massaged my dad again and he asked, “Where did you learn that? Keep it up. You have a real talent there.” Then my dad asked me about “things” and “How’s it going” and “What have you been doing lately?” You see, he knew simply by my touch that I recently had a significant experience.

I told him about meeting my Guru and, as best as I recall, he did know of him and might have even spoken with him somewhere, somehow and probably from the position of Church leader, or perhaps a scholar. It is too late for me to ask my dad, as he left the planet (as he used to say) in June of 2017, at the age of ninety-three. My dad understood and accepted very well that the human body is but a temporary vessel or garment for the eternal that abides within. He passed that knowledge to me from a very young age.

IV

For many years to come, devotees appeared many times, on many different occasions, in many different places. Even on Bourbon Street in New Orleans—at the height of all the madness and revelry—the drums and cymbals sounded as a group sang and danced right down the middle of the crowded street.

Or, passing through any airport in any city, the robes, drums and cymbals were there.

As a young Marine, in the late ‘70s, passing through California on to the Far East, only a couple of times was I disappointed to not, at least, hear the drums.

They were in La Jolla, California, Malibu Beach, Long Beach, the train stations. And even when I experienced Disney Land; it was the devotees I saw before getting through the gates to Mickey and Space Mountain.

I was reminded of my childhood and I started to notice the general public. How obvious it is that the movement was continuing to grow at an incredibly rapid rate. Even the general public now had a sense of



familiarity with the devotees. Although much was the same, something had changed though. It seemed that the joy and bliss that emanated from and surrounded the devotees was now an energy of hard work and perseverance, as weary skepticism swept through the general public.

While on Okinawa, Japan, in 1977, word was passed that the Guru I had met left his body. It was then that I learned who he was as I listened to the news broadcast.

V

Some years passed and I was back in New Orleans. One day I heard the drums and followed to find them gathered on the Mississippi River front, in the French Quarter.

For the first time, I was moved to tears by the song and dance of the Kṛṣṇa mantra. Finally, after so long, I again experienced the warm, loving joy and bliss emanating from the group of devotees.

VI

As time passed, I maintained a warm affinity toward the devotees, yet remained on the fringes. From time to time, sticks on incense were offered to me by devotees the times I got close enough to the drums.

In 1993, on the campus of Florida State University, in Tallahassee, I met and spoke with a devotee. He was inviting people to gather at the House/Temple and I went.

We spent some time that evening, just the two of us. He read from the Bhagavad-gita and sang as he played the harmonium. We sang **Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Hare Hare Hare Rama Hare Rama Rama Rama Hare Hare**. (The first time I had sung was with George Harrison during his song “My Sweet Lord” on the radio.)

Our paths continued to cross as I was on campus for a weekly event. Sometimes there would be a drum circle and the devotee would join as did I, for an hour or so. It was neat hanging out with a devotee at a social event.

When summer was turning into fall I was dropped off in Gainesville, Florida by the chickie-babe that I had been traveling with all summer. It was my first time being around a community of devotees that were not in

robes and singing and dancing. They were people during everyday life.

I did not know right away that there were Kṛṣṇa devotees living where I was. What I did know, very quickly, was that it was a spiritual place and community.

I was met there with understanding, compassion, care, concern, love and wisdom. This was obvious to me in the way these people lived and communicated with, not only each other, but anyone, including me. It did not take long to learn that the main diets were vegetarian or vegan. The property/community attracted many people from all directions.

There was a devotee there that I would visit and he would play his drum and we would sing and dance. He also read to me from the Bhagavad-gita.

I became one of four people that helped with the maintenance and upkeep of the property and houses. We became friends and shared a lot of love and good times.

The local Temple catered and hosted a big lunch on the UF campus. There were many orange robes around and through the Quad, leading, teaching, participating and sharing. We would eat, sing, dance, chant and listen as a devotee read aloud.



Book Distribution Stories!

I ONLY READ BOOKS WRITTEN BY PRABHUPADA

By Gurushakti Dasi —London, UK

The penultimate day of the book marathon ended on a fabulously high note. I stopped Karl on the street and handed him a Bhagavad-Gita. I explained that it is a book of ancient wisdom that provides a comprehensive understanding of life's true meaning and purpose. Karl replied by saying that he did not want to read any book about the purpose of life other than a book written by Prabhupada. His pronunciation wasn't wholly accurate, yet I immediately understood his reference, and I was quite simply stunned. I turned the Bhagavad-Gita over and showed him the picture of Srila Prabhupada. His eyes lit up, and his expression said it all: He was astonished.



ABOVE: Karl

VII

I departed Gainesville and went all the way down highway 1 to Key West. It is there that I have been for the past twenty-some years.

When back home for a couple of weeks at a time, I enjoy visiting Gainesville. It is there that I met a devotee from Alachua. I was invited to Alachua for an event in a house there. At least a hundred devotees jammed into the house for sankirtan, a lecture, and prasadam.

Today, I write from Federal Prison. There is a devotee here that carries Kṛṣṇa Consciousness with him. I now have literature and fellowship in practice. There is a Swami and another devotee that come from Alachua to visit. I consider myself in *Gurukula* [devotee school] during their monthly visits. I was asked to write and share my experience with Kṛṣṇa consciousness.

What I can say now, in closing, is that Kṛṣṇa consciousness is a verb. It is *action*. It is more than a lifestyle. It is a *way of life*. While I eat, sleep, dress, walk, talk, think, meditate and just be... me as I am... open and teachable in all that I am and all that I do. Especially in how I interact with and treat others.

Haribol [which means "Chant Hari's name"]. 🌸

He excitedly told me that he had been released from prison four and a half weeks ago. Whilst he was in prison, he read *Chant & Be Happy*, and he also began chanting the Hare Krishna maha-mantra. He said that the first time he chanted the mantra he felt “a strong sensation on the inside of his stomach, a surreal feeling which was inexplicable.” He later realized that it had completely cleared away a drug addiction he had battled with. Now he knew that he was never going to revert to drugs again. He chanted for several months in prison and recommended to many of his fellow inmates that they read the book about chanting, because the maha-mantra gave him an indescribable feeling he had never experienced before. He even called his mother from prison and told her he was “Krishna consciousness” although he didn’t quite understand the meaning.

He admitted he had stopped chanting in the last three months, as the weight of his problems had gotten the better of him, especially now that he has to restart his life, which is a "mess.”

I told him the importance of staying fixed in faith and emphasized that the Bhagavad-Gita will teach him to be a warrior, not a worrier. It will release him from the prison of his mind.

Along with the Bhagavad-Bhagavad-gita, I gave him a new, personal copy of *Chant and Be Happy*. I explained that Srila Prabhupada’s books will mold his character into one of excellence, and consequently the weight of his problems will seem minor and insignificant. I confirmed that our character determines how high God elevates us and that he shows special favor to those who chant His holy names.

Karl was truly elated and left me his contact details. This was the second encounter I had with an ex-prisoner today. In the morning I had met another guy who had read the Bhagavad-Gita in prison and, as a result, took a book from me today.

I feel so overjoyed by these encounters, which illustrate the potency of Srila Prabhupada’s books. They are life transforming and leave an everlasting impression. 🌸

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हेरे राम हेरे राम राम राम हेरे हेरे ॥

WORLD NEWS

FOOD FOR LIFE HUNGARY’S “CHRISTMAS LOVE FEAST” FEEDS THOUSANDS THIS HOLIDAY SEASON

By: Madhava Smullen on Dec. 24, 2020—ISKCON NEWS

During an especially challenging holiday season, the *Food For Life Foundation* in Hungary is bringing some care and support with its Christmas Love Feast prasadam distribution effort, from December 8th to 27th.

In previous years, Food For Life would hold a massive event in the capital city of Budapest, giving out thousands of meals over three days. However this year, amidst the COVID-19 pandemic, volunteers

are instead distributing food at over twenty different outdoor locations to smaller numbers of people at each one, facilitating social distancing and keeping everyone safe.



The twenty full-time Food For Life devotee staff and several daily volunteers also wear masks and gloves while serving out prasadam.

LEFT: Gandharvika Prema Dasi distributes bread in the village of Ivad, Hungary

Locations include five different spots in Budapest, as well as many small villages throughout the countryside, all organized in cooperation with the local government social services.

“We plan to distribute 6,500 food packages and portions of prasadam this Christmas,” says ISKCON Hungary Spokesperson Gandharvika Prema Dasi.

Food For Life serves out hot food including vegetarian versions of traditional Hungarian dishes often prepared for Christmas, such as goulash made from beans, peppers, paprika and soy; and Székelykáposzta, a pickled cabbage dish with rice.

As well as the hot prasadam, which is served into containers for recipients to take home, Food For Life volunteers hand out packages of canned goods, flour, sugar, oil, fruits and vegetables, and snacks and treats for the children.



ABOVE: The Food For Life team with local social workers and the local mayor in the village of Ivád

Those most in need receive the food, such as large families, single parent families, those who cannot work due to being affected by illness, and pensioners in their late seventies or eighties who live alone and struggle to pay their rent and utilities from their pension. Food For Life also delivers containers of prasadam and pre-packaged goods to twelve different shelters and

healthcare centers for the homeless, feeding 600 people every day.

Each container carries a sticker wishing recipients a Merry Christmas along with a holiday message expressing sentiments such as, “You are loved, and we will take care of you.”

“Although we are giving them common dishes that they would eat on Christmas and in their everyday life, people can feel that it is something different,” Gandharvika Prema says. “They are addicted to our food.”

After one visit to a small village, the Mayor called Food For Life volunteers, saying, “The locals are asking when you’re coming back – they remember your food, and want to taste it again.”

“During the pandemic, many have told us that they pray for us to stay healthy, because if we were not there for them, they don’t know how they could survive,” says Gandharvika Prema.

“Christmas spirit” is often defined as a mood of giving, hope, good cheer, love, understanding, and goodwill; and Food For Life certainly seem to be embodying that spirit this holiday season.



ABOVE: Serving prasadam from the Food For Life van in Nepliget, Budapest

Excerpts from inmates’ letters

I have received your recent letters and I am sincerely thankful again for you taking time to write to me. I am currently reading *Sri Isopanisad* and studying the Gita with my new cell mate. I am teaching him about Krishna Consciousness at the moment and he is very

receptive of the information, and wants to become Krishna Conscious. I am excited because he is one of the few people that are actually interested in the knowledge and we study every night. He would like to know if you can send him a Gita as well if possible,

and I am sure he will take it serious as he shows me already. I received the beads and they just got approved and they will be put to good use for chanting. I constantly study the transcendental knowledge and every time I read it, it speaks directly to my soul. I will definitely be going to a temple when I get out, that is on the top of my agenda.

If it weren't for me writing to you I would have very little knowledge on the subject of Krishna; divine order brought everything together so perfectly. So I want to thank you and Krishna for this opportunity to become more conscious and I will make it known and spread the knowledge to all those who have ears to hear.

Mantra meditation is a beautiful method of Self-Realization and to keep concentrated on God. Thank you for all your help and I will make sure this knowledge gets spread everywhere. Hare Krishna

Vincente R. —Lake City, Florida

To me, Christianity is like trying to utilize the Cliff notes of a book to write the finer points of an author's work, never mind that Christianity was certainly taught to materialists who struggled with some of God's most basic requests. Anyways, I just have a different outlook and bhakti—Sanātana Dharma—just resonates with me and feel like a homecoming. It just clicked and made sense to me as completely as though all the other teachings of other religious paths locked. I suppose in my own way I want others to have a similar experience but I don't want to push it upon others as I have seen too much of how that can hurt someone's progress.

I am so saddened to see souls identifying as this or that and fighting over the difference in the details instead of what they have in common and especially that we are all *jivas* created by Kṛṣṇa – related as brothers and sisters with one father.

I finished the *Srimad-Bhāgavatam* you kindly donated to our chapel library. I plan on starting the *Caitanya-caritamṛta*. I absolutely loved the *Srimad-Bhāgavatam* although at first it was tough going for me but now I want to re-read it someday and eventually I would like to read some of the stories more in depth as well – ambitious perhaps but, hey, I am an overachiever ☺. The *Srimad-Bhāgavatam* certainly



delivers on its promise to not only teach how to live but also, as I continue to read I fall more and more in love with Kṛṣṇa and I found myself longing for more of the stories—not just of the tenth canto—but of the demons, the demigods, the devotees and the lessons on a broad range of topics that their interactions provided. I am really enjoying the Kṛṣṇa book too.

The *Srimad-Bhāgavatam* builds upon the Bhagavad-gita and supports Kṛṣṇa's technique in such a way that I came away from what I have read so far, not only satiated, but loving it all and craving more time/moments in such thoughts. Thank you again for such a generous donation!

You have helped me to learn to accept praise and acknowledge it for what it is—Kṛṣṇa empowering me as His servant; not that I am the controller but as surrendered to Him. The praise I have gotten in the past four months for my work around here, and also outside of these prison walls, has given me a chance to learn to be humble and remember who the rightful honoree of such results is. Thank you again for everything you do, not just for me, but for so many others I know and those I don't. It is certainly appreciated.

David B. —Danbury, Connecticut

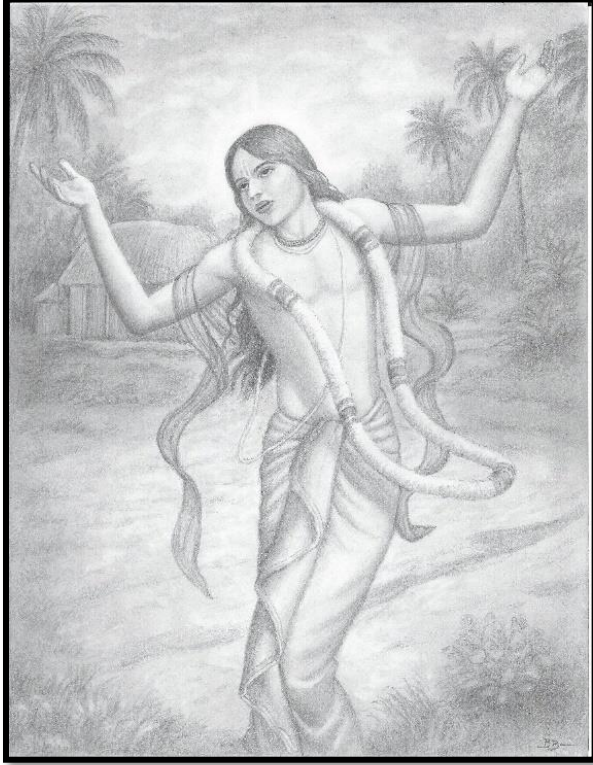
I hope you enjoy the picture I drew for you! I can't draw that good but I tried my best to describe the concept of the giving of *bhakti-lata bija* by Kṛṣṇa to the devotee. Once again, thank you for the *Srimad Bhāgavatam*. Jaya! I haven't stopped reading them yet. I've been neglecting sleep just to keep reading them!!! Can you send me some *Back to Godhead* magazines? So that I can distribute some around the dorm. A few people loved the first couple ones. Hare Kṛṣṇa.

Dale D. —Oglethorpe, Georgia

Thank you again for the books. I've read the *Sri Isopanisad* and the *Teachings of Lord Caitanya* several times. Every time I read them I get something new out of them. The more I read the more at peace I am. Sound funny coming from a man in prison for murder. I cannot wait to read the book *Srimad Bhāgavatam* you sent to the chaplain. When the lockdown from Covid is over I will go over there to see about checking them out. I do not have any real questions at this time for as soon as I have one I turn the page and it gets answered!

Jeffrey H. —Lancaster, Ohio

Inmate Artwork!



ABOVE: LORD CAITANYA —by Brian B., California



ABOVE: LORD KṚṢṆA —by Bhakta Miguel, California

Calendar

JANUARY 2021

- 02 Jan 2021** - Disappearance of Srila Bhaktisiddhanta Sarasvati Thakura (fast till noon)
09 Jan 2021 – **Saphala Ekadasi**
13 Jan 2021 – Appearance of Locana Dasa Thakura
15 Jan 2021 – Disappearance of Jiva Goswami & Jagadisa Pandita
24 Jan 2021 – **Putrada Ekadasi**
25 Jan 2021 – Appearance of Jagadisa Pandita

FEBRUARY 2021

- 01 Feb 2021** - Disappearance of Ramacandra Kaviraja
Appearance of Gopala Bhatta Goswami
02 Feb 2021 – Disappearance of Jayadeva Goswami
03 Feb 2021 – Disappearance of Locana Dasa Thakura

07 Feb 2021 – **Sat-tila Ekadasi**

- 16 Feb 2021** – Appearance of Pundrika Vidyanidhi, Raghunandana Thakura, Rghunatha Dada Goswami & Visnupriya Devi. / Disappearance of Visvanatha Cakravarti Thakura.
18 Feb 2021 – Appearance of Advaita Acarya (fast till noon)
20 Feb 2021 - -Disappearance of Madhvacarya
22 Feb 2021 – **Bhaimi Ekadasi** (Fast till noon for appearance of Lord Varaha)
23 Feb 2021 – Appearance of Lord Varaha
24 Feb 2021 – Appearance of **Nityananda Prabhu** (fast till noon)
26 Feb 2021 – Appearance of Narottama Dasa Thakura