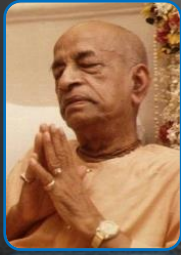


# Freedom Newsletter



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

## ISKCON Prison Ministry / JULY 2020

PO Box 2676  
Alachua, FL 32615

### TRUTH IS ALWAYS THE SAME

*The following conversation between His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada and some of his disciples took place in March 1974 on an early-morning walk in Perth, Australia.*

**Disciple:** [Taking the part of a scientist] Why do you call Krishna consciousness a science? It seems like it's only a belief.

**Srila Prabhupada:** Your so-called science is also belief. If you call your way science, then our way is also science.

**Disciple:** But with our science we can prove our beliefs.

**Srila Prabhupada:** Then prove that chemicals make life. Your belief is that life is made from chemicals. So prove it; then it is science. But you cannot prove it; therefore it remains a belief.

**Disciple:** Well, you believe in the soul, but you can't prove that it exists. Since we cannot see the soul, we have to conclude that life comes from matter.

**Srila Prabhupada:** You cannot see the soul with your gross senses, but it can be perceived. Consciousness can be perceived, and consciousness is the symptom of the soul. But if, as you say, life comes from matter, then you must demonstrate it by supplying the missing chemicals to make a dead body live again. This is my challenge.



**Disciple:** We will require some time to find the right chemicals.

**Srila Prabhupada:** That is nonsense. Your belief is that life comes from chemicals, but you cannot prove it. Therefore you prove yourself to be a rascal.

**Disciple:** But you accept the *Bhagavad-gita* on faith. How is that scientific? It's only your belief, isn't that correct?

**Srila Prabhupada:** Why isn't the *Bhagavad-gita* scientific? The *Bhagavad-gita* says, *annad bhavanti bhutani parjanyaad anna-sambhavah*: "All living entities subsist by eating food grains, and grains are produced from rain." Is that belief?

**Disciple:** That must be true.

**Srila Prabhupada:** Similarly, everything in the *Bhagavad-gita* is true. If you think carefully about what Krishna says in the *Bhagavad-gita*, you will find that it is all true. For example, Krishna says that in society there must be an intelligent class of men, the *brahmanas*, who know the soul and God. They are civilized men. But where is such a class of men in today's society?

**Disciple:** Throughout the world there are many priests, ministers, and rabbis.

**Srila Prabhupada:** But what do they actually know about God? They speculate about God as much as the scientists speculate about material nature.

Just try to see this one point clearly: You are not independent; therefore, there must be some authority over you. And ultimately you have to accept that a supreme authority exists. So if you claim to have knowledge of the supreme truth but you do not know the supreme authority, what is the value of your knowledge? Suppose a man does not know about the government of his country. What kind of man is he? He is simply a third-class man, a rascal. A civilized man knows about his country's government. Similarly, there is a government of the whole universe, but if you do not know it you are a third-class, uncivilized man. That is why Krishna teaches in the *Bhagavad-gita* that there must be an intelligent class of men who know God and who understand the whole universal management—how it is running under the order of God. Krishna devotees know these things. Therefore they are the real *brahmanas* and the real scientists.

**Disciple:** But the *Bhagavad-gita* is five thousand years old, so it doesn't pertain to our modern world.

**Srila Prabhupada:** The *Bhagavad-gita* is not five thousand years old; it has always existed. Have you read the *Bhagavad-gita*?

**Disciple:** Yes, several times.

**Srila Prabhupada:** Then where do you find in the *Bhagavad-gita* that it is five thousand years old? Krishna says, *imam vivasvate yogam proktavan aham avyayam*:

"I spoke this imperishable science of *Bhagavad-gita* to Vivasvan more than 120 million years ago." You do not

know this? What kind of reader of the *Bhagavad-gita* are you? The *Bhagavad-gita* is *avyayam*, eternal. So how can you say it is five thousand years old?

[*Pointing to the rising sun with his cane*] Here we see the sun just rising. But it is always there, in space.



The *Bhagavad-gita* is like that: it is eternal truth. When the sun rises we don't say, "Oh, the sun is just now coming into existence." It is always there, but we can't see it until it rises. Men used to think that at night the sun died and in the morning a new sun was created.

They also used to believe the earth was flat. This is your scientific knowledge: every day a new opinion.

**Disciple:** This means that we are discovering the truth.

**Srila Prabhupada:** No. It means you do not know what the truth is. You are only speculating. Now you accept something as true, but after a few days you say it is not true. And you call this science!

**Disciple:** Yes, you're right. Many of the scientific textbooks that were written just a few years ago are outdated now.

**Srila Prabhupada:** And the scientific books you are now using will be useless in a few years. This is your science.

**Disciple:** But at least what we know now is more true than what we knew before, and if we keep trying we will know more.

**Srila Prabhupada:** This means you are always in ignorance. But the *Bhagavad-gita* is not like that. Krishna says to Arjuna, "I first instructed this science 120 million years ago, and today I am teaching you the same thing." That is scientific knowledge: the truth is always the same. But you scientists are always changing—"discovering the truth," you call it. That means you do not know what the truth is.

**Disciple:** [*As himself*] The problem is, everyone is a cheater. Everyone is speculating and presenting his own knowledge as the truth.

**Srila Prabhupada:** Yes. Therefore we accept Krishna, who does not cheat. And since I am presenting only what Krishna has said, I am also not a cheater. That is the difference between the scientists and us. 🌸



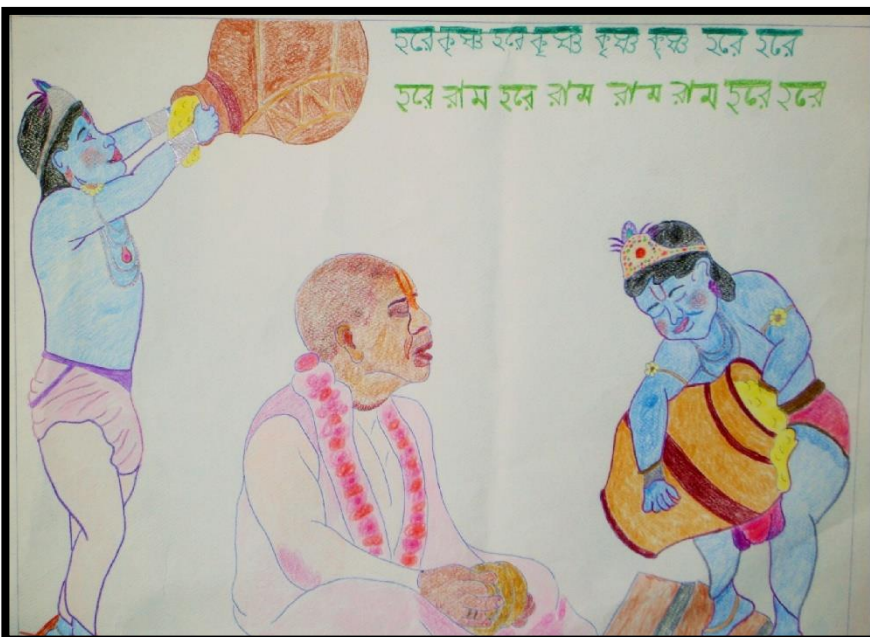
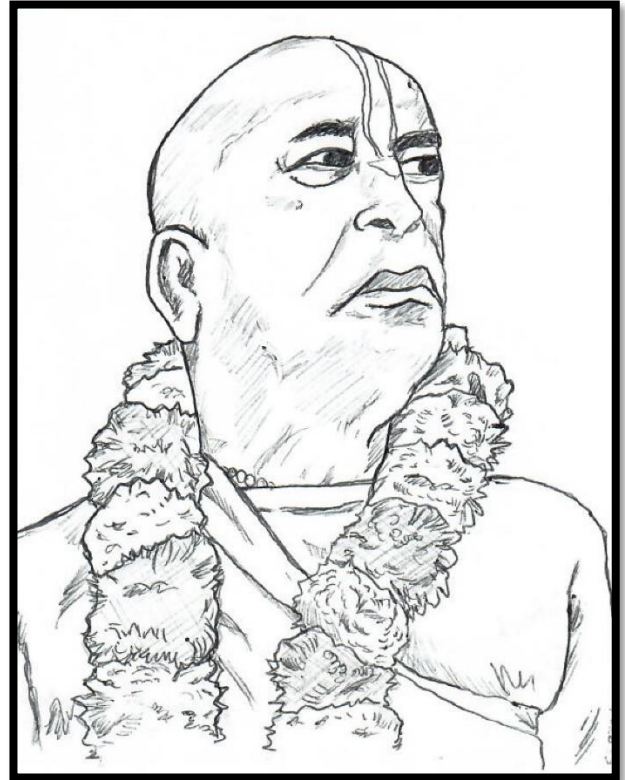
## Need Books or Prayer Beads?

Requests for books, beads or other material should be sent to **your devotee pen pal**. If you do **not** have a pen pal, you can send your requests to: ISKCON Prison Ministry, PO Box 2676, Alachua, FL 32616

- 1) Tell us if you can receive hardbound books and how many at a time.
- 2) Please make sure that you are allowed to receive any of the material you request.
- 3) Please let us know if material need to be sent directly to you or through your chaplain and if you need an authorization form.

Artwork!

**RIGHT:** drawing of Srila Prabhupada  
by Robert Cepeda—New York



**LEFT:** drawing by Abner Old—Oregon



### Would you like to see your **STORY** and/or **ARTWORK** in the *Freedom Newsletter*?

If, yes, write the **story** of how you came to Kṛṣṇa consciousness. Write in your own words, using simple language. Stories should be only about 2 to 3 handwritten pages (or 1 to 2 typed pages).

We also encourage all of you to **draw** topics about Kṛṣṇa, whether you are known as an “artist” or not. With Kṛṣṇa artwork, what is most important is your desire to please Kṛṣṇa.

Send your story and/or your artwork to: **ISKCON Prison Ministry, PO Box 2676, Alachua, FL 32616**

And **please** write “MY STORY”, or “ARTWORK” on the back of the envelope.

Please be patient: due to the high volume of mail, it may take a few months before you see your submission in the newsletter.

## HOW I CAME TO KṚṢṄA CONSCIOUSNESS

### It Doesn't Matter Who, Where, or When You Are —How Kṛṣṇa rescued an inmate on the brink of suicide—

By **Dan G.** —Grand Junction, Colorado [Note: back in January his story was published, but this part now focuses mainly on his prison time]

**M**y life was crazy, something out of a Hunter S. Thompson book. Chaos is a word barely suitable but the closest of one-word descriptions. In every aspect of my life action brimmed to its fullest. Work, friendships, girlfriends, even leisure was a fireball of activity in a constant state of flux. I told myself I worked better under pressure, with as many pokers in the fire as I could grasp...and then a few. Add to this hectic lifestyle a strong pursuit of carnal pleasures and mind-altering substances and my life was a ticking time bomb; WAY out of control, but not a minute out of character. This was a recipe with which I was very familiar. Whipping it up many times in the kitchen of life, putting it in the oven, baking it at 350 degrees (most the time hotter) and every time the buzzer went off, I woke up staring at the concrete walls of a 6×9 cell.

This time was the umpteenth time and I swore to myself never to return. It was a pretty solemn oath, a firm oath, not just some fleeting thought of, “God, I’ll never do that again,” but a deep-rooted conviction that death would come before a return visit to this hell on earth. Nonetheless, somewhere during the baking process, the cake of disaster rose and the buzzer went off again.

The first few days I sat in disbelief, “this must be a dream.” Hell, everything else up to this point seemed like a dream too. Anger arose; “What the hell is wrong with the world, what is wrong with these cops, I am a

victim of a complete societal breakdown.” Eventually that blaming anger wore off.

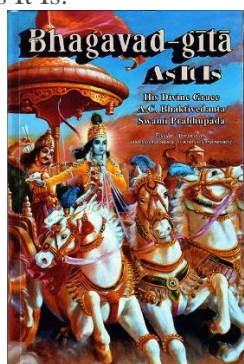
Here, I am, wanting to describe how I came to Kṛṣṇa, that Beautiful Light at the end of the tunnel, which made all the screwed up paths I took to get there worthwhile.

As I was saying, when the blaming anger wore off, there I sat in a cell with nothing but ME. It was not a pretty sight. Is this what life is about? If it is, @#&! it... I’m done, game over, let’s try this again from the beginning, hit the reset button, do over, I’m outta here. Well, as I sat there, a few weeks before sentencing, when I was told by my lawyer (although being a public defender I could hardly call her “my” lawyer) that I was sure to get the full six years of my presumptive sentence, my mind came back to that pact I had made. No way in hell am I gonna live like this for six more years. Let’s just be done.

I was upstairs in a small jail, in solitary confinement, where the jailers walked every couple hours at most. I sat miserably, seeking exit from that room, not physical exit but an exit for the spirit whose departure was imminent. I decided to kill myself. So here I was, determined to go. Midstream, I took one last look around the room and saw the open Bhagavad-gita, with the picture of Radha-Krishna. But wait... I jumped nearly to the end of my story and skipped the vital events leading here.



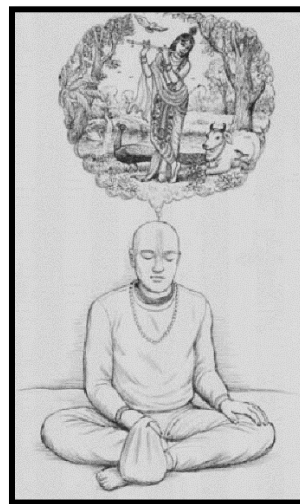
Prior to this event, sitting in that cell with nothing but me was probably, in retrospect, a good thing. I pretty much immediately took to meditation; although I didn't know what I was doing, I sat quietly. I sat and sat and sat. I read every philosophical books in the small library a small town jail has to offer, which mostly consisted of Western thought; Kant, Hume, even early stuff of Plato, Aristotle, and the such. I even read the Confessions of Augustine. All of it was an exercise of the mind but really nothing more than dry speculation. It left me craving more. Through the vents of the jail I shared my thoughts and reflections with one of the other very few inmates in my block. One day he said, "I've had this book in my cell for a while you might want to read." The next day on his hour out for a shower and phone call, he left it by the phone for me to pick up on my hour out. Back to my cell I brought with me the Bhagavad-gita As It Is.



I had heard about this book many times, or at least other translations, probably even read some of it, but this one was different. From the first page I read, a satisfaction filled my soul. Something instantly glued my attention. I couldn't put it down. I read it a couple of times over and finishing it, I didn't want it to end. I read every page from the copyright page to the "centers around the world." Centers around the world? What...Denver? A phone number too? I called, "Dude from the Prison Ministry just walked by. I'll give him your address." Kṛṣṇa! A brief encounter set up by Providence. A week later a letter from Candrasekha Prabhu. An invitation to Sunday Feast. And more nutrition [books] for a starving soul. Was he serious? An invitation to Sunday Feast. Doesn't he realize I'm doomed to incarceration? Staring at a sentence which I was sure I'd never finish

before death. Still it was a warm sentiment, so I kept the invitation.

It didn't seem possible, nor was it, entirely, but I tried to turn my attention from the circumstances at hand and focus on learning all I could about Kṛṣṇa consciousness. Candra and I corresponded, he sent me books. I read and asked questions. Slowly I began to learn a bit. Started chanting and spending my time in devotion instead of quiet meditation. So I definitely felt an affinity for this lifestyle. Maybe it was only my preconceived notions of the "Hare Kṛṣṇas" of the 70's or maybe it was my extreme hatred for this life and my desperate desire for a different one. A life of renunciation. A life in which I could turn my focus towards something besides my "self." Forget the "needs," "wants," whatever of this body and act blissfully in devotion. Whatever it was it was enough to keep my attention. There was still misery. Every time I woke up or looked up from a book and saw myself in that 6x9 cell I was miserable. But then I began to chant.



The holy names gave me peace. I didn't know what I was doing. I was sure I was doing it all wrong. I thought the guards thought I was going crazy, destined for the loony bin instead of prison. But I could not deny the feeling of peace. Candra prabhu gave direction and I followed best I could. Progress was slow, if at all, but a growing conviction was born in me and I continued. I began to enjoy my solitary confinement. No distractions, no interference, only study time and devotion. I had pictures sent from Candra of Lord Nrsimhadeva, Protector of the devotee. I was sure He would protect me too. I offered prayers, I offered a toothpaste cup full of water, I offered fruit and veggies from my tray. I humbly fell at His feet. And I began to feel a love in this devotion. It was a tainted love, a love so far from pure love of Godhead that I read about. But nonetheless a love. I prayed that this love be purified; I prayed that this love may grow. Still, this wretched self-

centered body wanted relief. It found relief in devotion and so I selfishly pursued.



I never expected Kṛṣṇa to “save” me from going to prison. Although I thought of ways to ask that would not be so self-seeking I could never do it. I prayed only that I may serve. Deep down those things persisted. How many lives have I lived caring only for myself and so, so far away from Kṛṣṇa. From time immemorial! Those karmic strings don’t fall away easy. So, as I sat drawing close to sentencing I thought more and more of the end. I figured now that Kṛṣṇa has touched my lips certainly the next life will be better. I had read that attachment to “detachment” is still attachment, but the pain of being in this body won.

That fateful night I had decided to die, I was torn up. Torn up! I was convinced the next body would be better; Kṛṣṇa would certainly give me birth, closer to Him. I made up my mind, and, as I said, I looked around the room and the Gita was open to a picture of Radha-Kṛṣṇa. It was as if He spoke to me. Whether in my mind or whether He was sitting next to me I heard, “I give you a new body right now. Why go through the pain of birth again, and many years growing up before you can again speak My name. It doesn’t matter where you are, who you are, when you are; all you have to do is speak My name and I am there.”

I stopped, changed my mind, decided to live for devotion, pay the karmic dues this body has accrued and see what happens. I decided that all my life was a process to end up here, and I was right where I was supposed to be. I had fallen so far down, so far away



from Kṛṣṇa, that drastic measures were needed for me to find the path back home. However selfishly motivated the intentions were, I was given the chance to speak Kṛṣṇa’s name. How lucky. How fortunate. I decided that prison is not too different from a monastic life. I will use it as such, learning all I can, spending every minute to better myself and to serve Kṛṣṇa.

Oh, how so very far I am still away from home. How weak is this body and how unworthy of a servant I am, but even if it is only with one foot, I have at least found the path home and the other foot will follow. 🌸

Hare Kṛṣṇa, Hare Kṛṣṇa  
Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa, Hare Hare  
Hare Rama, Hare Rama  
Rama Rama, Hare Hare

### Important - if you TRANSFER to a new unit/address:

Subscriptions to the **Back to Godhead** magazine (BTG) are sponsored by the Prison Ministry (IPM), NOT by the BTG Office. So if you have a change of address, please write to IPM, at the address below, to inform us. Please write "CHANGE OF ADDRESS" on the outside of the envelope so we can process it immediately. Thank you.

**ISKCON Prison Ministry, PO Box 2676, Alachua, FL 32616**

The same is goes for the **Freedom Newsletter (FN)**. When newsletters are returned we can only assume that the inmate has been released from prison and his/her name is deleted from our mailing list. To make sure you continue receiving the newsletter be sure to notify us of your change of address at the above address.

# Book Distribution Stories!

## THE GREATEST GIFT AT ANY AGE

By Udayananda Dasa

In January last year a woman in her early seventies came into my art shop at the local shopping mall. She bought several paintings for her home and while I framed them we talked. She told me her name is Harriet Barret, she is the mother of three children and the grandmother of seven, and she had been married for thirty-six years before her husband passed away in 1984. Somehow we got to the subject of reincarnation. When Harriet mentioned that she believed in reincarnation, I replied, "It's not a question of belief but a matter of fact." I told her I've been a student of Vedic literature, specifically the Bhagavad-gita, for more than twenty years. I explained some of the Gita's teachings, and she was very receptive to the philosophy. At the end of our conversation I asked her to come again.

"There's a book I want to give you," I said.

When she came back two weeks later. I gave her a copy of Bhagavad-gita As It Is. She took the book and thanked me enthusiastically.

Every week since then she has been coming to my shop asking questions about vegetarianism, material attachments, the three modes of nature, and so on. One day she asked if I knew anything about meditation.

"Oh, yes," I said. "I've been doing mantra meditation for many years. Someday I'll show you how to meditate with beads."

A few weeks went by, and Harriet kept coming to my shop. "When are you going to show me how to meditate?" she would ask. But because of my busy work schedule, I just couldn't find time to show her how to chant Hare Kṛṣṇa on beads.

Then one day she called me on the phone. By then she had read more than four hundred pages of the Bhagavad-gita.

"How do you pronounce K-R-S-N-A?" she asked.

"Oh, that's Kṛṣṇa!" I said, pronouncing it for her.

Then she asked, "How do you pronounce H-A-R-E?"

"That's Hare!" I said.



Udayananda Dasa

"So," she asked, "you say, Hare Kṛṣṇa, Hare Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa, Hare Hare/ Hare Rama, Hare Rama, Rama Rama, Hare Hare? Is this the mantra you were going to teach me?"

"You got it!" I said.

I explained that this is the maha-mantra the greatest mantra and the highest form of meditation one can possibly perform. If she chanted this mantra, all her material attachments could be broken, her past karma removed, and eventually she could become completely purified. She could transcend the bondage of repeated birth and death and return home, back to Godhead.

Harriet started chanting the Hare Kṛṣṇa maha-mantra. At first she chanted fifteen minutes a day. Gradually she increased. One day she called me in a very excited mood. She had just chanted for two hours without stopping.

I'm very happy at Harriet's progress. Her enthusiasm to learn more and more has also humbled me to begin to appreciate the incredible gifts Srila Prabhupada has given the world. How easy it is to take for granted the perfect wisdom of the Bhagavad-gita and Srimad-Bhagavatam and the potency of the holy name.

The realization I've had is that billions of people never get the chance to have the most important questions of life answered even by the age of seventy-one.

Harriet Barrett had led a thoroughly prosperous life, but something was missing. Now she is chanting Hare Kṛṣṇa



every day. The gap is filled. She says that the Hare Kṛṣṇa mantra is the most valuable acquisition of her life. "Never in my seventy-one years have I ever experienced such overwhelming joy and tranquility," she says. "I am humbled that at my age the Supreme Lord would be so

kind to give me this great gift of purification and the ability to understand it."

**Udayananda Dasa, a disciple of Srila Prabhupada's, joined ISKCON in 1973. He lives in Efland, North Carolina, with his wife and their three children.**

**Hare Krishna Hare Krishna, Krishna Krishna Hare Hare  
Hare Rama Hare Rama, Rama Rama Hare Hare**

## POEM CORNER

### ON THE PAPER

By Jan H.—Napa, California

This world is a prison house  
Birth and death are real  
But if there were not spirit souls  
nobody would feel  
Our consciousness has always been  
the atma never dies  
and smaller than a molecule  
is the person' size  
Lord Vishnu is the Supersoul  
the origin of thought  
The universe is personal  
It's not some empty pot  
Life is not a magazine  
and time is not a clock  
and Kṛṣṇa's bird Garuda  
is not some German hawk 🌸



### PLEASE FIND ME

By Joseph P.—Galesburg, Illinois

Please find me, my Guru  
I am sitting over here  
Beads in one hand, the other upon a world  
Sweet – yet oh so very cold. It holds me  
And I cannot break free.  
Please find me, my Guru  
Only your grave can save me.  
The alluring voices I hear are coming  
Not from within my heart  
They whisper – sweet sounds of sense desire.  
Please find me, my Guru  
I am ready to come home.  
This world has taken its promises back –  
Left me in misery, only wishing to taste  
Of your transcendental nectar.  
So, please find me, my Guru  
For I have become bound by Maya,  
And only you can save me. 🌸



हरे कृष्ण



## UPLIFTING SERVICE —By: Thomas Weber for the *Gainesville Sun* on June 13, 2020



*LEFT: Sruti Sagar Das, left, and Parker Brown deliver lunch for workers at Malcolm Randall VA Medical Center on Wednesday*

**K**rishna Lunch has been a University of Florida staple for nearly 40 years but, like many things, coronavirus brought the daily campus tradition to a swift halt. Now, the meals are being distributed to other hungry folk.

Since March 30, Gainesville’s Krishna House has provided over 4,000 free meals to health care workers through their “Healthcare Heroes” program, and they’re starting to feed local low-income families, too.

“When COVID hit and the university shut down, we figured that we wanted to do something for the broader Gainesville community,” said Sruti Sagar Das, president of Krishna House. “So our first thought was ‘let’s share food,’ because that’s what we do and that’s what we’re known for.”

With the Plaza of the Americas devoid of its usual mass of hungry students, Sruti Sagar Das and the Krishna congregation decided to focus their efforts on those they felt would need it the most.

Every weekday they deliver around 100 lunches to health care centers around Gainesville, including UF Health Shands, UF Health Springhill, North Regional Medical Center and SIMED Health.

Sruti Sagar Das said that it’s their way of showing support to hospital staff, whether to doctors and nurses or custodians and security guards.

Members of the Krishna House funded the first several deliveries by donating their own money. They later started a *GoFundMe* page and were able to sustain an average of 100 donated meals every day.

The lunches are prepared and delivered through the efforts of the Krishna House residents and volunteers. Starting at 5:00 a.m., their cook usually spends three hours preparing the daily meals.

Because the preparation and delivery is done entirely by Krishna House members, the primary cost is the food itself.

The idea for the “Healthcare Heroes” program came from George Frumkin (Guru Gauranga Das), a member of Gainesville’s Krishna House and a longtime member of the Hare Krishna religious movement.

Frumkin is a disciple of Srila Prabhupada, the founder of the International Society of Krishna Consciousness (ISKCON) also known as the Hare Krishna Movement and served as president of the first Krishna temple in Switzerland. Now, as a retired attorney, he does *pro bono* legal work for ISKCON.

During the pandemic, Frumkin was forced to isolate from his wife — a trauma ICU nurse who works at UF Health Shands Hospital — due to various health conditions he has.

His awareness of the stress that she and many other nurses faced encouraged him to suggest something. “Sometimes the last thing they think about is going out for lunch,” he said. “If these health care heroes can’t make it to the cafeteria, or they’re not eating healthy, we’ll bring lunch to them.”

He shared his idea with Krishna House at the beginning of the pandemic, and thousands of hospital workers have enjoyed their meals ever since.

“The service they perform is invaluable, and we want to support them,” Frumkin said. “We do this not because we’re mundane humanitarians but because we’re devotees, because we see that everyone is a part and parcel of God.”

According to Frumkin, Prabhupāda often said that “anyone who lives within five miles of a temple of ours should never go hungry.”

In accordance with this, Sruti Sagar Das and fellow Krishna House residents started knocking on doors in

their neighborhood to find low-income families who could also benefit from free lunches.

“We also want to provide lunches to those who were economically hit due to the COVID situation,” said Sruti Sagar Das. Their intent is to provide meals for people who have lost their jobs or are financially struggling because of the pandemic.

This door-to-door campaign was the basis of their newest program, “Krishna Cares,” which provides lunches to low-income families.

The first round of “Krishna Cares” distributions happened on June 1 when four families received free lunches. They’ve delivered lunches to them every day since, and the Krishna House is hoping to find more families in need throughout Gainesville.

All of the lunches are vegetarian and relatively inexpensive. Sruti Sagar Das said they make each meal as an offering to God, whom they call Krishna, in an effort to promote Krishna consciousness, or the practice of doing everything by keeping God at the forefront of their minds.

Krishna House is a part of the Hare Krishna movement, a monotheistic sect of Hinduism. Their goal is to achieve Krishna consciousness in everything they do, be that through chanting, meditating or cooking food.

While cooking and serving lunches is a part of their Krishna consciousness, Sruti Sagar Das said they also serve food as a way to physically and spiritually uplift others.

In the case of the “Healthcare Heroes” and “Krishna Cares” programs, the meals are meant to show compassion and appreciation, too.

“When you go home and your mom cooks food for you, you can feel your mother’s love,” Sruti Sagar Das said. “We’re not doing this for profit but as an offering of love and service to others.”

They’ve received numerous letters from health care workers expressing their appreciation for the program. Kristin Roberts, vice president of support services at SIMED Health, wrote a letter saying that it’s a “morale booster” when the employees feel that others are recognizing their hard work. 🌸

## Calendar

**ON RIGHT: Lord Kṛṣṇa appeared in a prison cell where the demoniac King Kaṁsa had imprisoned his parents, Vasudeva and Devakī.**



### JULY 2020

- 01 July 2020 - **Sayana Ekadasi**
- 01 July 2020 - Return of Ratha Yatra
- 05 July 2020 - Disappearance Day of Sanatana Goswami
- 06 July 2020 - **First Month of Caturmasya Begins**
- 10 July 2020 - Disappearance Day of Srila Gopala Bhatta Goswami
- 13 July 2020 - Disappearance Day of Srila Lokanatha Goswami
- 14 July 2020 - The Incorporation of ISKCON in New York
- 16 July 2020 - **Kamika Ekadasi**
- 24 July 2020 - Disappearance Day of Sri Raghunandan Thakura
- 24 July 2020 - Disappearance Day of Sri Vamsidasa Babaji
- 30 July 2020 - Radha Govinda Jhulan Yatra Begins (Swing festival)
- 30 July 2020 - **Pavitropana Ekadasi**
- 31 July 2020 - Disappearance Day of Srila Rupa Goswami
- 31 July 2020 - Disappearance Day of Sri Gauridasa Pandita

### AUGUST 2020

- 03 Aug 2020 - Jhulan Yatra Ends
- 03 Aug 2020 - **Appearance Day of Lord Balarama**
- 04 Aug 2020 - Second Month of Caturmasya Begins
- 04 Aug 2020 - Srila Prabhupada’s Departure for the USA
- 12 Aug 2020 - **Sri Kṛṣṇa Janmastami**
- 13 Aug 2020 - Appearance Day of Srila Prabhupada
- 15 Aug 2020 - **Annada Ekadasi**
- 23 Aug 2020 - Srimati Sita Thakurani Appearance Day
- 24 Aug 2020 - Lalita Sasti : Appearance of Sri Lalita Devi
- 26 Aug 2020 - **Radhastami : Appearance of Srimati Radharani**
- 29 Aug 2020 - **Parsva Ekadasi**
- 30 Aug 2020 - Sri Vamana Dwadashi : Appearance of Sri Vamana Deva
- 30 Aug 2020 - Appearance Day of Sri Jiva Goswami
- 31 Aug 2020 - **Appearance Day of Srila Bhaktivinoda Thakura**