



Krishna Consciousness Not just for the Humans

By His Holiness Janananda Swami



1978 – The pioneering days at New Govardhana, Australia. Sabhavati prabhu is heading up a dynamic farm community. He's also travelling around the area with other devotees, in a bus, preaching. It's a really alternative hippy type area in one of the most beautiful settings in the world. Sabo and team pull up in a typical hippy commune near Nimbin. After ecstatic kirtan and prasadam, a hippie approaches Sabo asking if he'd take his dog, as dogs weren't allowed in the commune. "A dog! You must be joking." Krishna had other ideas. The boy persisted and so did the dog. "Alright, if the dog gets in the bus, he can come with us." In he went and that was that. Back at the farm, the canine bhakta soon made itself at home. The devotees named him Harerama. He was a red Kelpie dog. Life was pretty simple in those days.

He would stay with the brahmacaris, and in his typical humble way, would sleep next to their shoes. When they would trek to the temple for the morning programme, Harerama would always accompany them. He would sit at the temple door during the programme. When the conch would blow, Harerama would howl in unison with it. He rarely barked. The devotees painted tilak on his forehead. He liked wearing Deity garlands – unusual for dogs outside of Vrindavan. They often got so entangled around his neck you could hardly get them off.

During the day he was almost always around the temple area, except if he was helping Ramabhadra herd the cows. He would never leave the property. He liked to race the cars up the hill. Whenever the devotees would go swimming in the river he loved to join in with them. He was very humble and would generally take the back seat. He was gentle, especially with the children who all loved him. Sometimes, following Narada Muni's instructions to his snake disciple, Harerama would snap when the kids were taking too much advantage, but never more than that. Amazingly enough he would often approach people with straw in his mouth. He would bow down and crawl on his belly. He especially offered obeisances to sannyasis.

When Bhavananda would visit, Harerama would be there. "Come here Harerama," Bhavananda would call. Harerama would come bounding up and sit at his feet. Whenever there was a procession around the farm he would never miss it. He loved festivals and especially prasadam. His favourite was halava. He didn't know when to stop eating it. Gulabs were another of his likes. The devotees would throw them in the air and Harerama would catch them in his mouth. He would go around and finish any leftovers. You never saw him pass stool or urine in public. During one Govardhan Puja festival, Harerama suddenly ran into the temple and circumambulated Govardhan Hill and then exited. Wow!

One day Harerama was tested by maya. Unfortunately he wasn't as fixed as Haridas Thakur, nor did he consult a spiritual master for guidance. Over the horizon came a gorgeous, irresistible bitch. Try as he might, the temptation was too much. Harerama fell into the trap and was away. He blooped.

As often is the case, the fair damsel soon ditched him far from home. Embarrassed, he couldn't come back easily. Wandering the streets forlorn, he was picked up by the dog van and put in the dog lock-up. Weeks passed by and the devotees had practically given up their search for him, considering him lost to maya. One day however, Mahamantra prabhu was walking in a nearby town when from within his heart came the direction – "Check the local dog lock-

up." In he went and to his great surprise, looking completely depressed in the far corner cage was Harerama. As soon as Harerama saw Mahamantra he literally jumped for joy. The papers were signed and Harerama was on his way back home, never to fall again. We need to show this kind of compassion for all devotees and do everything we can to help those who have strayed to come back to the path, and those who are on the path to become stronger.

Around 1988 Harerama quit his body, from of all things, an overdose of his beloved halava. What a way to go. The devotees then carried his body around the temple three times, took him before the Deities, held a fire yajna and finally cremated Harerama's body. A grand feast with lots of halava and gulabs was prepared. Harerama's ashes were then buried at New Govardhana and a memorial rose-bush planted on the spot. Harerama Ki Jaya!

**AH, I LIKE THAT ONE!
THAT'S FROM A BOOK
CALLED "ANIMALS
IN KRISHNA
CONSCIOUSNESS"**



Poem by Cavelo Caretti

Thought I'd share a poem I just read. Quoted by HH Bhakti Charu Maharaja from an issue of the ISKCON Communications Journal. Sent in by Nitai Gaurasundar das.

**"How much I must criticize you, my ISKCON,
and yet how much I love you!
You have made me suffer more than anyone
and yet I owe more to you than to anyone.
I should like to see you destroyed
and yet I need your presence.
You have given me much scandal
and yet you alone have
made me understand holiness.
Never in this world have I seen anyone
more compromised more false,
Yet never have I touched anyone
more pure, more generous, or more beautiful.
Countless times I have felt like slamming
the door of my soul in your face,
and yet every night I have prayed that
I might die in your sure arms!
No, I cannot be free from you,
for I am one with you,
even if not completely you.
Then to where would I go?
To build another ISKCON?
But I could not build one without
the same defects,
for they are my defects.
And again, if I were to build
another ISKCON,
it would be my ISKCON,
NOT Prabhupada's ISKCON.
No, I am old enough. I know better."**