



# SANDARSHAN

Monthly newsletter

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A Message from Vaisnavacharya Chandan Goswami

*Radhe Radhe!*

*All of you have wished to stay connected with Vrindavan and now with the launch of our long-awaited e-magazine Sandarshan, we hope to share something about Radharaman and some of the treasures on the path that leads to him.*

*Sandarshan means not only taking his darshan but meeting him or being with him.*

*Through our small efforts, may you get the opportunity to be with him.*

*Braj Raj Abhilashi,*

**Vaisnavacharya Chandan Goswami**

*Chandan Goswami*





When Mahaprabhu stayed at Venkat Bhatt's house, Venkat Bhatt washed the Lord's feet and his whole family drank the water (*lcharanamrit*).

Venkat Bhatt's son was named Gopal. The moment Gopal drank Mahaprabhu's *charanamrit*, sacred love (*prem*) appeared in him. Though he tried, Gopal could not stay calm. His hair stood on end, and his body was shaking with joy.

Gopal was extremely beautiful. He looked like a golden *champa* flower. He had such a beautiful face, like a lotus blossom ... such large eyes, arched eyebrows, graceful nose and bright *tilak*.

How sweet were his ears, cheeks and neck! His arms and chest were strong and waist thin, legs and lotus feet lovely. He always wore beautiful clothes and jewellery.

Gopal's beauty just increased from moment to moment. There was a powerful energy around him all the time, and whoever saw him was dumbstruck. He served Mahaprabhu constantly according to his father's instructions. Gopal loved to serve Mahaprabhu all the time. Even though Gopal was still a child, he had no interest in playing. Completely absorbed in Mahaprabhu's *seva*, Gopal didn't want to do anything else.

Gopal didn't like to see Mahaprabhu as a *sannyasi*. When he was alone, he often cried. "Why did Fate make me born in such a faraway place?" He thought. "I never got to see my beloved Mahaprabhu in Nabadwip."

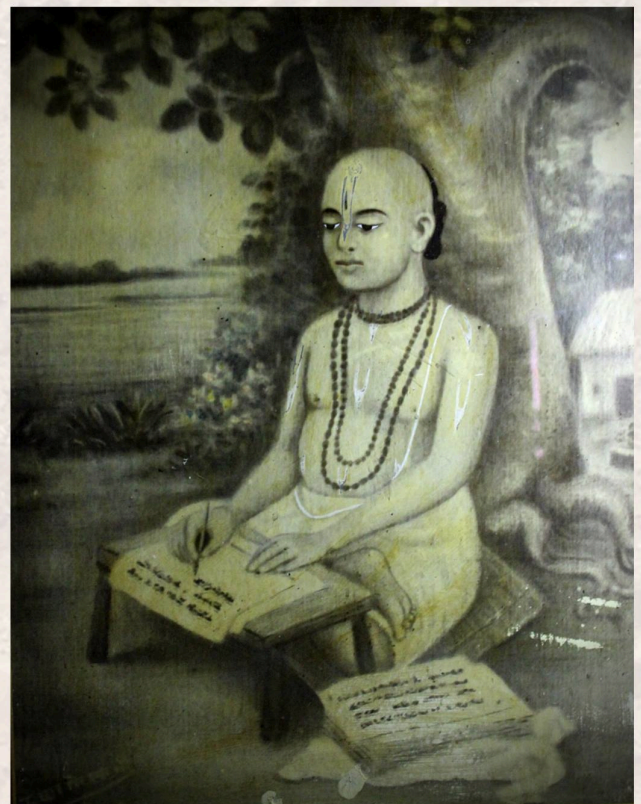
"In Nabadwip he enjoyed life, with his beautiful curly hair and lovely dress, but now everything is opposite. His hair is shaved and he wears a monk's robe. He has to face so much hard-

ship as a *sannyasi*. How can I see him in pain?" Speaking thus, two big tears fell from Gopal Bhatt's eyes.

Then he said, "O Fate, it is not your fault. I must have done something in my previous life to deserve this."

Gopal never said anything to Mahaprabhu about his feelings, but Mahaprabhu knew his innermost heart. One night, Mahaprabhu came in Gopal's dream, looking just the way he used to look in Nabadwip. He looked like a dancer, with long curly hair and beautiful clothes.

Gopal filled with bliss to see his Beloved Mahaprabhu in that form. Then Nityanand and Advait also came and hugged him. But as soon as he got their embrace, his dream broke and he woke up.





Realising it was a dream, Gopal Bhatt ran to Mahaprabhu, crying. He could not keep calm anymore.

But suddenly he saw it was Krishn himself standing in front of him. That cowherd-boy charm, that gorgeous dress, that peacock feather, that melodious flute! Then the colour of his body changed from dark to golden. It was just like the form Gopal had seen in his dream. The same golden skin, gorgeous curls, jasmine garland, *tilak* of sandalwood paste and eyebrows like Kaamdev's bow. And when Mahaprabhu smiled, it was like a rain of nectar washing over Gopal Bhatt's soul.

Gopal was overwhelmed and fell at his feet. But when he looked up, he again saw Mahaprabhu as a *sannyasi*.

Mahaprabhu then began to teach Gopal the path to Eternal Vrindavan. Gopal listened closely to what Mahaprabhu said, and kept every word in his heart.

Mahaprabhu told him that later on, he must go to Vrindavan. There he would meet Roop Goswami and Sanatan Goswami, and receive the priceless treasure of their association.

"Together you will reveal my heart's desire to the world," said Mahaprabhu. "And one day this world will be filled with your disciples."

Saying this, Mahaprabhu took Gopal Bhatt in his arms and bathed him with his loving tears. Gopal didn't tell anyone what had happened, but he was full of joy inside.

## Radharamanji's Khichdi Festival

सखी श्री राधारमण मनरंजन ।

ओढ़ लवादो खिचरी पामें संग बहुत धर व्यंजन ॥

अतर सुगंधित धरी अँगीठी मीठी शीत विभंजन ।

गुणमंजरी सिंगार रस में बलिहार करत कर कंजन ॥

*sakhī śhrī rādhāramaṇ manrañjan  
oṛh labādo khićharī pāmẽ saṅg bahut dhar vyañjan  
atar sugandhit dharī āgīṭhī mīṭhī śhīt vibhañjan  
guṇmañjarī śhrṅgār ras mẽ balihār karat kar kañjan*

"O *sakhī*! Dressed in His warm robe, my heart's delight, Shri Radharaman, enjoys *khichdi* and other delicious dishes. The coal stove nearby, perfumed with essential oil, removes the cold completely and gives him great pleasure. Filled with the bliss of the Lovers' romance, Gunmanjari performs *balihari* with her hands."





A simple, healthy dish made of rice and mung beans, *khichdi* is very dear to Radharamanji, especially in the winter, as it warms his body from within. For one month starting on Vyanjan Dwadashi, Radharamanji enjoys a daily offering of *khichdi*.

Different ingredients are added to the recipe each day to give the *khichdi* a unique taste, including nuts, grated coconut and heating spices like cloves and nutmeg. Many

types of pickles, fried foods, sweets and so forth are served as side dishes. And of course, the *khichdi* is soaked with a generous helping of ghee!

Dressed in woolen clothes and warmed by an ornate silver stove called an *angithi*, Radha and her Raman smile and share words of love as they enjoy their delicious *khichdi* treat. From this day until the end of this festival, Radharaman Lal's lotus feet will be kept warm with woolen material.