

# Lord Nrisimhadeva



ISKCON, Sri Mayapur



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*Prayer to*  
*Lord Nrisimhadeva*

*jaya nrisimha sri nrisimha*  
*jaya jaya jaya sri nrisimha*  
*ugram viram maha visnum*  
*jvalantam sarvato mukham*  
*nrisimham bhisanam bhadram*  
*mrityormrityum namamyaham*  
*sri nrisimha jaya nrisimha jaya jaya nrisimha*  
*prahladesa jaya padma mukha padma bhringa*

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Published by : Advaita Acharya Das Brahmachary  
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3<sup>rd</sup> Edition : Sri Nrisimha Chaturdasi, 2007,  
5000 copies

Publication of this booklet has been possible  
by the generous contribution of :

RadhaKanta Das  
Advaita Acharya Das  
Iswar Krishna Das

Printed by : Sri Krishna Press & D.T.P Centre  
Sri Mayapur, Nadia, Mob : 9932363184, 9733542678, 9332538522



The Appearance of  
**Lord Nrisimhadeva**  
In ISKCON, Sri Mayapur



Based on a talk with H.G. Atmatattva Dasadhikari

On the 24th of March, 1984, at 12:20 a.m., thirty-five dacoits armed with weapons and bombs attacked Sri Mayapur Chandrodaya Mandir. They harassed the devotees and treated them with derision. But the greatest shock came when the dacoits decided to steal the Deities of Srila Prabhupada and Srimati Radharani. Fearlessly, the devotees challenged the attackers. How could they see Srila Prabhupada and Srimati Radharani carried away? Shots were fired, a few dacoits fell, and their plans were foiled. Srila Prabhupada was rescued, but that beautiful form of Srimati Radharani would no longer grace the main altar.

This incident really disturbed the minds of the devotees. Those involved in management were especially concerned to make some permanent solution. This was not the first time the devotees had faced violence and harassment in Mayapur. Bhavananda Dasa, who was the co-director of ISKCON Mayapur, suggested that Lord Nrisimhadeva be installed. When the dacoits had threatened devotees at the Yoga-Pitha, Srila Bhaktivinode Thakura and his son Srila Bhaktisiddhanta Sarasvati Thakura had promptly



installed Sri Sri Laksmi-Nrsimhadeva. There had been no further disturbances. Other devotees in Mayapur were not so keen to follow so closely in these footsteps. *The pujari* must be a *naisthika-brahmacari* (celibate from birth), and the worship of Lord Nrsimhadeva must be very strict and regulated. Who would be prepared to worship Him?

Despite such hesitancy, Bhavananda Dasa was enthusiastic to bring Lord Nrsimhadeva to Mayapur. He asked Bhaktisiddhanta Dasa and myself to draw some sketches. One day quite spontaneously he said that the Deity's legs

should be bent, ready to jump. He should be looking around ferociously. His fingers should be curled, and flames should be coming from His head. I sketched a Deity in this mood.

The devotees liked it, and Pankajanghri Dasa agreed to worship Him. Radhapada Dasa, a wealthy devotee from Calcutta, offered to sponsor the sculpting and installing of the Deity. It seemed Lord Nrsimhadeva's appearance in ISKCON Mayapur would be a simple, straight-forward affair. Radhapada Dasa promptly gave Rs. 130,000, and it was accepted that the Deity would be ready for installation in three months.

I left for South India to get things organized. By Krishna's grace I soon found a very famous *sthapati*. A *sthapati* not only sculpts Deities; he is also expert in temple architecture and engineering. The man was very obliging until I mentioned that the Deity we wanted carved was Ugra-Nrsimha. He emphatically refused to make such a Deity. I approached many Deity sculptors, but the answer was always the same: No. I had made a number of trips between Mayapur and South India, six months had passed, but Lord Nrsimhadeva had not yet manifested in His Deity form.

Radhapada Dasa was very anxious to see Lord Nrsimhadeva installed in Mayapur. He asked me to visit the original *sthapati* I had seen and once again plead our case. This time the sculptor was a little more congenial and offered to read me a chapter from the *Silpa-Sastra* (a Vedic scripture on sculpture and temple architecture) that deals with the different forms of Deities. He read aloud some verses describing Lord

Nrsimhadeva. A series of verses described His flamelike mane, His searching glance, and his knees bent with one foot forward ready to jump from the pillar. When he read this I was amazed. This was exactly what we wanted. I showed him the sketch I had done. He was impressed and offered to draw an outline based on the scriptural description, which we could use as a guide for sculpting the Deity. He reminded me, though, that he would not carve the form himself. It took him a week to complete the sketch, and it was very impressive. I returned to Mayapur and showed the sketch to the temple authorities. Everyone wanted this same *sthapati* to carve the Deity. Once again I was sent back to South India to try to convince him.

I went straight to the house of the *sthapati*. I was feeling very anxious. What could I do but pray to Lord Nrsimhadeva to be merciful and agree to manifest Himself in our temple in Sri Mayapur Dhama? I had hardly said two sentences when the man very matter-of-factly said he would carve the Deity. The story of how he came to this decision is interesting.

The *sthapati* had approached his guru, the Sankaracarya of Kanchipuram, about our request. His guru's immediate reply was, "Don't do it. Your family will be destroyed." But then, after a moment's reflection, he asked, "Who has asked you to carve this Deity?" When he heard that it was the Hare Krsna people from Navadvipa, he became very concerned. "They want Ugra-Nrsimha? Are they aware of the implications of sculpting and installing Ugra-Nrsimha? Such Deities were carved over 3,000 years ago by very elevated *sthapatins*. There is a place on the way to Mysore where a very ferocious Ugra-Nrsimha is installed. The demon Hiranyakasipu is torn open on His lap and his intestines are spilling out all over the altar. Once the standard of worship there was very high. There was an elephant procession and festival every day. But gradually the worship declined. Today that place is like a ghost town. The whole village is deserted. No one can live there peacefully. Is that what they want for their project?"

The *sthapati* replied, "They are very insistent. They are constantly coming to talk to me about the Deity. Apparently they have some problem with dacoits." Handing his guru a sketch of the Deity, he said, "This is the Deity they want." His guru took the sketch and looked at it knowingly.

"Ah, this is *ugra* category," he said, "but a Deity in this particular mood is called Sthanu-Nrsimha. He doesn't exist on this planet. Even the demigods in the heavenly planets don't worship a form like this. Yes, this Deity belongs to the *ugra* category. *Ugra* means ferocious, very angry. There are nine forms within this category. They are all very fierce. The one they want is Sthanu-Nrsimha: stepping out of the pillar. No. Don't carve this Deity. It will not be auspicious for you. I will talk with you about this later."



A few nights later the *sthapati* had a dream. In the dream his guru came to him and said, "For them you can carve Sthanu-Nrsimha." The next morning he received a hand-delivered letter from Kanchipuram. The letter was from the Sankaracharya and gave some instructions regarding temple renovations. There was a footnote at the bottom. It read, "For ISKCON you can carve Sthanu-Nrsimha."

The *sthapati* showed me the letter and said, "I have my guru's blessings. I will carve your Deity." I was overwhelmed with joy. I gave him an advance payment and asked him how much time it would take to carve the Deity. He said the Deity would be ready for installation within six months. I returned to Mayapur.

After four peaceful months in the holy Dhama, I decided to go to South India and purchase the heavy brass paraphernalia required for Nrsimhadeva worship and then collect the Deity. The trip was well organized and trouble-free until I visited the *sthapati*. I explained to him that all the paraphernalia required for the worship had been purchased and that I had come to collect the Deity. He looked at me as if I'd lost my senses and exclaimed, "What Deity? I haven't even found the suitable stone!" I couldn't believe my ears.

"But you told me He would be ready in six months," I exclaimed.

"I will keep my promise," he said. "Six months after I find the stone the Deity will be ready for installation." His reply was emphatic, but I just couldn't understand or accept the delay. In frustration I challenged him, "There's big slabs of stone all over South India. What's the problem?" He looked at me the way a teacher would view a slow student and said very deliberately, "I am not making a grinding mortar. I am making a Deity. The scriptures tell us that only a stone that has life can be used to make a Visnu Deity. When you hit seven points of the stone slab and each makes the sound mentioned in the scriptures, then that stone may be suitable. But there is a second test to indicate whether the stone is living stone. There is a bug that eats granite. If it eats from one side of the stone to the other and leaves a complete trail visible behind it, then the second test of living stone has been passed. That stone is living stone, and expression can manifest from it. Only from such a slab can I carve your Nrsimhadeva. Such stone speaks poetry. All features of a Deity sculpted from such stone will be fully expressive and beautiful. Please be patient. I've been searching sincerely for your six-foot slab."

I was amazed and a little anxious. The devotees in Mayapur were expecting the arrival of the Deity soon. How was I going to explain the "living stone" search to them? Maybe they would decide to make Nrsimhadeva from marble. I decided to try to lighten the subject by discussing the Prahlada Maharaja *murti* with the *sthapati*. "Please forgive

me, but I forgot to tell you last time I came that we also want a Prahlada *murti*. We want to worship Prahlada-Nrsimhadeva. What do you think?"

"I don't think that will be possible," the *sthapati* replied matter-of-factly. I looked at him incredulously, not sure what to say. He smiled and continued, "You want everything done exactly according to the scriptures. Your Nrsimhadeva will be four feet high. Comparatively speaking, that will make Prahlada Maharaja the size of an amoeba."

"But we want Prahlada Maharaja one foot high," I interrupted.

"Fine," the *sthapati* replied, "but that means your Nrsimhadeva will have to be about 120 feet high." We began to argue back and forth about Prahlada Maharaja's form. Finally the *sthapati* sighed in resignation and agreed to make Prahlada Maharaja one foot tall. At least I now had something positive to report when I returned to Mayapur.

After two months I returned to South India. There had been no developments. I shuttled back and forth from Mayapur to South India every thirty or forty days. Finally our stone was found, and the *sthapati* became a transformed man. For over a week he hardly spent any time at home. Hour after hour, day after day, he just sat staring at the slab. He had chalk in hand but didn't draw anything. He refused to allow his laborers to do anything besides remove the excess stone to make the slab rectangular. The next time I visited him, he had made a sketch on the stone. That was all. I was worried. The Mayapur managers were becoming impatient.

"Are you sure this Deity will be finished in six months?" I asked in desperation.

"Don't worry. The work will be done," he replied.

I returned to Mayapur, only to be sent back to South India to check on some details of the Deity. I found the *sthapati* carving the form himself with intense care and dedication. At that stage the stone had gone and the shape had come. The *sthapati* had just started on the armlets. He took two weeks to carve them. All the features were so refined and delicate. I was impressed and very happy.

It took the *sthapati* a little over twelve months to finish the Deity. When he completed the work he didn't immediately inform me but decided to visit some friends for a few days. It was the monsoon season, there were few visitors, and he felt it safe to lock up Lord Nrsimhadeva securely in his thatched shed. Two days later his neighbours ran to inform him that the thatched shed was on fire. There was heavy rain and everything was wet, but the coconut-tree roof had caught fire. He ran to the scene to find Nrsimhadeva untouched but the shed burned to ashes. Immediately he phoned me, "Please come and take your Deity. He's burning everything. He's made it clear He wants to go NOW!"



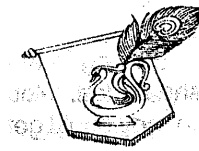
Enthusiastically I traveled to South India, hired a truck, and half-filled it with sand. I arrived at the *sthapati's* studio thinking this final stage would be relatively simple. I had foolishly forgotten that Lord Nrsimhadeva is a very heavy personality: He weighed one ton! After two or three hours we managed to lift the Deity safely from the shed onto the truck. To travel across the border safely, we also needed police permission, along with signed papers from the Central Sales Tax Department, the Archeological Director, and the Art Emporium Directorate in Tamil Nadu.

All the officers demanded to see the Deity before signing the necessary papers. Once they took darshan of Lord Nrsimhadeva, they all became very obliging and efficient. We had all the necessary papers in hand within twenty-four hours—a miracle given the usual quagmire of bureaucracy found in government offices in India.

The trip back to Mayapur was also amazingly trouble-free and peaceful. Our protector was certainly present with us.

Usually the *sthapati* comes on the day of the installation ceremony, goes into the Deity room, and carves the eyes of the Deity. This is called *netra-nimilanam* (opening the eyes). It was an exceptional case that our Nrsimhadeva's *sthapati* had already carved the eyes. He had not only carved the eyes; he had also done the *prana-pratistha* (installing the life force), a little *puja* and an *arati*. I am sure that is why all the papers were prepared so obligingly, and transporting the Supreme Lord was so easy. He was already present. And who would dare say no to Lord Nrsimhadeva?

The installation of Lord Nrsimhadeva was very simple and lasted three days: from the 28th to the 30th of July, 1986. I remember feeling apprehensive that perhaps the installation was too simple. The grave warnings of the Sankaracarya of Kanchipuram had deeply impressed me. But my mind was soon appeased by an awareness of loud, dynamic *kirtana*. *Sankirtana-yajna*, the only true opulence of Kali Yuga, was dominating the scene. I felt enlivened and satisfied. Lord Nrsimhadeva, the protector of the *sankirtana* mission, had finally decided to manifest at Sri Mayapur Chandrodaya Mandir.



## Lord Nrsimhadeva Reciprocates instantly

--By Pankajanghri Dasa

The fact that people just love to hear stories is one reason why some of the Vedic codes were gradually transmitted in story form, like the epic histories Mahabharata and Ramayana and the Puranas. When such stories concern the pastimes of the Lord and His devotees, they are called *lilas*. Being labeled Lord Nrsimhadeva's *pujari* in Mayapur, I have been asked to recount some stories in connection with Him, but unlike the *sastras*, these "*lilas*" have no authority except for the testimony of the devotees who told them. In most cases there were no other witnesses.

Although I am generally quite sceptical when it comes to accepting other people's mystical experiences as truth, just too many things started happening recently, not to sit up and take notice.

For instance, during the last Gaura-purnima festival, I called over a *mataji* in the crowd and asked her to distribute the Lord's *caranamrita* to the ladies, which she did. Later when she brought the *caranamrita* pot back, she remarked that Lord Nrsimhadeva was very merciful to reciprocate so quickly.

"I was praying this morning that I might be able to offer some direct service to Him, and now you have given me this service."

"Yes," I said, "desires are quickly fulfilled in the *dharma*. Just see, the same day you desire, it happened."

"No, not the same day—the same moment!" she replied. "The very instant I expressed that desire to serve Him, you called me over."

"Wow! That is amazing!" I acknowledged. "Did you hear about how Atmarati *mataji's* eye problem was cured



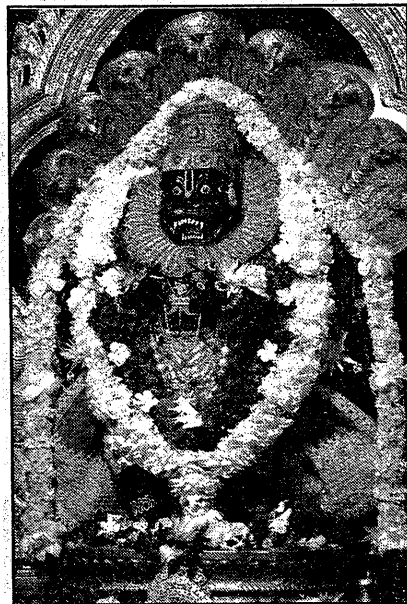
at the same time that Lord Nrsirhhadeva's original eyes were placed back, after one donor had bought Him new eyes?

"Oh, yes," she told me. "As a matter of fact, I was staying in the same building when Lord Nrsimhadeva spoke to her," she added. "You know, there was so much energy around that night that nobody could get any sleep."

Just a few days later, another devotee revealed how Lord Nrsimhadeva helped him: "I was suffering intensely. I could not even stand without supporting myself on the column in front of Lord Nrsimhadeva's altar. I prayed, 'Please help me, take away this suffering condition, so that I may serve You fully!' I then felt all my pain moving up and flowing out of my body. It just left."

While I was hearing this, I noticed another devotee who had come for the darsana of the Lord. Earlier in the morning this mataji had asked my advice what to do, for she had been afflicted for about two weeks with a problem that contaminated her body, which wouldn't allow her to paint some Deities in Assam, although she had already been commissioned to do it and had an air ticket to go.

"Mataji," I exclaimed while walking over to her, "Lord Nrsimhadeva is giving instant benedictions. Why don't you ask Him to remove your problem?"



The very next morning, when she saw me, she said, "Thank you so much for the advice! You know, when I arrived home from the temple yesterday, my problem had completely disappeared."

Some days later, another mataji came to the pujari room and told us about a dream, wherein Lord Nrsimhadeva walked and talked with her just like a father. When she asked how she could serve Him, He told her to offer Him some mangoes.

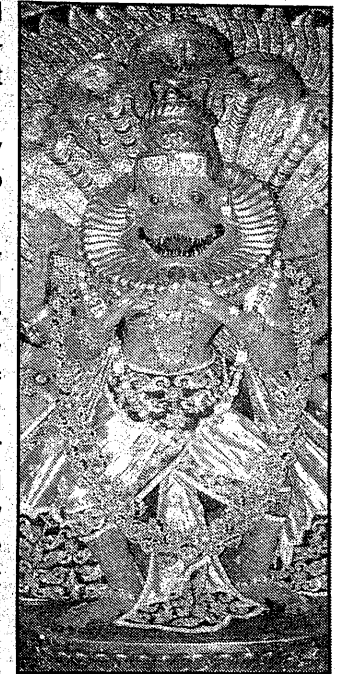
About one week later when she brought the mangoes for offering, Jananivasa was telling some other pujaris how fortunate she was that Lord Nrsimhadev came to her dream and talked to her and held her hand

while walking with her and gave her personal instructions. The Mataji then exclaimed, "Actually there was more to the dream than what I had previously told you."

Lord Nrsirhhadeva also said to me, 'My pujari is very dear to Me, and I am going to take him back with Me.'

"Oh, don't do that, please,' I fearfully exclaimed. 'We want him to stay here.' "No, I think I will take him back." "And after my pleading with Him for long time, the Lord firmly announced, 'All right then, I will take one of the leaders instead.'"

And now as you know just days ago HH Gaur Govinda Swami, who was a GBC, sanniyasi and Guru suddenly left his body apparently by 'hear attack'. I didn't mention it before because I didn't want to alarm anyone but now it has come true, I feel it is alright to tell you.



When I repeated this story to my friend Visvambhara from Carolina, he said, "This is amazing! My wife also dreamed about Lord Nrsirhhadeva and mangoes. You see, yesterday, while she was walking outside the Mayapur campus, she saw a jar of mango pickles in a shop and desired to buy them for Lord Nrsirhhadeva. But doubting the purity of the contents, she refrained. However, last night, Lord Nrsirhhadeva appeared in her dream and asked, 'Where are My mango pickles?'"

When Lord Nrsirhhadeva first came to Mayapur, all the pujaris were reluctant to worship His awesome form. Bhava-siddhi Dasa was particularly frightened and always very nervous worshipping Him. One night, after putting the Lord to rest, he was leaving the altar, when he heard such a tremendous sound that it made his hairs stand on end. Looking back fearfully, he saw that everything was in place. So he quickly left, locked the door and paid his obeisance, praying for forgiveness for any offense he might inadvertently have committed. At the end of that night he was awakened by the shaking of his bed. Bhava-siddhi was sleeping on the top of a bunk bed. So he thought it must be the pujari below him, getting up for mangala-arati.

However, when he opened his eyes, he saw Lord Nrsimhadeva sitting



on his bed. That fortunate pujari became very fearful, practically to the point of panic. As he tried to get up, Lord Nrsimhadeva placed His two hands, which felt like the weight of the universe, on his shoulders.

"Be peaceful, be calm," the Lord consoled him. "I have just come to tell you that when you worship Me in the temple, there is no need to fear Me. Please, give up this fear."

The Lord then disappeared, but Bhava-siddhi began to run up and down the veranda of the Long Building, where he slept.

"What happened?" asked some concerned devotees. But they received only incoherent replies. They started to think maybe he had gone mad or become haunted by a ghost. Finally, Bhava-siddhi ran over to the temple and prostrated himself before the door where Lord Nrsimhadeva is worshiped and offered heartfelt prayers. After some time, he became a little pacified and began walking back to his room. "I wonder why everyone is staring at me," he thought. When he looked down the answer was obvious: he was only dressed in his underwear.

I saw Bhava-siddhi at last year's Gaura-purnima festival—he is living in America now—and asked him about that incident.

"Yes," he said, "I still have those two marks from Lord Nrsimhadeva on my shoulders. They are almost gone now, but they are still visible."

He wasn't the only one to claim to have seen Lord Nrsimhadeva. Once, a devotee from a nearby Gaudiya Matha temple came to offer worship to Lord Nrsimhadeva and told our head pujari, Jananivasa, that on Nrsimha Caturdasi (the appearance day of Nrsimhadeva) he had been staying up all night chanting. Then, at the end of the night, our Lord Nrsimhadeva manifested Himself in his room.

"It was the form of Nrsimhadeva from our temple. He was wearing a red dress and He appeared to be smiling at me. My Guru Maharaja said I was very fortunate and should come here and worship Lord Nrsimhadeva."

Another time, the frantic parents of a runaway boy, after searching all over the country, finally heard that their son was at our Mayapur center. They immediately came and spent the whole day looking for him, inquiring at the reception desk and from individual devotees, but they were not at all lucky in tracing him.

At the end of the day, during the sandhya-arati of Lord Nrsimhadeva, his mother was praying with folded hands:

"My dear Lord, the last time I came here, I happily participated in the chanting and dancing, but now my heart is broken because of my lost son, and I find no pleasure in life anymore. My Lord, if only my son could be returned to me, then I would also raise my hands and chant 'Haribol, Hare Krishna.'"

As these words left her mouth, a figure passed and stopped before her and Lord Nrsimhadeva: it was her lost son. Both parents have now accepted Vaisnava initiation, started a nama-hatta center, and are enthusiastically preaching the Lord's glories.

There are other stories—some I would be hesitant to repeat, and others that I can't, having been told them in confidence. The devotees who told me these stories have had their faith and conviction strengthened, and certainly mine was, too. So if others derive the same result of helping us advance in Krsna consciousness, it will be most beneficial—even though they are not sastra.

*Pankajanghri Dasa joined ISKCON in England in 1973 and one year later came to Mayapur, where his twin brother, Jananivasa, was living. Since that time, both have steadily worshiped the Deities there. Upon the installation of Lord Nrsimhadeva in Mayapur, in 1986, Pankajanghri began worshiping this half-man, half-lion form of the Lord. The twin pujaris' sincerity and purity are exemplary for the entire Vaishnava community. — from Mayapur Journal*







## Sri Nrsimhadeva The Lord In His Most Terrific Form

by Pankajanghri Dasa

*Om namo bhagavate sri maha-Nrsimhaya damstra-karala-vadanaya  
ghora-rupaya vajra-nakhaya jvala-maline mama vighnan paca paca mama  
bhayan bhindi bhindi mama satrun vidravaya vidravaya mama sarva ristan  
prabhanjaya prabhanjaya chata chata, hana hana, chindi chindi mama  
sarvabhistan puraya puraya mam raksa raksa hum phat svaha*

"O Nrsimhadeva, whose form is terrible by sharp and long teeth; who is very fearful to see with strong, large nails; and who is garlanded by flames—destroy, destroy my obstacles and kick out, kick out my fear. Scatter, scatter my enemies, destroy, destroy my karma. Flash, flash! Kill, kill! Cut, cut! Ever fulfill, fulfill my desire [to serve You] and protect, protect me and all around me."

Startling, isn't it—this maha-mantra of Lord Nrsimhadeva? For those who have had darsana of this Deity form here in Mayapur—especially at mangala-arati, when in the darkness of pre-dawn, His doors open to reveal His awesome form, illuminated by 200 oil lamps, that make His eyes and teeth glint in His lion-like face with a gaping mouth—they know that this description is no exaggeration. While inside the altar area, the pujari circles large lamps of bright flaming camphor and ghee. Outside, many devotees throng for a glimpse at their Lord, for they know that this auspicious arati will be over in just three or four minutes.

It is just before 5:00 a.m. The arati is over and the heavy wooden doors to Lord Nrsimhadeva's altar are closed.

I enter the Deity room, after offering prostrated obeisances and praying for the blessings of Srila Prabhupada and the assembled devotees. While standing before the Lord with folded hands, I recite the following prayer: "O Kesava, O Lord of the universe! O Lord Hari, who has assumed the form of half-man, half-lion. All glories to you! Just as one can easily crush a wasp between one's fingernails, so in the same way the body of the wasp-like demon Hiranyakasipu has been ripped apart by the wonderful pointed nails on Your beautiful lotus hands."

After cleaning the floor and sitting on a kusa grass mat, the puja begins

... The first thing I do is to purify the articles to be used, as well as the body and the mind. Then I meditate on my spiritual identity as different from the body, understanding to be the eternal servant of the servant of the Lord. Next comes my worship for my spiritual master, Srila Prabhupada, with sandalwood paste, flowers, incense, a ghee lamp, and some food. I then ask for his permission to assist in the worship of Lord Nrsimhadeva. Repeating the same procedure for Lord Caitanya Mahaprabhu and Sri Prahlada Maharaja, I begin to offer 16 items of worship through mantras—through the medium of water—to Lord Nrsimhadeva.

I touch my head to the lotus feet of the deity of Sri Prahlada Maharaja, praying for his blessings. "It was only to relieve the distress brought to you by your demoniac father Hiranyakasipu, that the Supreme Lord appeared in His wonderful form of Lord Nrsimhadeva. O Sri Prahlada Maharaja, you are one of the twelve mahajanas, or great authorities of devotional service. Kindly bless me with the understanding of spiritual truths."

On the altar of Lord Nrsimhadeva are 60 salagrama-silas. I remove them to offer abhiseka. The big sila in the center who wears a crown is a Nrsimha saligram.

Although it is a scriptural injunction that one should touch one's head to the feet of the Deity, it's not always possible or practical. Therefore, we bring out the satari, the Deity's shoes, mounted on what looks like a helmet, and place it over the heads of the devotees. One of the benedictions of being a pujari is that he can place his head directly on the Lord's lotus feet. Receiving this benediction and begging forgiveness for any inconvenience I may cause Him, I undress the Lord and wipe His body with a soft, damp towel. His body begins to shine when I massage it with cooling oils like sandalwood or khus. His form is exquisite, slender and perfectly formed. He looks powerful but also graceful. The Lord's knees are bent, ready to spring, and around His hips is an engraved girdle, bearing a face with large cheeks, open mouth and a protruding tongue. His navel is deep and His chest is broad. Lord Nrsimhadeva's transcendental body is smooth, soft to the touch, and very much appealing to the eye. He is bedecked with bracelets and other ornaments. The Lord has eight arms, in six hands He holds a sword, lotus flower, disc, conch, club, and shield and to keep the promise of Brahma, His two front hands yield no weapons.

The Lord cannot bear any intolerance against His devotees. It is said that the face is the index of the mind. If this proves to be true, then we can see how furious Lord Nrsimhadeva must have been when He burst out from the pillar to attack the greatest of all demons, Hiranyakasipu,

who tried to kill the Lord's pure devotee, Prahlada. "His angry eyes resembled molten gold, and His shining mane expanded the dimensions of His fearful face. His deadly teeth and His razor sharp tongue moved about like a dueling sword. His ears were erect and motionless, and His nostrils and gaping mouth appeared like caves of a mountain. His jaws parted fearfully, and His entire body touched the sky." When it was decided to bring a Deity of Lord Nrsimhadeva to Mayapur for the protection of the devotees and the temple, three of the main pujaris were called by the managers to discuss the importance of establishing this Deity. However, when it came to the point of who would perform daily puja, no one was willing to step forward. "After such a long waiting period, the Deity is finally ready, and now nobody wants to worship Him!" Their concern was obvious. And then I was singled out... "Why don't you want to worship Him?" I was asked. "I'm too scared", I replied. They intimidated me: "Oh, you probably don't follow the four regulative principles ..." "Of course, but..."

Fortunately, our fears were allayed by Atma-tattva Prabhu, who had procured the Deity in South India. He told us that first, even the sthapati refused to make such a Deity, saying that nobody worships this sthanu form of Nrsimhadeva [the ferocious form of the Lord when He stepped out of the pillar to kill Hiranyakasipu]. Generally one goes before the Deity of the Lord to ask for some benediction, but to ask for something when He is shaking with fury—just wouldn't be a smart thing to do. It is certainly better to go for a more pacified form, e.g. after He has killed Hiranyakasipu. But later, when the sthapati found out that it was for Mayapur Dhama, he agreed, because any deity brought to the dhama takes on the mood of the presiding deity of the dhama. In this case it is audarya, "benevolence"; the mood of Lord Caitanya Mahaprabhu. Sri Gaura-Hari!

"Although very ferocious, the lioness is very kind to her cubs. Similarly, although very ferocious to non-devotees like Hiranyakasipu, Lord Nrsimhadeva is very, very gentle and kind to His devotees like Prahlada Maharaja."

While dressing the Lord and remembering His mercy, I am thinking how some people misunderstand our purpose of worshipping Lord Nrsimha. Sometimes devotees say that worship of Nrsimhadeva is Vaikuntha-bhava, and it cannot take one to Goloka Vrndavana, the Lord's supreme and most intimate abode. But Lord Nrsimhadeva is particularly inclined towards the devotees of Radha and Krishna. He is Krishna Himself, appearing especially in this form to reciprocate with our desire to remove all the obstacles in our devotional service. If one can always raise his hands

and call out with great love the names of Nitai-Gaura and Radha-Madhava, that is wonderful. But if there is something in your heart that is stopping you from that spontaneous call, why not go in all humility before Lord Nrsimhadeva and pray that with His sharp nails, He may pierce those crooked desires in your heart and throw them far away... This is His main function. Srila Bhaktivinoda Thakura writes: "Therefore, I will pray at the feet of Lord Nrsimhadeva to purify my heart and give me the desire to serve Krishna: Weeping, I will beg at the lotus feet of Nrsimha that I may worship Sri Sri Radha and Krishna in Navadvipa Dhama, free from all obstacles." His prayers continue: "At that moment, by Lord Nrsimhadeva's mercy, I will exhibit symptoms of ecstatic love for Radha and Krishna, and I will roll on the ground by the door of Lord Nrsimhadeva's temple."

Didn't Lord Caitanya reveal His divinity to Srivasa Thakura while Srivasa was worshipping his Nrsimha Deity, by saying: "Srivasa, don't you know that I am the same person whom you are worshipping behind those closed doors?" And what about Advaita Acarya, whose offerings of tulasi buds and Ganga water, along with His loud calling, caused the Lord to descend, it is said that He worshipped a Nrsimha-Salagrama!

I now begin putting ornaments on the Lord's body. I adjust Sri Nrsimhadeva's necklaces, so they hang symmetrically; tie shining bracelets on His wrist, and fix beautiful rings on His lotus fingers. "I am so close to you, oh Lord, and yet so far away. When will I become a devotee?" Prahlada, your foremost bhakta, is indicating that he is not afraid of Your ferocious mouth and tongue; Your eyes as bright as the sun, and Your frowning eyebrows. He fears not Your sharp, pinching teeth, Your garland of intestines, and Your mane soaked with blood; nor Your tumultuous roaring, which makes elephants flee; nor Your nails meant for killing your enemies. However, he says, "I'm very much afraid of my condition of life within this material world. When will that moment come when You will call me to the shelter of Your lotus feet?" I know, Sri Prahlada was saying that last point only for our benefit for he was always completely surrendered unto You.

One time, I also felt surrendered



unto You—at least for a few minutes. That was during the big flood in 1987. While offering You puja, standing waist deep in water, a big, frightening snake swam in the temple, passing behind You, and stopped about five feet in front of me, finding its exit blocked. After examining me for some long moments, it dipped down, out of sight, in the muddy Ganga water. Feeling myself in imminent danger, I noticed the hair on my arms standing on end, with no weapon to defend myself, nor the ability to run away. I felt very insecure. In such a helpless condition, I turned to You, oh Lord, and I knew that my fate was completely in Your hands. “You are the Supersoul in everyone’s heart. If You want that snake to bite me, it will bite—if You don’t, it won’t. Let me continue my service; the result is dependent on You.” Then, I became peaceful again, feeling the safety of Your shelter.

I finished the morning puja, but I couldn’t stop thinking about the incident. It reminded me of the description by Lord Kapila of the babies in the womb. In their helpless and painful condition, they get the darsana of Paramatma, the Lord in the heart. If they are pious, they pray that if He relieves them from their suffering condition, they would—after being relieved from the womb—exclusively worship Him. But as soon as they’re out and in good shape, they forget everything. Still, I have great hope that one day I’ll be able to serve You nicely for Your pleasure. By the way, as long as the temple room was filled with water from the flood, the snake would come every day, circumambulate the Deity once, and then go out. Who knows who that snake actually was?

Covering His body with fresh garlands of flowers and tulasi, offering sandalwood paste, mixed with fragrant flowers and tulsi leaves to His lotus feet (which symbolizes sacrificing everything to the Lord), the morning puja is now complete. Hearing the devotees gathering outside makes me hurry—it’s time for darsana. I blow the conch three times and open the doors to reveal the resplendent Lord. Jay a Sri Prahlada-Nrsimhadeva! The devotees bow down, happy to see their Ugra-Nrsimha again. In their hearts they know that He’s not really as ugra as He looks.

— From an article published in Mayapur Journal, Summer 1994



## “I Want My Eyes Back!”



— by Atmarati Dasi

On a warm December morning last year, around 11.00 a.m., as I sought the association of the magnificent Lord and prayed to His dearmost devotee, Prahlada, I found myself involved in one of His temple lilas, much to my astonishment.

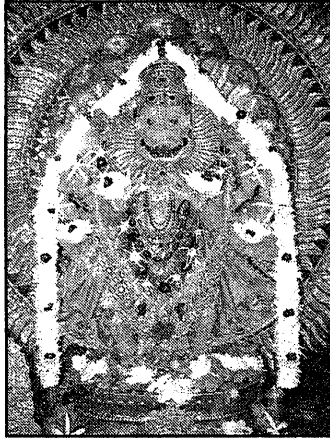
After offering my obeisances to the captivating Prahlada, who stands next to his beloved Lord with his hands folded and his small body decorated with fresh flowers and beautiful ornaments, I prayed: “My dear Prahlada, you are expert in receiving all kinds of blessings from Lord Nrsimhadeva. You even received the blessings of forgiveness for your demoniac father, Hiranyakasipu. Please ask your Lord to bless this poor soul with the destruction of everything that stands in the way of her devotional service. Show me the way to real happiness.”

Then, as I stood meditating on the Lord’s beauty and mercy, I heard a very sweet, deep voice: “I want My eyes back!” At first, I ignored it and kept my mind in the mode of prayer. But the voice spoke a second time: “I want My eyes back!” Attempting again to disregard this clear message raised a burning and almost a painful sensation in my heart. I was dumbfounded. What was I to do? Then the voice continued: “Go to the pujari.” Okay, I thought, I have nothing to lose; if the pujaris think I am crazy, I will at most lose a bit of my false ego.

Praying to the Lord to give me the strength to carry out His order, I paid my obeisances and almost breathlessly headed for the pujari rooms. There I found Jananivas Prabhu reading the Srimad Bhagavatam. The atmosphere in the room was extremely serene and otherworldly. I stood there for several minutes and waited for him to notice me. Then, after I told him what happened, he asked me to go see his twin brother, Pankajanghri Prabhu, the actual pujari of Lord Nrsimhadeva.

Somehow I felt that I didn’t have to do more at this point.

The following day, as I again approached the magnificent form of Lord Nrsimhadeva, my mind buzzed with doubt. “What if that voice was just my mind, demanding the healing of my eyesight, which has been very poor and painful for the past six weeks?” Thinking in this way, I prayed for



an answer. The voice spoke to me again, this time with a more serious and firm tone: "You will get your eyes back when I get Mine!" His form always emanates a soft light, and my heart felt peaceful and warm. I felt overwhelmed with unusual confidence, as if my head were touching the sky.

The next morning, at 2.20 a.m., I woke up fully refreshed and wide-awake. It was unusually early for me, as I usually get up around six O' clock. A soft voice urged me to rise, bathe and attend mangala-arati – which I did.

After the ceremony was over, the same voice urged me to follow Pankajanghri Prabhu from Lord Nrsimhadeva's altar into the pujari room. I felt very embarrassed and had tears in my eyes. I also felt a kind of unwillingness in my heart to reveal my mind to him.

As he was preparing the articles for the Lord's abhisheka, I started to talk to him. Pankajanghri Prabhu listened attentively to my story. Then, without saying anything, he smiled and gave me maha sweets from Lord Nrsimhadev's plate.

The following morning, when my daughter returned from the temple, she was shouting: "Mommy, they changed Nrsimhadeva's eyes! He has beautiful red eyes now." And as the sweet deep voice had promised, my eyesight was miraculously cured – within three days.

All glories, all glories to the merciful Lord Nrsimhadeva in Sri Mayapur.

[ Editor's note: Lord Nrsimha originally had red eyes. One day, a devotee came to Mayapur and offered two precious yellow stones for His eyes, and the pujaris reluctantly changed the eyes on the Deity. They felt happy when the Lord revealed that He wanted His original red eyes.]

*Atmarati Dasi who joined ISKCON in 1980 is from Greece. and she wrote this article for Mayapur journal in 1997.*



#### OTHER PASTIMES OF

## Lord Nrsimhadeva

#### Pastime One:

Lord Narasimhadeva's pujari had a very startling dream in which the director of the Temple called him and told him to bring some diesel oil saying, " we are going to sacrifice Lord Narasimhadeva". You are going to what! exclaimed the pujari! "Yes we are going to sacrifice Lord Narasimhadeva."

You can't do that, this is crazy.

"Just bring the diesel will you?"

Okay, I will bring the oil but I don't want anything to do with this, it doesn't make any sense.

After some time the pujari returned to the temple and was totally shocked to see that everything had been completely burned by a great fire and all that remained of the Deity was his feet and ankles. Early next morning he approached the chief pujari and asked if he could explain the meaning of this terrible nightmare. After thinking for a while he began to smile and said oh yes, you see yesterday was the start of jaladan (the festival of dripping water on salagram for



one month) but we forgot to observe it, therefore Lord Narasimhadeva is letting you know that He is burning up and you should immediately begin the jaladan, which we did!

#### Pastime two:



Once, Lord Nrsimhadeva's puja was going on as usual, when the pujari noticed that one flower fell from Nrsimhadeva's garland. The pujari asked the visitors if anyone was offering any special prayers to Lord Nrsimhadeva. The visitors in front did not say anything, but from the back one lady came forward with tears in her eyes. She said, "my daughter got married about four or five years ago and she has no issue. The people in my son-in-law's house consider it inauspicious. So I was praying to Nrsimhadeva that He might help her in her desperate situation". Then the pujari said, "Your prayer is granted, the symptom is that this flower fell from Nrsimhadeva's garland. Please take this and keep it nicely. You can wash this flower and give the water to your daughter to drink." Then the mataji left, and later the pujari forgot the incident.

After one year, the same mataji along with her daughter, son-in-law and a new born baby came smiling to Nrsimhadeva, and she reminded the pujari about the prayer she made one year back, as a result of which her daughter gave birth to a very nice baby boy, whom they named Prahlad. And once again they offered a very nice puja (offering fruits and flowers) to Lord Nrsimhadeva.

#### Pastime three:



One of our Namahatta devotees, Kalyani Dasi has got two daughters, the elder one is Prathibha and the younger is Anubha, both of them are married, and they have grown-up children. They both live in the same city, Berhampur. Once the husband of Prathibha fell extremely sick and was in a coma, near to death. Along with the other relatives the younger sister, Anubha, was also in great anxiety about her brother-in-law's situation. She went to the hospital, and as she was a devotee, she prayed to Lord Nrsimhadeva (at ISKCON, Mayapur) to help her brother-in-law. She came home and went to bed with a heavy heart. At the end of the night she had a dream in which Nrsimhadeva came near to her and told her, "Don't worry, your brother-in-law is OK." And then her dream broke. In the morning, the news came from the hospital that the patient was doing well, his saline drip and oxygen had both been removed, and he was now able to talk.

#### Pastime four:



There was a fight in a village, and in the course of the fight one person was attacked with acid as a result of which his whole face was burnt and terribly disfigured. The sight of one of the eyes was completely lost and the other eye had only about 10% vision. The doctors said that the remaining eye, through which he had 10% vision, would also go blind very soon. They suggested taking the patient to Vellore (South India) for further treatment, to see if they could do something about it. At that time a devotee who was there, suggested that they should pray to Lord Nrsimhadeva for the recovery of his eyes. As a result they prayed to Lord Nrsimhadeva (at ISKCON Mayapur). The next day, much to the doctor's surprise it was found that the patient could see everything very nicely.

#### Pastime five:



One Russian mataji used to make tulasi garlands for Nrsimhadeva everyday. Being pleased with her, Nrsimhadeva's pujari gave her one of Lord Nrsimhadeva's false finger nails as prasad. She took it and kept it with her. That night she had a dream in which she saw that Lord Nrsimhadeva had come to her and was sitting on her bed. The Lord then put His fingers with His long nails inside her heart and pulled out something black and said "you see this, this is not love, it is lust, and there is still more there, what shall I do with it?" She could not reply, and her dream broke. The next day she went before Lord Nrsimhadeva and asked him to throw it far away.

#### Pastime six:



The father One of the devotees of ISKCON youth forum, used to argue with him saying, "Why do we have to worship Nrsimhadeva, when Radha Madhava are there?" The boy tried to make his father understand that Krishna and Nrsimhadeva are non-different, but his father was not very convinced in this regard. During Nrsimha Caturdasi 2003, this boy, along with his father came to the temple and was watching Lord Nrsimhadeva's Abhishek Ceremony. Suddenly the boy's father saw Madhava's face in place of Nrsimhadeva's. He turned to Radha Madhava and again he looked back at Nrsimhadeva and found Nrsimhadeva's face as Madhava's still. This continued for about 20 seconds. In this way he realized that there is no difference between Madhava and Nrsimhadeva.

**Pastime Seven:**

During 2004, Kavipriya devi dasi, of South Kolkata, a disciple of HH Jayapataka Swami, made some bracelets for Lord Nrsimhadeva. Somehow or other, she could not come to Mayapur and offer them to the Lord. In the meantime, she started becoming sick in different ways. She went to the doctors and tried various treatments, but there was no cure. Lastly the doctors said that her problem was thyroid. As a result, she would eventually be unable to move.

As she was in great anxiety, thinking what to do, all of a sudden she remembered about Lord Nrsimhadeva and the bracelets which she was supposed to offer to Him. Even though she was ill, she made the endeavour to come to Mayapur to give the bracelets. After offering them to Lord Nrsimhadeva, all the symptoms of illness were totally removed within three days.

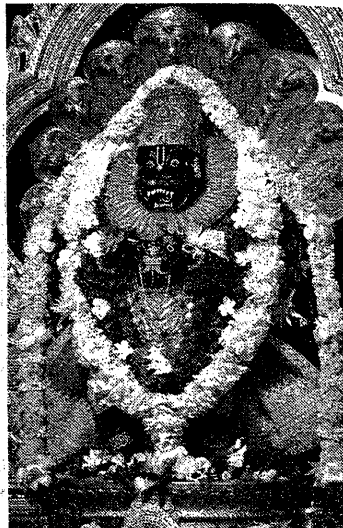
All glories to Lord Nrsimhadeva!

**Pastime Eight:**

## Thank You, Lord Nrsimhadeva

On April 22, 2005, Revati Sundari dd, age 8, was climbing on the roof of the bamboo playhouse in the Grhastha park in Sri Mayapur dham. To her great surprise, she fell through the roof, landing on her head, and the roof caved in on top of her. She was in shock for an hour, shaking and crying and incoherent. She also had concussion. Gaura Baba, our wonderful homeopathic vaisnava doctor, treated her for concussion and shock and suggested a scan.

After three days, Revati woke up in the night vomiting black blood. We rushed her off to Kolkata. On the way, clear fluid was



leaking from her nose, then violent nosebleeds started.

We took her straight to a good pediatrician, who immediately called in the top neurologist in the city. He ordered a CT scan and then, seeing the results, he sent us to a very good neurosurgeon, who has his own private hospital. Revati was admitted straight away.

The symptoms continued through the night, and we found out that the clear fluid from her nose was the brain fluid (CFS) leaking out. The scan clearly showed a fracture in the floor of her brain, from which the brain fluid was escaping. Also her brain was swollen and blood was pooling there, causing pressure. She had extreme pain in her head which was unabated since the accident. The doctors worked on her for a couple of days, giving her medicine intravenously. The whites of her eyes became totally red. She was a like a limp rag with little interest in anything.

Finally the doctors said that the next morning, early, they would do a special scan showing all the sections of her brain to determine the exact extent of the injuries and then would probably decide to operate to repair the damage. They would tell us their decision by 9 am.

I phoned Pankajanghri Prabhu, explaining the situation and asking him to please pray to Lord Nrsimhadeva. He immediately said he would do a full puja between 5 and 7 AM, complete with abhisekha and everything else. This was the time of the special scan.

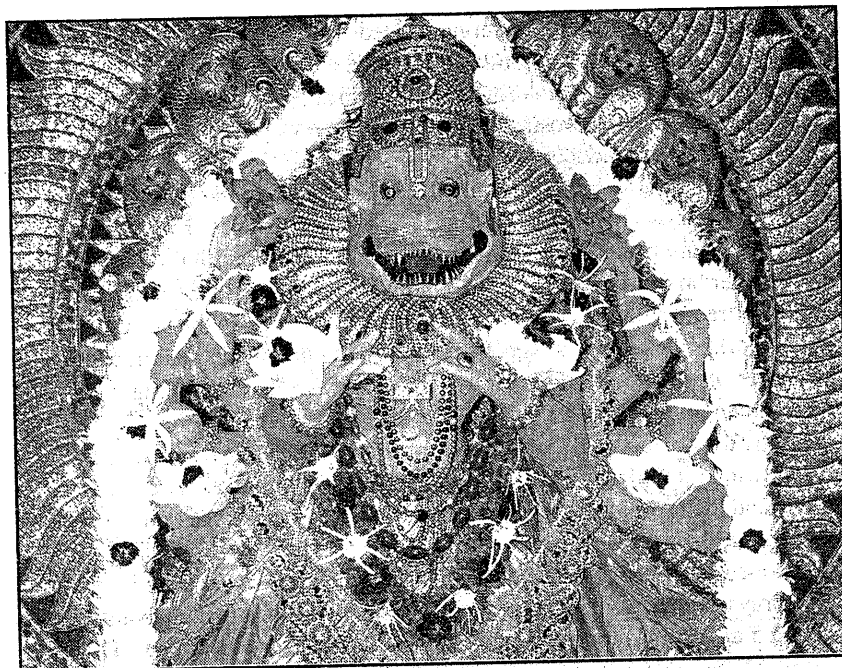
The next morning when I met the doctors, they were looking amazed and said that the new scan showed that the injuries were miraculously almost healed. All the symptoms such as pain, violent nosebleeds, brain fluid leakage, vomiting, etc, had abruptly stopped.

When I went in to see Revati, she was sitting up in bed looking bright-eyed and fresh, and her eyes were fully white again. Thank you, Lord Nrsimhadeva!

Revati's comment on all this was: "Grandma, next time something happens to me, please don't waste time with the doctors. Just bring me straight to Lord Nrsimhadeva!"

In gratitude and love,  
your servant,  
Racitambara dasi





### Pastime Nine

## Lord Nrisimhadeva shows His mercy even to a non-devotee.

Yasoda Mata's 85-year-old foster father passed away two months ago.

During his stay in the hospital, Yasoda Mata prepared a tape recorder and played the Hare Krsna Maha Mantra all day long in his ward. Her foster father was actually in semi-coma, but miraculously when he heard the Maha mantra, gradually he awoke and with closed eyes he appeared to enjoying the music and the sound vibration.

He started to follow the tempo by tapping his hand on the edge of his bed. His finger ring made the sound like "don, don don" "don, don don ..... " He looked like he was totally meditating on the Maha mantra. Suddenly he spoke, "Look! There is a huge 5 clawed man, and his head looks just like a lion's, he is coming into my ward. Don't you see him? He is coming ...." The foster father still with eyes closed said "Oh, yes, I forgot you all cannot see him, but he is really here. I do not know who He is?"

At that moment Yasoda Mata and her daughters looked at each other in

great surprise and answered, "Father, He is Lord Nrsimhadev". "What dev ??? I don't know Him. But He is nodding His head to tell me that He is."

Yashoda mata felt great ecstasy in hearing this for in her house she keeps a model of the Nrsimha Deity from Mayapur and had been offering heart felt prayers to Him so that her father could leave the body without any attachment and that his soul can become Krishna's devotee in his next birth.

Continuously her father said, "Look, He is smiling to me and starting to speak again .... Oh, He is telling me that I have to learn to chant what you are chanting now.... what exactly are you chanting ?" He said.

"It is a mantra to call the holy name of Lord" Yasoda Mata replied.

"I don't know what mantra, but please teach Me." he said.

"All right father, please repeat after me and listen carefully — Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna Krishna Krishna Hare Hare Hare Rama Hare Rama Rama Rama Hare Hare" Yasoda Mata taught her foster father word by word patiently. Without taking a long time, he learned and tried to chant.... and chanted so nicely.

The next day he passed away with tranquility.

During that weekend, we devotees here congregated together to do the kirtan for Yasoda Mata's father at the funeral service. Yasoda Mata prepared the prasadam garland, Ganga water, tulasi, and put tilak on her father, which have all been done nicely and properly according to her guru maharaj H.H. Giridhari Swami's telephone instruction. Her foster father's face looked so peaceful, his cheeks were a little pink, and his body was soft. After some customary ceremonies the body was sent to the incinerator. A Few hours later the people who work in the memorial service came to us and exclaimed in amazement - "We have never seen anyone's ashes look so white and beautiful like jade as your father's! What happened to him? What were you chanting for him?" "Could you write it down for us? We want to learn and we think we can also chant while doing our service here."

Why the Lord Himself personally appeared before someone who we consider is not a devotee proves the sastraic statement – that if one is always engaged in the devotional service of the Lord, all their family members will be benefited as well.

From Lin Tulip  
Taiwan, 20<sup>th</sup> March 2006





## PASTIMES DURING 2006 AND 2007

### Nrsimhadeva resolves a father's dilemma

9th September, 2006



My father and mother living in Bankura district, Chatna village are initiated devotees of Gaudiya Math. My name is Gauranga. I had joined the ISKCON Sri Mayapur temple 6 months ago and after finishing the 3 months new bhakta training course, I was put in the school preaching service.

A few days ago just before Jhulan Purnima, my father came to take me back to my house with a request from him and other family members that I should sit for the higher board examination and get a degree. I also had a slight desire to go and see my mother. However on hearing my father's intention, concerned devotees made heartfelt requests - one even fell at his feet, begging him not to take me back to the world of maya. My father being a vaisnava himself fell in a great dilemma. Finally he took shelter of Lord Nrsimhadev and prayed to him for guidance. That night Lord Nrsimhadev appeared in my father's dream. The Lord was in a very calm mood, He rubbed the palm of His hand on my father and said, "My dear son, you go. Your son shall remain here at my lotus feet." Upon seeing the Lord, my father completely startled started to pay obeisances, Then Lord Nrsimhadev disappeared. My father hap-

pily told my incharge that I may remain and continue to serve here. I also called and informed the other family members that I was not ready to appear for any kind of examinations this year.



## PLEASE HELP ME!



By Deepak Gupta



On the 10th of December 06 while taking the bhaktishastri course in Mayapur, Deepak Gupta from Delhi, suddenly contracted chicken pox. Hoping against hope he consulted three doctors - aleopath, homeopath and ayurvedic. but all three confirmed the same thing "take complete rest in isolation for atleast 20 days. Deepak became really upset because his parents had let him come to Mayapur only after his repeated requests over a long period of time, now he would have to miss the courses, as well as the association of sannyasis and other senior teachers.

After suffering intensely for 3 days Deepak just couldn't tolerate it anymore so he made his way to the temple, he arrived just after sandhya aroti, as he stood before Lord Nrsimhadev he said "dear Lord just look at my pitiable condition (his whole body aching and covered in sores) Please help me." Then he joined the queue for the Deities Mahaprasadam. The startled pujari seeing his condition gave some prasadam and called for the security guard who escorted him out from the temple and told him not to come back with such a contagious disease. Deepak returned to his room depressed at the thought of having to suffer like this for another 17 days or so. At 2 am the next morning Deepak awoke feeling very energetic, he got up to take a shower and to his delight and surprise he saw that the sores on his body had gone, all the marks had just disappeared. He attended

the whole morning program without feeling any trace of fatigue. Deepak says "I am really thankful to Lord Nrsimhadev for what He did for me in the holy dham, He saved my life. I could not tell you the pain I was getting and He cured me in just one day.





## LETTER FROM ANDHARUPA DEVI DAS

- 3rd October 2006



Hare Krsna. My name is Andharupa dasi initiated by Srila Prabhupada in 1975 Miami Florida. I was asked to tell my story of my cure from Hepatitis C.

The summer of 2004 His Holiness Jayapataka Maharaja visited New Ramana Reti temple in Alachua Fl. I approached Maharaja and asked him for his blessings for my departure from this world. My illness Hepatitis C of 3rd stage fibrosis of the liver. I was undergoing medical treatment for a duration of 48 weeks with only 45% chance to be cured with many side affects. Jayapataka Maharaja said to me "You see this staff, it was touched to Lord Nrsimhadeva in Mayapura" then he touched it to my head. That night I had a dream my body was diseased with leprosy and started to fade away. The next morning I had a phone call from the University of Florida. The doctors told me "Congratulations you are Hepatitis C free. The viral count is non reactive in just 8 weeks!" The doctors were amazed especially for I had genotype I the deadly type of Hepatitis C. When I started this treatment I prayed to Lord Nrsimhadeva, everyday, "what ever your desire, you may take me from this world or you may cure me, whatever you see fit however please allow me to always be engaged in your pure devotional service." Thank you Lord for giving me a second chance.

Thank you for your time  
Gratefully yours  
Andharupa dasi



## GOVERNMENT DOCTOR'S INSPIRATION



Dr. Bashudev Das is a Bangladeshi Govt doctor. His 20 year old daughter Mistee Das who is a medical student became very sick in March 2006. She was diagnosed with a life-threatening germ cell tumor in the ovary. They brought her to Mumbai where treatment started. But soon the doctors gave up on her. Dr. Das went to visit the Iskcon Temple in Juhu where one devotee gave him a

leaflet about the upcoming Nrsimha Caturdashi festival in Mayapur, which he attended. There he received a small book of pastimes of Lord Nrsimhadev in Mayapur. He read in the book some of the miraculous cures that Lord Nrsimhadev had performed, and was convinced that by Lord Nrsimhadev's mercy his daughter would be cured. He went back to Bangladesh and contacted Lord Nrsimhadev's pujari in Mayapur and requested him to offer a special puja to Lord Nrsimhadeva to save his daughters life. Immediately Mistee's health started to improve. Now gradually she is returning back to her normal state. Basudev Das became so inspired by Lord Nrsimhadev's mercy that he printed the book of His pastimes and distributed them in Bangladesh. He says "I feel every person should pray to Lord Narasimhadeva for personal and spiritual development."



## MIRACLE AT MAYAPUR



On October 28<sup>th</sup> 2006, Chakravarty Raj, the 14 years old son of Radha Kanta Gopal Das and Padma Radhika Devi dasi was injured when a fire cracker bursts in his face. He was immediately rushed to hospital. The doctors said that he suffered from 2nd degree burn injuries on his face and suggested (1) facial dressing immediately (2) chemical crafting after a fortnight and (3) then plastic surgery after 6 months or 1 year.

Next morning, the parents requested Pankajanghri Prabhu to offer special pujas to Lord Narasimhadev for the speedy recovery of Chakravarty Raj, which were duly performed.

For the next 2 days he was just lying on bed without much movement and he could not even open his eyelids. He was then taken to Disha eye hospital at Barackpur where they found that the carina (the white portion of the eyes) took the burn injury and that the pupils were unharmed. Hence, there would be no problem with his sight and a treatment of 15 days would cure the carina.

On 2nd November morning, Padma Radhika devi dasi approached her Guru Maharaj, HH Jayapataka Swami and told him of what had happened. He gestured that he will pray for him and applied Nrsimha oil on her forehead. The same morning, Chakra was taken to Kolkata for treatment of his facial injuries.

After getting an opinion at the Apollo Hospital in the morning, Chakravarty was taken to the Railway Hospital at Howrah. One of the senior Doctors tested him and confirmed that it was a second degree burn and sent him to the dressing room for initial facial dressing. But within 3 minutes, one of the staff from the dressing room rushed out yelling and took the parents inside. Upon seeing

Chakravarty the parents stood there motionless, struck with wonder and amazement. There was Chakra standing and smiling, with no trace of any injury or mark on his face!! Nrsimhadev ki Jai.

When asked for clarification, the Dr. and others present in that place could not give any valid reason. One of them said, "You can go back to your temple and ask your Lord about it, 'yeh tho apke Bhagavan ka chatmatkar hai'" (this is your Lord's miracle).

All glories to Lord Narasimha Dev and all glories to Sri Sri Radha Madhav.

Padmaradhika Devi Dasi  
Principle of Bhaktivedanta National School  
Sri Mayapur



*Note: If any devotee has had any exchanges with Lord Nrsimhadeva of ISKCON Sridham Mayapur, then please inform H.G Pankajangri Prabhu, so that we can publish them next time.*

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