Dec. 2009

Dr. Lavania Departs

More Rustling Progress Reports

New Admissions
Dear Friends,

Mother Karuna is denied her birthright.
She can no longer graze in the many vast pastures of Braja.
They are all but gone.
She can no longer wander in the forests to savor the various herbs that help her combat disease nor the leaves and creepers that satisfy her craving for variety.
The trees have all been slashed.
She can no longer breathe the soothing breeze caressing the waters of the Yamuna nor drink the pure water.
Nor can she explore the forest floor with all varieties of earthly fragrances until she finds a place just to her liking so she can sit and ruminate.
She is confined to a congested area of bamboo fences, cement, bricks and bare dirt. At times she must be tied and has no choice but to sit in her own gober and urine. Practically she cannot fulfill her instinctive necessities.
How does she cope?
How does she react to all the injustices?
She sits peacefully emanating tranquility...
What can we learn from cows?
Forgiveness and tolerance.

The CFC Staff

Care for Cows in Vrindavan is a Charitable Trust registered in India, USA, Holland and Switzerland.
Ten years ago during the humble beginnings of Care for Cows, we took in a six-month-old bull calf whose rear leg was crushed by a careless driver. We sent out requests for help and Dr. Lavania appeared on a motor scooter with a small medicine bag. His hair was already white as he had retired from a career in veterinary medicine years before.

After examining the calf he announced that since the bone was crushed to pieces the only solution was to amputate the limb. We watched as Dr. Lavania
squatting on the brick floor to sever the calf’s leg in the middle of our crude facility. He provided the required medicines and instruments and after one-and-a-half hours of concentrated labor instructed us on how to dress and treat the wound and rehabilitate the calf as well.

When I asked him how much we owed him for the operation and medicines, he asked me, “How much are your getting paid to take care of abandoned cows?”

I responded that I was not getting paid -- that I was doing seva to please Guru and Krsna.

He responded, “Well so am I, so no need to ask me for fees.”

We exchanged phone numbers and he rushed off to attend to another case.

Since I was sorely familiar with the local strategy of gaining confidence for the purpose of future exploitation, I must admit I questioned the Doctor’s authenticity. But as we met on subsequent occasions all my doubts were dispelled by his silent impeccable character.

We watched as Dr. Lavania performed operations untried and unheard of by commercial vets whose only purpose was to keep animals healthy until they reach the slaughterhouse.

Dr. Lavania straightened a deformed leg of a bull who would never work; he removed the skeleton of a calf who died in the womb; he stitched-up lacerations on cows who were near death... because he believed in miracles. He had faith that God was in control and that our only business was to try to please Him.

We learned that he had graduated
from the Mathura Veterinary Collage and married and had two children. After some years in government service he returned to the Collage to teach. After the sudden death of his wife, he once cured a camel that other vets had failed to heal and was offered a position in Abu Dhabi where he served for fourteen years.

Upon receiving the news that his father had passed away, Dr. Lavania returned to Vrindavan to retire and take care of his aged mother. From then until the present he looked after his mother and served selflessly in many goshallas in Vrindavan.

About one year ago he developed a nervous disorder which affected his speech and then his respiration. When proposed treatments failed in Delhi hospitals, Dr. Lavania requested his son, Dr. Ajay Lavania to bring him back to Vrindavan where he peacefully departed surrounded by loving family members.
Dr. Lavania’s son, Dr. Ajay Lavania shaves his head and mourns the loss of his saintly father.

Care for Cows feels a great loss with the departure of Dr. Lavania for he taught by example how to serve without expecting anything in return. This is the essence of Bhakti. Our only solace is the confidence that he achieved the highest goal of life.
We’re not stealing cows... only pigs!
Unfortunately the great majority of Vrindavan residents are mired in apathy and impotence and thus sleep soundly while unscrupulous men wander the streets of Vrindavan abducting cows for slaughter. Fortunately there are a few great souls who cannot rest while these atrocities take place and are networking to make the streets safe.

One night at 2:00 am they received a report that a truck with seven men slowly roamed the streets and were suspected to be cow rustlers. They jumped into action and swiftly formed a road-block to restrain the truck. The cornered scoundrels immediately pleaded, “We’re not stealing cows... only pigs.” The rear bed of the truck proved their words.

Nevertheless the police were summoned and the pig rustlers were escorted to the station where the vigilantes were patted on the back, offered congratulations and dismissed. The scoundrels were questioned and somehow convinced their captors of their innocence. Within a half-an-hour they were released and proceeded to carry on with their work.
This old bull was rescued last month from the *parikrama* path as his hind-quarter was covered with dried blood and pus which oozed from several lacerations. Crows were feasting on the scabs and flesh until one kind soul took an interest in him.

Though the senior citizen was not a cooperative patient, our staff persevered and managed to restore his behind. As the hair started to return, the old bull exclaimed, “They saved my tail... they saved my tail... thank God Almighty they saved my tail!”

He has been sponsored by Candramukhi Dasi who has named him Hari Nama.
Last month this lady in distress was rescued from the street after having done the splits on a chipped marble drive-way. Her ligaments were torn and her pelvis was fractured. We kept her in a pen with her bull calf who kept punching her with his nose in the hope she would get up so he could nurse. Her motherly instinct inspired her to stand and now she is slowly walking around taking in the winter sun.

She and her son have also been sponsored by Candramukhi Dasi who has named her Lilavati and him Radha Kanta.
Get this... My former owner is a milkman who asked Care for Cows to assume responsibility for his two calves, namely me and my friend who had a broken leg. Since CFC was short of space, they agreed to take my friend but not me since I’m healthy. Next thing I knew was that my owner bandaged my leg with all kinds of rags he had laying around and had our neighbor go to CFC posing me as an emergency case. The neighbor was off before the vet arrived and everyone gathered around as he removed the layers of bandaging only to find a perfectly healthy limb. They mumbled something about my neighbor but were kind to me as they knew it was he and not me that was a fake. We cows can’t lie.

I was camping out near Care for Cows one night when four dogs surrounded me and threatened my life. They roared so viciously the night watchman of CFC came to my aid and chased them away. He then brought me inside, covered my sores with a blanket and fed me. Now I am recuperating and need a name and a sponsor. Wish me luck.
My former owner is the head of a small temple at Davanala Kund. My Mom is his only cow and he offers her milk to his Deities. Last year when my Mom dried up he asked Care for Cows to host my elder brother. After checking on him and seeing that he had become stout, he asked them to take me in too. They made him wait until there was enough space for me then he walked me to CFC where I was introduced to my elder brother. His name is Vrajbasi and is sponsored by Taj Basi. I cried for two days but am now getting adjusted. It seems like good luck runs in our family so I’m expecting that in due course I will get a good sponsor as well.
I was born to Kalindi who has been sponsored by Dr. Sanjaya Dahia for the last three years. I am her first calf and am patiently waiting for a sponsor to name me. I am gentle and well-behaved.

Nowadays people think cars are more important than cows... I was resting in the street minding my own business when a car backed up and ran over my hoof. The driver was annoyed and was more concerned about his tire than my hoof! Luckily a sane man came to my rescue and brought me to Care for Cows.
I am another member of the present calf-boom that’s going on at Care for Cows. I’m the first daughter of Mohini and was born at 12:00 noon. The cowherd men were surprised by my thick winter coat and the size of my ears. There were many people in the barn yard when I appeared and they started snapping photos of me immediately. I wonder if it means I am going to be a model. What do you think of my chances?

Yamunacarya Dasa and his daughter Saradiya sponsored me and named me Kunti.
I was hit by a car and am suffering from a broken tibia. Since the tibia is very difficult to cast, they decided to take me to the Mathura Veterinary College to see if pinning the bone together would work.

So under the guidance of Dr. Rudra Prasad Pandey two pins were placed in my leg. Since I am a peaceful patient, they are hoping the operation will be a success.

I have been sponsored by Vedanta Krit Dasa and his good wife and they have named me Shyam Gopal.
New Admissions

Above: Examination before the operation. Below: Recuperating after the operation
Mahanidhi Swami has put the culmination of over 24 years of continuous research, writing and teaching into his books in an effort to share his realizations and help others on the path of Bhakti yoga. He has printed seventeen books to teach the blissful science of loving god and help everyone get a better understanding of themselves and realize their full potential.

Visit mnsbooks.com to view a rich selection of books, tapes and articles.

### DANGI

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Home Tract</th>
<th>Nasik &amp; Ahmadnagar districts of Maharashtra called Dangs Ghats.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Type</td>
<td>Draught, Medium to heavy size. Known for excellent working qualities in heavy rainfall areas.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Colour</td>
<td>White with red or black spots over the body, Shining coat</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Muzzle</td>
<td>Large</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Horns</td>
<td>Short &amp; thick</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ears</td>
<td>Small</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hooves</td>
<td>Black, flint like, very hard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Skin</td>
<td>Exudes oil secretion which protects from rain.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Visit Http://eng.gougram.org/breeds/ to see excellent photos of various Indian breeds of cows.
The cows send their heart-felt thanks to those who assisted during November 2009

May cows stay in front of me; may cows stay behind me; may cows stay on both sides of me. May I always reside in the midst of cows. —*Hari Bhakti Vilas* 16.252