

June 2013

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Dada Bhagwan Parivar's

AKRAM

Express

*It's none of
my concern*



Friends,

Many a times, we make use of the phrase, 'It's none of my concern' especially when we do not consider something or someone as our own. However, at that time we forget how hurt we would feel if someone treated us with the same attitude.

Param Pujya Dadashri's beautiful understanding on "How much and in what way is the attitude, 'It's none of my concern' harmful?" has been included in this issue.

So let's understand the risks involved in this kind of attitude and discard it completely from our lives.

-Dimple Mehta

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Dadaji says...

Questioner: If we have the feeling, 'It's none of my concern' for any person, then what does it indicate?

Dadashri: Inconsideration! How can you even say, 'It's none of my concern?' It's an offense. One should not say, 'It's none of my concern?' One cannot keep this attitude at home, but one should also not do the same outside.

When we say, 'It's none of my concern' it creates a big rift between people. When there is narrow mindedness, the feeling of 'It's none of my concern' appears more often. At night, when it's cold and the person opposite us is shivering with cold, yet even after noticing this, we pull the covers over our head and sleep! We feel that, "What can I do? Let him be. He can do what he likes." We sleep taking two bed sheets while he has none, yet we feel, "I don't feel like getting up. Whatever has to happen, will happen. It's none of my concern?" Hence, for one's own selfish motive, the person doesn't think of others.

He casts a blind eye. This should not be so. One should empathise with others grief. "What if the same thing happens to me?" Such thoughts should arise in every matter. If we give joy to others, we will receive joy all the time.

Questioner: When I realize that any work or thing I do may go wrong, then I feel, "I have nothing to do with it."

Dadashri: By keeping the attitude, "It's none of my concern", you bind demerit karma. If someone has incurred a loss or misfortune, then your heart should bewail that it's as good as you yourself incurring a loss. If we go to a 'dharmashala' (place of residence) and we feel, "let's use the dharmashala's property." Hence, we walk on the bed with shoes; we have tea and snacks while sitting on bed and a few drops of tea fall on it. Deep within we feel, "What does it matter? All this is the property of the 'dharmashala'; we have paid full money." That means, the person is considering, "This not my property, I'm using someone else's stuff", but this outlook of division is the cause of his obstacles. Today, when the light is left on, one thinks, "It's none of my concern!" However, if today we consume more electricity, then someone else will be deprived of it. Then, eventually there will be a shortfall for us all (i.e. rationing of electricity).

Whatever we find appropriate for ourselves, we should keep the same appropriate thing for others. It should occur to us that if it has hurt me, it would hurt others too!

The phrase, 'It's none of my concern' doesn't exist in our dictionary. The one who says, 'It's none of my concern' will never find a way out.



The consequences of 'It's none of my concern'

Akram Express

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Just as Pathak Sir turned towards the blackboard to write something, Aditya stretched and yawned.

"What a boring class!" Stating this, he took a deep breath. After a short while, he removed a circular object from his compass and began to draw a cartoon on the bench.

"Adi, what are you doing?" Don't spoil the school bench like this." Kavish reprimanded Aditya.

"It's the school's property, not mine? Of what concern is it to me? And why are you getting so emotional? Pay attention on your studies." Aditya retorted with irritation.

"What do you mean by 'it's the school's property, and of what concern is it to me?' Would you spoil the dining table of your house like this?" Kavish counter argued with Aditya.

"Hey..... Mr. Over wise..." Aditya was about to speak further, but Pathak Sir caught the two of them murmuring, "Silence please, Aditya, Kavish."

Both became silent. The recess bell rang after a short while.

'Ding... Dang... Dong...!!!' In a short instance, all the children ran out into the compound, as if they were like caged birds being set free. Chaos and commotion raged in the whole compound.

Aditya was still craving to eat, even after finishing his snack. He headed towards the canteen and bought chips and soda. As

recess got over, Aditya crushed the packet of chips, made a ball out of it and threw it towards the





The artisan was completely dumbstruck. He had never thought of something like this!

dustbin, but the packet fell a foot short of the dustbin.

“Oh, I missed it by this much!” Saying this, Aditya laughed and ran towards the class. Seeing this, Kavish reprimanded him again, “Hey, pick it up and put it in the dustbin! Why are you littering the compound?”

“Kavish, why should I care if it’s getting littered? Ramukaka will clean it up. Anyway it’s his job to clean, not mine.” Aditya sat on his bench after stating this much.

While entering the classroom, the teacher- Gandhi overheard Aditya and Kavish’s conversation.

“Good afternoon, everybody,” he greeted the class and kept his books on the table. He adjusted his spectacles and said, “Today’s topic is ‘Save electricity’ but as always, I will start with a story. This story is about an artisan and his employer.

In a town, there lived an artisan. He was very efficient. After working for several years, he had earned sufficient money. Thereby he now wished to build himself a house to live in.

He told his employer, “I would like to retire now. I wish to make my own house to live in, now.”

The employer said, “Certainly, but before that, make this final house. After that, you may retire.”

The artisan reluctantly accepted the offer and started working.

His heart was not in his work and as a result, the quality of the work was very poor. The other artisans would reprimand him many times, “The boss has always taken care of all your requirements, then why are you devaluing his work?”

However, the artisan paid no heed to their remarks. He would think, “Why should I be so concerned? Anyway, this is the last construction for me. Then my boss will be on his way and I will be on mine. It’s none of my concern!”

Thus, somehow forcing himself to complete the hard and tiresome work, he accomplished his task. After the house was ready, his boss came to inspect it.

The employer told him, “Brother, you have been working for me your entire life; hence in return I wanted to gift you something. From today onwards, this house is yours; a small gift from me.” The artisan was completely dumbstruck. He had never thought of something like this! He began to repent heartily. He thought, “Had I known that this house

was being made for me then, I would have built it carefully."

After a little pause, Gandhi teacher said, "Just like in this story, the artisan did not considered his work to be personal and as a result he suffered a personal loss. Similarly, when we also do not consider anything, any person, or any place as our own, and we spoil it, then eventually we are causing a loss to ourselves. We only tend to ruin things if we consider them not to belong to us, however do you ever ruin things that belong to you? We consider things as belonging to others, and keeping this division is our mistake."

After listening to the story, Aditya began to feel ashamed of his behavior. He felt as if the teacher had narrated the story keeping him in mind. He started doodling on the last page of his notebook.

"And now we come to our main topic, 'Save electricity'. Who can give me some examples of this?"

"If we consider things as not belonging to us and misuse them, then how do we incur a loss?" the teacher put forth this question to the class.

Kavish raised his hand instantly.

"Yes Kavish, you may answer."

"If we waste water or electricity at public places then it might so happen that in future we will face scarcity of that particular thing." Kavish answered. The class ended with such

When we do not consider
anything, any person, or any place
as our own, and we spoil it,
then eventually we are
causing a loss to ourselves.





discussions. Towards the end, the teacher said, "We will continue this discussion tomorrow. Think about what we can do to save energy in our day-to-day life. Everyone will have to give a small presentation on this topic."

After school, chit chatting, Aditya and Kavish reached the cycle stand. Just then, Aditya noticed the classroom.

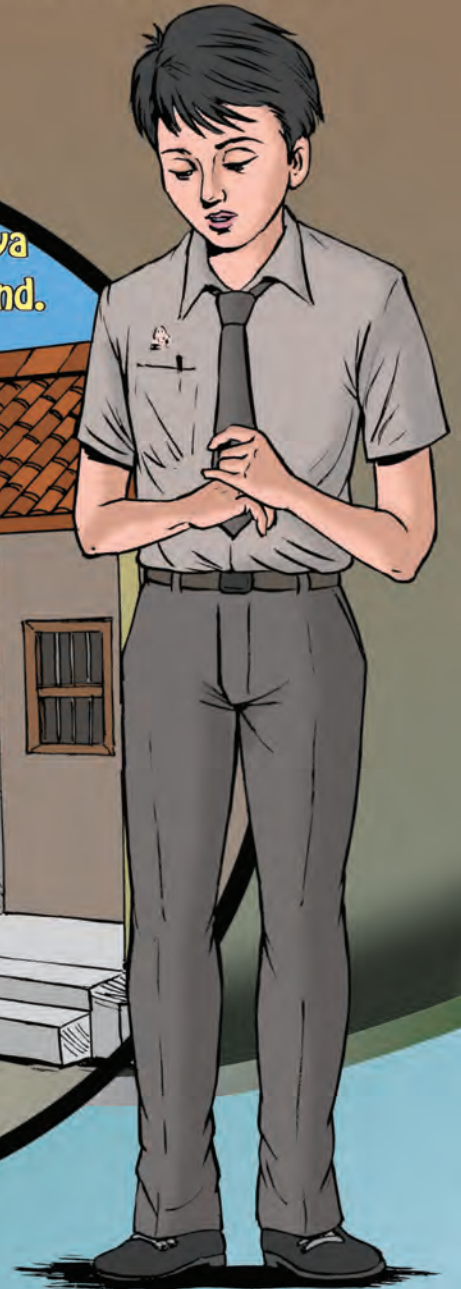
"I'll be back in a minute. Wait for me." Saying so, Aditya ran towards the classroom. He returned in a short while, panting.

"What happened?" Kavish inquired.

"Nothing, the classroom light was on. I had gone to switch it off," Aditya answered slowly.

Kavish gave him a pat on the back.

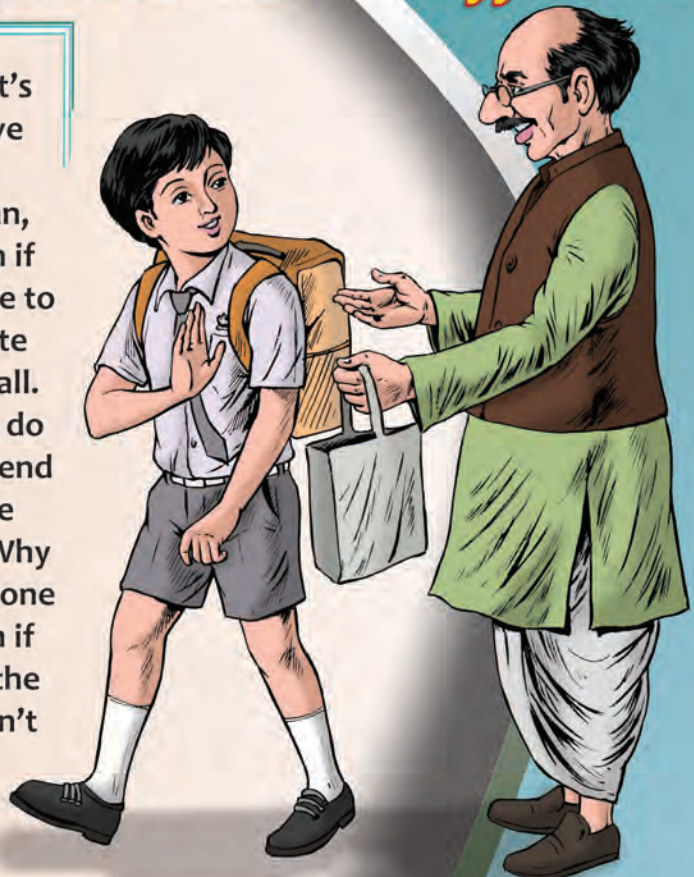
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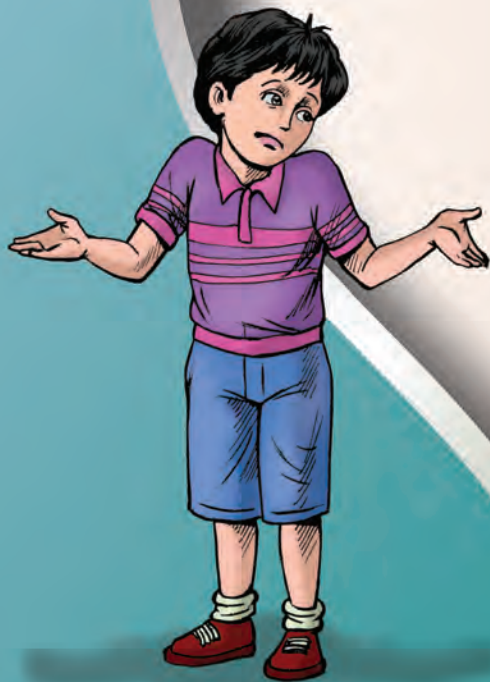
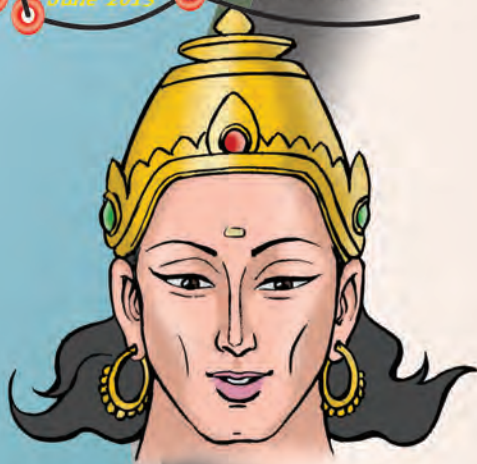


'It's none of my concern' is the biggest division (bhed). The more the division leaves the more pure love arises. We should get rid of any kinds of beliefs of "They are not mine." That is known as the embodiment of love (prem swaroop). We feel that we are all part of one family.

Absolutely New and Different!

When all the intents of 'It's none of my concern' have disappeared, then the resulting echoes are clean, they are pure! Then, even if you say that I won't be able to do this work, the opposite person won't feel bad at all. For e.g. you are unable to do the work given by your friend but if you don't have the intent in your mind that 'Why should I do his work? It's none of my concern' then even if you have not completed the work, yet your friend won't feel bad.





When our intellect shows
'It's none of my concern', we
should acquit ourselves by
doing Pratikraman.

"It's not my concern.
He is going to die
anyway!" God has
described this as
impudence.



A memorable bus journey

Akram Express

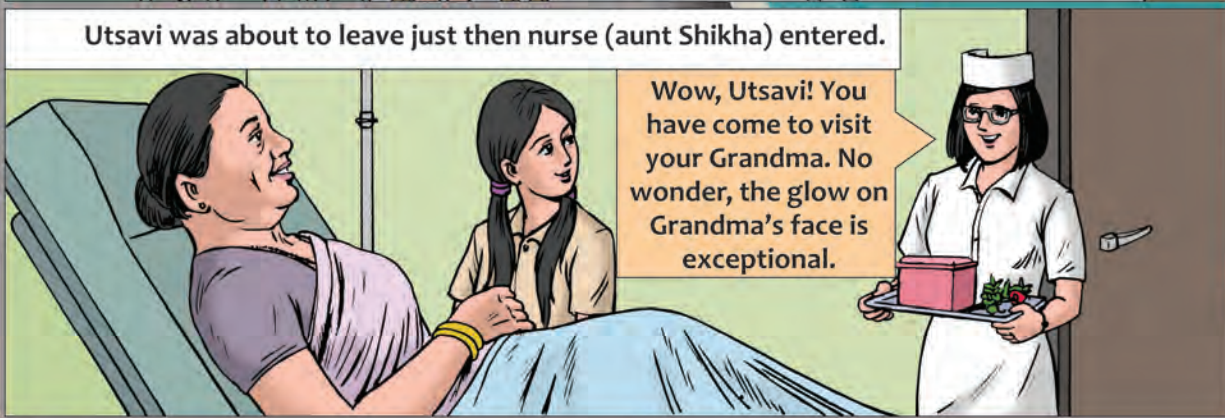
June 2013

In the hospital room



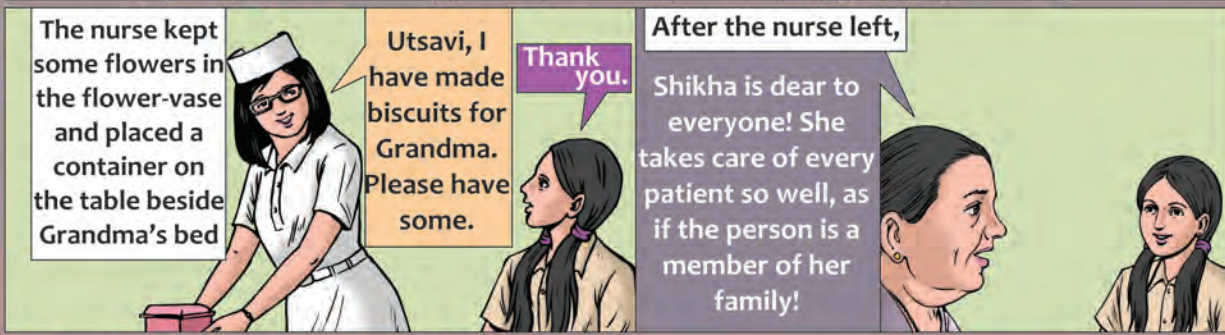
Grandma, I need to leave now, or else I will miss my bus. Do take care of yourself. I will come to visit you again.

Utsavi was about to leave just then nurse (aunt Shikha) entered.



Wow, Utsavi! You have come to visit your Grandma. No wonder, the glow on Grandma's face is exceptional.

The nurse kept some flowers in the flower-vase and placed a container on the table beside Grandma's bed



Utsavi, I have made biscuits for Grandma. Please have some.

Thank you.

After the nurse left, Shikha is dear to everyone! She takes care of every patient so well, as if the person is a member of her family!

Looking at the watch,



Oh no, I got you engrossed in our talks again. You must be getting late. Have a safe journey.

Yes, Grandma

Utsavi took her bag and rushed towards the bus stop.



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Seeing all the passengers waiting for bus Utsavi heaved a sigh of relief.

Today, I feel very exhausted. It would be nice if I get a good seat on the bus. I will be able to take a long nap until I reach home.

Just then, she heard the honking of the bus... She climbed on it hastily.

Please give me a ticket to Ahmedabad.

When she peered inside the bus, she noticed a vacant seat towards the end. She somehow reached there and settled down. She closed her eyes.

Suddenly, the bus braked sharply.

Oh my God!

Her eyes opened in an instant. She saw that an elderly woman leaning on the seat in front, was about to fall.

I should give my seat to the elderly woman. She must be having difficulty standing.

She looked around.

No one else is bothered then why should I give away my seat? Why should I be bothered? Moreover, I am so tired.

Utsavi tried to close her eyes and sleep, but she saw her Grandma's face floating in front of her eyes.



What if it was my Grandma in the elderly woman's place? What if no one offered her a seat?

However feeling intensely sleepy, Utsavi discarded the thought from her mind. In a short while, she saw aunt Shikha's face writhing in front of her eyes.



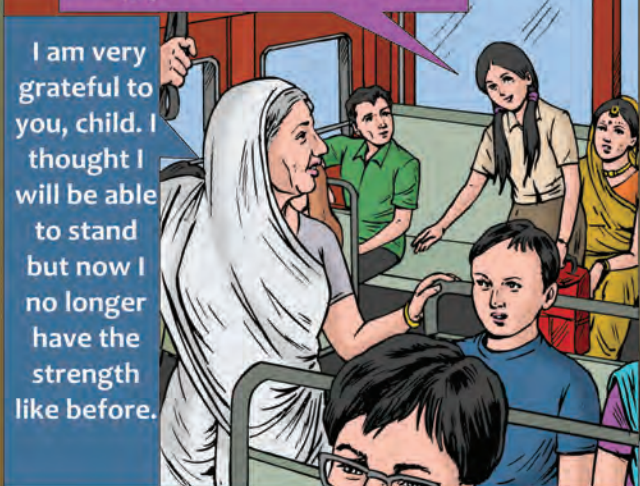
If aunt Shikha, considered Grandma a stranger, and did not take care of her well, then what condition would she be in?



The reason why aunt Shikha is dear to everyone is that she never differentiates between family and strangers.

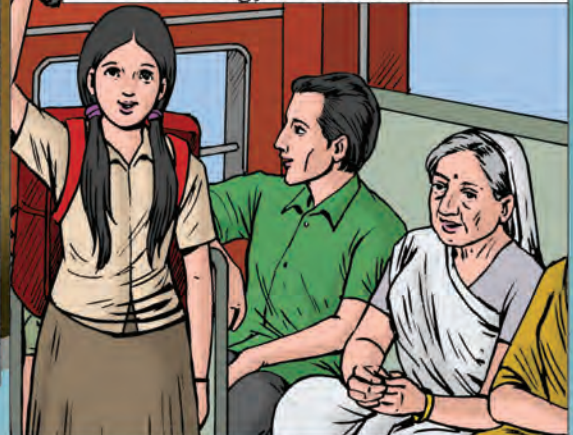
With this thought in mind, Utsavi got up promptly.

Aunty, please come and sit here.



I am very grateful to you, child. I thought I will be able to stand but now I no longer have the strength like before.

Saying this, the elderly woman settled in Utsavi's seat. Utsavi calmly stood in the elderly woman's place. After offering her seat to aunty, it was as if her sleep had vanished and she experienced an unusual energy and alertness!





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Mythological Story

This story took place about 2600 years ago. King Dasharnabhadr of the kingdom of Dasharna, was very just and religious. He was a supreme devotee of Lord Mahavir.

The king would always feel, "When will the fortunes rise and when will this part of the earth be purified by the sacred feet of the Lord. When will the dust under his feet bless my life? Just as the pied crested cuckoo (chatak) awaits the rain, in the same way King Dasharnabhadr's inner self was waiting for the Lord's arrival. It was yearning for a glimpse of the Lord. Many days passed in this hope.

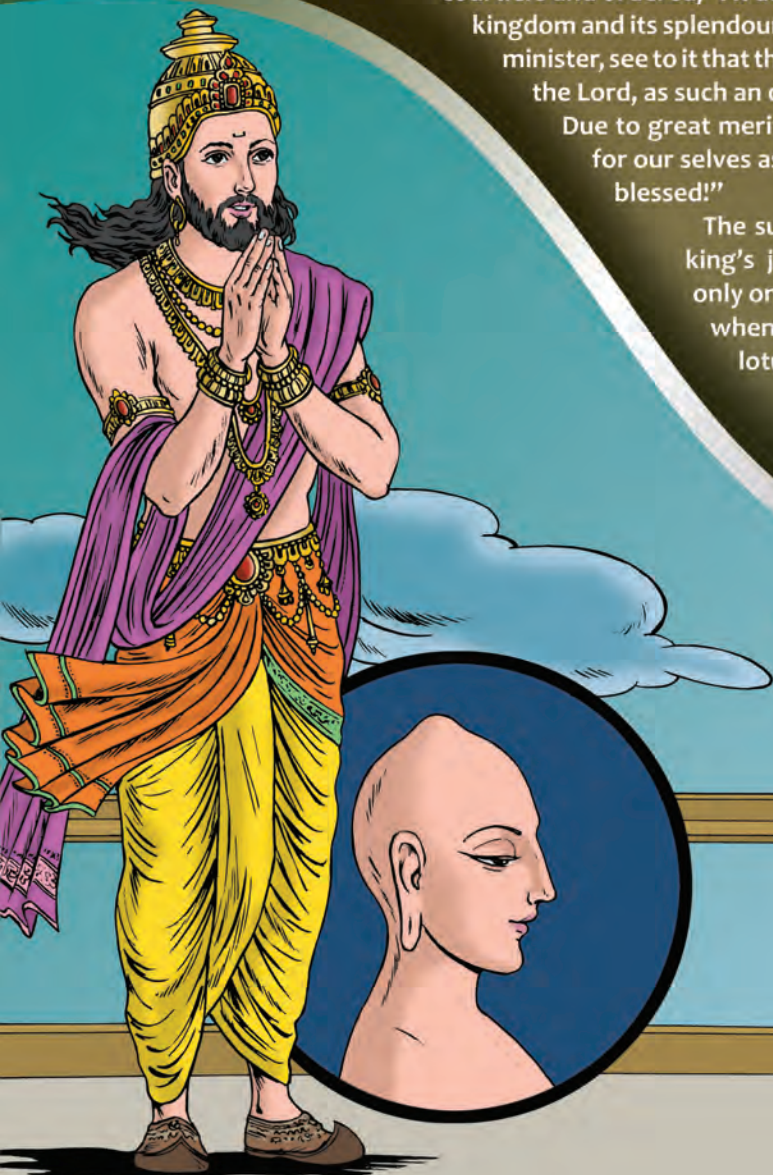
One day, when the king was busy in his daily duties, the forester came to give him some news, "Your highness, Lord Mahavir, has arrived in your kingdom."

Hearing this, the king's inner self started dancing. On the spot, with a lot of reverence, he paid obeisance to the Lord. The king's inner self gushed with exuberant devotion. He thought, "On this occasion of ultimate bliss, it would be so nice if the entire town gets submerged in joy!" He immediately called the prime minister and royal courtiers and ordered, "At dawn tomorrow, I will go with the entire kingdom and its splendour to pay homage to Lord Mahavir. Prime minister, see to it that there is no shortcoming while welcoming the Lord, as such an occasion doesn't come again and again. Due to great meritorious karmas, the moment has come for our selves as well as for our entire prosperity to be blessed!"

The sun set down and it was nighttime. The king's jubilant inner self was contemplating only on one thing, "When will dawn break and when will I, with all splendor, be near the lotus feet of my Lord?"

The night passed and it was finally time to pay homage to the Lord. The entire kingdom was

"At dawn tomorrow, I will go with the entire kingdom and its splendour to pay homage to Lord Mahavir."



King Dasharnabhadra is like gold, why is he contaminating himself with mud today?

present there. The chaturangi sena - four divisions of the army consisting of elephants, cavalry, infantry, and war chariots, was standing there with great pomp, show, and decor. The royal ministers, town dignitaries, royal queens, town wives, and subjects had arrived all decked up in wealthy attire. It seemed as if the earth had taken the charming appearance of heaven! The royal streets were having an aroma of musk, sandalwood, rose water, vermilion and flowers. Various types of flags and wreath of flowers and leaves circled in the sky. The melodious tunes of musical instruments were spreading everywhere. With a loud shriek of joy, the royal dignitaries raised their legs and the human multitude marched forward in synchronization.

Observing the intense grandeur of the occasion the king's happiness increased and transformed into extreme joy. In exuberance of this joy, the king also developed pride. He thought, 'Would anyone really have welcomed the Lord of the three worlds, the Tirthankara Bhagwan, in such a divine manner? Great kings are the devotees of the Lord, but to my knowledge, no one has propitiated such a welcome. Undoubtedly, I have accomplished an incredible task today!'

A thin layer of pride started forming over the king's devotion. He started finding his own devotion extraordinary! In his mind, he started praising himself, "Earnestly this welcoming ceremony of mine is just incredible! No one must have ever seen something like this in the past; neither will anyone see something like this in the future. Even the deities hold no importance in front of this welcome! Surely, my welcome will become eternal due to its incredibility!"

Hence, in this way king Dasharnabhadra reached the lotus feet of Lord Mahavir. After paying homage to the Lord, he sat in the assembly. Pride was clearly visible on his face.

Meanwhile, at the same moment, the king of deities, Indra was sitting in his assembly. King Dasharnabhadra is like gold, why is he contaminating himself with mud today? Is he not aware of the bitter fruits of vanity and arrogance? His devotion and his happiness are completely on the verge of being destroyed. Is he also not aware of this? Should we allow vanity to dissolve a lifetime of devotion within a second? No, not at all. This needs to be treated properly! Thus, the king of deities, Indra decided to pay homage to Lord Mahavir Himself, with his immensely extraordinary splendour.

The king was engrossed in the delight of his pride when the entire sky was filled with music. The entire assembly was flabbergasted as they watched. King Dasharnabhadra also flickered from his thoughts and gazed towards the sky.

At the entrance of the skies, having created an indescribable welcome such that one could not stop gazing, the deities were heading towards earth. In front of the beauty of every elephant (Airavat) of Indra, the beauty and decor of entire world faded away!

King Dasharnabhadra kept staring at all this. As he observed the pomp and show of the deities, his arrogant thoughts began to dispel. Due to Devraj Indra's grand welcome, the toxin of vanity inside the king's



mind gradually started to diminish.

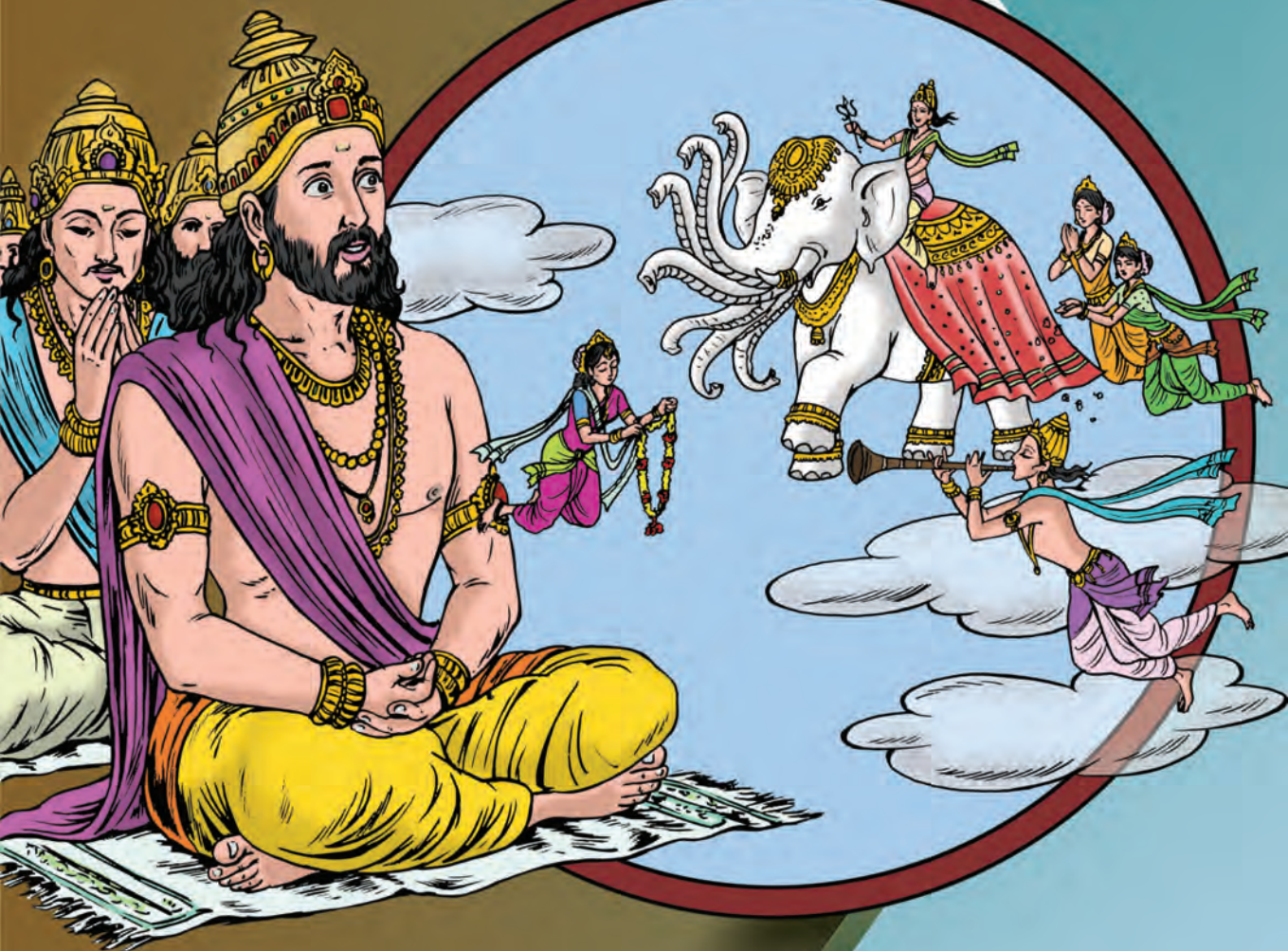
The king thought, "What a twit I proved to be! I contaminated my bliss with arrogance. I claimed my welcome to be extraordinary. I considered it unique! What a fool am I! How could I ever consider that my welcome was exclusive?" Thus, gradually, the toxin of pride dissolved completely from the king's mind.

The king thought, "Today, I took pride in accomplishing an incredible feat. Though this pride has completely dissolved now, but today I want to do something that will prove my life and this homage to the Lord, to be fruitful."

King Dasharnabhadrar accepted a place at the feet of the Lord forever. Joy was overflowing within him. Devraj Indra and the whole assembly began to praise this deed.

After seeing Indra's immense wealth, King Dasharnabhadrar's arrogance melted away and after observing the king's renunciation, Indradev experienced astonishment.

"Due to Devraj Indra's arand welcome, the toxin of vanity inside the king's mind gradually started to diminish."



Test Yourself...

In the incidents below, find out which characters have kept the attitude of 'It's none of my concern?'

After settling down by the window seat, Nandini placed her school bag below the seat in front of her. As she peered out of the window, she saw Aarav panting and running. Aarav raised both his hands to signal the bus to stop. Nandini moved her eyes away from Aarav and thought, "Late comer! He should miss the bus today. Only then will he realize the importance of being punctual."

During recess time, observing Raghav to be a little upset, Aarav came up to him, took a bite from his lunch box and jovially said, "Hey, my friend! The food is so tasty yet why are you so sad?"

"It's because we have a Math test next week. Aarav, can I come over on Saturday to study with you?"

"No, my friend, this weekend I have to go out." saying this Aarav left. On the way, he thought, "Who would want to waste time behind this dunce!"

During the test, Nandini's pen ran out of ink. In extreme panic, she asked, "Does anyone have a spare pen? Please give me one."

Shreya was sitting right in front of Nandini. She opened her pencil case slightly and saw that her favorite ink pen was sitting there as a spare. She immediately shut her pencil case, "Shouldn't one bring a spare pen during tests? If the ink has run out, then what can I do?"

In the evening, Shreya's mother had invited some of their friends and family for dinner.

"Shreya my dear, the guests will be arriving soon. Please help me set the dining table," mother called out to Shreya.

Shreya was lying on the bed. She told her younger brother, Bunty, "Bunty, please go and help mummy. I am very tired."

"Why should I go? Today, it's your turn to help mummy. You go," snapped Bunty.

At dinnertime, Alok dropped the cold drink by mistake. Raghav noticed this, but pretended not to see, turned around and began to talk to Shreya.

Now, if you were in the above characters shoes, then what would you do? From amongst the solutions given below; find the appropriate solution for each character and fill in the table given below.

1. After the test, I would have lectured Nandini on the importance of keeping spare things.
2. I would immediately offer my spare pen to Nandini.
3. I would have given Aarav a 'thumbs down' sign from the bus window.
4. I would have adjusted my timetable and revised for the Math test with Raghav.
5. Without wasting time, I would have taken Alok's photo and captured his petrified face.
6. I would have stuck a paper on the fridge, indicating the rules of taking turns, so that my sister would remember in the future.
7. I would ask Raghav to bring tasty lunch for me the following day too and would have explained to Raghav that if you are getting tasty food in life then you don't need to become tense about things like tests.
8. I would have immediately gone to the bus driver and requested him to stop the bus.
9. I would have brought a cloth from kitchen and helped Alok.
10. "If I am asked to work when I am tired then how I would feel?" Bearing this thought in mind, I would have helped my sister.

Name of the character	Solution no.
1)	
2)	
3)	
4)	
5)	



Sweet memories

Once, Niruma had gone to Rajkot for satsang. After satsang, Niruma had to return to Ahmedabad. The mahatma, who Niruma was staying with, had two young daughters. When it was time for Niruma to leave, the two girls were sleeping. Their mother was about to wake them up, but Niruma refrained her from doing so. However, would Niruma ever leave without blessing all the family members of the house where she stayed?

There was a little gap between the two sisters where they were sleeping. Niruma somehow slowly sat in the gap between the two and then placed her hands on their foreheads and did 'vidhi', blessed them and told their mother, "Come and take a photograph for remembrance." The mahatma bahen took a photo and then Niruma left.

When the two sisters woke up and didn't find Niruma, they started crying. Their mother said, "Don't worry, Niruma has taken a photograph with both of you and given you blessings before she left."

The two sisters were overwhelmed with joy.



June 2013

Akram Express

For Akram Express Readers....

Dear friends,

We meet every month, but I keep forgetting to ask you, so let me ask you today, "Do you like to read Akram Express? What kind of changes have you experienced in your life after reading Akram Express?" Kindly share these with us so that we get the inspiration to design even better issues for you. Please send your experiences to us on the address or e-mail given below.

Balvignan Department, Trimandir Sankul, Simandhar City, Ahmedabad-Kalol Highway, Adalaj, Gandhinagar - 382421, e-mail: akramexpress@dadabhagwan.org

Friends,

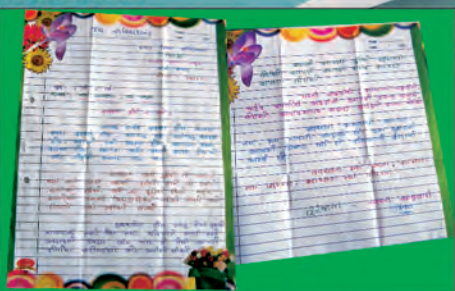
Congratulations to all the children who participated in the Artistic Handwriting Competition. Everyone's entry is worth praising. The winners will receive their prizes at home. We hope that you will continue to participate in this way in other competitions too.



7 to 9 years

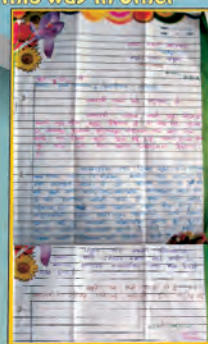
First Prize

Name: Raich
Kinjal
Ashwinbhai



Second Prize

Name: Raich
Chandni
Kishorbhai



10 to 12 years

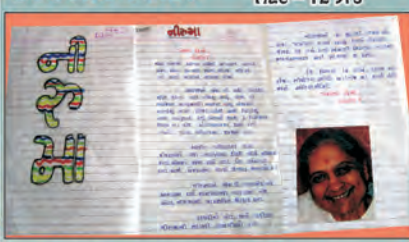
First Prize

Name: Tanti
Neerav
Ramnikbhai,
Age - 12 yrs



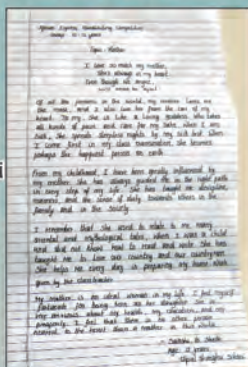
Second Prize

Name: Sakshi B Sheth,
Age - 12 yrs



Second Prize

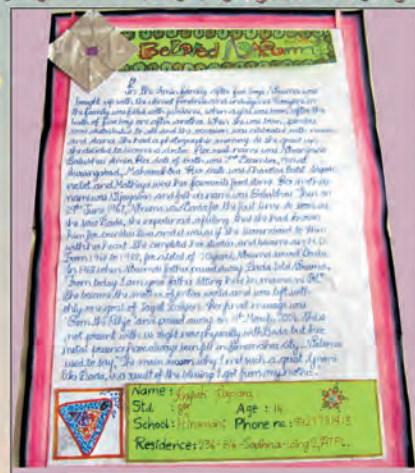
Name: Jeevani
Drashti
Bipinbhai,
Age - 12 yrs



13 to 15 years

First Prize

Name: Khyati
Raipara,
Age - 14 yrs



Second Prize

Name : Prajapati
Darshana
Bhikhabhai,
Age - 14 yrs



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Pujyashree inaugurating the Diamond Jubilee celebrations



Pujyashree cutting the cake



B.M.H.T kids gifting Pujyashree a birthday card



Glimpses of various cultural performances by M.H.T kids



Pujyashree unveiling "Who will be my friend?" a new book, especially for Baby MHT age group



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