

Dada Bhagwan Parivar's

February 2019

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AKRAM Express



Heartily

Heartily

Editorial

Young friends,
“Heartily” means to have heart, to be sympathetic to the feelings of others. Where there is heart, there is humanity. Without it, there is just beastliness (inhumanity). To develop your heart is a big thing. Some arrive here in this lifetime with an already developed heart, due to having accumulated many lifetimes’ worth of good moral values. Others can develop heart in this lifetime by being in touch with saints (virtuous people), religious discourses or a Gnani.

After reading this I am sure even you will feel like becoming “heartily”!

Then come, let us see in this edition what are the characteristics of a “heartily” person, how can one become “heartily” and why are “heartily” people loved by all?

And yes.....after reading this edition, do not forget to make a firm resolution to become “heartily”!

- Dimple Mehta

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Questioner: If we hear bad news or if someone tells us about their problem, then I feel sad for them. I pray for them, but still the feeling arises within that I wish this had not happened to them. So how do we explain this?

Deepakbhai: If we are affected after seeing someone suffering then this is called being sympathetic, being "heartily". "Heartily" is when we feel the same pain that the other person is feeling. We get so affected that we feel ten times more pain than what the other person is feeling. This is called having a sympathetic nature, a "heartily" nature.

Whereas a person who is ruled by his intellect would say, 'It's his karma and he has to suffer it. There's nothing we can do. It's nothing to do with us'. That is not the right way.

What does "heartily" mean? For example, if someone is ill and suffering, then a "heartily" person would help them, even provide care for them. They would internally pray for them to get better or pray that they get the strength to remain composed in the face of suffering.

A 'heartily' person would have sympathetic feelings like, 'Oh dear! The poor person is really suffering!' He would really get affected by it and that is how it should be. This is the way the heart blossoms.

The best thing is to develop a "heartily" nature. It is not so good to have an overly intellectual nature, where, if someone praises you then your attachment with them increases and if someone hurts you slightly then you break all ties with them. It is not a good thing to feel glad when a person who has made you unhappy gets hurt. We should have sympathy and no matter how much they have hurt us, we should forget that and help them. That is called having a "heartily" nature.

Satsang helps the heart to blossom. Also blessings from saints help to develop the heart. And our Gnan (divine knowledge) is extremely helpful in developing the heart.

**Gnanis
say ...**

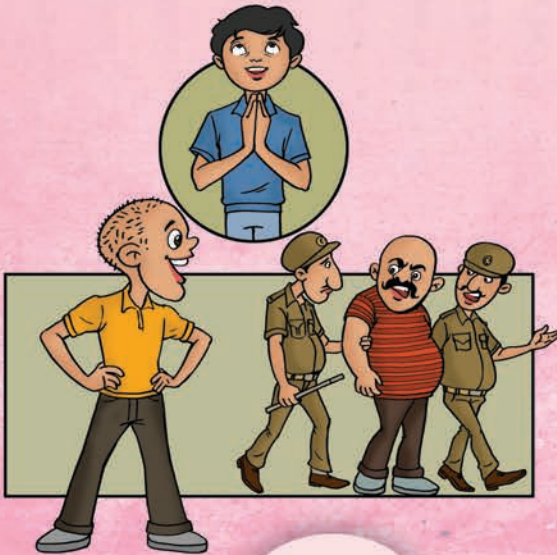


Absolutely New and Different

We like others to care for us when we are suffering. But on the other hand, when others are unhappy, we do not even attempt to help them, and that is called 'selfish intellect'.

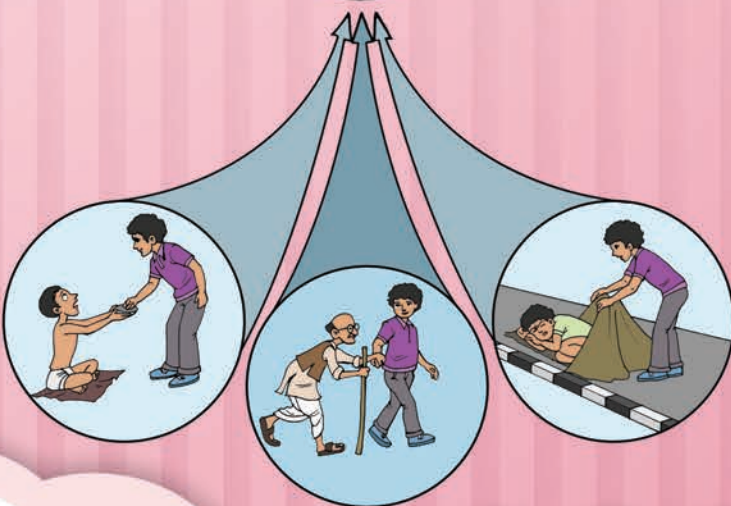


A 'heartily' person would wish for even his enemy's suffering to end, whereas, a person who uses his intellect would say, 'Ha! He's been taught a lesson!' and he'd feel glad at witnessing his enemy suffer.



Shoes

What is heart? Suppose a person is trying to ease his/her own difficulties, but by doing so is causing harm to another. So instead, if one puts up with the difficulties, rather than allow another to come to harm...then that is called having 'heart'. In contrast the person who uses intellect would think, if that other person is suffering, let him suffer, what's it to do with me? I will go ahead and fulfill my desires. He would not think twice about taking 2000 rupees from his dad for a pair of shoes, even if his dad is in financial difficulties. Whereas a person with heart, seeing his father struggle, would just make do with what he has and not ask for any money for new shoes.



A 'heartily' attitude can turn a person into God.

Who would

you prefer to be like?

It was a pitch black night. Lightning crackled, thunder roared and heavy rain poured down. There were three knocks on the door of the little hut.

“Is anyone there?” The traveller sounded desperate.

“It sounds like someone is lost. It is a dark night and there are dangerous animals roaming in the jungle. We should give him shelter.” Ramdas asked his wife to open the door.

“What? How can we fit a third person in this little hut?” The wife refused to open the door.

“Alas, I know this is not a king’s palace! It is a poor man’s little hut. So what if three people cannot lie down in here? We can spend the night sitting up, chitchatting and singing songs. Please open the door.” Ramdas pleaded with his wife.

His wife opened the door. The traveller, who was drenched in the rain,

thanked them from the bottom of his heart.

After a little while there was another knock on the door. Ramdas asked the traveller, who was sitting near the door, to open it.

“What are you saying? The hut is already overcrowded with three of us

sitting here. There is no room for a fourth person.” The traveller refused to open the door.

“Alas, I know this is not a king’s palace, it is only a poor man’s little hut. Instead of three of us sitting here, we four can spend the night standing.” Ramdas entreated the traveller to open the door.

The traveller reluctantly opened the door to the other traveller. The same thing happened once again. Each time, instead of remembering that they had been in the exact same plight only a short time ago, and instead of having sympathy for the new person at the door, the travellers just thought about their own comfort.

After the story ended, Grandma stroked Anjali’s head and said, “My dear, a lot of the time while trying to ensure our own happiness, we become blind to the suffering of other people just like the travellers in the story. And on the other hand you have someone like Ramdas who foremost cared about helping others to ease their suffering before giving a thought to his own comfort.

Tell me, who would you prefer to be like? Thoughtful and caring Ramdas, or the selfish travellers?”

This story had such a deep impact on Anjali’s heart that even years later



she would always think about others' happiness first, and that is why she was everyone's favourite in college.

This semester, like every semester, Anjali's group had gathered at her house the day before the project submission deadline.

"Sonali, I haven't been able to submit my project today. Sir has granted me an extension until tomorrow." While Ashmi was saying this, Anjali came and joined them.

"If I do not submit my project tomorrow then" Ashmi could not even finish the sentence because she could not bear to think of the consequences. "I need help, Sonali. Will you help me?" Ashmi gathered up the courage to ask Sonali this.

The waves of excitement that had been racing through Sonali's mind were suddenly put on pause. In just a few moments she managed to think up a great many excuses.

She thought, 'If only I had come here 5 minutes early, then I would not have bumped into Ashmi'.

She was so caught up in her plans to enjoy herself that she did not feel any sympathy towards Ashmi.

Being focused on her own happiness, she became unfeeling towards Ashmi's hardship. She forgot that only 12 hours earlier, she had been in exactly the same situation as Ashmi. And now she was looking

for excuses to escape! After a few moments' silence Sonali said, "Oh Ashmi, I am so sorry to hear that ... I would definitely have helped you, but the thing is today I have to"

Before Sonali could finish stating her excuse, Anjali interrupted,



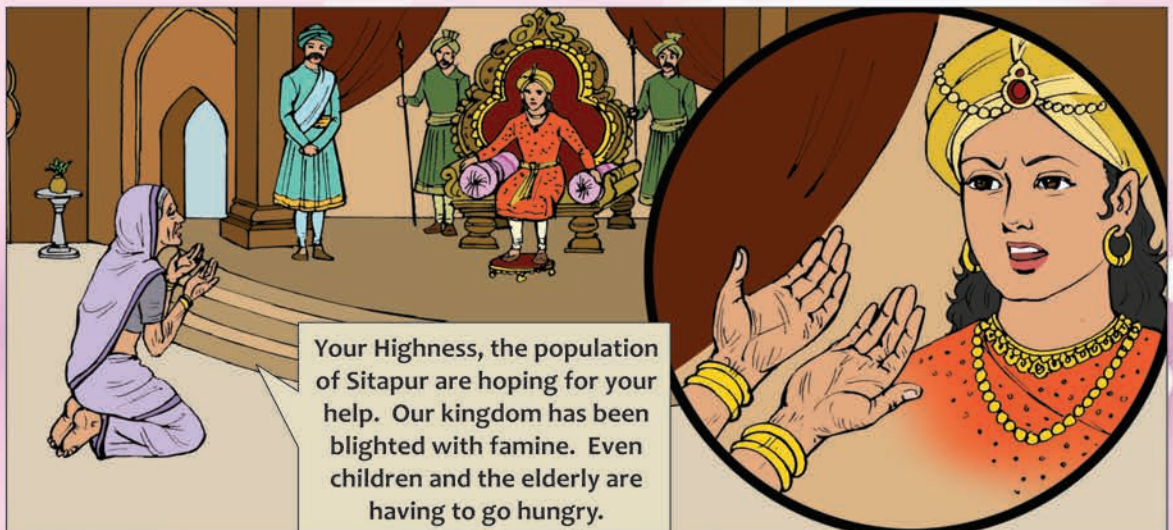
“Ashmi, come to my house. I will help you.”

Anjali was always moved by others' difficulties.

Sonali was shocked. She thought, “Even Anjali had made plans to have fun and she must be even more tired than me.” She just stared at Anjali.

“Who would you prefer to be like? - Caring Ramdas or selfish travellers?” Anjali's grandma had asked her years ago. Even today the pledge given to her grandma continues to lead her in the right direction.

Nectar



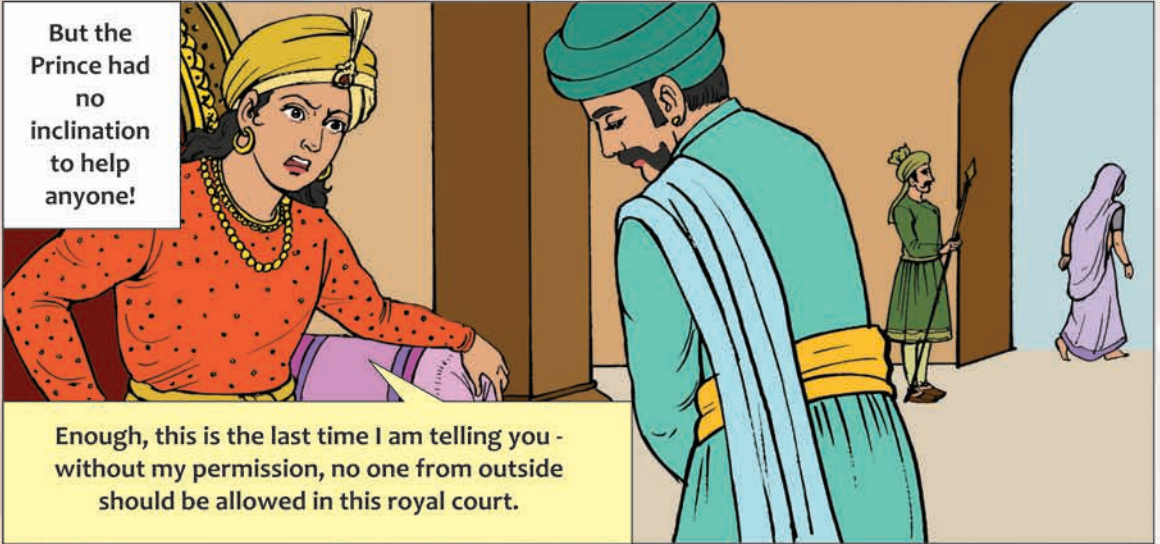
Seeing the wrinkles on Maaji's hands the prince shuddered with disgust.

Sitapur? Minister, what are Sitapur people doing in my kingdom?

Your Highness, this is Jamuna Maaji. She has brought a proposal on behalf of the kingdom of Sitapur. In return for food, their farmers will farm the lands in our kingdom.

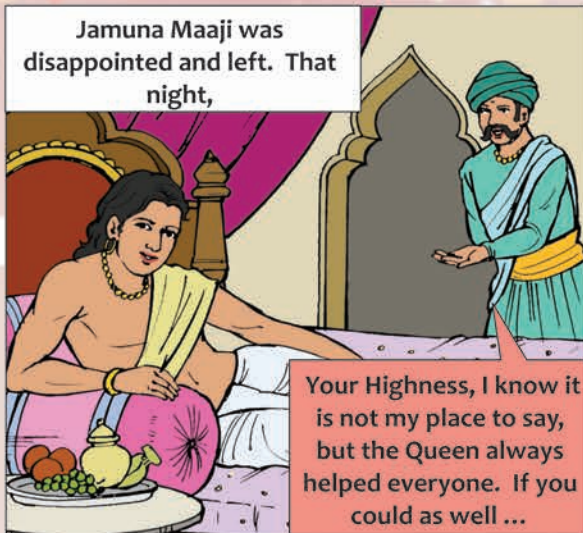


But the Prince had no inclination to help anyone!



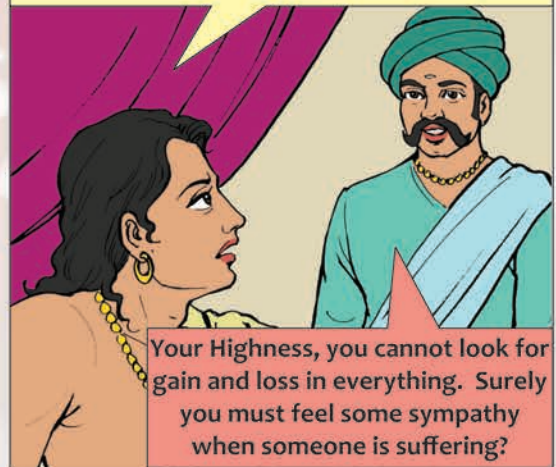
Enough, this is the last time I am telling you - without my permission, no one from outside should be allowed in this royal court.

Jamuna Maaji was disappointed and left. That night,



Your Highness, I know it is not my place to say, but the Queen always helped everyone. If you could as well ...

Help? But what will I gain by helping anyone?



Your Highness, you cannot look for gain and loss in everything. Surely you must feel some sympathy when someone is suffering?

It wasn't just the Minister, but also all the people of Padmanagri were unhappy with the Prince's behaviour.



Understand one thing Minister. The Queen is no more and you will not find sentiments like hers within me. So stop trying to look for them needlessly.

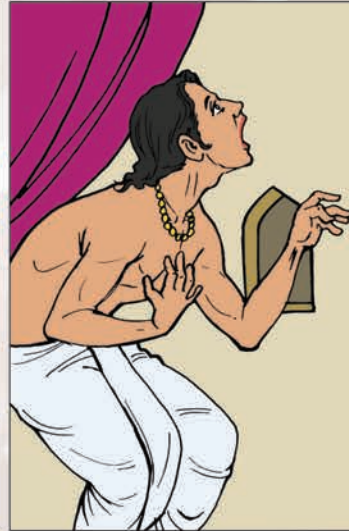
There is no comparison at all. The Queen was so caring, whereas the Prince is so selfish. How times have changed!.



While the public was vexed with the Prince's doings, the Prince's body started going through a strange transformation...



What is this? Are these fingers becoming crooked or is it just my imagination?

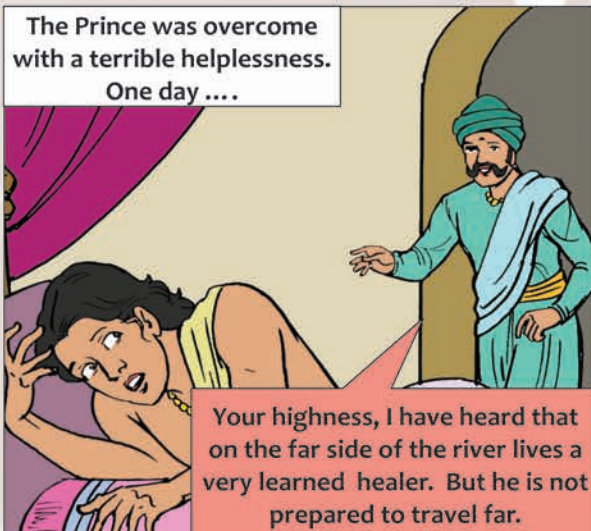


Gradually the Prince's imagination turned into a reality. And it wasn't just his fingers but all parts of his body started becoming deformed.

Many healers from many different kingdoms were summoned. But not one of them could come up with an explanation or a cure for the Prince's condition.



The Prince was overcome with a terrible helplessness. One day



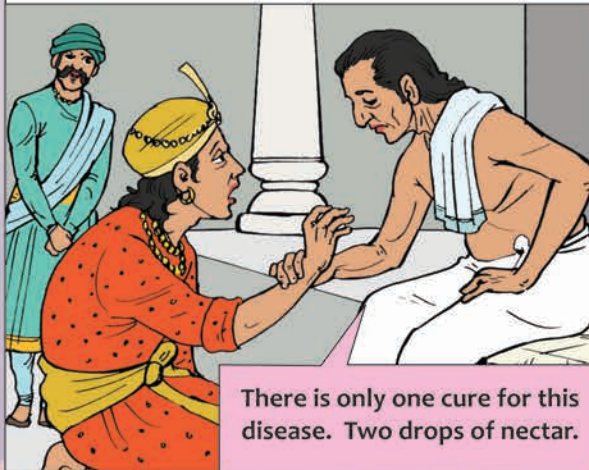
Your highness, I have heard that on the far side of the river lives a very learned healer. But he is not prepared to travel far.

The Prince was ready to go to any lengths to free himself of this disease.



Then we will go to him. Minister, we will leave at dawn. Make preparations.

The healer examined the Prince.



There is only one cure for this disease. Two drops of nectar.

Hope awakened within the Prince.

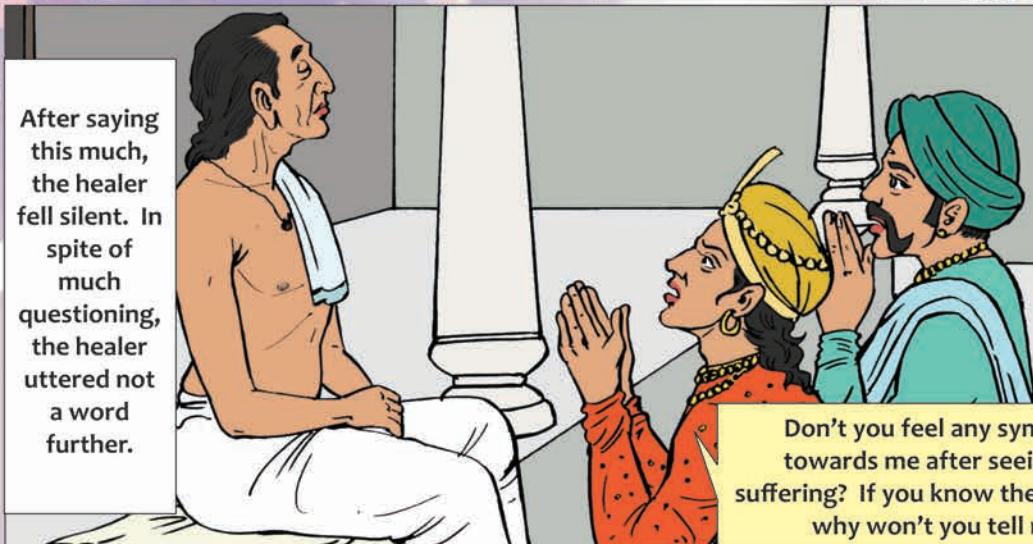


Which drops? Where will I get these drops?

Two drops of that nectar, whenever is drunk by whoever, The crooked becomes straight forever. The learned have said this.



After saying this much, the healer fell silent. In spite of much questioning, the healer uttered not a word further.



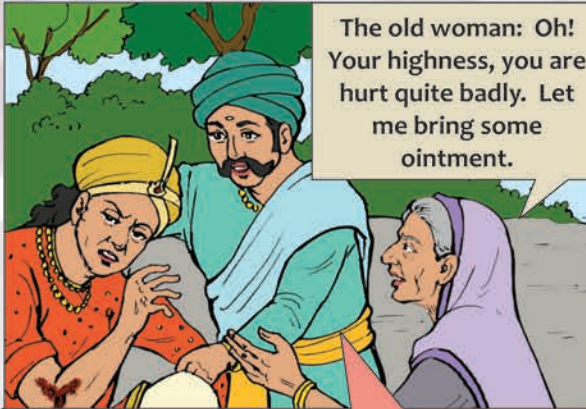
Don't you feel any sympathy towards me after seeing my suffering? If you know the cure then why won't you tell me?



But the healer remained unmoved. The Prince realised that the unfeeling and unsympathetic behaviour of the healer mirrored his own previous behaviour. And so rather than be disgusted with the healer, he became more disgusted with himself.

Disappointed, the Prince and the Minister departed from there. On the way back, while going to drink some water, the Prince lost his balance and fell down. An old woman was passing by.





The old woman: Oh! Your highness, you are hurt quite badly. Let me bring some ointment.

Jamuna Maaji lovingly applied ointment to the Prince's wounds. Her hands had at one time disgusted the Prince with their wrinkles. But today these same hands, with their tender motherly love and care, caused the Prince's heart to fill up with emotion.



Your highness, this is the same Jamuna Maaji, who came to ask for help during the famine. But the Prince had no recollection of Jamuna Maaji.

The Prince thanked Jamuna Maaji from the bottom of his heart. Two teardrops fell from Maaji's eyes. As the Prince got back on this horse an amazing miracle took place!



All his deformed body parts straightened out! Now the Prince understood the true meaning of the healer's words.



Ah, Nectar means this nectar of sympathy. It is true what the learned have said – this nectar has the power to rid people of their suffering.

Seeing the kindness of Jamuna Maaji the Prince bowed down to her. From that day onwards, the Prince ruled his kingdom in such a way that the population of Padmanagri no longer felt the absence of the Queen.





LET'S PLAY

1

Friends,
items
shwn
below are
hidden in
this
picture.
Can you
find
them?





2

what is
the time
in the
clock?



- A) 5512
- B) 5511
- C) 5023
- D) 5522

A IS FATHER OF C.

D IS SON OF B.

NOW E IS FATHER OF A.

IF C IS SISTER OF D

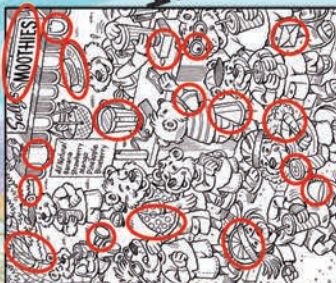
THEN WHO IS E TO D?



3

Solve the
given
puzzle.

Answers :



3. Grandfather

2. B) 5511

Mythological Story

(Sthulibhadra, the son of the general secretary of country of Magadha was a religious person but he got blinded by the beauty of the dancer Roopakosha and left home to live with her. Due to this, king Dhananand lost trust in the general secretary which led him to give up his life. When Sthulibhadra came to know of this incident, he deeply shaken and went into renunciation. His own misdeeds started pricking his conscience. In order to wash off his sins and attain the permanent bliss of the Soul, he went to Acharya Sambhutivijay. Let's read further....).

Sthulibhadra did not lose much time to adjust to the new pattern of his life. The ambition that he had missed in his youth emerged in the man. He was keen to make up for lost years and devoted all his energy to spiritual upliftment. He worked diligently and in no time gained the confidence of his guru. His life as a monk was exemplary. He had successfully overcome his senses of attachment and lustfulness, and gained control over his inner enemies.

It was time for his faith to be tested.

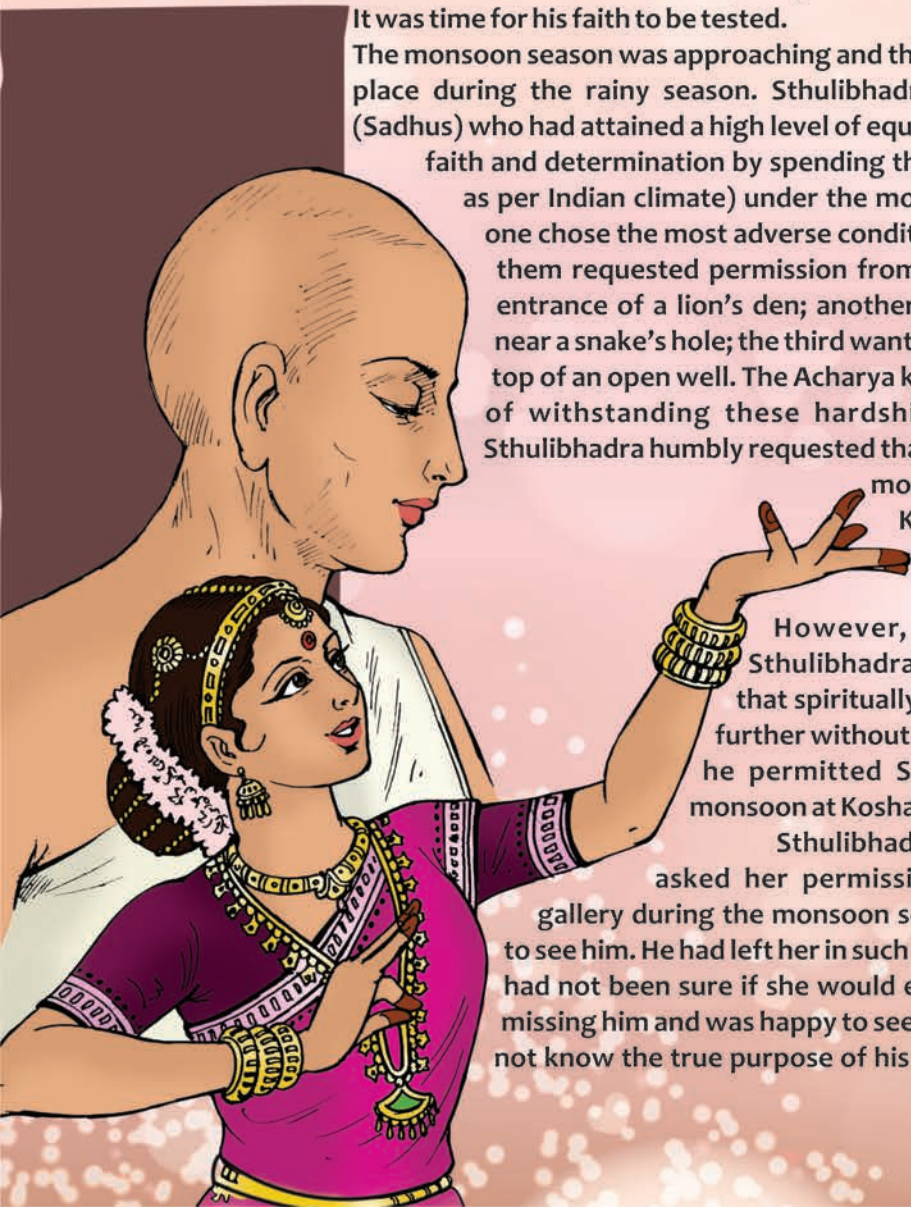
The monsoon season was approaching and the monks had to settle in one place during the rainy season. Sthulibhadra and three other monks (Sadhus) who had attained a high level of equanimity wanted to test their faith and determination by spending the monsoon time (4 months

as per Indian climate) under the most adverse conditions. Each one chose the most adverse conditions for themselves. One of them requested permission from his Acharya to stay at the entrance of a lion's den; another wanted to spend the time near a snake's hole; the third wanted to spend the 4 months on top of an open well. The Acharya knew that they were capable of withstanding these hardships and permitted them. Sthulibhadra humbly requested that he would like to spend the

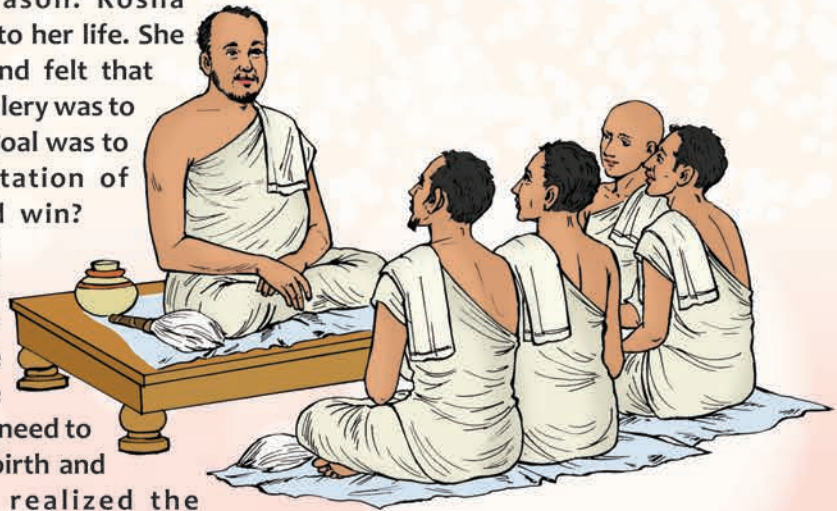
monsoon at the residence of Koshā. The Acharya knew how difficult this test would be for Sthulibhadra.

However, the Acharya also knew Sthulibhadra's determination and felt that spiritually he would not progress any further without passing this test. Therefore, he permitted Sthulibhadra to spend the monsoon at Kosha's house.

Sthulibhadra approached Kosha and asked her permission to stay in the picture gallery during the monsoon season. Kosha was surprised to see him. He had left her in such an ambivalent state that she had not been sure if she would ever see him again. She was missing him and was happy to see him again. However she did not know the true purpose of his return. They both had their



goals for the monsoon season. Kosha endeavored to win him back into her life. She used all her seductive skills and felt that having him live in her picture gallery was to her advantage. Sthulibhadra's goal was to overcome the strong temptation of Kosha's beauty. Who would win? Sthulibhadra's strong faith and determination served him well during this test. He focused his mind on spiritual meditation. He spent his time meditating on the transitory nature of life and the need to break away from the cycle of birth and death. Ultimately, Kosha realized the wastefulness of her life and became his disciple. Sthulibhadra emerged spiritually stronger.



At the end of the monsoon, all the monks returned and described their experience. The first three monks described their success and they were congratulated. When Sthulibhadra reported the success of his test, the Acharya rose from his seat in all praise and hailed Sthulibhadra for performing a formidable task. The other monks became jealous. Why was Sthulibhadra's feat so much more impressive than theirs? After all, they had endured physical hardships while he had spent the monsoon in comfort and security. The Acharya explained that it was an impossible feat for anyone else. The first monk boasted that he could easily accomplish the same task the following monsoon. The Acharya tried to dissuade him from his intent because it was beyond his capability. The monk wanting to prove his spiritual strength to the Acharya, persisted and was reluctantly given permission for the next monsoon season.

The next monsoon the monk went to Kosha's place. The immodest pictures in the gallery were enough to excite him. When he saw glamorous Kosha, his remaining resistance melted away and he begged for her love. After seeing the pious life of Sthulibhadra, Kosha had learned the value of an ascetic life. In order to teach the monk a lesson, she agreed to love him only if he gave her a diamond-studded garment from Nepal, a town 250 miles north of Patliputra. The monk was so infatuated that he left immediately for Nepal, forgetting that monks were not supposed to travel during the monsoon. With considerable difficulty, he procured the garment and returned to Patliputra confident of receiving Kosha's love. Kosha accepted the beautiful garment, wiped her feet on it and threw it away in the trash. He was stunned. He asked her, "Are you crazy, Kosha? Why are you throwing away the precious gift that I have brought for you with so much difficulty?"

Kosha replied, "Why are you throwing away the precious life of monkhood that you have acquired with so much effort?"

The humbled monk realized his foolishness and returned to his Acharya to report on his miserable failure. There was immense respect for Sthulibhadra from that day onwards.

Sthulibhadra, winner over his own passions, his name will be remembered for a very long time.

To be continued...

Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel was known as 'The Iron man of India'. This accomplished man's heart was very loving and caring.

Vallabhbhai was very ambitious. In 1897 he passed his metric exams. He was eager to study further but did not have much money. In those days one could take certain types of exams and attain a law degree. Vallabhbhai's older brother Vithalbhai had done this. And this also suited Vallabhbhai's independent nature.

After practising as a lawyer for a while, Vallabhbhai became interested in becoming a barrister. But at that time one would need a large sum of money of about eight to ten thousand rupees to go to England to become a barrister. Vallabhbhai worked extremely hard for three years, economized and saved up the money. He got the necessary papers ready and booked the ticket, but it so happened that the postman delivered the papers and the ticket to his older brother. The envelope was addressed to V. J.

Patel which was applicable to both the brothers. In those days there was no custom of sticking a photo on the passport.

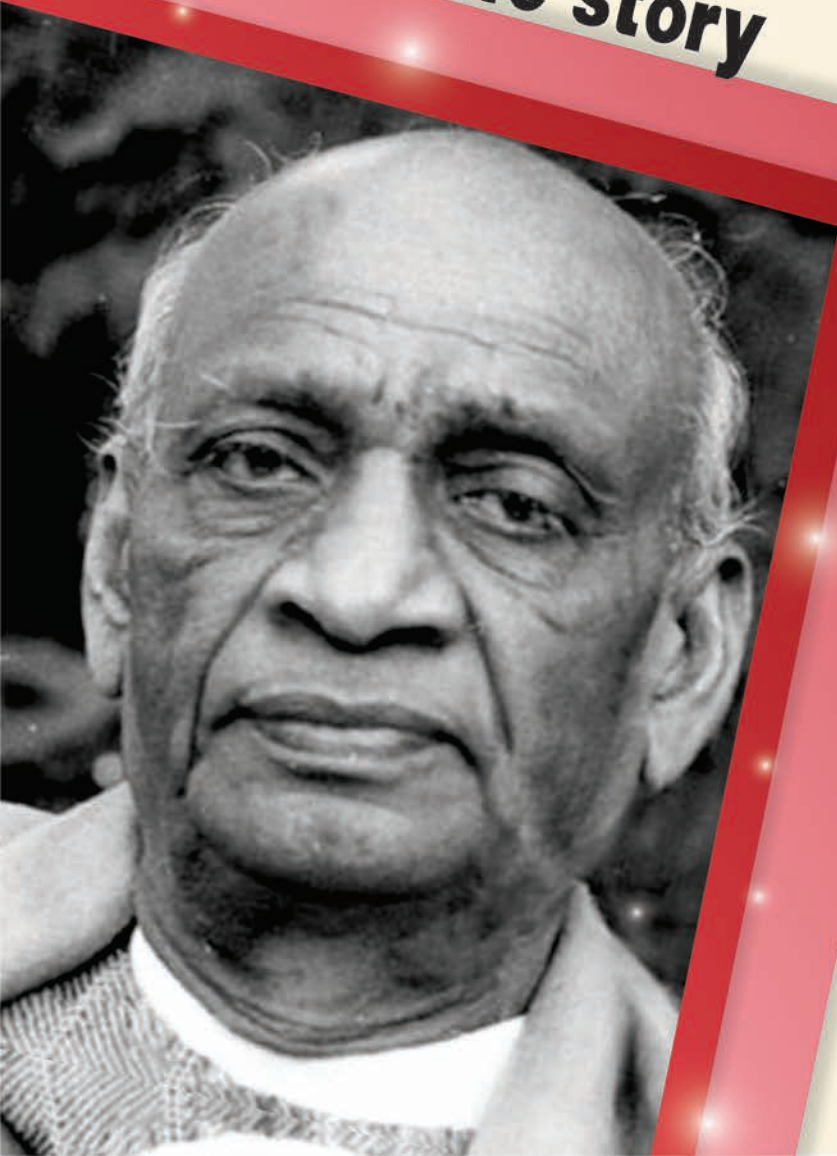
Vithalbhai brought the envelope to Vallabhbhai. Vallabhbhai was extremely happy to see the papers, but he could see that his older brother was unhappy. After talking to him he realized that even Vithalbhai had harbored a desire to go abroad and study.

Real life story

As soon as Vallabhbhai realized this, without giving it another thought he handed over all the papers to his brother and said, "Vithalbhai, don't worry about your wife and children. They will live with me. You just get ready to go to England and yes, when you are there do not worry about money. Just concentrate on studying. I will continue to send you money." Vithalbhai was stunned to see how big-hearted his younger brother was.

And thus, without any regret, Vallabhbhai used his hard earned money for his brother. Despite having such a good opportunity in hand, he let it go for his brother.

So friends, this is the tender and caring heart that our iron man had !



Sweet memories



Niruma was in the UK. There was a good printing press there so people had made plans to go see it. The night before, after the satsang (spiritual discourse) had finished, Niruma went to her room. Deepakbhai and some mahatmas as well as some other young men were present.

Everyone was chatting with Niruma. Those who had to go to the press the next day, started feeling on edge. They wondered when Niruma would stop talking and go to sleep, so that everyone would leave and then they too could go to sleep. But Niruma would not go to sleep, and until Niruma went to sleep, no one would leave. But it seemed that Niruma was not feeling sleepy at all.

Niruma was in a good mood and kept talking and making everyone laugh. Those people just kept looking at Niruma. They did not want to leave Niruma's company, but they knew they needed to. This was their dilemma. Soon it was 1 am.

Then Niruma said, "I am hungry. I want to eat French fries."

In a little while French fries were served. Niruma took one and gave the rest to everyone else.

Later on we realized that Niruma had not been hungry at all. She actually wanted to go to sleep. But the celibate brothers (Aptaputras) who had arrived, were hungry. She knew that the dinner service was over. If she had directly said, 'let us cook something for you', then they would have refused.

Finally, one aptaputra brother said, "Niruma, now you should go to sleep."

Niruma said, "I have been wanting to go to sleep for ages, but you were not getting up so I thought you wanted to keep sitting with me. You were enjoying yourselves so I did not say anything."

One person said, "Oh, we have all also wanted to go to sleep for ages, but we thought you were not sleepy and that is why you kept talking."

And everyone laughed a lot at this confusion and then took their leave.

Niruma took care of mahatmas and mahatmas would do anything to please Niruma!

Wow! How wonderful is the Gnani and how wonderful are their associates!



**Pujyashree's
Welcome on
the occasion
of New Year
Celebration**



**Pujyashree Waved
the Akram Flag**



Dance by Kids



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