

AKRAM Express

Why did this
volcano erupt?

I know the
reason. I'll tell
you why...



Editorial

Friends,

A lot of children, just like you, have asked many questions in *satsang* (spiritual discourse) covering a variety of different topics. But one question in particular comes up in almost every *satsang*. Can you guess which one?

'I get angry very often. What can I do to stop the anger?' Does this same question arise within you? In this edition, let us understand the different solutions to overcome anger through the knowledge given by our *Gnani* (the One with Knowledge of the Self). Do Aaloo, Chilly, Theo and friends also get angry like we do? What solutions do they apply? In the last edition, we found out the reasons why Sid was getting angry. Are you wondering what happened next? Will Mili change hostel rooms due to being frustrated by her roommates? So come, let us get answers to all these questions and make our anger disappear!

- Dimple Mehta

Make Anger Disappear

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Gnanis Say...

Pujyashree: Do we get angry when people do the things that we like? No. We get angry when things don't go our own way. Do we like it if someone gets angry with us? So, if you get angry with someone, then would they like it?

If someone scolds us and angrily says, "Why aren't you studying?!", we would not like it. But, if they calmly explain the benefits of studying and how it will help us in life, then we would enjoy studying. We like it when people do not get angry with us. Similarly, if we calmly explain something to someone, then they would like it too.

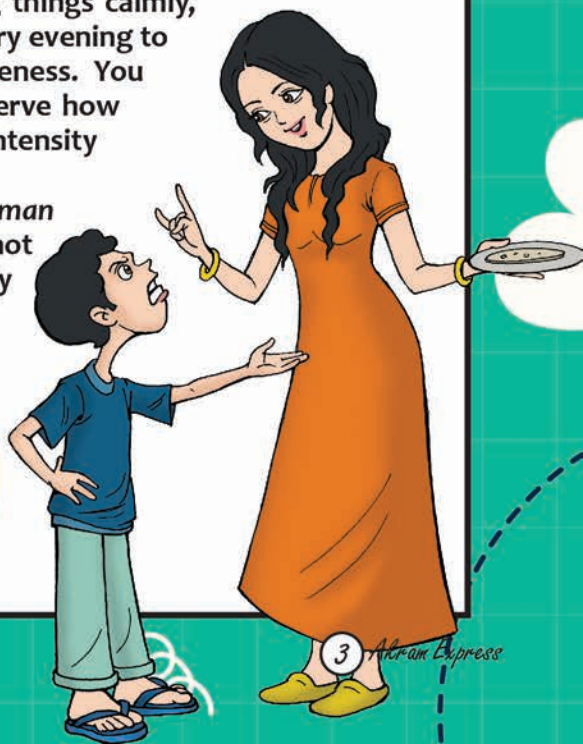
Even though a mother has her child's best interests at heart, children get angry when their mothers do not let them play or eat what they want. Instead of getting angry, we should calmly explain our wishes to them.

We should try to find solutions by having healthy conversations. Solutions can often be found if we explain things calmly.

If you get angry even after explaining things calmly, then you should set aside ten minutes every evening to sit quietly and internally ask for forgiveness. You should reflect on the whole day and observe how many times you were angry, and also the intensity of the anger.

Your anger will diminish with *pratikraman* (to confess, apologise, and resolve to not repeat a mistake). You should especially learn how to do *pratikraman* by saying,

'O Dada Bhagwan, give me strength to do *pratikraman*. I do not want to hurt anyone with my anger. I ask for forgiveness for getting angry. Please give me strength to not hurt anyone.'



You must not let your thoughts turn negative for the person you get angry at. If your thoughts for that person improve, then you will automatically stop getting angry with them.

For example: If you feel anger towards a teacher because they are strict, then maintain a firm conviction from within such as, 'They are very good. They are very helpful.' Then your anger will gradually go away.



Absolutely New



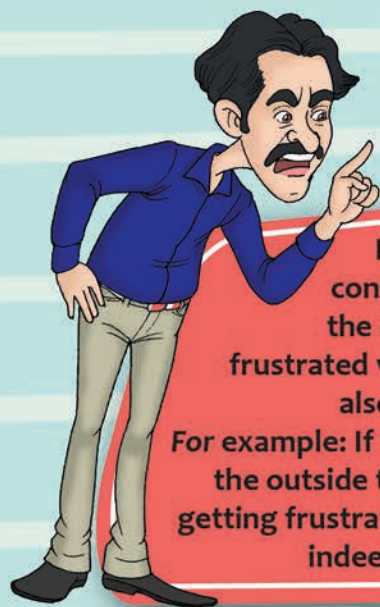
Irritation is the first stage of anger. What is the reason behind irritation? If we face a situation we do not like, then we become irritated.



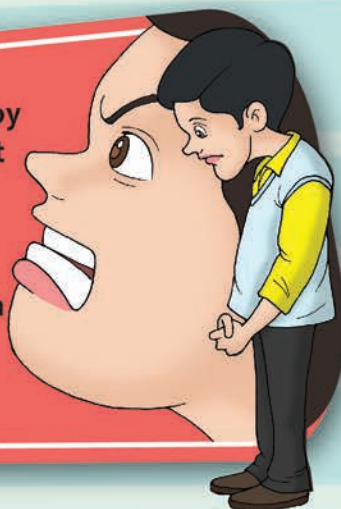


Find out what things tend to make you angry and try to work on finding a solution for them. Gradually, the anger will diminish and then stop completely.

and Different



Expressing anger outwardly by confronting others directly is not the only form of anger. Being frustrated within, but not showing it, is also a form of anger. For example: If we do not show our anger on the outside to our elders, but we keep getting frustrated from within, then that is indeed a form of anger.



Unwelcome Guests



(In the previous edition, we saw how Sid and his friends solved a case together. Afterwards, Sid's mother received a phone call. After she was done talking, she walked into Sid's room to share the news. Let's find out what happened next...)

The entire atmosphere in the house changed as soon as Sid's mother finished her phone call. Preparations began immediately for the arrival of the guest. Out of everyone, Sid and Nittal were the most excited because this particular guest was coming to visit them after a very long time. A lot changed due to their impending arrival. Even the clothes their mother wore, and the hours their father worked, changed. All these changes were great fun for Sid and Nittal to watch.

One day, Sid and Nittal were playing Monopoly (a board game) in their room like they used to do. Yug arrived to join them. "Oh, why isn't the air conditioning on?" Yug enquired as soon as he entered the room. Nittal burst out laughing. "Grandmother says that it is better to inhale fresh air rather than the recycled air from the AC," she said, pointing to the open window.

All three of them started playing the game. A little while later, Sid's grandmother entered the room and sat next to Sid. Placing her hands on Sid's shoulders, his grandmother asked, "What are you playing?" Sid explained the rules of the game. Sid's grandmother wasn't very impressed "When we were children, we used to play outside. It was not only fun, but also a great way to exercise. Go outside and play," she told the children.

"But this is how we like to play, Grandmother," replied Sid.

Sid's mother entered the room with a plate full of fresh, hot snacks. Sid's mouth started watering. "Oh, wow! French fries and burgers!" Sid was about to take the plate from his mother's hands but, before he could, his grandmother took it.



“How can you eat this type of food? Let’s go to the kitchen and make something healthy for the children,” said Sid’s grandmother as she ushered his mother back to the kitchen.

For a moment, Sid felt as if all the joys in the world had been snatched from the palm of his hand. He started to feel upset.

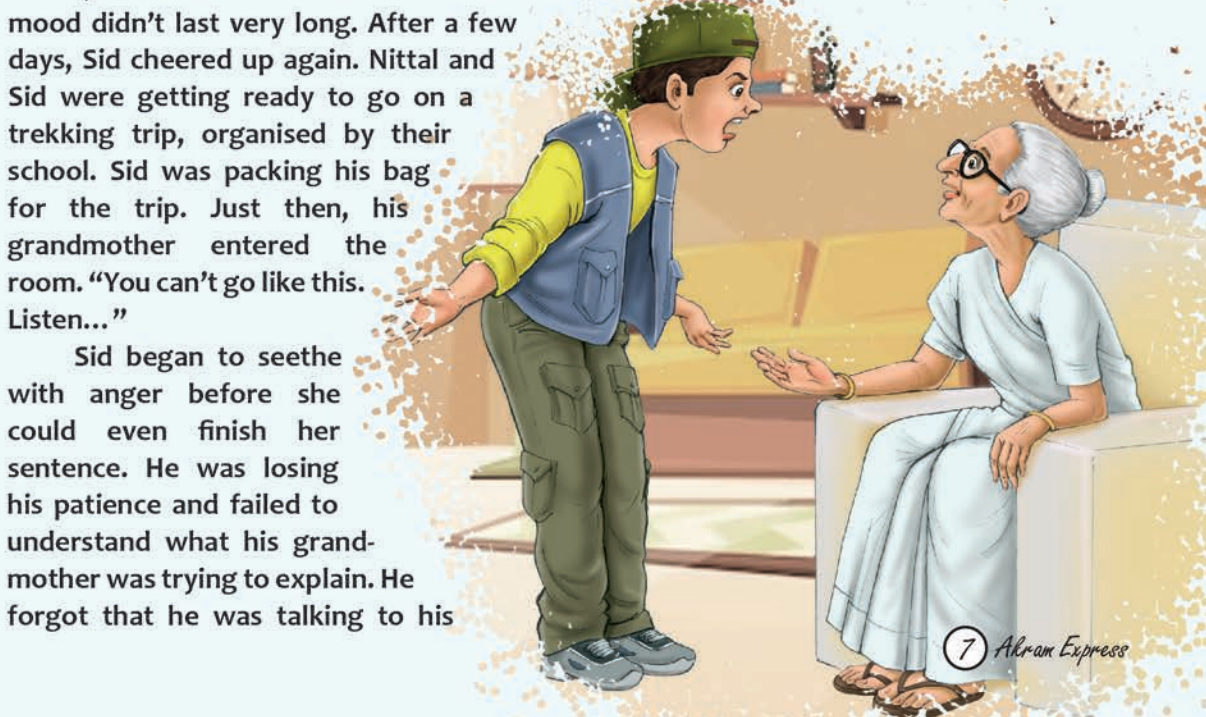
“Your turn, Sid,” said Yug. But Sid did not respond. He was lost in his train of thoughts. He felt very upset indeed. He had felt this way before, but only when he was feeling angry.

‘But I didn’t get angry with anyone and I didn’t try to get my own way. I didn’t even say anything to my grandmother. Then why am I experiencing such feelings? Is this also a form of anger?’ Such questions arose within Sid, but he remained silent.

All these questions continued to bother Sid for several days. Whenever he interacted with his grandmother, he often felt angry but was unable to express it to her. One day, he was watching his favourite cartoon on television. His grandmother walked in and sat next to him.

“Dear boy, in my childhood, evenings were spent listening to stories told by our grandparents. Do you want to listen to some stories? Why are you ruining your precious eyes by watching television?” she asked.

“No, Grandmother. I’m feeling sleepy.” Sid turned off the television and ran off to his room. He was feeling miserable. ‘Man, what kind of a life is this?! I feel like I’m living someone else’s life. Mum and Dad also do as Grandmother says. And what’s happened to Nittal? Why doesn’t she get upset by Grandmother’s lecturing? In just a matter of a few days, I’ve become deprived of all my favourite things, like the food I enjoy and my favourite television shows. In fact, everything I enjoy has been taken away from me.’ With all these frustrating thoughts building up inside him, Sid felt like screaming to let off some steam, but he remained silent. His bad mood didn’t last very long. After a few days, Sid cheered up again. Nittal and Sid were getting ready to go on a trekking trip, organised by their school. Sid was packing his bag for the trip. Just then, his grandmother entered the room. “You can’t go like this. Listen...”



Sid began to seethe with anger before she could even finish her sentence. He was losing his patience and failed to understand what his grandmother was trying to explain. He forgot that he was talking to his

elder. Sid's anger erupted like a volcano and he lashed out, "Grandmother, are you now going to say no to this trip as well? What's wrong with going on a trip?!"

Sid's grandmother was startled by his unexpected reaction.

"Please let me live my life my own way, and you enjoy your life your way." All the anger that had been stored up for days erupted in one go. His grandmother left the room without saying a word. Nittal, who was standing in a corner of the room, was shocked to witness such behaviour from Sid. She ran after her grandmother.

Sid felt relief wash over him instead of guilt, as he released all the built-up thoughts that had been weighing on his mind. Early next morning, Sid and Nittal left for their trekking trip. Out of everyone in the group, Sid enjoyed the trip the most. He behaved like a newly-released prisoner, trying to make up for everything he had missed out on.

While trekking, Sid noticed Nittal sniffing a handkerchief every so often.

"What are you doing?" asked Sid.

"It's a handkerchief filled with camphor. Grandmother told me to sniff this while climbing uphill, so I don't get out of breath. It really works. Grandmother also gave me one to give to you. That's why she came to you yesterday. She wanted to help you, but you got angry with her." Nittal handed Sid's handkerchief to him. He placed it in his pocket.

Sid felt a sense of remorse for what he had done, but he immediately covered it up to prove that he was in the right and said, "But for many days Grandmother had been going around restricting my freedom, constantly nagging me, 'Do this and don't do that,' Did I ever get angry? It was just one time I got angry at her. What's the big deal?"

"My dear brother, whether you feel frustrated internally or display your anger outwardly, it is all considered anger. Instead of getting angry, couldn't you have talked to her about how you feel in a calm and polite manner?" asked Nittal.

Just then, they heard the stern voice of their trekking instructor, "Sid and Nittal, stop talking and focus on walking. You do realise that we must reach the top before sunset? How many times do I need to repeat myself? If I see you both talking again, then I'll leave you both behind!"

Sid and Nittal walked with their heads down. Sid



muttered under his breath, "What was the need for so much scolding? We're here to enjoy ourselves, not to get yelled at. Couldn't he have said it politely?"

"You felt hurt when he got annoyed with us, didn't you? You would've preferred it if he spoke to you calmly, right? Doesn't the same apply to us when we're talking to others?" asked Nittal.

Sid understood what Nittal was trying to say. 'Grandmother must've felt the same way!' he thought.

Nittal continued, "We enjoy becoming detectives and solving cases. But how would we feel if the case becomes complicated? Would we enjoy it then? Similarly, when we get angry, the 'case' becomes complicated. But when we work things out calmly, then the 'case' gets solved."

Sid made some realisations while walking and thought to himself, 'Had I explained politely, Grandmother would've surely understood! She had come to help me that day.' Sid, once overwhelmed by his grandmother's advice, was now fully repenting for his mistakes. His heart was heavy and he wanted to lighten his burden by apologising to his grandmother as soon as he reached home the next day.

Sid ran straight to his grandmother's room as soon as he arrived home from the trip. "Grandmother!" She put away her book that she was reading and gently asked, "You're back. How was your trip?" Sid sat next to her and apologised, "Grandmother,

please forgive me. I didn't mean to hurt you. I know you always had the best intentions for me. But..."

Grandmother lovingly placed her hand on Sid's cheek and said with a smile, "Yes, I know. And I too realise that I had been using too much insistence when telling you what to do." Sid was lost for words.

Grandmother then said, "Right now, if I insist on something, then will you agree? Can we watch your favourite cartoon together?"

Sid gave his grandmother a great, big hug.





In the month of January, Theo and Friends visited India's capital city, Delhi, for a vacation. They all enjoyed themselves thoroughly. Zoey took lots of amazing photos of Qutub Minar, Gate of India, and Akshardham. Theo totally relished the *parathas* (flatbread) and *chaat* (a popular savoury snack). Rizo was extremely happy because the trip went perfectly as planned.

Their joy and fun quickly faded during the return journey when their train halted at Ajmer station. The train remained stationary for one whole hour! Rizo was losing his patience and Theo grew increasingly agitated. Zoey's temper was on the verge of erupting. Giffy, on the other hand, was crying.



Zoey – What’s wrong, Giffy?

Giffy – I remembered the story I heard at Akshardham about Yogiji Maharaj.

Theo – Which story?

Giffy – In 1956, Yogiji Maharaj travelled from Surat to Mumbai in a train. Heavy rain caused the train to halt at Palghar station. Thousands of passengers were stranded. The lack of food and drink arrangements at the station made everyone angry and irritated.

But Yogiji Maharaj remained calm and still. He started singing devotional songs. His enthusiasm and devotion soothed the other passengers, who began to join him. A couple of devotees came to the station to meet Yogiji Maharaj and his disciples. They invited them to visit their village for a couple of days.

Two days later, on the way back to the train station, a few school kids mocked Yogiji Maharaj and the other disciples for wearing saffron-coloured robes.

The devotee of Yogiji Maharaj scolded the kids.

“What happened?” asked Yogiji Maharaj to the devotee.

“Nothing much, Maharaj. Those silly kids were making fun of you,” said the devotee.

“That’s good! At least they were not crying. Setting eyes on a monk brought them some form of happiness. Making them happy is akin to serving humanity,” explained Yogiji Maharaj.



I wouldn't stop crying if someone teased me.

I would get very angry at that person. Yet, Yogiji Maharaj found positivity even in such circumstances.



No one had any food or drinks at all at Palghar station. Whereas, we have packed lots of delicious food for us.



There is no reason for us to complain or to get upset.




Roommates




I can't believe I got a place at this university!




After completing the admission paperwork, Mili went to her hostel room.




Yay! Our fourth roommate is here! Hi, Mili! My name is Charmi and this is Kevin and Leenu.




Wow! What a nice group! My second dream has come true.



What's your first one?




I want to graduate with a degree in Flyology and teach birds to fly fearlessly.



Oh, wow! That makes the two of us. Looks like we are going to get along well.

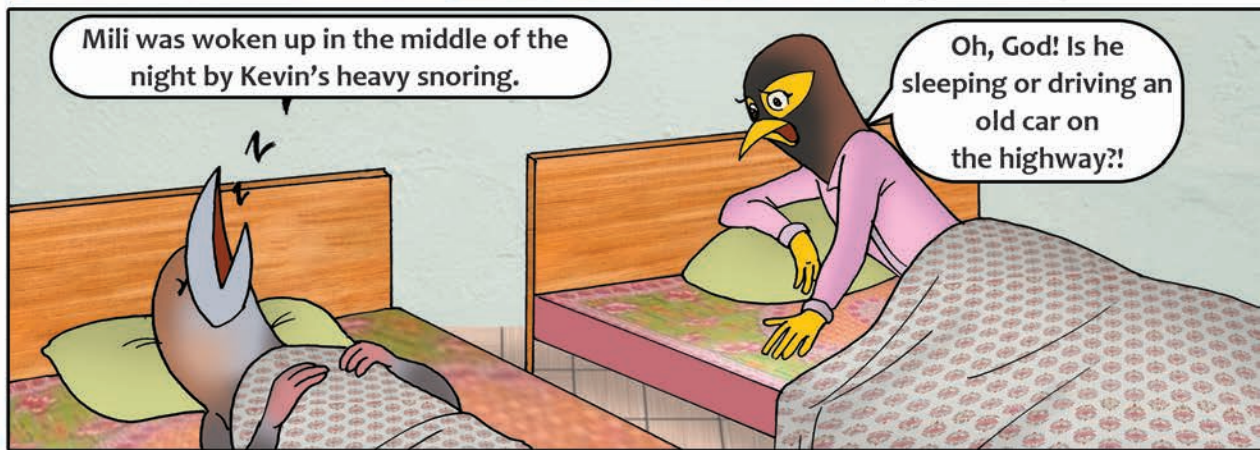
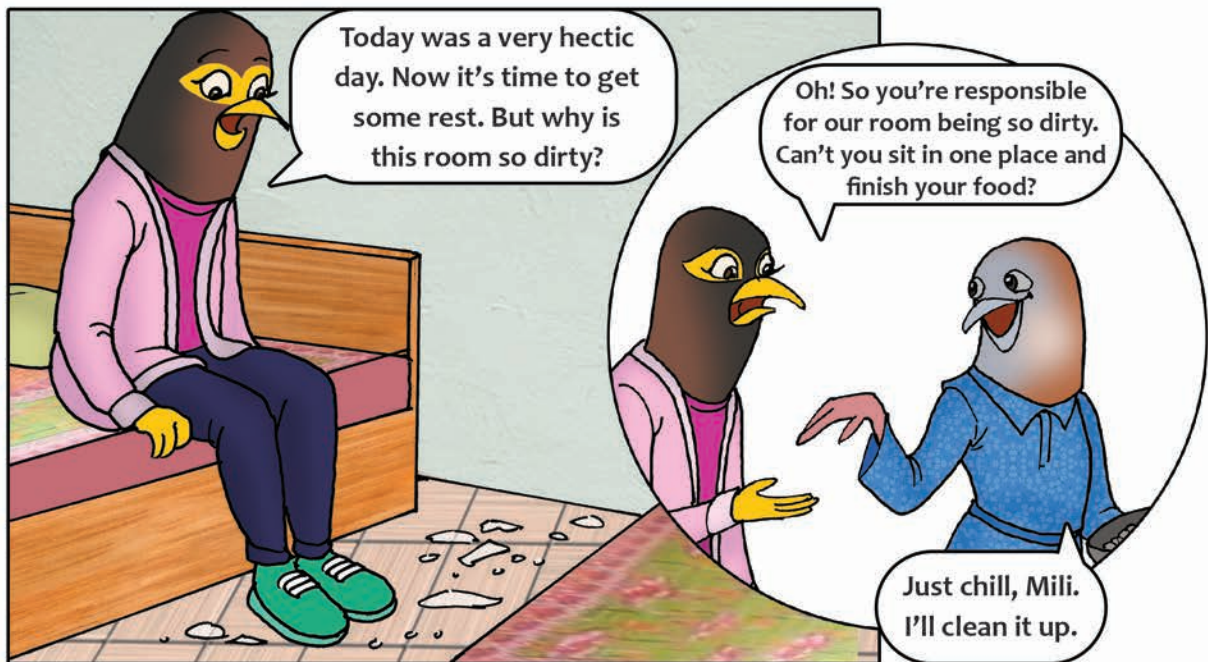
The next day, very early in the morning...

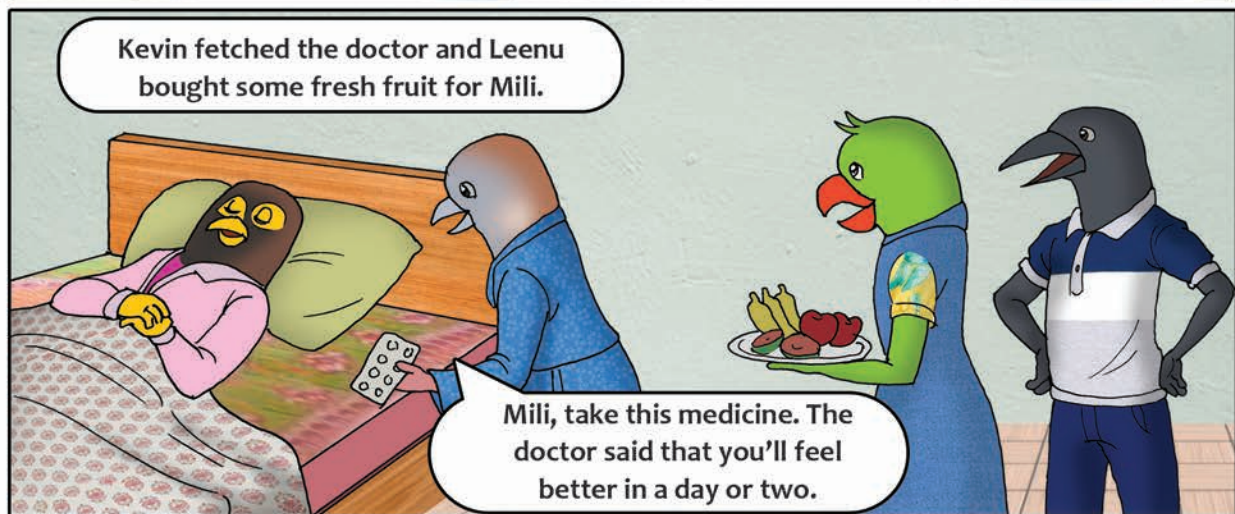
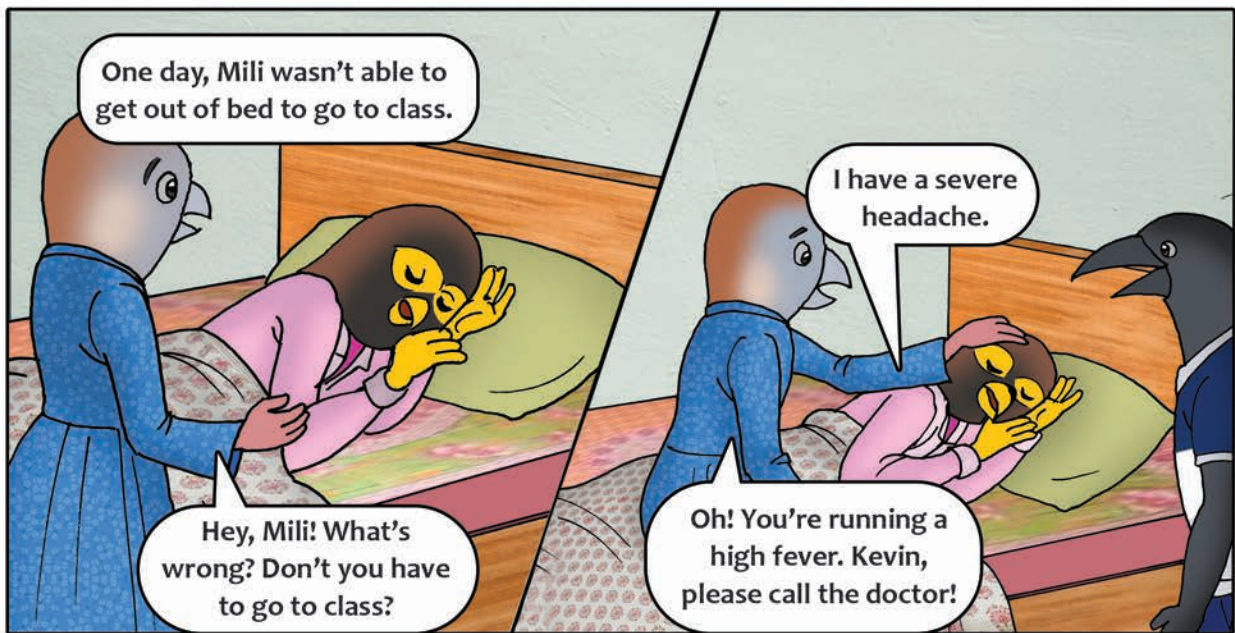


This is such a nuisance! Who does yoga in the middle of the night?

Chi...Chi...

Chi...





I am sorry! All of you have helped me so much despite my rude behaviour.

It's okay, Mili. You concentrate on getting better and if you really want to help us, then...

Then what?

Just don't get angry with us.

Everyone laughed.

Mili, you're looking much better today! What are you doing on your phone this early in the morning?

I'm ordering ear plugs for myself.

See, being angry affects our health, but adjusting during undesirable situations brings happiness.

Hooray for Charmi!



I had recently learnt to ride a scooter and I was enjoying riding it. One day, my mother asked me to go and get something from the canteen. I rode my scooter at full speed to complete the errand.

The next day, I met Niruma near the Trimandir temple. She said, "I saw you yesterday. You were trying to make an impression on your scooter, dressed in red. Go to the temple and put 25 rupees in the box." Obeying Niruma's wishes, I immediately went and put the money in the donation box.

Back then, in the interests of safety, within Simandhar City there was a maximum speed limit of 20 kilometres per hour. Anyone who went above the speed limit had to put 25 rupees in the Trimandir donation box as a fine. I was surprised that Niruma had recognised my speeding and not only that, but she remembered it and gave me a cautionary warning the next day. Niruma showed me my mistake which I had failed to realise myself.

To this day, I have always been mindful of the speed limit when riding my scooter or driving a car. As soon as I enter Simandhar City, my vehicle automatically slows down to 20 kilometres per hour!

In a natural and spontaneous way, Niruma protected me by helping me recognise and correct my mistake.





Aaloo and Chilly are carrying out an experiment for which they had purchased the below items from a mall.



Materials:

- 6 cups of flour
- 2 cups of salt
- 4 tbsp of oil
- 2 cups of warm water
- Few drops of food colouring
- Mixing bowl to knead the dough
- 1 empty plastic bottle
- 1 empty plate
- 6 drops of dishwashing liquid
- 2 tbsp of baking soda
- 1 bottle of vinegar





Combine the flour, salt, and oil in a big bowl and knead the mixture into a dough by gradually adding water. Place the empty bottle in the centre of the plate and mould the kneaded dough around it, like a volcano, while keeping the bottle open.



Pour the warm water into the bottle, then add a few drops of food colouring and six drops of dishwashing liquid.



Add two tablespoons of baking soda in the bottle. Slowly and carefully pour the vinegar into the bottle.

Oh, my! Look at that! A volcano has erupted!



The chemical reaction between the baking soda and vinegar produced carbon dioxide.

With no room to expand, the carbon dioxide was forced out of the bottle, causing an eruption.



Oh! That's fantastic! So, was this the cool thing that you wanted to tell me?



No. Now imagine that you're the bottle. The food colouring, vinegar, water, dishwashing liquid, etc. are all the animals and circumstances around you. Kiki the Cuckoo is the baking soda.

I don't like her at all. Don't talk about her. I'll get angry.



That's the point I'm making! The baking soda in the water made the volcano explode. Kiki the Cuckoo makes you angry and you explode like the volcano, and you get burnt and you burn others.

and you get burnt and you burn others. When you burst out with anger, you not only cause hurt to yourself, but also to those around you. Then, people start to stay away from you because they fear you.

Hmm... What should I do then?



Think of all the good things about Kiki. Heartily repent for all the bad feelings towards her. You'll see, your anger will gradually diminish.

Gnan Mandir (Gurukul)

Admissions to Gnan Mandir (Gurukul) for 5th to 8th standard, English and Gujarati medium.

All parents who wish to instill the values and principles of Param Pujya Dada Bhagwan into the life of their son are invited to register for an interview to gain admission to Gnan Mandir, Adalaj for the 2024-2025 academic year. Registration is only open for boys of 5th to 8th standard, English and Gujarati medium. For more information please contact the administrative office.

Timing:

10 am to 12.30 pm and
3 pm to 6.30pm

Gurukul website Link
<https://linktr.ee/gnanmandirgurukul>

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