

Akram Youth

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Dada Bhagwan Parivar

Living For Others



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Editorial

We often hear that we shouldn't only think about ourselves, but also about others. That we should dedicate our lives to helping others. But why? Our first thought might be, 'In such a busy life, should I focus on myself or worry about others?'

But truly, just as an incense stick burns itself, yet gives fragrance to others, the goodness of those who live for others also spreads far and wide in society. And just as the sun endures its own heat but provides nourishment to countless living beings, the work we do for others ends up helping them. Not only that, but by doing something for others, our own happiness does not diminish. On the contrary, when we share what we have, our happiness increases.

We don't need to start somewhere far away; we can begin right at home. By helping our mother and father, elderly grandparents, or nearby neighbors, we will experience the same sense of joy. The hope is that, after reading this issue, we will resolve to do something for others.

Jai Sat Chit Anand
- Dimplebhai Mehta



Charity Begins From Home

Although this story is about Aditi, there's nothing wrong with taking it to heart if it applies to us. Aditi, who was bright in her studies, got into the college she wanted. Since it was in another town, she came to stay at her aunt's house to study.

Not long after college started, Aditi became popular in class and on campus. It was the same back in her school days. She was smart, bright in her studies, cheerful by nature, and friendly with everyone. She got along with everyone. Whenever anyone needed help, be it with studies or anything else, she would be the first to offer. She was just as helpful to her college professors. In short, if anyone had a question or problem, "Aditi Helpline" was always ready. If someone needed help with assignments, projects, or test prep, Aditi was more than happy to do it. She would make all kinds of adjustments to help someone. She loved the praise and compliments she got, and whenever people

thanked her, she would proudly say, "Any time."

One weekend, she went home and then returned to her aunt's place. As soon as she arrived, she sensed something was off. Her uncle and aunt were talking about something, but when she entered, they both suddenly became quiet.

Forcing a smile, her aunt said, "So you're back, Aditi, dear? Your mom and dad are doing well, right? You must be tired from the bus ride. Freshen up and get some sleep. College starts again tomorrow, doesn't it? Are you hungry?"

"No, aunt, Mom fed me a lot. She's sent some snacks for you. And yes, Mom and Dad are fine. Is little Doli asleep?"

"Yes, dear, she's sleeping. You should go rest, too."

While Aditi was freshening up, she remembered the conversation her parents had when she was preparing to come here



for the first time.

“My daughter will at least eat home-cooked food every day,” her mother had said as she was packing containers. “Who knows what kind of influence there might be if she stays in a hostel or as a paying guest!”

Her father had chimed in as he slipped some money into her purse, “Yes, and if you have any trouble, your aunt and uncle are there. No need to worry. Even though our child has grown up, it’s natural to worry when she goes to live far away.”

Aditi had reassured them, “Don’t worry. I’ll be staying with my dear aunt. I used to visit her during vacations anyway.”

“That was only for a few days, and we were with you then. This time, it’ll be different,” her mother had cautioned.

“Yes, and remember your aunt isn’t a housewife like me. She goes to the office in the morning, drops Doli off at daycare, and picks her up after work. Your uncle is also out most of the day.”

Aditi had already made up her mind: “Uncle speaks little, but I’ll get along fine with Aunt. On workdays, they have a fixed routine. I just have to catch my college bus from the stand outside the society, and I’ll come home every Saturday and Sunday. Whenever I get bored, I can pass the time playing with their little ‘doll’ Doli. It’ll be fun.”

But does everything always happen the way we plan?

Suddenly, she heard her uncle’s raised voice from outside, snapping her out of her thoughts. Standing by the partially open door of her room, she tried to listen to what her aunt and uncle were saying.

“You’ll have to tell her,” her uncle said. “What’s with this attitude? Forget helping others, can she at least do her own work? Your older sister doesn’t say anything about such a lazy daughter?”

Hearing this, Aditi became anxious. She was reminded of home. She had just gone there and her parents showered her with so much love, as if they had met their long-lost daughter after years. Her mom cooked all her favorite dishes, and her dad bought her anything she needed; even things she didn’t need. Two days felt like they had passed in sleep alone.

While leaving, her mom had quietly reminded her, “You’re getting along fine with your aunt and uncle, right, dear? You’re not causing them any extra trouble, I hope.”

“Yes, Mom. You told me all this before I left too. I’m not causing them any trouble at all. I go to college on my own, on time. I don’t interfere in their routine.”

“I do your chores at home, but your aunt works and also has Doli to look after. Are you taking care of Doli? You at least do your own chores, right? Don’t be lazy. Learn to help around the house.”

“Lazy? I do my own work, Mom! In fact, I do my friends’ work too. Ask anyone at college. You should be proud of me. I’m famous for being so helpful.”

“I’m not talking about college, dear. Make sure your aunt or uncle don’t end up doing your chores. My mother used to say, ‘Wherever you go, remember that people don’t love you for who you are, they love you for the work you do.’ Do you understand, child?”





“Doing household chores won’t make you famous, but remember, charity begins from home,” her dad added.

“Okay, okay, Mom, I got it. Bye now. My bus is here. Bye, Dad. I’ll come again next weekend.”

Her mother’s words echoed in her mind: “You do your own chores, right? Remember, people don’t love you for who you are; they love you for the work you do. Understand?”

Aditi did a mental check. ‘I get myself ready in the morning. I go back and forth by bus on my own. I finish my college work on my own. Obviously, I do my own chores! Then why is Uncle...?’

Again, she strained to hear her uncle’s words.

“When she gets married, is her mother-in-law going to do her chores like you or your older sister do? Will her mother-in-law wash her clothes for her? Iron them? If you’re cooking, at the very least she should pack her own lunchbox, right?”

“Enough, I’ll talk to her,” her aunt answered in a subdued voice.

“Look at the room you gave her. Did you see the state she’s kept it in? Shanta was complaining, ‘How can I keep cleaning this mess?’ Stuff is scattered everywhere. Clothes, notebooks, half-finished snacks. And she can’t even put her dirty clothes in the washing machine? Every day Shanta has to pick them up from the bathroom and put them in the machine. She’s fed up and might quit. Then you’ll have to quit your job to serve this lazy niece.”

Hearing this, tears welled up in Aditi’s eyes. She went to the bed and buried her face in the pillow.



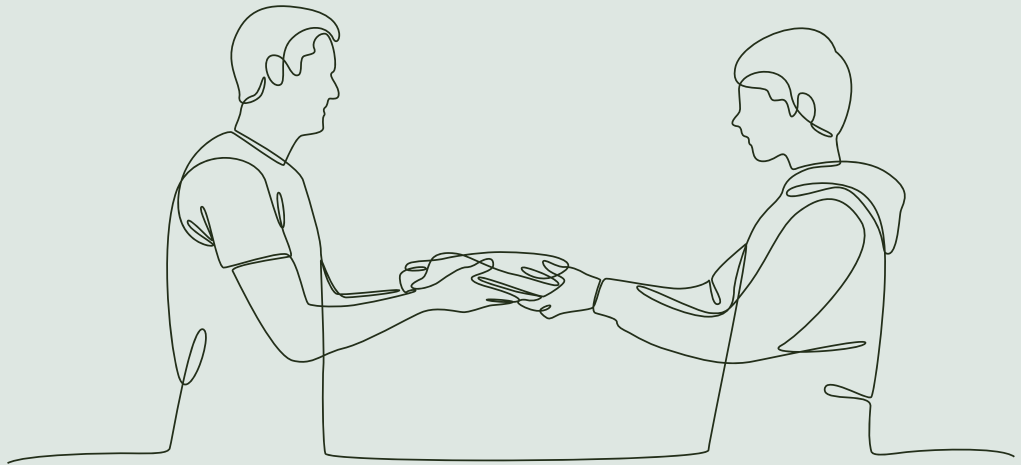
Living for Others Means...

Niruma: What is benevolence? It means living for others. To use our mind, speech and body for others.

Until now, we have been living for ourselves. Everyone wants to live for themselves. They want to be up-to-date, take care of everything themselves and see to all their conveniences. They also want everyone at home to take care of everything for them.

When we have to do something for someone, we think, “Huh, what’s it to us?”, “I don’t have time”, “I don’t like it”, “Why should I do it?” It happens at home, doesn’t it? It happens for mom and dad, right? If mom asks for some work, we say “Huh, I don’t want to do it”, “I don’t have time”, “I have a lot of other things to do.” It happens, right? It happens more with girls. Tell the truth!

Then, what if mom also says the same? Huh? “I don’t have time for the kids”, “I have to do so much of my own work”, “I won’t cook”, “I won’t take care of the clothes”, “I won’t keep the house clean.”



What would happen then? Will it work?
No, it won't work!

So there, we have to keep in mind that we also have to contribute, if not much, then a little. And fix a time for half an hour. The boys too, okay? Give time; give half an hour or an hour to help mom or dad at home. Give the time on Sunday or any other day, whatever you decide.

Has anyone seen a mango tree? Have you seen a mango tree? Yes, what does the mango tree do? Now [in the summer] all the mangoes are first class! When the mangoes grow, we see them on the tree, don't we? So, does the tree eat all the mangoes itself? Does it eat them alone, at night, secretly? No, it doesn't, right? So who is it for? Yes, for us.

Does the tree ask for money or anything? Its owner takes it. He is just like us, a human. Trees don't ask; humans ask. But does the tree ask? It bears so much heat and cold, does hard work and grows mangoes and makes them ready. Still, it doesn't care to use or eat them! It just



throws them from above for others saying, "Eat!" We should be like the mango tree.

Just how the mango tree lives for others, we too should live for others! We have received this human body. It's so beautiful. So, if we help others, use it for others, it will be worthwhile. Otherwise, if we live for ourselves and do only for ourselves, then that's not even considered being human!

Antique Lantern

Chirag was a young man, freshly graduated with a master's degree. He had also landed a good job in a campus interview. Chirag and his mother, Poojaben, lived in a small rented house in a small town.





Poojaben was a single mother but more of a best friend to Chirag. Poojaben had a job as a history teacher. In the evening, she also gave free tuition to needy children in the neighborhood. Hey... no, no, don't create a typical image of a single mother, as a widow, poor, wretched, suffering woman. Poojaben was actually very loving, cheerful, and content. In short, in today's generation's language, she could be called a 'cool mother'. Seeing her enthusiastically running to help people, one wouldn't feel pity, but wonder how she has the energy to take care of her son, job, housework, and social service, all at the same time! Wherever she got a chance, she would

help people in whatever way she could, whether it was with household chores or just with a warm word.

Despite being middle class, Chirag had seen since childhood that his mother would often spend time and money for others even when they were in a tight spot. Instead of going on vacations, his mother would take him to places like old age homes or orphanages and arrange for a home-cooked feast. Chirag often felt the pressure. He would mentally compare himself to his surroundings or his friends, and sometimes he would feel a bit down. He would also get frustrated inside. He had no hesitation in expressing his frustration to his mother.

“It’s not fair, Mom. Why does our life have so many struggles? Why do we have to ‘make do’ with everything? You’ve been teaching me from childhood to just manage and accept things, but then you go and spend our meager savings on others. How is that right, Mom? Life is already unfair, but you’re making it worse. Now that I’m grown up and earning, it still feels like we’re stuck in the same place. As our income grows, you just increase your social service! This is like ignoring our own bellies so the neighbors can feast!”

Poojaben listened carefully and replied calmly,

“Oh, my angry young man... We’re not really having a hard time, are we? Life is good. And now you’ve finished your studies and have a good job, so things should be even easier...”

“Come on, Mom! You should stop working now. Stop doing tuition. Take a break. Since I became old enough to understand, I’ve only seen you working tirelessly. I can earn enough to fulfill both our needs and wants. If you’d just quit spending on others, we should soon be able to buy a small apartment! Don’t you ever want anything for yourself?”

“Chirag, my son, I’m actually spending on myself. You’ll understand when you do it too,” she said with a smile, tapping Chirag affectionately on the head before going back to her work.

What puzzled Chirag was that there was never any sign of sadness or

deficiency in his mother’s eyes. On the contrary, there was a strange glow in them. He had always been very curious about it since childhood. He wanted to see and experience what his mother saw and experienced.

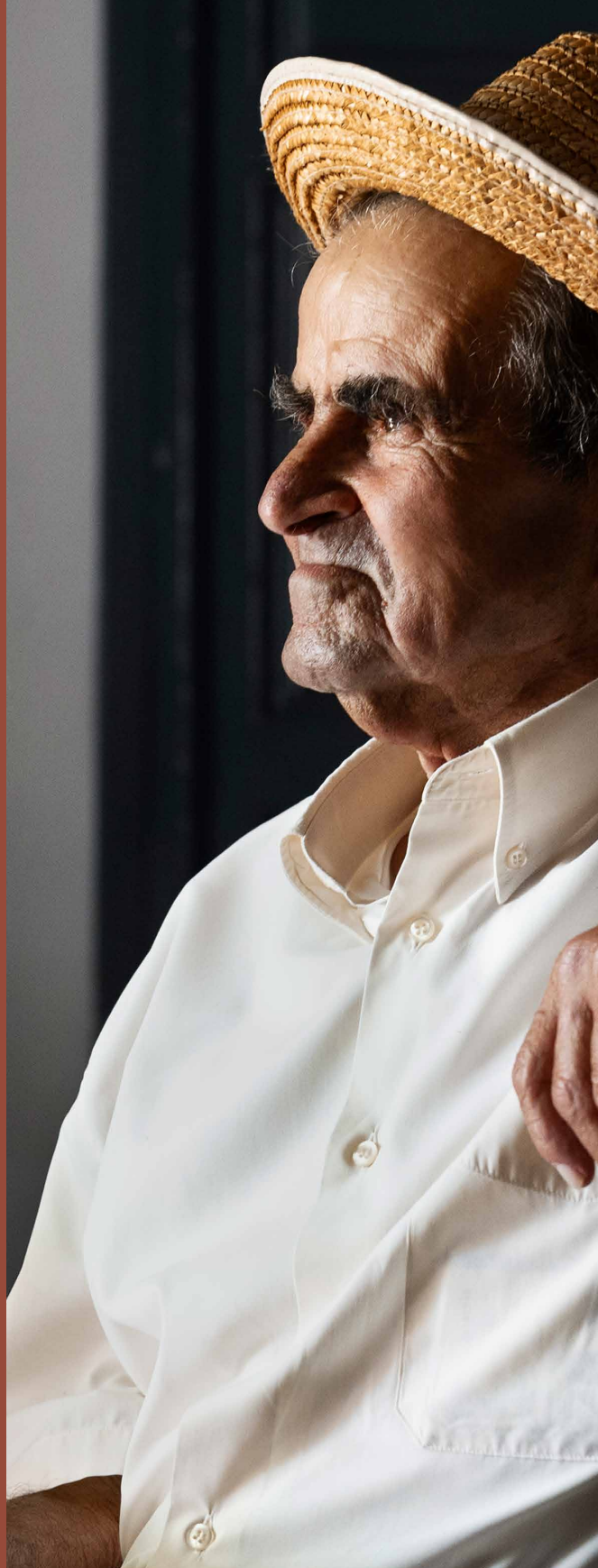
Power outages were frequent in the society. One monsoon evening, it was raining continuously. The lights in Panchaldada’s house were flickering. Panchaldada was their landlord. Earlier, he used to live in another city. He had come to stay here recently after his son and daughter-in-law went abroad. He lived in his ancestral house next door. Last month, Chirag had gone with his mother to give the rent check and that’s when he met him. Panchaldada could barely see and hear. The maid worked to earn money, otherwise no one would come near him willingly. This was because Panchaldada was known for his irritable nature and he preferred to live alone.

Chirag thought that his mother was busy; otherwise, she would have rushed to help the old man. However, when he went to help, he was scolded and came back. Poojaben saw him and understood what had happened by seeing his face. “That’s my boy!” she said in a tone of appreciation. Then the power came back on, and that’s when a loud bang occurred at Dada’s house. Chirag ran back. While getting yelled at by Dada, he found the fault in the circuit and fixed the fuse. As it got brighter, it was revealed

And that's when a loud bang occurred at Dada's house. Chirag ran back. While getting yelled at by Dada, he found the fault in the circuit and fixed the fuse. As it got brighter, it was revealed that Dada had fallen down.

that Dada had fallen down. He called the doctor. Poojaben and Chirag took care of him. A nurse came the next day. Chirag would visit him every evening after his job. During this time, Panchaldada had mellowed down a bit after meeting Chirag regularly. Sometimes, he would talk about his family's old stories. Chirag felt that Dada was not always so irritable.

Once, Panchaldada shared a special story. He had an antique, small brass lantern, which according to his ancestors, was auspicious. Like a normal lantern, it gave light, but the unusual thing was that his great-



grandfather had told them to preserve it for peace and prosperity. It was stolen from his belongings when he moved here. Chirag heard this story. Chirag concluded that Dada's distrust and bitterness towards people might have started then.

Chirag told Poojaben and decided to do something for him. They both took it upon themselves to find Dada's stolen lantern. They searched for it at local antique dealers and flea markets. After much effort, it was found at an old junk shop. According to Dada's description, this seemed to be the one. The junk dealer said that a thief had sold the lantern to him some time ago. Chirag happily brought the lantern, spending all the money he had saved that month.

He polished it with Poojaben and made it shine and gave a surprise to Dada. As soon as Dada took the lantern in his hand, tears came to his eyes. He looked at Chirag and couldn't even say "Thank you"! Seeing Dada's tears, for the first time, that glow appeared in Chirag's eyes.

That night, Panchaldada prayed and lit the lantern in the temple. His smile was also spreading on his face with the light in the room. He was seen smiling for the first time.

A week later, Panchaldada died peacefully in his sleep. In his will, he left the house in which Poojaben and



He was becoming accustomed to the peace he was experiencing. His complaints had ceased. Chirag was genuinely happy from within, and a look of contentment could be seen in his eyes.

Chirag lived to Poojaben's name, and the antique lantern to Chirag's name. The lawyer came and gave them the house papers and the lantern.

Chirag was stunned to learn this and tears fell from his eyes. Poojaben was also stunned, but she calmed down seeing Chirag. She hugged him and tried to calm him down by patting his head.

Thoughts were swirling in Poojaben's mind, 'This is the first time that Chirag has become so attached to a stranger in such a short time.' Going to Panchaldada's house and serving him had become Chirag's daily routine.

But Chirag didn't know that Poojaben was also an equal partner in his happiness. When Chirag was about to give up while helping Panchaldada and searching for the lantern, Poojaben had done something without him knowing.

Poojaben had bought an antique lantern from the flea market, modified it according to Chirag's description and had it ready. And it was Poojaben who told the junk dealer to sell it to Chirag. She took advantage of being a history teacher and of Dada's poor eyesight. But as a result, Chirag tasted the inner joy of selfless service without any expectation of anything in return.

Now he will never forget the blessings of Panchaldada's soul. His greatest earning was Dada's last smile, which was brighter and truer than the light of that fake antique lantern!

Public Service Begins From Home!

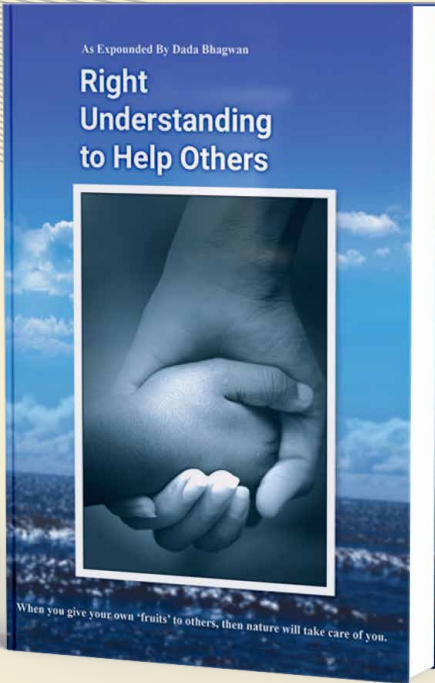
Questioner: What makes people go into public service?

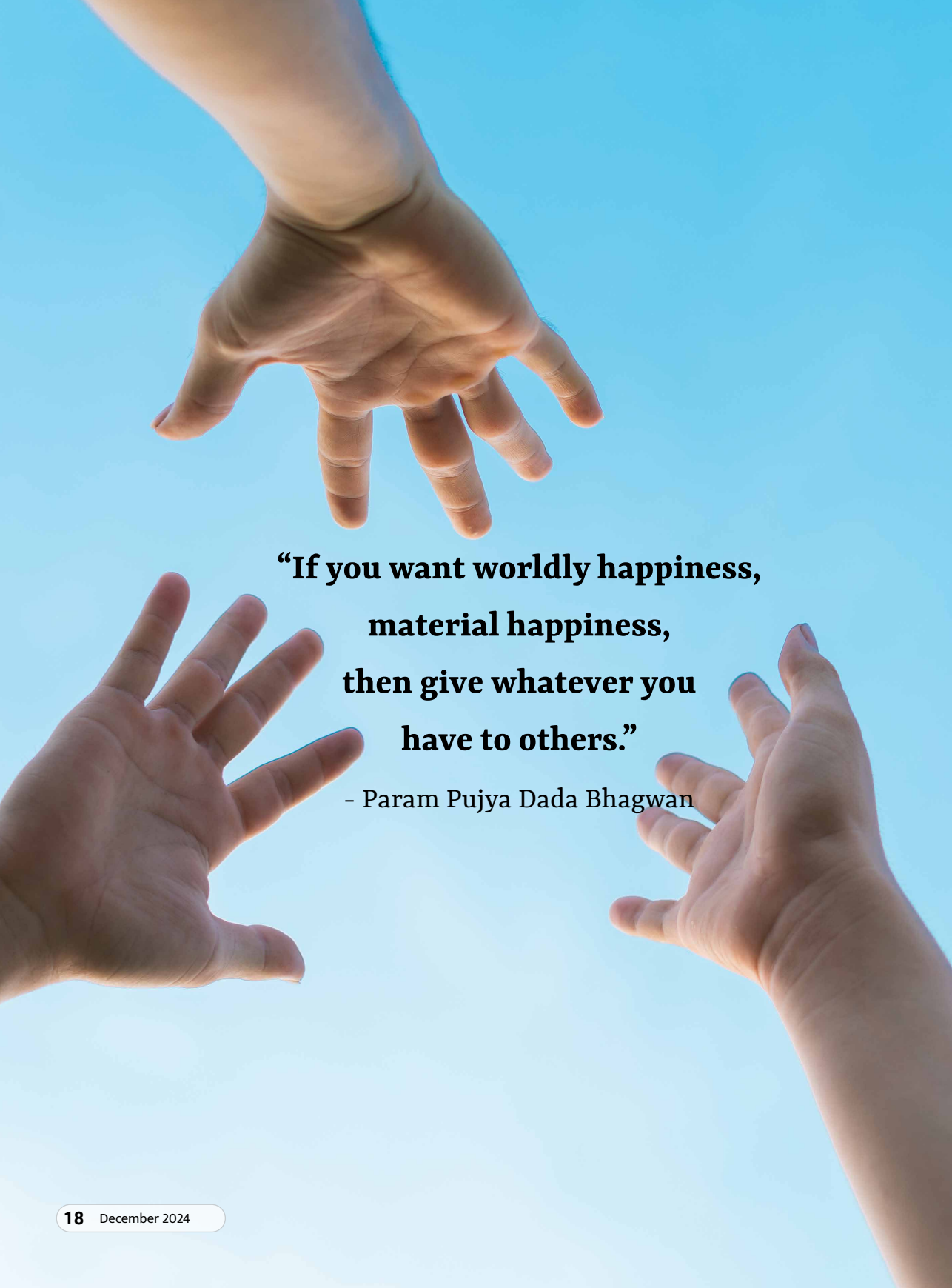
Dadashri: It stems from a good intention. The desire to see people do well and not suffer. When one's feelings and intentions are pure, one wants to alleviate others' pain. That's a lofty sentiment. But I've noticed something about some of these so-called 'public servants'. If you visit their homes, you find turmoil there, so you can't really call that service. Service should begin from home. It begins from home, then extends to one's neighbors, and then further. But if you go to their house and see turmoil, why do you think that is? That's why it must begin from home in the first place.

Questioner: My brother says there's no turmoil in his home.

Dadashri: That means what he's doing is genuine service.





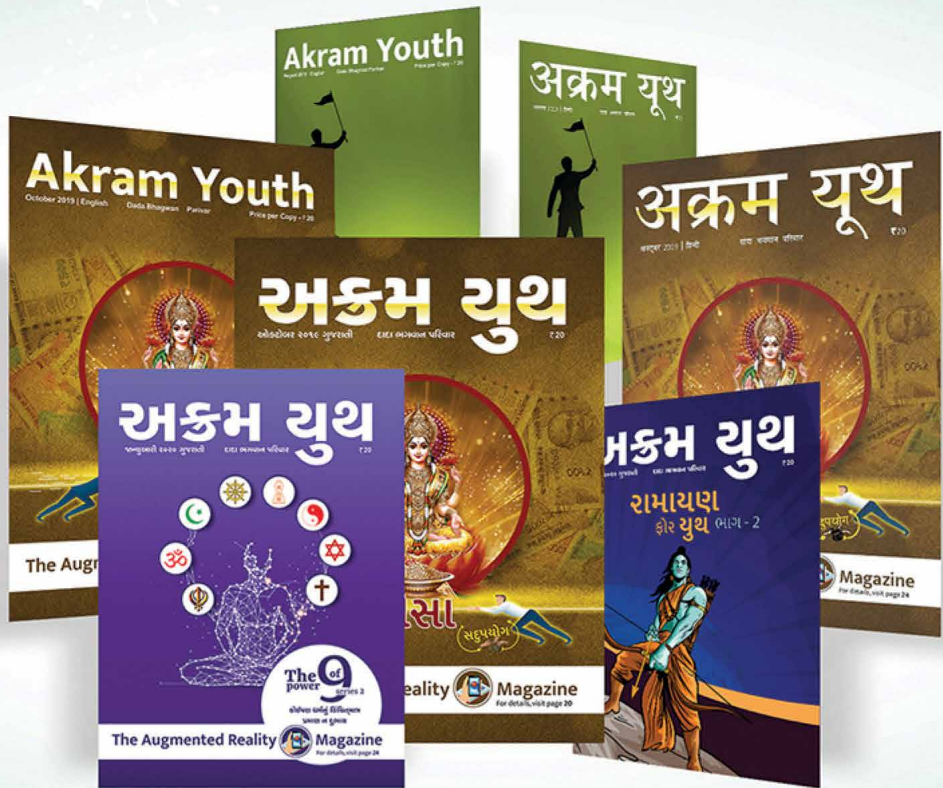
A photograph of three hands reaching out from the top, bottom left, and bottom right towards the center. The hands are set against a clear, bright blue sky. The central text is overlaid on the image.

**“If you want worldly happiness,
material happiness,
then give whatever you
have to others.”**

- Param Pujya Dada Bhagwan

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Dadashri Always Thought of Others

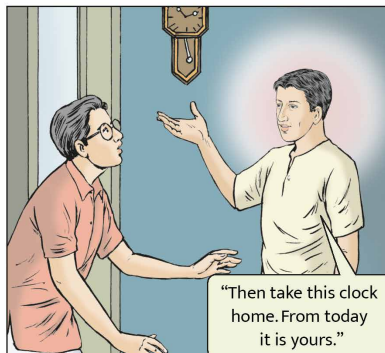
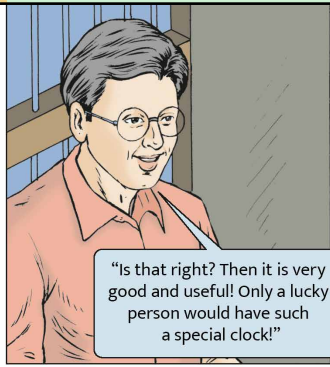
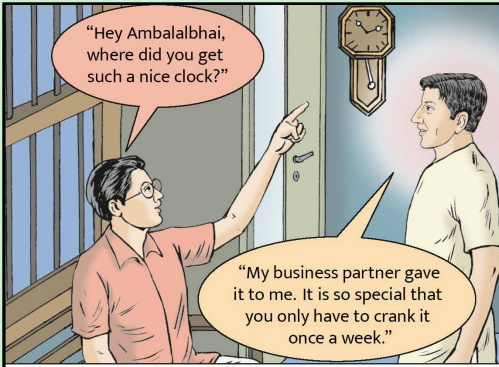
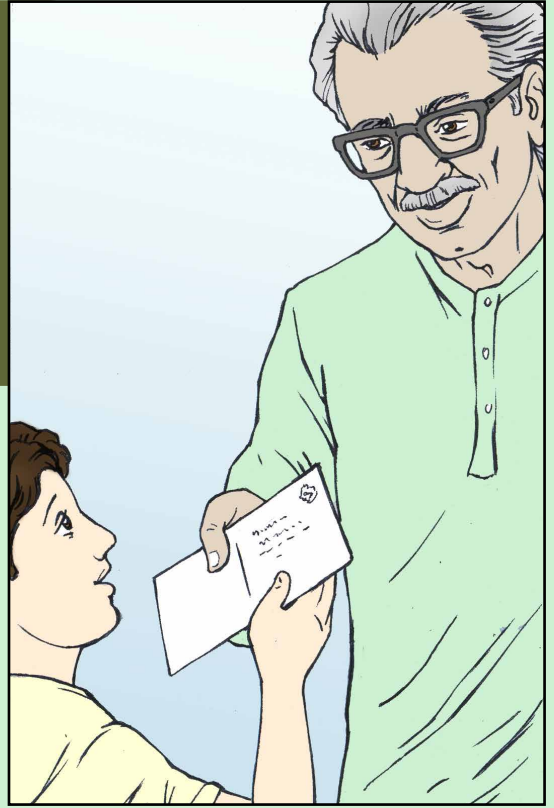


Param Pujya Dadashri never once thought about his own happiness throughout his entire life. He lived solely for the happiness of others. One who lives for the happiness of others never experiences sorrow. Even his friends would say, “Your conduct is super-human!” A ‘super-human’ is someone who, even when they themselves might need happiness, will give it to others instead. Even if someone causes them a loss ten times, they will still help that person in their time of difficulty. That is what we call ‘super-human’.

At the young age of twenty, Dadashri decided that any person who meets him must benefit from the encounter.



When he was a child, if his mother asked him to buy vegetables, he would go around the entire neighborhood asking if anyone else needed anything.



If he had something he liked and someone else showed an interest in it, he would give it away without a moment's hesitation for the other person's happiness.

If he was traveling by train and happened to meet people he knew, he would pay for everyone's tickets.



Ambalal was very smart and meticulous. Sometimes when travelling by bus, after paying for a ticket, he would make sure to get the right amount of change from the conductor.

He was careful that because of him, the conductor should not get into the habit of putting the change in his own pocket.

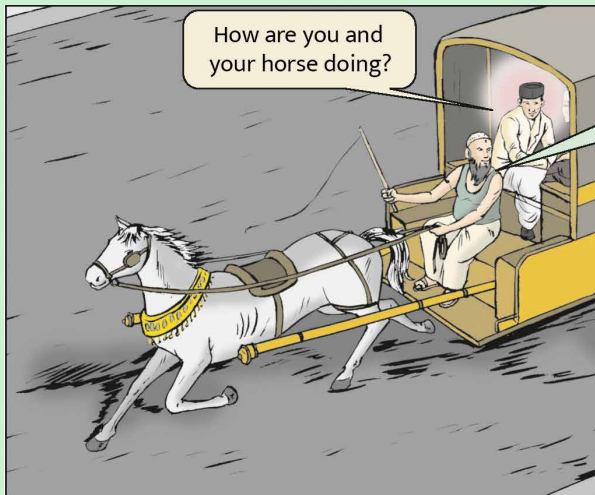
"Three plus two is five, and the sixth is mine. Give me six tickets."



Like this, Ambalal had a helping nature. He was only concerned with how he could be of help to others.

He didn't only think about people, he cared about animals too. For example, when riding in a horse-cart, he would ask the driver not to whip the horse and would pay extra so that the horse could be well-fed.

How are you and your horse doing?



Sir, you are the only one that doesn't complain. Other passengers have their own selfish motives, so they ride with me. But then they complain asking me to whip the horse and go faster. Getting irritated by them, I then whip the horse. The poor horse has to take the beating of my whip, so it gets irritated and kicks its feet backwards! Then when disembarking, the passenger gives me only eleven rupees instead of twelve saying that I got them there late.

Because of these extraordinary, compassionate intentions, Param Pujya Dadashri manifested the amazing spiritual science known as Akram Vignan!

Even if we cannot do everything Dadashri did, we can at least keep our intentions pure, strive to help others and dedicate our lives to them as much as we can.

Poem



Jenu jeevan chhe parkaane aapi devanu...
Pachhi ene rehtu nathi maangi ne levanu...

Sukhnu to saav seedhu saadhu rahasya chhe...
Je saamane aape ene sukh praapya chhe...

Par kaaj jeeve antar sheetalta rahe...
Na male chho baharna upaay laakh kare...

Jnaaniyona jag kaaj bhavo gaya chhe...
Moksh hato haathma toy ahin rahya chhe...

Shuruaat sevani maata-pita thi karo...
Pachhi badhuj lagaavi ne jnaanine teko dharo...



By Dada's Youth

Information Regarding the Discontinuation of Akram Youth Magazine Printing

Jai Sat Chit Anand Mahatmas,

Today's youth primarily read the magazine online, resulting in a decrease in subscriptions for Akram Youth (Gujarati). Therefore, we have decided to discontinue the print version of the Akram Youth magazine starting from January 2025. The digital version will be freely available on the Akonnect website and youth.dadabhagwan.org.

From December 2024, those with remaining Akram Youth magazine subscriptions will receive a refund. To claim a refund, please scan the QR code provided below and fill in the required details for your magazine and bank account.

The final date for submitting refund requests is January 15, 2025. The refund amount will be deposited into your bank account by January 31, 2025. If you have any questions related to this, please feel free to contact the magazine team at dadavani@dadabhagwan.org or by phone at +91 81550 07500.

- Magazine Team, Adalaj



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