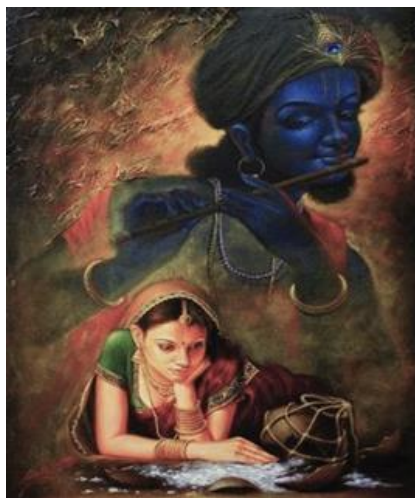


Dr Mohendra Irengbam

## Part Ten

# THE DESCENT OF RADHA KRISHNA TO GOLAK DHAM BRINDABAN

NARD CAUSING NERVOUS STREES AMONG THE PEOPLE OF BRINDABAN



Radha thinking about Krishna  
(Courtesy: Pinterest)

Nard also unintentionally, posited some amount of emotional stress and mental tension among the people of Braj. One milkmaid broke her Nail biting on this somewhat fraught day. She asked her friend Brinda [A great devotee of

Vishnu though she was born of *Kalanemi*, an Asura. Non-Aryan, indigenous people], “whether it was true about the saying that happiness follows grief, working through the grief process, and allowing it to run its course in order that the person can be happy again?”

Brinda, who was equally excited, expressed what she thought they had to do as a matter of urgency just in case Krishna arrived. “We can’t stay here doing nothing. We must get things like Incense , candles, unglazed earthen pot, mango leaves, sugar canes, plantains, and things.

We must be ready for *Puja* [Adoration worship]. Will someone fill the water jug with scented water for washing Hari’s feet? Make sure there are flower wreathes and readymade *paan* [betel leaf, usually folded into a shape with three sides and filled with spices, betel nuts (Areca nuts) for eating.They are mild stimulants, causing a warming sensation in the body and slightly heightened alertness]. Make sure they are in the right place in the right place for easy access.

Grind the Chandan wood, fill the jar with water and soak plucked Tulasi leaves in it. Hurry, go and fetch milk, yoghurt, rice pudding, paneer, ghee, and various

sweets , and fragrant, ripe mangoes, lemons, oranges, and bananas. Do not forget the jackfruits that are sweet and fragrant. Also find fresh coconut juice that should be chilled.

We are going to have a visual of the pair of Radha and Krishna, standing together [Jugal Murti], Radha on the left and Krishna on the right, after so many ages, giving us the opportunity to serve them to our hearts' content. “

All the milkmaids who were equally keen to please Krishna, were rushing about, preparing to give him a warm welcome. The whole place was in shambles; many things were cluttered, and they bumped into each other. The ruckus and moving about of the Gopis to and from in the house broke Radha's meditation. A false hope they enthusiastically espoused.

## BREAKUP OF RADHA'S MEDITATION.

The cacophonous harsh and jarring noise that was created by the various clashing of utensils and by the fuss her friends made, broke the serene and the self-controlled state of Radha's mind, who was then immersed in her own thoughts. She opened her eyes and looked around. Seeing her friends running helter-skelter, she enquired of Brinda what was happening in Braj Brindaban?

Radha raised her eyebrows in polite disapproval. She asked why all this brouhaha as if they were celebrating something during these cataclysmic times? Perhaps they had some good news?

Brinda told her with folded hands and a suave smile, “We have been duped so long that Shyam was not going to come back. Now all our misgivings are over. The moon named Krishnachandra will begin to shine again in Brindaban. Please listen to the flute music that is the very adroitness of Shyam's flute, calling Radhe, Radhe.”

Brinda continued. “Our long wait has borne fruit at last. Our ceaseless reminiscence about our lord, has been rewarded. Krishna will be here in a jiffy. That is why all your Gopi friends are exuberant as they would be able to have a glimpse of Shyam again. Isn't that wonderful?

Now, please Radhe, drown all your sorrows. It is time for you to go and refresh yourself. Have a bath and finish up with your *Kriya* [A discipline of Yoga]. Please garnish yourself with fashionable garbs and ornaments.”

On hearing the news, Radha stared at Brinda with wide open eyes and made another serious enquiry. “Is this information that you have heard? Or have you seen him with your own eyes?”

The question disturbed Brinda, but she understood and tried to ease Radha's apprehension, by paraphrasing: “Oh my lady, in which of the three '*loks*' [In Hindu mythology, there are three *loks* or planes or realms of existence, which are Brahma-lok, Tapa-lok, and Jana-lok], who would play a flute calling the name of Radha, except Krishna?”

Brinda also said demurely, “My lady I have been long enough with you in your association with Krishna in Brindaban. How could I fail to notice the melody of the flute played by Krishna.

Radha interjected, “ Brinda, it is not that you are not familiar with it. It is just that one cannot be certain without real evidence. Will you be quiet for a bit? Let me listen to it myself.” After listening for a while, Radharani, the exotic among the gopis, explained to Brinda with a wistful smile. [Vide infra].

Shreemati Radhika, despite the heartache of knowing the truth of the flute player, kept her cool. With a dry mouth and difficulty in articulating, she gave Brinda an affiliative smile and told her calmly and affectionately.”

## Tenth Chapter

Radha gently enlightened Brinda. In a suave voice she told Brinda: “My dear friend, please believe me when I say that the player is someone who plays the flute as brilliantly as Shyam. But he is not Shyam.

Brinda was flabbergasted and was a little awestruck. She responded, “Probably Radhe, you have forgotten Krishna’s flute music since it was a very long time ago. Apart from Krishna, who would make fun of you, calling ‘Radhe, Radhe’ in Brindaban?”

Radha replied using words with almost guileless benignity. she said, “My dear Brinda, since you do not believe me; I will tell you how I know it is not real.

In the good old days, whenever I heard Shyam play his flute, I had gooseflesh on my skin, like the flowers of Kadamb tree [Kadamb tree is very common in Brindaban]. I always had good vibes, channeling positive energy and it never failed to play Cupid, starting a romantic bonding.

It always aroused me to love him passionately. I would be extremely restless, and a toppling blast of lust would freak out inside me.

The sound of the flute would try to drag me out to the place where it came from. I would resist the temptation while my body would go into a shiver with feelings of devotion. Today, my dear chum, the flute music does nothing to me. That is how I know he is not Shyam. Anyway, you should go and see if any mendicant has come this way and tell me I am right. Ask him very humbly why he has come to Brindaban and tell him that he must stop playing the flute.

I have many reasons for saying this. Hurry, you must stop him playing the flute. Jatila and Kutila would think Krishna had come back. They would be coming shortly and torture me endlessly. Their boundless embroidery of facts always amused me.

Disheartened but not daunted, Radha shot Brinda an anguished look, and said with a gentle voice, “Yashoda who had been almost starving for over one hundred years, would be thrilled at the sound of the flute and she would rush out to her gate, only to find that it is not her son. She would then kill herself.”

*Shree Radha Gobind leela is more precious than Amrit. It is a boon that is irreplaceable for those who are fortunate to hear. So, do lend your ears to the music with austerity and with sincere adoration. Hari is the indestructible son of the Primeval Being.*