

Lord Nrsimhadeva Reciprocates Instantly

By Pankajanghri das

The fact that people just love to hear stories is one reason why some of the Vedic codes were gradually transmitted in story form, like the epic histories Mahabharata and Ramayana and the Puranas. When such stories concern the pastimes of the Lord and his devotees, they are called lilas. Being labelled Lord Nrsimhadeva's pujari in Mayapur, I have been asked to recount some stories in connection with Him but unlike the sastras, these "lilas" have no authority except for the testimony of the devotees who told them. In most cases there were no other witnesses. Although I am generally quite sceptical when it comes to accepting other people's mystical experiences as truth, just too many things started happening recently, not to sit up and take notice.

For instance, during the last Gaura-purnima festival in Mayapur, I called over a mataji in the crowd and asked her to distribute the Lord's caranamrita to the ladies, which she did. Later, when she brought the caranamrita pot back, she remarked that Lord Nrsimhadeva was very merciful to reciprocate so quickly.

"I was praying this morning that I might be able to offer some direct service to Him, and now you have given me this service."

"Yes," I said, "Desires are quickly fulfilled in the dhama. Just see, the same day you desire, it happened."

"No, not the same day - the same moment!" she replied. "The very instant I expressed that desire to serve Him, you called me over."

"Wow! That is amazing!" I acknowledged. "Did you hear about how one mataji's eye problem was cured at the same time that Lord Nrsimhadeva's original eyes were placed back, after one donor had brought Him new eyes?"

"Oh yes," she told me. "As a matter of fact, I was in the same building when Lord Nrsimhadeva spoke to her," she added. "You know, there was so much energy around that night that nobody could get any sleep."

Just a few days later, another devotee revealed how Lord Nrsimhadeva helped him: "I was suffering intensely. I could not even stand without supporting myself on the column in front of Lord Nrsimhadeva's altar. I prayed, 'Please help me, take away this suffering condition, so that I may serve You fully!' I then felt all my pain moving up and flowing out of my body. It just left."

*namas te narasimhaya
prahladahlada-dayine
hiranyakasipor vaksah
sila-tanka-nakhalaye*

I offer my respectful obeisances unto You, Lord Nrsimhadeva. You are the giver of pleasure to Maharaja Prahlada, and Your nails cut the chest of Hiranyakasipu like a chisel cutting stone.

*ito nrsimho parato nrsimho
yato yato yami tato nrsimhah
bahir nrsimho hrdaye nrsimho
nrsimham-adim saranam prapadye*

Lord Nrsimhadeva is here, and He is also there on the opposite side. Wherever I go, there I see Lord Nrsimhadeva. He is outside and within my heart. Therefore I take shelter of Lord Nrsimhadeva, the original Supreme Personality of Godhead.

*tava kara-kamala-vare nakham
adbhuta-srngam
dalita-hiranyakasipu-tanu-bhrngam
kesava dhrta-narahari-rupa
jaya jagadisa hare*

O my Lord, Your hands are very beautiful, like the lotus flower, but with Your long nails You have ripped apart the wasp Hiranyakasipu. Unto You, Lord of the universe, do I offer my humble obeisances.

While I was hearing this, I noticed another devotee who had come for

the darsana of the Lord. Earlier in the morning this mataji had asked my advice on what to do, for she had been afflicted for about two weeks with a severe problem that contaminated her body, which wouldn't allow her to paint some deities in Assam, although she had already been commissioned to do it and had an air ticket to go.

"Mataji," I exclaimed while walking over to her, "Lord Nrsimhadeva is giving instant benedictions. Why don't you ask Him to remove your problem?"

The very next morning, when she saw me she said, "Thank you so much for the advice! You know, when I arrived home from the temple yesterday, my problem had completely disappeared."

Some days later, another mataji came to the pujari room and told us about a dream, wherein Lord Nrsimhadeva walked and talked with her just like a father. When she asked how she could serve Him, He told her to offer some mangoes. It wasn't the mango season but she managed to get some, and we offered them for her. This was the year that Sripada Gaur-Govinda Swami left his body in Mayapur.

A few days after this tragedy she came again and said, "Actually I only told you half of the dream. Lord Nrsimhadeva also said to me, 'My pujari is very dear to Me, and I am going to take him back with Me.' 'Oh don't do that, please,' I fearfully exclaimed. 'We want him to stay here.' 'No I think I will take him back.' And after my pleading with Him for a long time, the Lord firmly announced, 'Alright then, I will take one of the gurus instead.'"

She concluded by saying, "I told my spiritual master about this dream, and he advised me not to tell anyone. But now, because it has come true, I think I can tell you."

When I repeated this story to my friend Visva mbhara from

Carolina, he said, "This is amazing! My wife also dreamt about Lord Nrsimhadeva and mangoes. You see, yesterday, while she was walking outside the Mayapur campus, she saw a jar of mango pickles in a shop and desired to buy them for Lord Nrsimhadeva. But doubting the purity of the contents, she refrained. However, last night, Lord Nrsimhadeva appeared in her dream and asked, 'Where are My mango pickles?'"

When Lord Nrsimhadeva first came to Mayapur, all the pujaris were reluctant to worship His awesome form. Bhava-siddhi das was particularly frightened and always very nervous worshipping Him. One night, after putting the Lord to rest, he was leaving the altar, when he heard such a tremendous sound that it made his hairs stand on end. Looking back fearfully, he saw that everything was in place. So he quickly left, locked the door and paid his obeisances, praying for forgiveness for any offence he might inadvertently have committed. At the end of that night, he was awakened by the shaking of his bed. Bhava-siddhi was sleeping on the top of a bunk bed. So he thought it must be the pujari below him, getting up for mangala arati.

However, when he opened his eyes, he saw Lord Nrsimhadeva sitting on his bed. That fortunate pujari became very fearful, practically to the point of panic. As he tried to get up, Lord Nrsimhadeva placed his two hands, which felt like the weight of the universe, on his shoulders.

"Be peaceful, be calm," the Lord consoled him. "I have just come to tell you that when you worship Me in the temple, there is no need to fear Me. Please, give up this fear."

The Lord then disappeared, but Bhava-siddhi began to run up and down the veranda of the Long Building, where he slept.

"What happened?" asked some concerned devotees. But they received only incoherent replies. They started to think maybe he had gone mad or become haunted by a ghost. Finally, Bhava-siddhi ran over to the temple and prostrated himself before the door where Lord Nrsimhadeva is worshipped and offered heartfelt prayers. After some time, he became a little pacified and began walking back to his room. "I wonder why everyone is staring at me," he thought. When he looked down the answer was obvious: he had gone to the temple in his night dress.

I saw Bhava-siddhi at last year's Gaura-purnima festival - he is living in America now - and asked him about that incident.

"Yes," he said, "I still have those two marks from Lord Nrsimhadeva on my shoulders. They are almost gone now, but they are still visible."

He wasn't the only one to claim to have seen Lord Nrsimhadeva. Once, a devotee from a nearby Gaudiya Matha temple came to offer worship to Lord Nrsimhadeva and told our head pujari, Jananivasa, that on Nrsimha Caturdasi (the appearance day of Nrsimhadeva) he had been staying up all night chanting. Then, at the end of the night, Lord Nrsimhadeva manifested Himself in his room.

"It was the form of Nrsimhadeva from the ISKCON temple, and He appeared to be smiling very sweetly at me. My Guru Maharaja said I was very fortunate and should come here and worship Lord Nrsimhadeva."

Another time, the frantic parents of a runaway boy, after searching all over the country, finally heard that their son was at our Mayapur centre. They immediately came and spent the whole day looking for him, inquiring at the reception desk and from individual devotees, but they were not at all lucky in tracing him.

At the end of the day, during the sandhya arati of Lord Nrsimhadeva, his mother was praying with folded hands:

"My dear Lord, the last time I came here, I happily participated in the chanting and dancing, but now my heart is broken because of my lost son, and I find no pleasure in life anymore. My Lord, if only my son could be returned to me, then I would also raise my hands and chant 'Haribol, Hare Krishna.'"

As these words left her mouth, a figure passed and stopped before her and Lord Nrsimhadeva: it was her lost son. Both parents have now accepted Vaishnava initiation, started a nama-hatta centre, and are enthusiastically preaching the Lord's glories.

There are other stories - some I would be hesitant to repeat, and others that I can't, having been told them in confidence. The devotees who told me these stories have had their faith and conviction strengthened, and certainly mine was, too, by hearing them. So if others derive the same benefit from reading them - even though they are not sastra - it will be most beneficial. They help us advance in Krishna Consciousness.

Taken from ISKCON Mayapur Nrsimha Caturdasi booklet.

Pankajanghri das joined ISKCON in England in 1973 and one year later came to Mayapur, where his twin brother, Jananivasa, was living. Since that time, both have steadily worshipped the Deities there. Upon the installation of Lord Nrsimhadeva in Mayapur in 1986, Pankajanghri began worshipping this half-man, half-lion form of the Lord. The twin pujaris' sincerity and purity are exemplary for the entire Vaishnava community.