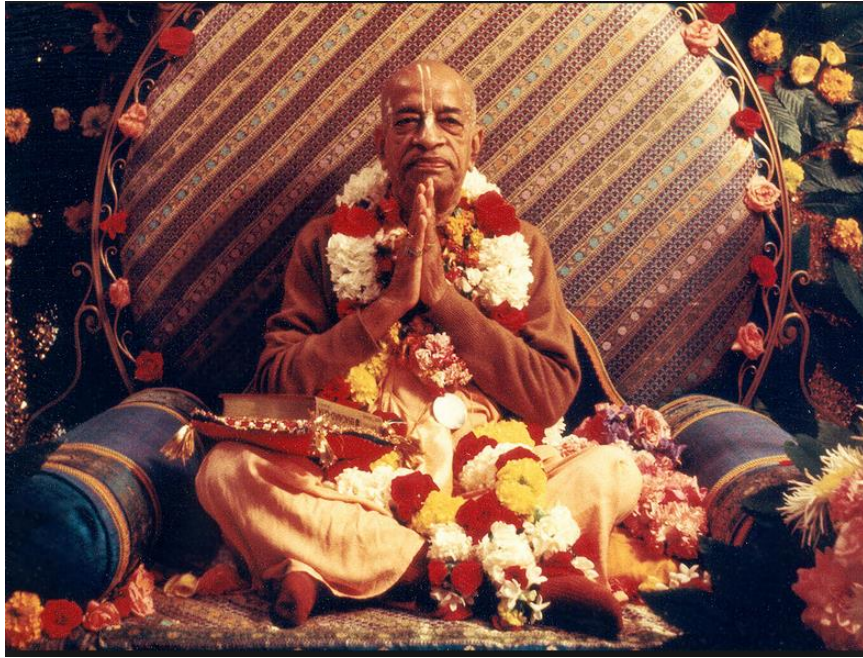


ALL GLORY TO SHRI GURU AND SHRI GAURANGA

THE ASTROLOGICAL NEWSLETTER

Mithuna Twiins Astrological Services

“Home of Shri Shri Radha-Dharmeshwara and the Bhrgu Project”



His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada
... His loving smile conquered the world.

**Hare Krishna Hare Krishna Krishna Krishna Hare Hare
Hare Rama Hare Rama Rama Rama Hare Hare**

“Therefore any gentleman, dhira, must be interested in jyotisha, astrology.” (S.B. 10.8.5, Purport)

9 June 2018 (#53): Parama Ekadashi Purushottama-masa, krishna paksha corresponding to the 11th day of the waning fortnight of the inter-calendar month or Adhika-masa <http://www.vaisnavacalendar.info/calendar-events/ekadasi-dwadasi-caturmasya/fasting-for-parama-ekadasi> .

Read It In This Issue:

The Saga of Savitri and Satyavan

Also: Three Evil Eclipses on the Horizon

The Astrological Newsletter (Please e-share it with your friends)

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In This Issue:

Dear Prabhus.....2

The Saga of Savitri and Satyavan.....3

Three Evil Eclipses on the Horizon.....20

Letters to the Editor.....22

Dear Prabhus,

Welcome to the issue. One of the most beloved episodes of planetary destiny and the ability to change the decrees of fate through faith, determination and devotion is the *Mahabharata's* story of the *pati-vrata* Savitri. Her name ranks with Sita, Draupadi, Arundhati and other devoted ladies whose piety have taught countless generations the true meaning of sacrifice and service. In this issue we present a poetic version by the distinguished 19th century scholar, historian, social leader and Vaishnava author Shri Romesh Chunder Dutt. Like Shrila Bhaktivinoda Thakura and Shrila Prabhupada, he was a Bengali *kayastha*, and his astute political abilities and literary talents have left their stamp on the history of India and the world.

Thanks for reading.

Yours at the lotus feet of the servants of Shrila Prabhupada,

Patita Pavana dasa Adhikary, Ed.

The episode of Savitri and Satyavan from the Mahabharata was lovingly related by Shrila Prabhupada in many places (including Shrimad-Bhagavatam (9.13.8, Purport). From the devotion of Savitri we can understand that even the very demigods themselves arrange the best destination for the servant of the Supreme Lord Shri Krishna because they, too, are devotees. Notice the divya-drishti—future vision—of Shri Narada Muni who is also an astrologer of supreme ability...

From the Mahabharata

The Saga of Savitri and Satyavan

Versified by Shri Romesh Chunder Dutta



Princess Savitri cradles the head of her husband Prince Satyavan as she outsmarts the demigod of death, Yamaraja seated on his black buffalo. To this day pious ladies recall Savitri on the day of vat-pujan, worship of the holy banyan by tying strings around the tree, and thus receive the blessings of the Supreme Lord Narayana.

The Birth of Princess Savitri

In the country of fair Madra lived a king in days of old,
Faithful to the holy Brahma, pure in heart and righteous-souled,
He was loved in town and country, in the court and hermit's den,
Sacrificer to the bright gods, helper to his brother men,

But the monarch, Aswapati, son or daughter had he none,
Old in years and sunk in anguish, and his days were almost done!

Vows he took and holy penance, and with pious rules conformed,
Spare in diet as *brahmahari* many sacred rites performed,

Sang the sacred hymn, *Savitri*, to the gods oblations gave,
Through the lifelong day he fasted, uncomplaining, meek and brave!

Year by year he gathered virtue, rose in merit and in might,
Till the goddess of Savitri smiled upon his sacred rite,

From the fire upon the altar which a holy radiance flung,
In the form of beauteous maiden, goddess of Savitri sprung!

And she spake in gentle accents, blessed the monarch good and brave
Blessed his rites and holy penance and a boon unto him gave:

“Penance and thy sacrifices can the Powers Immortal move,
And the pureness of thy conduct doth thy heart’s affection prove,

Ask thy boon, king Aswapati, from creation’s Ancient Sire,
True to virtue’s sacred mandate speak thy inmost heart’s desire.”

“For an offspring brave and kingly,” so the saintly king replied,
“Holy rites and sacrifices and this penance I have tried,

If these rites and sacrifices move thy favour and thy grace,
Grant me offspring, Prayer-Maiden, worthy of my noble race.”

“Have thy object,” spake the maiden, “Madra’s pious-hearted king,
From Swayambhu, self-created, blessings unto thee I bring,

For He lists to mortal’s prayer springing from a heart like thine,
And He wills—a noble daughter grace thy famed and royal line,

Aswapati, glad and grateful, take the blessing which I bring,
Part in joy and part in silence, bow unto creation’s King!”

Vanished then the Prayer-Maiden, and the king of noble fame,
Aswapati, Lord of coursers, to his royal city came,

Days of hope and nights of gladness Madra’s happy monarch passed,
Till his queen of noble offspring gladsome promise gave at last!

As the moon each night increaseth chasing darksome nightly gloom,
Grew the unborn babe in splendour in her happy mother's womb,

And in fullness of the season came a girl with lotus-eye,
Father's hope and joy of mother, gift of kindly gods on high!

And the king performed her birth-rites with a glad and grateful mind,
And the people blessed the dear one with their wishes good and kind,

As Savitri, prayer-maiden, had the beauteous offspring given,
Brahmans named the child Savitri, holy gift of bounteous Heaven!

Grew the child in brighter beauty like a goddess from above,
And each passing season added fresher sweetness, deeper love,

Came with youth its lovelier graces, as the buds their leaves unfold,
Slender waist and rounded bosom, image as of burnished gold,

Deva-kanya—born a goddess—so they said in all the land,
Princely suitors struck with splendour ventured not to seek her hand,

Once upon a time it happened on a bright and festive day,
Fresh from bath the beauteous maiden to the altar came to pray,

And with cakes and pure libations duly fed the sacred flame,
Then like Shri in heavenly radiance to her royal father came.

And she bowed to him in silence, sacred flowers beside him laid,
And her hands she folded meekly, sweetly her obeisance made,

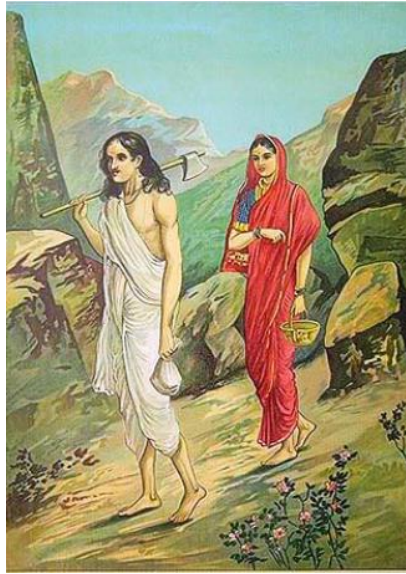
With a father's pride, upon her gazed the ruler of the land,
But a strain of sadness lingered, for no suitor claimed her hand.

"Daughter," whispered Aswapati, "now, methinks, the time is come,
Thou shouldst choose a princely suitor, grace a royal husband's home,

Choose thyself a noble husband worthy of thy noble hand,
Choose a true and upright monarch, pride and glory of his land,

As thou chooseth, gentle daughter, in thy loving heart's desire,
Blessing and his free permission will bestow thy happy sire.

For our sacred *shastras* sanction, holy *brahman*s oft relate,
That the duty-loving father sees his girl in wedded state,



That the duty-loving husband watches o'er his consort's ways,
That the duty-loving offspring tends his mother's widowed days,

Therefore choose a loving husband, daughter of my house and love,
So thy father earn no censure or from men or gods above."

Fair Savitri bowed unto him and for parting blessings prayed,
Then she left her father's palace and in distant regions strayed,

With her guard and aged courtiers whom her watchful father sent,
Mounted on her golden chariot unto sylvan woodlands went.

Far in pleasant woods and jungle wandered she from day to day,
Unto *ashrams*, hermitages, pious-hearted held her way,

Oft she stayed in holy *tirthas* washed by sacred limpid streams,
Food she gave unto the hungry, wealth beyond their fondest dreams.

Many days and months are over, and it once did so befall,
When the king and *rishi* Narad sat within the royal hall,

From her journeys near and distant and from places known to fame,
Fair Savitri with the courtiers to her father's palace came,

Came and saw her royal father, *rishi* Narad by his seat,
Bent her head in salutation, bowed unto their holy feet.

The Fated Bridegroom

“Whence comes she,” so Narad questioned, “Whither was Savitri led,
Wherefore to a happy husband hath Savitri not been wed?”

“Nay, to choose her lord and husband,” so the virtuous monarch said.
“Fair Savitri long hath wandered and in holy *tirthas* stayed,

Maiden! speak unto the *rishi*, and thy choice and secret tell,”
Then a blush suffused her forehead, soft and slow her accents fell!

“Listen, father! Salwa’s monarch was of old a king of might,
Righteous-hearted Dyumatsena, feeble now and void of sight,

Foemen robbed him of his kingdom when in age he lost his sight,
And from town and spacious empire was the monarch forced to flight,

With his queen and with his infant did the feeble monarch stray,
And the jungle was his palace, darksome was his weary way,

Holy vows assumed the monarch and in penance passed his life,
In the wild woods nursed his infant and with wild fruits fed his wife,

Years have gone in rigid penance, and that child is now a youth,
Him I choose my lord and husband, Satyavan, the soul of truth!”

Thoughtful was the *rishi* Narad, doleful were the words he said:
“Sad disaster waits Savitri if this royal youth she wed,

Truth-beloving is his father, truthful is the royal dame,
Truth and virtue rule his actions, Satyavan his sacred name,

Steeds he loved in days of boyhood and to paint them was his joy,
Hence they called him young Chitraswa, art-beloving gallant boy,

But O pious-hearted monarch! Fair Savitri hath in sooth
Courtied Fate and sad disaster in that noble gallant youth!

Tell me,” questioned Aswapati, “for I may not guess thy thought,
Wherefore is my daughter’s action with a sad disaster fraught,

Is the youth of noble lustre, gifted in the gifts of art,
Blest with wisdom and with prowess, patient in his dauntless heart?

“Surya’s lustre in him shineth,” so the *rishi* Narad said,
“Brihaspati’s wisdom dwelleth in the youthful prince’s head,

Like Mahendra in his prowess, and in patience like the Earth,
Yet O king! a sad disaster marks the gentle youth from birth!

“Tell me, *rishi*, then thy reason,” so the anxious monarch cried,
“Why to youth so great and gifted may this maid be not allied,

Is he princely in his bounty, gentle-hearted in his grace,
Duly versed in sacred knowledge, fair in mind and fair in face?

“Free in gifts like Rantideva,” so the holy *rishi* said,
“Versed in lore like monarch Sivi who all ancient monarchs led,

Like Yayati open-hearted and like Chandra in his grace,
Like the handsome heavenly Asvins fair and radiant in his face,

Meek and graced with patient virtue he controls his noble mind,
Modest in his kindly actions, true to friends and ever kind,

And the hermits of the forest praise him for his righteous truth,
Nathless, king, thy daughter may not wed this noble-hearted youth!

“Tell me, *rishi*,” said the monarch, for thy sense from me is hid,
Has this prince some fatal blemish, wherefore is this match forbid?”

“Fatal fault!” exclaimed the *rishi*, “fault that wipeth all his grace,
Fault that human power nor effort, rite nor penance can efface,

Fatal fault or destined sorrow! For it is decreed on high,
On this day, a twelve-month later, this ill-fated prince will die!”

Shook the startled king in terror and in fear and trembling cried:
“Unto short-lived, fated bridegroom ne’er my child shall be allied,

Come, Savitri, dear-loved maiden, choose another happier lord,
Rishi Narad speaketh wisdom, list unto his holy word!

Every grace and every virtue is effaced by cruel Fate,
On this day, a twelve-month later, leaves the prince his mortal state!”

“Father!” answered thus the maiden, soft and sad her accents fell,
“I have heard thy honoured mandate, holy Narad counsels well,

*Pardon witless maiden’s fancy, but beneath the eye of Heaven,
Only once a maiden chooseth, twice her troth may not be given,*

*Long his life or be it narrow, and his virtues great or none,
Satyavan is still my husband, he my heart and troth hath won,*

*What a maiden's heart hath chosen that a maiden's lips confess,
True to him thy poor Savitri goes into the wilderness!"*

"Monarch!" uttered then the *rishi*, fixed is she in mind and heart,
From her troth the true Savitri never, never will depart,

More than mortal's share of virtue unto Satyavan is given,
Let the true maid wed her chosen, leave the rest to gracious Heaven!"

"*Rishi* and preceptor holy!" so the weeping monarch prayed,
"Heaven avert all future evils, and thy mandate is obeyed!"

Narad wished him joy and gladness, blessed the loving youth and maid,
Forest hermits on their wedding every fervent blessing laid.



Overtaken by Fate

Twelve-month in the darksome forest by her true and chosen lord,
Sweet Savitri served his parents by her thought and deed and word,

Bark of tree supplied her garments draped upon her bosom fair,
Or the red cloth as in *ashram*'s holy women love to wear.

And the aged queen she tended with a fond and filial pride,
Served the old and sightless monarch like a daughter by his side,

And with love and gentle sweetness pleased her husband and her lord,
But in secret, night and morning, pondered still on Narad's word!

Nearer came the fatal morning by the holy Narad told,
Fair Savitri reckoned daily and her heart was still and cold,

Three short days remaining only! And she took a vow severe
Of *triratra*, three nights' penance, holy fasts and vigils drear.

Of Savitri's rigid penance heard the king with anxious woe,
Spoke to her in loving accents, so the vow she might forgo:

"Hard the penance, gentle daughter, and thy woman's limbs are frail,
After three nights' fasts and vigils sure thy tender health may fail,"

"Be not anxious, loving father," meekly this Savitri prayed,
"Penance I have undertaken, will unto the gods be made."

Much misdoubting then the monarch gave his sad and slow assent.
Pale with fast and unseen tear-drops, lonesome nights Savitri spent,

Nearer came the fatal morning, and to-morrow he shall die,
Dark, lone hours of nightly silence! Tearless, sleepless is her eye!

Dawns that dread and fated morning! said Savitri, bloodless, brave,
Prayed her fervent prayers in silence, to the fire oblations gave,

Bowed unto the forest *brahmans*, to the parents kind and good,
Joined her hands in salutation and in reverent silence stood.

With the usual morning blessing, "*Widow may'st thou never be,*"
Anchorites and aged *brahmans* blessed Savitri fervently,

O! that blessing fell upon her like the rain on thirsty air,
Struggling hope inspired her bosom as she drank those accents fair,

But returned the dark remembrance of the *rishi* Narad's word,
Pale she watched the creeping sunbeams, mused upon her fated lord!

"Daughter, now thy fast is over," so the loving parents said,
"Take thy diet after penance, for thy morning prayers are prayed,"

"Pardon, father," said Savitri, "let this other day be done,"
Unshed tear-drops filled her eyelids, glistened in the morning sun!

Satyavan, sedate and stately, ponderous axe on shoulder hung,
For the distant darksome jungle issued forth serene and strong,

But unto him came Savitri and in sweetest accents prayed,
As upon his manly bosom gently she her forehead laid:

“Long I wished to see the jungle where steals not the solar ray,
Take me to the darksome forest, husband, let me go to-day!”

“Come not, love,” he sweetly answered with a loving husband’s care,
“Thou art all unused to labour, forest paths thou may’st not dare,

And with recent fasts and vigils pale and bloodless is thy face,
And thy steps are weak and feeble, jungle paths thou may’st not trace.”

“Fasts and vigils make me stronger,” said the wife with wifely pride,
“Toil I shall not feel nor languor when my lord is by my side,

For I feel a woman’s longing with my lord to trace the way,
Grant me, husband ever gracious, with thee let me go to-day!

Answered then the loving husband, as his hands in hers he wove,
“Ask permission from my parents in the trackless woods to rove,”

Then Savitri to the monarch urged her longing strange request,
After duteous salutation thus her humble prayer address.

“To the jungle goes my husband, fuel and the fruit to seek,
I would follow if my mother and my loving father speak,

Twelve-month from this narrow *ashram* hath Savitri stepped nor strayed,
In this cottage true and faithful ever hath Savitri stayed,

For the sacrificial fuel wends my lord his lonesome way,
Please my kind and loving parents, I would follow him today.”

“Never since her wedding morning,” so the loving king replied,
“Wish or thought Savitri whispered, for a boon or object sighed,

Daughter, thy request is granted, safely in the forest roam,
Safely with thy lord and husband seek again thy cottage home.”

Bowing to her loving parents did the fair Savitri part,
Smile upon her pallid features, anguish in her inmost heart,

Round her sylvan greenwoods blossomed 'neath a cloudless Indian sky,
Flocks of pea-fowls gorgeous plumaged flew before her wondering eye,

Woodland rills and crystal nullahs gently roll'd o'er rocky bed,
Flower-decked hills in dewy brightness towering glittered overhead,

Birds of song and beauteous feather trilled a note in every grove,
Sweeter accents fell upon her, from her husband's lips of love!

Still with thoughtful eye Savitri watched her dear and fated lord,
Flail of grief was in her bosom but her pale lips shaped no word,

And she listened to her husband still on anxious thought intent,
Cleft in two her throbbing bosom as in silence still she went!

Gaily with the gathered wild-fruits did the prince his basket fill,
Hewed the interlacéd branches with his might and practised skill,

Till the drops stood on his forehead, weary was his aching head,
Faint he came unto Savitri and in faltering accents said:

Cruel ache is on my forehead, fond and ever faithful wife,
And I feel a hundred needles pierce me and torment my life,

And my feeble footsteps falter and my senses seem to reel,
Fain would I beside thee linger for a sleep doth o'er me steal."

With a wild and speechless terror pale Savitri held her lord,
On her lap his head she rested as she laid him on the sward,

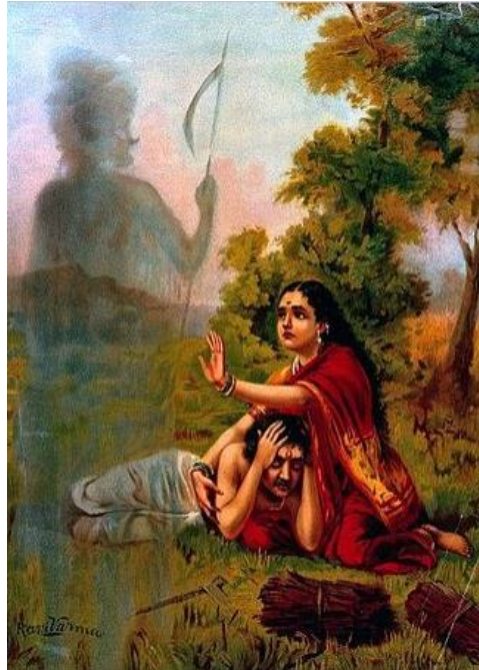
Narad's fatal words remembered as she watched her husband's head,
Burning lip and pallid forehead and the dark and creeping shade,

Clasped him in her beating bosom, kissed his lips with panting breath,
Darker grew the lonesome forest, and he slept the sleep of death!

Triumph over Fate

In the bosom of the shadows rose a vision dark and dread,
Shape of gloom in inky garment and a crown was on his head,

Gleaming form of sable splendour, blood-red was his sparkling eye,
And a fatal noose he carried, grim and godlike, dark and high!



And he stood in solemn silence, looked in silence on the dead,
And Savitri on the greensward gently placed her husband's head,

And a tremor shook Savitri, but a woman's love is strong,
With her hands upon her bosom thus she spake with quivering tongue;

More than mortal is thy glory! If a radiant god thou be,
Tell me what bright name thou bearest; what thy message unto me."

"Know me," thus responded Yama, mighty monarch of the dead,
Mortals leaving earthly mansion to my darksome realms are led,
Since with woman's full affection thou hast loved thy husband dear,
Hence before thee, faithful woman, Yama doth in form appear,

But his days and loves are ended, and he leaves his faithful wife,
In this noose I bind and carry spark of his immortal life,

Virtue graced his life and action, spotless was his princely heart,
Hence for him I came in person, princess, let thy husband part."

Yama from the prince's body, pale and bloodless, cold and dumb,
Drew the vital spark, *purusha*, smaller than the human thumb,

In his noose the spark he fastened, silent went his darksome way,
Left the body shorn of lustre to its rigid cold decay,

Southward went the dark-hued Yama with the youth's immortal life,
And, for woman's love abideth, followed still the faithful wife.

"Turn, Savitri," outspake Yama, for thy husband loved and lost,
Do the rites due unto mortals by their fate predestined crossed,

For thy wifely duty ceases, follow not in fruitless woe,
And no farther living creature may with monarch Yama go.

But I may not choose but follow where thou tak'st my husband's life,
For eternal law divides not loving man and faithful wife.

For a woman's true affection, for a woman's sacred woe,
Grant me in thy godlike mercy farther still with him I go!

Fourfold are our human duties: first to study holy lore,
Then to live as good householders, feed the hungry at our door,

Then to pass our days in penance, last to fix our thoughts above,
But the final goal of virtue, it is truth and deathless love!"

"True and holy are thy precepts," Yama listening made reply,
"And they fill my heart with gladness and with pious purpose high.

I would bless thee, fair Savitri, but the dead come not to life,
Ask for other boon and blessing, faithful, true and virtuous wife!"

"Since you so permit me, Yama," so the good Savitri said,
"For my husband's banished father let my dearest suit be made,"

"Sightless in the darksome forest dwells the monarch faint and weak,
"Grant him sight and grant him vigour, Yama, in thy mercy speak!"

"Duteous daughter," Yama answered, "be thy pious wishes given,
"And his eyes shall be restoréd to the cheerful light of heaven."

"Turn, Savitri, faint and weary, follow not in fruitless woe,
"And no farther living creature may with monarch Yama go!"

"Faint nor weary is Savitri," so the noble princess said,
"Since she waits upon her husband, gracious monarch of the dead,

"What befalls the wedded husband still befalls the faithful wife,
"Where he leads she ever follows, be it death or be it life!"

“And our sacred writ ordaineth and our pious *rishis* sing,
“Transient meeting with the holy cloth its countless blessings bring.”

“Longer friendship with the holy purifies the mortal birth,
“Lasting union with the holy is the bright sky on the earth.”

“Union with the pure and holy is immortal heavenly life,
“For eternal law divides not loving man and faithful wife!”

“Blesséd are thy words,” said Yama, “blesséd is thy pious thought,
“With a higher purer wisdom are thy holy lessons fraught,”

“I would bless thee, fair Savitri, but the dead come not to life,
“Ask for other boon and blessing, faithful, true and virtuous wife!”

“Since you so permit me, Yama,” so the good Savitri said,
“Once more for my husband’s father be my supplication made,”

“Lost his kingdom, in the forest dwells the monarch faint and weak,
“Grant him back his wealth and kingdom, Yama, in thy mercy speak!”

Loving daughter,” Yama answered, “wealth and kingdom I bestow,
“Turn, Savitri, living mortal may not with Yama go!”

Still Savitri, meek and faithful, followed her departed lord,
Yama still with higher wisdom listened to her saintly word,

And the sable king was vanquished, and he turned on her again,
And his words fell on Savitri like the cooling summer rain,

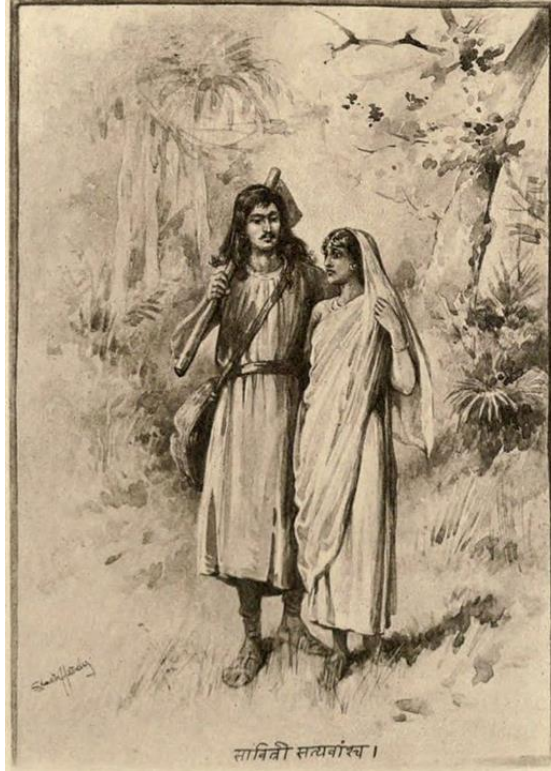
“Noble woman, speak thy wishes, name thy boon and purpose high,
“What the pious mortal asketh gods in heaven won’t deny!”

“Thou hast,” Savitri answered, “granted father’s realm and might,
“To his vain and sightless eyeballs hast restored their blesséd sight,”

“Grant him that the line of monarchs may not all untimely end,
“Satyavan may see his kingdom to his royal sons descend!”

“Have thy object,” answered Yama, “and thy lord shall live again,
“He shall live to be a father, and his children too shall reign.”

“For a woman’s troth abideth longer than the fleeting breath,
“And a woman’s love abideth higher than the doom of death!”



Returning Home

Vanished then the sable monarch, and Savitri held her way,
Where in dense and darksome forest still her husband lifeless lay,

And she sat upon the greensward by the cold unconscious dead,
On her lap with deeper kindness placed her consort's lifeless head,

And that touch of true affection thrilled him back to waking life,
As returned from distant regions gazed the prince upon his wife,

“Have I lain too long and slumbered, sweet Savitri, faithful spouse,
“But I dreamt a sable person took me in a fatal noose!”

“Pillowed on this lap,” she answered, “long upon the earth you lay,
“And the sable person, husband, he hath come and passed away.”

“Rise and leave this darksome forest if thou feelest light and strong,
“The night is on the jungle and our way is dark and long.”

Rising as from happy slumber looked the young prince all around,
Saw the wide-extending jungle mantling all the darksome ground.

“Yes,” he said, “I now remember, ever loving faithful dame,
“We in search of fruit and fuel to this lonesome forest came.”

“As I hewed the gnarled branches, cruel anguish filled my brain,
“And I laid me on the greensward with a throbbing piercing pain.”

“Pillowed on thy gentle bosom, solaced by thy gentle love,
“I was soothed, and drowsy slumber fell on me from skies above.”

“All was dark and then I witnessed, was it but a fleeting dream,
“God or vision, dark and dreadful, in the deepening shadows gleam.”

“Was this dream my fair Savitri, dost thou of this vision know,
“Tell me, for before my eyesight still the vision seems to glow!”

“Darkness thickens,” said Savitri, “and the evening waxeth late,
“When the morrow’s light returneth I shall all these scenes narrate.”

“Now arise, for darkness gathers, deeper grows the gloomy night,
“And thy loving anxious parents trembling wait thy welcome sight.”

“Hark the rangers of the forest! How their voices strike the ear,
“Prowlers of the darksome jungle! How they fill my breast with fear!”

“Forest-fire is raging yonder, for I see a distant gleam,
“And the rising evening breezes help the red and radiant beam.”

“Let me fetch a burning faggot and prepare a friendly fight,
“With these fallen withered branches chase the shadows of the night.”

“And if feeble still thy footsteps—long and weary is our way—
“By the fire repose, my husband, and return by light of day.”

“For my parents, fondly anxious,” Satyavan thus made reply,
“Pains my heart and yearns my bosom, let us to their cottage hie”

“When I tarried in the jungle or by day or dewy eve,
“Searching in the hermitages often did my parents grieve.”

“And with father’s soft reproaches and with mother’s loving fears,
“Chide me for my tardy footsteps, dewed me with their gentle tears.”

“Think then of my father’s sorrow, of my mother’s woeful plight,
“If afar in wood and jungle pass we now the livelong night.”

“Wife beloved, I may not fathom what mishap or load of care,
“Unknown dangers, unseen sorrows, even now my parents share!”

Gentle drops of filial sorrow trickled down his manly eye,
Fond Savitri sweetly speaking softly wiped the tear-drops dry:

“Trust me, husband, if Savitri hath been faithful in her love,
“If she hath with pious offerings served the righteous gods above,

“If she hath a sister’s kindness unto brother men performed,
“If she hath in speech and action unto holy truth conformed,

“Unknown blessings, mighty gladness, trust thy ever faithful wife,
“And not sorrows or disasters wait this eve our parents’ life!”

Then she rose and tied her tresses, gently helped her lord to rise,
Walked with him the pathless jungle, looked with love into his eyes,

On her neck his claspng left arm sweetly winds in soft embrace,
Round his waist Savitri’s right arm doth sweetly interlace,

Thus they walked the darksome jungle, silent stars looked from above,
And the hushed and throbbing midnight watched Savitri’s deathless love.*

**Quoted from the book *The Ramayana and Mahabharata Condensed into English Verse* by Romesh Chunder Dutt, which is widely available online and in bookstores.*

EDITOR’S COMMENTARY: Shrila Prabhupada reminds us that such stories from the *Puranas* and *Mahabharata* are not mere tales, but are factual histories. He discussed the story in a *Gita* lecture on 16 September 1966 and in many other places. His Divine Grace states that although Satyavan’s horoscope showed his life would be cut short, his wife’s devotion actually increased his lifespan. Of course such events, though factual, are not common.



As seen from the following verse and purport from *Shrimad-Bhagavatam* (7.10.29), a person’s lifespan can be elongated through Krishna

consciousness. And that is because the great demigod controllers—including the planetary deities—are all under the jurisdiction of Lord Krishna:

*etad vapus te bhagavan dhyāyataḥ paramātmānaḥ
sarvato goptṛ santrāsān mṛtyor api jighāmsataḥ*

“My dear Lord, O Supreme Personality of Godhead, You are the Supreme Soul. If one meditates upon Your transcendental body, You naturally protect him from all sources of fear, even the imminent danger of death.”

SHRI BHAKTIVEDANTA PURPORT: Everyone is sure to die, for no one is excused from the hands of death, which is but a feature of the Supreme Personality of Godhead (*mṛtyuḥ sarva-harāś cāham*).

When one becomes a devotee, however, he is not destined to die according to a limited duration of life. Everyone has a limited duration of life, but a devotee’s lifetime can be extended by the mercy of the Supreme Lord, who is able to nullify the results of one’s *karma*. *Karmāṇi nirdahati kintu ca bhakti-bhājām*. This is the statement of *Brahma-saṁhitā* (5.54). A devotee is not under the laws of *karma*. Therefore even a devotee’s scheduled death can be avoided by the causeless mercy of the Supreme Lord. God protects the devotee even from the extreme danger of death. (*end of Purport*)

On the day of the full Moon in the month of Jyeshtha (or Trivikrama-*masa* for the Gaudiyas), Savitri is remembered during the festival of Savitri Vata-pujan. It is said that on this lunar date it was under a banyan tree or *vat* that Savitri’s devotion restored her husband’s life. Thus pious Hindu ladies tie strings around banyan trees and offer prayers to the Supreme Lord for the longevity of their husbands.

According to another slightly different version of the story, Yamaraja noted Savitri’s persistence and—to entice her to leave him alone—he offered her three boons. He specified that she should not ask for the return of her husband since his time was up, to which Savitri agreed. For the first boon she requested that her father-in-law be reinstated to his throne with his sight and strength returned. Second, she requested that her own father King Aswapati be blessed with a good son as an heir to his throne. For her third benediction she asked for children. Yama unhesitatingly agreed—to which Savitri told him, “How can I have children without my husband?” It was

then that Yamaraja understood that he had been outsmarted by a determined wife.



Modern “Savitris” tie threads around a banyan tree on the day of Savitri Vat Pujan.

Yama instructed Savitri to return to the banyan tree where her husband’s body was lying and that he would return his *preta* or subtle body. Upon arriving there, Savitri performed *pradakishna* of the sacred tree, after which Satyavan awoke as if from a deep sleep. This is the reason for worship of the banyan tree on *vat puja*, and to this day banyan trees all over India are seen encircled with colorful string. Truly a faithful wife’s devotion brings the blessed shower of the Lord’s mercy into a household. And that is why the *dharma-patni*—Krishna conscious wife—is considered a veritable representative of Goddess Lakshmi. ♪

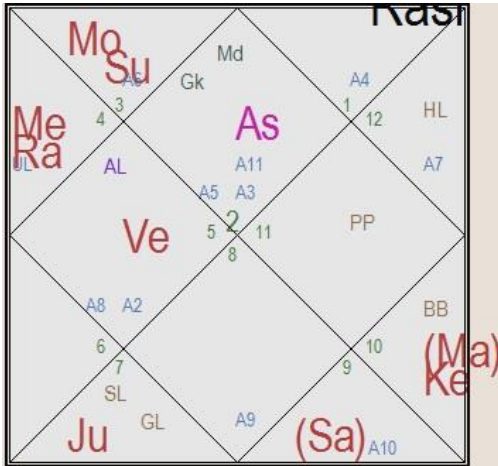
Three evil eclipses are on the horizon ...

The Coming Dark Threesome

Shrimati Abhaya Mudra Dasi

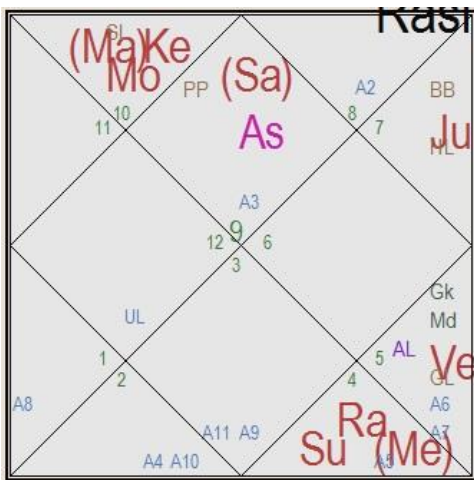
July 13th, 2018: Below is the chart at the beginning of this eclipse, a partial solar event, with both the Sun and Moon conjoined in Gemini the *nakshatra* of Punarvasu. It is visible in Antarctica and on the tip of southeast Australia. This eclipse will affect aquatic animals as well as places in the air but close to the ground. Rahu eclipses the Sun in Gemini from Cancer, from a water sign to an air sign. This shows problems coming from water to the air.

Volcanoes close to the ocean are already seen erupting in Hawaii and



Guatemala. Other explosions may be expected. Planes especially flying over water could be in danger. The natal chart of the USA has Sun in Gemini, and this eclipse will affect it. Women may cause some damage during this eclipse, especially with their speech. The world will seem to be sleeping in the lap of Maya and nobody will be able to do anything about it. The eclipse shows some spiritual awakening and desire for truth amongst the spiritual movements in the world. People will start discovering some new methods of healing under the rays of this eclipse.

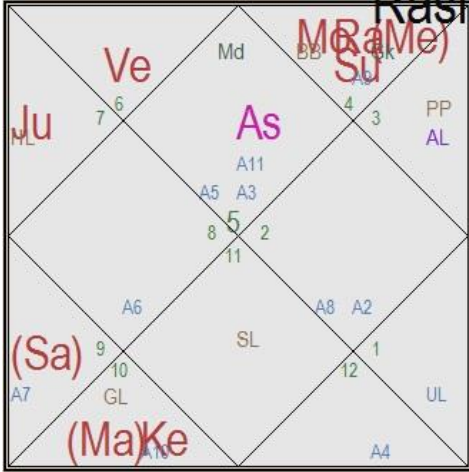
This is the horoscope of the second event, a total lunar eclipse. The eclipse is visible throughout the world except in North America and Far East Russia.



This eclipse occurs in the *nakshatra* of Shravana in Capricorn. The eclipse emphasizes the power of Mars who is in conjunction with Ketu, thus making this pair's powers indisputable. Mars becomes exalted in Capricorn. This eclipse could bring some positive results when it comes to the confidence that people get in expressing what they believe in. The negative result comes from the fact that Saturn, the lord of the position of Mars is 12 signs away from Mars. While the

people get their confidence, the powers to be will not let them be. With this eclipse the two major trends in the world will have to come face to face with each other. Literally good and evil will be seen facing each other in many ways: sometimes physically, sometimes verbally, and sometimes by forming a new ideology. People will be seen to just snap and do crazy things, while those that are patient and harness the great pressure will grow stronger. With this eclipse domestic animals will suffer. The land will not produce much fruits and vegetables. Weather will be dry and forest fires will occur.

Below is the horoscope of the third eclipse in the series which again is a partial solar event. This one occurs in Cancer in the *nakshatra* of Ashlesha.



Rahu's position is in Pushyami. The eclipse is visible in Scandinavia, most of Russia, Kazakhstan, Mongolia, China, North and South Korea and north of Canada and Greenland. This eclipse is going to affect the *mlecchas*, the lower classes of society, and the countries where following lower standards of behavior is normal. North and South Korea are affected negatively; China and Russia also get pulled in the action. The negative action direction is southeast. This eclipse

has a war connotation. It starts in the 12th house, so everything is hidden and will not be visible for the masses until later. The affliction is for countries situated close to water and this obviously points to North Korea and China and Far East Russia. The intention of the imperialistic powers to focus more on this region of the world is inevitable.

The three eclipses occur in the signs of Gemini, Cancer and Capricorn. Those persons who have Sun, Moon or the rising sign near the degree of the eclipses should be especially careful. Timings and visibility here: <https://www.timeanddate.com/eclipse/>. R



Letters to the Editor

(Edited for brevity)

“A Gift I Cannot Repay”

Dear Abhaya Mudra and Patita Pavana prabhush,

All glories to Srila Prabhupada. I have received your reading of my chart and have read through it once, and am starting again to study it more carefully. I am so in your debt for the service you have done, and especially for the encouragement and hope the reading has given me. The inspiration of your insight, humbleness and devotion to our Guru Maharaja is a gift to me I cannot repay. I may have to come to Blagoevrad to offer my obeisances and thanks.

Hare Krishna! Your servant,
DD (USA)

“Amazing Insight”

Dear Abhaya Mudra Devi Dasi and Patita Pavana Prabhu,

I feel that I'm unable to appropriately express my gratitude. Your insight and knowledge of astrology is amazing.

This reading is by far the most helpful and personal counseling that I could ever have hoped for.

I appreciate your overall mood and flavor, especially how you are able to naturally connect jyotish with Lord Krishna.

I feel indebted to you.

Your servant

PD (USA)

“So Much Useful Information Through Astrology”

Dear Abhaya Mudra Dasi & Patita Pavana Dasa,

Please accept my humble obeisances. All glories to Srila Prabhupada. Thank you both very much for kindly preparing my astrological life chart. It is a very comprehensive and personal reading which I can see you have very carefully compiled. I did not realize there would be so much useful information available through astrology, and since I'm not too familiar with Vedic Astrology, it has taken me several days to read and reflect on it's content.

The introduction and glossary you sent me was also very helpful. I feel like I just had a short course in Vedic Astrology and now I'm interested to learn more about it so I can better understand my chart. My main curiosity was to better understand my personality and why I sometimes behave in certain ways. All this has been revealed in your reading, and then so much more. It really is amazing!

I really had no idea how much we are influenced by the planetary positions. I also wasn't aware that we could have a glimpse at our past life. That is very interesting. I was always curious what my past life might have been like.

So now I can take practical steps to guard and be aware of those influences that can and previously have hindered my path in devotional service. Also, I see there are many strong points in my chart that I can embrace and encourage favourably in Krishna Consciousness. I will continue to read and study my chart for more insights as I am finding this to be a very valuable tool.

Thank you for the wonderful service you provide for so many devotees at Mithuna Twiins. I really appreciate how you have such strong and unflinching faith in Srila Prabhupada's ISKCON.

Best wishes and good health.
AC (Thailand)

REPLY: Your letter is much appreciated and you have understood well. First let me say that you are absolutely correct for addressing Smt Abhaya Mudra Dasi first—Prabhupada gives the examples of Gauri-Shankara, Sita-Rama or Radha-Krishna. This is seldom followed, but it is something we should learn.

Yes, you have described why we do charts exclusively for devotees. We offer the *raison d'etre* for astrology as well as the reading. This is aimed at brahminical intelligence which our experience shows that karmis just do not have. By the grace of the current Acharyadeva Shрила Prabhupada, this empowerment is open in a variety of ways for those who have truly surrendered to this sanatana dharma, or Krishna consciousness. Without that surrender, proper understanding of the science of jyotisha is impossible and it becomes an idle entertainment only. Our approach is practical application to bhakti.

Please continue to execute the principles of devotional service, the 4 regs, chanting the minimum rounds and association with proper devotees. And do keep in touch with us as you progress.

Best always,
Patita pavana dasa
Abhaya Mudra Dasi

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Read CONCEPTS OF REALITY, by Abhaya Mudra Dasi. Simply go to this link <http://www.suhotraswami.net/abhaya-ashram-notes> and then click on the book's title.

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