

A Mahavir Seva Trust Presentation

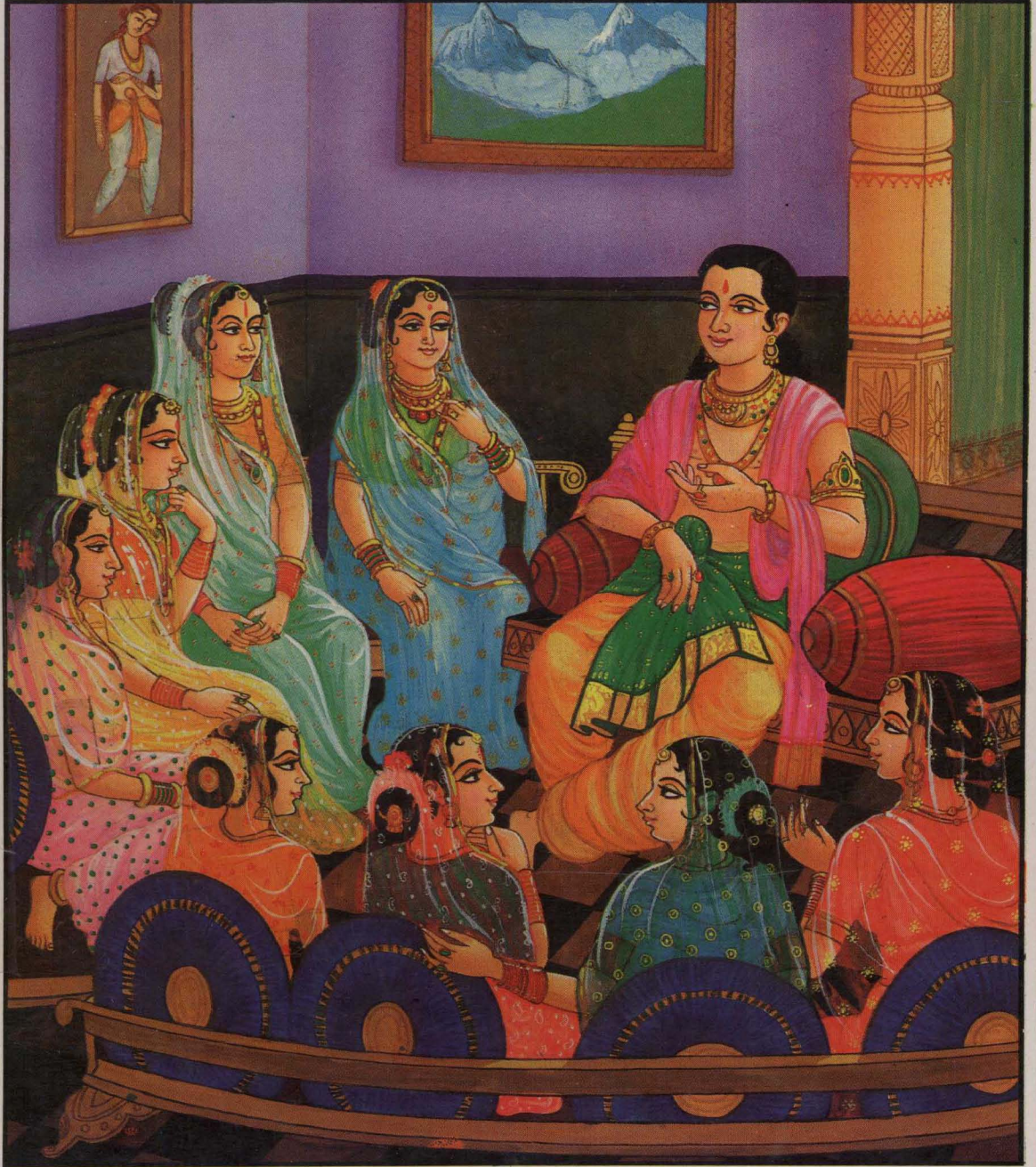
DIWAKAR
CHITRA
KATHA

Vol. 18

Rs. 25.00

Young Yogi

Jambu Kumar



YOUNG YOGI JAMBU KUMAR

Water naturally flows downwards. Human mind too, naturally, runs after pleasure and comfort. Man always desires to get such pleasures even in the face of tortures, hurdles, and insults. But there also exist those rare individuals who become free of attachment. The veil of ignorance lying over their mind is destroyed. They consider all mundane pleasures to be sources of misery.

Sixteen years before the Nirvan of Bhagwan Mahavir was born one such unique detached individual. This great man renounced unlimited means of pleasure and comfort, enormous wealth, loving care of his parents, and his eight beautiful and newly wedded wives on his wedding night and took to the harsh path of ascetic discipline. To discipline the mind is much more difficult than disciplining the body. The resolute young man who accepted this difficult path became famous in history as Jambu Kumar. The strong determination, sacrifice, and detachment of young-yogi Jambu Kumar is famous as a unique example of ideal renunciation in Jain history; so much so that it is hard to find another such spiritually inspiring tale in the religious literature throughout the world.

To Jambu Kumar the feeling of detachment did not come as a result of some preaching, but intuitively as a consequence of inner awakening. That appears to be the reason behind its intensity and inspirational and emotive quality. These attributes imparted an unfailing mesmerizing power to his sermon. All his eight newly wedded wives were so impressed by his preaching that they followed his suit. A die-hard smuggler like Prabhav heard his sermon and underwent a change of heart. He also followed Jambu Kumar and renounced the world along with his 500 fellow thieves. This astonishing incident happened during the first year of Nirvan of Mahavir (1 A.N.M. or 470 B.V. or 526 B.C.). It has become a memorable date in the history of mankind.

The dialogue between Jambu Kumar and his wives is interesting as well as inspiring. The tales interspersed within the dialogue are also very instructive. The limited space has allowed us to include a few only, but we shall try to include more in other forthcoming issues. We are indebted to Dr. Rajendra Muni Shastri, a scholarly disciple of Acharya Shri Devendra Muni ji, for providing the script of this picture strip.

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PUBLISHERS

MAHAVIR SEVA TRUST

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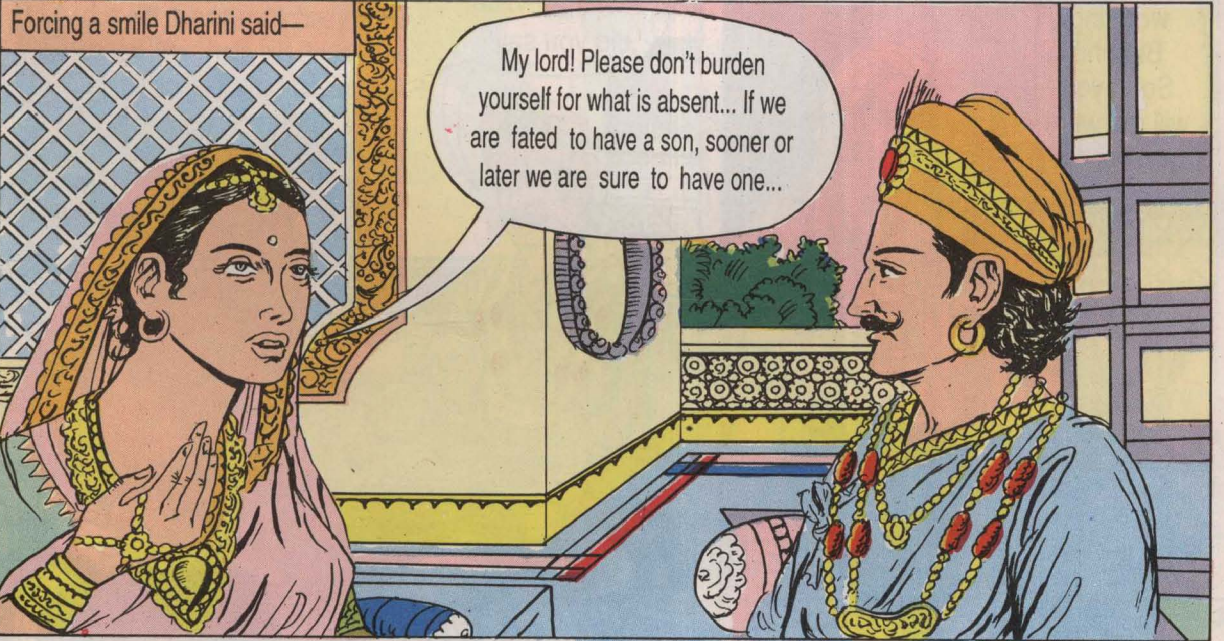
YOUNG YOGI JAMBU KUMAR

In Rajagriha, the capital of Magadh, lived a rich and reputed merchant named Rishabh-datt. His wife, Dharini-devi, was virtuous and helpful. The house of the merchant was filled with reaps of gold and silver. But the courtyard of Dharini was lifeless in absence of a son just as the star-studded sky in absence of the moon. One day the merchant said to his wife—



Dharini! I am sure we did not acquire enough good Karmas during our previous birth; that is why we have everything but a child playing in your lap.

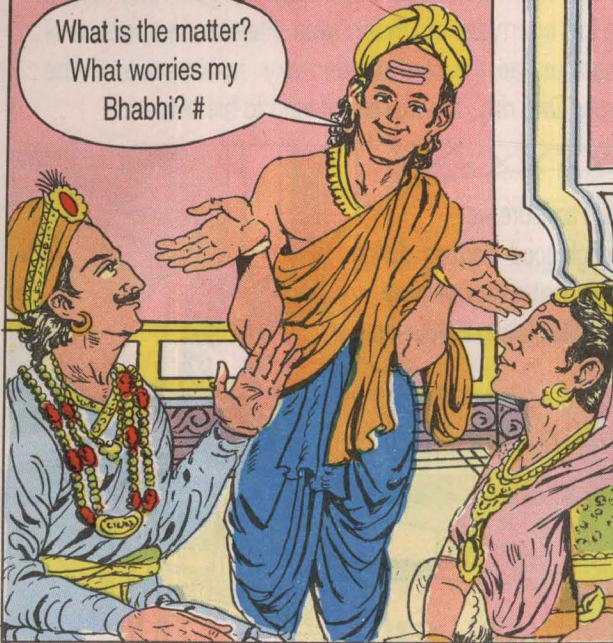
Forcing a smile Dharini said—



My lord! Please don't burden yourself for what is absent... If we are fated to have a son, sooner or later we are sure to have one...

Suddenly Jasmitra, an astrologer friend of the merchant arrived. Seeing the gloomy face of Dharini, he asked—

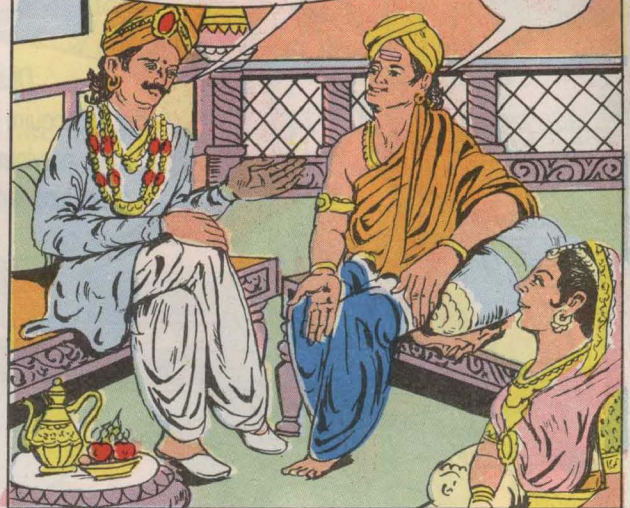
What is the matter?
What worries my
Bhabhi? #



The merchant said—

Man! You are aware of her problem.
Without a child our home appears
lifeless. We are rich but destitute as well.
Why don't you apply your knowledge
and read what our stars say.

I will
prepare a
chart for this
moment and
find when her
wish will be
fulfilled.



Jasmitra made the chart and uttered
with joy—

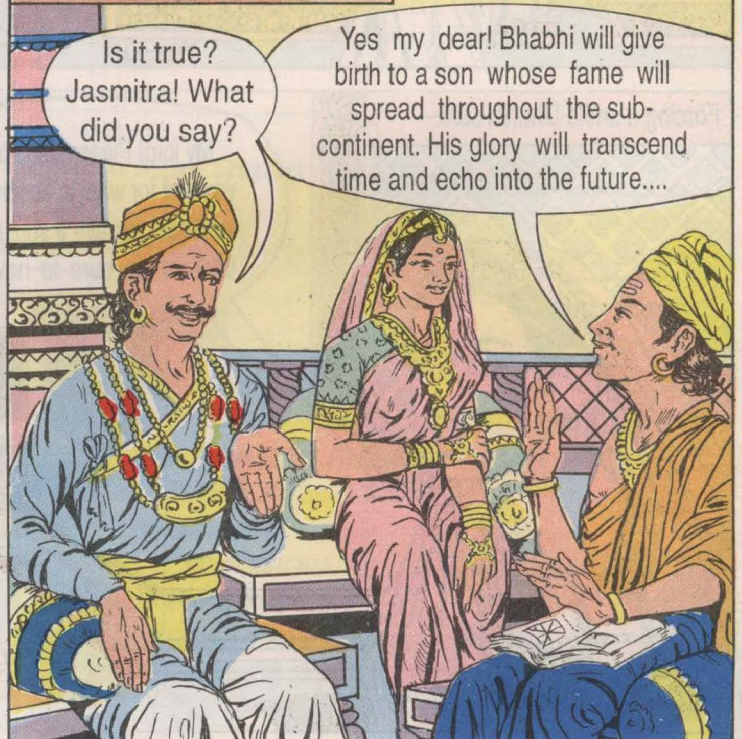
Stop
worrying
Bhabhi!
Soon you
will get what
you wish...



The merchant looked agape—

Is it true?
Jasmitra! What
did you say?


Yes my dear! Bhabhi will give
birth to a son whose fame will
spread throughout the sub-
continent. His glory will transcend
time and echo into the future....



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Jasmitra concentrated on said—

Soon you will behold a lion having a white mane in your dream. This will make you believe my statement.

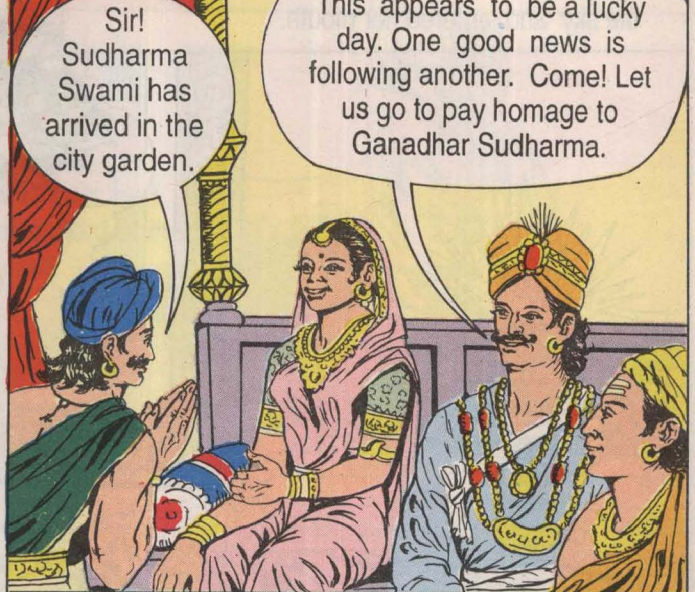


The prediction by Jasmitra filled Dharini with joy.

Then a guard came and informed—


Sir! Sudharma Swami has arrived in the city garden.

This appears to be a lucky day. One good news is following another. Come! Let us go to pay homage to Ganadhar Sudharma.



They all went to the city garden and attended the discourse of Ganadhar Sudharma.#

One night Dharini was sleeping in her bedroom. During the last quarter of the night she saw in her dream that a lion with silvery white mane was entering her mouth.



This dream filled her with exhilaration.

According to Jain Dharm Ka Maulik Itihas, Vol-II, pages 203-4 this happened during the 14th and the last monsoon stay of Bhagwan Mahavir.

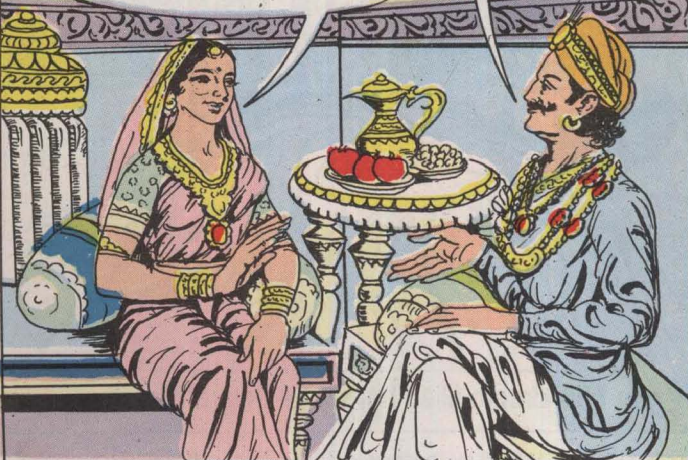
A little while later she saw a rich lush green Jambu fruit tree in her dream. The tree descended from the sky and entered her mouth.



Dharini got up with a start. In the morning she told the merchant about the strange dreams—

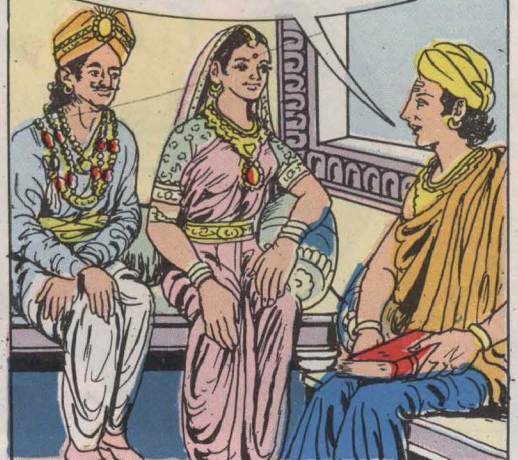
My lord! I saw such milky white lion for the first time. The Jambu tree with large yellow fruits, in the second dream, was also unique.

Jasmitra's predictions are coming true.



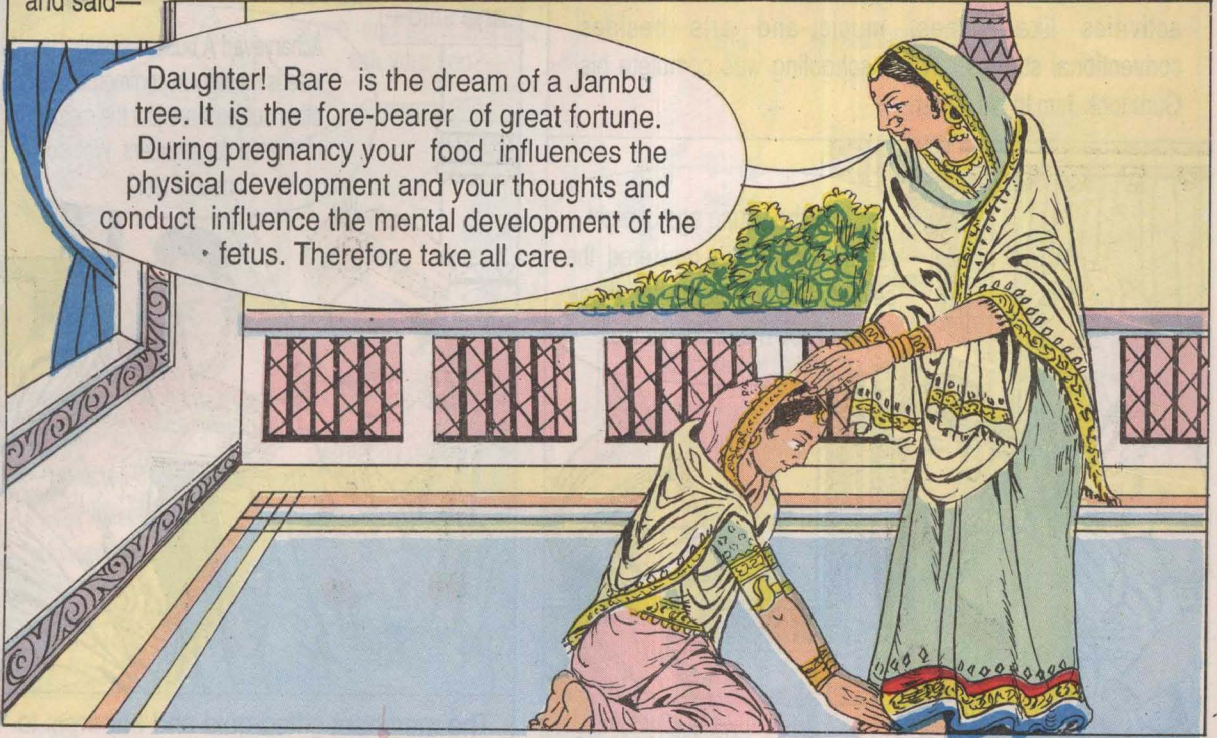
The merchant called Jasmitra. And he commented—

Bhabhi! Your son will be courageous like a lion. At the same time, like a Jambu tree, he will be a unique figure of his period. His fame will spread all around the Jambu continent.



Dharini went to her elderly mother-in-law with the news and touched her feet. She blessed Dharini and said—

Daughter! Rare is the dream of a Jambu tree. It is the fore-bearer of great fortune. During pregnancy your food influences the physical development and your thoughts and conduct influence the mental development of the fetus. Therefore take all care.

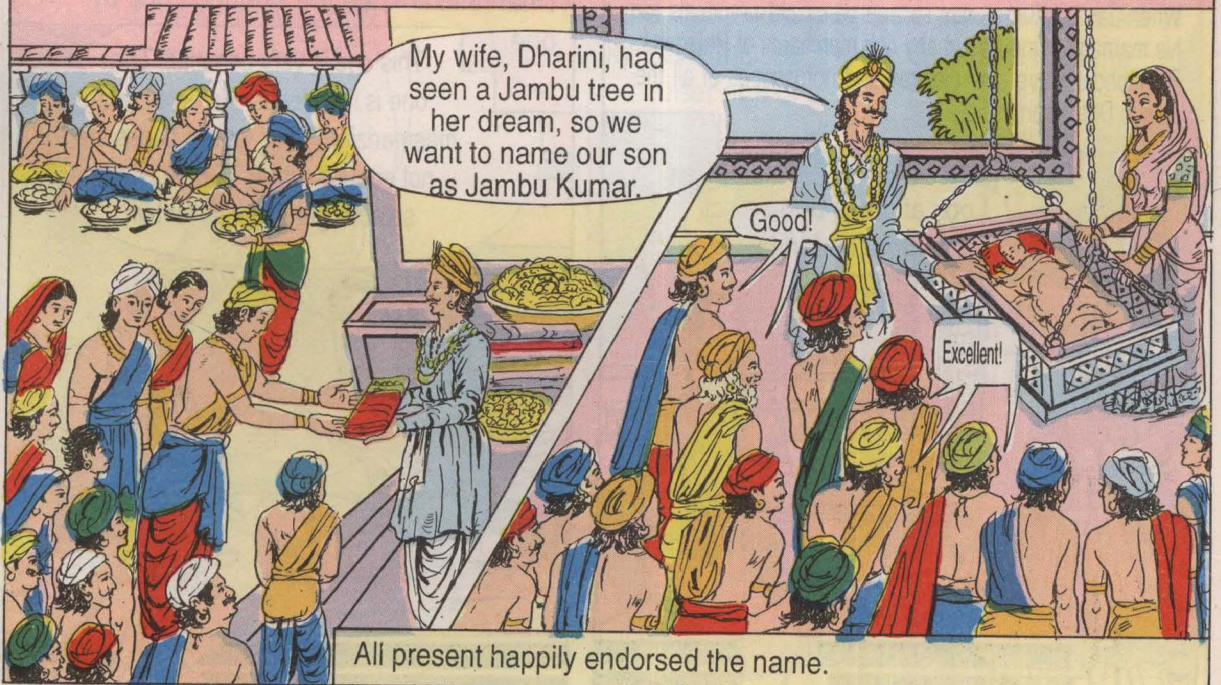


In due course Dharini gave birth to a brilliant child. The merchant organized a feast to celebrate the birth. He gave charity to the destitute. Among his friends and relatives he announced—

My wife, Dharini, had seen a Jambu tree in her dream, so we want to name our son as Jambu Kumar.

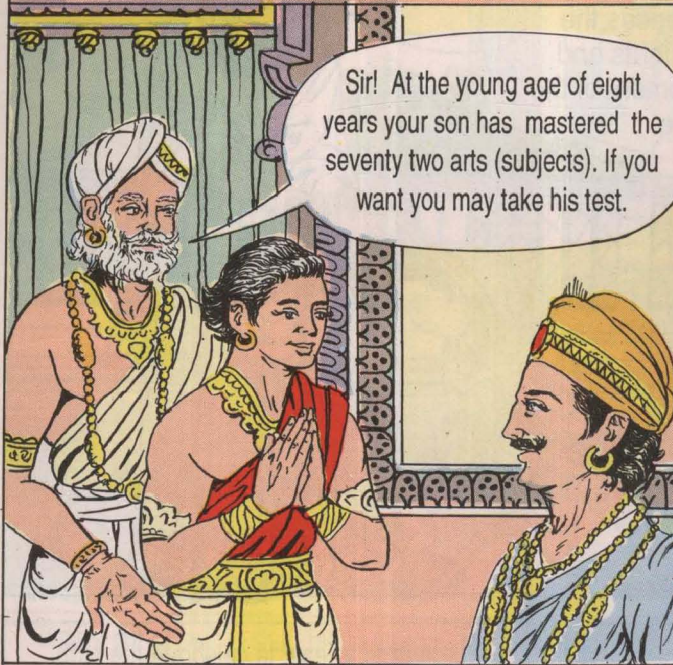
Good!

Excellent!

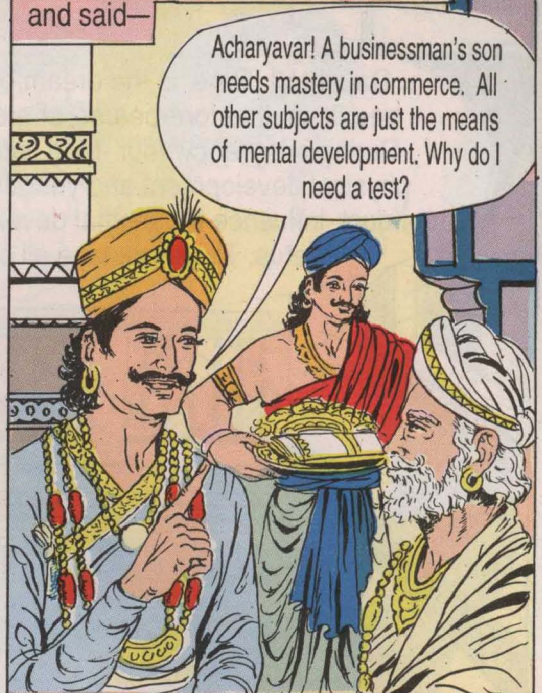


All present happily endorsed the name.

Jambu Kumar was a prodigal child. He took interest in activities like games, music, and arts besides conventional studies. When schooling was complete his Guru took him to his father.

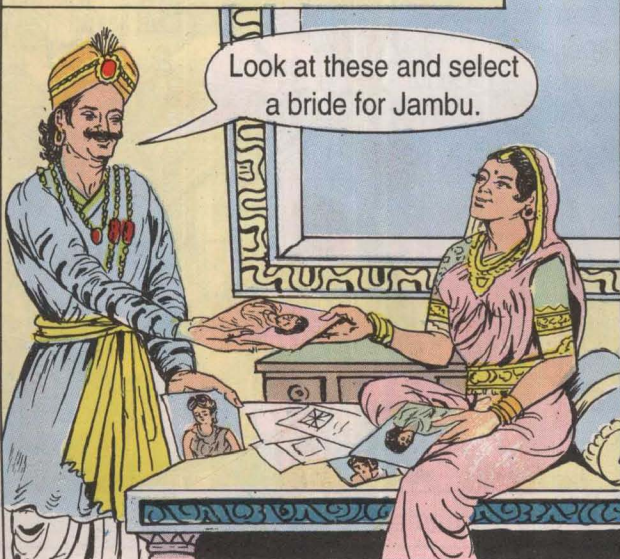


The merchant honoured the Guru and said—

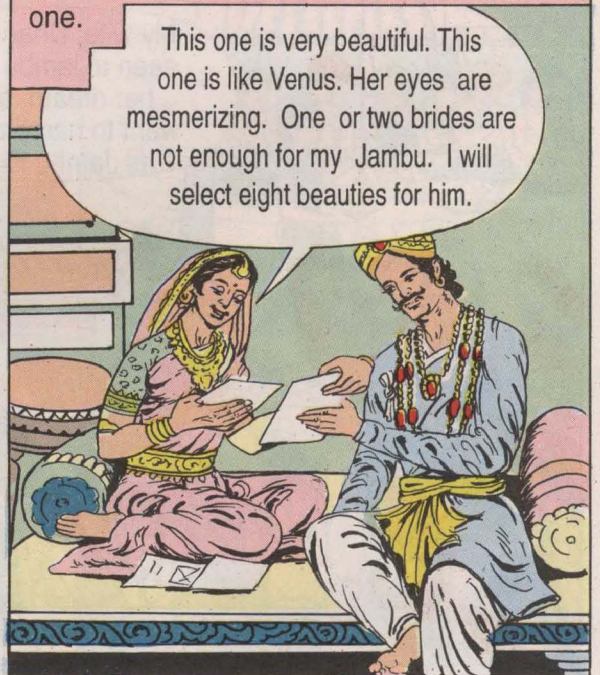


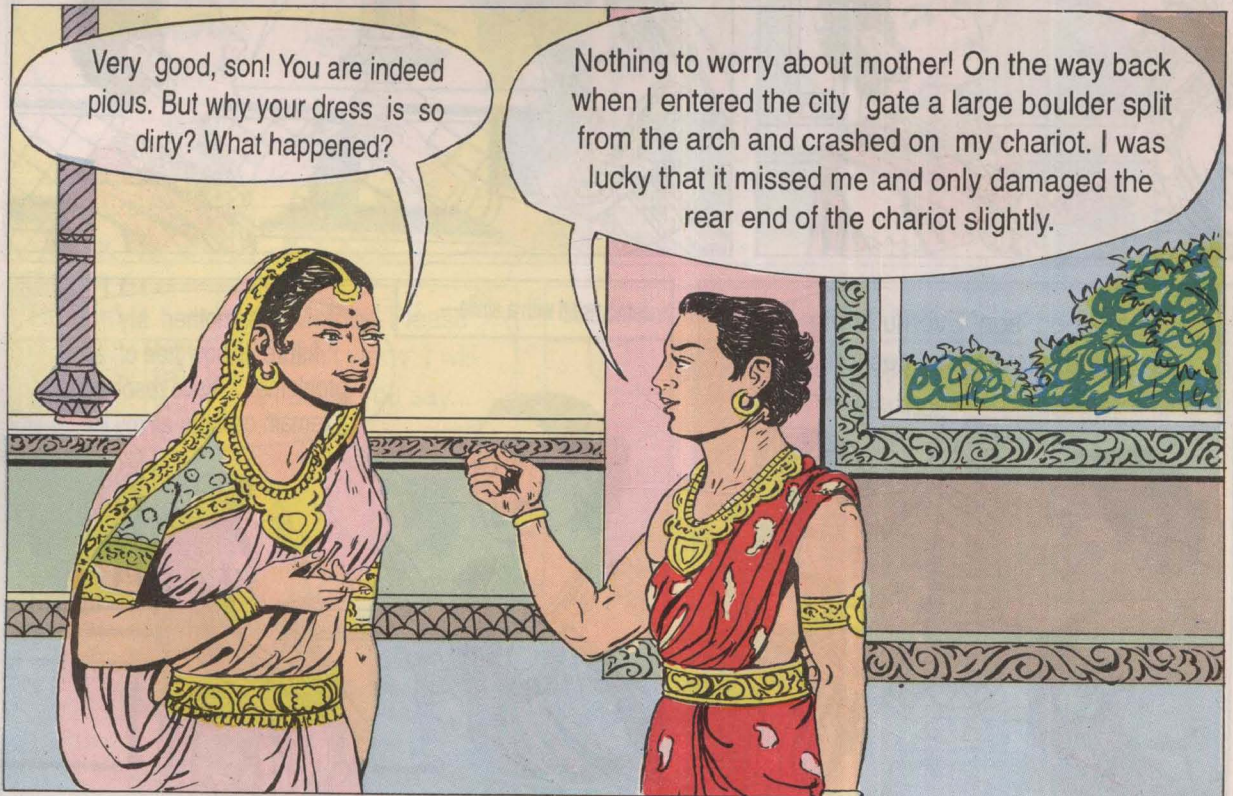
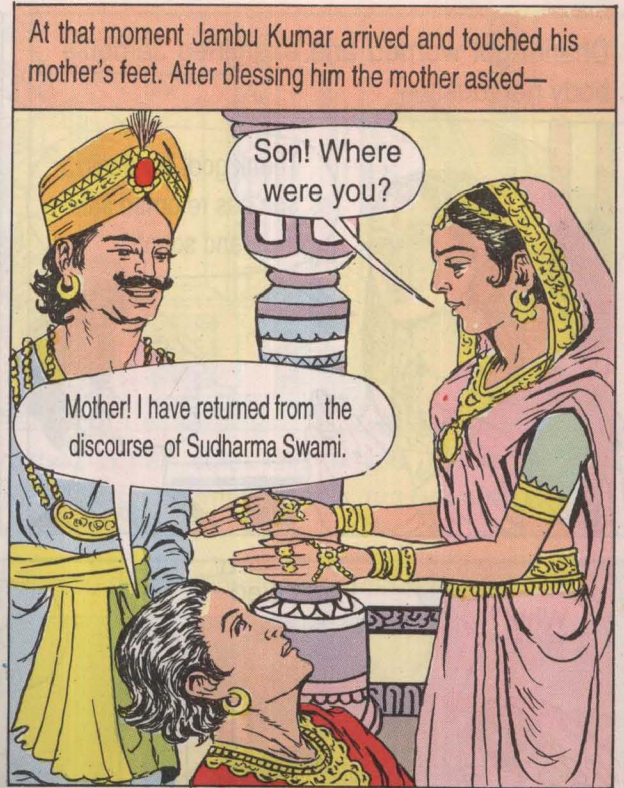
The merchant gifted gold and apparels to the Guru before bidding him farewell.

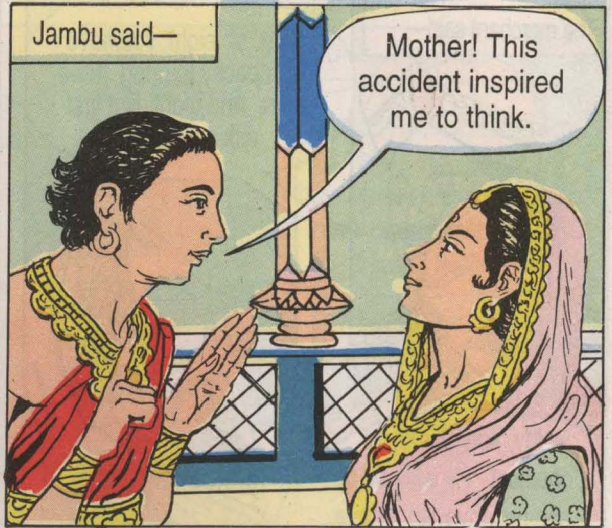
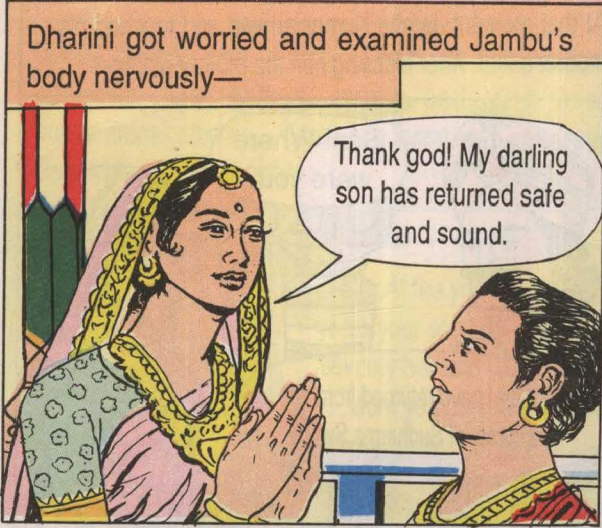
When Jambu Kumar was sixteen years old proposals for his marriage came from many rich merchants of Rajagriha. Rishabhdatt gave the pictures and horoscopes of all the girls to Dharini and said—



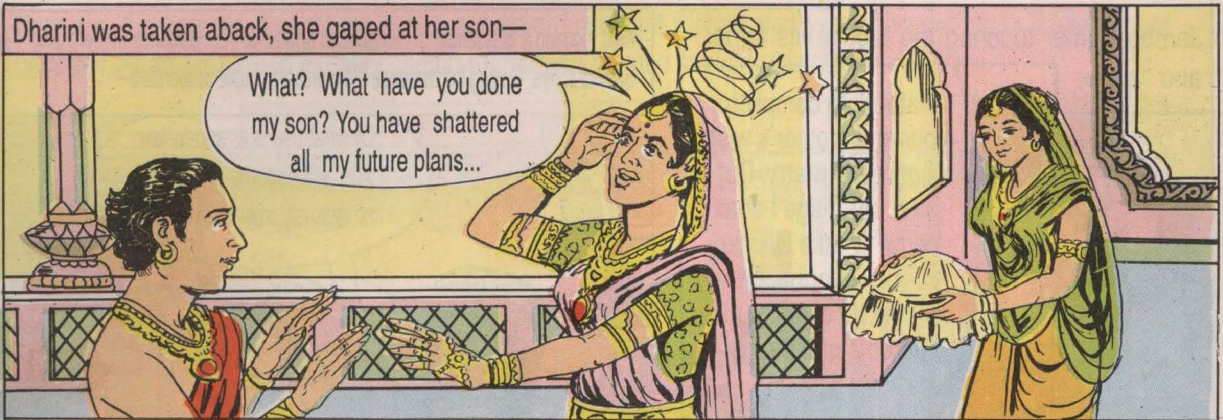
Dharini examined the sketches one by one.







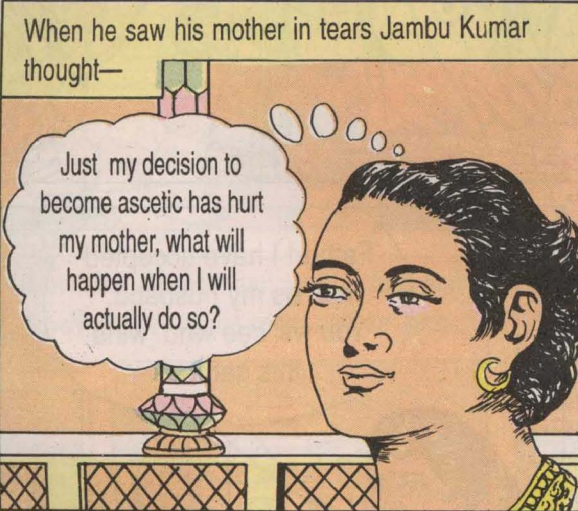
Dharini was taken aback, she gaped at her son—



What? What have you done my son? You have shattered all my future plans...

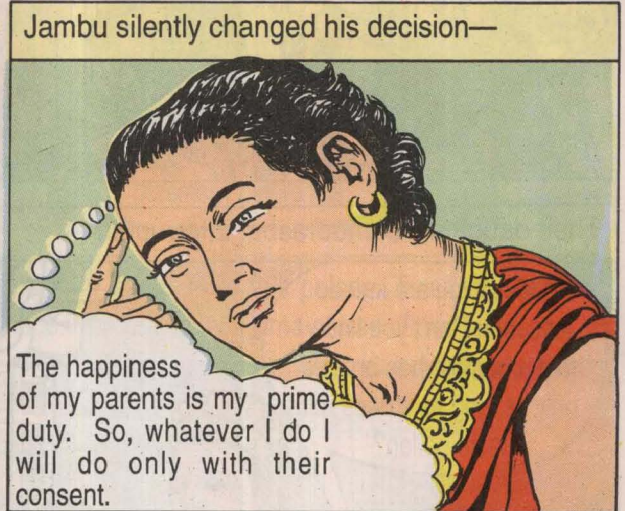
Dharini lost her consciousness. The merchant rushed to her side. The maids sprinkled cold water. Dharini recovered but she continued to shed streams of tears from her eyes.

When he saw his mother in tears Jambu Kumar thought—



Just my decision to become ascetic has hurt my mother, what will happen when I will actually do so?

Jambu silently changed his decision—



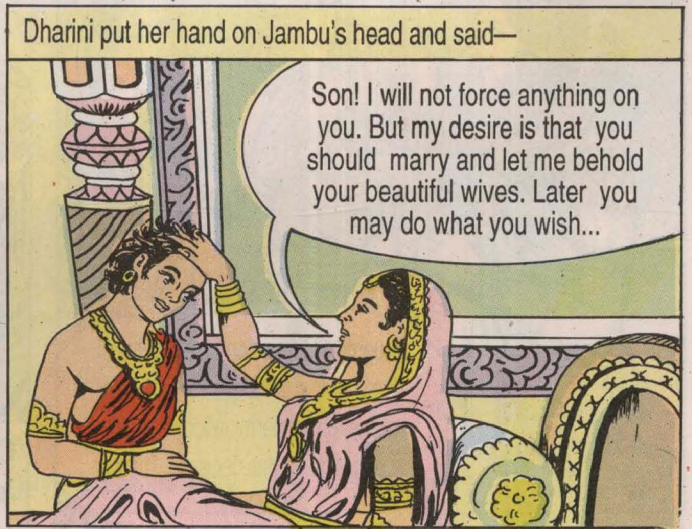
The happiness of my parents is my prime duty. So, whatever I do I will do only with their consent.

He said—



Mother! Please don't worry. I will do as you say...

Dharini put her hand on Jambu's head and said—



Son! I will not force anything on you. But my desire is that you should marry and let me behold your beautiful wives. Later you may do what you wish...

Jambu Kumar touched the feet of his father and said—

Father! To comply to your and mother's wish I agree to marry. But after marriage I shall certainly take Diksha. This information should be given to the parents of the girls.

Next morning a messenger of Rishabhhatt arrived at the residence of merchant Samudrapriya. Getting the message the merchant couple deliberated—

Of what use is a son-in-law who will become an ascetic immediately after marriage...?

Their daughter, Samudrashri, interrupted—

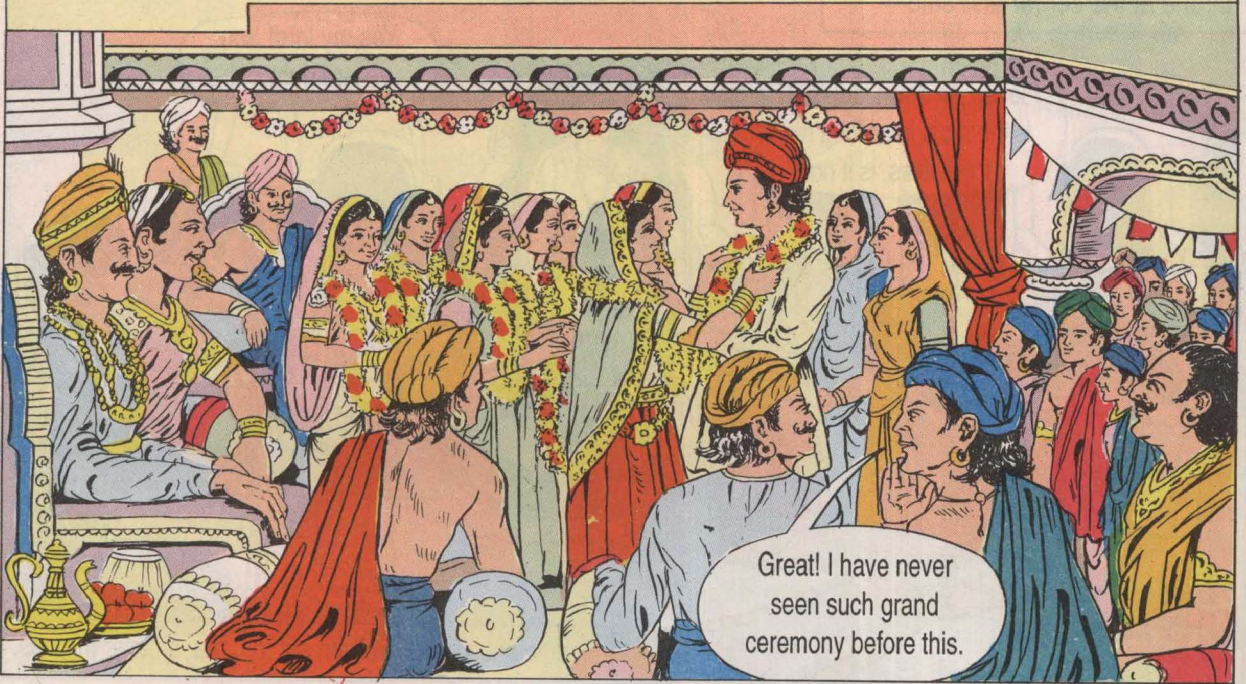
Mother! You are indeed innocent. Don't you know that a bumble-bee buzzes only as long as it does not taste pollen?

Daughter! I know Jambu Kumar well. He is not so innocent. He is a man with strong determination. Your life depends on this decision. Think carefully...

Father! I have accepted him as my husband. You will see who wins this game...

Other seven girls also gave similar answers to their parents.

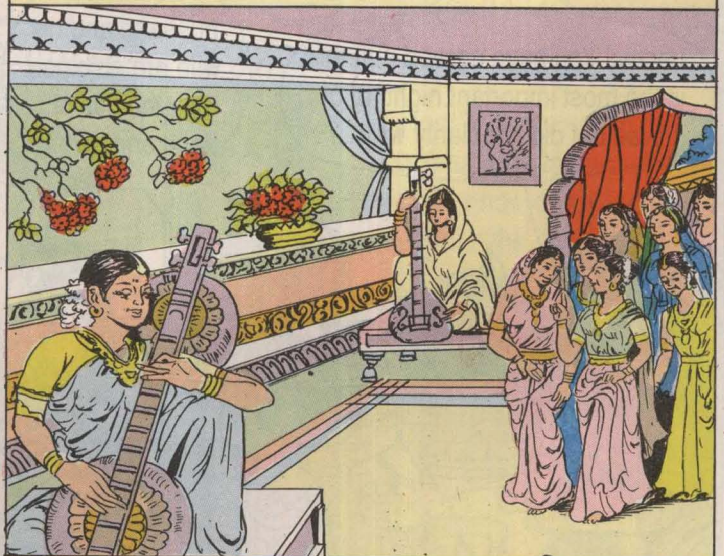
Next day the parents of all the eight girls arrived at merchant Rishabhhatt's residence with gifts for the formal betrothal. At an auspicious moment Jambu Kumar was married to eight girls ceremoniously.



Merchant Rishabhhatt got a beautiful seven storied house constructed for Jambu Kumar.

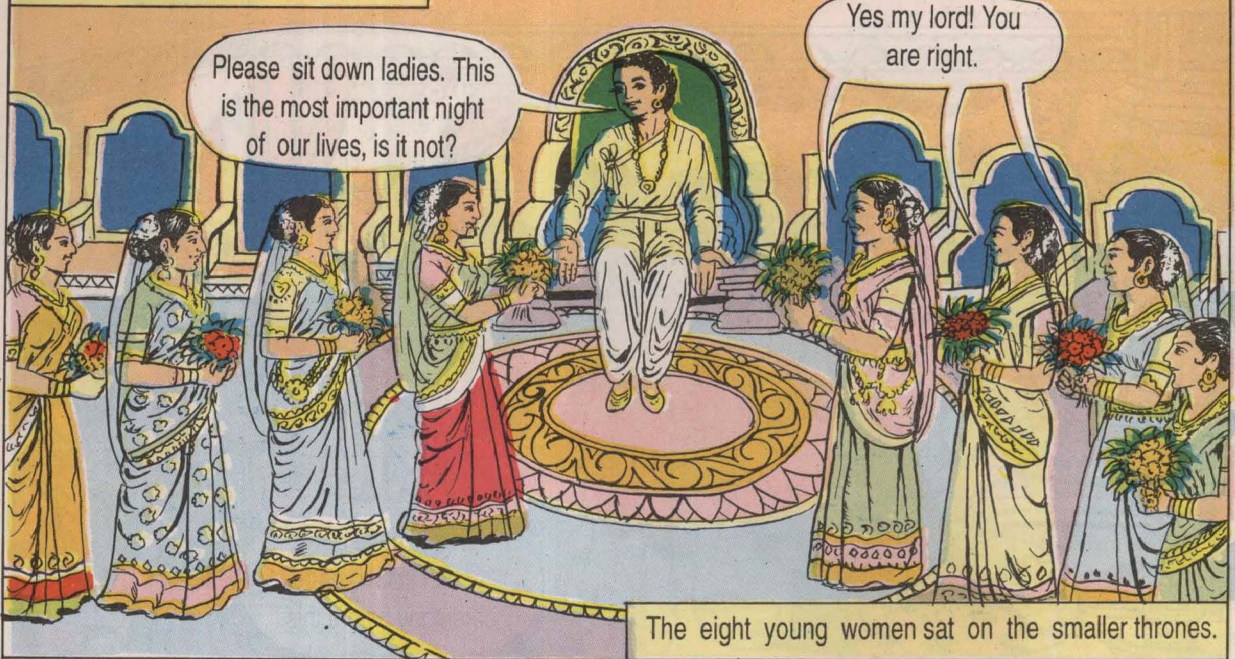


The sound of music filled this palace. The atmosphere was made intoxicating by aroma of fresh flowers.



The twinkling of anklets, the melodious laughter and enticing conversation of beautiful damsels gave a sweet lusty tone to the inner sanctum.

Jambu Kumar came into the large central hall. At the center of the room was a beautiful throne and on its right and left were placed eight smaller thrones forming a semi-circle. Jambu Kumar took the large throne at the center and said—

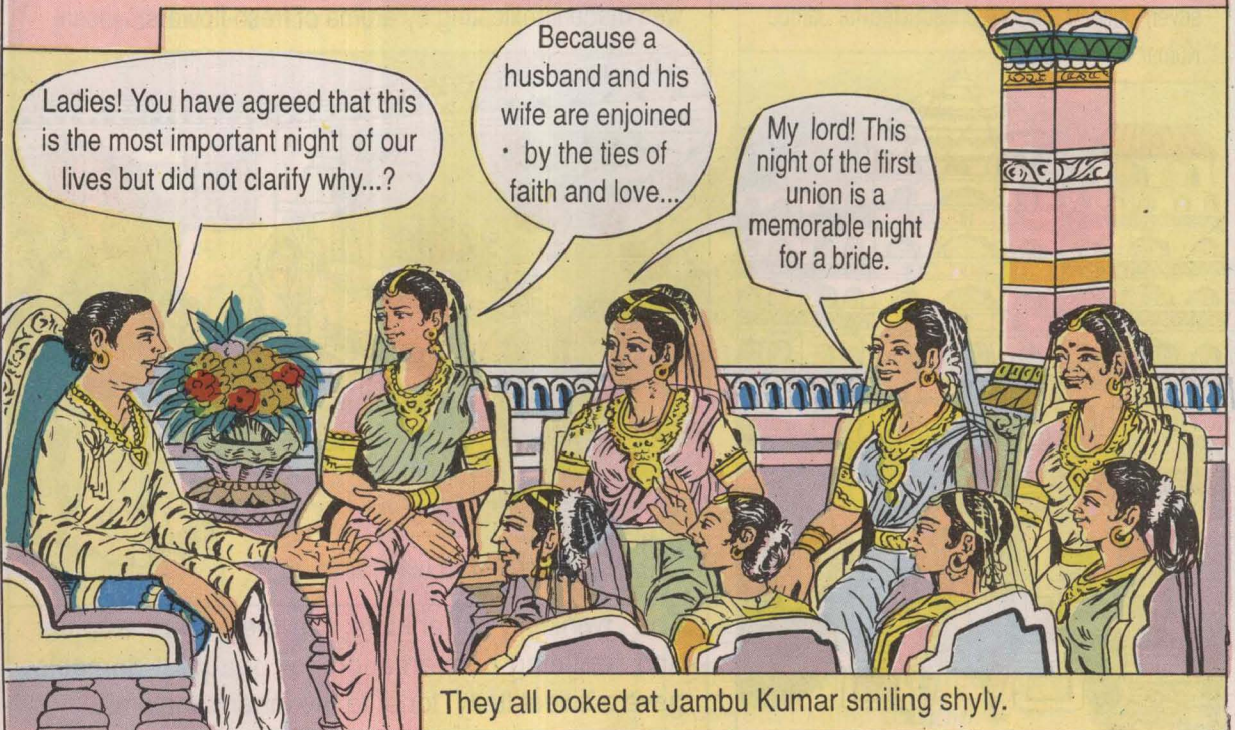


Please sit down ladies. This is the most important night of our lives, is it not?

Yes my lord! You are right.

The eight young women sat on the smaller thrones.

A serene and pure joy reflected on the face of Jambu Kumar. He addressed his wives—

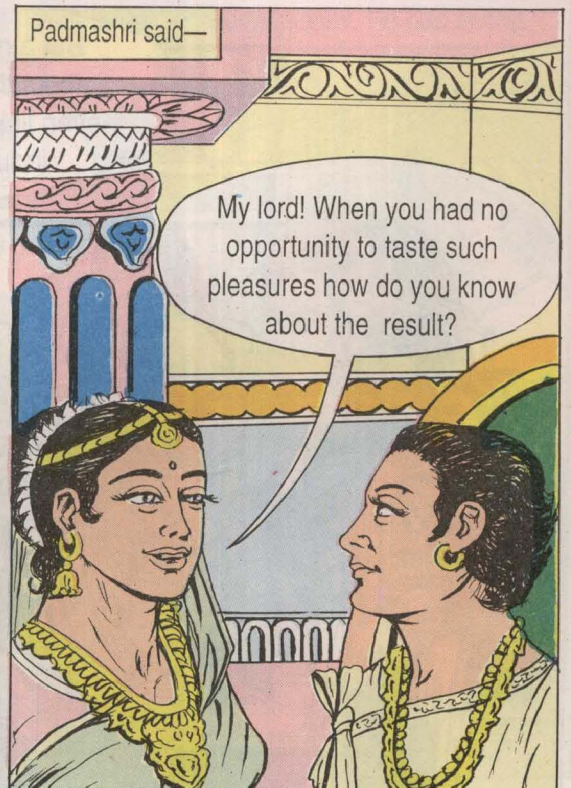
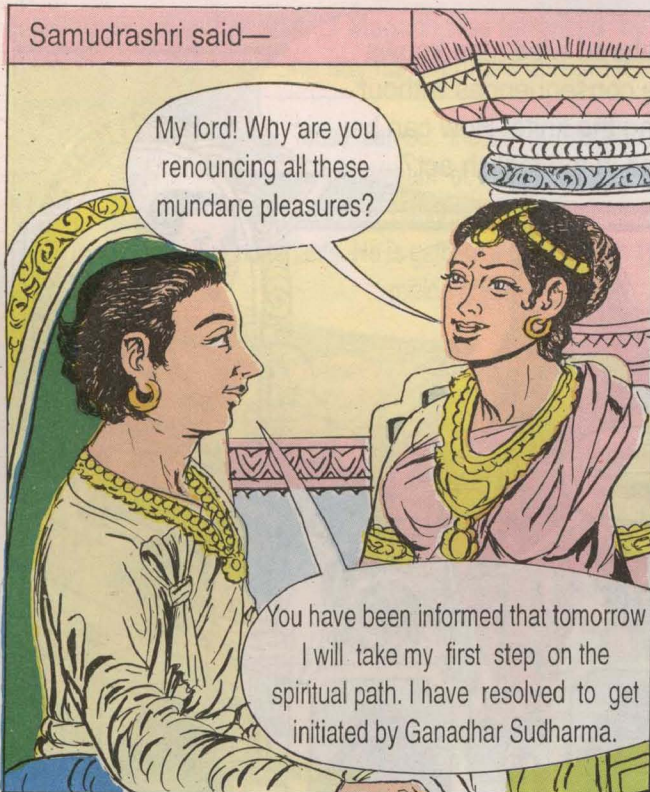
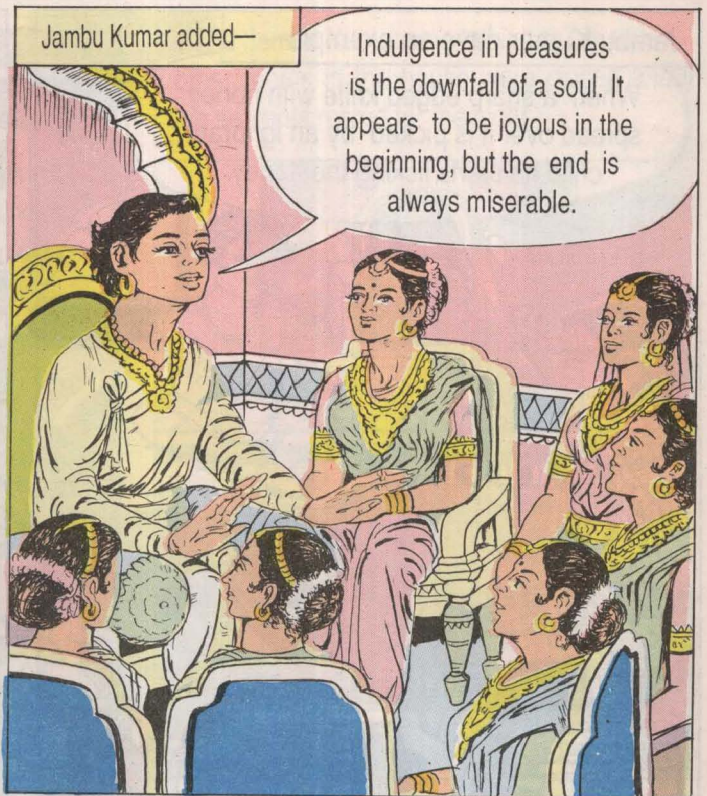


Ladies! You have agreed that this is the most important night of our lives but did not clarify why...?

Because a husband and his wife are enjoined by the ties of faith and love...

My lord! This night of the first union is a memorable night for a bride.

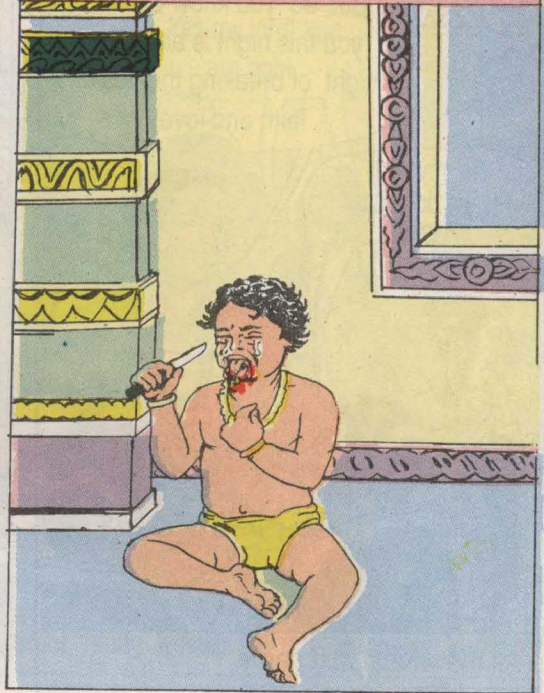
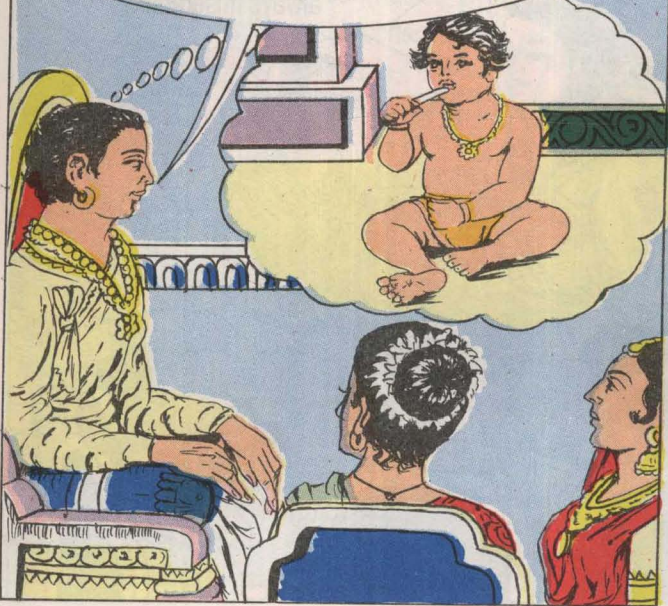
They all looked at Jambu Kumar smiling shyly.



Jambu Kumar gave an example—

When a sharp edged knife with honey spread over it is picked by an ignorant child he starts licking the honey.

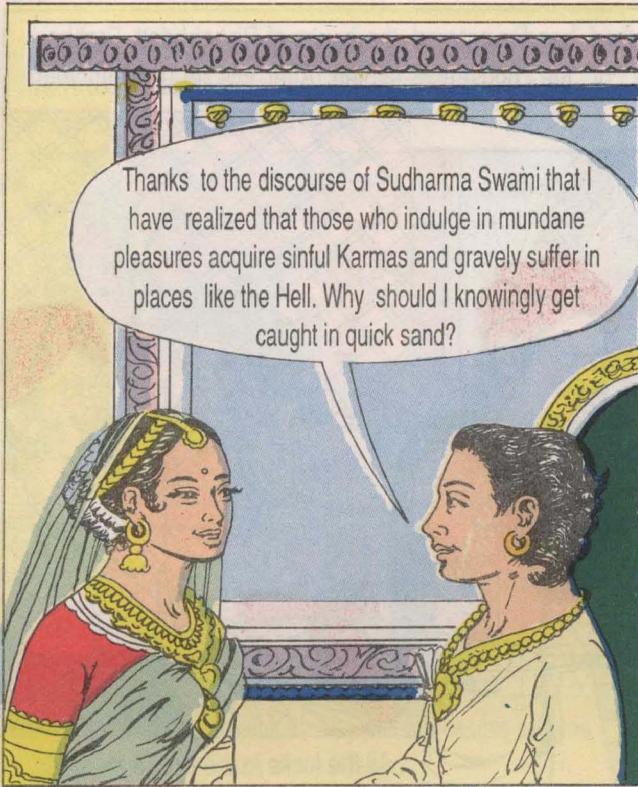
It cuts its tongue and starts crying. All this happens because the child is ignorant.



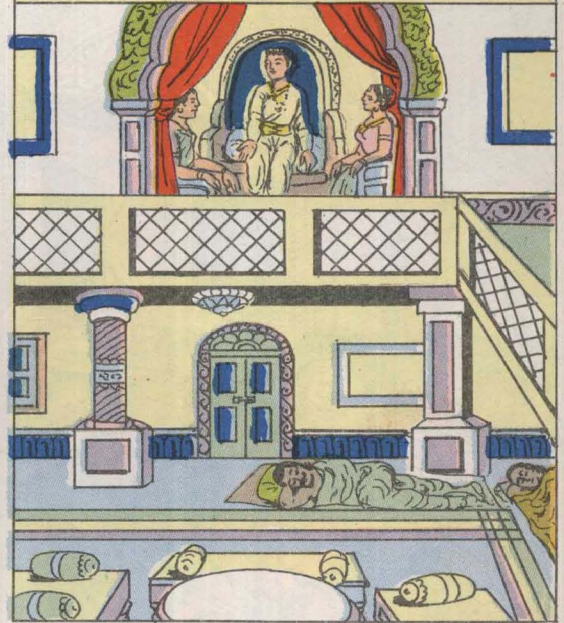
But a matured wise man knows about the consequences without even licking the knife. How can he indulge in the foolish act?

No, he knows.

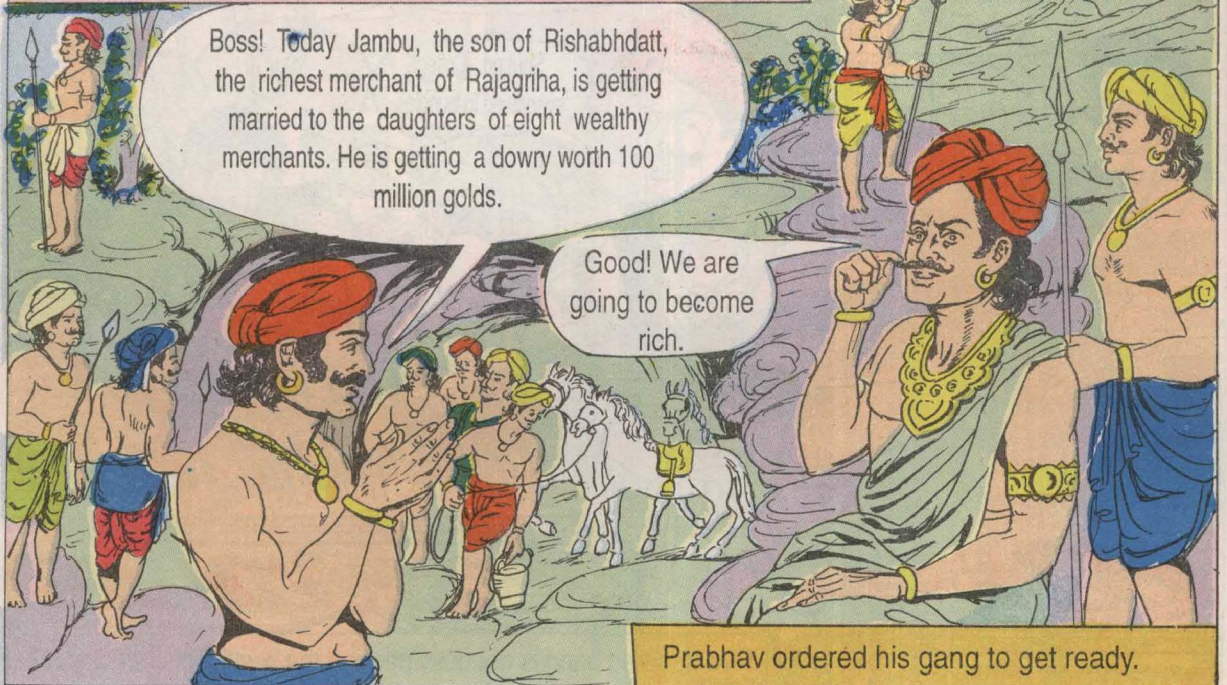




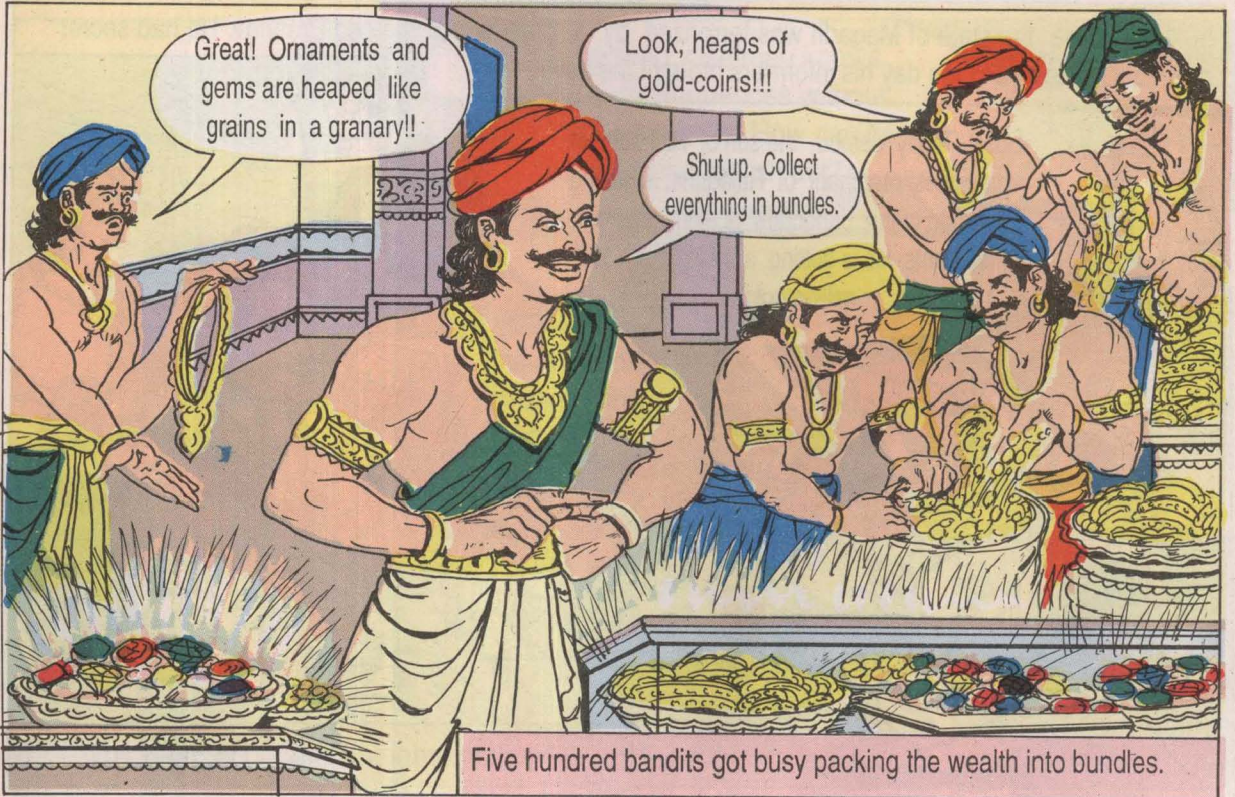
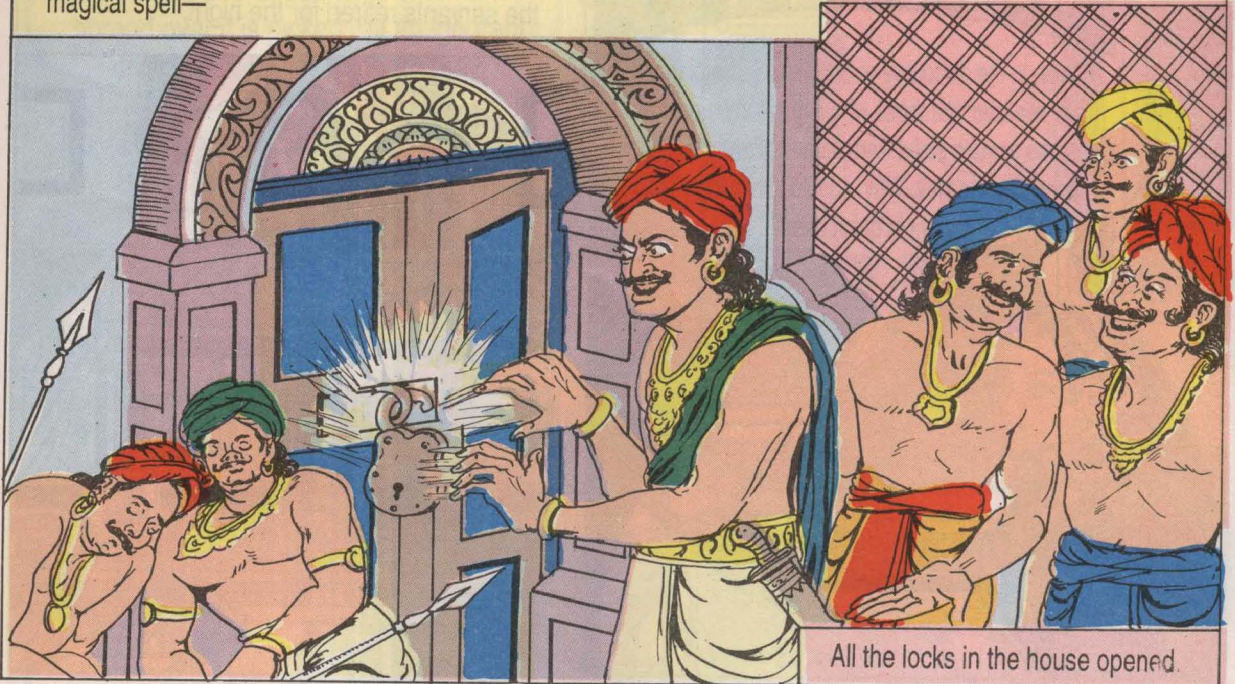
While Jambu Kumar was talking to his wives other rooms in the house were closed and the servants retired for the night.



In those days the state of Magadh was terrorized by a great bandit named Prabhav. He had secret hide-outs in the hills. One day his informers brought the news—



After midnight when it became pitch dark, five hundred bandits entered the house of Rishabhhatt. Prabhav cast a spell and the guards and other members of the household fainted. After this he used another magical spell—



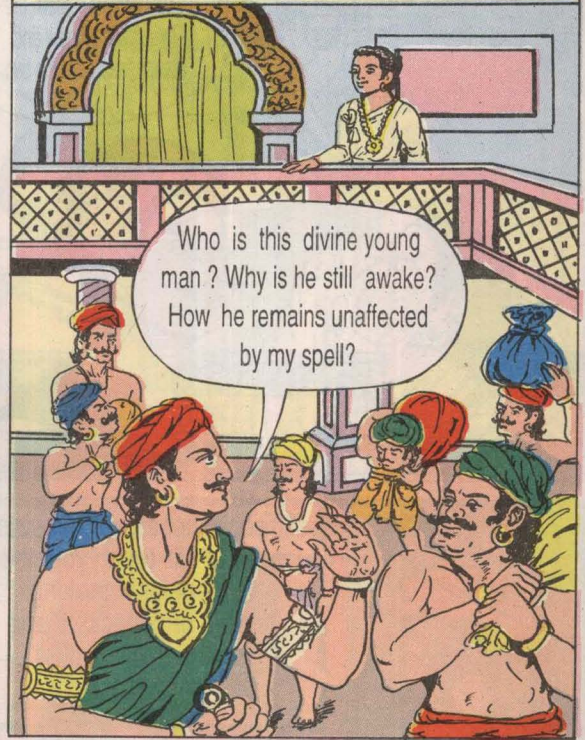
Hearing the noise Jambu Kumar looked down from the balcony. He realized that thieves had entered the house. He shouted—



Stop it. Who are you? Why collect all this garbage? Stay put..

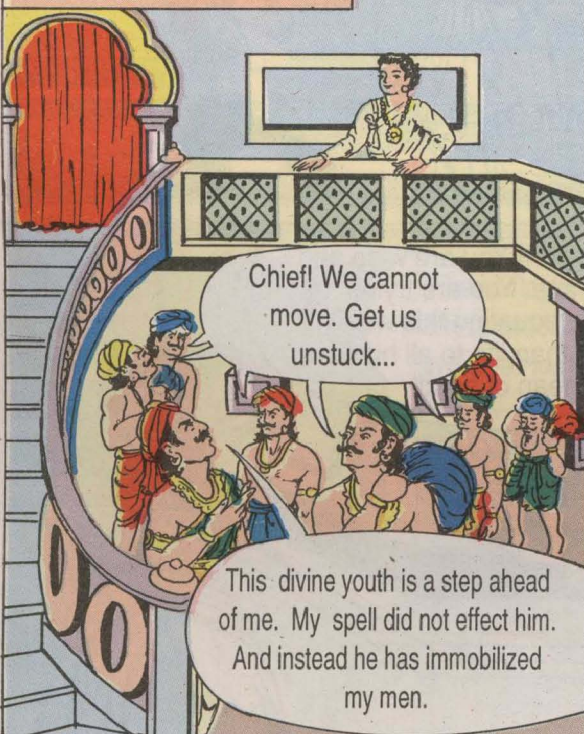
As soon as he uttered 'stay put' the bandits became immobile as if stuck where they stood.

Prabhav was stunned. He looked up—



Who is this divine young man? Why is he still awake? How he remains unaffected by my spell?

The bandits shouted—



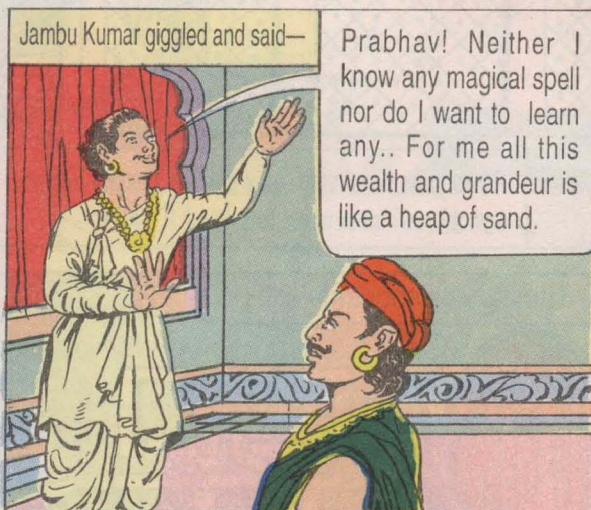
Chief! We cannot move. Get us unstuck...

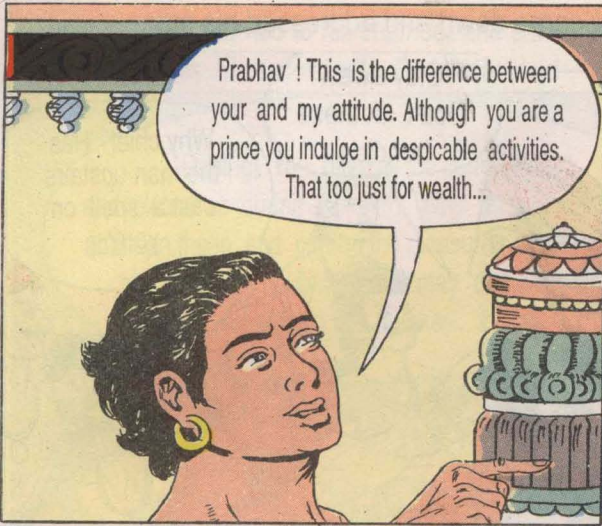
This divine youth is a step ahead of me. My spell did not effect him. And instead he has immobilized my men.

Prabhav went up the stairs and approached Jambu Kumar. When he watched the radiant face of Jambu Kumar he was impressed. He said—

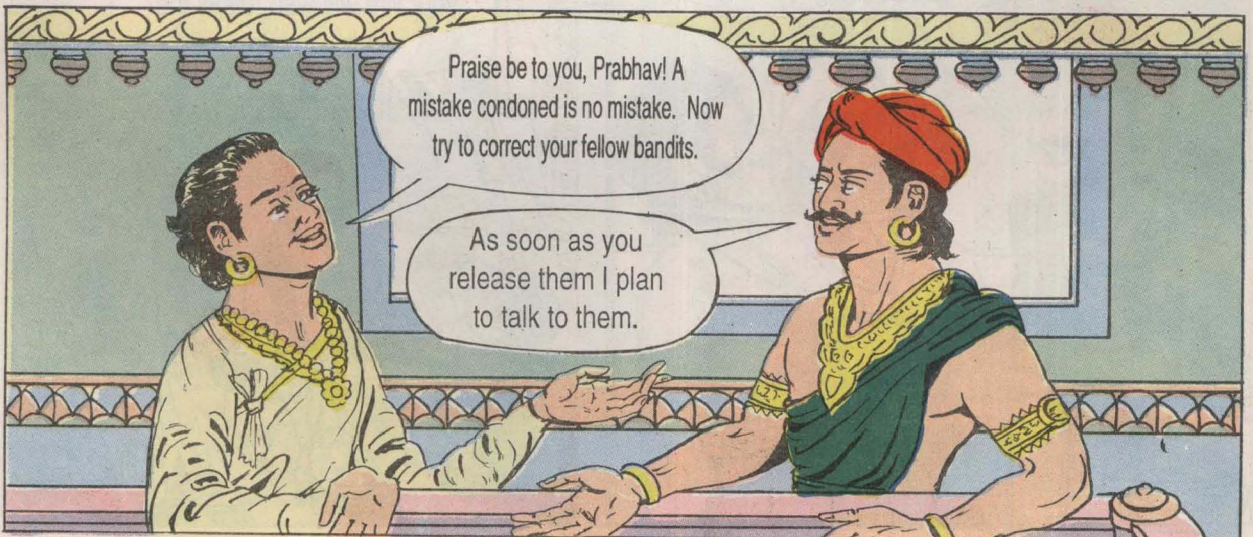
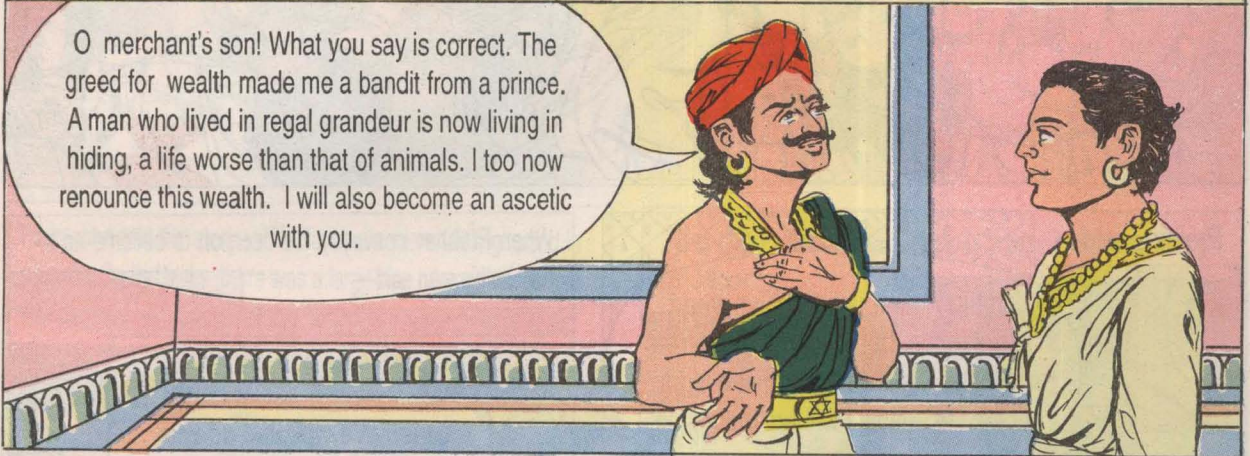


O Merchant's son! I am Prabhav, the eldest son of Vindhyaraj, the king of Jaipur. By birth I am a prince but by profession I am a bandit. I want to be your friend.





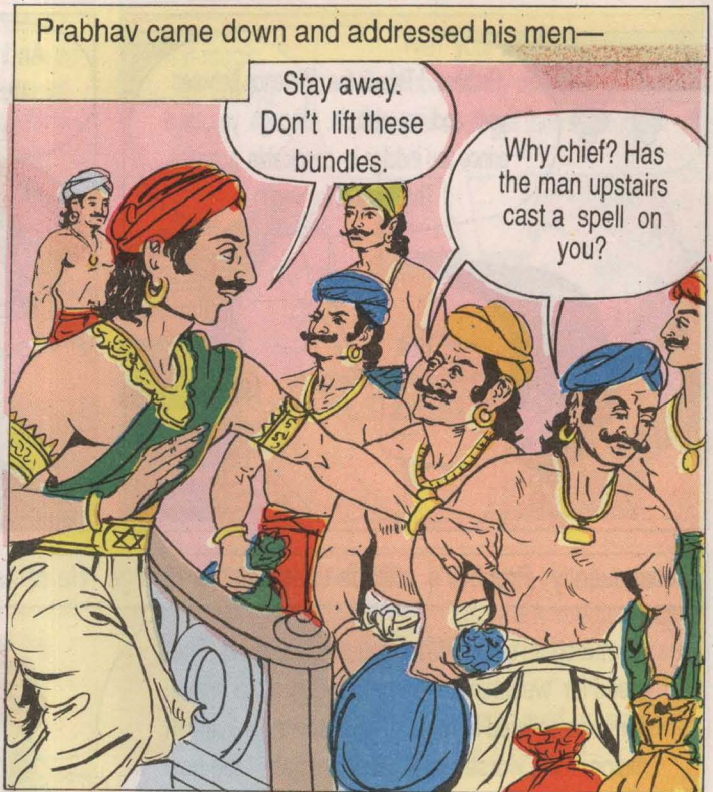
Consequently Prabhav's attitude underwent a change. He contemplated a little while and said firmly—



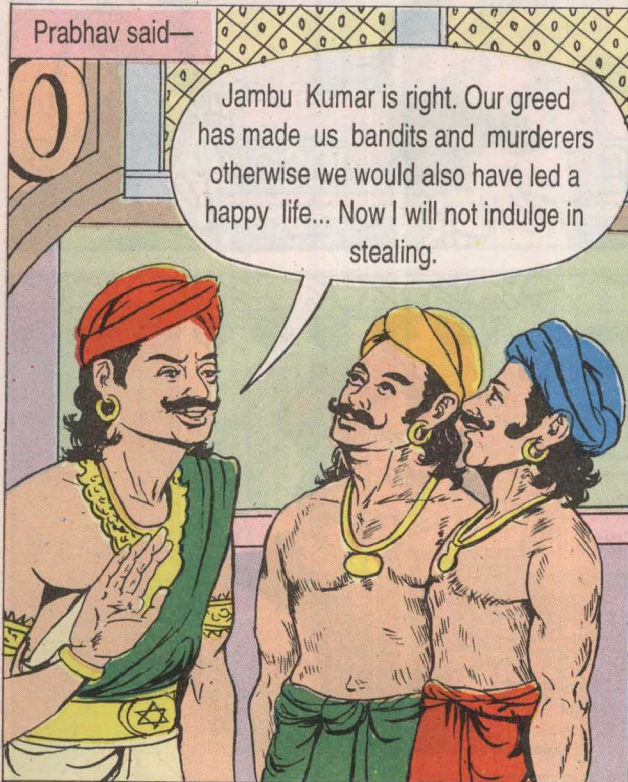
Just then there came a call—



Prabhav came down and addressed his men—



Prabhav said—

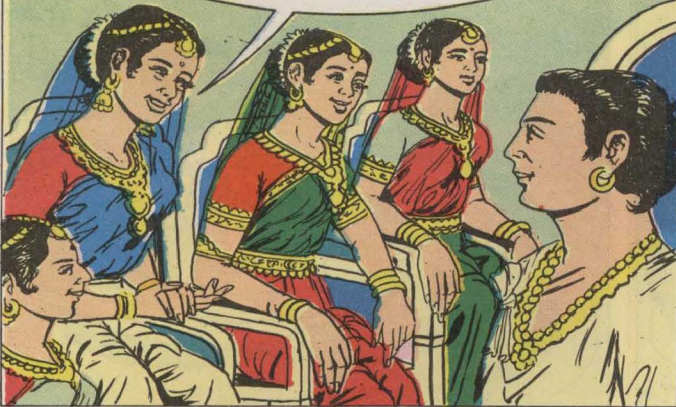


When Prabhav conveyed his decision to become an ascetic his men said—



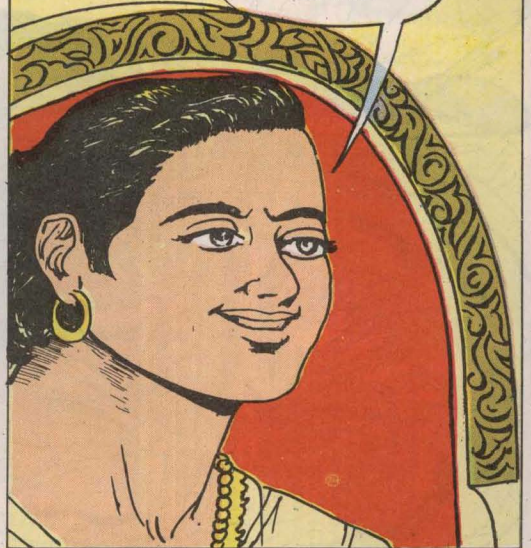
Jambu Kumar returned to his chamber and sat down to talk to his wives. His second wife, Padmashri said—

Darling! You have all the comforts and pleasures during this birth. Why do you want to abandon these and pursue the pleasures of the next birth. I have a doubt that you may also have to repent like that monkey... ?



Jambu asked with a smile—

What made the monkey repent. Tell me.



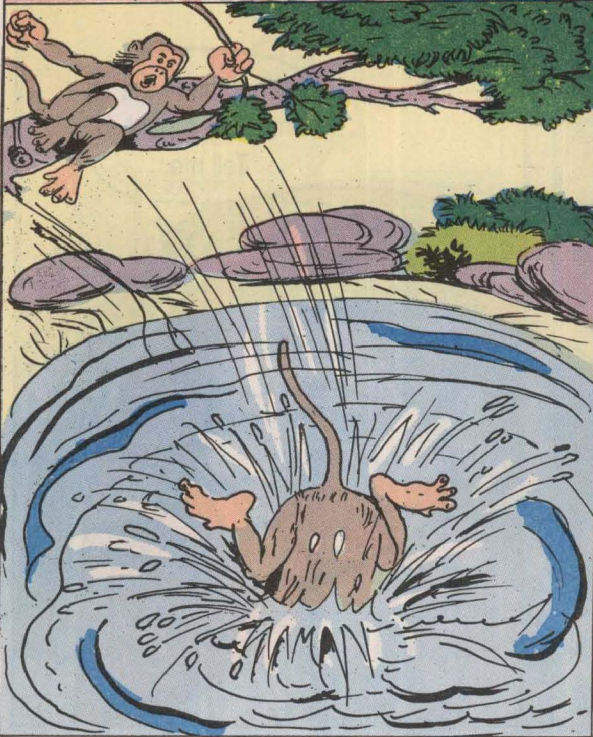
Padmashri told the story — There was a wish-fulfilling pond in a jungle. On its banks there was a large tree. A monkey couple was perched on a branch of this tree.



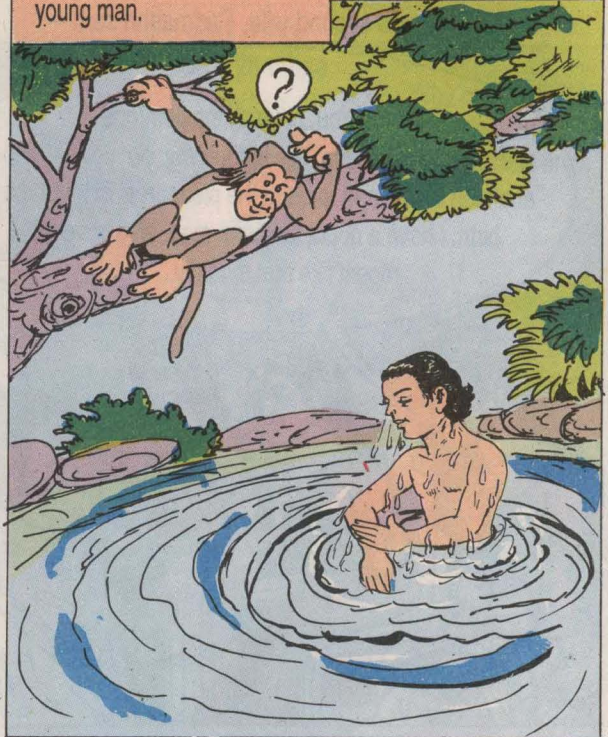
The male monkey jumped from one branch to another ...



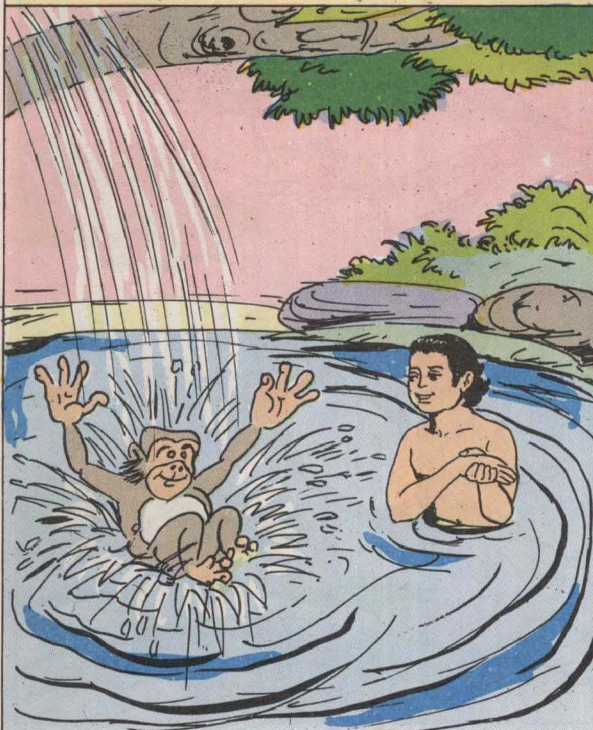
... but it slipped and fell into the pond.



The divine water in the pond turned it into a handsome young man.

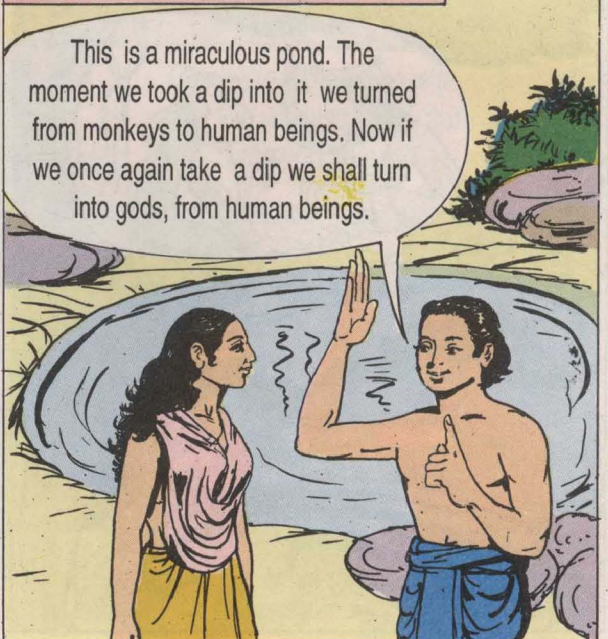


Observing this the female also jumped into the pond.



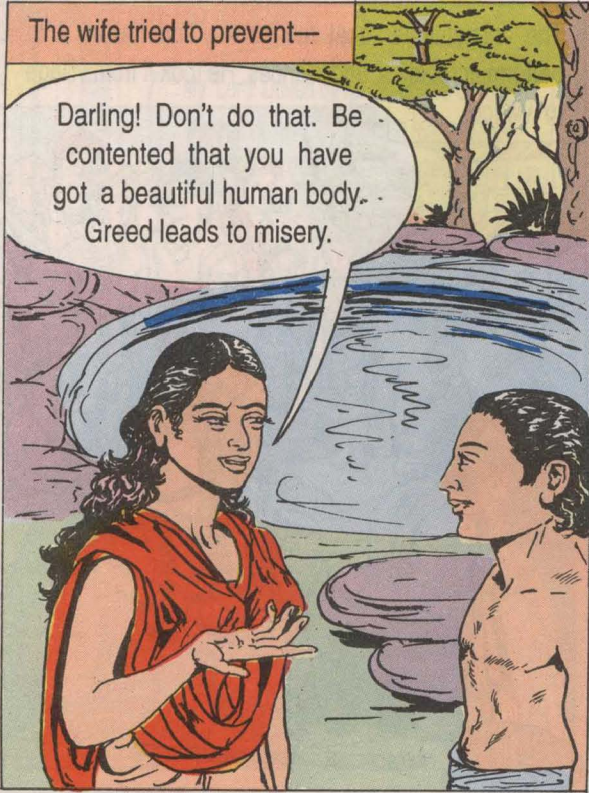
It also turned into a beautiful young woman. Coming out of the pond the man said to his wife—

This is a miraculous pond. The moment we took a dip into it we turned from monkeys to human beings. Now if we once again take a dip we shall turn into gods, from human beings.



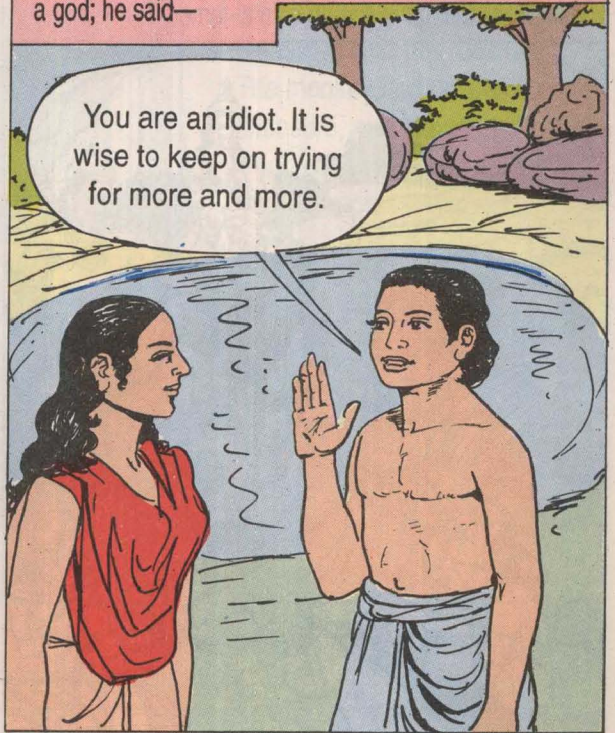
The wife tried to prevent—

Darling! Don't do that. Be contented that you have got a beautiful human body. Greed leads to misery.



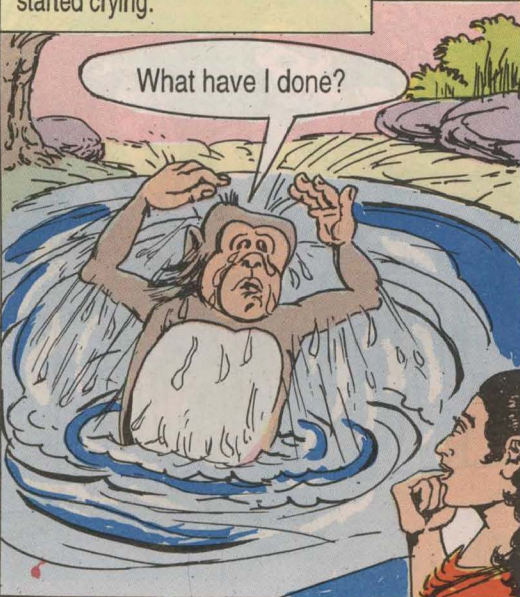
The man was overwhelmed with the craving to become a god; he said—

You are an idiot. It is wise to keep on trying for more and more.



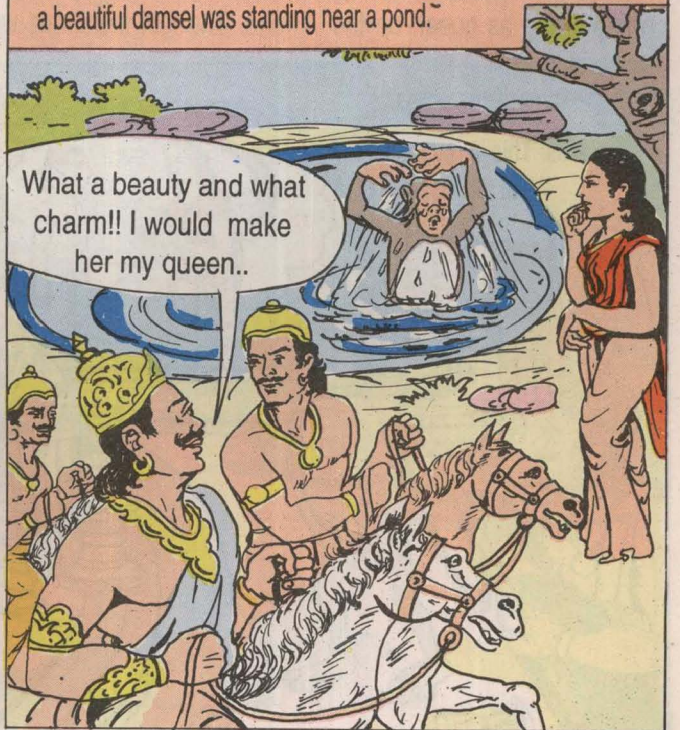
The man once again jumped into the pond. The moment he surfaced he found that he had turned into a monkey. He kept on taking dips time and again but in vain. The monkey now started crying.

What have I done?



At that instant a king, hunting in the jungle, arrived there and saw that a beautiful damsel was standing near a pond.

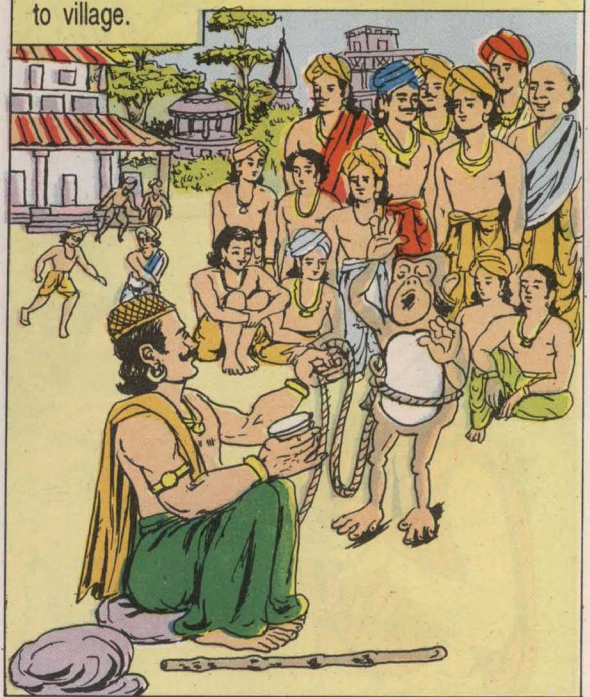
What a beauty and what charm!! I would make her my queen..



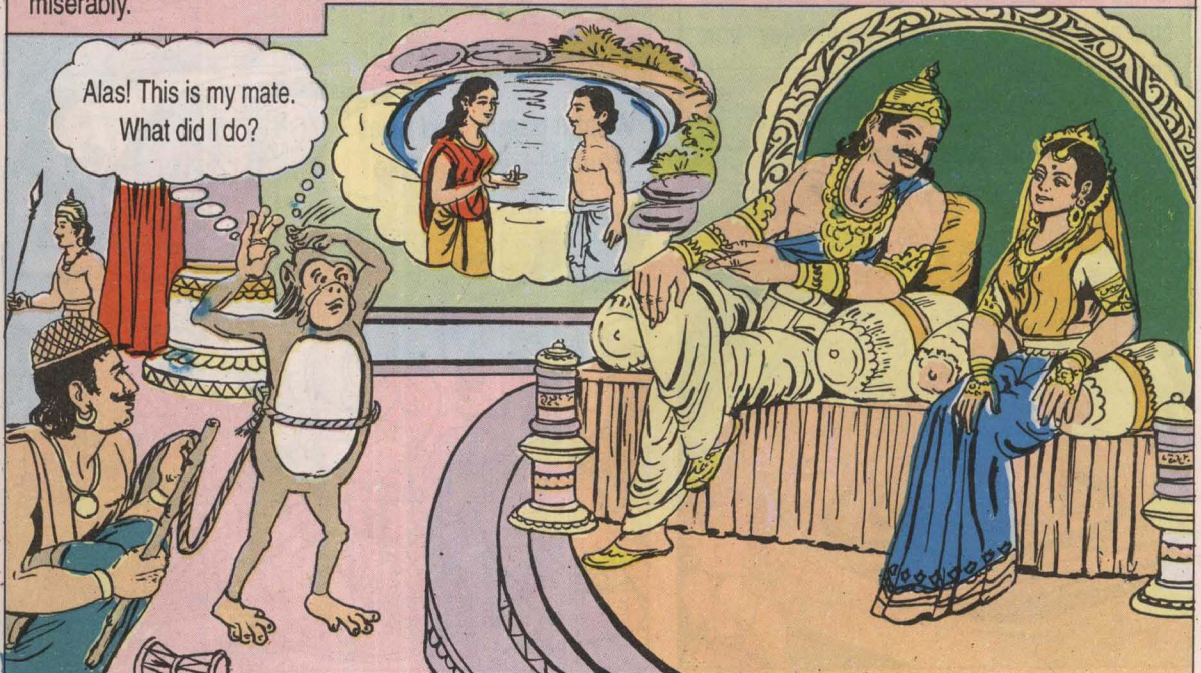
The angry monkey pounced at the guards. They caught it, and gave it to an animal-tamer.



The animal-tamer beat the monkey and trained it to perform acrobatics and dances. He took it from village to village.

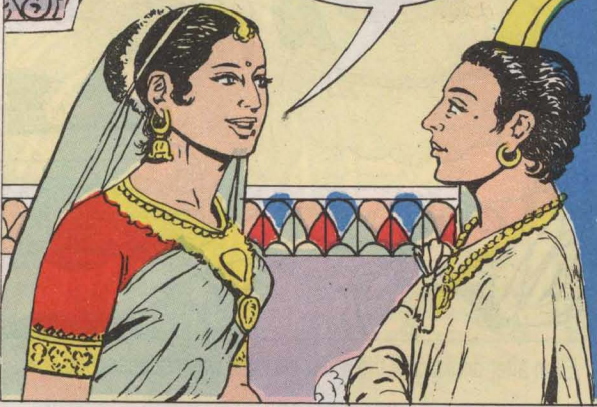


One day the animal-tamer took the monkey to the king's court for a performance. The monkey recognized its mate sitting as queen on the throne. The lost memories were stirred up once again and it started crying miserably.



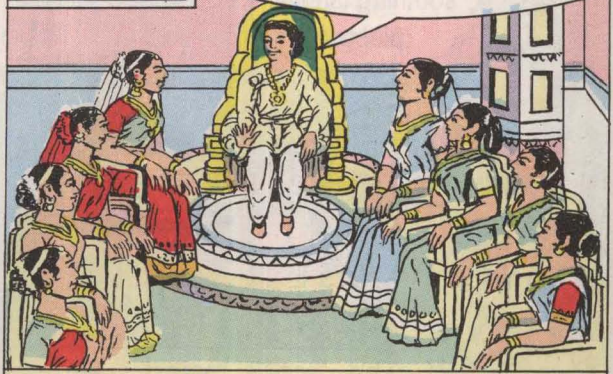
Concluding the story, Padmashri said—

My Lord! Driven by his craving to become a god the monkey lost the human body as well as its mate and repented all its life. The same way, to get the bliss of liberation you might lose the available mundane pleasures and repent all your life...



Jambu Kumar smiled and said—

Lady! Only he repents for lost pleasures who has desires. The monkey had desires for pleasure, and that is why it repented all his life. I will tell you the story of Angarak ...

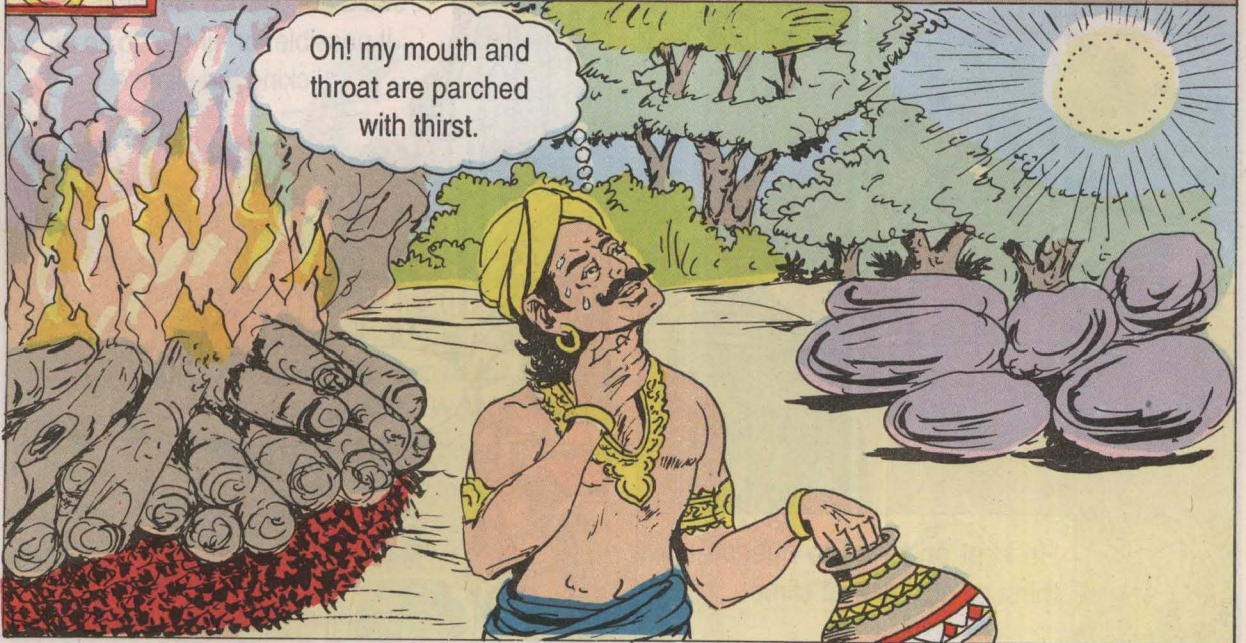


All his eight wives became curious and listened attentively.

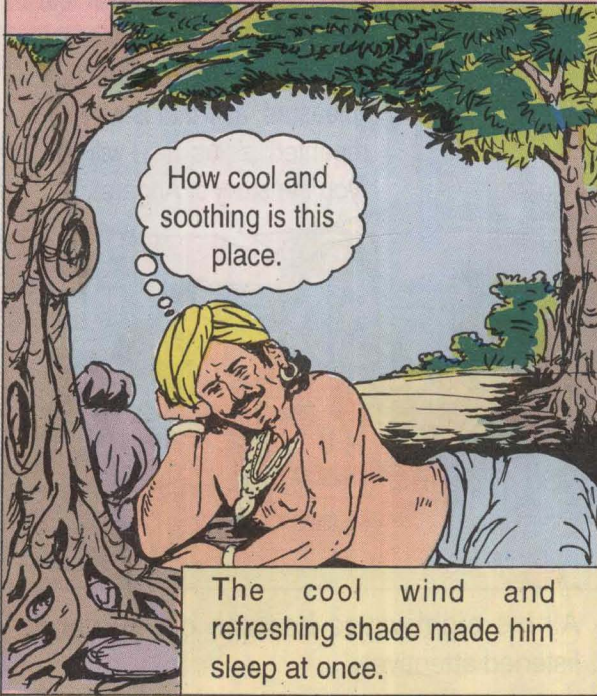


There was a coal maker who burnt wood in the jungle and turned it into coal. Once during the summer he was burning a heap of wood. Due to the oppressive heat he felt thirsty. Slowly he finished all the water he had brought. A little later he became thirsty again.

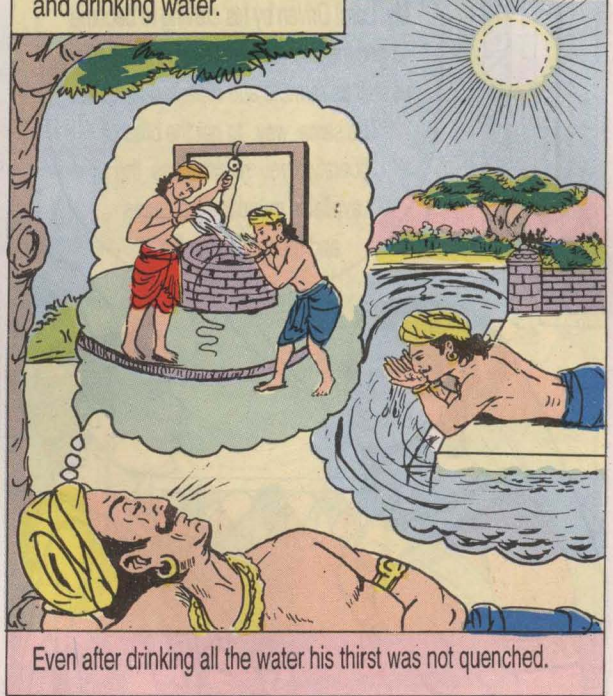
Oh! my mouth and throat are parched with thirst.



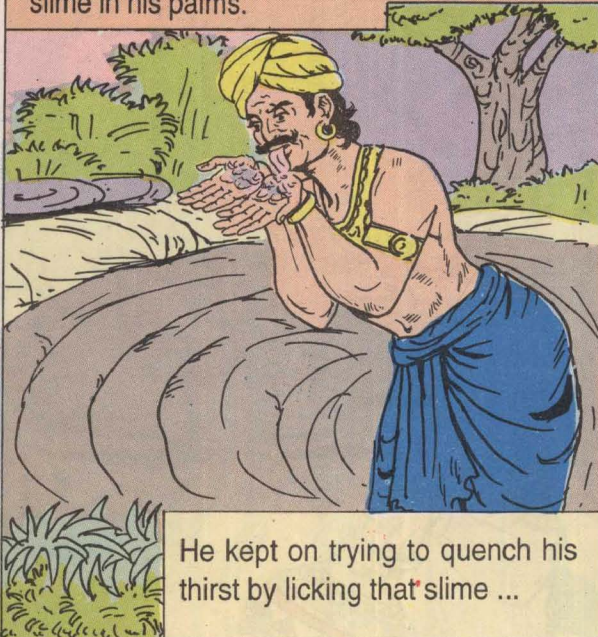
In search of water he wandered around. When he arrived under a dense tree he fell exhausted.



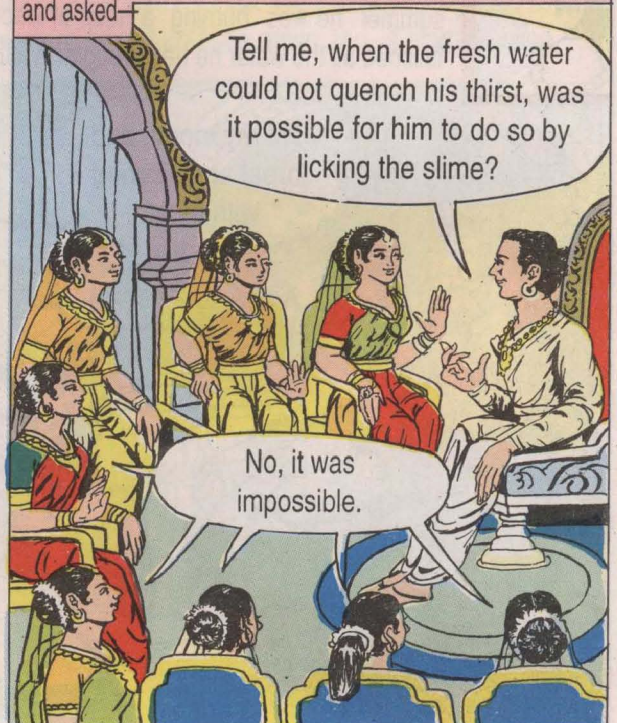
He saw a dream that tormented by thirst he was visiting a variety of water bodies like wells, ponds, and lakes and drinking water.



When he woke up he walked into a pond. He bent down and tried to collect some water in his cupped hands. But he got only some slime in his palms.



Concluding the story Jambu Kumar looked at Padmashri and asked—



Jambu Kumar added jovially—

Our soul has drifted from one life to other and enjoyed divine pleasures as king of gods, gods, Chakravartis, etc. When all these divine pleasures could not quench its desire how can it get satisfied with slime-like insignificant pleasures available to it as a human?

This irrefutable logic of Jambu Kumar silenced all the ladies. They looked at him expectantly. Jambu Kumar explained further—

Ladies! Indulgence can never quench the thirst of mind. Inner peace can only be attained through detachment from all mundane indulgence. The only way to do that is the path of discipline and renouncing.

This discussion, interspersed with stories, continued. Due to the sound reasoning of Jambu Kumar the dawn saw the inner awakening of his eight wives. They said—

O great man! Your sagacious knowledge has inspired us to pursue the spiritual path. We are filled with the feeling of detachment and will get initiated with you...

Jambu Kumar said—

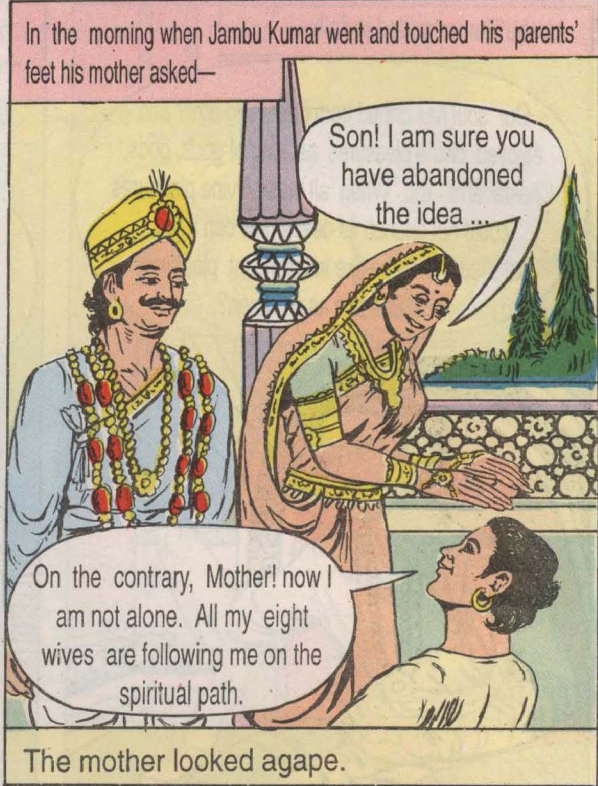
If you are determined, please inform your parents. After getting their permission we shall get initiated tomorrow...



In the morning when Jambu Kumar went and touched his parents' feet his mother asked—

Son! I am sure you have abandoned the idea ...

On the contrary, Mother! now I am not alone. All my eight wives are following me on the spiritual path.

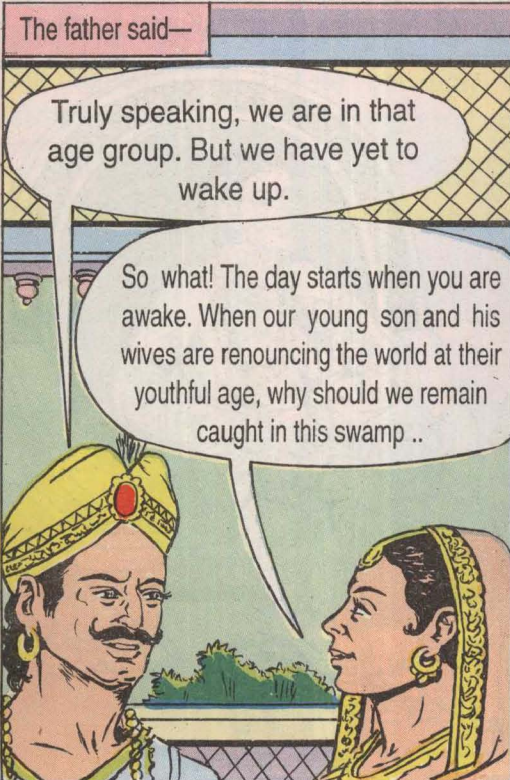


The mother looked agape.

The father said—

Truly speaking, we are in that age group. But we have yet to wake up.

So what! The day starts when you are awake. When our young son and his wives are renouncing the world at their youthful age, why should we remain caught in this swamp ..

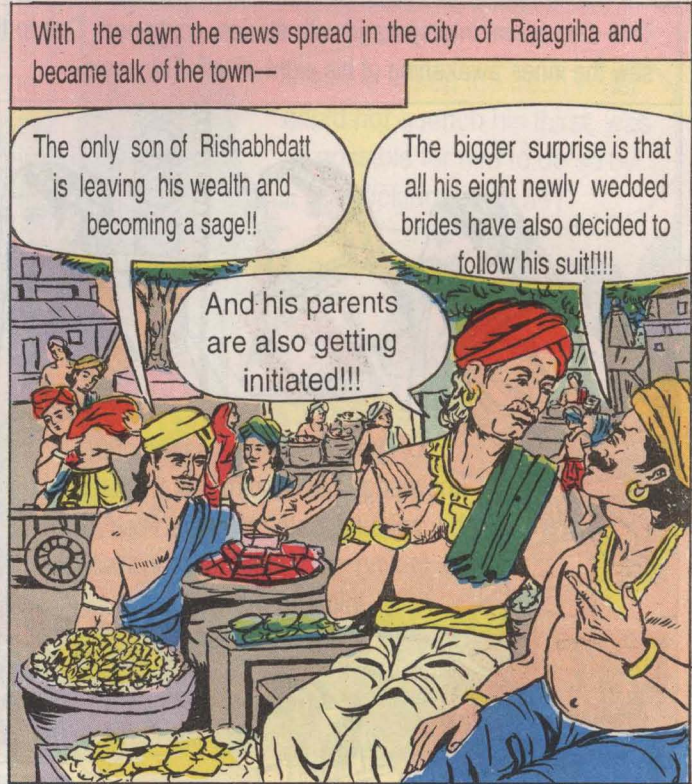


With the dawn the news spread in the city of Rajagriha and became talk of the town—

The only son of Rishabhhatt is leaving his wealth and becoming a sage!!

The bigger surprise is that all his eight newly wedded brides have also decided to follow his suit!!!

And his parents are also getting initiated!!!



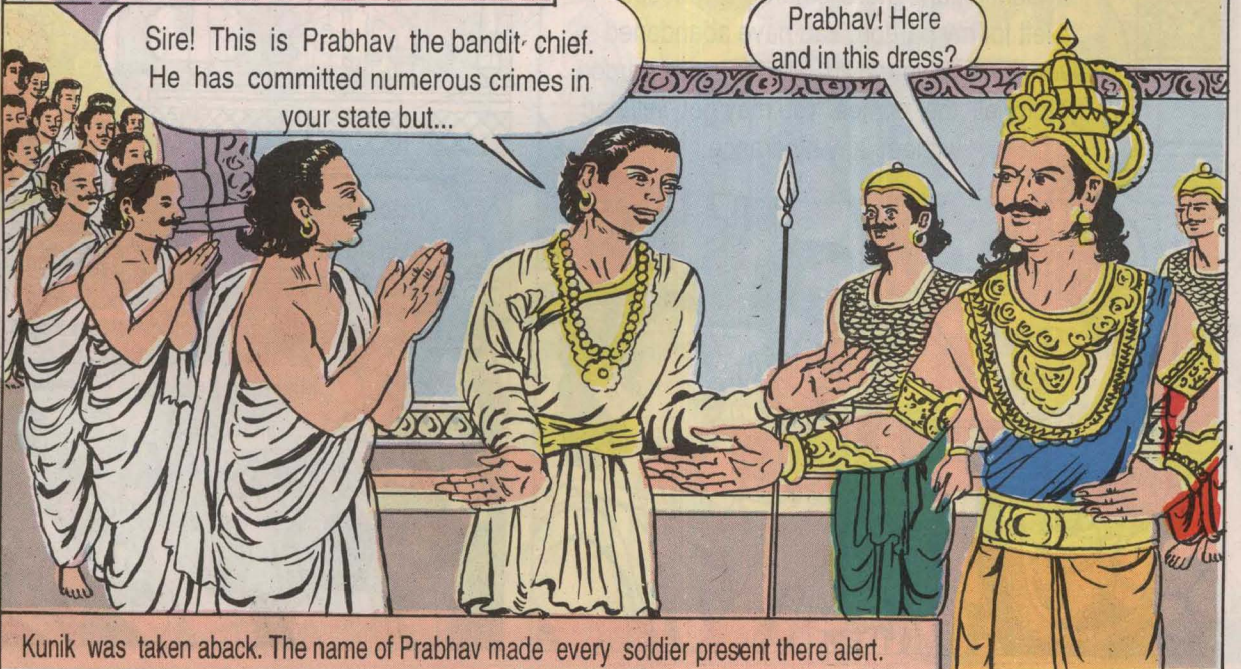
Getting this news King Kunik, the ruler of Magadh, arrived at Rishabhhatt's house and greeted Jambu—



Kumar! Your detachment is commendable. I find myself unable to follow the spiritual path but still I sincerely praise and support it. If there is anything you want me to

Sire! Your extending support to those who follow the path of renunciation is good enough.

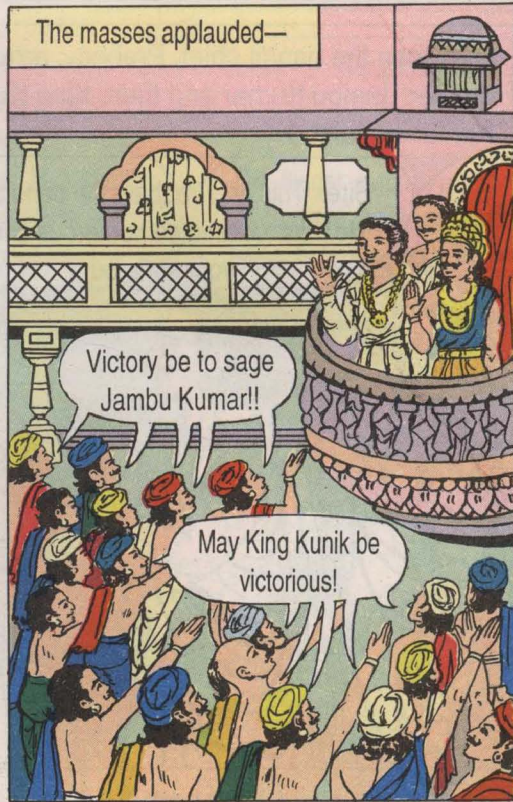
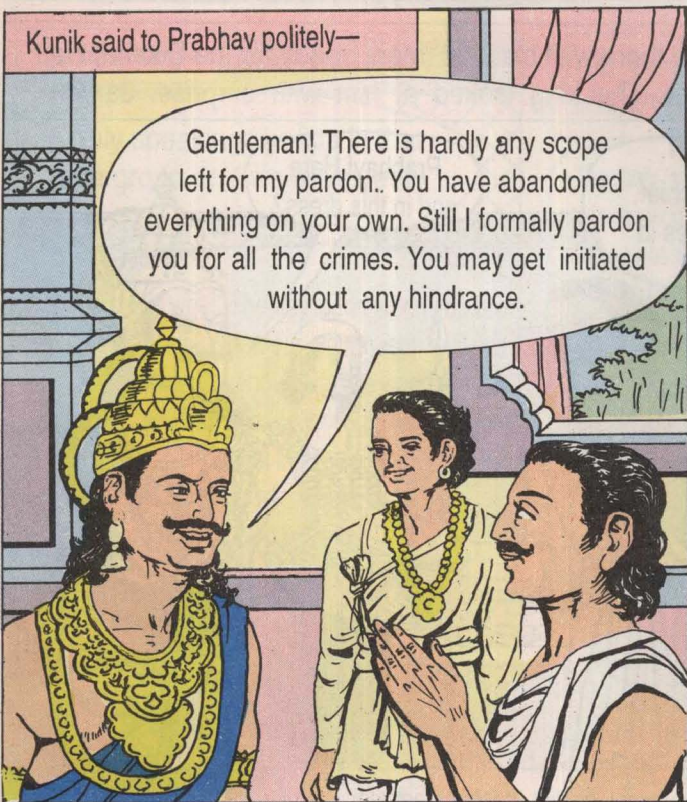
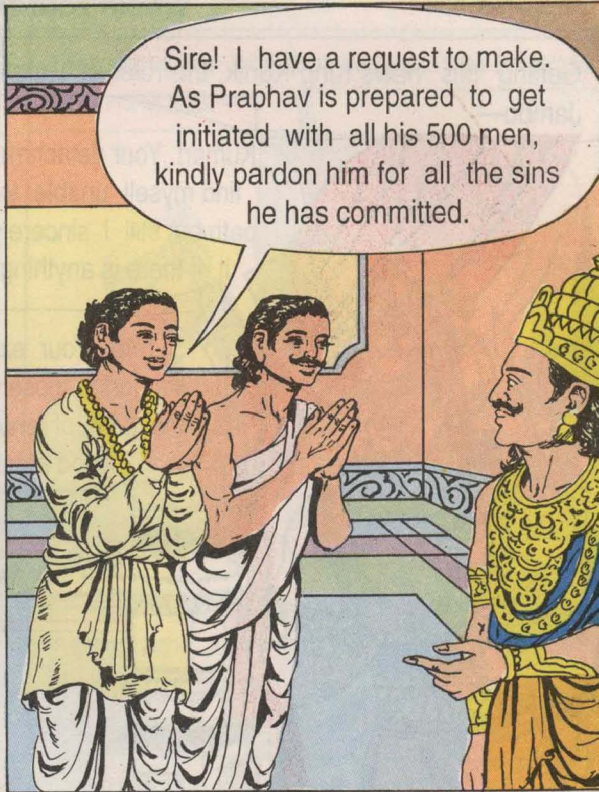
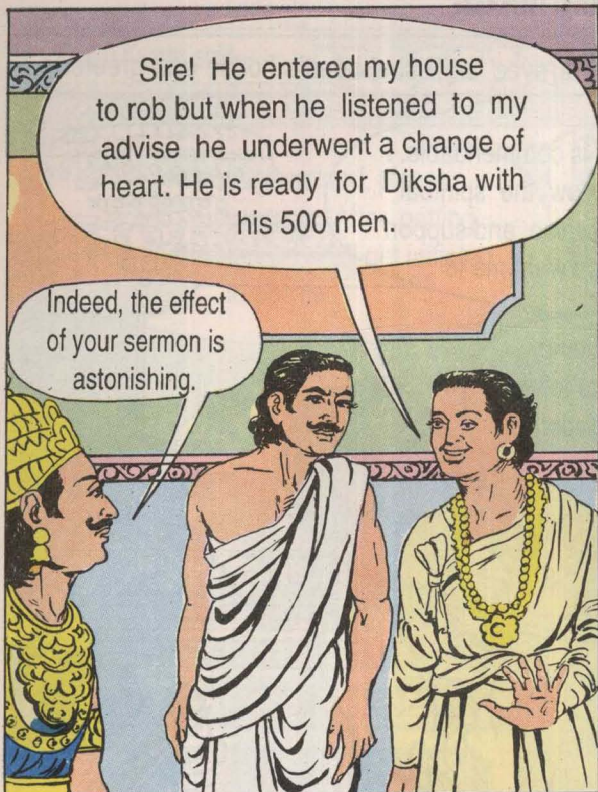
Just then the bandit chief, Prabhav, arrived there with his 500 men, ready for the Diksha. He greeted Jambu Kumar and then King Kunik. The king looked at him with surprise. Jambu Kumar explained—



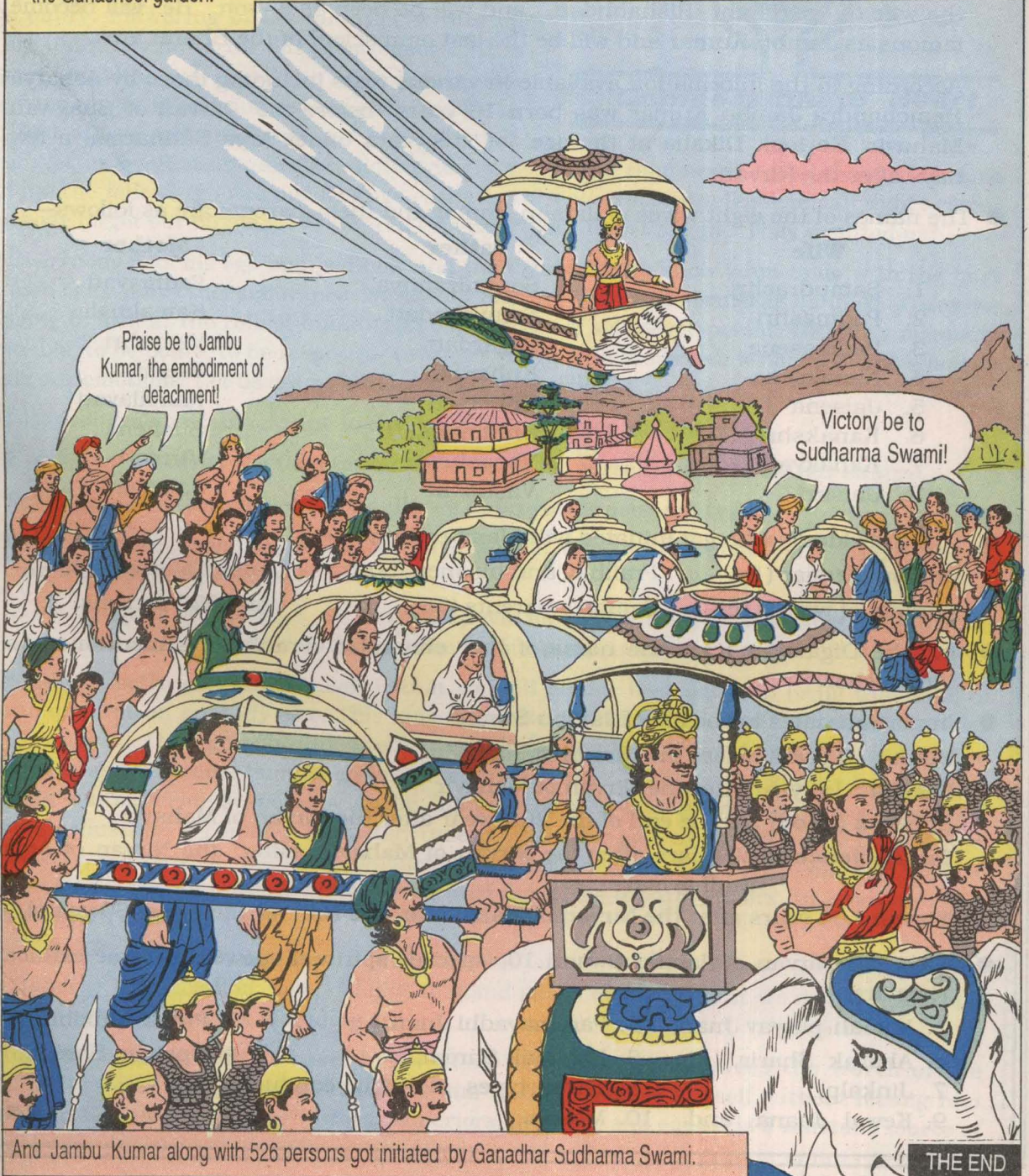
Sire! This is Prabhav the bandit chief. He has committed numerous crimes in your state but...

Prabhav! Here and in this dress?

Kunik was taken aback. The name of Prabhav made every soldier present there alert.



After this the renunciation procession started. It was lead by King Kunik and his army. Following him was the ruling deity of Jambu continent, God Anadhrith, with his divine grandeur. Jambu Kumar was sitting in a palanquin. Then came his eight wives, also in palanquins. His parents followed on feet along with Prabhav and his 500 men. In the end came the multitudes from Rajagriha and nearby villages. Passing through the streets of Rajagriha the procession arrived at the Gunasheel garden.



And Jambu Kumar along with 526 persons got initiated by Ganadhar Sudharma Swami.

THE END

MORE DETAILS

- The being that was Jambu Kumar, in its earlier birth was an illustrious god named Viddyunmqali. Before 16 years of his Nirvan, Bhagwan Mahavir was offered homage by this god. In answer to a question from King Shrenik Bhagwan had said—After seven days this god will descend into the womb of Dharinidevi, the wife of merchant Rishabhdatt, and will be born as a son. He will become famous as Jambu Kumar and will be the last omniscient of the Bharat area.

According to the information available in various texts including those by Acharya Hemchandra Jambu Kumar was born 16 years before the Nirvan of Bhagwan Mahavir. He took Diksha at the age of 16 years under Arya Sudharma, a few days after the Nirvan.

- The names of the eight wives of Jambu Kumar and their parents are as follows—

Wife	Father	Mother
1. Samudrashri	Samudrapriya	Padmavati
2. Padmashri	Samudradatt	Kamalmala
3. Padmasena	Sagardatt	Vijayshri
4. Kanaksena	Kuberdatt	Jaishri
5. Jaisena	Kubersen	Kamalavati
6. Kanakshri	Shramandatt	Sushena
7. Kanakvati	Vasushen	Virmati
8. Jaishri	Vasupalit	Jaisena

- The individuals who got initiated with Jambu Kumar—

Jambu Kumar (1); Prabhav and his men (500); Jambu's wives (8);
 parents of wives (16); Jambu's parents (2); total 527 persons.

- In the Digambar texts the name of the character Prabhav is mentioned as Vidyuechor.

- Important dates in the life of Jambu Swami—

Birth : 16 years before the Nirvan of Mahavir

Diksha : 1st year after the Nirvan of Mahavir

Acharya (hood) : at the end of the 20th year after the Nirvan of Mahavir

Omniscience : 20 years after the Nirvan of Mahavir (after the Nirvan of Arya Sudharma)

Nirvan : 64 years after the Nirvan of Mahavir or 462 B.C. (at the age of 80 years).

- With the Nirvan of Jambu Swami 10 special 'spiritual' powers became extinct. They are—

- | | | |
|-----------------------|------------------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Manah-paryav Jnan, | 2. Paramavadhi Jnan, | 3. Pulak Labdhi, |
| 4. Aharak Sharir, | 5. Kshapak Shreni, | 6. Upsham Shreni, |
| 7. Jinkalp, | 8. Three types of unique conducts, | |
| 9. Kewal Jnana, and | 10. Moksh. | |

HUMILITY

In the previous issues of "Compassionate Heart" I have written on the art of developing the qualities of the soul. Manifestation of these qualities helps build our character and personality. Flowering of the qualities within us we are indirectly flowering our consciousness. It is important that we read the articles in the magazine carefully and understand each quality in the light of self : Atma. Before we go to another virtue, let us evaluate ourself candidly and try to change that needs to be changed. Let us examine the following : Are our feelings easily hurt? The expected telephone call didn't come? Somebody forgot our birthday? We weren't invited? They didn't ask us? They insulted us?



Compassionate Heart

Everybody gets his ego bumped now and then and does not know what to do with the hurt and pain caused by other ignorance. Now what matters is how the bruise is handled. Today we are going to look at the role of humility in our process of self development. Humility means to be humble, to be polite, to be respectful to others. To handle the bruise we have to know how to handle our emotions. Let us see how to handle the situation.

- Disappointments can help one to develop both character and charm.
- Every time we resist the temptation to feel sorry for ourself, we increase our stature.
- Every time we refuse to whine or sulk, we improve our personality.
- Every time we demonstrate that we have what it takes to rise above such situations, we gain the silent respect of others.
- In emergencies of this kind, we must keep our mouth shut; resist the natural impulse to pour abuse on the heads of those to blame for our disappointment.
- Finally, resolve and really mean it that we will do our best never to bring that kind of unhappiness on anybody else. This kind of behaviour can be reflected only when humility is developed. Our ego and pride are responsible for any kind of emotional pain or distress. As soon as we become humble and remember the words, "They do not know what they are doing" our suffering evaporates. As day light can be seen through very small holes, so little things illustrate a person's character. Indeed, character consists in little acts of humility, modesty, gentleness, well and honourably performed. One of the most marked tests of character is the manner in which we conduct ourselves towards others. In humility there is a certain grace.

It is not the job of humility to make us feel small, but to expand our capacity for understanding, appreciation, awe, delight; to stand silent before all that we do not know and then to get on with the work of finding out.

Humility puts people at ease, helps them to relax. It recognizes the worth of the individual, protects his dignity and inspires him to think well of himself without letting him feel inferior. Graceful behaviour towards superiors, inferiors and equals is a constant source of

joy. It pleases others because it indicates respect for their personality but at the same time gives tenfold more joy to the giver.

Humility teaches us the true facts of life. All that we see is matter, and matter of which this world is made of is destructible. Why pride in them? No one can take anything with them when dead. Worldly treasures are here to stay but the treasures of the heart like love, compassion, appreciation, gratitude, humility etc. goes with the man when he leaves the world.

Here I remember an old Persian story. An old Persian King wanted to give a gift to his sixteen year old son on his birthday. He decided to give a gold ring inscribed with the words, "This too shall pass away." The Prince did not understand the implication behind these words. But he wore the ring and often thought about the inscription.

One day he went to war with his father. In the fight he was severely pierced by an arrow and lay in bed for weeks in great pain. At that time of agony he looked at the ring and remembered his father's meaningful gift and said to himself "this too shall pass away." These words brought comfort and solace to him.

Then one day when he got older he married a beautiful lady. He was very happy with her and the kind of life he was living. But amidst this joy and merriment he again remembered the inscription. "This too shall pass away," and reflected on the ephemeral (short-lived) nature of the worldly pleasures. He was crowned king after the death of his father. On his coronation day he looked in a mirror and said to himself, "Even this even this body of mine will pass away." And it did.

His last words before he died were : "Even this great empire which I so proudly rule will pass away. And it did. In this way he realized the short lived nature of glory. We all should get into the habit of repeating to ourself the words on the ring. This would help us to be humble and polite instead of arrogant and snobbish.

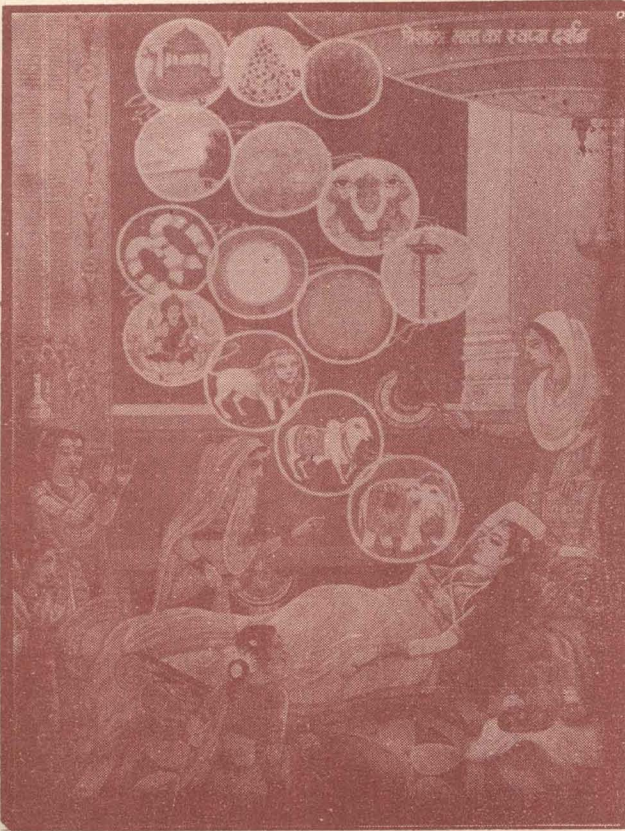
This story says that in life nothing is permanent. Then what are we boasting about? Even this body of ours will pass away. The only thing that is permanent is our soul, our Atma which resides in this body. So in joy or sorrow if we learn to be humble and polite the consciousness will not be bruised with pain or agony.

Humility so often seems vaguely desirable but not really attractive. Because when we have money, power, talent, beauty, we like the world to know about it. We forget that in our exhibition of these things we belittle others and indirectly instil the feeling of inferiority and lowliness. Is this not violence? Injuring others feeling and self-worth is not himsa? This is no way of self-development.

Though humility seems spineless, incompatible with intellect and vigorous spirit, it is infact the reverse. The figures we commonly hail for their humility Mahavir, Buddha, Ram, Krishna, Jesus were never timid souls, but men of strong destiny with a firm determination to carry it out. Humility is not self-belittlement or undervaluing one's self, it is a tough, free, confident characteristic which results from self respect and respect for others.. It does not saturate a personality but flavours it.

Jai Jinendra
Pramoda Chitrabhanu

FOURTEEN DREAMS OF QUEEN TRISHALA



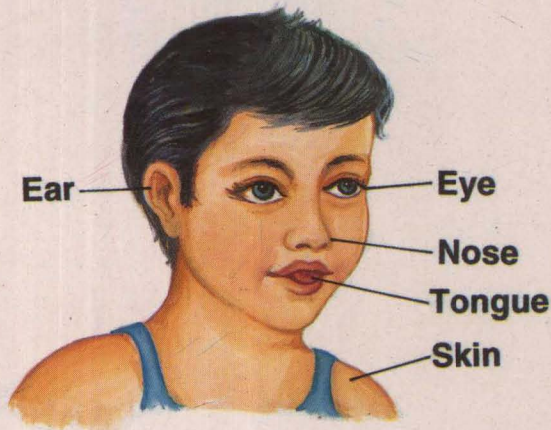
Queen Trishala had fourteen dreams when she was pregnant. All the dreams symbolized the good qualities of her child. Queen Trishala was very happy to have such a wonderful child. That child was Lord Mahavira. He showed us the path to freedom from the cycle of birth and death. Some scripts mention Queen Trishala had sixteen dreams.

The fourteen dreams were as follows :

1. Simha (The Lion)
2. Hathi (The Elephant)
3. Rushabha (The Bull)
4. Lakshmi (The Wealth)
5. Mala (The Garland)
6. Chandra (The Moon)
7. Surya (The Sun)
8. Dhawaja (The Flag)
9. Kalash (The Pitcher)
10. Padma Sarovar (The Lotus-Lake)
11. Ksheer Samudra (The Milk-Ocean)
12. Viman (The Heaventy-Vehicle)
13. Ratna Rashi (The Heap of Jewels)
14. Agni (The Fire)



HUMAN BEINGS ARE THE FIVE-SENSED LIVING BEINGS



We feel with our skin, taste with our tongues,
smell with our noses,
see with our eyes, and hear with our ears.

WE ALL HAVE FIVE SENSES

