

# Shankheshwar Tirth

From Past to Present &  
Lord Shri Parshwanath - 10 Bhavas



**Author**

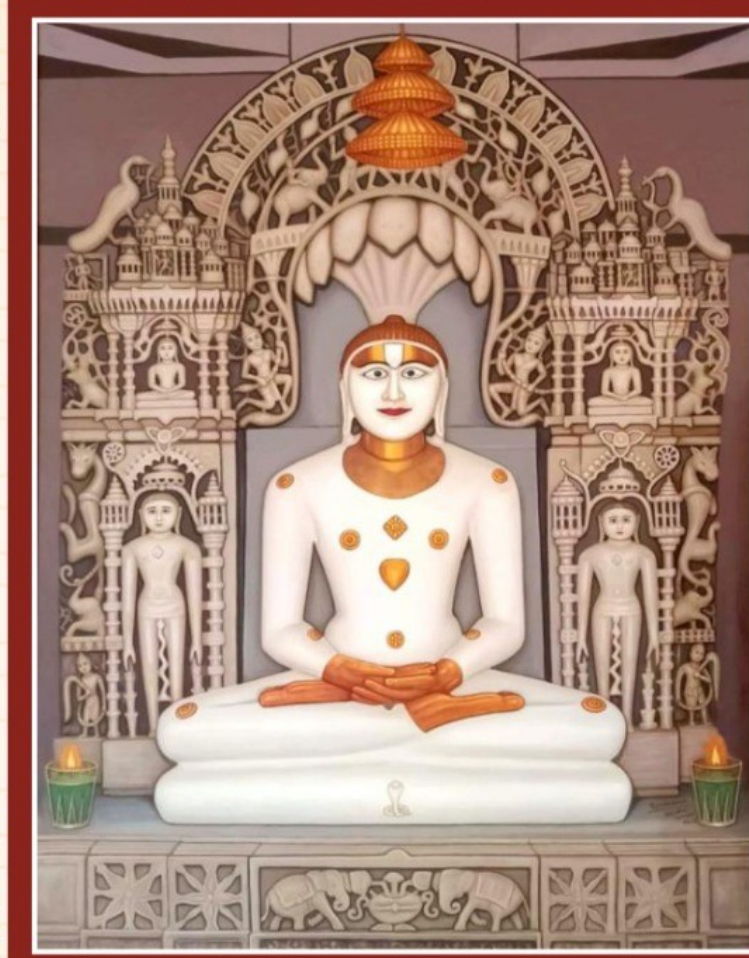
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Shree Shankheshwar Parshwanath Bhagvan

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Past to Present &  
Lord Shri Parshwanath 10 Bhavas

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## A Pious Effort To Know the Unknown

Shankheshwar is a well-known pilgrimage site, and its history is equally unknown. It is a pleasure to make a pious effort to make this unknown known through writing and publication. When I got the opportunity to see many publications related to Shankheshwar during the stay at Shankheshwar Tirth, I felt like writing something like this.

The past of Shankheshwar Tirth has been reflected a lot in this writing, but to bring the exact picture of the present Shankheshwar in front of the eyes, it is still necessary to include something in this publication, that is in mind. This publication is published with the hope that the fulfilment of my feeling will be completed soon and will also be able to satisfy the curiosity of the readers well.

Shankheshwar Tirth is amazing and unique. Even a camera can't be capable of giving a true glimpse of it, then how can a pen be capable? Only the influential idol of Shankheshwar Parshwanath has got such all-round complete capability, hence everyone should be satisfied after seeing Dada.

The story of **10 Bhavas of Lord Shri Parshwanath** is also included in a **short and sweet manner**. It would increase reader's interest.

The compiler of this book is **Muni S. Nirvaanbhooshan V.M.** I appreciate his efforts of giving knowledge of Jainism through English language with the intention of 'Sanskar'

**Acharya Vijay Purnachandrasuri**  
Pravachan Shrut-tirth  
Shankheshwar Mahatirth

Jeth Sud 16-2081 V.S.

11/06/2025

## Fragrance of History

Shri Shankheshwar Mahatirth is famous in the world as the main abode of Lord Shri Shankheshwar. The holy and attractive idol of Lord Shri Shankheshwar Parshwanath, made of only sacred atoms, is what has made a small village Shankheshwar famous in the world map . The history created by this idol is older than 18 *Kodakodi Sagaropam*. The credit for the partial success achieved in exposing this history goes to most revered Acharyabhagwant Shrimad Vijay Purnachandrasurishwarji Maharaj, who has an elegant writing skill. Many devotees demanded that the history of Shankheshwar Mahatirth is heard in bits and pieces, but if it is compiled in the correct form and published in the form of a book, then everyone's respect for Shankheshwar's Dada will increase even more. Keeping this feeling in mind, the accomplished writer Pujya Gurudevshri has strung the scattered pages of history together, which is gracing everyone's hands with the beautiful book titled “Shankheshwar Tirth: Past to Present” which is presented today. It is believed that this book will be beneficial to everyone.

How can we forget **P. M. S. Nirvaanbhooshan V. M.** and **Devangbhai of Punyam Academy Pvt. Ltd.**, who helped in the English translation, and we have received praiseworthy cooperation from **Parshv Chandariya** in proof reading. Therefore, we are thankful to all of them.

Indeed, after reading this book with devotion, one feels that Lord Shri Shankheshwar Parshwanath is alive in the mind of the reader, he is awake, he sees, he speaks, he listens, he takes care of them.

In the end, we take a pause by promising to be committed to fulfil the expectations of the readers who expect speed of progress in the literary journey of Panchprasthan Punyasmruti Prakashan.

- **Panchprasthan Punyasmruti Prakashan, Shankheshwar**

## **Part- 1: Shankheshwar Tirth – From Past to Present**

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## ‘Golden Blessings for Nirvaan’

**Mayanasundari/ Jain Ramayana/Bhadrabahu – a living library/ Pradyumna & Shamba**

Publisher: Smritimandir Prakashan Trust, Ghanshyam Park, Anandnagar, Bhatta-Paldi, Ahmedabad-7

Mobile: Dineshbhai – 9426382003/ Ketanbhai – 9820012570/ Devangbhai - 9825031523

Page-44 / 112/ 16. Price Rs. 25 / Rs. 250 / Rs. 25.

Since P. Muniraj Shri Nirvaanbhooshan Vijayji has a good command over English language, even before this book, the English books written by him have been welcomed. In the same style and words, Mayanasundari's life events have been illustrated in English language. The pictures are stunning. English speaking readers will find such English publications useful. The most popular talks of Jain Ramayana are included with exclusive pictures. ‘Bhadrabahu’ is also too good. Pradyumna & Shamba with exclusive pictures is also best.

(Kalyan Magazine – Top magazine of Jainism) Yr.- 79/81. Volume -12/12

Guide: H.H.P.A.D.S.V. Purnachandra S.M.

This is the experience of years that the children learning in English medium don't have full understanding of Gujarati language. Gujarati discourses pass over their heads; even they feel Gujarati books boring. This is the condition of whole new generation. The age of cultivating moral values is being wasted in education and entertainment. This is the great matter of concern for the well-wishers of Shri Jain Sangh. All of them are concerned about how to make children virtuous, cultured, pious and afraid of sin.

Among many solutions, one solution, perhaps most simple and successful, is : tell the children the stories of Tirthankars, ascetics, great men and great women of virtue. All like stories; children like the most. In addition, it is a matter of experience that an inspiring life-character is more effective example than an inspiring preaching. The horrible results of sins and the sweet fruits of *dharma* can be explained in a simple way through stories.

The learned Muniraj Shri Nirvaanbhooshan Vijay understood this thing years ago and started right efforts in this direction. As a result, today 16 books compiled by him have been published. As these stories of Jain history is reaching to people, their demand is ever increasing. New editions of many books are being published.

It is a matter of delight that Munishri is making his contributions in this great *yagna* for familiarizing lakhs of children of Jain families with the best conduct, thinking, philosophy and history of Jain religion. May Munipravarshri continue to get more and more success in this challenging task – this is my heartfelt greetings!

Vijay Mokshrati Suri

V.S.2081 Mahasud 10, Akota, Vadodara

**Thanks for Appreciable Letters / Opinions/ Guidance**  
**which will give us the most potent force.**

• H.H.P.A.D.S.V Latitshekhar S.M.	• H.H.P.A.D.S.V Punyapaal S.M.
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We have published names of few Jain Acharyas – Monks – Sanghs & libraries. We are thankful to other well - wishers also. We will publish their names in future.

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## Chapter 1: The History of Shri Shankheshwar Parshwanath From Past to Present

Saurashtra and Gujarat are states located close to each other. If Shatrunjay adorns the crown of the *Tirthadhiraj* (topmost pilgrimage) in Saurashtra, then the *Tirtha* (pilgrimage) that makes Gujarat proud is Shankheshwar. Which one is more influential between these two, Shatrunjay and Shankheshwar? Since one will get confused while answering this, one has to come to the conclusion that the glory of both of them has been increasing in competition. Therefore, the flow of pilgrims coming from both the country and abroad keeps flowing towards these two pilgrimages unceasingly.

Shatrunjay is an eternal Tirtha. Its glory as a *Siddha Kshetra* is unparalleled, while the glory of Shankheshwar is due to the ancient idol. ‘*Kankare Kankare Ananta Sidhya*’ such a glorious song is sung about Shatrunjay Giriraj, where the Lord of the ages sits. That is why the hymn ‘*Girivar Darshan Virla Pave*’ is famous. Whereas the heart of the devotee never stops chanting the following long hymn of Shankheshwar:

*‘Samvege taji gharvaso, prabhu Parshwana gandhar thaso,*

*Tav muktipurima jasho, gunilokma vachana gavasho.*

*Aim Damodar Jinvani, Aashadhi shravake jani,*

*Jinvandi nij ghar jave, prabhu Parshwani Pratima bharave.*

*Shankheshwar sahib sacho, bijano aashro kacho.’*

[‘Leaving home in a fit of emotion, you will become the disciple of the Lord, then you will go to Muktipuri and sing in Gunilok.

Understanding the message of Damodar Jin, Aashadhi Shravak bows down to Jin and goes to his own house and establishes the idol of Lord Parshwa.

Lord Shankheshwar is true, the refuge of others is unreliable.]

Because of the most sacred atoms of the most sacred mountain of Siddhgiriraj, the sound of the conch of Shatrunjay keeps resounding continuously, and the influence of the ancient idol of Lord Parshwa keeps the conch of Shankheshwar echoing. Today, with the adjective of Shankheshwar, the history of the idol of Shri Parshwanath Prabhuji is countless years old. The history of the world-famous Shankheshwar pilgrimage is more than 87 thousand years old. Before going into the history of how this pilgrimage was built with the inspiration of Nemi Kumar and with the faith of Krishna Maharaja and the grace of Padmavati-Mataji, let us first take a look at the pages of age-old golden history of how turning to the prophecy of Tirthankar Damodar, the ninth of the last twenty-four Tirthankars, Aashadhi Shravak built the idol of Parshwanath Prabhu in the name of Shankheshwar.



## The Immortal Creation of Aashadhi

Where even the vast wings of speculation covering the sky could not reach, a happy dawn of that past had blossomed. Even today's computer-mathematics of scientists, trying to give a thin estimate of that past, would not remain without getting confused. Only the 'calculatory consciousness' of all wise people could move there. According to the unit of measurement known as Kodakodi Sagaropam, that past means the glorious past of about 18 Kodakodi Sagaropam years ago! At that time, the *Samavasaran* of Lord Shri Damodar Swami of the past *chovishi*, shining with the supreme influence of virtue, was created. Before him, the reigns of eight Tirthankaras had been established. Samavasarans of the ninth Tirthapati Lord Shri Damodar Swami were being created everywhere and countless people were becoming pure and holy in it.

A 'Utsarpinikaal' was passing before the current 'Avasarpinikaal'. The ninth Tirthapati of that period was Shri Damodar Swami.

After him, the reign of fifteen Tirthapatis was to be established and that 'Utsarpinikaal' was to end.

A religious council was convened. The gods and goddesses came. The kings and the queens also gathered. The group of men and women gathered in a crowd. Twelve types of counsellors gathered in that religious council. The unsolved problems of each heart were being solved. Many curious people were smiling with satisfaction after getting answers without asking.

The disciple Aashadhi! Such a question had been lingering and gnawing in his mind for days that when will my soul-bird be liberated by breaking the bonds of this cage of the world? When will my soul-bird, on whose forehead is written free roaming in the vast blue sky, will open the door of this cage and fly into the open sky?

This question arose from all his pores and Aashadhi yearned for its solution every day. Present in the Samavasaran, Aashadhi had a thirsty mouth and a cup full of nectar was lying in front of him. Aashadhi asked the Lord with reverence, "Lord! When will I be liberated?"

Everything was clear before the eyes of the Lord. The harp of the Lord's voice rang out: Aashadhi! The era and the time when you will attain salvation will be the reign of Lord Parshwanath. You will attain salvation by becoming a *Gandhar* (chief disciple), named 'Aryaghosh', of the twenty-third Tirthapati Shri Parshwanath Swami of the coming *chovishi*.

The extreme thirst disappeared and the cries of nectar came out from within. Aashadhi got up joyfully: Blessed, Lord! Your words are very fortunate! Will I attain salvation and that too by becoming a chief disciple? Aashadhi's joy poured out like the showers of *Aashadh*: I will take the blessings of the twenty-third Tirthapati of the coming *Avsarpini*. Whose reign will become a boat for me to sail across the waters of *Bhava*. Now I have to worship him day and night. I should carve such an image of that Lord that the body, mind, and eyes start dancing upon seeing it!

Aashadhi, remembering his benefactor, decided to create an immortal work. The stars revolving in the sky created the ‘auspicious moment’. At that very moment, the sculptor’s chisel rose, life began to flow into the stone, and the Lord appeared from the stone!

Such an immortal idol was created that makes one want to keep their eyes wide open on looking at it!

At some auspicious moment, the consecration of this idol took place making it immortal. Now for Aashadhi, this idol became his life, motion and progress. On looking at that immortal creation, Aashadhi's eyes would overflow with tears of joy: Oh! Blessed is my fate, after attaining the rule of my Lord, I will reach beyond this ocean of existence!

That immortal creation, that idol of Lord Parshwanath, became an attraction for many. As a result of its three-time worship in the form of material worship, Aashadhi accepted self-self-restraint of a disciple. After attaining *Kaal Dharma* due to the influence of practicing a faultless character for years, the great ascetic Aashadhi became a *Vaimanik Dev*. Even at that moment of his journey to the afterlife, that immortal creation kept floating before his eyes. His tongue kept singing the praises of his future benefactor and, having passed away in the contemplation of the Lord, he attained the form of a *Vaimanik Dev*.

The fame and glory of that creation, which had the destiny of remaining immortal, continued to grow even after the *diksha* (initiation) of its creator Aashadhi-Shravak. Like the second moon taking steps towards the full moon! Like the tide of the ocean rising in the light of the full moon! Just like this, the fame of that immortal creation, that idol, kept growing gradually!

## (2)

A lonely bed of the heavenly world became a sanctuary as a bird fluttering its wings came into the cage of the heaven. The sounds of joy were heard all around. That god, born in the heavenly world, peered into the past of his life. The radiance of the knowledge of the past was illuminating his path. In a few moments, his heart became joyful: “Salutation to Parshwaprabhu! By washing away the sins and dirt of births at your pilgrimage, I became holy and become a Lord.”

The soul of the sage Aashadhi, shining with the divine vision of the heavenly world, was filled with memories and recollections of his previous births: remembering that immortal creator, the ocean of divine joy rose up, the ocean of luxury and splendour was surging all around. The sixteen arts of rhythmic dance flourished. But the newly created god was not interested in it at all. He was immersed in the memory of his immortal creation.

The candles were flickering all around. The chandeliers in the jewelled plane were swaying in the breeze and melodious music was emanating from them. But the soul-bird of Aashadhi dev had completely lost touch with this heavenly world. The journey of the human world was fluttering in its wings and the memory of the immortal creation was becoming deeper and deeper.

The song remained in place of the song. The dance remained in place of the dance and the newly created god began his descent into the netherworld in the direction of the human world.

As soon as he(Aashadhi dev) saw that idol of Lord Parshwanath, the divine world and the songs and music there seemed completely uninteresting to him . After years, the indescribable state of bliss that the beloved enjoys from the union of love, no, no, a state of bliss even greater than that, descended in his entire body. He (Aashadhi dev) fell into the lap of his benefactor and, placing that immortal creation on the jewelled altar of his plane, he departed for the world of gods.

The immortal creation, which was virtuously consecrated in the world of humans, now consecrated in the world of gods. (Aashadhi) Dev got blessed. It was as if his creation had the glorious prospect of becoming immortal.

Accepting *sub-human* in human world, Aashadhi Dev reached to the astral world, where he was so absorbed day and night in the worship and devotion of the idol of Lord Shri Parshwanath that he did not even realize when his immense lifespan came to completion. Even during the time of his *chyavan*, he prayed to Lord Parshwanath that I will be liberated during your reign, until then, may I continue to receive your devotion. With such a feeling, even after *chyavan*, Saudharmendra continued to uninterruptedly worship the Lord.

That idol of Parshwanath, which was created to be immortal, was worshipped in the solar plane for 54 lakh years. After this, the worship and devotion of that idol installed in the lunar plane continued for 54 lakh years by Chandrendra. Thereafter, this idol, which was continuously worshipped in the divine realms named *Saudharma-Ishan-Pranat* and 12th Achyuta until the *Virat Kalavadhi*, was successively worshipped at the palace of Lavanodadhi and Bhavanpati Devs, the city of the Vyantara Devs, great rivers like Ganga - Yamuna, and by Varuna Dev, Nagaraj Dharanendra, etc.

On the one hand, the Lord was being worshipped in this way, on the other hand, from the ninth Damodar Tirthankara of Bharatkshetra to the 24th Sampratijin Tirthankara, very long time period had ended and the reign of Lord Rishabhdev, the first Tirthankara of the present *chovishi* of Bharatkshetra, had begun.

Nagaraj Dharanendra, who was pleased with the devotional spirit of the Vidyadhar named Nami-Vinami, who was serving the feet of the Lord of the Era, dedicated this Parshwa idol created by the Aashadhi Shravak to Nami-Vinami who established it on the Vaitadhya mountain. There, the Lord continued to be worshipped by the Vidyadhars for a long time. Up to a vast timespan starting from the first Tirthankar Lord Adinath to the eighth Tirthankar Shri Chandraprabh Swami, the Lord who was worshipped on Vaitadhaya mountain was then taken to the *Saudharma Devlok* by Indra. When Saudharmendra came to know from the preaching of Shri Chandraprabh Swami that his salvation was to happen during the reign of Shri Parshwaprabhu, he became devoted and took the Parshwa idol to Saudharma Devlok and worshipped it for 54 lakh years.

After this, the Nagkumar Devs took this Parshwa idol to the seventh peak of Girnar and benefited from the worship of this Parshwa idol for a long time. When the previous birth of the present Saudharmendra was in the form of Kartik Seth, then due to the influence of this idol he had performed the great ritual of worshipping 100 times the 11 idols of the *shravak*. With the passage of time, the reign of Shri Munisuvrat Swami began. Saudharmendra put the



Parshwa idol on a chariot and brought it to Dandakaranya for worshipping by Rama-Sita during their exile. Due to its effect, their exile was completed without any hindrance, and that idol was again carried back by Saudharmendra in his own plane. Since the land of the seventh peak of Girnar is sacred, over time, Saudharmendra brought that Parshwa idol to Girnar, where gods also worshipped it. Knowing the glory and effect of this idol made by Aashadhi Shravak, Nagraj Dharanendra established it in his palace in the netherworld for paying service and devotion. Thereafter, the period began when, in the Bharatkshetra, Shri Nemikumar was in his youth. His elder cousin brother was Krishna Vasudev, while Prativasudev was Jarasandh. One was the king of Dwarika and the other was the king of Magadh.

Prativasudev, with his prowess, kept winning in his journey of war and kept gaining the lordship of new kingdoms. Since such was the fate that by defeating Prativasudev without any hard work, Vasudeva will enjoy the kingdom that Prativasudev had won by fighting for years and years, Prativasudev Jarasandh was looking for any opportunity to declare war against Krishna Vasudev. There were only 56 crore Yadavas on Krishna's side. While all the kings of Bharatkshetra and the Vidyadhars of Vaitadhya mountain were on the side of Jarasandh, but there was a predominance of virtue on Vasudeva's side. Since Krishna was Vasudev, Prativasudev's defeat was certain.

The bloody war of Mahabharata had come to a tragic end. The battle was so intense and fierce that there was no possibility of a war breaking out in the near future. The warriors of Kaurav army were burnt to ashes in the fire of the battle, and Duryodhana, who was injured in the battle, was forced to flee from the battlefield. But Bhim, the strongest of the Pandavas, chased him and forced him to fight with his mace, and a mace fight began between Duryodhan and Bhim. In this fight, the great warrior Duryodhan was killed.

Duryodhan's friend, Magadh King Jarasandh, was looking for some small or big reason to fight against Krishna. He blamed Krishna for Duryodhan's death and to take revenge he blew the war trumpet against Krishna. Nemikumar would not advise war, and Krishna himself was not in the mood for fighting. But when Jarasandh challenged from the front, it became inevitable to respond for the sake of protecting the kingdom, so Krishna declared war on Jarasandh while staying on the banks of the Saraswati flowing in the northeast direction of Dwarika, which has a very vast area. Nemikumar, who became the twenty-second Tirthankar, found it appropriate to be Krishna's assistant and joined the army with the aim of following fairness, understanding responsibility and wise guidance. Upon realizing this, Indra sent his charioteer Matali to the battlefield with divine weapons and chariot in the service of Nemikumar.

The fierce battle between Vasudev and Prativasudev began on the banks of the Saraswati. On one side was Krishna, who had strong virtues.

Jarasandh having an army of mighty kings started raining arrows in large quantities to defeat Krishna. Arjun alone was able to overwhelm this rain of arrows and taking advantage of the helplessness of Prativasudev's army, which was feeling defeated by the sound of Nemikumar's conch shell, Shri Nemikumar proposed to win the war without weapons and blew such a powerful conch shell that the enemy became deaf and started trembling with fear.

Bhim, Arjun, Sahdev, Baldev etc., were fighting on Krishna's side in such a way that Jarasandh decided to win the war by taking refuge in injustice. He was a scholar of *Jara vidya*. With the evil idea of falling upon Krishna's army after releasing this *vidya* and making Krishna's army weak and sleepy, Jarasandh used the *Jara vidya* by chanting its *mantras*. In the next moment, the strong Krishna army started to crumble due to quick aging effect of *Jara vidya*. The power of *Jara* could not affect only three people – Nemikumar, Krishna and the third person Baldev. Seeing his entire army completely powerless and decrepit, Nemikumar encouraged saddened and depressed Krishna, saying: “This is the ill-effect of the *Jara vidya* used by Jarasandh. Therefore, there is no need to be depressed at all. The idol of Lord Parshwanath made by Aashadhi shravak is currently being worshipped in the house of Nagraj Dharnendra. By pleasing Dharnendra Padmavati, obtain that idol and sprinkle the water obtained from bathing or cleansing of the idol on the army, then the youthfulness will start rising in the entire army.”

Since Krishna had full faith and trust in Nemikumar, he was fully prepared to perform the *sadhana* on the battlefield by fasting for three days to please Dharnendra. But what about the responsibility of protecting the army for three days? The army had lost all the strength to defend itself due to aging and Kumbhkarn-like sleepiness. It was not impossible that the enemy army would take advantage of this opportunity and commit any cruelty, so to free Krishna from such possible fear and provide the necessary resources to immerse himself in *sadhana*, Indra's charioteer Matli said to Krishna: “I will become the charioteer of the chariot driven by Nemikumar and I will continue to roam in the battlefield throughout the day, raining arrows in such a way that the limbs of the enemy army do not even get scratched, and yet the crowns on their heads, all the small and large weapons in their hands, and the wheels of the chariot do not remain untouched. In this way, under the influence of Nemikumar, I will fulfil the entire responsibility of protecting the Yadu army in a non-violent manner without any flaws. I am confident of this. Therefore, you can become completely relaxed and immerse yourself in the *sadhana* that will please Dharnendra-Padmavati. As soon as Krishna received such a promise from Matli, he became immersed in the *sadhana*. Matli's chariot kept roaming to protect the Yadu army, due to which Jarasandh's intention to attack the Yadu army, which was affected by Jarasandh, was turned into dust. He made great efforts, but he could not make any harm to the decrepit army that was struggling and losing. Instead, like a gambler he started preparing for playing double. Jarasandh kept living in the nightmare of completing Krishna's 100 years in a moment by using the ultimate weapon, the *Sama Sudarshan Chakra*, when Krishna came to the battlefield.

On the third day of *sadhana*, when Krishna requested the idol of Parshwaprabhu before Dharnendra-Padmavati, who was pleased with the effect of the *sadhana*, he, who had the divine power to achieve success with the mere thought of his mind, dedicated the ancient idol of Prabhuparshwa, the immortal creation of the Aashadhi Shravak, to Krishna as a boon. According to the saying of Shri Nemikumar, where the water of the divine idol of the deity was sprinkled on the decrepit Yadu army, the entire army woke up with the vigour of youth and stood up to fight with Jarasandh.

As soon as the news of the vigour of youth returning to the Yadu army, Magadh King Jarasandh, like a losing gambler, stood up before Krishna with the *Sudarshan Chakra* in his

hand, ready to play double. As per the destiny, Jarasandh himself was to become the victim of his own *Chakra*, so the *Sudarshan Chakra*, which had escaped from the hands of Prativasudev, came before Vasudev Krishna, made three circumambulations in a submissive manner, and returned to Jarasandh with thunderous speed. Having severed his head and torso, it returned to Krishna's service and remained still as if seeking his command. The sound of the Krishna Vasudev's conch echoed in the horizon, announcing the victory of the Yadu army.

The sky and the earth were filled with the praises of Krishna.

That conch was sounded about 87 thousand years ago, but its echoes have not subsided even today, because this city developed in the memory of the sound of conch (*sankh*) is now a world-famous pilgrimage site known as Shankheshwar. The idol of Lord Parshwanath obtained by the grace of Dharnendra Padmavati and established at this pilgrimage is the most revered among the 108 or 1008 names of Lord Shankheshwar Parshwanath and is being worshipped in many places and villages. Lord Shankheshwar Parshwanath can be worshipped in many names such as Prabhav Tirth, Shraddha Tirth, Vanchhit-Purak Tirth and many more. Since the *Jara* of Yadavas was removed by the *Prakshal* water ( water that comes out of cleansing or washing of the idol of Tirthankar), it is not an exaggeration to call the idol of Shankheshwar Parshwanath a *Prakshal* pilgrimage. As a direct proof of this, even today, the *dedar* and *darbar* ( viewing and assembly) of Lord's *Prakshal* time are filled with such pomp and atmosphere of devotion that thousands and lakhs of people come every day to get the benefit of *Prakshal*, afterwards a crowd of devotees gather with eager eyes and hearts to become a direct witness of that moment of *Prakshal*. Such an atmosphere can rarely be seen in other villages, towns or pilgrimages during the moments of *Prakshal* worship.

The influence or glory of Shankheshwar Tirtha is not due to the ancient idol, the only idol that can be considered as the ancient idol is the idol of Shri Neminath Prabhuji at Girnar Tirtha, because this idol was built during the reign of the third Tirthankar Shri Sagar Jin of the last *chovishi*. Therefore, Girnar can be considered as the pilgrimage where the most ancient idol is established, but Shankheshwar Tirtha can be anointed as the most influential Tirtha. Apart from *Prakshal*, the immense glory of this Tirtha is also due to another unique feature , that is *Atthamtap*! During the festivals of *Posh Dashami*, a great number of *attham* ascetics gathers in Shankheshwar. On other days too, a large number of *attham* and *jap* are performed in this pilgrimage every year. Influenced by the immense power and effect of penance, there is such an attractive power in this pilgrimage that it keeps pulling devotees from far and wide in an unknown way.

Hearing the voice of Damodar Jin, Aashadhi Shravak was filled with devotion and with the depth of his heart he built the idol of Parshwaprabhuji. The history of this countless years-old idol of Parshwaprabhuji is available to this day, but the sequential history of the Shankheshwar Tirtha, which was built 87 thousand years ago, is not available. However, if we want to present the conclusion of the facts derived from whatever facts, documentary evidence, inscriptions, etc. are available, it can be presented in this way.

In the Solanki-era empire, the sun of Siddharaj Jai Singh was shining with millions of rays. His Minister Sajjan got the Jin temples of Girnar restored and thereafter around V.S.1155, the



minister got renovated the Jinalaya of Sankheshwar Parshwanath and celebrated the consecration ceremony under the auspices of Kalikal Sarvagya Shri Hemchandracharya's Gurudev Shri Devchandrasuriji Maharaj.

After the decline of the Solanki era and with the rise of the Vaghela dynasty, the power of the King Veerdhaval started to rise, when the *bandhav-beldi* of Vastupal-Tejpal, who carried the mantle of the Minister, took the opportunity of the restoration of the Jinalaya of Shankheshwar around V.S. 1286 and established a golden urn on the top of fifty-two Jinalayas on the occasion of the consecration ceremony celebrated under the auspices of Dharmdata Gurudev Shri Vardhmansurishwarji Maharaj. After this, the third restoration of Shankheshwar Jinalaya in the thirteenth century is mentioned in a handwritten manuscript written in Patan. This third restoration was done by Durjan Shalya, the king of Jhunjhpur (present-day Jhunjhewada). The background of this is worth knowing. After the king was afflicted with leprosy, and even after many medicinal treatments and sun worship, when the disease did not go away, the king felt like taking refuge in Shankheshwar Parshwanath. The dream sign of the sun god also played a major role in this. Since there was a sun temple there, the king started worshipping sun and received a dream sign that although the leprosy was incurable, this disease could be alleviated by the effect of worshipping Shankheshwar Parshwanath.

With full faith and devotion, the king came to Shankheshwar and as soon as he saw the Lord, such a cry arose from his heart that, through the influence of the devotion of this manifest Lord, he would certainly be freed from the disease, and truly by the influence of devotion, the Lord's water of reverence became an infallible medicine for him.

With the application of *Prakshal* water for a few days, the king's body was freed from leprosy and becoming golden it started shining. What could the king now lack in devotion? He made a firm resolve to renovate the temple and immediately started the renovation work. Knowing this, his benefactor Gurudevshri Paramdevsurishwarji Maharaj performed *ayambil tap* (intense penance of fasting) and unceasing worship so that the renovation work would be completed as soon as possible and without any hindrance. The auspiciousness of Acharyadev's *ayambil tap* and the great effort of the king resulted in the completion of the renovation work and consecration ceremony was celebrated. On the other hand, *parana* (the breaking of long fast) was completed. This third renovation in the thirteenth century was glorious. But the fourteenth century proved to be a disaster for Gujarat. The foothold of Muslim rulers increased. Hindu and Jain temples were attacked every day. The Wadhiyar region of Gujarat was also under the evil eye of fanatical Muslim rulers like Allaaddin Khilji, so the Mahajan (wise people) of that time showed the foresight to keep the idol of Shankheshwar-Parshwaprabhu underground to keep it safe. This saved the ancient idol, but the magnificent temple could not be saved from turning into ruins.

It is believed that the idol of Shankheshwar Parshwaprabhu must have been protected underground and worshipped by the gods, an incident happened years later. Outside the village of Shankheshwar, there was a lake called Kharsol and a well on its banks. For some unknown reason, when it collapsed, a crater was created there. Hence, that place and that crater came to be known as 'Jhand Kuva'. A milkman's cows used to pass by this place and as they approached the well, suddenly milk started flowing from the udder of one of the cows. So it

was natural that the cow would give less milk. One day the milkman started observing when the cows were passing there . As soon as he reached the ‘Jhand Kuva’, he saw milk flowing from the udder of one of the cows like a stream from a pot, and he thought that something miraculous must be hidden in this place. The milkman presented this matter to the wise people. Everyone believed his words and started digging to explore the underground. As soon as they dug a little, everyone danced after seeing the idol of Parshwaprabhu.

After the idol emerged from the underground, the news spread far and wide. Crowds kept gathering to have a glimpse of the Lord. This was the same idol of Parshwaprabhu, which was worshipped in the name of Shankheshwar Parshwanath. When the fear of Muslims subsided after some time, all the Sangh decided to build a grand temple and enshrine this idol in it. In a few years, a grand Jinalaya was built in the middle of Shankheshwar village, and under the auspices of Jagadguru Shri Hirsurishwarji Maharaj’s *pattprabhavak* Sawai Hirla P.A. Shri Sensurishwarji Maharaj, the idol of Shankheshwar Parshwaprabhu, which was found from the underground, was enshrined.

From V.S. 1715 to 1764, during the reign of the Muslim ruler Aurangzeb, the clouds of fear again rose in Gujarat and the Wadhiyar region. Aurangzeb was very notorious as a religious fanatic ruler. The Thakor (ruler) of Mujpur was like a thorn in his eye. Therefore, there was a possibility of an attack on him at any time. When the possibility started to turn out to be true, the Mahajan (wise people) of Shankheshwar had to think seriously about the safety of Parshwanath Prabhu. Finally, with a broken heart, the Mahajan hid the idol in a safe place. Shortly after this, Aurangzeb raided Mujpur. As Thakor was weak against his huge force, Aurangzeb established his power over Mujpur, and in the frenzy of victory, he also destroyed the Jinalaya of Shankheshwar. However, the idol could remain safe as it was in a secret place. In this way, the prestigious Jain temple consecrated by Shri Sensuriji Maharaj turned into ruins after about 80 years.

Time passed. Situations changed. Muslim power became weak. At that time, Shankheshwar Parshwaprabhu was unveiled from a safe-secret place and his worship resumed. But about 315 years ago, for some reason, the Thakor of the village started enjoying the ownership rights over that impressive idol of Parshwanath Prabhu. Gradually, the Thakor made this idol a means of earning and imposed a tax on the pilgrims and visitors. Whoever paid a certain amount of money was considered to have *darshan*, but even in the midst of such orders from the Thakor, devotees kept coming to have darshan of the Lord.

In that period and in such a situation, in V.S.1750, taking a *Sangh* from Khedanagar, P. Upadhyayji Udayratnaji Maharaj came to Shankheshwar. The Thakor who wanted to earn a lot of money from this *Sangh* stood in front of the closed sanctum-sanctorum. He said to the *Sangh*, “ you can get *darshan*(glimpse of the lord) only after paying the price. Add up one gold coin for each pilgrim and first pile up that much gold coin here, only then will the doors of this sanctum-sanctorum will be opened”.

The pilgrims were eager to get the *darshan* of Shankheshwar Parshwaprabhu by paying the tax, but Udayratnaji Maharaj did not want to encourage this kind of ownership and arbitrary desire of the Thakor. He had unwavering faith in the power of devotion. Shri Mantungsuri

Maharaj had attained liberation from bondage by singing the praises of ‘Bhaktamar’. Amidst such an atmosphere that this incident would be repeated, his devotional power of poetry quickly rose. He began singing the praises of Parshwaprabhu in a loud voice. *Paas sankheshwara saar kar sev ka, dev ka aavdi vaar laage. Kodi karjodi darbar aage khada, thakura chakura maan mange.*

[When the servant is near Sankheshwar, what time god will take to come . Standing in front of the court with a pair of hands, and clever Thakor is asking money.]

This cackle that came out from the depths of the navel seemed to be masking some invisible supernatural elements. There was silence in the atmosphere. But the ‘Thakura Chakura’ (clever Thakor) was still adamant. Then the request became more emotional. *Pragat tha pasji! Meli pardo paro mod asuranne aap chhodo, muj mahiran manjushama pesine khalakna nathji bandh kholo.*

The supernatural power could not be suppressed any longer. A miracle happened at that very moment, giving a slap on the cheek of ‘Thakura Chakura’. Everyone watched and the doors of the sanctum-sanctorum automatically opened. Not only the pilgrims of the *Sangh*, but also the Thakor of the village cried out in awe at this power of devotion. At that very moment, he bowed his head before Shri Udayratnji Maharaj and declared that “from today onwards, I withdraw my claim of ownership and possession”. May the Jain Sangh now be pleased to accept this idol.

The gods were worshipping the idol of Shankheshwar Parshwaprabhuji in visible and invisible ways, and on that very day, having realized this, everyone became engrossed at the feet of the Lord. The joy of Jain Sanghs residing in and around Shankheshwar became boundless.

All of them decided to construct a Bavan Jinalaya and enshrine Parshwaprabhu in them. The old temple in the village was still in ruins. With the start of the grand Jinalaya on the vast land nearby, Shankheshwar again started resounding with the arrival of pilgrims. The consecration of Shankheshwar Parshwaprabhu in that Jinalaya took place around V.S.1760 under the auspices of Acharyadev Shri Vijay Ratnasurishwarji Maharaj, the influential figure in the tradition of Shri Hirasuriji Maharaj. Today, the Jinalaya that is called Bavan Jinalaya, where we all become drenched in devotion by worshipping Shankheshwar Parshwanath, more than 300 years have passed since this Jinalaya and the consecration that took place in it.

At one time in Shankheshwar, thousands of Jain Sangh were in full glory, many Jinalayas were in existence, and the *Chaturmas* of influential Acharyadevas were held. Of the 84 *gachhas* of that time, one *gachha* was known as Shankheshwar-*gachha*. The reign of the distinguished P.A. Shri Sarvadevsurji Maharaj, who was honoured as the 36th *pat* of Prabhuvir, is considered to be around V.S.1020 , and Shankheshwar *gachha* was started by him. Today, although none of this heritage has been preserved, the fame and glory of Shankheshwar continues to spread not only in the Jain world, but also throughout India, because Shankheshwar village has got the fortune to preserve the heritage of the only pilgrimage temple of Shankheshwar Parshwanath.

The original form of the shrine of Shankheshwar Parshwanath Prabhuji, which we can feel blessed by visiting, worshipping and paying homage to, is the Bavan Jinalaya consecrated by P.A. Shri Vijayratnasuriji Maharaj around V.S.1760. This continued to be purified and enhanced over time. The present Shankheshwar Jinalaya can be recorded in history as the fifth renovation. In V.S. 1873, under the supervision of the Radhanpur resident Param Shraddhavarya Shri Kamalshibhai, in addition to the beautiful art and carvings, the idols residing in the shrines of Bavan Jinalaya were erected and restored. A grand consecration ceremony was celebrated on Maha Sud Panchami in V.S.1967. Since then, anniversary celebrations have been held in this pilgrimage on the day of Vasant Panchami. In V.S.1967, Apart from five idols of main deity Shankheshwar Parshwanath, the surrounding Bhidbhanjan Parshwanath, the Kausagg stamped Rishabhdev Prabhu, Neminath Prabhu and Padmavati Mataji, consecration of all other idols was performed and 65 flags were installed on all the peaks. There is no specific mention of when was the anniversary of the shrine celebrated before this. But from V.S. 1967 to this day, the anniversary of this shrine is celebrated only on Maha Sud Panchami.

The walls of the temple were built with brick and lime. In V.S.2010, it was built in Makrana stone. Earlier there was only one entrance to the temple. After that, three gates were built in V.S.2034. In V.S.2038, all three peaks including the original one were built in marble. In V.S.2042, the work of fitting marble on fifty-two temples began. The consecration scheduled on Maha Sud Panchami of V.S. 2057 was delayed due to the earthquake and it took place on Kartik Vada Panchami of V.S.2058. After this renovation work done under the special supervision of the managing trustee of the shrine, Shri Arvindbhai Panalal, the grandeur of today's shrine, the Dev-Viman-like Bavan Jinalaya, has emerged. Attracting with artistic marble from the inside and the dance postures of artistic idols carved in the yellow stone of Jaisalmer from the outside, the contemporary artistic splendour of this temple is truly capable of giving a glimpse of Abu-Delwada. As a partial imitation of the sculpture that the artists of Orissa have poured their hearts into carving in this temple, today the artisans of Orissa are seen doing very delicate sculptures in many temples.

Just as the glory of Shatrunjay, which is considered the lucky charm of Saurashtra, is unparalleled, similarly, Shankheshwar, which brings glory to Gujarat, also holds a unique place in its own way, which is not easy to match. If the foundation of the glory bestowed upon Shatrunjay is the sacred atoms there, then the foundation of the glory bestowed upon Shankheshwar is the ancient and impressive idol installed here. Everyone must have come to know this from the extensive presentation made so far on the basis of the many books related to Shankheshwar, mainly '**Sevo Paas Sankhesaro**' (Compiled by: Jyotish Amritlal Shah - Ahmedabad, Published by Gitarth Ganga - Ahmedabad).



## Chapter 2: The Adhishthayak of Shankheshwar Tirth

One tone, one song, only Shankheshwar! The same meditation, the same awareness, only Shankheshwar! One faith, one aspiration, only Shankheshwar!

The Sangh was going ahead with such songs of Shankheshwar. The leadership was of Shri Vardhmansurishwarji Maharaj. He was the *sitar* (a stringed musical instrument) of Shri Shankheshwar's songs. From the strings of that sitar, the songs of Lord Shankheshwar were emerging day and night. He was moving forward with such an unstoppable resolve that, Shankheshwar! Only after your darshan will I put a complete stop to this 100th *Oli* of *Vardhaman Tap* and will break the fast.

The *mahamatya* (*mahamantri* or main minister) of Gujarat who had just passed away considered Shri Vardhmansurishwarji as his 'Guru'. Gurudev's tributes were always longing to be remembered. When the life of the *mahamantri* disappeared behind the veil of death, every *Sangh* felt as if it had lost the face of its vast edifice, and wherever this news reached, songs of tears were sung. When these echoes reached the ears of Shri Vardhmansuriji, for a moment he felt trembling.

He was thinking: did the king who was blowing the entire forest with his roar have gone ! Lion! You were truly a lion. The entire forest was trembled by you. What now?

What now? The waters of this whirlwind dragged Suriiji far and wide into the deep. The tears of Suriiji's eyes also mixed in that water. Tears of shock were falling.

It was as if no homage was being paid to *Mantrishwar*. This devotee-heart, who always bowed at his feet, had departed. It was not for him, the homage filled with devotion that had been attached to him day and night had disappeared, and these tears were not for him either. This was a shock that the rains of *ashadh*, whose showers kept so many *gulmohars* and gardens laughing and playing, had dispersed. Those tears had filled his eyes, whose eyelids used to get wet with the sorrows of others. That's it, *Mantrishwar* went away. Along with him, the pride of Gujarat also departed.

The wound of this loss to *dharma* continued to hurt for days. Shri Vardhmansuriji one day thought that there was no certainty as to when would this body fall. Old age has now surrounded the walls and foundation of the body, so he should meet Lord Shankheshwar once. He conveyed this idea to the Sangh. The Sangh embraced this idea.

groups of monks, nuns and disciples were formed and at an auspicious time the step of departure to the great pilgrimage Shankheshwar was taken. In the forefront was the old body of Shri Vardhmansuriji. The angel of time had mounted on that body. The hearts of all were ringing like *sitar* and the devotion of the song was flowing. The main verse was one for all – Shankheshwar! In your shelter, Shankheshwar! I bow to you.

(2)

The boat that had come to the shore was about to sink. Shankheshwar was not far away now, but there was no sign that the leader of the Sangh would be able to have the last glimpse of Shankheshwar. The swan, which had been confined in the cage of the body for years, was now struggling to roam free and its wings were fluttering violently.

It seemed impossible that Shri Vardhmansurishwarji's old body could now set foot on the sacred soil particles of Shankheshwar. The last pilgrimage of the Sangh was not far away. But in the meantime, the angel of death surrounded his body, the strength of his body became cursed. The angels of death began to roam near his body. His spirit was still the same. Even if the body falls, it may fall, but Shankheshwar! I will embrace you and only then I will break the fast.

This same feeling was roaming in every part of his body. This same feeling was throbbing in the flowing blood stream. Seeing the discomfort of the body of the Sangh-leader, the joy of the entire Sangh vanished. Sadness spread on every face. The Sangh begged Suriiji many times to break the fast, but he refused to retreat even a single step from the path of his vow.

Shri Vardhmansuriiji became more cautious. He also felt that now this body would not be able to wait for Shankheshwar. This eye would not be able to succeed in seeing Shankheshwar. The angel of death kept spinning the wheel of time with the tip of his finger and performing the dance of destruction. The fierce sound of the wheel's roar was shaking everyone, but Vardhmansuriiji, on whom the wheel of time was to be released, did not tremble at all. He was as happy as if he were going to meet any of his old acquaintances.

Scorpions of pain were running around in every pore of his body with sharp stings. The intensity of the pain started increasing moment by moment. But the happiness of jolly-minded Suriiji was increasing. He realized that the curtain of death was only a few moments away from falling on life. The loving flame of happiness was lighting up Suriiji's body. Giving a message to the Sangh that had gathered around him, he said:

"That's it, the flame of candles have come to an end. The lamp is now on the verge of being extinguished. The longing for the sight of Shankheshwar Parshwanath Prabhu remains, despite his pain, his memory continues with every breath and in such an atmosphere, the auspicious festival of death will be celebrated, its joy is boundless.

No eye remained without tears. A hidden cry was being felt deep within every heart. Life is considered lived when a smile sparkles on the face of the one who dies.

Every eye was reading this definition of life in Suriiji's poem. His strength to speak was falling. Nevertheless, Suriiji started a song that was humming on the inner *sitar*: "Blessed is the one whose life is a mango orchard, and in which there are only the cuckoo's chirps, such a life is blessed by the creator of such a life. Who kept the strings of the *sitars* of good deeds resonating even in the last moments of life, where can someone like me be compared to such influential ancestors?"

Now only the final message was left. The sitar of Suriiji's life started resonating again: "I deplore the evil deeds committed unknowingly and that are recorded in black letters on the pages of the book of my life. I also approve of the creation of such good deeds that will make those pages bright. That is all, Shankheshwar, I want to serve your feet, almighty! This is the last longing. This is also the last song and melody of the inner *veena*."

Shri Vardhmansuriji Maharaj sat in meditation with a smile of satisfaction. The old body meditated in the direction from which the wind was coming towards him, carrying the fortunate atoms of the land of Shankheshwar. A sense of sadness was spreading everywhere. Every eye witnessed that meditation. Moment by moment, the whirlwind of time became fierce and a sound became more profound. *Namo Arihantanam.. Shri Shankheshwar...*

The flameless lamp remained. The light in it departed, the light that had been inspiring many to take steps forward on the right path! The curtain of death fell on Vardhmansuriji's life. Leaving his Shankheshwar journey incomplete, the journey of his life was completed in this way. Yet, everyone felt that he was under the shelter of Shankheshwar.

### (3)

The house of *siddhi* is built on the foundation of *sadhana*. Shankheshwar was the *sadhana*. Faith, ambition, meditation, awareness, everything was Shankheshwar. Shri Vardhmansuriji underwent a change of body and became the awakened *Adhishtayak* of Shri Shankheshwar. Now the same *sadhana* started again.

Fulfilling the desires of Shankheshwar's devotees, making the path of their life chariot free from thorns and pebbles and expanding the glory of God more and more, that became the life goal of that *Adhishtayak*.

Once, when the *Adhishtayak* was wandering in the past of his life, minister Vastupal came to his memory. With the lamp of knowledge burning in his heart, the *Adhishtayak* tried to observe the darkness of the past. But there he did not find the extreme signs of Vastupal. He did not have the light of knowledge that would shed light in the darkness far away. *Mansa Siddhi* – the *siddhi* of mind was considered the bright side of the *Adhishtayak*'s life. The gaze of that *Adhishtayak* was drawn towards the far-off 'Mahavideh' region and after a moment or two, the divine power residing on this earth reached the Mahavideh situated far away beyond the countless *sagaropam* and mountains.

In the *samvasaran* of Lord Shri Simandhar Swami, the secret behind the curtain of death was to be revealed today. The *Adhishtayak* dev asked with curiosity: "Lord! Where is Vastupal now and where is Devi Anupama?"

The answer came: "Vastupal is currently the son of this soil. In this very Mahavideh, Vastupal has been born as a king in a city called Pundarikini in the *vijay* called Pushkalavati and in the third life he is to attain salvation. Anupama was born in this same *vijay* as the daughter of a *Shreshthi*, whom I have initiated and who is currently living the pure life of a *shramni* (nun). The soul of Devi Anupama will break the bonds of *karma* in this very life and become free and attain salvation."

Hearing this, Adhishthayak got up with joy: Wow! Vastupal! Wow Anupama Devi! blessed is your *sadhana* ! blessed is your *siddhi*!

The revelation of the incarnation of Vastupal and Anupma in Mahavideh, who became enlightened behind the curtain of death, has been inscribed on the pages of the scriptures.

Since the mention of Vastupal and Anupama, who were incarnated in Mahavideh area is found in their biography, the question may arise that Adhishthayak came to know this information from the mouth of Simandhar Swami, but under whose influence did the author of Vastupal's biography come to know about this? The incident behind this is also interesting and worth knowing.

A devotee had set out for Sankheshwar with the intention of offering a gift of devotion at the feet of Sankheshwar. Though he had with him the gold to be offered as gift, he was completely fearless. He had great faith in the protection of the Adhishthayak of Sankheshwar, more than the other protectors. But such an incident happened that a robber struck halfway through the road and the gold that was being kept as a gift of devotion could not be kept safe. During the robbery, he addressed the Adhishthayak and said, "This gold was not mine, it was yours, that is, God's." Though, you didn't provide security, it is still your responsibility to bring back this looted gold. I am sure that as a devotee of God, you will not fail to protect this gift as well.

Being confident in this way, the devotee moved forward a little, but before he reached the destination, a mysterious power-person came running with the stolen gold. He placed the gold in front of the devotee and said, "Take this gift for the god." The devotee was not surprised to see this gift for God, because he had great faith in the Adhishthayak, but when the thieves and robbers came, he was surprised as to why he did not get their help. He asked: "When the robbers came, you did not help and after the gold was looted in this way, you came to help, what is the reason for this? You are known as an awakened Adhishthayak."

The answer was: "Where are Shri Vastupal and Anupama now?" I had gone to Mahavideh to know this. At that very moment, I was no longer of any use and this gold was looted, but then I realized it immediately and came out to help. Knowing this, the devotee asked another question, "what answer did you get from Simandhar Swami? you must fulfil this curiosity of mine".

The answer was that both of them are currently in the Mahavideh region. Vastupal has been born as a king. He will attain salvation in the third life. Anupama is currently living the life of a nun. Having attained the *Kaldharma*, she will attain salvation in this life itself. Hearing this answer, the devotee became excited. Then, he thought that he should definitely tell this detail to the Acharya who has started Vastupala's biography, so that the biography becomes complete in all respects.

In this way, Shri Vardhmansuriji, who became the Adhishthayak, got this information from the Lord's mouth, and through him, this detail of the Aagam-Nigam was received by the devotee and then recorded in the Vastupal Charitra by its author.

There are countless incidents of this kind related to Shankheshwar Parshwanath Prabhuji, as well as true and spontaneous incidents, which convince us of the influence of the Lord, and



even today such miraculous incidents continue to happen. And if we go to write them in brief, even then the voluminous texts will not be enough. The intention behind presenting this single incident of this kind is that through this incident related to the present life of Vastupal and Anupama, information about the awakened Adhishthayak of Shankheshwar Tirtha can also be found. Apart from being a living and vigilant watchman of Shankheshwar, this invisible power is considered to be present to the devotees also. There is a great possibility that he is the *ayambil-tapasvi* (ascetic) P. Acharya Shri Vardhmansuriji Maharaj, who breathed his last while chanting, singing and meditating on Shankheshwar.

The flow of devotees who wish for the entire flower garden to bloom and smile by placing a single petal at the feet of the Lord is increasing day-by-day. Today, there is a multitude of visions that create dream creations of thirty-two dishes by offering a single piece of *Naivedya*. At that time and at that hour, the manifestation of such miracles of Shankheshwar is not for the growth of *sakam-bhakti* (devotion with desire), but for the growth of *niskam-bhakti* (desireless devotion), which will be obtained without wanting or asking, and so much that it can neither be imagined nor the grandeur of which can be imagined, this kind of unwavering faith in the Lord is manifested, it is only for that.

Another thing: Where do we have the power to ask? The supreme Lord is such an unfailing donor that if we accept his unconditional refuge, then we will not have to think about any of our small or big responsibilities.

A *sakam-bhakt* (devotee having desires) can come to a beggars' row, begging for a single penny, before a benefactor whose wealth is piled up in billions. We are not such naïve and foolish beggars. What more should we ask from the Lord? If we do not ask and have faith, then we will get everything.

We ask God for an axe to cut the leaves of suffering from the great tree of sufferings of this world, but in the Lord's unwavering devotion there is such a powerful force that it can dwarf even the huge banyan tree and can completely cut off the very roots of this world-tree, so where is the question of branches, twigs, and leaves?

'First miracles, then salutations!' This is a common saying, while the saying of Jainism should be different. Salutation is the miracle itself! If we give a salutation without any desire, then we do not feel the need to ask for anything, is that not a miracle that will amaze us. First salutations, then miracles! This can be called Jainism. Countless stories of miracles are still being spread on earth today. The only lesson to be learned from these stories is that the courtyard of the house of one who has faith in the Lord with unselfish devotion is many times more superior to the courtyard of heaven, and much better is what one receives without asking for it than what one receives by asking!

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### Chapter 3: The Effect of Posh Dashami

In the Bharatkshetra, there was a city called Surendrapur. The names of Narasimha and Gunasundari as king and queen were very famous there. In this same city, there lived a *Sheth* (rich businessman) named Surdatt. His wife's name was Shilvati. The name of this *Sheth* and *Shethani* was prominent in the ranks of the wealthy. They had many virtues like charity, generosity, etc. But the biggest flaw was that they were alienated from the supreme healer Shri Jainism due to their falsehood.

The business of the royal Surdatt Sheth was also very big. His name was big in the country and abroad. Since the wind of virtue was favourable, the Sheth earned a lot of money in the business he did, and as long as the sun of fortune continued to shine brightly, all aspects of the Sheth continued to shine, but there came a time when this sun set. So news of losses started coming in from all sides.

The 250 ships that had gone to Ratnadwip were returning with a huge profit. As soon as the ships reached the middle of the ocean they were caught in a storm and drowned. The deals that were supposed to bring in cash and profit were lost. The business desk of the generations that was considered to be strong sat down suddenly.

Thinking of the fate that had suddenly turned, Surdatt became speechless and started beating his forehead. He felt that the earth began to tremble and he was being crushed by it. A few days passed. The Sheth remembered the 11 crore gold coins that he had buried in the earth so that he could have a base during difficult times. Remembering this his eyebrows were raised. The Sheth stood up with a ray of new hope and started digging the ground.

There were many hopes and aspirations, but when that ground was dug a little, the Sheth's expectations were lost in the dust. The 11 crore gold coins that were buried had already turned into scorpions, snakes and embers. The Sheth's heart was broken as all his bases betrayed him one by one. A few days later, the Sheth remembered that the 500 carts of groceries that had gone to the nearby city had not yet arrived. Surely, those carts would return and help me in the time to come.

The Sheth kept counting the days, filled with such hope. But one day, the Sheth was completely devastated after hearing the news that the Bhils had looted those five hundred carts. Hearing this news, the Sheth became completely depressed and despondent. With this last support gone, the royal Surdatt Sheth began to wander through the streets. The Sheth's eyes were now opened. Only now did he realize the truth that the respect, hospitality, and honour that he had received in the city up until now were not for himself, but for his wealth.

Yesterday's Surdatt Sheth, who was honoured and welcomed from house to house, now started wandering around the village, stumbling everywhere. Days passed. Once, Shri Devendrasurishwarji Maharaj arrived in the city. Surdatt Sheth, who was once disturbed to see the Jain sage, now went to his religious assembly and stood there. The entire square was filled

with people. The nectar of the unsurpassed religious discourse was being showered. The Sheth, who had been dry so far from the showers of the elements of the Jinshasan, became drenched in the nectar and became a person with a heart full of devotion towards the sage who was preaching .

After the end of the discourse, Surdatt Seth sat with Shri Devendrasurishwarji Maharaj and after contemplating the elements, became fragrant with Jainism and *Samyag Darshan*. After listening to the effect and form of worshipping Posh Dashami, the Sheth started worshipping Posh Dashami.

Not only the Sheth, but his wife also became a devotee of the Jindharna. Just as the worship of Posh Dashami had begun, good news suddenly came. The Sheth was surprised and happy to hear the news that the ships were returning safely, which he had never expected. But the truth of this news did not ring in his heart. So his wife said: “Sheth, this is a normal result of the worship of Posh Dashami that we have started. I am confident that this news must be true. As a confirmation of this, we should try once again to bring out our underground treasure of 11 crore gold coins. If this effort is successful and the treasure is obtained, then it is certain that the news of the ships returning safely must also be one hundred percent true.”

The Sheth found this statement of the wife to be correct. They tried again to extract the treasure. Then a surprise occurred. The land which had seemed terrible a short time ago, now seemed to be illuminated by the glitter of gold seals. The fortune of the Sheth began to shine again. The upside-down dices began to fall straight in a short time and Surdatt Sheth became royal again, his house became richer than before in religion and wealth. But now the stain of falsehood had gone from the heart of the Sheth. Therefore, this splendour began to become more and more self-benevolent.

As the worship of Posh Dashami progressed, the Sheth began to become more and more prosperous in both spiritual and material prosperity. By doing this, the penance of Posh Dashami for a day was completed. The Sheth's fortune was flourishing. At this time Shri Devendrasuriji Maharaj also arrived in the city. The peacock of Sheth's heart danced with sixteen arts. Placing his head at the feet of Acharyadev, the Sheth said:

"What I have gained through your influence is incalculable. The wealth and honour that I lost have been regained many times over, and I do not value it at all. This achievement is not worth as much as the grass that I find when I go to get grain.

The real achievement that I have achieved through the worship of Posh Dashami and your influence is spiritual prosperity. The knowledge of the Jin Dharma and the understanding of the soul, virtue and sin, heaven and hell, and such elements, are my capital. Having received the *samyagdarshan* (right vision), now I have a feeling that I will not have to wander for many more lifetimes. All this influence is of the worship and penance of Posh Dashami. This penance is also complete, now if you are kind enough to tell me the method of *udyapan* (closing ceremony) , there will be no limits to my joy. I have heard that the installation of the *dhwaj-kalash* (flag and urn) on the Jin temple that has been built should be performed as a celebration of the completed penance.

Shri Devendrasuriji Maharaj became more compassionate and he narrated to Surdatt Sheth the detailed method of *udyapan*. The joy of the Sheth knew no bounds. The Sheth welcomed the opportunity to utilize Asar-Lakshmi (wealth) in the most important work and through the *atthai mahotsav* (eight-day festival), *udyapan*, *swami vatsalya*, *rath yatra*, etc., the Sheth celebrated the Posh Dashami penance in such a way that the victory of the Jain rule resonated in the hearts of many beings. After this, the Sheth performed *udyapan* in detail and built 10 new Jain temples. One day, Surdatt Sheth entrusted his son named Sundar to the household and accepted monkhood. After observing pure self-restraint through various penances for 12 years, he fasted for 15 days and was reborn as a *Dev* in the 10th *Devlok*.

Mahavideh Kshetra. In it, the beautiful victory that came in Pushkalavati. The name of a city located in it is Mangalavati. There, the names of Singhsen as a king and Gunsundari as a queen are famous. Surdatt Shresthi, having practiced self-restraint, attained the form of a *Dev* in the 10th *Devlok* with a lifespan of 20 *sagaropam*. There, that soul, having completed the divine life of 20 *sagaropam*, will be born in the future in Mangalavati from the womb of Gunsundari and will be famous as the prince Jaysen. After enjoying the happiness of the world, one day he will become a monk. In the life of self-restraint, he will become a practitioner of *Dwadsangi* and will wander alone in the forest, meditating on *karyotsarga*. Then, an evil *Dev* will create many adversities in a night to distract the sage. By forgivingly enduring those adversities, the sage will become a *Kevali* by meditating on *karmchatushtay* and by wandering as a *Kevali*, he will attain salvation by eroding the karmic and physical defilements.

Surdatt Seth's wife Shilvati also finally accepted self-restraint and attained the *Kaal Dharm* by fasting and was transformed into the *Devlok*. When the divine life was over, she would be reborn in Mahavideh, and by receiving the yoga of Suguru, Shilvati would become self-restrained and in that very life, completely destroying the eightfold path of karma, she would become the enjoyer of liberation.

Thus, in the lives of Surdatt Shresthi and Shilvati, the worship of Posh Dashami became and will continue to be the most fruitful. This is not considered to be any ordinary effect of the worship of *Kalyanak*. What is the surprise in the fact that such an influential Posh Dashami worship is still influential today?

### **Posh Dashmi: The Janma Kalyanak of Shri Parshwaprabhu and the Method of Worship**

The worship of Posh Dashami is mainly performed in relation to the Janma Kalyanak of Shri Parshwanath Prabhu. From one perspective, it can be said that if there is any worship that is most popular and most widely performed among the worships of Kalyanak days, then it is the worship of Posh Dashami. The worship of other Kalyanaks is done in the Sangh, but if note of any worship of Kalyanak is to be taken that is done in the entire Sangh on a large scale for three days, starting from special penance and chanting, then it can only be taken of Posh Dashami. As a reason for this, if we look deeply into the classical adjective '*Purushadaniya*' attached to the name of Shri Parshwanath Prabhu, many reasons can be found.



(1) After the *Nirvaan* of Shri Parshwanath Prabhu, many Sadhus and Sadhvis attained the *kaal dharma* due to *saiyam-shaithilya* and became *Bhuvanapati* etc. Since their unique devotion towards Parshwanath Prabhu was preserved in them, they continued to appear before the devotees of Parshwanath Prabhu to fulfil their wishes. Therefore, the influence of Parshwanath Prabhu continues to expand even today.

(2) When Shri Parshwanath Bhagwan had not become a Tirthankar, then in the time of Damodar Tirthankar Prabhu in the last *chovishi*, Aashadhi Shravak, knowing about the favours that the Lord would bestow on him, had built an idol of Shri Parshwanath Prabhu, which is being worshipped today as Shankheshwar Parshwanath.

During the time of Krishna, a Tirthankar named Nemikumar warded off *Jara* of the Yadavas by suggesting a way to manifest the idol of Shri Parshwanath Prabhu and with the effect of the idol obtained from netherworld the Jara of Yadavas was warded off. It is possible that when this image of Parshwanath was created by Aashadhi Shravak, the soul of the Lord, who was in any birth before the famous 10th birth and may not have attained the same state, yet from that time onwards the light of Prabhu's effect started shining. This is considered to be a kind of excellent virtue.

(3) Shri Parshwanath Prabhu, in the third birth before his birth as a Tirthankara, was King Shri Kanakbahu. In this birth, he accepted self-restraint, performed 20 *Sthanak Tap*, and with unprecedented *bhavdaya*, the Lord eliminating the karma called Jin and achieving kaaldharma became the chief god with a lifespan of twenty *sagaropam* in the Devlok. In this time, 13th Tirthapati was Shri Vimalnath Prabhu. After this, Shri Neminath Bhagwan attained Nirvaan. Until then, the Lord's devatma (divine soul) Shri Jineshwar Bhagwant leaded 500 kalyanak festivals and completed unprecedented virtue. During this period of 20 *sagaropam*, there were ten Tirthankars in the ten regions including five Bharats and five Airavats. The sum of the five kalyanaks of each of these Tirthankars is 500. In the celebration of all those kalyanaks, the divine soul of Parshwanath Prabhu took the lead during the divine lifespan of 20 *sagaropam* and built a temple of devotion. What is the surprise in the fact that the rise of this virtue makes the Lord '*Purushadaniya*'? This may also be one of the reasons for the greater world fame of Shri Parshwanath Prabhu among all the Tirthankars. This has been beautifully presented by Pandit Shubhvir at the beginning of the Panch Kalyanak worship.

***Kanakbahu Bhave Bandh Jinnamno Kariye Dashame Devlokavasi,***

***Sakal Surthi Ghani Tej Kranti Bhani Vish Sagar Sukh Te Vilasi.***

***Kshetra Das Jinvara Kalyanak Panchse Utsav Kartam Sur Sathsu A,***

***Thaiye Agresari Saasay Jintani, Rachat Puja Nij Shu A?***

For many such reasons, there is worship of Shri Parshwanath Prabhu's Janma Kalyanak . Its general method is as follows.

(1) Posh Vad (Gujarati), Magsar Vad 9,10,11, During these three days, *Dev-vandan*, *Snatra Puja*, *Rath Yatra*, etc. must be organized both times .

(2) The day of Janma Kalyanak Posh Vad 10 should be in middle, in this way one day before it and one day after it there will be in total three *ekashna* on which *ekashna tap* should be performed. Of these three *ekashna*, the first one is done with sugar water, the second with *kheer* and the third without any limit of this kind of substance. On the 10th (Dasham) day, one should perform *thamchovihar*.

(3) During the three days, ‘*Om Hree Shri Parshwanathay Arhate Namah*’ should be chanted daily for two thousand times by counting 20-20 *navkarwali* of this verse.

**Essential precaution:** The worship of Posh Dashami is mainly the worship of the Janma Kalyanak of Lord Parshwanath, therefore it is the rule to count ‘*Om Hree Shri Parshwanathay Arhate Namah*’ with the *navkarwali* of this verse on all three days. Then, the worship of Posh Vad 10 is to be done in such a way that the *ekashna* of Posh Vad 9 comes one day before Posh Vad 10 and *ekashna* of Posh Vad 11 comes one day after Posh Vad 10. Although Posh Vad 11 is the *Diksha Kalyanak* day of initiation of Lord Parshwanath, it is not mentioned in this worship. In the Sanskrit version of the Posh Dashami story, the rule of performing three *ekashna* is clear through the line ‘*Purvottar Dashamya Ch karya ekashntrayam*’, which says that the *ekashna* of the 10th comes in the middle. However, if someone has the intention of counting the *Diksha Kalyanak* after counting the Janma Kalyanak as well, then that intention is to be commended.

**Note:** Posh Dashami Tap should be started from Posh Vad (Gujarati) Magsar Vad 9,10,11 with consequently 3 *Ekasnas* or 3 *Upvaas* for a minimum time period of 10 years & 10 months, It can be continued throughout the life also. In rest 11 months on Vad Dasham (10), *Ekasna*, etc., should be done with worship of *Jap*, *Dev-vandan*, etc.

For further details you should approach a Jain-monk personally. India is the greatest nation because you can easily approach a Jain-monk over here very easily...

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## Chapter 4: The Importance of Worshipping Kalyanak

The word Kalyanak has a great importance in Jainism. It is a very emotional and meaningful word. The one who does *kalyan* (welfare) is a Kalyanak! The day that conveys the message of such *sadhana* through which the ultimate welfare of the self can be achieved can be known as 'Kalyanak'. There are five such Kalyanaks in Jainism. (1) Chyavan Kalyanak, (2) Janma Kalyanak, (3) Diksha Kalyanak, (4) Kevalgyan Kalyanak, (5) Nirvaan Kalyanak.

In this world, many living beings attain Chyavan as the result of entering the mother's womb, Janma(birth) as the result of coming out of the womb, Diksha (initiation) as the result of renunciation of the world, Kevalgyan as the result of complete knowledge of the three worlds and three eras, and Nirvaan as the result of complete liberation from worldly life, but these five events of all those living beings are not hailed as 'Kalyanak'. Only the Tirthankaras can attain these five events as 'Kalyanak'. Thinking about the reason for this, our gaze cannot fail to focus on the special virtues of the Tirthankara gods and their special self-beneficial *sadhna*.

The living body of the Tirthankara Supreme Soul has possessed such a uniqueness from time immemorial that it cannot be compared.

Just as an impure and uncultured gem is considered more precious than a bright glass, even if the soul of a Tirthankar Bhagwant is impure, its value is many times greater than that of others. The soul of such saviours, whether it is in one-sensory, two-sensory, three-sensory, four-sensory, five-sensory: in any of these five castes, it always attains the highest status in that caste. After attaining the righteousness, that soul becomes more and more self-benevolent. By performing twenty sthanak worship in the third life before becoming a Tirthankara and by having the sublime feeling of '*savijiv karu shasan rasi* (I will rule all beings)', those saviours become the masters of such special virtues that in their life as a Tirthankara, they attain the very special glory of being the Chyavan, Janma, Diksha, Kevalgyan and Nirvaan Kalyanak.

For these saviours, the last Chyavan becomes the cause of avoiding many Chyavan, the last Janma (birth) of those saviours turns out to be the cause of many births, the events of Diksha, Kevalgyan and Nirvaan of those saviours become the causes of many beings attaining these three extremely rare things. This is why these five occasions are known as Kalyanak. One who influences Kalyan(welfare) is Kalyanak. This definition seems to fit the life of the Tirthankara gods more than the great Kevalgyani men. That is why these five occasions of the Tirthankara gods are celebrated as Kalyanak in the Jain rule and the importance of those days is attached to them like festivals.

This era is considered to be the era of Jayanti (birth anniversary). The Jayantis celebrated from time to time have created such a storm that today the majority of the Jain society is forgetting the meaningful word Kalyanak, and falling prey to the madness of spreading the meaningless word Jayanti indiscriminately and unbridled, and is playing a part, knowingly or unknowingly, in the activity of establishing a supernatural being in the level of a worldly man by shouting

words like Mahavir Jayanti. This mistake is unforgivable, yet since the society that is the victim of this mistake is ignorant, this mistake can still be considered forgivable. But even a large section of the Sangh, which is considered wise, has fallen victim to the mistake of considering and celebrating important days of worship like Kalyanak Tithis as subordinate. How can this mistake, which is deliberately committed, be considered forgivable?

In this era of '*Jayanti*', re-establishing the importance of Kalyanak, which is being forgotten, is considered an important duty of the Sangh. The Chaturvidh Sangh should cooperate in this, instead of that, who worships the Kalyanaks today? Does anyone know about the Kalyanaks? Today is not the time of Tithi, but of Tarikh(date). When a group with such a custom is growing, what is the importance of Kalyanak? How much importance the scriptures have given to the worship of Kalyanak? It is essential to think about such subjects deeply, after being completely free from prejudice.

How important is the worship of the Kalyanaks? Also, the soul who has renounced the name of a Tirthankara can become a master of such great virtue by celebrating the occasion of Kalyanak of the gods in the Devlok with great joy. His virtue makes Shri Parshwanath Prabhu the first person in the Devlok. In the ninth life, the soul of Parshwanath Prabhu attained a divine life with a lifespan of 20 sagaropam in the 10th Devlok. During this divine life, the soul of that saviour, who had renounced the name of a Tirthankara, took the lead among 500 Jins and participated in the celebration of the Kalyanak of the gods. Also, by taking advantage of the worship, praise, etc. of the eternal images of the Jins, he accumulated incomparable virtue, and was adorned with the adjective of Purushadaniya. One of the reasons for this is the accumulation of virtue through this celebration of the Kalyanaks.

This story of the celebration of the Kalyanaks has been presented by Pandit Shri Shubhvir in the beginning of the Panchkalyanak Puja. The importance of the celebration of the Kalyanaks and the special accumulation of virtue achieved through it can be well understood from this incident in the life of Shri Parshwanath Prabhu.

First of all, let us consider how much importance the Kalyanak days have been given in the Jain rule. We understand the importance of the *Parvatithi* (festival day) to some extent, but the Kalyanak days also have the same importance as the Tithi. Very few know this. In the biography called *Trishashti Shalaka*, Kalikal Sarvagya Shri Hemchandrasurishwarji Maharaja has written a lot about the importance of the Kalyanak days of Jineshwar Dev. In '*Trishashti Shalaka*', which describes the Janma Kalyanak days as being venerated like the Lord, it has been said that,

“Lord! This day is as sacred as yours forever, because this day has been made sacred by the festival of your Janma Kalyanak. (1)”

"Lord! From your birth festival, even the inhabitants of hell experience a momentary happiness. Truly, the rise -birth of Arihant does not remove whose sorrow! (2)”

"Lord! This Bharatvarsh has become more beautiful than the Devlok today. Because the Chudamani Sama has become more adorned today because of you. (3)”



“Lord! Like a *Kalpavriksha* in a land without trees and leaves, like a river flowing in a desert, you have been born in the land of Bharat due to the virtue of the people. (4)”

The five Kalyanaks of the Jin are the ones who benefit the soul, and after this Chyavan and birth, the Lord does not have to take Chyavan or rebirth, after receiving Diksha, there is no need to take Diksha again. After receiving Kevalgyan, there is no need to gain any more knowledge and after attaining Nirvaan, there is no need to die again. That is why in the Jain rule, the rule of considering the five Kalyanaks as Parvatithi (festival day) is found in many scriptures.

Just as worship is important in the worship of the Kalyanak, the appointed date of the Kalyanak to be worshipped is also no less important. Therefore, the appointed date of the Kalyanak should not be given less importance by putting forth the worship. On festivals like Maun-Ekadashi, Diwali, etc. the worship performed on that Tithi becomes fruitful many times over. Presenting this, the scriptures say,

"Maun Ekadashi is a day of great Kalyanak. This is the best in the twelve months. Fasting on this day gives the result of 150 fasts."

Fasting once during Diwali festival gives a thousandfold virtues. Performing Attham gives crores of virtues.

As for worship, chaumasa etc. festival tithi and Kalyanak tithi are similar. So P. Upadhyayji Dharmasagarji Ganivar has stated in Tattvatarangini that Upadhyayji Maharajshree Yashovijayji Ganivar, in his 150 hymn, has described the similarity of the days of Kalyanak - thithis, Atthai, Chaumasi, etc., as well as the worship of Jin by the Devs on these days, and has sung,

***“ Kalyanak atthai varshi tithi chaumasi sarkhi re***

***Teh nimitte sur Jin arche nitya bhaktipane virche re***

The definition of the word Dharma is: “Dharaytiti Dharma”: That which a creature who falls into misfortune adheres to is called Dharma. The definition of the word Parva is: A punatiti parva that purifies a person is a Parva . The days by effect of which, the soul becomes free from the impurities of sin and endowed with the power of special virtue are called Parvatithis. The second meaning of the Parva is the knot. The part of the knot in the sugarcane stalk is known as Parva. By sowing this knot-parva, one gets fruits manifold. Similarly by worshipping on Parvatithis one gets manifold results. Even the living beings who cannot worship on permanent basis get the support of the Parva to join the religion. That is why the scriptures have organized Parvatithis.

The bond of the *Parbhav* is completed in the third part of the life span and on the other hand, Parvatithi comes on the third day. Therefore, since it is possible for the bond to end on Parvatithi, the scriptures have specially ordered to perform special worship on the day of Parvatithi. The scriptures have also divided this Parvatithi into three categories. Some The Parvatithis are for worshipping the character, some Parvatithis are for worshipping knowledge, some Parvatithis are famous for worshipping vision.

Aatham, Chaudash, Purnima-Amavasya: Since the main focus of Charitra worship is on these Tithis, it should be worshipped with Poshadh etc. These Tithis of Charitra worship include Kalyanak-Tithis, Paryushana-Tithis, etc.

Bij, Pancham, Ekadashi: Since there is a possibility of worshipping knowledge on these Tithis, it should be worshipped.

The other Tithis are Darshan-Tithis. Therefore, for the purification of vision, special emphasis has been laid on purifying vision by renunciation of falsehood and worshipping the Devguru, listening to the Jinagam, performing religious rituals, pilgrimage, touching the Kalyanak lands of the Jineshwar Bhagwant, etc. on these Parvatithis.

This matter has been discussed in great detail in the book 'Chaturmasik Vyakhyan'. The summary of all this discussion is that the Kalyanak Tithis are as important as the Parva Tithis. The scholars have considered the Kalyanak Tithis to be very important by including them in the Charitra Tithis.

The importance of the Kalyanak Tithis and the fruitfulness of the worship performed on these Tithis are not small. Therefore, the emphasis given to the Kalyanak Tithis cannot be even a little less than emphasis given to the Parvathi. Just as the Parva Tithis are fixed, so are the Kalyanak Tithis. Just as the Parva worship prevents the wandering of the world, the Kalyanak worship also removes the wandering of the world. Therefore, any worshipping soul who understands the secret of Jain rule cannot underestimate the importance of the Kalyanak Tithis, because the worship of the right vision-knowledge-character is the path to salvation. An important part of the worship of this path is also the Kalyanak Tithis.

Like the Kalyanak days of Shri Jineshwar Bhagwant, the Kalyanak lands also have a special influence. in the 149th Gatha of the third edition of Yogshastra, P. Kalikal Sarvagya Shri Hemchandrasurishwarji Maharaja, while showing the acceptable method of the final Sanlekhna, has written that Sanlekhna should be accepted in the land made holy by the birth-initiation-knowledge and liberation (*nirvaan*) of Shri Jineshwar Bhagwant. If such a land is not possible to obtain, then finally, in a house or forest free from insects and any impurity, one should accept Sanlekhna.

Right vision (*samyag darshan*) is the foundation of Jinshasan. Even rigorous penance of millions of years without Samakti cannot give *moksha* (salvation), while even Navkarshi-like penance with Samakti can give salvation through tradition. The door of Muktimahal (the palace of liberation), a ship in the ocean of life, a lighthouse in the ocean of life, etc., whatever you consider is the *samyag darshan*. Like other aspects of attaining-confirming-purifying *samyag darshan*, the worship of the Kalyanak is also an important aspect.

Thus, When it is a duty of the Jain to make the worship of the Kalyanaks more vigorous, why should the importance of the Kalyanak worship be distorted or even lost? How can today's generation, which has the memory power to keep the dates of the country and abroad on its tongue, be deprived of the memory of the Kalyanak days?

The importance of Shri Kalpsutra is the same as before, today it has completely changed. It is auspicious to read its eight lectures in five days during the days of Paryushan. If one listens to

the Kalp twenty-one times and finds appropriate matter then he reaches to Moksha(salvation)in the seventh -eighth birth.

Despite such true statement, the class that does not believe in it and neglects listening to Kalpsutra is increasing today. Apart from this, who does listen to the Kalpsutra in a ritualistic manner? By saying this, just as the practice of listening to the Kalpsutra cannot be made less important, in the same way, even though the class of worshippers of the Kalyanak is decreasing, this benefactor-oriented practice cannot be given less importance.

The scholars have emphasized on worshipping the Kalyanaks on the fixed dates only because the worshipper of one Kalyanak can get the benefit of worshipping many Kalyanaks. Because in this Bharatkshetra of Jambudweep, the five Kalyanak days of the 24 Tirthankara Devs, such as Shri Risha Bhagwan etc., are the same Kalyanak days of the current *chovishi*'s Tirthankar Devs in the remaining four Bharatkshetras as well as the five Airavat Kshetras in them.

For example, the five Kalyanak days of Lord Shri Mahavir are on the same day as the last Tirthankar of the present *chovishi* of the four Bharatkshetras and the five Airavat Kshetras. The summary is that if the worshipper who worships the Janma Kalyanak day of Lord Shri Mahavir understands all this and worships all these Kalyanak days, then he can get the excellent benefit of worshipping the Janma Kalyanak days of the nine hundred Tirthankaras of the current *chovishi* of the nine Kshetras. If Kalyanak is worshipped with the expectation of the past and future *chovishi*, then the benefits of worshipping this one Kalyanak day are likely to be multiplied infinitely.

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## Part-2: Lord Shri Parshwanath- 10 Bhavas

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# 1. Cultivating Vengeance

## Bhava-1<sup>st</sup>

This ship of the world is passing through the whirlpools of vengeance and affection. Sometimes the storms of vengeance rage in this ocean of the world, sometimes the wind of affection flows softly here. Thus, a human being is sometimes thrown into the whirlpool, sometimes he passes through the whirlpool safely.

No one could have imagined that the life-boat of Kamath and Marubhuti would be hit by the storm of vengeance and that the boat would get tangled in a whirlpool. But one incident happened that a fight broke out between the brothers.

Priest Vishwabhuti had two sons, Kamath and Marubhuti. One was crooked in his speech and the other was simple in nature. One was even malevolent to the benevolent, and the other benevolent to the malevolent.

One day, Priest Vishwabhuti gave up everything to seek the welfare of the soul. His wife Anuddhara also followed in her husband's footsteps and became a *Sadhvi* (nun). The burden of the household now fell on Kamath.

Marubhuti accepted his elder brother as his father. Amidst the winds of affection, the ships of life started moving forward. But one day, a storm suddenly rushed in and a fierce animosity arose between the affectionate brothers.

The inspiration of Acharya Shri Harishchandra had indeed brought about a wonderful change in Marubhuti's life and he started living a life like a lotus amidst the water, mud and dirt. Marubhuti's wife Vasundhara was not a dispassionate worshipper. She did not like this step of her husband. She threw many, many nooses of love. But Marubhuti escaped from all of them safely. After the fire of *viraag* (dispassion or detachment) has flared up, what strength does the garden of passion have that it can survive!

In Kamath's strong heart, at some sinful moment, a lightning bolt of perversion struck. He thought: My Varuna is like the new moon in front of the full moon of this Vasundhara's beauty. The opportunity has come. My brother has been affected by *Bhabhuti*, so why shouldn't I make Vasundhara mine?

Vasundhara was indeed an Aryan woman. Yet, who is Aryan and who is non-Aryan in the eyes of lust? Kamath threw such love-nooses that the relationship between Kamath and Vasundhara, which was getting closer in the name of affection, turned into perversion one day.

Kamath's wife Varuna smelled these sinful steps of her husband. One day, she opened the doors of her heart to her brother-in-law. Marubhuti was not ready to believe that his elder brother could be so unrestrained. But in the end, Varuna said only this: ' Brother-in-law! Betrayal is being played. No relationship remains pure in front of lust, just as excessive distrust is the root of misfortune, excessive trust also leads to destruction!'



Varuna was certainly successful in creating not distrust but suspicion in Marubhuti's mind and based on this suspicion he played a drama. One day, Marubhuti went out of town after taking leave from his elder brother. The night was dark. But even more darkness had settled in the hearts of Kamath and Vasundhara today. The path of love had become thornless as Marubhuti went today. So, they decided to take advantage of it.

As night fell, a voice of a distressed person was heard: "Mother -father! Will you do some goodness to this poor? If you give me shelter tonight then god will bless you".

Kamath gave shelter to that unfortunate person in his house. This was just a drama. Marubhuti spent that night in Kamath's house in the guise of an unfortunate person and his every pore started burning: "Such betrayal! Such betrayal from a relative! Such a flame came out of water!"

Marubhuti damned the world. Where lust takes the place of affection in the relationship between brothers, that world started eating him. After playing drama, Marubhuti came home. It was not wise to do yes, nor was it beneficial to take it. Marubhuti stood before the King Arvind. He filed his complaint and appealed for justice, and Varuna also supported for it .

A fire also flared up in the heart of King Arvind: "Such a sinful act in his kingdom!" Fuming with anger, he said to himself: "Kamath! May you suffer the consequences of your deeds and the pain of your actions in this very birth! You have put a black stain on the sanctity of this Potanpur. If I do not punish you, my city will either have to suffer the tremors of the earth or immersion in the waters of the sea".

King Arvind stood up in anger. He ordered: "Make this Kamath sit on a donkey. Shave his head and put a garland of shoes on his neck and take a procession of his honour throughout the city and send him in exile.

Just as extremely fiery virtue almost shows its full potential in this very birth. Similarly, extremely fiery sin also gives its tragic consequences in this very birth. Kamath's sin was not insignificant. Kamath, who was scolded by the people of Potanpur, went into exile. These storms of vengeance and vice dragged Kamath's life into a deadly vortex, and thus the seeds of vengeance were sown between brothers.

Marubhuti was completely innocent in this sowing of vengeance. It was impossible for his heart, playing with the feeling of extinguishing the lamp of discontent, to sow such seeds of vengeance. But he could not do without fulfilling his duty of taking bitter medicine against the stubborn disease.

Kamath, who was of nowhere, came wandering to a hermitage. Keeping the fierce fire of vengeance burning within him towards Marubhuti, he adorned himself with saffron and lit the fire of meditation.

Days passed. The matter was forgotten. But the incident had not yet been forgotten from Marubhuti's mind. It seemed to him that Kamath's harsh eyes, which were shooting fire at him, were still piercing him. It seemed to him that the fire of malice burning in Kamath's heart was burning fiercely to destroy him.

Marubhuti was a soul of different type. To quench the flames burning in Kamath's heart, he went in search of Kamath one day with a plea for forgiveness. Marubhuti wandered from one

place to another repenting for himself who had become the cause for growing the tree of vengeance. After scouring the dust of forests, one day he came across an ashram where Kamath lived. Marubhuti narrated the story of Kamath to the chancellor of the ashram. After hearing that dark story, the chancellor stood up and said: "Hey, I gave support to a snake."

Marubhuti felt that injustice was being done to the elder brother. He said frankly: Chancellor! No, no, if even a deadly creature like a snake can become non-venomous in the lap of *Garudik*, then can a person like a human being who is supported by your *sadhana* not become non-venomous and free from vice? Your *sadhana* must have made my elder brother pure. I too have come to purify myself by removing the impurities of my heart. Until there is impurity, how can the building of *sadhana* be built?

The Chancellor wondered: "Where Kamath and where Marubhuti?" if a rose and a thorn plant had grown in the same place and from the same seed, the Chancellor would not have been so surprised, but seeing this opposite attitude of two brothers, he spoke out with amazement: "What a difference between human beings, someone is Kankar (pebble) and someone is *Shankar* (god)!"

The Chancellor pointed his finger towards the hermitage of Kamath. Marubhuti moved forward in that direction. It was a beautiful place. There was a thick bush. It was such a beauty that *sadhana* would deviate. Incense and fragrant substances were burning all around. It did not take very long to recognize Kamath sitting on a tiger skin seat. He had understood the true religion, so he spoke to him:

"O foolish! Why are you putting such venom in the nectar of *sadhana*? Is this burning incense, this tiger-skin and this cottage helpful in true meditation? Where the innocent monk-life shown by Acharya Shri Harishchandra! And where is this ascetic life full of faults?"

Marubhuti reached Kamath with a plea of forgiveness. On seeing his younger brother that day, Kamath got up with his eyes filled with anger. His third eye opened and a fire of vengeance like the smoke blazing outside flared up in his heart. Gritting his teeth, he muttered to himself: "You worthless, still don't want to give up chasing me? You made me leave my home, leave my country, made me change my clothes and even my direction. Will you not let me sit in this ashram now? No, no, I will complete your hundred years now. Then there will be no bamboo nor the flute will play."

Marubhuti fell at Kamath's feet. In a tearful voice, he said, "Elder brother! Forgive this offender. You have already become pious by adopting the path of *Sadhana*. I have come to you only for the purification of my heart."

And Kamath threw a stone at the Marubhuti who was lying at his feet. The entire ashram erupted in a loud bang. Everyone ran there, gasping for breath.

When the Chancellor saw it, the game was over. The ashram had become disgraced today. The bird of Marubhuti's soul had flown away. Silence and lamentation prevailed everywhere.

The Chancellor hissed: Alas! I have indeed milked a snake.

He immediately expelled Kamath from the ashram. Kamath, like a wandering cattle, also died of thirst one day. Thus, Kamath died without harvesting the seeds of vengeance that he had sown. Marubhuti, who had succeeded in maintaining his lifelong forgiveness, finally missed

the last chance and lost in front of Kamath's crime and died by falling under the rock. Kamath, who had kept the flame of vengeance burning throughout his life, finally died by adding more fuel to that flame.

One-sided vengeance also causes so much misery. Presenting its exact story, the future Lord Shri Parshwanath is hidden in the character of Marubhuti. He forgave in this birth and he almost became pure, yet the opponent did not forgive. He insisted on continuing the war of revenge and until the divine spirit hidden in Marubhuti blossomed, the soul of that Kamath continued to work hard to extract revenge.

If even unilateral revenge creates such a mess, then what will happen to bilateral revenge? Thus, revenge was planted and this war of revenge started to move forward.

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## 2. It is Morning When You Wake Up

### Bhava-2<sup>nd</sup>

Many plays have been performed on this stage of the world. The world is not workless that it could remember a single play, a single character or a single performance. Here, only the rising sun is respected and everyone remembers here only that play which is being performed.

One day, Potanpur forgot Kamath and Marubhuti was also forgotten. One day, after crowning Mahendra, the master of Potanpur, King Arvind, accepted the alms of *Sadhana* from Acharya Shri Samantabhadra.

Once, the great sage Arvind was traveling towards Ashtapad. By good fortune, while going towards that direction, he met the Sarthvah (leader of caravan) Sagar Dutt. He requested and the great sage joined that Sarth (caravan of merchants etc.). One day, after traveling to Ashtapad, the sage went ahead.

The Sarth set up the camp in a dense forest. A huge lake was churning nearby. The Sarthvah was amusing around. Suddenly there was a break in the amusement. A herd of elephants was seen rushing from afar.

The *Gajraj* (head elephant) of the herd was healthy. His appearance was beautiful. Yet he seemed terrible at the moment. There was a stampede in the Sarth. Seeing the herd of elephants rushing towards the camp of Sarth, the great sage Arvind, who was a scholar of the *Awadhigyan*, stood in the middle, absorbed in meditation.

The fear spread everywhere that the raging elephants would soon destroy the sage and all. But the next moment, a surprise occurred. Seeing the non-violent expression of the great sage Arvind, the *Gajraj* calmed down. Everyone continued to watch. The fierce elephant, who had been hyper, became a companion. After a few moments of silence, the sage finally said this: Be calm, Marubhuti. You died fuming with anger under the stone thrown by Kamath, and became an elephant. Now be calm. Do you still have to suffer more tragic consequences of anger?

The elephant, who had become a friend, listened to these words like a *mantra*. Since there is no other animal as wise as an elephant, the elephant continued to descend deep into the whirlpool of thought. His thoughts became dark and in a few moments, the memory of his last birth dawned on him: Oh! I am Marubhuti! While dying, I was in anger and I became an elephant. Where was my golden life of self-restraint and where is my present pitiful condition? Oh, that Varuna became my lady elephant in this life. Nothing to worry, now it is morning since I woke up.

The elephant now became calm. He accepted the vow of a *shravak* (disciple). His whole life turned upside down. Once he used to churn the vast green forest patches in his fun, but now he started to live on dry leaves when he felt hungry. He, who used to keep watch over other elephants day-and-night, now started living a solitary life. He knew how to celebrate the dawn that had come since he woke up.

The cultivation of detachment never goes to waste. After the seeds of detachment are sown, life may be thrown anywhere, but as soon as it gets the water of inspiration, that detachment grows. This is how it became for Marubhuti. Even though he got the body of an elephant, as soon as he got a little water of inspiration, that detachment grew into the elephant's life. One day, Marubhuti, who had turned into an elephant, was returning back after drinking water from the lake. There his foot slipped and he got stuck in the mud. It was now impossible for him to get out of that mud. But he decided to bear this calamity peacefully. A few moments passed and a snake rushed in, hissing.

As soon as he saw the elephant, his eyes widened in anger. The elephant was helpless now. The snake bit his rump with a terrible bite.

Enduring the pain in *samadhi*, the elephant died and he was reborn as a Dev (god) in the eighth Devlok. One day, Varuna, who had once been turned into an elephant, also died and became the Devi (goddess) of that god. That snake was none other than Kamath. It was the transformation of Kamath. Kamath had died and become a snake. As soon as he saw the elephant, he became obsessed with taking revenge and killed the elephant.

The divine drink of affection turned Marubhuti into a god, while that snake died one day from the poison of vengeance and was pushed into the pain and suffering of the fifth hell.

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### 3. The Storm of Poison

#### Bhava-4<sup>th</sup>

There was a glorious story of Aryan culture that the indulgence used to bow at the feet of renunciation. The passion used to take pride in living at the feet of detachment. Just as Acharya Shri Surgurusuriji was the pinnacle of detachment and renunciation, so was the King Kiranveg of bliss and passion.

The former Mahavideh! Sukachh Vijay! The hills of Vaitadhya! On it was the city of Tilka! Kiranveg was the king there! Kiranveg was unique in look and colour, intelligence and strength. His popularity was incomparable.

One day, at the *darshan* (sight) of Acharya Shri Surgurusuri, Kiranveg's heart was stirred by a tide of emotion. The nectarine speech of the Acharya brought a strange change in him. His father Vidyutveg, who had embarked on the path of renunciation, rose before Kiranveg's eyes and a strong tide came into his consciousness to embark on the path of renunciation.

One day, Kiranveg declared his resolve to accept renunciation. The moment of the coronation of his son Kirantej was declared and as if a snake took off his girdle and started walking, Kiranveg took a giant step on the path of *sadhana*.

Based on the eyes of knowledge and with the help of the wings of action, Mahamuni (great sage) Kiranveg began his heavenly journey of *sadhana*. In a short time, he became a reciter of eleven *Angs*. One day, his body, which had become frail due to penance and chanting, stood on the top of a mountain for meditation. He began meditation with the resolution to remain steadfast even in the face of deadly difficulties of life. A resolution is a wonderful thing. Sometimes even a thorny *sadhana* is successfully completed without a resolution, while sometimes even with a resolution it becomes very difficult to complete an ordinary *sadhana*.

The great sage made a resolution and on the same day, the fiery test came. after a little while of meditation and contemplation, a terrible large cobra rushed from the front and took the sage's body in a tight grip. The snake's bite was terrible, and it started stinging the body. The sage was firm. His resolve gave him the strength to uphold his vow even his life goes. That gave the snake an open field.

By snorting and spitting poison and using all the strength of his body, the snake bit the sage's body as much as it could. Every particle of blood in the sage's body became poisonous. Action was being done from the outside, but nectar kept on flowing from within the sage. He respected the snake, who had become a means of reducing the burden of *karma* from within.

The meditation remained steadfast, but the sage's body collapsed. The body, created from the magic of clay, could not withstand this storm of poison. The great sage Kiranveg, having formed an affection for the snake, burned and his soul became a Dev (god) of the twelfth Devlok.

The snake that poisoned this sage like a Ajatshatru with the poison of vengeance was none other than the transformed body of Kamath. That Kamath had died and become a snake. The snake died and went to the sixth hell to suffer the consequences of violence. The great sage Kiranveg was the soul of Marubhuti. He had become a Dev from that elephant and from that Dev he had taken the body of Kiranveg.

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## 4. Bhil! You are the Brother Doing Good to All

### Bhava – 6<sup>th</sup>

Living life for oneself is living. Setting an ideal for the world, the waters of the streams of goodness is so holy that any dirty person who comes to its banks and bathes and drinks, his life becomes blessed.

In the life of the great sage Lokchandra, such a river flowed with the gurgling sound. One day, the King Vajravirya came to bathe in that stream. His maternal uncle's son Kuber also joined him.

After bathing in the stream water, Vajravirya looked inside. He saw that instead of darkness like *kajal*, the beautiful face of full moon was smiling there. The story of Kuber was also similar. When he came, he had no faith in the soul. He was an atheist writing virtue and sin in a jiffy, crying out against the elements like *bandh* (bondage) and frowning at elements like *mukti* (liberation). But, as he rose up, he confessed that the new elements, from the soul to *Shiva*, were not just a fantasy, but were a wonderful philosophical knowledge that explained the order of the world.

The King Vajravirya's *viraag* (disillusionment) was now in full swing. He coronated Vajranabh and left to seek alms of Lord at the feet of the great sage Lokachandra. Queen Lilavati also followed in her husband's footsteps and joined the *Shramani Sangh* (association of female disciples).

Vajranabh was an illusion of some different kind. In a short time, he won the hearts of the people.

There was an island called Jambu, where the western Mahavideh-kshetra was situated. In it was the Vijay called Sugandh. In it was the city of Shubhankara. Vajranabh got the most fame as the popular king of Shubhankara. He was loved by the people. Yet he was a man of a different soil. Sometimes he would sit in solitude and remember the virtuous path of his father. The thought of his own compassion arising from birth, old-age, and death often made him tremble. Thus, the land of his heart continued to bear the seeds of disillusionment.

Tirthankar Kshemeswar one day came to Shubhankara. On hearing this, Vajranabh's disillusioned heart danced with joy. The words of a Tirthankar like a Tirthankar and the disillusioned heart like Vajranabh. This encounter must have been a sign of creating some history and indeed history was created in that religious assembly. The preaching was over and Vajranabh revealed his longing for self-restraint before Tirthankar Kshemeswar.

There was no need to go and find Shubhankara's heir. The crown of the kingdom was installed on the head of Vajranabh's son Chakrayudh and Vajranabh became a *Rajarshi* (a sage who was previously 'Raja' - a King) from a King. Rajarshi Vajranabh set off the incense of penance and chanting. As the gold of the soul became purer in that blazing incense, the Rajarshi continued to become the master of many *siddhis*. With the help of the spiritual power of travelling

through that he had obtained through the influence of penance, he started traveling to many pilgrimages.

Rajarshi Vajranabh, one day, climbed a dense forest on the Jwalangiri mountain in the Sukachcha Vijay. The forest was terrible. It was as fierce as it was vast. The sun set and Rajarshi remained standing in the Kausagg posture in that forest.

Elephants were trumpeting. Lions were roaring. The howling of the jackals was pricking in the ears like thorns. The snake's hissing was heart-wrenching. But what fear was there for the master of fearless ? The sage spent the whole night in meditation. The earth became reddish and he took a step for travelling. But the arrangement of the supreme lord was something different. This earth seemed to be calling out to the sage.

Suddenly a terrible Bhil (tribal) named Kurangak came rushing in. His limbs were filled with violence. As soon as he saw the sage, fire started shooting from his eyes. Every drop of his blood started boiling. He pulled out a sharp arrow filled with poison from the quiver he had slung over his shoulder.

The Bhil raised his eyebrows and gritted his teeth. Aiming at the sage's core part, he shot an arrow and the next moment the body of the sage fell to the ground. Even then, the tone of *sadhana* resounded from his mouth: *Namo Arihantanam! Khamemi Savvajive! Micchami dukkadam!*

Seeing the body of the Rajarshi dripping with blood, he patted his own back and said: "Oh! What a shooter I am. With a single arrow, I killed the sage. Bravo! Bravo! Well done! Well done!

This Rajarshi Vajranabh was the soul of Marubhuti and this Bhil was the transformation of Kamath. Even when Bhil came to take revenge, the Rajarshi, plucking the strings of the *Sitar* of affection and acknowledging his gratitude, thought, Bhil! You are the brother doing good to all! I was waiting for a helper like you to burn the wood of *karma*. Bhil! You helped me, truly you are my brother!

Thus, by stirring up the spirit of love, the Rajarshi became Lalitang Dev in Grevaiaik and the passion for revenge showed the forest dweller Kurangak, who was born as a Bhil from Kamath, the gate of the seventh hell.

O Kamath! You have wandered for six lives, carrying the burden of vengeance, yet your revenge remains incomplete. And that revenge is not against vengeance but against love?

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## 5. The Sparks of Chakravartitva

### Bhava – 8<sup>th</sup>

The passion of detachment awakens in a prison or a forest. It does not awaken in a palace or a show of splendour. The contract of playing Holi of renunciation is available to not the poor only nor the rich only. Here, the value is of the wealth of the heart. Any person who has the wealth of the heart can get this immortal contract.

There was a prediction of the spinning of the wheel of Chakravartitva in the King's palace. The son Suvarnbahu, who was foretold by fourteen dreams that he will have a glorious future of becoming servant of Devs and Surendra, had now reached to his youth. The light of his virtue had also shone brightly.

Thus, the King Vajrabahu did not lack anything. But a strange moment came and some unique desires awakened in his heart. He peered into the ocean of this world that seemed full of beauty from above and he saw the stinking sewers inside that beauty and his nose burst. The happiness that came from outside of relatives adorned with the attires, appeared to the king as a fraud. In the heart of the world that was playing the game of friendship, a fierce enmity was revealed. The eyes watching the beauty of golden world on the screen became confused as soon as they saw the ugly game when the curtain was removed, and stunned Vajrabahu took two steps back. He hissed.

“Oh, the world is so treacherous! Are the beautiful women with the label of elegance are just a bag of blood, flesh and leather! What kind of chaos has this desire, which has made this human mind unable to test the next phase and serve the hopes and dreams of ages and ages, created? How the cobras of pleasure have made humans unconscious and almost dead with their poisonous stings ?”

And Vajrabahu firmly decided that now he should accept the sect of Nirgranthnath. The colourful dreams had tempted him a lot. Now there was no time that the *chanwar* of Chakravartitva would be moved before the throne of his son Suvarnbahu. The world of the gods would become a slave. The nine treasures would cry out for righteousness, the fourteen gems would stand in their ranks like servants, and the kings in the six continents would become the sand of his feet. It was a difficult thing for a father to crush the desire to see his son Suvarnbahu flourishing in such prosperity and accomplishment. However, such chains of love could not bind Vajrabahu and one day he accepted the path of the forest-wilderness.

Vajrabahu became restrained, and now Jambudweep, east Videh, and the city of Puranpur which radiated a unique aura, were filled with the praises of Suvarnbahu .

This challenge of life is unique. Sometimes the aspects of defeat become aspects of victory, and sometimes it does not take long for the game of victory to turn into defeat. Once such an event happened in the life of the King Suvarnbahu. It seemed that it was a curse, but the fate created beauty from that curse.



One day, Suvarnbahu went for horse racing. But the horse was unique. It had received the training to stand still as soon as the reins were pulled and to run as soon as the reins were loosened. Suvarnbahu was unaware of this deviation and uniqueness of the horse.

The racing began. The horse, crossing the forest paths, ran as fast as the wind. The friends were left behind. The soldiers could not keep up with the steps of the King and the unshakable King kept moving forward and forward in the forest path alone. He tried very hard to keep the horse standing, but the horse kept running.

He crossed the forest. He crossed the valley. He came to a lake. The thirsty horse stood there without any effort. When Suvarnbahu looked far away, he saw an ashram and he took steps in that direction. The ashram was magnificent. The atmosphere was pleasant. The distant hills were surrounded by vast forests, and in the middle was the ashram like a piece of beauty.

As soon as Suvarnbahu set foot in the ashram, the sages surrounded him. The chancellor of the ashram, Rishi Galav, also ran to ask about the news of this unknown guest. All felt glory of a bright dynasty in this guest. The chancellor took the guest to have a meal.

A cry had risen in his stomach. The food was lying in front of him. But Suvarnbahu's mind was elsewhere at the moment. As soon as he entered the ashram, he saw an ascetic girl and in her eyes he had also read a love letter towards him. After quickly finishing his meal, he asked the Chancellor: Chancellor! Why is there a woman in this abode of sages?

Before the Chancellor could answer the guest's question, a cry of help and rescue came from the ashram. Everyone came running out. When he saw a bright girl, surrounded by her friends, was crying out. When Suvarnbahu saw, the girl he had seen as soon as he stepped into the ashram was already shivering. The king asked the friends: "What a disaster has come all of a sudden! Until now, this ascetic girl was happy".

The friends pointed their fingers at the body of the ascetic girl, Padmavati. When Suvarnbahu saw it, a bumblebee had bitten the girl with a sharp sting. The stinger had not yet come out and the pain was increasing. Suvarnbahu pulled out the thorn with a stick and asked: Now the pain is less, isn't it?

Padmavati's friend Nanda Chakor was there. She replied: "How much pain do we have under the rule of Suvarnbahu, the son of Vajrabahu? Apart from talking about pain, tell me, who are you who have come out to do favour?"

Concealing his identity, Suvarnbahu said: "I am an ordinary servant of the King Suvarnbahu, the responsibility of protecting this section of the ashram is on me. What will you do after knowing more about me? But tell me, who is this ascetic girl! If you want to keep her identity secret, then keep it secret! Otherwise, I see in this girl the brilliance of an offspring of a dynasty. The beauty cannot be hidden by applying ashes. Should a princess have to suffer this hardship of penance and chanting in the Ashram?"

Nanda was clever. She understood that this guest was Suvarnbahu himself. She replied with a stern face: "Guest! If the beauty is not hidden by applying ashes, then why do you forget that the moon cannot be hidden by the shadow of clouds. Why do you also hide your identity? Tell the truth: Are you not yourself the King Suvarnbahu?"

Suvarnbahu was embarrassed. A faint smile spread on his face. Knowing the answer to his question in that smile, Nanda said: “King! What you say is true. This Padmavati is not a daughter of ascetic, she is a King’s daughter. Her adversity is worth listening to”.

Suvarnbahu became alert. Nanda started telling an interesting yet thrilling story: Ratnapur city. There was a king named Khecharendra. The queen's name was Ratnavali. Who does not have to turn into ashes in front of the continuously burning flames of time? One day Khecharendra died. With the departure of that glorious man, Ratnapur became a battleground for power. A fight broke out between brothers. One said: I am the king of Ratnapur. Another said: Go, go. You do not have the courage even to blow away a fly on your face and you have set out to become a great king? This is the land ruled by braves. You are elder it does not make any sense? This throne is only for those who sit not by carrying the shield of right, but by rising up with the full force of power.

Many tricks were played. One day, Ratnavali got tired of the chaotic atmosphere of Ratnapur, which had become a battlefield, and came to live in this ashram with her beloved daughter Padmavati.

Describing the relation between Ratnavali and the Chancellor, Nanda said: “Guest! The Chancellor of this ashram, Rishi Galav, is like Ratnavali's brother. Padmavati narrated to the sage the bloody history of the fight between brothers for power in Ratnapur.”

Hearing the history of that fight, which was natural for the world, the sage was not very surprised. Finally he said: “You may live here happily. Otherwise, wealth, land and woman - these three are the children of quarrel. The King office is the crown of thorns and a double-dealing world of stratagem. In that world, illusion, betrayal and blood rarely symbolizes sin.”

Thus, giving a twist to Padmavati's story, Nanda said to Suvarnbahu: 'King! There is an incident that happened a few days ago. A sage had come to the ashram. He was a fortune teller and also knew the *Agam Nigam*. He read the inscription on Padmavati's forehead and said that someday the King Suvarnbahu, who will become a Chakravarti, will come to this ashram riding on a horse and will become Padmavati's husband”.

Padmavati's mother Ratnavali had come to relieve her daughter's grief. Her brother Rishi-Galav was also standing in front of her. Knowing that the guest was Suvarnbahu, he said: Brother! The opportunity has come in the courtyard, worship Lakshmi, now there is no need to go and wash face. Prepare for marriage, sing the song of marriage of Padma and Suvarnbahu and tie the knot with *mindhal* in their hands!

Suvarnbahu's silence spoke of his consent and a joy was created out of an accident. Padma and Suvarnbahu were bound by the bond of love.

The word reached Ratnapur and Padmavati's half-brother Vidyadhar Padmottar arrived at the ashram. He was pleased by Suvarnbahu's beauty and his nobility. When he came to know that this King is destined to be a Chakravarti, he insisted that Suvarnbahu come to Ratnapur. Suvarnbahu could not refuse Padmottar's heartfelt request.

A message was sent to Puranpur. In it, the news of Suvarnbahu's well-being and the invitation to Ratnapur that he had accepted were also conveyed. The joyous news of his marriage with Padmavati was also written in it. After accepting the hospitality of the ashram for a few days, one day Suvarnbahu got ready to go to Ratnapur. Padmavati's joy knew no bounds. She was

going to visit her beloved homeland after many years. Padmottar Vidyadhar arrived with a *Viman* (an aeroplane) to take them home and the plane flew towards Ratnapur.

Enjoying the beauty of the Vaitadhya hills, the *Viman* landed at Ratnapur. The *Yadavasthali* that had gathered there for power, became calm due to the virtue of Suvarnbahu. Even the Vidyadhar kings of the surrounding areas were slowly awed by his virtue.

The stream of virtue flowed out in one gulp. It was as if a borewell of virtue had erupted.

The rivers of success and achievements flowing from all sides began to flow into the ocean of Suvarnbahu's fortune, and for a moment such a strange thing happened that a new history was written in the Vaitadhya range. All the Vidyadhar kings gathered and they crowned the King Suvarnbahu as *Vidyadhar-pati*.

Such a virtuous environment was created in Ratnapur that it made Suvarnbahu forget his homeland, Puranpur. After getting the sole dominion of the Vidyadhar kings, the moons of his glory bloomed. The river of happiness and time flowed along with him. One day Suvarnbahu remembered his birthplace and set off for Puranpur with his retinue.

For Vidyadhar, no journey was long. They had control on the planes that flew with the velocity of mind. The planes flew with wheezing sound and landed at the palace of Puranpur. When the people saw, their beloved King Suvarnbahu had come as the lord of many Vidyadhar girls. The people welcomed the king with joy in their hearts.

The flowers of happiness began to bloom and the palm trees danced with joy. The *Chakra-ratna*, the symbol of *Chakravartitva*, appeared outside the armoury of Suvarnbahu at once. It had come with the message of conquering six continents.

Hearing the heroic cry of Suvarnbahu's *Chakra-ratna*, Puranpur was filled with excitement of preparations for the war. The war bells began to ring. The war trumpets were blown. The echoes of the battle cry began to awaken even the cowards. Weapons were raised everywhere. Wherever you looked, heroic challenges could be heard.

At an auspicious moment, the conch shell was blown and the vast army, roaring like the ocean, marched into battle. Many kings who chose to bow down to the rising sun, surrendered before Suvarnbahu. Those who fell in front of him were thrown here and there like cotton balls thrown in a whirlwind.

Following the footsteps of *Chakra-ratna*, for the cause of winning the world, the great Suvarnbahu roamed over the six continents for countless years. He returned one day, leaving his victory whirlwind waving everywhere. Puranpur celebrated with a different aura the arrival festival of its lord who had become a Chakravarti. Now Puranpur was no longer an ordinary city. It had the fortune of becoming the capital of six continents.

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## 6. Savi Jiv Karun Shasan Rasi

### Bhava – 8<sup>th</sup> (Continued)

The life of Chakravarti Suvarnbahu began to pass amidst an atmosphere of splendour and luxury. In that world of wealth, it was impossible to even think of worshipping the soul. The wealth of splendour was spread so far and wide before the eyes that it was difficult to even think of looking up from there and peering into the inner self.

Everything was green outside. But inside, the rustling of autumn was swirling. Outside, it seemed as if countless numbers of the sun's rays were kissing the feet. But inside, the poor soul was struggling in the darkness. But this internal and external turmoil is not created for everyone to stay forever. A strange moment comes in life and that moment of inspiration and light creates such a glorious history that the darkness accumulated over the ages seems like a garbage of the past.

Such a strange moment came in the life of Suvarnbahu. The true Tirthankar Dev arrived in the garden of Puranpur. His vision and preaching moved inside Chakravarti's heart and mind like a storm giving rise to a whirling movement of detachment.

In his *samvasaran*, Suvarnbahu observed the gods(*dev*) coming and going. Seeing their unblinking eyes, he fell into deep thought:

“Oh, how beautiful is this world of gods. Have I ever seen such gods with unblinking eyes anywhere! Oh, what a splendour, what a radiance and an appealing body!”

Chakravarti's humble heart could not bear this rush of thought and he fainted and collapsed. A few moments later, he, completely free from his fainting, swam to the surface with a pile of jewels from the bottom of the ocean and said,

“Oh! Far be it to talk of vision of such a world of gods. Alas, in my last birth, I myself was such a god. My name was Lalitang. I had experienced such divine splendours myself.”

The fiery voice of detachment began to resound from the world of Suvarnbahu's heart.

“Re! I reached the heavenly realm of gods, but my *karmic* bond did not break. I almost reached the gate of the palace of liberation and was thrown back into the world of bondage! How like a mad man I travelled on the banks of Mansarovar, but I returned thirsty and thirsty.”

The sight of god became a means for Suvarnbahu to bring the memory of his previous births. A few births ago the same Suvarnbahu was Marubhuti, in his last birth he was Lalitang Dev, and now he has to become twenty-third Tirthankar Parshwanath Prabhu after taking only one birth as a Dev.

A single spark of light fell on the vast world of darkness and there was a burst of light. The preaching was completed. With some strange agitation, Suvarnbahu came to the palace. But today it was as if he was nothing. The palace began to seem like a prison to him. Behind the *chanvar* of the Chakravarti, he could hear the cries of the ragged. When he entered the golden world of beauties, it seemed as if there was a stench of bones, flesh and leather there. The

young women were ready to serve. But their bodies seemed to be filled with a wretched old lady.

Suvarnbahu got frightened with this world of beauties and went into seclusion. This madness of the master seemed new to the beautiful women. The unexpected turn that Chakravarti's life had taken after coming from the religious preaching had filled the entire palace with a kind of astonishment.

In seclusion, Chakravarti's mind found some peace. Those inspirational words of the religious preaching were roaming there as if they had got body:

“Chakravarti! These laws of Karmraj are ordering you with a sharp look that I am the one who has put the crown of Chakravarti on your head. But remember that I will not be ashamed to put you under such a ragged condition that you have to beg taking a bowl. If for the rest of your life, you die in the madness of the glittering moon of this *chanvar* of the Chakravarti, I have kept the gates of the fiery hell open for you!”

Where Suvarnbahu emerged from the whirlpool of thought, there stood the mighty Viraag (detachment) with his arms spread wide. Embracing the Chakravarti, that Viraag seemed to say: “I welcome you. O Chakravarti of *karma*! Now you have to become the Chakravarti of *dharma*. Having conquered the six-continents of the universe, you have become invincible. But think, are you really invincible? Does even a single letter of your command have any effect on the enemies like this lust and anger, this attachment and delusion, and this passion and anger, which have been sitting in your inner world for an infinite time? While you are triumphant in the glory of victory from the outside, you are truly a pitiful loser from within. Therefore, now for the cause of *dharmyuddh*, lean towards the battleground of self-restraint.”

The waters of that speech of Viraag continued to flow forward with a gurgling sound: “O springs of compassion, Just spread your eyes in all sides. How and how many slaves has the world become under the tyranny of internal enemies? The one whose book of inner mind has the immortal contract of Chakravartitva written on it, is also living the pitiful life of a ragged beggar begging with a bowl in these cursed streets of the world. Inside, an ocean of infinite light is roaring as if a billion suns had risen in unison.

But the black veil is wrapped around it in such a way that it does not even dream of throwing away the veil and whose limbs have become bloodied by the collision and confusion in the darkness, just look at the ignorance of these crazy people. In such a tragic environment you have to spread the message of true freedom and the message of light in the world. Therefore, get up.”

The Chakravarti also embraced that mighty Viraag with love. From that mental meeting, the desire for *Mahabhinishkraman* awoke. That treaty of communication with the world was opened and inspired at that moment, Suvarnbahu signed the communication agreement with the Siddhashila with a pen of blood.

Awakening is awakening. Now how to spend the moment of laxity (*pramaad*)? If even a single moment of laxity becomes dark again, it means falling into the abyss of endless sleep and the barely achieved awakening will be dismissed. Suvarnbahu, who was tired of filling the gap in awakening, was no longer ready to allow such dismissal. The very next day, Kanchanbahu was crowned on the throne and Suvarnbahu went to the feet of the Tirthankar with lightning speed.



The silence spread in Puranpur said: “Will Chakravarti, who accepted the service of thousands of gods, now become a loner and live the life of a monk? Will this king, who used to rub his back on a flower bed, even lean on a straw mat?”

With the change of vision, the universe had now changed. What seemed extraordinary to the world, Rajarshi Suvarnbahu could see the vision of normality in it and if he had the nectar vision of seeing happiness in the face of sorrow, then even the word like sorrow could not be heard in the world.

The nectar-seeing Rajarshi Suvarnbahu's heart began to churn with the nectar of inoculating all living beings with the rule of Lord (*savi jiv karun shasan rasi*). Settlements began to come on the tides of penance, chanting and meditation, and the feeling of *savi jiv karun shasan rasi* rose, raising sky-high waves.

By performing the incomparable worship of *Vishsthanak Tap*, and by fixing the Tirthankar Naam karma, Rajarshi Suvarnbahu sowed a unique and infallible seed on the soil of his heart. In the birth of Lord Parshwanath, each leaf of the huge tree of affection that grew from that seed of *dharma* was to become a *Kalp* tree and spread the wealth of the world.

Why does this soul, who has the power to become Shiva, lying like a corpse? And despite attaining this human life, the auspicious gate of liberation, without opening that gate, how does this soul continue to be bound from one bondage to another? Seeing the world filled with this exact image, the heart of Rajarshi became saturated with emotion and compassion and the *sitar* of his heart began to sing a poem of compassion :

“O Lord! When will I get such power to inoculate all living beings with the rule of Lord (*savi jiv karun shasan rasi*)? When will I become perfect from imperfection and lead the world to the path of perfection? The three worlds are yearning for it. Hell is burning day and night in the fire of sorrow. Where can the great palace of illusions allow this human mind to sit in peace? Poor God! Its sorrows are such that, those who fall into it experience great sorrow and desire to be looked after. That bird is enclosed in a golden cage. The world can only see the gold, not the cage. And everyone envies its happiness and gold, but even there it is like falling from a nest into the furnace. Thus the entire universe is sorrowful. Birth itself is a great sorrow. Everyone is afraid of death and strives to prevent its arrival. But what kind of ignorance is this? Death is the offspring of birth. Where there is birth, there is death. This world, which is committed to the task of stemming the tide of death, does not even look at the source of the flood, the spring of birth, and does everyone live in the illusion of having conquered death by building sand dams in their homes and courtyards? “

The poem was of compassion. In its polemic, the indomitable longing to make all living beings a source of power was expressed in words. The poem continues:

“Lord! Lord! Who will dispel this darkness of ignorance and show the path of light to the world? The whole of the world has begun in the same root with error. When will such immense power awaken in me that in this ocean of the world that is playing the dance of destruction I can set up a beacon of eternal light, a pilgrimage site for the soul to descend from the world to the shore of the Siddhashila?”

Such poems of compassion kept echoing in the heart of the future Tirthankar Rajarshi Suvarnbahu every day. The glorious Sarita(stream), which has the grandeur of flowing with the roar of the ocean, has a bountiful flow of water even at its source.

Having taken one birth as a Dev, inspired by the compassion that created a wave of joy in the birth of a Tirthankara, Rajarshi also paved the path of light in the life of Suvarnbahu.

Wandering like the wind, one day the sage travelled towards the Kshirgiri mountain. In the middle, a terrible forest called Ksirpurna came. The fierceness was roaring here with every step. For death, this forest was like an open field of *mahalava*. In this forest, which seemed fierce like the Bhairavas swinging their spears, the sage could not stop the temptation to make the gold of the soul purer by meditating a lot. And he remained standing in front of the blazing sun to take pains.

His heart was filled with compassion for the living beings. Not even a particle of vengeance was burning there. After completing his penance, the sage opened his eyes and saw a lion, roaring towards him, approaching like an eagle. The compassion of thought was powerful enough to pass the fiery test of conduct. The sage welcomed the lion, who came as an aid in overcoming the burden of *karma*. Having resolved to welcome death as an auspicious festival, the sage felt a deep emotion in his heart:

‘O Lord! When the moment of giving up life is approaching, my only desire is that such loving-kindness should arise in my heart so that I may be able to inoculate all living beings with the rule of Lord (*savi jiv karun shasan rasi*) in the afterbirth.

The equanimity of the Rajarshi, who respected the lion, seemed to say: Lion, Welcome, welcome to you. Today you seem more affectionate than your own relatives. You are a benefactor to me, but thinking of the tradition of your own evils, which you have created with your own hands, makes me feel sad. When will I be able to purify your blood, which has become poisoned by the poisons of vengeance, with the nectar of affection?

Putting down the illusion of body, extending the hand of friendship to the living being, Rajarshi stood in meditation with a smiling face. But seeing the affectionate smile on his face, the lion's thirst for revenge flared up. the lion became furious. His eyes filled with fire. He made his face ferocious. Anger rushed into him, as if the enemy of his many births was in front of him. Taking two steps back, he jumped on the sage with four steps and in the blink of an eye, a pool of blood was formed there.

The lion feasted on meat and threw up a wave of blood. Growling with a vengeful voice in front of the skeleton, finally he walked away. With the feeling of inoculating all living beings with the rule of Lord (*savi jiv karun shasan rasi*), and having surrendered to the *kaal dharma*, the soul of Marubhuti who continued to develop and transformed into this Rajarshi Suvarnbahu, became a Dev (god) in the tenth Devlok.

The lion, who laughed after finishing the Rajarshi, was the soul of Kamath. From the life of Bhil, he had gone to the hell and then he had come in the lion's body. And one day, when he had finished his rampage, the painful gates of the fourth hell were open to him.

Vengeance! How painful are these consequences of yours!!

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## 7. The Wildfire of Detachment

### Bhava – 9<sup>th</sup>

Just as the awakening of detachment takes place in the form of a lamp, so too does it take place in the form of a wildfire. A lamp flickers and eventually goes out after a single gust of wind, while the story of the wildfire is unique. Even a terrible storm, far from extinguishing the divine power, becomes the reason for increasing its fiery flames from above. The wind-waves of splendor and luxury extinguish the lamp of detachment, while the wildfire becomes even brighter from above amidst the whirlwinds of splendor and luxury. The land of the gods was full of wealth and power. The whirlwinds of splendor and luxury were blowing here with such speed that such speed could not be imagined anywhere else. But that Dev, who had come to the heart's living room with the power of disillusionment, was making his disillusionment even more fiery by falling in front of the whirlwind.

That detachment was strange: happiness itself seemed terrible to him. Happiness itself seemed to him the door to sorrow. The whole world keeps on making the mistake of considering sorrow as its enemy and building enmity and hatred with it, but the soul could see his bitter enemy who should be defeated and destroyed by a battle, only in happiness.

That compassion was amazing: He felt the pain of hurting others and the shock of being hurt.

As the tragic picture of the world, which was reduced to misery in sorrow and absorbed in happiness and brought about its own destruction, came before his eyes, his heart melted with emotion and compassion.

That reclusive Dev started trembling upon seeing the colourful world of the Devlok. Do I want to be coloured in this momentary colours and passions! And the story of his own renunciation of his previous birth was coming to his mind: “From the Chakravarti Suvarnbahu, he turned into his Rajarshi Suvarnbahu. The plantation of penance, chanting and meditation was irrigating with the water of the spirit of inoculating all living beings with the rule of the Lord. I never thought that the fruits and flowers of this spirit would fall so soon. Oh, will the name and deeds of a Tirthankar, who has attained this status through the practice of *Vishasthanak-Tap*, rise in the next life? It is my great fortune to become a Tirthankar named Parshwanath in the next life and to set a pilgrimage that saves through the ocean of life! Blessed! Blessed!

Thus, the Dev, who used to laugh, saw the length of his life span and then became sad and thought: Hey! Is the imprisonment of time so long? Although this world-renowned tenth Devlok is sung as a Devlok, it is still a cage of gold. Will this bird, who is seeking freedom, flapping its wings to fly in the blue sky with immense speed, still have to spend the long-time of twenty *sagaropam*, flapping its wings and struggling against the bars of this golden cage?

And that ocean of compassion would be agitated by the tide of emotion. If the shore of twenty *sagaropam* of time had not been a barrier to it, then that water would have spread all over the four corners and this vast earth would have laughed at the cultivation of *dharma*. But this period

of the imprisonment had to be spent. Indifferently, the Dev convinced his heart. Now that Dev was no longer a *bhogi dev* (One who indulge in enjoyment).

He became a *yogi Dev*. The fierce storms of enjoyment kept blowing along with the waves, and his yoga/detachment continued to increase because it was not a lamp, it was a wildfire.

The time of twenty *sagaropam* – one day the eyes of the Yogi Dev rose on the shore of the ocean. The moment to abandon the boat of this body and set foot on the shore for a new journey, the moment of death and *chyavan* approached. But there was no obstacle to the joy of that Dev, he would now be freed from the cage. The moment others cried and became worried, that Yogi Dev abandoned the body laughing even at that moment.

That Dev was the swan of Mansarovar, grazing on the pearl pasture. With his departure, the ideal of non-attachment blossomed in the Devlok. Otherwise, wherever he went, the Mansarovar was created automatically.

An incident related to the life of Lord Parshwanath Prabhu, but less popular today, has been mentioned by 'Shri Shubhveer' in the Chyavan Kalyanak Puja under Parshwa Panch Kalyanak which is as follows:

*Char gati chopda chyavanna chukvi,  
Shiv gaya tas ghar naman jave  
Bal rupe sur tihan janni mukh jovta  
Shree Shubhveer anand pave.*

While the Lord appeared in the ninth birth as a Dev in the tenth Devlok, in the next life, he was to take birth after descending in the jewelled womb of Vama Mata. He took the form of a child and came to a garden of Varanasi to see Vama Mata and was delighted to see the face of the mother. This incident is little famous. However, it is believed that Shubhveer must have mentioned it through the above lines based on some biography.

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## 8. Lotus in the Water Full of Faeces and Mud

### Bhava – 10<sup>th</sup> (Last)

Some cities are fortunate. By storing the holiness of the footsteps of pious men in their dust, they themselves become immortal along with the great men.

The city of Varanasi, situated in this Bharatkshetra of Jambudwip, was fortunate enough to become the birthplace of Lord Shri Parshwanath Prabhu and this fortune is not bound to time.

One night, Vamadevi saw fourteen great dreams indicating Tirthankaratva. Astrologer made prophesy: Queen! The son will be born in such a way that he will enlighten many generations. He will establish the religious pilgrimages. What a fool those who built stone bridges over rivers and streams were? But this son will build a thunderbolt bridge of religion on this vast ocean of the world.

King Ashvasen rose in joy. Queen Vamadevi smiled. The happiness of the people was undiminished.

When that reclusive Dev, reached from the Devlok to the jewelled womb of Queen Vama, the birth star was Vishakha and the day was the fourth waning moon of Chaitra.

The wheel of time kept turning. The dark tenth day of the Posh month rose. The constellation of Visakha was formed. Midnight fell and Vamadevi gave birth to Lord Shri Parshwanath Prabhu. The lights flashed in all three worlds, expressing the joy of the birth of a Tirthankara.

Like the last *chyavan*, the gods celebrated that last birth as a Kalyanak festival on Merugiri.

The *dik-kumarikas* came as maids. Indra's seat shook. That virtue, which appeared in Varanasi with its blue body, created a stir in the world of the gods in one night. The king and the people also celebrated the birth of their son in an incomparable way.

Days turned into months, months turned into years, Parshwanath Prabhu reached youth. Incomparable beauty and youthfulness! The king and queen had seen many colourful dreams for blue-coloured Parshwaprabhu. But how could they put the talk of passion in front of that recluse?

Similar struggles of attachment were going on in the mind of King Ashvasen. But the life of his son was so reclusive that even the father did not want to make him sad by putting the matter of passion. But one day, circumstances arose in such a way that the joy of king and queen was no longer there.

The royal assembly was full. The colour of religious stories had already set. Then, there was a sudden disruption, a royal man from the city of Kushsthal came running. In a breathless state, he said: "I have brought news of war. Without your help, Kushsthal is not capable of declaring a war with the king of Yavan."



“The war of Yavan? Against Kushsthal? Without any reason?” King Ashvasen asked in surprise.

The royal man was of a wise mind, he said:

“Why not a reason, my king! You are the reason for the war with the king of Yavan. Because Ajatshatru Parshwakumar is the cause of it.”

Everyone was listening to this with wide eyes. The king patted his chest and said: “My son is Ajatshatru (born without enemies), pure and enlightened. May war never break out because of him.”

The royal man said: “Listen to the whole story. I have to tell you about my homeland, not to convince you. After listening, if you find my words right, then accept it.”

The royal man began the story. Everyone was listening to him:

“Maharaja! You must have all heard the name of Prabhavati? She is the beautiful daughter of King Prasenjit. There is no match for her in beauty. There is no competition in her colour. She is incomparable in every way.

One day, Rajdulari Prabhavati went to the garden for worshipping the Lord. A group of friends was with her. After worshipping the Lord with pomp and show, a sweet song of the *Gandharva* caught her ear and she stood there. She listened to it with full attention.

What a singer the Gandharvas are ? What a sweetness in their voice? Rajdulari fell in love with the sweetness of their voice. That was fine, but after a young man was sung in the song, she swore to dedicate everything of herself to that young man.”

King Ashvasen could not restrain his curiosity. He asked halfway: “What is the name, work and place of that man sung in the Gandharvas' song?”

The answer was: “Maharaj! That song was composed in praise of Parshwakumar himself. Rajan! Let me have the view of your son who is being sung by the Gandharvas.”

King Ashvasen was eager to know the news of the war. He said: “After this talk, yes, what happened to Rajdulari? And why did the situation reach to a war?”

The royal man, following up on the matter, said:

“Your Majesty! Who can reach to Prabhavati? A childish obstinacy! She insisted that if I were to marry, I would marry Parshwakumar.” Hearing the name of Parshwakumar from the mouth of his daughter, King Prasenjit laughed. Who would not like such a son-in-law who is being sung by the Gandharvas? Prabhavati's happiness could not be overstated after receiving her father's consent. But it has been said, *aadi raat ani shi vaat?*

This news of Prabhavati's choice reached the Yavan country through the air and Yavanraj (the king of Yavan) stood up stomping his feet. He roared: “Who is that Parshwakumar! If I, the Yavan king, the storehouse of handsomeness like the god of love, am alive and awake, and if someone else marries Prabhavati who is as beautiful as Rati, what will these heroes do? Let us go to Kushsthal! Lay siege! Commander, let the drums beat. Play the war trumpet! If the battle is not fought for the beautiful girl, then for whose sake will the battle be fought? “

There was no imagination, no expectation and in a moment the siege was laid over Kushsthal. The gates of his fort were closed with a bang.

Seeing the unanticipated attack of Yavanraj, everyone was stunned. No letter! No news! And straight away, the bloody war!

“King! That gate is still closed. Like a python that twists and turns around a sandalwood tree, the Yavanraj has now laid siege to the entire Kushsthal, and it is spending every moment full of fire in the desire for your help. Tell me, Maharaj, are you now a participant in this war or not?”

The conversation ended. The atmosphere took a strange turn. King Ashvasen stood up. Holding the sword in his fist and raising it, he said: “This is the sword that judges justice between Kshatriyas. Commander! I am going to war at this very moment. Get the army ready. Even a moment's delay can lead to destruction like the delay of an era, such is the crisis.”

The atmosphere of the royal assembly turned into a fierce one. The assembly, which had been a place of peace due to the stories of Buddha's detachment, became agitated due to the atmosphere of war.

On getting indication that the royal assembly was bustling like a battlefield, Parshwakumar entered the assembly. Seeing his father dressed in the attire of war, he said: “Father! This son of yours is present and you will jump into the war? Do you not have faith in my strength? I would be ashamed if you go on a war journey.”

King Ashvasen gave many excuses, but in the end, Shri Parshwakumar took the army and took the step towards Kushsthal. He started thinking in his mind: “What kind of fish has spread justice in this ocean of the world? Everyone is eager to show the edge of their swords and make them accept their own share. Among them, what more can be asked of the *Kshatriyas*? They get the culture of fighting for beauty and power from their mother's milk. Therefore, by making the power of sword dull, I now want to explain the power of affection. The small swallows the big, the big makes the big even bigger, it is a shame for humanity. When will this wicked Ganga be tamed?

The army reached Kushsthal in a day. Seeing the beauty of Parshwakumar, who was tired of youth, everyone put their fingers in their mouths. Shri Parshwakumar showed the strategy of using affection, not sword, to win the war and an envoy was sent to the camp of the Yavan king. The envoy was going with a message of affection. The envoy appeared in front of the Yavan king. He introduced himself and started the conversation:

“Yavanraj! Shri Parshwakumar, who has come to the aid of King Prasenjit, has sent you a message of love. That lone Kumar has more faith in love than in war. That is why he has sent this message that by showing the edge of Sword, you have fell down the bodies of many, now try the new experiment of winning someone's heart by spreading a loving smile.”

Yavanraj shouted: “You foolish messenger! You seem to have become very confused. If your Parshwakumar has faith in love, then why did you bring an army all the way here? If your lord openly confesses his cowardice while talking hypocritically about love, then I will go. Otherwise, a *Kshatriya* never writes without blood and never talks without a sword. It doesn't seem like your king is a *Kshatriya*.”

The messenger was not one to be fooled, he also shouted: “ if Yavanraj, you who boast, had won the battle, no *Kshatriya* army would have gathered, but the army of the messengers with words and courage is all assembled! It is a mistake to say that our Parshwakumar has no prowess. This message of affection is not a cure for covering up cowardice, it is the crown of his strength.

He is so strong that he is at a distance of the sword. An army like yours would be overwhelmed and flee. Otherwise, a diamond doesn't say from its mouth that its value is in lakhs . Tell me, what is your decision now? Love or war?

The Yavan king was agitated by his insult. His soldiers raised their hands. The atmosphere became heated. There, an old minister came forward and said,

'Yavanraj! Where one should think before taking a step, there is a coward who runs away. You have not been able to defeat this Parshwakumar. This prince is stronger than a Chakravarti or Indra. Yet you cannot think of his compassion and tenderness that this great warrior, who has the power to crush a lump in his fist, is showing mercy to give us a chance to live. Therefore, welcome this opportunity.'

The minister's words were finished. Yavanraj melted and turned into water. He stuffed grass in his mouth and put an axe in his throat. He surrendered and entered the service of Shri Parshwakumar.

Yavanraj shed tears. He apologized for his mistake. Shri Parshwakumar showered him with love. Having established Shri Parshwakumar in his heart as a compassionate idol, the Yavanraj departed.

As soon as the siege was lifted, the *abil* and *gulal* (coloured scented powders) flew all around. The pots of colours were in a state of disarray.

Prasenjit pleaded for marrying Prabhavati. But Shri Parshwakumar did not agree and everyone left for Varanasi with army. Prasenjit also joined with his own army.

One day, they reached Varanasi. Prasenjit was attracted to that city on the banks of the river even more than Alkapuri. He made a heartfelt request to King Ashwasen for the marriage of his daughter Prabhavati.

Ashwasen and Vamadevi accepted the request. Shri Parshwakumar had to bow down before the insistence of his parents. He saw in his knowledge that his *karma* of enjoyment could not be fulfilled without this. And, he finally married, with despair.

The father was overjoyed, but his son's heart was torn. The wedding of Shri Parshwakumar and Prabhavati was celebrated. Shri Parshwakumar's life began like the lotus flower in the water filled with faeces and mud.

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## 9. Mahabhinishkraman

### Bhava- 10<sup>th</sup> (Continued)

People bow; one who makes them bow is needed! The endless stream of the world of those who bow and those who makes them bow was flowing outside Varanasi today. People had various worship materials in their hands. Everyone's heart was full of devotion. It was just morning. Shri Parshwakumar's gaze went towards it from the window of the palace. He asked the servant: "Is there any festival today? Where is this queue of people going with the plates of worship?"

The servant said: "People bow, one who makes them bow is needed!". Today an ascetic named Kamath has come, he is doing *Panchagni* penance. This penance is greater than the heat of Vaishakh-Jeth. That is why people have become crazy after him, his background story is also worth hearing. He was born in a poor man's hut. His fate was such that he was born and his parents died. Even a creeper needs support to climb. So how can a human being go without support? Kamath grew with the support of the people. One day, seeing the splendour of the businessmen and moneylenders, he wondered, "where are these people who are respected everywhere! And where am I, who am being ostracized at every step? I did not do penance and chanting in my previous life, the result of that is this life. But now I have to improve my next birth. If I become an ascetic, I will definitely get such respect and honour." That's it, since then Kamath became an ascetic. Today he is getting a lot of respect. People go crazy after his penance. No one even knows his family history.

Shri Parshwakumar also rode his horse out of the village in excitement. Outside the village, a crowd had gathered. In the sandy land spread far away, Ascetic Kamath was sitting in the middle of burning wood in all four directions. The sun was spreading embers from the sky as the fifth fire.

Parshwakumar's horse came and stood near the ascetic. With *awadhigyan* (clairvoyance), he saw a burning snake. The Lord's compassionate heart spoke: "Mercy is the root of religion (*dharma*). without mercy there is no *jap-tap dharma*."

"A cry against me! An indictment of cruelty against me." The ascetic became angry. He said: "Little prince! You should play the horse. Don't dip your beak in religion. Have I taken this alms without mercy?"

People became interested in the discussion. Shri Parshwakumar said: "Yogi! No one has a monopoly on religion. Talk on religion later, what about the snake burning in this wood? First save it. Then we will discuss religion comfortably."

The ascetic was shocked. "Such accusations against me, prince! Are you confusing the people by saying false things! Who says that a snake is burning in this?"

Shri Parshwakumar ordered the servant. When he cut the burning wood into two parts, a snake darted out of it. Half of its body was burnt. The servant recited the Mahamantra-Navkar to it. The snake died and became Dharnendra.

There was an outcry among the people. Such a ruthless *sadhana*! Everyone turned their backs on Kamath and started walking. Parshwakumar's name was echoing in everyone's mouth. Kamath saw it. Then his own fame was turned upside down. From his heart, he was blowing fire towards Parshwakumar. He made many mental efforts to take revenge on Parshwakumar who had ruined his life's fame and glory. But where is he an ascetic! And where is this popular prince!

This Kamath was the soul of the priest Kamath who had a vengeance against Marubhuti. The lion who had torn apart Rajarshi Suvarnbahu, having escaped from hell for a few moments, became ascetic Kamath. The one with whom he had a vengeance, that Marubhuti developed to become the king of compassion Shri Parshwakumar. Even then Kamath's vengeance towards him did not subside, the hard-hearted ascetic Kamath died one day and he became Meghmali Dev.

Days began to pass. One day, the splendor of spring spread over the world. Along with Prabhavati, Shri Parshwakumar also entered the garden to watch the spring festival. The entire garden was in full bloom. The splendor of the trees was unique. The cuckoos were chirping in the fifth tone. The peacocks were hooting in sixth tone. Lotuses were blooming in the lake. The coming and going of the happy bumblebees was creating a unique shade in the beauty of the lake. The waves created by the light ripples of the wind were bringing music to the atmosphere.

While observing the beauty of the forest, Shri Parshwakumar came to a Jin-prasad. He entered such a magnificent Jinalaya that he forgot the splendor of the garden. Bowing down to the idol of the Lord, he came out. There, on seeing the life of Lord Shri Neminath depicted in the *Rangmandap*, his detachment increased even more.

The cries of the animals, the abandonment of the king and the journey of Girnar! This life began to float in the mind of Shri Parshwakumar. Shri Parshwakumar came to the palace. The time to accept self-restraint through the light of knowledge seemed to be approaching.

There, the Lokantik Devs came to let him know their conduct. They requested, 'Lord! Establish a pilgrimage. The world is waiting for its salvation. The creatures of the world needs light now.'

The giant of Viraag (detachment) had already woken up. *Ghee* was also sprinkled on it. Shri Parshwakumar began the *varshidan*. Even the clouds would rain and stop getting tired. Even the earth was tired of taking it, but this donor was unique. To alleviate the poverty of the world, he poured rain with all his heart for a year, and the Lord, who had lived in a house for thirty years, set out for *mahabhinishkraman* (the great renunciation) for one day. This was the last *mahabhinishkraman*. The Devs and Devendras came to celebrate the *Diksha Kalyanak*. A huge palanquin called Vishala passed through the highways of Varanasi and finally landed in the Ashrampad garden.

Parshwakumar abandoned the splendor. With five fists raised, the Lord uttered the *Sarvavirati Samayik* and the *Manahparyavgyan* (knowledge of perceiving in mind) embraced the Lord. Along with the Lord, three hundred kings became self-restrained.



This was dark eleventh day of the Posh month. The constellation at that time was Visakha. After living in the house for thirty years, Parshwakumar became *Nirgantha*. After quenching the heat of the *attham tap*, the Lord began the worship of self-purification.

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## 10. Self-manifested Pilgrimage Sites

### Bhava- 10<sup>th</sup> (Continued)

**Kalikund Tirth:** A dense forest called Kadambari. The water of the pond is moving. On the bank of the pond, an ascetic is standing in meditation, that is Lord Shri Parshwanath.

An elephant came. After taking a bath in the pond, he came out. He saw the Lord and remained standing there. The sight of the Lord drew him into deep thought. That deep thought made him remember his past birth. The elephant was looking at his past life with the knowledge of *Jatismaran*:

“Oh! I was the son of a noble family. My name was Hem. I was beautiful in every way. But the big flaw in me was that I was short and who would not make fun of a short person? Perturbed by the mockery, one day I walked alone in the forest. On the way, I saw a sage. I felt how good this sage was. I asked him for the alms of God. But I was so small that he said I was only suitable for *grihastha* (householder) *dharma*. The worship of the *Shravak dharma* began to give me a new freshness. But when people teased me, my mind turned against them. One day the moment of death came. Then the religious meditation couldn't endure. I thought: “it would be better if I get a big body in the next life. This small body has ruined my entire life, what a pity.” After dying, I became this elephant. And I consider this sage as my great benefactor who made me remember my previous life. How should I worship him?”

Mahidhar- the elephant - came to the lake. Seeing the lotus flowers blooming with hundreds of petals, his mind blossomed. He bathed again. He came out with a lotus in his trunk. He circled around the Lord three times and after worshipping the Lord with the lotus, he danced. After this, he stood there looking at the worship he had performed.

As soon as the news of the Lord's arrival reached Karkandu - the king of Champa - he came to pay his respects. There was not much distance between the lake and Champanagari. The king of Champa came to the bank of the lake with his aides and, seeing the Lord worshipped with lotuses, he danced. He also worshipped. While singing praises of the Lord, his spirit rose with great joy. He thought: “Here I should establish a pilgrimage. If a pilgrimage is created where the Lord meditated, then new life will be poured into it.

The Lord went on a travelling. As a memorial to the Lord, the king Karkandu built there a magnificent *Jinprasad* (lord's temple). An idol of Shri Parshwanath Prabhu, measuring nine hands, was installed in it. That place became known as Kalikund Tirth. The majestic elephant who re-established this pilgrimage died and became the presiding deity of Kalikund Tirth. Later, the fame of Kalikund Tirth spread far and wide.

**Ahichchatra Tirth:** The assembly of gods was enlivened by the divine dance. The anklets of the *devangnas* were ringing. The chandeliers of Mani-Mukta, swaying in the breeze, were filling the atmosphere with music like a flute.

Thus, the atmosphere was intoxicating. But Dharnendra's heart was elsewhere at the moment. Instead of being overwhelmed by his own prosperity, he was absorbed in some other thought.

Oh! By what *dharma* did I get such prosperity? He used his *avadhigyan* and spoke: Oh, this is the favour of Shri Parshwa Prabhu, who saved me from the fire. Hearing the Navkar from his servant I became Nagendra from a snake. Dharnendra danced. The memory of his benefactor filled his entire body with joy. Becoming devoted, he continued to do devotional service of Parshwakumar. After many years, he once woke up with a strong desire to see his benefactor. At that time, Parshwakumar was wandering as a self-restrained. Leaving the assembly of gods, he came directly down to earth.

In a forest, Lord was standing in meditation. The sun was shining brightly. Dharanendra took the form of a snake with a thousand hoods and spreading the hoods on Lord's head in order to remove the heat of the sun he worshipped with full devotion.

Lord went, but people started to recognize that place as Ahichhatra Tirth. Ahi means snake. The place where the snake spread its hoods as an umbrella is Ahichhatra Tirth. Later, the city of Ahichhatra also settled there. Along with the devotion of the devotee, a monument of Lord was also built.

**Kurkuteshwar Tirth:** Some *darshan* (visions) are so unforgettable that they collide with the heart like lightning and open the door to the heart.

For the king of Rajpur city, the vision of Lord Parshwanath was truly unforgettable. The king of Rajpur city fainted and collapsed after the first sight of the Lord. After a few moments of fainting, the king started talking: as if he had started a story.

Vasantpur city. There lived a Brahmin named Dutt. Leprosy spread rapidly in his body. One day, Dutt, fed up with life, set out to end his life by jumping into the Ganges. But his fate came against him. Just as Dutt was preparing to jump down from the cliff of the Ganges, a sage descended from the sky and said: "This is not the way to get rid of sorrow. Even if this body is released, will it relieve some of the pain? Be patient, understand the *dharma*. the sage explained the *dharma*. Dutt accepted the *Shravak dharma*. Dutt seemed to have received a new life. Days passed. Dutt's leprosy had not yet subsided. One day, after seeing the Lord, he came out. There he saw a sage. Another *shravak* named Pushpkalik also came there. He pointed his finger at Dutt and asked the sage: "Munivar! Can such a sick person enter the Jin temples?"

The sage said: "By renouncing *ashatana* (disrespect) and maintaining the limits of *avgrah* ( a thought and physical processes relating to perception), such a sick person can definitely enter the temple and offer obeisance.

Pushpkalik found the sage to be a transcendental sage and asked: What will happen to this Dutt when he dies?

After hearing the answer, Dutt's jaws dropped. His destiny was to dress up as a rooster. He cried and said: "Lord! I have got this leprous body due to the sins of my past life. What sins have I committed in this life that the king of *karma* will turn me into a rooster to take revenge for?"

The sage said: "Dutt! No nails are driven into the forehead. But your future is auspicious. There is no need to cry, you will have a vision in your life as a rooster. From that vision, you will remember your previous birth. Therefore, you will fast and after death, you will become King Ishwar of Rajpur.

With sympathy, the sage further said that Dutt! There is no need to be afraid of fear. You need to be aware of your future. If the life of an animal is given and the future is auspicious, then even the animal can become pure. And if the life of a Dev is given but the future is inauspicious, then the Dev does not take long to become a demon.

The sage went from there. One day, Dutt died and became a rooster. The sight of the sage made the rooster remember his past birth. From there, he died and incarnated in Rajpur.

The king Ishwar, putting all these things together, said: That Dutt is me. From a rooster, I became king Ishwar. The king was thinking that I remembered my previous life here, so in memory of that I will build a temple here. From a kurkut(rooster), I became Ishwar. So, the temple that will be built in memory of that will be the Kurkuteshwar Tirth. King Ishwar, giving up everything of body, mind and wealth, established the Kurkuteshwar Tirth and the city on that land.

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## 11. Victory of Affection

### Bhava- 10<sup>th</sup> (Continued)

The obsession of revenge is an outrageous thing. While exacting revenge, that obsession does not allow one to think about who one is and who the other person is. When Meghmali got ready to create a cloud for exacting revenge, he neither thought about himself nor about who he was and what state he had reached. Nor did he think about the other person. The other person was Lord Parshwanath! Therefore, from the time of Marubhuti to this day, he has continued to seduce Kamath with affection.

That night, darkness grew and Lord Shri Parshwanath stood in *kausagg* under the shade of the banyan. Even while standing, his attention was unwavering. An ocean of compassion for all living beings was raging in his mind. There, Meghmali rushed in to beat him. Today, he was going to climb the obsession to exact revenge at any cost.

First came a group of elephants bouncing their trunks. That group stuffed the Lord into their trunks. Like a washerman beats clothes, the elephants used their trunks to hit the Lord back and forth. But if the mountain shakes, the Lord shakes. The Lord remained unmoved.

After a while, the lion came leaping. The birds fluttered at his roar. The forest filled with ferocity became even fiercer. It did not look back as it struck the Lord's body with the tip of its sharp tail, but could flames ever come out of the water? Not a single particle of anger appeared in the Lord's eyes.

Before the Lord, the snakes came, the ants came, the scorpions came, jackals came screaming, but none succeeded. The Lord remained unmoved. As his alchemy failed, Meghmali's vengeful rage increased. Finally, having played the game of chance, he came on the ground to exact revenge.

The sky, covered with clouds, laughed loudly. Lightning began to emanate from the mountains. The clouds burst in torrents, making fierce roars like the roar of the ocean during the time of the deluge.

Dark night and torrential rain. Thunderous clouds calling out thunderbolts. Meghmali used all his strength to exact revenge. A flood of water erupted all around. Wherever one looks, there was only water. The rushing water uprooted the groves of trees and threw them away. The rushing water kept rising, kept rising.

The Lord was certainly happy. The water touched the Lord's knees. Meghmali turned. He let the clouds fall in all directions. After this, the water started pouring down in hundreds and thousands of streams, such that the world would be destroyed in a short time. The fear and terror became so fierce that it deafened the ears. The water rose high and reached the Lord's nostrils. Meghmali's victory was as if now in his hands. But there a miracle happened.



Nagaraj Dharnendra came there. He created a lotus on the raging water. He made the Lord sit on the lotus. The problem of water from below disappeared, but the torrential rain from above continued. Dharnendra, taking the form of a seven-hooded serpent, kept holding an umbrella over the Lord's head. As the water increased, the lotus kept coming up.

The game of victory turned into defeat. Meghmali's troubles increased. Like a losing gambler, he started playing double. The Lord was *samdarshi* (same vision for everyone). His eyes on both Dharnendra and Meghmali were full of compassion. But Dharnendra could not tolerate such act of Meghmali. He let out a cry and Meghmali came down as a goat. Where is Dharnendra's huge strength and where is Meghmali's strength, which was completely dwarfed by it!

Meghmali wrapped up the cloud. Seeing such a huge power like Dharnendra standing in front of him, Meghmali trembled.

Dharnendra said with a challenge: "Meghmali! For many lives, you have been making this childish attempt like throwing dust in front of the sun. You have not been able to defeat the Lord. The Lord kept on making you happy with compassion, and you kept on raining poison pots of vengeance on the Lord. Now do you want to extinguish the fire of vengeance in your heart? Do you want to create gardens of love there by extinguishing the fire of the heart?"

A river flows with destructive speed when it floods and calms down when it recedes, with such a calmness Meghmali was listening to Dharnendra and he understood his mistake only today. He said:

"Nagaraj! Indeed it was my mistake. By raising the cry of vengeance against the Lord, I had truly gone against the love of the whole world. What strength did I have to do harm to the Lord? But no one can do it, I have become suicidal by committing I have done harm to myself. Will the forgiveness of this crime even give me peace of mind!"

Dharnendra said: "Vengeance and affection have gone against each other since ages. In this, only affection has always won and only vengeance has always lost. Despite this, the world is still in illusion and stands on the side of vengeance. Meghmali! You kiss the feet of the Lord and once again proclaim the victory of affection in front of the world with a loud voice. This world is deaf. Even if it does not listen to you, you will continue to proclaim the victory of affection. Since waking up, those who count the morning and forgotten, those who count again win the battle of life with enthusiasm. On your back, which has been twisted by the flow of vengeance, now you carry this entire ocean of affection as if it is a light flower.

Meghmali fell at the feet of the Lord. Since his birth as Kamath, he had declared a war against affection. He kept fighting. While fighting, he ran out of blood, so he took the front of the battle of this life with him to his next birth. The fight was long and life was short. The fight was taken back and forth, the history of the world of millions of years was overturned. The one who could triumph over affection has not yet been born. The tragic fate of Kamath took place. Vengeance could not be taken on Parshwaprabhu, but the vengeance turned on himself and finally today Meghmali understood his mistake.

It was Ashrampad garden. It was a suburb of Varanasi city. Today, on the eighty-fourth day after initiation, virtuous Padhramani was again achieved in the garden of Shri Parshwaprabhu.

The Lord stood in meditation under the Dhatki tree. Today, the directions were smiling softly. The wind was playing like a drum. The river flowed rhythmically. Today, every branch and leaf seemed to be filled with joy and celebration. The whole nature seemed happy. A pleasant atmosphere that predicted something good had blossomed everywhere.

Parshwanath Prabhu's meditation flowed forward. The fire of meditation was so intense today that four-four sticks of *Ghatikarma* (deadly deeds) were burnt to ashes and the Lord attained *Kevalgyan*. The treasure of infinite knowledge written on his forehead was revealed and today he picked it up in his hands. The world, waiting for its salvation, laughed.

It was the dark fourth day of Chaitra. On that day, the moon had formed a yoga in the Visakha constellation. The Devs came. Devendra also came. The celebration of Kevalgyan-Kalyanak was held. Samvasaran was formed and the whole world gathered.

King Ashwasen came. Queen Vamarani came. Prabhavati also came. The Tirth (pilgrimage) was established. The initiation of 10 Gandharas took place. The king, queen and daughter-in-law became self-restrained.

The Tirthankar Naamkarma, which was derived from the feeling of the welfare of all living beings that had been in the life of Rajarshi Suvarnbahu, was illuminated with perfect art. The Lord left such a raft of pilgrimage floating in the ocean of the world that whoever takes its true support will cross over!

Lord Parshwanath attained Kevalgyan and showed the places of fear in the ocean of the world.

The Lord scattered the light of the lamp everywhere.

After wandering for 70 years with the main goal of saving the world, one day Lord reached Sammetsikhar. The oil that kept the lamp of life illuminated was now running out. The hour and moment of *Nirvaan* was now not very far away. The Lord, who had a fourfold *sangh* of sixteen thousand *sadhus* (monks), thirty-eight thousand *sadhvis(nuns)*, one lakh sixty-four thousand *shravaks* and three lakh twenty-seven thousand *shravikas*, accepted the fast till death along with thirty-three sages.

The time of imprisonment of the body was over and the *karmic* soul of Lord Shri Parshwanath Prabhu reached liberation. On that time was moonlit eighth day of Shravan, the constellation was Visakha at that time and the *Nirvaan* of Lord Shri Mahavir Dev was still two hundred and fifty years away.

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## Brief Introduction of the Pilgrim of Literary Pilgrimage

- **Birth Name:** Prakashkumar
- **Father's Name:** Babulal Shah
- **Mother's Name:** Shrimati Shataben
- **Birth:** V. S. 2001, Ashwin Krishna - 13, Nashik (Maharashtra)
- **Diksha (Initiation):** V. S. 2011, Vaishakh Shukla - 7, Dhasai (Murbad) (Maharashtra)
- **Diksha Age:** 9 years
- **Yogkshem Vahak:** Param P.A. Shri Ramchandra Surishwarji Maharaja
- **Jeevan Ghadvaiya:** Dadaguru P.A. Shri Muktichandra Surishwarji Maharaj
- **Gurudev:** P.A. Shri Jaykunjar Surishwarji Maharaja (Father Guru)
- **Laghu Bandhu:** Pujya Acharya Shri Muktiprabh Surishwarji Maharaj
- **Vadidiksha:** V. S. 2011, Jyeshtha Shukla - 5, Junnar (Maharashtra)
- **Ganipad:** V. S. 2041, Phalguna Shukla - 3, Hastagiri Teerth
- **Panyasapad:** V. S. 2044, Phalguna Krishna - 3, Shripalnagar (Mumbai)
- **Acharyapad:** V. S. 2047, Vaishakh Shukla - 6, Gopipura, Surat
- **Surimantra Sadhana:** V. S. 2056, Bhabhar Teerth (84 days)
- **Shishyadi Sampada:** 24
- **Literary Creation:**
  - More than 201 books on Historical life events, serial stories, inspiring philosophical compositions, essays, collection of good thoughts, etc.,
  - Scholarly guidance to the monthly 'Kalyan' magazine in Jain Sangh for 45 years,.
  - Regular writing in renowned daily newspapers like Gujarat Samachar, Lokhsatta, Phulchhab, Sambhav, Rakhewal, etc., for many years.
  - Writing introductions for hundreds of books.
- **Special Achievements:**
  - Source of inspiration for unparalleled Shrutmandir Shankheshwar of Shrutraksha
  - The first historical Chaturmas at Jagjaywant Jeerawala Parshwaprabhu's shrine
  - Pratisthacharya of Shree Poshali Parshwanath Teerth under 108 Parshwanath
  - Sattavisha Sangh Pratibodhak





## About The Author (World's Best Author)

The author H.H.P.P.A.D.S.V Purnachandra S.M. accepted monkhood at the tender age of just nine with his dad-monk & brother-monk. He started to write big motivational essays, historical unknown stories, heart capturing novels, articles, etc., at the age of just eighteen. He thinks, writes and meditates for 10 hours a day from decades.

He is just like a living 'Dictionary' of Gujarati language. He has written more than 201 books, in a very simple, lucid and attractive style, which captures the mind of readers for whole life. He is compiling top-most magazine of Jainism for several Years. He has written articles in many top-most newspapers of India on various topics.

When I was in English medium school, I hated to read books in Gujarati language due to the influence of western cultures. But his books didn't only bring me near the mother language but to Indian real history and tradition also. His books also helped me to give up my dream of going to abroad and in accepting monkhood also; So but obvious for me, he is 'The World's Best Author'.

I am too glad and happy because he showered grace on me to compile his ever first English edition book in ever since first navvanoo (99) yatra of Shankheshwar in his pious Nishra. With the help of his and my disciples, Parshva Chandriya and Punyam Academy Pvt. Ltd. , I am able to complete the task, which is almost impossible for me.

His pen is more effective than atom bomb because it destroys the bad feelings and increases 'sanskar', 'sadachar' and 'sadvichar'.

We hope that his spirituals journey continues for a very long period because best publishers have also published his books, which gives a strong aim to attain 'Nirvaan'.

**Head of the biggest sect of Jainism,  
Gachadhipati, H.H.P.P.A.D.S.V Hembhoosan S.M's disciple**

