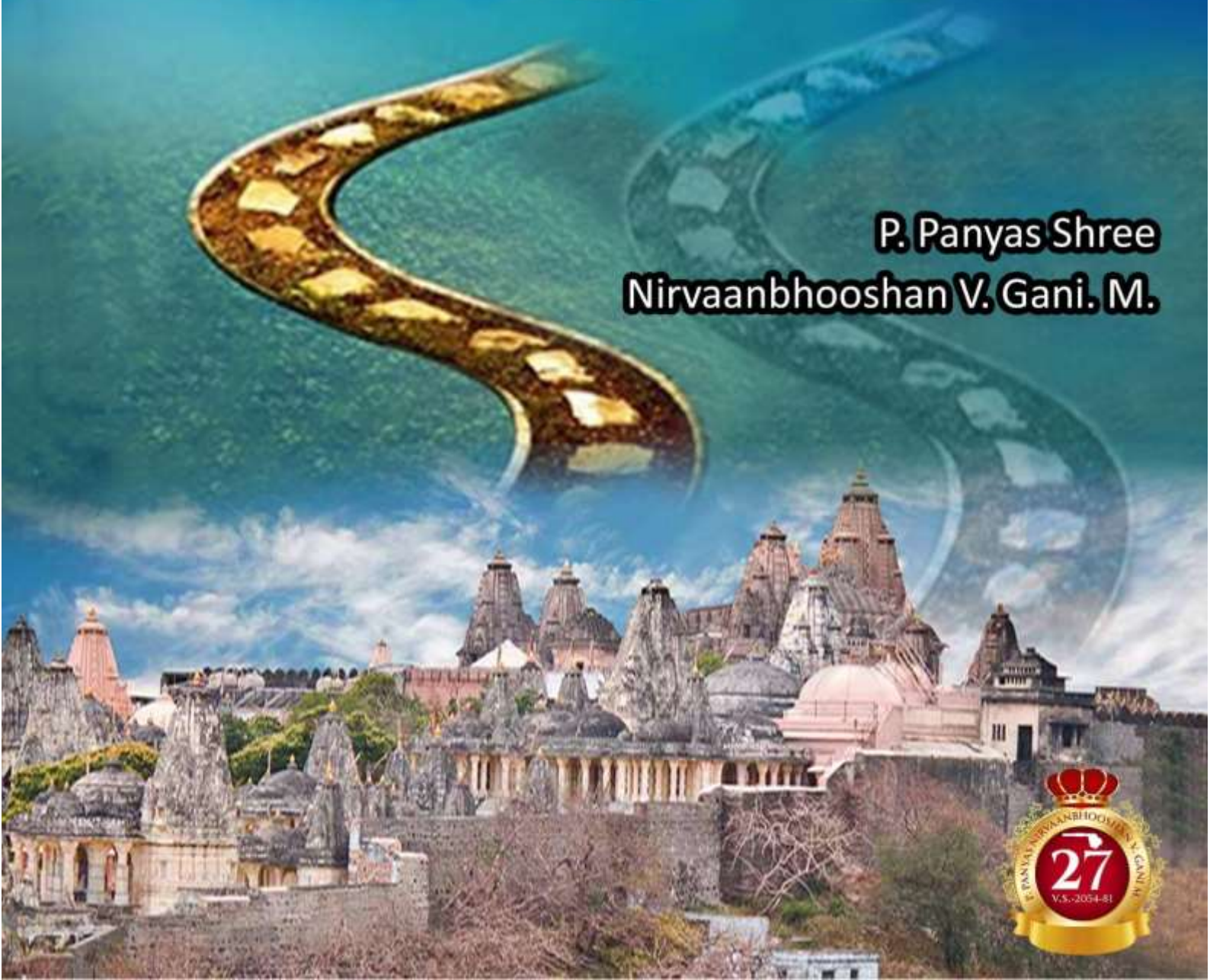


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**P. Panyas Shree
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Since P. Muniraj Shri Nirvaanbhooshan Vijayji has a good command over English language, even before this book, the English books written by him have been welcomed. In the same style 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. Each book will inspire new generation, to walk on the path of humanity and Jainism

(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 33 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.

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1. Vasudev's Previous Birth

Krishna Vaasudev's father's name was Vasudev. He was neither a Chakravarti nor a Vaasudev, yet he possessed such unique beauty, immense fame, and immense good fortune that ordinary people cannot even imagine.

Any woman who saw him once would fall in love with him, never able to forget him. When he was young, the women of Shauripuri would chase him just for a glimpse, forgetting household chores and family honor. Even the women of noble families could not control their minds. He became so beloved by women that he became the husband of 72,000 women, sequentially. Even a Chakravarti has only 64,000 married wives. Vaasudev's number of wives is only 16,000, though Vasudev was formally married to 72,000 women.

Such was his intense level of enjoyment virtue. This enjoyment virtue was acquired through the practice of the virtue of "vaiyavachch." Fourteen Purvadhara in the "Oghniryukti", Yugpradhan Acharya Shri Bhadrabahusuri Maharaj has stated:

“Never be lethargic in performing Vaiyavachch. Perform Vaiyavachch (devoted service) regularly for supreme souls, for the virtue gained from other rituals is liable to decline or be lost (pratipati), whereas the virtue earned through Vaiyavachch is imperishable and irreversible (apratipati).”

In his previous life, Vasudev performed rigorous penance and carried out the internal penance known as Vaiyavachch with unwavering devotion; this was the result of those actions. His past life is fascinating and equally inspiring. Let us journey through that story.

There was a village named **Nandi** in the land of **Magadh**. A Brahmin named Chakradhar lived there with his wife, Somila. The Brahmin was extremely poor—it seemed as though there was an enmity between his teeth and food (implying a lack of sustenance). A son was born to this couple. He must have been born with a destiny of profound misfortune! Though the parents were healthy, they died immediately after the baby was born.

Poverty, tender childhood, and separation from one's parents—the mere thought of such a plight is terrifying.

His maternal uncle took the boy into his own home and raised him, naming him **Nandishen**. No matter how beautiful the name or how loving the relatives, where can there be any hope of happiness for one whose very destiny is adverse?

Such was Nandishen's situation. In time, he grew into a young man. Usually, youth brings out a person's physical beauty, but in his case, the opposite occurred; as he matured, he became increasingly unsightly(ugly).

He had a large belly, a large head, and yellowish hair... a crooked nose and crooked teeth; mangled ears, protruding ribs, and sores on his back—as if his anatomy were completely distorted. He walked with a staggering gait, and his speech was so unpleasant that no one wished to listen to him.

Women would move away the moment they saw him; some were even frightened. To make matters worse, he was dull-witted. What options remained? He began working as a domestic helper in his uncle's household. Eventually, the townspeople taunted him: "You fool! You work as a servant doing chores in your uncle's house? Go to a foreign land, test your fortune, amass wealth, and marry a suitable woman."

Sthanantaritani bhagyani—sometimes, changing one's location can change one's destiny. Nandishen decided to go abroad in search of work. However, his uncle, who was well aware of his limited intellect and unfortunate destiny, tried to dissuade him, saying, "Why go to a foreign land? Stay here in my home; that is best. I have seven daughters; I will arrange your marriage with one of them myself."

Nandishen was delighted. He stayed on at his maternal uncle's house and began helping with the chores. One day, his uncle dressed Nandishen in fine clothes, presented him before his seven daughters, and suggested them to choose.

The moment the seven sisters saw this unfortunate man, they were filled with loathing. They told their father, "Father, we would rather commit suicide than accept Nandishen."

Nandishen witnessed this humiliation with his own eyes. He was deeply wounded; an ocean of sorrow surged within him. Regardless of a man's caste or merit, rejection by young women in the context of marriage is unbearable for him.

In that moment, Nandishen was overcome by a profound sense of detachment born of sorrow. He reflected, "The fault lies in my own karma. What can my uncle do when even my own cousins—my maternal uncle's daughters—reject me?"

That very night, Nandishen left his uncle's house and set out alone. Agitated by the humiliation he had suffered, he arrived at a city named Ratnapur and entered a garden. There, he saw a couple frolicking in the passion. The sight was unbearable to him—like salt rubbed into a wound. His mental anguish reached its peak. "Young men everywhere win the hearts of maidens, yet I alone am denied this. Such extreme misfortune! I do not wish to live; this life holds no meaning."

Firmly resolved to commit suicide, he left the city and returned to the forest. There, he encountered a Jain monk named **Sushthit**. At his feet, he sat down and narrated his story; tears streamed profusely from his eyes.

Hearing of his decision to commit suicide, the Sage felt compassion. With great kindness, the Sage counseled Nandishen, explaining that **suicide is not the remedy for suffering; rather, the remedy lies in eradicating the karma of sin.**

Why consider life futile simply for the lack of a wife? True success in life lies not in the company of a woman, but in the practice of Dharma (righteousness). Practicing Dharma is made possible through the observance of absolute non-violence (Ahimsa), and such non-violence is embodied in Jain initiation (Diksha); therefore, you should embrace the path of a monk.

Upon hearing the Guru's words, Nandishen's tears ceased, and the anguish in his mind began to subside.

He accepted initiation from the Guru; as if started a panacea for a multitude of misfortunes. He thus became the Nandishen muni.

As his capacity for grasping knowledge was not particularly sharp, the Guru encouraged the newly initiated monk to devote his energy to penance and the service of fellow ascetics (Vaiyavachch). This suggestion resonated deeply with Nandishen. He took a solemn vow (Abhigraha) before the Guru to observe Chhath penance (a fast lasting two days) followed by a break (Parana) and the next Chhath and so on. He also vowed to observe the Ayambil even on the days designated for breaking the fast. He steadfastly adhered to this rigorous vow.

On one hand, he undertook intense penance, and on the other, he engaged in exemplary Vaiyavachch. He would daily procure and provide alms for five hundred monks. Even on the days when he was to break his own fast, he would not forgo this opportunity for service; the Vaiyavachch came first, followed by the breaking of the fast.

This practice continued for hundreds of years. Nandishen's enthusiasm never waned in the slightest. He began to be widely praised throughout the Gachchh. Subsequently, this praise spread far and wide. He began to be praised throughout the entire Jain Sangh. In every Gachchh and in villages across the land, the Shramana-sangh (community of monks) spoke of Nandishen with reverence. He established a unique reputation for his exceptional dedication to Vaiyavachch (service to fellow ascetics). His fame grew.

Once, Indra of the first Devlok, praised Nandishen in his divine assembly, exclaiming, "Blessed is the ascetic Nandishen! When he lived in the worldly realm, he was so steadfast that neither spiritual inertia nor infamy could deter him. Today, this soul has ascended to such lofty spiritual heights. His passion for penance! His devotion to Vaiyavachch! It is as if the virtue of service has become inextricably woven into his very being."

Hearing this praise, two deities were deeply agitated; they burned with envy. "What kind of service does this Nandishen perform that even we deities cannot diminish his virtue of Vaiyavachch? Let us descend to earth right now and cause Nandishen to falter in his Vaiyavachch. Then, even King Indra will realize that praising renunciates so highly is unwise."

The two deities resolved to act and arrived in the city of Ratnapur. **Every instance of praise brings a measure of envy in its wake, just as every instance of criticism attracts a few followers; such is the law of the world.** The same occurred here: the very praise Indra had bestowed upon Nandishen became the cause of his trial.

One deity arrived at the garden, assumed the guise of a monk, and sat beneath a tree. He appeared elderly and was suffering from severe diarrhea, leaving both his body and robes soiled.

The second deity also assumed the form of a monk and entered the city. He made his way to the Gachchh's quarters and approached Nandishen. It was the day for breaking his fast (Parana). Nandishen had first attended to the needs of five hundred other monks; only then did he bring his own alms and sit down to partake of the meal. Just as he held the first morsel in his hand, the visiting monk said: "Hey Nandishen! My Guru has been suffering from severe diarrhea; he is sitting in the garden in a state of despair with no one to look after him, yet here you sit calmly, preparing to take meal? What, then, is the point of your reputation for vaiyavachch?"

Nandishen set the morsel down. Covering his alms-bowls with a cloth, he stood up. He said to the visiting monk, "Come, where is your Guru? I was completely unaware of his illness; otherwise, I would not have missed this opportunity to serve him. What is the rush for alms-food?"

He arrived at the garden. The moment the sick monk saw Nandishen, he lashed out! "What! You've come empty-handed? Go, fetch water first so I can cleanse my body and robes. Don't you even know that one should bring water when visiting a monk suffering from diarrhea?"

"Micchami Dukkadam... I will fetch the water right away," Nandishen said reassuringly. He then set out to procure water. He visited every household in the village suitable for alms but found water nowhere. How could he? Deities themselves had created obstacles to prevent him from obtaining pure water; after all, their goal was to torment Nandishen and cause him to falter in his service (vaiyavachch).

Nandishen set out for alms a third time. Now, the power of his ascetic spiritual attainments (tapa-labdhi) surged, shattering the obstacles created by the deities. Nandishen obtained water and returned to the garden. He felt not a shred of revulsion; he cleansed the sick monk's soiled body and robes. Afterward, he humbly requested, "Oh Revered One! Please come into the city so you can receive medical treatment. Your body has become very weak; it needs medicine."

"What you say is true, but I am in no condition to walk even a single step. My body has become extremely frail. If you were to lift me and carry me to the city, I could go there," said the ailing monk.

"Where else could I find such an opportunity? May the Lord grant me this very privilege." Saying this, Nandishen lifted the elderly monk onto his shoulders.

Despite being an ascetic himself, not a trace of ego arose in him while lifting the monk. As Nandishen was making his way toward the Upashraya (monastic residence), the ailing monk suffered a bout of severe diarrhea. Nandishen's entire body became soiled by the discharge. The waste emitted a foul odor, creating a repulsive atmosphere all around; yet, even amidst this, Nandishen harbored no ill will toward the elderly monk.

He was simultaneously bearing the weight of the elderly monk and enduring the stench from the soiled body. Seeing Nandishen remain unshaken even in this situation, the elderly monk began to increase his body weight. The burden placed upon Nandishen exceeded his capacity to bear it easily, causing his steps to falter and become unsteady.

Just then, the elderly monk began hurling harsh, stinging words—the kind that feel like a worm boring into one's ear. "You deserve nothing but scorn. Your reputation for vaiyavachch is hollow. You are walking too hurriedly. You are deliberately trying to trouble me so that I might get down..."

He subjected Nandishen to intense humiliation, right in the middle of the street. Yet, Nandishen offered no retaliation; instead, maintaining a state of virtuous equanimity, he reflected: "How can this monk be restored to health? He is gravely ill, which is why he cannot maintain his composure. I am unfortunate that my gait is causing him discomfort. How can I bring him relief and comfort?"

In this manner, the monk created one disturbance after another, establishing a series of scorn and abuse. Despite being subjected to repeated torments, Sage Nandishen did not waver in his resolve to perform Vaiyavachch; seeing this, the two visiting deities bowed down. They felt deep reverence for the sage. They withdrew their illusory divine forms and manifested in their true, radiant celestial appearances.

They showered flowers upon Sage Nandishen's head, bowed at his feet, and began to praise him: "Blessed are you, O Bhagwant! You possess the very virtues that King Indra himself extolled. Even we deities could not shake your dedication to Vaiyavachch. You have conquered anger. What we witnessed here matches exactly what we heard from Indra. Please forgive our error."

They departed. The elderly monk, his disciple, and the foul stench of excrement were nowhere to be seen. Sage Nandishen's entire body was now anointed with Goshirsha sandalwood paste, diffusing an exquisite fragrance, and not a single stain remained on his robes.

Witnessing the devotion shown to Sage Nandishen by the deities, everyone began to praise him profusely. Yet, even after this, Sage Nandishen did not abandon his commitment to Vaiyavachch. He observed the code of ascetic conduct for a full twelve thousand years. Until the very end, he continued to perform Chhath, one after another, while keeping the flame of Vaiyavachch burning bright.

When he felt that his body no longer possessed the strength required for such restraint, he undertook a Anshan in accordance with his Guru's command. Seated on a bed of darbha grass, he renounced all four types of food and drink, immersing himself in the blissful state of pure, auspicious meditation (shubha-dhyana).

It is akin to a valiant warrior who, upon nearing victory, suddenly stumbles and loses the opportunity to vanquish the enemy—such was the plight of Nandishena. He possessed the spiritual fruits of thousands of years of restraint and both external and internal penance. He had the power to make the final leap onto the throne of liberation (Moksha). But alas! He faltered. Memories of the insults he had endured from maidens during his worldly life resurfaced. His mind became entangled once again in the knots of worldly attachment. He made a niyana (a specific vow or aspiration for a future life): "By the merit of the conduct I have observed and the penance—both physical and mental—I have performed in this life, may I become 'stri-vallabh' (dear to women) in my next birth."

He passed away without having relinquished this niyana. He was reborn in the eighth Devlok. Subsequently, he took birth as Vasudev—the youngest (tenth) son of King Andhakavrishni.

- **Reference book: Available commentaries on Upadesh-mala**

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2. Chamunda Devi's previous birth

Chotila in Saurashtra is a large village and a small town.

In Vikram Samvat 1252, the Purvacharya Devsuri Maharaj observed Chaturmas (the four-month monsoon retreat) there. It was the era of monarchy. The town's minister was named Nahad, and his younger brother was Salig. Suridev enlightened both brothers. Along with five hundred members of their extended family, they embraced Jainism.

Before long, the month of Ashadh arrived. On the ninth day of the bright fortnight of Ashadh (Ashadh Shudi Navami), the brothers' brows furrowed with anxiety. They stood before the revered Acharya with their family.

"Sir! Chamunda is our family deity. Every year on Vijayadashami, she demands the sacrifice of a buffalo. What shall we do now?"

"Do not worry!"

"Dashami is tomorrow. You will find a solution by tomorrow morning."

Using the power of mantras, the revered Acharya summoned Goddess Chamunda to appear before him.

With words filled with compassion, he enlightened her, saying, "O fortunate one! Recall your past life and comprehend your current wretched state.

In your previous life, you lived in this very city as a Shravika. You were the daughter-in-law of the merchant Dhansar Sheth. You used to observe a fast every month on the fifth day of the bright fortnight (Shukla Paksha Panchami). Once, you were preparing to go to the temple to break your fast; you had put on a brand-new sari. Just then, your little son came running towards you. Ignoring him, you set out, and he ran after you.

The rustling sound of your sari's hem startled a buffalo, causing it to charge towards you. Your son, who was in its path, was struck by the animal. The ferocious buffalo took out its hostility towards you on your son, trampling him to death. He died instantly.

You were so devastated by your son's gruesome death that, letting out a piercing scream, you too died on the spot. Upon death, you were reborn as Chamunda.

In the previous birth, a male buffalo killed your son. This caused you to harbor hatred toward the entire buffalo species, leading you to repeatedly demand the sacrifice of male buffaloes.

O Goddess, understand this now and calm yourself. How can you drive thousands of male buffaloes to their deaths because of the fault of just one? Stop this frenzied dance of violence."

"Bhagwant, I acknowledge the truth of your words. Yet, I cannot stop the slaughter of buffaloes now, for my soul has become burdened with heavy karma. While my physical form has changed, my inner disposition has also been transformed."

"If that is the case, then at least spare the family of Minister Nahad."

The Goddess vanished after saying "**Tathastu**" (So be it), having granted the reprieve upon the acceptance of this single condition by Suridev.

Even today, Goddess Chamunda is worshipped in Saurashtra. She continues to spread the poison of delusion and violence. **Mental impulses blinded by attachment give rise to such terrible calamities that their fire continues to scorch countless people for hundreds of thousands of years.**

- Reference book: Upadesh Saar.

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3. Vidyadharpati King Indra's previous birth

Ravan defeated King Indra, who held supreme authority over the Vidyadharas.

After defeating him, Ravan laid down a condition: Indra will have to sweep the streets of Lanka every day. He told him that he would be released from his cage only if he accepted this term; otherwise, he would have to spend his entire life in captivity.

With a heavy, helpless heart, Indra agreed to Ravan's terms and secured his release from prison. He became deeply despondent, for **men of valor find humiliation worse than death itself**. Just imagine the cruelty of the situation: a man who was once the lord of the Vidyadharas was now forced to sweep the streets of Lanka.

One day, Indra met a wise sage named 'Nirvaansangam'. He asked the sage, "How did I come to be defeated by Ravan in battle? I was in no way inferior to him in terms of strength or mystical powers. Why, then, am I forced to live a life of ignominy even after gaining my freedom?"

"The reason for this lies in the acts of violence and confinement you inflicted upon ascetics in your past life..." the enlightened Lord said. "Lord, please be gracious enough to tell me about my past life."

"In your previous life, you were a Vidyadhar named **Taditprabh**—the king of **Chandravart City**. You attended the Swayamvar of a princess named **Ahalya**. Many Vidyadhars like you had gathered there. A Vidyadhar named **Anandmali**—the ruler of **Suryavart City**—had also arrived there, accompanying you in your aerial chariot.

The princess placed the wedding garland around Anandmali's neck, a gesture that deeply humiliated you. You wondered why she hadn't accepted you—even though you were present—and why she had chosen your friend instead. You were consumed by envious calculations.

You parted ways after that, yet the knot of resentment towards Anandmali remained firmly in your heart. Some time later, King Anandmali renounced the world and took initiation. Wandering with his Guru's Gachchh, he advanced in his spiritual practice and was granted permission to perform Atapana (a rigorous penance involving exposure to the sun)."

He was staying with the Gachchh on a mountain named **Rathavart**. There, he stood in the posture of Kayotsarg (meditative stillness). You, too, arrived there for sport. Upon seeing the ascetic Anandmali, the knot of hatred within you seemed to explode. Memories of Ahalya's Swayamvar came back to you. You set out to exact revenge for that old enmity. You bound the noble ascetic tightly and then beat him severely. Although the ascetic's body was bloodied and wounded, he did not waver from his state of equanimity; he offered no retaliation, nor did he even utter a word in response to you. Astonishingly, he did not even break his Kayotsarg.

His fellow disciple, **Kalyan Ganivar**, could not bear to witness this. He, too, was a repository of numerous spiritual powers (Labdhis). He unleashed Tejoleshya (a fiery force) upon you. At that moment, your wives were terrified. Along with the others, your chief queen, Satyashri, pleaded with Kalyangani to spare your life. Finally, the sage withdrew the Tejoleshya, and you were saved.

By binding, beating, and berating the sage, you accumulated such intense, tenacious karma that you were defeated in the battle here. You were bound with chains and confined in Ravan's cage. Even after that, you were subjected to menial tasks fit for a Harijan.

King Indra became filled with a spirit of renunciation. He immediately took initiation. Ultimately, having attained Kevalgyan, he attained Siddhi in that very lifetime.

- Reference book: Tri. Sh. Pu. charitra.

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4. Abdhikumardev's previous birth

'Abdhikumar' is the name of a group of Bhavanapati deities. This divine group comprises hundreds of thousands of deities, all of whom can be identified as Abdhikumar deities. Just as India is home to 1.4 billion citizens—each with an individual name, yet all collectively referred to as Indians.

We are concerned here with one such Abdhikumar deity. In his previous life, this deity was born into the animal kingdom—specifically as a monkey—leading a mischievous life. The trees surrounding Lanka, the wild forests, and the seashore formed the arena of his activities.

What capacity for discernment could exist in the life of a monkey? And how could there be refinement or civilization in a life devoid of such discernment?

At that time, a Vidyadhar named **Taditkesh** was ruling over Lanka; Taditkesh was Ravan's great-grandfather. He arrived at a garden accompanied by his beloved queen, **Shri Chandra**. The queen sat beneath a tree, while the king began to stroll through the garden.

By a twist of fate, the monkey mentioned earlier arrived at the tree where the queen was seated. Upon seeing the queen, he was overcome by lust. After all, he was a sentient creature endowed with five senses; natural instincts—such as the urge for mating—inevitably torment such creatures.

Seeing the queen sitting alone, he descended and dug his claws into her body. The queen raised an alarm. The king came running, drew his bow, and with a single arrow, left the monkey wounded. It was certain the monkey would not survive, given the severity of the injury.

Staggering along somehow, he reached a nearby forest. Lacking the strength to go any further, he collapsed at the feet of a sage standing right there.

A sage is an ocean of compassion. The sage concluded his Kausagg, showered the monkey with a gaze full of mercy, and recited the Navkar Mantra. This brought immense joy to the monkey's mind, which had previously been burning with Durdhyan (distressing, negative thoughts). Shortly thereafter, upon death, the monkey was reborn as Abdhikumar Dev.

- Reference book: Tri. Sh. Pu. (Verse)

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5. Kurudattputra Dev's previous birth

During the time of Lord Mahavir, a wealthy man named Kurudatt was renowned in the city of Rajgrihi. His father's fame was so immense that the son became known not by his own name, but simply as Kurudattputra. In the prime of his youth, upon hearing the teachings of Lord Mahavir, he renounced the worldly life. He received initiation from the Lord and, by embracing discipleship under Him, illuminated his life.

This monk undertook such intense penance, spiritual practice, Atapana (a rigorous practice of enduring heat), and endurance—practices that we might perhaps not achieve even in a lifetime of spiritual striving.

It was precisely because of this extremely rigorous penance that, within just six months of embracing restraint, his life came to an end. What kind of penance must he have performed? From the very day of his initiation, he began a regimen of Attham followed by Attam again; even during the breaking of the fast (Parana), he strictly observed the Ayambil penance. He maintained this practice until his very last breath.

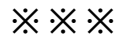
And the truly extraordinary part is this—alongside this penance, he would daily fix his gaze upon the sun and perform severe Atapana while keeping both arms raised towards the sky. Enduring such penance for even a single minute is unbearable; yet, he practiced it for six months.

Through this penance and the intense Atapana, the vital constituents of his body were virtually burned. When he realized his body was becoming frail, he undertook Anshan

in accordance with the Lord's command. After steadfastly observing Anshan for fifteen days, he passed away.

He was reborn in the second Devlok as a Samanik deity (a deity of equal rank) of Ishanendra. In the Bhagavati Sutra, this deity is referred to as Kurudattputra. He possesses opulence, lifespan, physical beauty, and power equal to that of Ishanendra.

- Reference book: Shiri Bhagvai Suttam.



6. Tishyak Dev's previous birth

In his previous life, this deity's name was Tishyak. He is identified in the Bhagavati Sutra as Tishyakdev. The Indra of the first Devlok is named as Saudharmendra. His Samanik Dev is this deity (Tishyakdev). Samanik Dev means a deity possessing the same wealth, power, and longevity as Indra.

This Tishyak Dev possesses immense prosperity beyond imagination of ordinary humans. The root of such prosperity lies in his acceptance of Lord Mahavir's discipleship in his previous life.

In his previous life, this Tishyak Dev was a gentleman named Tishyak. Upon hearing Lord Mahavir's teachings, he became detached from worldly affairs. He received Rajoharan from the Lord's lotus hands and got blessed his soul by accepting the Lord's discipleship.

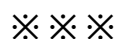
Extremely humble and simple by nature, this sage's spiritual practice is such that one bows his head in respect. From the very day he received initiation, he began to perform Chhath, then its Parna, followed by another Chhatt, and so on. In addition, he certainly performed harsh spiritual activities and constant Vaiyavachch.

This practice continued for eight years. During this period, his body was so emaciated that it resembled a mere wooden frame.

Realizing that he no longer possessed the requisite strength to maintain his restraint, the monk Tishyak sought the Lord's permission to undertake a fast unto death. The Lord granted this permission. Before commencing the fast, the monk made a detailed confession and atonement of his faults to the Lord, thereby unburdening his soul of the weight of sin. He then undertook Anshan and observed it flawlessly for a month.

Ultimately, he attained a peaceful death and was reborn as Tishyakdev.

- Reference book: Bhagavai Suttam.



7. Sage Metaraj's previous birth

Here, we commemorate Sage Metaraj, who endured a life-threatening ordeal to protect a Kraunch bird and attained Kevalgyan at the end of that suffering, ultimately attaining Moksha (liberation).

To understand why this great soul—who attained liberation in that very lifetime—had to be born into a lower lineage, one must look at his previous birth.

In his previous life, he was a royal priest in the city of Ujjayini. Upon reaching the prime of youth, his mischievous behavior became unbridled, fueled by his friendship with the city's prince. At that time, King Munichandra—also known as Chandravatansak—ruled Ujjayini; he was the fifth son of the King. Munichandra's elder brother was named Sagarchandra. Their father had entrusted the vast kingdom of Saketpur to Sagarchandra; however, due to a conflict with his stepmother over the kingdom, Sagarchandra developed a sense of detachment from worldly life and embraced Diksha (initiation). Before renouncing the world, he personally performed the coronation of his stepmother's son, Gunchandra, placing him on the throne.

After taking Diksha, Sage Sagarchandra began to practice restraint with great discipline. Once, a group of monks arriving from the city of Ujjayini met him. These monks complained, "O Bhagwant! Your nephew and his friend—the priest's son—are harassing the monks there. They cause disturbances during the alms-round (Gochari) and at the place of dwelling; they disrupt scriptural study and impede our travels. Both have become deeply entrenched in wrong beliefs and have turned against the monks. Intoxicated by youth and power, they are tarnishing the reputation of the Jain order at their own whim. Even King Municandra is unable to stop them; you, however, are truly great! What more need be said?"

"Very well, I shall set their wayward behavior right."

Monk Sagarchandra gave this assurance. After seeking his Guru's permission, he arrived in the city of Ujjayini. He reached the royal palace and asked, "Where are the prince and the priest's son?" The guard replied, "They are playing in this garden. Please do not go there; they torment monks terribly."

Monk Sagarchandra went straight to the two of them and, in a loud voice, offered the greeting of "Dharmalabh" (blessings of righteousness). They were astonished and began to wonder among themselves. Having encountered a monk after a long time, they decided to make him sing and dance for their amusement. The two men grabbed Sagarachandra Muni by the arms and led him to an upper floor of the royal palace.

The monk allowed them to proceed as they wished. Upon reaching the upper floor, they first shut the door. Then, the wicked men ordered the monk to dance: "Come on, start dancing, or else you'll feel the lash of the whip..."

"You two play the veena and the drum, and I shall dance to the rhythm," said Sagarachandra Muni.

"We don't know how to play musical instruments," the two replied, arrogantly.

"Then will you wrestle with me?" Sagarachandra Muni proposed. "Yes, why not? We certainly will." The intoxicated men thought that wrestling would allow them to torment the monk even more. What match was this monk for them? Little did they know...

Sagarachandra Muni alone wrestled with the duo. Soon, both men were gasping for breath. In his worldly life, the monk had undergone rigorous training in the art of wrestling; compared to his mastery, the two men seemed like mere children.

Seizing the opportunity, the monk twisted their limbs so forcefully that their joints were dislocated. Both men collapsed in a heap on the floor, screaming and groaning in agony.

Sagarachandra Muni left them in that state and walked out of the palace. He went to the garden and entered a state of deep, focused meditation (Kausagg).

Meanwhile, hearing their screams, the King arrived there. He saw that their joints had become dislocated due to the wrestling match. Upon investigation, the king learned that a sage had visited the royal palace; this must have been his doing. The king set out to find him and eventually came across the sage—his own elder brother—in the garden. He immediately fell at his feet and pleaded, "Oh Master! It is not fitting for a great soul like you to inflict suffering upon others."

"You are the son of King Chandravattansak; why do you not restrain these sons of yours who harbor such hostility toward sages? Why allow such injustice?" Sage Sagarachandra complained to the king.

"Lord, they have duly reaped the consequences of their actions today. Now, you stand in the place of a father to them. There is no one else who can restore their dislocated joints; therefore, please save them."

"Then bring them before me!" It was done. As the two groaned in pain, Sage Sagarachandra told them, "My first condition is that you have to take initiation. If you agree to it, your lives will be spared." Both accepted the condition. Thereupon, the sage—an expert in the art of wrestling—reconnected their joints, and they were restored to perfect health.

In accordance with the condition, they were initiated right there; indeed, both truly accepted initiation. They became disciples of Sage Sagarachandra and diligently observed the five codes of conduct (Panchachar). However, the one who was the priest's son did not relinquish his pride of lineage or caste even while leading a life of ascetic restraint; he remained deeply arrogant about his caste. Consequently, he bound the karma of a low-status lineage (Neecha Gotra Karma).

After an intervening life as a deity, this very sage was reborn as Prince Metaraj and as the son of a Chandala (an outcast). The journey that followed is a fascinating one, with which we are already familiar.

- Reference book: Upadeshmala, Doghatti Vritti.

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8. The previous birth of Dhupsar Kumar

The name of **Kshemankarsheth's** son was **Dhupsar Kumar**—a name that perfectly reflected his nature. A delightful fragrance constantly emanated from his entire body; it was a scent so exquisite that nothing else in the world could match it. This extraordinary quality was present from the very moment of his birth; he must have arrived bearing the fruits of immense accumulated virtue.

Anyone who came into contact with the young man—or even just his garments—would find that the same fragrance lingered on their own clothes for a long time. As this matter spread through the village, people began lining up to meet him.

Eventually, the news reached the King's ears. At first, the King did not believe it; however, when people who had touched the young man stood before him and the fragrance was clearly perceptible on their clothes as well, he had no choice but to accept the truth.

The King ordered Kshemankarsheth's son to appear before him, and the young man duly presented himself.

Tell me the truth, which perfume packets do you use to spread such a strong fragrance? Where did you get those perfume packets? The king asked.

Master! This is the natural fragrance of my body. I don't apply any perfume at all.' Kumar replied politely.

In that time, even the king's nose was drenched with Kumar's fragrance. Seeing Kumar's effect, jealousy ignited in the king's heart. "No one should be more influential than me in my city!"

The king ordered his servants to stand Kumar outside the royal court. Seize him and smear his entire body with feces, so that his fragrance vanishes! Yes, Your Majesty!

What intelligence do the royal servants have? They carried out the king's command. They held Kumar tightly and began applying feces to his body.

At that moment, Kumar's friend deity from his previous birth arrived. He was infuriated by such harsh condemnation of Kumar. Just as the royal attendants began smearing filth on him, celestial beings started showering water of exquisite fragrance upon the Kumar's body. Furthermore, they began raining down divine flowers.

The stench of the filth was completely overshadowed; the divine water caused an even more intense fragrance to emanate from Kumar's body.

Thousands of subjects witnessed this miracle unfold right before their eyes. They began to hail Kumar with cheers of victory. The King, too, was shaken by this divine miracle; he bowed at Kumar's feet, sought forgiveness, and ordered the filth to be removed. A genuine, heartfelt affection for Kumar now arose within the King.

At that time, an enlightened sage possessing Kevalgyan arrived in a nearby garden. The King set out with his army to pay his respects, and the populace followed him. After listening to the sage's discourse, the King asked, "Bhagwant! What meritorious deeds has this merchant's son performed that such a divine fragrance emanates from his body?"

"And a second question: what negative karmic bond from the past must have existed between us that I desired to smear filth on his body—and actually carried it out?"

"O King! The reason lies hidden in Kumar's previous birth."

"Three lives ago, the two of you were bound by the relationship of father and son. You were the King, and he was your Kumar. Encountering a propitious influence, Kumar came into contact with the Jain faith. He developed unwavering devotion towards the Arihant. He took a solemn vow to perform Dhup-Puja (worship with incense) daily. He never broke this vow, not even at the moment of his death. He would worship the Lord every day using the finest incense; while performing this ritual, his mind would become incredibly tender and filled with devotion."

Through this virtuous deed, he accumulated virtue. By its influence, a fragrance has been emanating from his body ever since he was born in this life.

In a past life, due to certain circumstances, you—father and son—became enemies. The conflict escalated, and you engaged in battle against each other. In the fray, Kumar defeated the king's army. You were defeated, and Kumar—blinded by the arrogance of youth—had you captured. On the battlefield, he ordered soldiers to smear filth upon your body before releasing you.

Even though you were the father, you came to harbor intense hatred toward your son. By committing this reprehensible act, Kumar accumulated grave negative karma.

When this negative karma bore fruit, Kumar's body became smeared with excrement. Because of the enmity carried over from the past life, you too harbored such malicious thoughts toward Kumar.

Upon hearing the sermon of the Kevali Bhagwant, **King Purnachandra** was overcome by amazement, and Dhupsar Kumar attained the knowledge of his past lives (Jatismaran-gyan). Both were filled with a spirit of renunciation and embraced the path of ascetic restraint under the guidance of the Kevali Bhagwant.

- **Reference: 'Ashtaprakari Pujano Raas' composed by Poet Udayratnaji**

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9. The Kite's previous birth

Sage Vardatt was delivering a sermon when he suddenly burst into laughter. This caused a stir in the assembly. Ascetics do not laugh without reason; indeed, laughing in such a manner leads to the accumulation of seven types of karmas. The assembly was well aware of this tenet of the Jina's teachings.

King Mahipal of Kaushambi was also present in the gathering. He respectfully asked, " Bhagwant, you are a master of three forms of knowledge; how is it, then, that you are laughing in this manner?"

"Look, there is a kite perched on the tree over there. It is tugging at its own legs while contemplating a plan to kill me. See what a grudge carried over from a past life does to the soul?"

Sage Vardatt thus conveyed to the assembly that his laughter was neither causeless nor a mere act of frivolity, but was instead prompted by a serious underlying reason.

"Bhagwant! Please recount the details of this kite's past life," the King requested.

"In a previous life, I was a Sheth (merchant) named Dhanya in the city of Shripur, and this kite was my wife Sundari. However, she was a woman of loose morals and began an illicit affair with another man. I had not the slightest inkling of her misconduct. Once, her lover told her, "I will no longer accept you, nor should you come to me, for I am terrified of your husband."

"Beloved! Do not forsake me. I shall dispel your fear. If my husband—that thorn in our path—is removed, what is there left to fear?"

Sundari bought poison to send me to the other world. She mixed it into milk and headed toward the kitchen to serve me that very cup during the meal. But as ill luck

would have it, she was bitten by a snake. She fell to the ground, screaming, and never rose again.

I rushed inside and, finding Sundari dead, mourned bitterly. After performing her last rites, I renounced the world and took initiation. Upon her death, that Sundari was reborn as a lioness.

Once, during my ascetic life, I was deeply absorbed in Kayotsarg (meditative stillness) when a lion suddenly pounced upon me. It attacked and killed me. Upon death, I was reborn in the twelfth Devlok, while the lion, after completing its lifespan, was reborn in the fourth hell.

When my time in the twelfth Devlok concluded, I descended and was born in the city of Champanagari as the son of Datt Shreshthi; I was named Vardatt.

Meanwhile, the soul from the fourth hell emerged and was born in my own household as the son of a maidservant. I acknowledged him as a 'Dharmabhrata' (spiritual brother). Driven by greed for wealth and fear of me, he began learning the Dharma from me, yet deep down, he harbored hatred the moment he saw me—an enduring effect of the enmity from our past life.

As time passed, a wicked thought took hold of him: to kill the Sheth and become the master of the mansion. He even acted upon this evil intent. One day, he brought a paan (betel leaf) laced with poison and offered it to me. It was nighttime, and I was observing the Chovihar vow (abstaining from all food and water after sunset); consequently, I simply placed the paan beside my pillow. The night passed, and at dawn, I went to the temple for worship. Meanwhile, my wife's gaze fell upon that paan; she picked it up and, casually addressing the maidservant's son as 'brother-in-law' (Devar), handed it to him.

Being addressed as 'brother-in-law' by the Shethani filled him with immense pride, and without a second thought, he consumed the paan. The poison was extremely potent. It took effect immediately. As soon as he consumed the betel leaf, he collapsed to the ground. His eyeballs bulged out, and he breathed his last. Since he died while consumed by artdhyan (anguished, sorrowful contemplation), he was reborn as a kite. Among birds, the life of a kite (samdi in Gujarati and chil in Hindi) is considered to be of a lowly order—akin to that of a butcher.

This is that very kite. Even now, upon seeing me here, it is contemplating a plot to kill me. Such is the influence of the karmic bonds—auspicious and inauspicious—formed in past lives!

Perched on the tree, the kite was listening to the sermon of Sage Vardatt. Hearing accounts of its past life awakened a sense of curiosity within it. From this curiosity arose the knowledge of recalling past lives (jatismaran-gyan); empowered by this knowledge, the entire narrative of its previous existence flashed before its eyes. It was overcome by intense remorse for its past misdeeds. Flying down from the tree, it

approached to Sage Vardatt's feet. Tears of repentance streamed from its eyes. It sought refuge with the Sage, and the Sage granted it refuge. Inspired by the Sage's teachings, it undertook Anshan. Having peacefully relinquished its life in a state of meditative equanimity, it was reborn in the Devlok.

- Reference book: Upadesh-Prasad.

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10. Jindas Dev's previous birth

A deity named Jindas, who possesses Samyak-drishhti (Right Faith), resides in the Devlok.

We present the story of his past life here because it offers profound spiritual insight.

This account of Jindas conveys a touching message regarding equanimity and steadfastness.

It demonstrates that even a Shravak (lay follower) can attain such a pinnacle of equanimity and steadfastness; witnessing this inevitably compels one to bow in reverence to the significance of the Lord's teachings.

A Shravak named **Jindas** lived in the city of **Champa**. Upon hearing a sermon by a learned spiritual master (Gitarth Guru Bhagwant), his heart was deeply moved. He embraced Right Faith (Samyaktva) and adopted the twelve vows. He began performing Pratikraman (ritual repentance) twice daily. He would set aside time for Samayik (equanimity meditation) and engage in Swadhyay (scriptural study) during that period. Sometimes he would learn new verses, while at other times he would revise what he had already learned. Occasionally, he would contemplate the tenets of the Jin-vani (teachings of the Jina) he had heard, or sing hymns of praise (Stavan)....

The seed of Dharma began to sprout rapidly within his heart softened by compassion. He started observing Paushadh on holy days. Sometimes, during the Paushadh, he would go to the garden at night and perform Kayotsarg continuously until dawn. His dedicated effort to shield his mind from fear and attachment imbued his Kayotsarg with profound spiritual radiance.

Once, he witnessed the castration of a bull. The bull was deeply shaken; what an act of sheer cruelty! The bull must be enduring such unbearable agony—it was as if it was witnessing the very suffering of hellish beings right there.

Compassionate Jindas paid a large sum to rescue the ox. Consequently, the ox developed a deep sense of devotion towards him. Jindas did not intend to take the ox home, yet the animal kept following him. It even began standing outside his house at

night. This continued for some time. Eventually, despite his initial reluctance, the Sheth began caring for the ox, providing it with fodder and water daily.

The ox possessed a soul with light karmic burdens. It greatly liked Jindas's devotion to religion. Whenever the Sheth performed Samayik, the ox would sit outside and listen to the Sheth's scriptural study (Swadhyay). As it continued to listen to religious teachings, a deep reverence for the faith grew within it. It gave up eating at night and would not even consume green grass on holy days (Parva-tithi). Whenever the Sheth performed Pratikraman, the ox would sit beside him during both the morning and evening sessions. Every morning, it would observe Pachchkhan with Sheth and consume grass and water only thereafter.

What a magnificent faith this creature—an animal—held for the religion! Salutations to it. It would see the Sheth every day before commencing its own morning activities. Once, on the night of Ashtami (the eighth day of the lunar fortnight), Jindas went to the garden to perform Kayotsarg. That very day, his unchaste wife had called her lover to the same garden.

Following the pre-arranged signal, both arrived at the garden. The unchaste woman brought an iron cot, carried by trusted servants, so she could engage in amorous play upon it. She had no inkling that the Sheth might also be in the garden for Kayotsarg. She assumed that, since it was Ashtami, the Sheth would be observing Paushadh for the night; following his usual routine, he ought to have been staying in the Paushadh-shala (the designated hall for such ritual).

The cot that was brought had sharp iron spikes beneath its four legs. The unchaste woman had the servants place the cot at a spot of her choosing. By a twist of fate, one of the cot's legs landed directly upon one of the Sheth's feet; but no one knew it. It was pitch dark, after all.

Next, a hammer was used to strike each leg of the bed to stabilize it. Blows also landed on the bed-leg that was resting upon the Sheth's own foot. Consequently, a large nail from the bed pierced right through the Sheth's foot and drove into the ground. The Sheth suffered excruciating pain; his foot was left bloodied, and chunks of flesh were torn away.

On one hand, there was this intense physical agony, and on the other, the sight of his beloved wife committing adultery right before his eyes!

Meanwhile, the unchaste woman and her lover were so close to the Sheth, yet they failed to notice him; they were utterly blinded by lust. They both climbed onto the bed and engaged in unrestrained sexual acts.

The Sheth witnessed this scene with his own eyes. It was an unbearable sight.

At that moment, the Sheth counseled his mind to maintain equanimity and a sense of oneness, telling himself: "Do not fear physical pain, for the body is perishable. Do not

harbor hatred toward your wife for her adultery, for it was you who made the grave mistake of marrying her out of a desire for sensual pleasure."

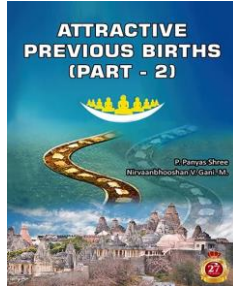
The Sheth perfectly balanced equanimity and the sense of oneness. The iron bed was massive; with two people climbing onto it, an unbearable weight pressed down upon the Sheth's foot. He endured this for a long time, causing his body to become shattered and broken. That very night, the Sheth attained death in a state of deep meditative absorption (Samadhi). He was subsequently reborn in the Devlok as the deity Jindas.

– Referebce book: **Munipati Charitra.**

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Some Other Books Edited / Translated / Written By P. Panyas Shree Nirvaanbhooshan V. Gani M.

Attractive Previous Births (Part - 2)

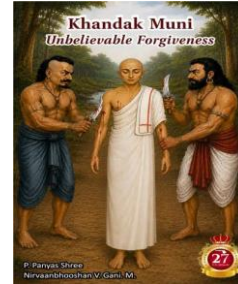


No. of pgs.: 75

Published:2026

This book highlighting the importance of good karma, is a collection of 30 stories depicting previous births of well-known charcters of Jain religion history.

Khandak Muni Unbelievable Forgiveness

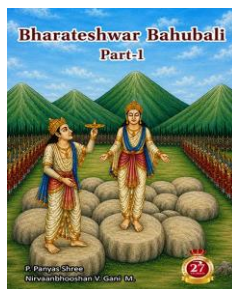


No. of pgs.: 15

Published:2026

This book tells story of a revered sage in Jain history known for his intense penance, incomparable endurance, forgiveness and attainment of Keval Gyan despite facing a tragic and fatal ordeal.

Bharateshwar Bahubali (Part - 1)



No. of pgs.: 88

Published:2026

This book includes the story of Bharat Chakravarti and Bahubali – the legendry sons of Lord Risabhdev, and stories of 7 other sages. This book highlights the importance of good Karma.

Bharateshwar Bahubali (Part - 2)



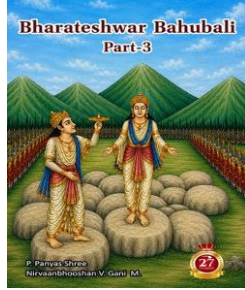
No. of pgs.: 65

Published:2026

This book is a collection of 8 stories of Jain sages who are revered as the epitome of renunciation, peace and non-violence.

Books

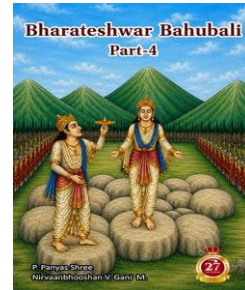
Bharateshwar Bahubali (Part - 3)



No. of pgs.: 45 Published:2026

This book is a collection of 8 stories of great Jain ascetics, highlighting how bad karma is destroyed in a mere moment by taking recourse to the attitude of peace and equanimity.

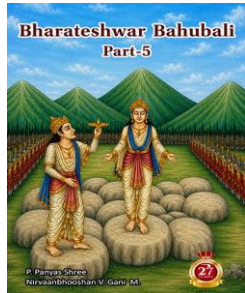
Bharateshwar Bahubali (Part - 4)



No. of pgs.: 75 Published:2026

This book is a collection of 8 stories of Jain sages. Read this book to understand the true nature of this insubstantial world and how worldly pleasures are akin to a great disease.

Bharateshwar Bahubali (Part - 5)



No. of pgs.: 52 Published:2026

This book is a collection of 10 stories of Jain sages and acharyas. Read it to understand the importance of self-restraint and penance for attaining true liberation.

Attractive Previous Births (Part - 3)

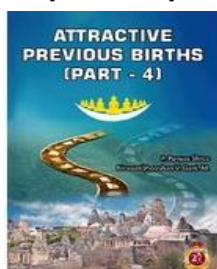


No. of pgs.: 22 Published:2026

This book is a collection of 10 stories of previous births of some famous Jain characters like Kalakeliraja, Kayvanna Sheth, King Ishwar etc., highlighting the effect of our good Karma and sins on the next life.

Books

Attractive Previous Births (Part - 4)



No. of pgs.: 26

Published:2026

This book is a collection of 10 stories of previous births of some famous Jain characters like Abdhikumardev, Tishyak Dev and Sage Metaraj etc., highlighting the importance of good Karma for betterment of the next life.

Attractive Previous Births (Part - 5)

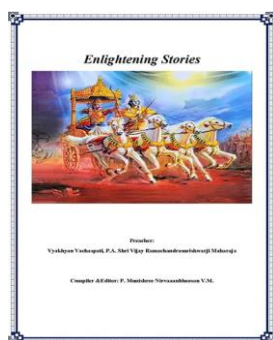


No. of pgs.: 22

Published:2026

This book is a collection of 10 stories of previous births of some well-known Jain characters like Abhaykumar, Nandishen Muni and Kings Shrenik, etc., describing how good Karma and renunciation make next life better.

Enlightening Stories

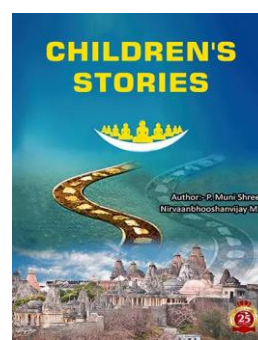


No. of pgs.: 140

Published:2025

This book is a collection of small stories, narrated by world's best preacher. This book will enlighten your whole life, family, nation, continent & world. How? To get this answer, read 'Enlightening Stories'.

Children's Stories



No. of pgs.: 36

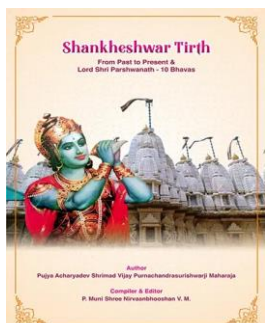
Published:2025

This book will inspire children for adopting honesty, generosity, modesty, human values, etc., in their lives. How? To get this answer, read 'Children's Stories'.

Books

Shankheshwar Tirth

From Past to Present & Lord Shri Parshwanath
– 10 Bhavas

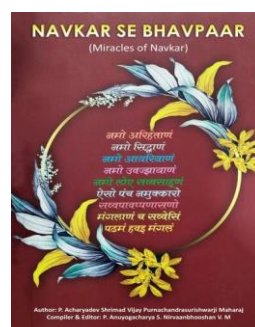


No. of pgs.: 72

Published:2025

How Krishna achieved magical idol of Lord Shri Parshwanath? Why the town was named 'Shankheshwar'? To get this answer and to know about past lives of Lord Shri Parshwanath, read this book.

Navkar Se Bhavpar

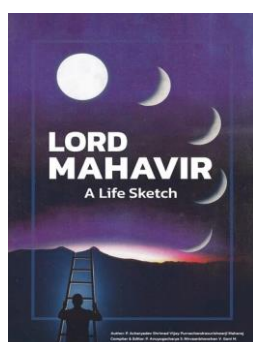


No. of pgs.: 64

Published:2025

This book is a collection of 16 miraculous incidents. It will help readers to know the magical powers of 'Navkar', in their life also.

Lord Mahavir- A Life Sketch

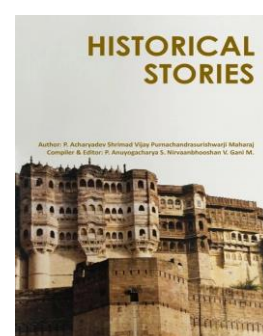


No. of pgs.: 54

Published:2025

This book is a collection of the main events of 27 Bhavas of Lord Shri Mahavir swami. It will inspire new generation for adopting morality, honesty, human values and Jain religion in their lives.

Historical Stories



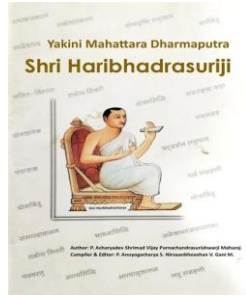
No. of pgs.: 66

Published:2025

In this book, 23 historical events are depicted in a very simple and lucid style, which will inspire new generation for adopting moral values.

Books

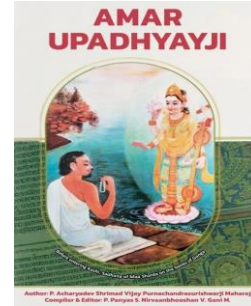
Shri Haribhadrasuriji



No. of pgs.: 54 Published:2025

How a brahmin scholar, who hated Jainism, not only became devoted but also the top-most leader of Jainism? To know this, read 'Shri Haribhadrasuriji Maharaj'.

Amar Upadhyayji

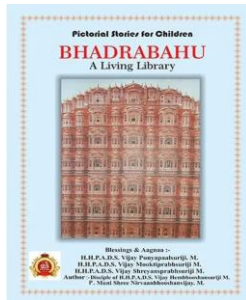


No. of pgs.: 75 Published:2025

Read this book to know how to become 'World's Best Teacher'.

Bhadrabahu

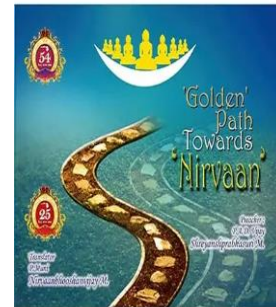
(Multicolor Pictorial Story Book)



No. of pgs.: 16 Published:2023

This book is a collection of pictorial stories on Acharya Bhadrabahu, to educate children on Jain values and practices for self-development and leading a better life.

Golden Path Towards Nirvaan



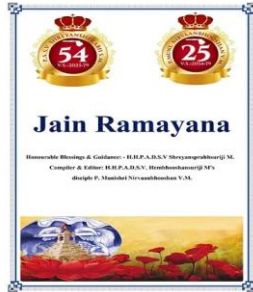
No. of pgs.: 56 Published:2023

This booklet explains many key terms like 'Dharma', 'Atma', 'Sin', 'Samyak Darshan', 'god', 'guru' etc., and their significance from the point of view of Jain religion.

Books

Jain Ramayan

(Multicolor Pictorial Story Book)



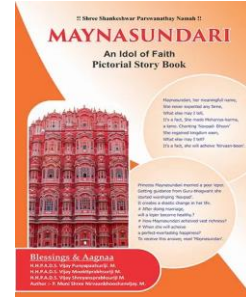
No. of pgs.: 200

Published:2023

This book is a collection of small stories on different characters of the era of Lord Ram, from the perspective of Jainism. Reading this book will inculcate high moral and cultural values among the present generation.

Maynasundari

(Multicolor Pictorial Story Book)

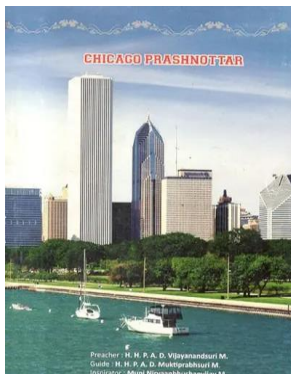


No. of pgs.: 25

Published:2023

This story book gives knowledge of Jain values to children through interesting pictorial stories on a famous Jain character Maynasundari. Reading this book will cultivate and develop high moral values among kids and teenagers.

Chicago Prashnottar



No. of pgs.: 214

Published:2018

This book includes Questions and Answers on Jainism for the Parliament of Religions held at Chicago 7U.S.A. in 1893. It will help readers know the eternal truths of Jainism.

Our Great Persons



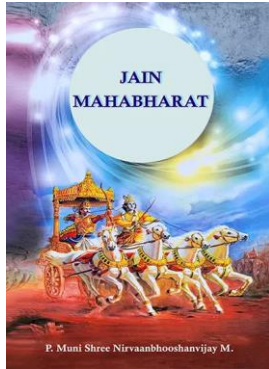
No. of pgs.: 25

Published:2023

This book is a collection of small stories of great Jain persons in order to inspire new generation for adopting morality, human values, Jain religion and culture in their lives.

Books

Jain Mahabharat

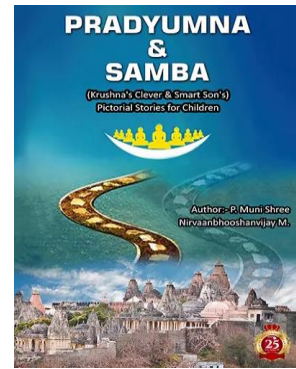


No. of pgs.: 165

Published:2024

This book is a collection of small stories on different characters Kaurava and Pandavas, from the perspective of Jainism. Reading this book will inculcate high moral and cultural influencer for present generation.

Pradyumna & Samba

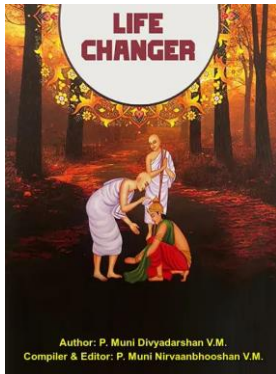


No. of pgs.: 20

Published:2024

This book is all about Krishna's clever sons - Pradyumna & Samba. Read this book to know more.

Life Changer

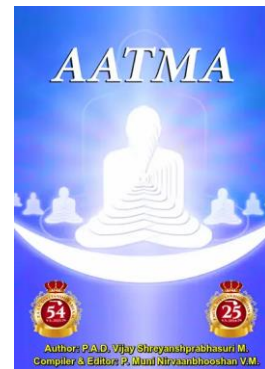


No. of pgs.: 40

Published:2024

This book will change your life, how? To get this answer, read this book "Life Changer".

Aatma



No. of pgs.: 55

Published:2024

This book gives you knowledge in order to attain moksha (liberation), a human being must acquire self-knowledge (Atma Gyaan or Brahmajnana).

About the Compiler

The compiler Puja **Panyas Shree Nirvaanbhooshanvijayji G. Maharaja**, before monkhood was studying in Jai-Hind college, (Mumbai), one of the top most college of India. Though staying in Walkeshwar, one of the richest areas of India, left all the comforts & luxuries, to achieve high level of spirituality. When he was a teen-ager boy, influenced by the western culture started hating, not only Indian cultures & traditions but Jain religion also. He often went to Jain upashray, just to listen & read Jain stories. This also, helped him to give up his dream of going to abroad. Stories became a turning point in his life. After becoming monk, once he was suggested by his preacher, Guru **H.H.P.A.D. Shrimadvijay Hembhushansuriswaraji Maharaja**, to make his English powerful.

He was too obedient to follow each & every order of his Guru. Hence, he was given responsibility of giving 'pravachans' to children & teen-agers, during sanskar-shreni in just one year after attaining monkhood. Due to the grace of Guru-Bhagawants, he achieved mastery in English also. He gave many 'pravachans' created several poems e.t.c. in English also. He became able of compiling books & translating pravachan in English. He also helped his Guru M. in translating case papers of sammet-shikharji, Antarikshji e.t.c. He has a mastery of converting hearts of children, teen agers & young stars too. We have also experienced in our life. He brought us, near to Jainism.

We hope this story which is written in simple & lucid language, would help children, teen agers etc. to study Jainism, who are facing language barriers.

Ketanbhai (C.A.), Hemang (C.A.)
Sagar (C.A.), Jinal (C.A.)
Arham. Aarya, Vinaybhai
Devangbhai

