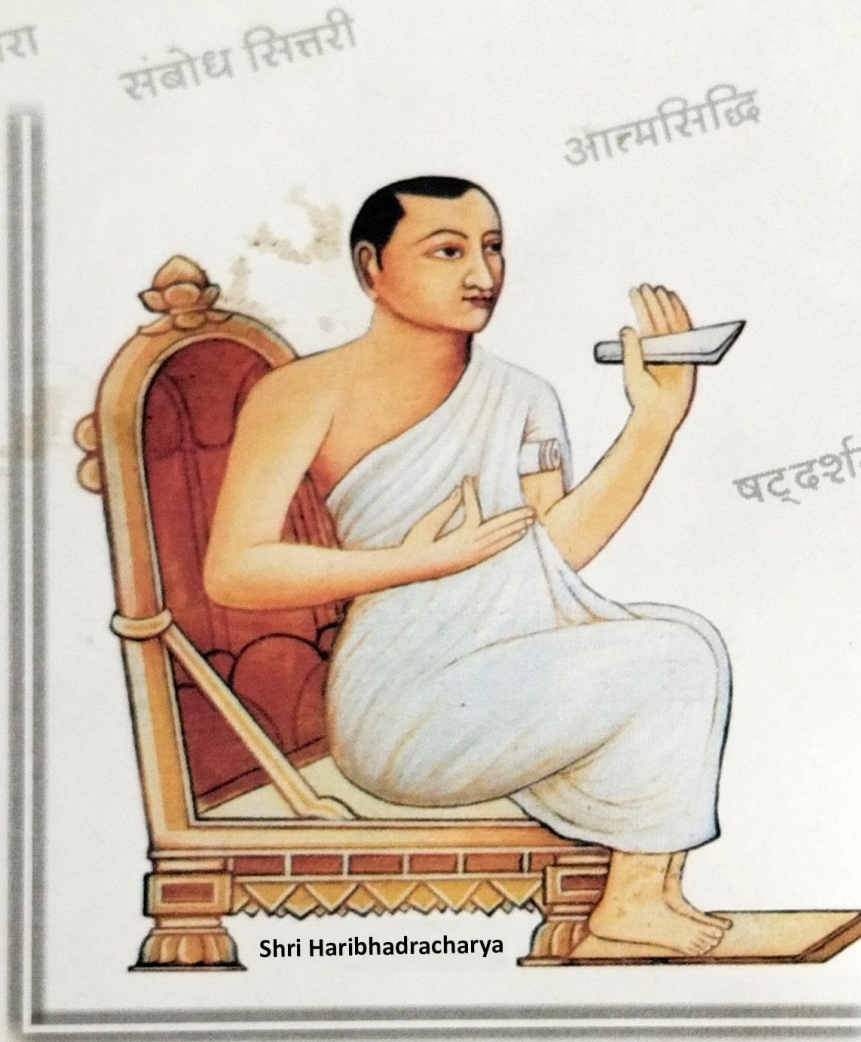


Yakini Mahattara Dharmaputra Shri Haribhadrasuriji



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Publisher's Note

The literary journey of Suridev begins as soon as the Sun's chariot arrives. When the evening falls and the Sun goes towards the horizon, the pen is forced to stop and Suridev's literary journey takes a pause. We are extremely happy and pleased to publish the book 'Yakini Mahattara Dharmaputra Shri Haribhadrasuriji' written by such a great writer, accomplished literary creator, P. Acharyadev Shrimad **Vijay Purnachandrasurishwarji** Maharaja in the international language English today as the third edition in front of the readers.

With the holy inspiration of P. Gurudev Shrutraksha Prerak Acharyadev Shrimad **Vijay Yugchandra Surishwarji** Maharaja, Shri Anuyog Acharya Nirvaanbhooshan V. Gani M's Gurubhaktas have taken the advantage of publishing this book on the occasion of **Gani – Anuyog Acharya Post** of Muni Shree **Nirvaanbhoosan V.M**, for which they too deserve praise. We express our heartfelt gratitude to them. 170 books have been written by Pujya Shri out of which this is the fifth English book. If we continue to get such support from the entire Jain community, then it is certain that our literary journey will continue to move forward rapidly.

L. Panchprasthan Punyasmriti Prakashan, Shankheshwar

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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

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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.

(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.

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1. Dharmamata and Dharmaputra

At midnight, the highways of Chitrakoot were getting ready to sleep, draped in the clothes of darkness. The royal priest Haribhadra, immersed in deep thoughts, perhaps did not even know that he was immersed in thought and that it was almost midnight.

Why was the priest Haribhadra, who had memorized all the fourteen Vidyas, every word of the Vedas and Puranas was on the tip of whose tongue, in other words, the one on whose wisdom Vidyamata (the goddess of knowledge) herself had consecrated her temple, so lost in thought today? What problem arose in front of such an erudite scholar who could solve the most difficult sayings of the scriptures in a moment; what problem arose whose solution was not being found till midnight?

The incident was a simple one; the royal priest had heard the sound of self-study by the Jain nuns. He was able to understand everything else, but he was unable to decipher the meaning of the '*Chakki Dugam*' verse echoing in that sound. Haribhadra tried his best to decipher its true meaning, but the puzzle could not be solved.

Haribhadra was proud of his intelligence. He was very proud that in the whole world there cannot be a person as intelligent as him and his pride was not baseless either. Haribhadra was a great scholar of his time. Wherever he used to go, he used to take three things with him. These three things were a spade, a net and a ladder. Pandit Haribhadra used to keep a spade with him so that if a talented competitor capable of debating with him was hiding somewhere in the netherworld, he could be taken out and defeated. The reason for keeping the net was that if a wise man with the ability to enter into a debate with him was living somewhere in the deep waters, he could trap him and bring him out and challenge him for a discussion on scriptures. Similarly, considering himself invincible, he always carried a ladder with him to defeat any sky-dwelling Pandit. He only needed to know about their presence. Haribhadra was always ready to deal with them.

In those days, Haribhadra was influential everywhere. Big legends would tremble on hearing his name. Not only in Chitrakoot but in the entire country, the fear of his immense scholarship had spread and the foundation of this building of pride was also strong. It was built with the steel bricks of pure knowledge. Haribhadra was certainly proud of his knowledge, but he was also full of infinite curiosity. He had taken a strange vow that if he could not understand even one word spoken by a person, he would accept his discipleship without any hesitation. He had hatred for Jainism in his every pores. He used to say repeatedly, "*Hastina tadyamaanopi na gacchet Jain mandiram*" - If an angry elephant chases you, it would be better to be crushed under its feet rather than taking shelter in a Jain temple. Death is better than entering a Jain temple in the desire to live.

Pandit Haribhadra was an exclusive propagator of this hateful formula. But once he actually encountered a mad elephant, he could not fulfil his vow. He was forced to enter a nearby Jain temple to save his life. As soon as he entered the temple, his eyes met the statue of Lord Jin. As soon as he saw the statue, his tongue started spewing venom. He said, 'This robust body of

yours is proof that you are a sweet-eater who enjoys dishes. If the fire is burning in the tree hallow, how can the tree remain green?"

With such a bigoted view and showing complete contempt towards Jainism, royal priest Haribhadra was disturbed that day on hearing the sound of a Jain nun's self-study. He kept racking his brain for a long time but he could not understand the true meaning of that 'Chakki Dugam' verse. The darkness of the night kept deepening; the night kept passing. He suddenly remembered his vow:" Oh, I had taken a vow to accept the discipleship of the one whose words I cannot understand. This is the opportunity to test the vow."

As soon as he remembered the vow, royal priest Haribhadra started walking in the direction of the self-study sound. On reaching there, he saw that the sound of self-study was coming from the mouth of Yakini Mahattara surrounded by a group of nuns (*sadhvis*). Haribhadra bowed down at her feet and said: "Mother, O Dharma Maiya, please accept me as your Darmaputra. I am the royal priest of Chitrakoot - my name is Haribhadra. I could not understand the meaning of the verse you just recited and I have taken a vow that I will surrender everything at the feet of the one whose words I will not be able to understand and become his disciple. This is my Bhishma Pledge. Therefore, first of all, please accept me as your disciple and after that, please tell me the true meaning of that verse of 'Chakki Dugam'."

The mountain of pride that stood unwavering in Haribhadra's heart broke into pieces. With the persuasion and request arising from the heart, he took refuge at the feet of the nun. The great scholar who had defeated the top scholars was kneeling before a helpless woman, admitting his defeat and pleading. This was certainly not an ordinary event of change of heart. Yakini Mahattrra replied in a very calm voice: "So you yourself are the royal priest Haribhadraji. I have heard a lot about your vow. It is indeed a very tough vow but we have the right only to recite this verse. We cannot tell you its meaning. Explaining its meaning is the privilege of our Gurudev Acharya Bhagwant. You go to his refuge. He has the right to accept anyone as a son or a disciple.

Haribhadra was a little disappointed with this answer. He said: "Mother, due to my vow, I have become your Dharmaputra. Hence, from this very moment, I am starting to add your name to my name. From now on, the world will recognize me as your son and by the name of 'Yakini Mahattrra Soonu'. I myself am adopting this new identity. "

Where once stood a huge mountain of pride, the story of 'Chakki Dugam' fell on Haribhadra's heart like a thunderbolt. The mountain of his pride was shattered. Arrogance was replaced by servility. Dharmaputra Haribhadra had assumed the simplicity and coolness of water. The pride of his previous incarnation had vanished somewhere. He had completely taken refuge at the feet of Yakini Mahattara.

Yakini Mahattara was also surprised by such a radical change. She might not have imagined even in her dreams that 1444 gems of books would be created by the pen of her Dharmaputra and these books would immortalize her name also in history. Then how could the royal priest Haribhadra even imagine such a thing! He could not even imagine that to repay the debt of his Dharmamata, he would be able to create many such immortal monuments with his own hands.

That night passed but that hour, that moment became the reason for a strange pious transformation in Haribhadra. That vow kept flashing in Haribhadra's mind. It was calling him again and again: "Go, understand the true meaning of that verse, surrender everything at the feet of that great genius and accept him as your Gurudev...."

Haribhadra left after taking respectfully the great benevolence from Yakini Mahattara. The rest of the night was spent in brainstorming and in the passion of putting his resolution into practice. In the morning, when he started walking towards Acharyadev's ashram, there was not even a trace of pride left in his steps. Yes, there was definitely an indomitable desire to sacrifice himself. On the way, he saw the same Jain temple in which he was forced to take shelter that day to save himself from the mad elephant. The same temple of vow, on seeing which, sharp sarcastic words had come out of Haribhadra's mouth : "Yes, this robust body of yours is telling that you are one who enjoys dishes. If the fire is burning in the hallow, will the tree remain green?"

On remembering the past, Haribhadra's eyes became moist. With the good intention of atoning for his mistake, he reached the Jain temple like a humble devotee. On seeing the idol, his eyes sparkled. He ran and hugged the feet of the Lord. A prayer spontaneously came out of his mouth : "O Lord! Your body itself is saying that you are detached. If there is fire burning in the cavity, the tree will not remain green!"

The same temple. The same idol and Haribhadra were the same. Everything was the same. Only Haribhadra's heart had changed. That is why, in the past, he had ridiculed the idol of the Jin and cursed it with sarcasm, Haribhadra was today singing praises and praises in front of the same Jin with tears in his eyes.

Shri Jindatt Suriiji, who had come to the temple to have darshan of the idol, was surprised to see such a big religion hater shedding tears in front of the idol. He asked: "Rajpurohitji, are you well?"

Haribhadra, holding the feet of Acharyadev and adopting the humility of a disciple, said: "Lord! What sort of a Pandit am I! A nun has today shattered the huge mountain of my pride into pieces. I am unable to understand the meaning of this verse 'Chakki Dugam'. Please take the trouble of telling its correct meaning. 'Whoever's words I cannot understand, I will soon become his disciple', this was my vow. Following that vow, I have reached your feet. Nun Yakini Mahattara has already become my Dharmamata and since last night I have become her Dharmaputra. Now please accept me as your disciple and soon explain the meaning of 'Chakki Dugam' and satisfy my intense curiosity."

The royal priest was certainly arrogant but equally knowledgeable. When he felt incompleteness in his 'omniscience', he immediately held the feet of the Jain Acharya. An Acharya who was attached to a philosophy which he had strongly opposed till date. He had no hesitation in holding the feet of the Jain Acharya to quench his thirst for knowledge. Pandit Haribhadra had come with the preparation to surrender completely, as if a child had come to hide in his mother's lap.

There was surprise on Acharyadev's face and he was equally happy. He was not unaware of Haribhadra's wisdom and talent. The presence of such a high-class talent was also necessary

for the welfare of the Jain world. He had a firm belief that such a unique talent would be able to ensure the safety of the invincible fort of Jain rule in the face of a storm of tough challenges.

Acharyadev replied in very affectionate words: “Panditji, 'Chakki Dugam is a story related to Aagam. To obtain the right to study the Aagam, you must first become a monk and then practice Yoga.” Haribhadra immediately showed his readiness to accept monkhood and said: “Lord, this disciple of yours is always ready to do whatever is required. Please explain to me the meaning of the verse which made me meet my affectionate mother Yakini Mahattara, I am ready to sacrifice everything to know that verse. I am even ready to wear the garb of a Jain ascetic for the sake of the verse that has given me such a grand identity as 'Yakini Mahattara Soonu'.”

Haribhadra's eagerness was at its peak. He bowed down to the Acharya on his knees and said, “O Lord! Kindly give me the garb of *sarva virati*. Accept me as your disciple.” How could Acharya Shri Jindattsuriji turn down Pandit Haribhadra's heartfelt desire! In the auspicious moment, he duly offered Haribhadra the garb of a monk. Now he had become a muni instead of a priest. The change of heart that happened in one night brought silence in the entire Chitrakoot.

Yakini Mahattara, sitting huddled up on one side, was looking at her 'DharmaSoonu' with longing eyes. She was not able to understand how a mere verse became the reason for the change of heart of Chitrakoot's royal priest Haribhadra! She herself was just a medium in this whole incident. She was happy about this but she thought it appropriate to give the credit of Haribhadra's change of heart to his own ability.

The flow of the Ganges can change its direction; Parijat (a heavenly flower) can bloom in the sky; but Pandit Haribhadra can never abandon his own religion and become a priest of Jainism. This belief was prevalent in the whole of Chitrakoot. When the pople of Chitrakoot saw Pandit Haribhadra in the guise of a Jain Shraman, they bit their finger and said, in the cycle of time, there comes a moment when the Ganges changes its direction. Yakini Mahattara's eyes were filled with tears of joy. She blessed her Dharmaputra from the bottom of her heart. While accepting that blessing, DharmSoonu was thinking that the love of all the loving mothers of the world is insignificant in front of the love of my Dharmamata.

When Acharya Shri Jindattsuriji started towards the Upashraya with his unexpected disciple, the people of Chitrakoot gave a loud cheer: “Victory to Yakini Mahattara and victory to his great 'Dharmaputra'!”

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2. Shivaste Santu Panthanah

In a fortunate moment, the priest Haribhadra took a pious reincarnation as the sage Haribhadra. Haribhadra had abundant wisdom and talent. After assuming the guise of a sage, within a few years, Muni Haribhadra became a scholar and commentator on the deepest essence of the Jain Agam scriptures. The sage fully absorbed the Agam texts. Then one day Acharya Shri Jinadattasuriji Maharaj himself consecrated him as Acharya with his lotus

hands and in a short time Yakini Mahattara Soonu became famous and revered as 'Acharya Haribhadrasuriji Maharaj'

Two of the humblest disciples of Shri Haribhadrasuri were Muni Hans and Muni Paramahans. In a worldly relationship, they were his nephews. Both were endowed with unique wisdom. Within a few years of their initiation, both these sages became transcendent scholars of Jain scriptures. This trio of uncle and nephews became well known due to their great erudition. Their fame began to fly all around. People began to praise them.

While studying the scriptures, Sage Hans and Paramhans realized the truth : how could the non-omniscient philosophy stand in front of the irrefutable material presentation of the omniscient rule? Despite other philosophies being non-omniscient, these two curious sages found it necessary to be aware of the depth of the logic element contained in the Buddhist philosophy. Both decided to study Buddhist philosophy in depth. Only then will they be able to refute it and glorify the omniscient. One day, both the sages expressed this intention germinated in their hearts to the Guru. Expressing their wishes in the form of a prayer at the feet of the Guru, they said: “Gurudev, with your blessings, we have studied Jain philosophy thoroughly. Now we have become curious to know deeply about the complex and subtle principles of Buddhist philosophy. Since this philosophy seems non-omniscient, its principles are not irrefutable, yet correct knowledge about them is also necessary to refute them in the right manner. Therefore, if you permit, we want to go to a distant Buddhist monastery for studies. There we will not let our identity of a Jain ascetic appear. In disguise, we will study Buddhist religious texts there and at the same time, we will also keep writing articles refuting them. We will do all this while maintaining complete secrecy. These are our wishes. We have come to seek your blessings for their fulfillment.”

After offering their heartfelt wishes at the feet of the Guru, Muni Hans-Paramhans started looking at him eagerly to hear his opinion. Shri Haribhadrasuri was fully aware of the harsh terror of the Buddhists. He glanced towards the future for a moment. The signs were disturbing. A storm of obstacles was visible ahead. Feeling a shiver within, the Acharya said, “Son Hans! Son Paramhans! Your desire to study the Buddhist principles and refute them and praise the Jainism is certainly commendable, but I tremble while giving you permission to go to the Buddhist monastery for this. The signs of the *nimitt shastra* are showing that the future can be very frightening. I can see a flood of disasters pouring there. How can I give permission to my dear disciples to go to a place where there is a possibility of getting trapped in such a crisis?”

Shri Haribhadrasuri made both his disciples aware of the possibility of a frightening future, but it seemed impossible to avoid that untoward incident. Who could erase the fate written by God? Therefore, Muni Hans and Param Hans continued their request in a painful voice. Both of them said in tearful words, “Gurudev, no matter what kind of storm comes, we have full faith that we will face any kind of difficulty boldly. We will remain unwavering and steadfast. Even mountains of troubles will not be able to obstruct our path. Just remembering your name will be enough. The mountains will move away by themselves and clear the way for us. Even if the swollen rivers come to obstruct our path they too will give us way as soon as we remember Bhagwan Vitrag,. Gurudev! Please do not crush our wishes. Please allow us

with mercy.” Hans and Paramhans both touched their heads on Gurudev's toes. They became emotional and started saying, “Our wisdom is forcing us to take Guru's permission by pleading. It is saying, do not delay. After getting Guru's permission, reach the Buddhist monastery soon and light the fire of knowledge.”

On one hand, the disciples were getting impatient. Their hearts were breaking into pieces. On the other hand, Gurudev could not even give them permission. A very difficult situation had arisen before Gurudev. Ultimately, he neither gave permission, nor stopped them. Neither permission, nor obstruction. Just silence! Both the monks took Gurudev's silence as his silent consent and then one day both the disciples started towards the Buddhist monastery to attain knowledge.

The eye of the *nimitt shastra* was showing a clear picture. There was only darkness ahead for Muni Hans and Paramhans. Gurudev's fatherly heart trembled with this terrifying vision of fate. Still, keeping the stone on his chest, he prayed for their well-being. *Shivaste santu panthanah!* Son, may your path be blessed... auspicious.

Till the time they disappeared from his sight, Gurudev kept staring at his brave disciple. Finally, he closed his eyes. The teardrop that he had suppressed with great difficulty fell on the ground as soon as the eyelids closed. Gurudev's affection cried out once again: Son Hans! Son Paramhans! *Shivaste santu panthanah.*

In the heart of Yakini Mahattara Soonu Shri Haribhadrashuriji, there was not only the pain of separation from his disciple, he was feeling sad because of the worry that what will happen if the lamp of wisdom and talent got extinguished prematurely in the dangerous storm that was seen brewing in front of him! He was feeling sad because of this worry, but can anyone control the firm and unchangeable course of the future? The inevitable was not going to stop even if Gurudev and his two disciples wanted it.

Finally Muni Hans - Paramhans left for the Buddhist monastery. They had to walk keeping in secret their guise of Jain Shraman; it was necessary to take full care that no one should get a clue of their being a Jain. They had to move forward very cautiously and vigilantly at every step, thus enter the Buddhist monastery in disguise and ignite the flame of knowledge there.

Hans and Paramhans were going about in the guise of ascetics. The plan was to wear Buddhist garb from the place where the Buddhist state boundary began. Accordingly, one day both of them entered a Buddhist monastery wearing Buddhist garb. From head to toe, the two monks were Jain monks from inside and Buddhist monks from outside. They sat in the monastery, burning the fire of knowledge.

The echo of '*Sarv Kshanikam*' kept striking the walls of the monastery day and night. The heart-rending utterance of '*Buddham Sharanam Gachhami*', being uttered kneeling in front of the Buddha statue, could be heard continuously. But the echo of '*Nityanityam Sarv*' kept resonating on the walls of Hans and Paramhans' hearts. That sound, hovering like thunder in the innermost parts of both, would become silent on reaching the lips: '*Mahaviram Sharanam Gachhami...*'

The fire of *gyan sadhana* (knowledge) had been ignited. God knows how many knots were burning to ashes in its heat every day. First Hans and Paramhans would sit with Buddhist

Acharyas and study the Buddhist scriptures in depth and in detail and later, finding solitude, they would write comments on the same pages, completely refuting the same Buddhist principles with the irrefutable principles of Jain philosophy.

The task of correctly understanding the deep logical principles of Buddhism and internalizing them was like chewing iron, but Hans and Paramhans were the ones who rebelled against the Buddhist scriptures by camping in the Buddhist monastery itself; nothing was impossible for the Jain Shramans. Both were very capable Shramans and that is why they could muster such courage and they were writing such comments, for which Buddhism had no answer.

By their attire, Hans and Paramhans looked like Buddhist monks, although at heart both were staunch Jain Shramans. They had cleverly hidden their identity of Shraman, but how long can a fire buried in ashes remain calm? One day strong winds came and blew away the ashes that had covered the fire. The pages containing comments against Buddhism got wings. They flew and reached the hands of the Buddhist Acharya. On seeing the comments written on those pages, the Buddhist Acharya lashed out, *Bhikkhus* (Buddhist monks), conspiracy, conspiracy... a huge deception.

All the monks ran and appeared before the Acharya. On everyone's face was astonishment. Addressing them, the Acharya said: Monks, look at these pages. These contain irrefutable refutations of our principles for which we have no answer. Every word written on these pages is tearing to pieces the *kshanikvad* (ephemeralism) that Lord Tathagata has enlightened us about. This is an unpardonable rebellion. It seems that some capable Jain Shraman is living secretly in our monk community. Go, all of you together and find that evil person. Catch him and present him before me.

All the monks went back after accepting the order of the Acharya. Silence spread throughout the Buddhist monastery. The Acharya made the chief monk sit near him and explained what kind of illusion should be laid to catch the rebel Shraman. The number of monks living in the monastery was as huge as the monastery was. Since it was not so easy to catch the Jain Shraman, the illusion was laid properly as per the order of the Acharya.

There was a lot of commotion in the monastery. Hans and Paramhans also heard about it. Alerted, they quickly returned to their study room. When they looked inside the room, they were stunned. Most of the handwritten pages that they had kept carefully like pieces of their hearts were missing, and the few that were left were also scattered here and there.

Both Hans and Paramhans got a great tremor. Lightning flashed through every pore of their body. The prophecy that Pujya Gurudev had given, the affectionate words that he had spoken, appeared before Hans-Paramhans' inner eyes. "Son, the future looks terrifying" : this statement, emanating from the memory of both, started echoing in the space; but what was inevitable had already happened. Now there was no way to escape safely from it. In this way, the affectionate image of Gurudev Shri Haribhadrasuriji Maharaj sitting far away appeared before the eyes of Hans and Paramhans immersed in deep sorrow. The two monks felt that Gurudev sitting far away is praying for their welfare and is protecting their well-being.

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3. Pran Jaay Par Dharam Na Jaahin

'Preparation to sacrifice life for the protection of Dharma...'

There was a commotion in the heart. Hans-Paramhans were muttering in their minds while answering the challenge with a challenge itself : “Yes, religion will be protected in exchange for life...”

It was as if a storm of troubles had come and that started playing with the lives of Hans Paramhans. With the purpose of catching the criminal Jain Shramans, a Jin statue was painted on the door frame of the monastery. Movement in the monastery was possible only by stepping on it so that whoever wanted to cross the door frame, he had to step on the picture of the statue. All the monks trampled the Jin statue under their feet and passed by laughing. After all, this illusion was laid only to find out the Jain Shramans living in the monastery in disguise. Whose heart shivers as soon as he steps on the Jin statue painted on the door frame, understand that he is a Jain Shraman.

Most of the monks stepped forward stepping on the idol. Now it was the turn of Hans-Paramhans. As soon as they saw the idol of God, they realized for whom this illusion was laid.

“Yes, even if life is lost, it is not possible to move forward by trampling the Jin statue under the feet...” A voice came from the depths of the conscience of the two monks. It was a great risk to stop there. Every moment was precious. It was getting late. Ultimately Hans-Paramhans made a firm resolve: ***Pran Jaay Par Dharam Na Jaahin*** (Let life go but not Dharma). Dharma has to be protected even by sacrificing life. It is not that Hans-Paramhans did not love their lives. They definitely wanted to save their lives but never by trampling dharma. Hence, they quickly drew the shape of a *janeu* (sacred thread worn diagonally on the chest) on the picture of the Jin statue using a piece of chalk lying nearby. Just by doing this, the statue became that of Buddha instead of Mahavir. Though they felt a pang in their hearts while stepping on it, they had no other option. They crossed it and moved ahead. A Buddhist Acharya sitting hidden in a corner saw all this with a crooked eye. He became suspicious of Hans-Paramhans. If he wanted, he could have caught both of them right there, but he decided to give severe punishment to the criminals only after examining them more deeply.

The clouds of fear hovering over the heads of Hans-Paramhans became more and more dense day by day, but even if all these clouds hovering over their heads rained down together, they were not afraid, as they had taken a vow to protect religion even by sacrificing their lives.

On the other hand, a special kind of illusion was being spread in the bedroom of Hans-Paramhans. The Buddhist Acharya was sitting awake in a corner of the building. The entire building was sleeping soundly. Suddenly there was an explosion. Hearing the sound of the explosion, the sleeping monks woke up with a startle. Everyone uttered the name of Lord Buddha. The two monks, who had dark clouds of fear hovering over their heads, also woke up with this unexpected explosion, but Hans and Paramhans, who were drowned in the

fearful thoughts of the impending fear, quickly recited the name of their favorite deity - Mahavir... Mahavir... Mahavir...! :

It did not take long for Hans and Paramhans to understand that this was also a conspiracy hatched to trap them. Now they were convinced that the wind blowing in the monastery was bent on extinguishing the lamp of their life. It seemed impossible to stay safe here for a long time. Thinking this, without delaying even for a moment, both of them picked up the umbrella kept nearby and jumped from the window.

The huge explosion was caused as the earthen pot was broken with a single blow. Hearing this, all the monks had woken up. Challenging the huge group of monks who had woken up from their sleep, the Buddhist Acharya roared with a heroic roar, "Monks, those two deceitful pigeons have been badly trapped in my web of deceit. After laying the trap twice, I have come to the conclusion that Hans and Paramhans are the two Jain Shramans. The pages which scattered flying with the wind have been written by their own hands. These two pigeons disguised as monks were conspiring against us, plotting a trick. The wings of the bird that deceived us should be torn apart. The hands that dared to raise the pen against the immutable principles of our Tathagata Buddha should be cut off. Today our religion is challenging us. That statue of Lord Buddha is calling us. There can be no less punishment than death penalty for these rebels who have betrayed our faith.

The blood of the monks boiled on hearing this violent challenge of the Acharya. Everyone resolved not to leave these rebel pigeons alive. Filled with such anger and passion, all of them moved towards the bedroom of Hans and Paramhans, but the pigeons trapped in the net had already flown away flapping their wings by tearing the net.

Only one question was burning on the furious lips of the monks who attacked: "Where has that Hans gone? Where is that fool Paramhans hiding? When they could not see even the shadow of either of them in the bedroom, their anger flared up even more. They started saying to each other, "Armed with weapons, go out in search of them. How can these conspiring pigeons escape from the clutches of strong Buddhist monks like us?"

The Buddhist Acharya himself encouraged the monk community by giving a similar religious command. Their passion was provoked wildly. Now everyone came to the field to catch Hans and Paramhans, alive or dead. 'We will protect the religion even by sacrificing our lives'... keeping in their hearts this oath, Hans and Paramhans were moving forward at a fast pace, but the eagle had already spotted these wingless pigeons. How long could they escape from it? The monk community reached them in no time. Roaring fiercely, they challenged Hans-Paramhans:

"Hey you cowardly Shramans, how long will a rabbit trapped in the jaws of a lion be happy? This huge Buddhist monk community has come roaring in front of you. Now you will know what is the ultimate result of betraying the Buddhists, you will not be able to escape, understand? It is better that you do not try to run away anymore, cowardly Shramans, stop!

Hans-Paramhans turned back and when they saw the salt-soaked whips waving in the air, it seemed that death itself was chasing them. When they were bidding farewell to Gurudev, he had said in a very sad voice: "Son, the future looks very dreadful. At that time, these words of

Acharyaji seemed to be just words of warning, but now that prophecy was becoming visible in the form of a horror.

It did not take much time for the two monks to assess the situation. Hans said: "Brother, you know that I am a '*Sahasrayodhi*'. This body is full of the capacity to fight thousands of warriors alone. Look, the Buddhist monks like angry ferocious animals are chasing us with the intention of killing us. It would be better if you run fast and take refuge in the court of Surpal King. After reaching there, you challenge the Buddhists for a debate. I am sure that in that debate, the Jin Shasan will be praised.

The eyes of Hans and Paramhans filled with tears. Moments were passing by. Death was drawing nearer every moment. In a distraught voice, Hans said to Paramhans, "Brother, it does not seem right to waste even a moment thinking. Danger is looming over our lives every moment. If you are unable to run and reach, then who will give my news to our Gurudev? How will Gurudev come to know about the atrocities committed by the Buddhists on both of us? Therefore, hurry up, go, convey my regards to Gurudev and tell him that this unruly disciple of yours has offered his forgiveness at your holy feet. To convey this last message of mine, you should leave my worries aside and run away as soon as possible."

Both Hans and Paramhans had tears in their eyes. Although now they had no time left to express their feelings. Stopping the endless stream of tears, Hans encouraged his younger brother and said: "My brother, do not worry about me. My resolve to protect Dharma even by sacrificing my life is firm and unshakable. I have firm faith that there will be no mistake in that till the last moment of my death. You also remain firm. Keep your spirits high in such a time of ordeal. 'In exchange for life, protect Dharma, Let life go but not Dharma, this should be your motto. May you be well, brother! May your path be thorn-free, brother, the court of King Surpal is waiting for you. Gurudev Shri Haribhadrasuriji Maharaja is calling you with great appeal. As soon as you reach, offer my salutations and regrets for Dharma at the feet of Gurudev... Look, these people have arrived. Quickly start on your way. I will deal with them with my oath to protect Dharma even at the cost of life."

Paramhans proceeded on his way. Hans wished him all the best with great love and the very next moment he challenged the Buddhist monks with a lion's roar:

"Listen, after staying in your Buddhist monastery, after studying your Buddhist scriptures, there was no one else who could refute them with irrefutable arguments and examples, it was only me. I feel proud in admitting this fact. Your view says: '*Sarva Kshanikam*'. Our principle of Jainism believes: '*Sarva Nityanityam*!' I am fully prepared to rebel against Buddhist philosophy and decide the truth and falsehood in the field of debate (*Shastrartha*) and establish the *Anekantvad* of '*Sarva Nityanityam*' as an irrefutable principle. Even if you are standing in front of me in thousands, you will not be able to compete with me in the debate, because I am wearing the steel protective shield of *Syadvad*, so I call you to come to the battlefield, there will definitely be a war between us, but not with weapons, but with scriptures! We will fight the war of pen and book. I am always ready to play the war of scriptures and debate; yes, I will abstain from the war with sword and dagger. Though I am a *Sahasrayodhi* - I can fight alone with thousands of warriors together. However, I will not accept the war fought with the help of arms. In this way, it is sheer cowardice to fight with

the help of external resources. If you are ready to fight the war of debate, I challenge you right now. If you have the courage, come to the battlefield!”

There was immense courage and self-confidence in this challenge of Hans. His courage was commendable. Even the enemy could not help but admire him, but the intellect of the Buddhist monks had become frustrated due to the fire of enmity. They had lost their thinking power. They were just hell-bent on killing and dying. Where was there anything like a brain left in them? When they decided to fight instead of saying even a single word in response to Hans' challenge, and were hell-bent on killing and dying, even then Hans kept challenging them for a debate again and again, but all his announcements and calls proved futile. The deaf ears of the Buddhist monks were not ready to listen to such a thing!

Hans understood that now when he was definitely going to die, why not attain martyrdom like a brave martyr. Hans now gave the last challenge: “Bhikkhus! Listen carefully, I will never accept refuge in Buddha. Yes, I will not hesitate to become a martyr and attain martyrdom. I will try my best to protect Dharma and if such an opportunity comes, I will sacrifice my life smilingly. I will prefer to die but will not surrender to you. Now this is my last challenge - I am determined to hoist the victory flag of Jain philosophy by blowing the trumpet of rebellion against Buddhist philosophy. If you have courage, strength, desire, then come to the field for debate. I am giving you this last challenge. Even if you are in thousands, I alone am enough to defeat all of you in a war of words.”

The echo of this roar of Hans, full of bravery, also spread in the sky. The Bhikshu Sangh (monk community) was determined to take revenge of its enmity from Hans in any way. The community was not able to see that a single unarmed young man was standing in front of them. Thousands of people were standing with weapons ready to fight against an unarmed person. This was certainly an inhuman attack, but where was the Sangh prepared to think about such things? In a moment, the entire Bhikshu Sangh attacked Hans.

In a few moments, a fierce battle broke out in that rugged wilderness. Hans kept fighting alone. He was also a *Sahsrayodhi*, but when thousands of Bhikshus attacked a single man, how long could he have survived? His brother Paramhans was also not with him. One wing of Hans had already been cut. His remaining wing was also damaged and that king of birds fell down while singing the religious song of 'protecting religion in exchange for life'. Hans became an immortal 'martyr' even after dying. Paramhans, standing in a corner far away, was watching this valor of his brave brother with helpless eyes. There was a shower of rain in his eyes. When the bravely fighting Hans breathed his last and fell down and slept his last sleep, Paramhans with a heavy heart, dodging the eagle eyes of those cruel Buddhist monks, disappeared in the direction of the capital of King Surpal.

Even after the ruthless killing of Hans, the fire of enmity of the Buddhist monks was not extinguished. Even now their thirst for blood was intact. The monks thirsting for the blood of Paramhans became restless and started searching for him in all the directions.

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4. The Dharma of Protecting The Refugee

This was the hour of ordeal for King Surpal. While protecting the refugee, an emergency situation had arisen where he himself was about to die. The brave Surpal was determined to fulfill the oath taken to protect the refugee even at the cost of his life. The blood of a Kshatriya was flowing in his veins. Basically, he was a Buddhist, but the communal fanaticism and madness of the Buddhists was not present in him. He was the protector of justice, that is why Hans advised his dear brother Paramhans to seek refuge with Surpal.

A difficult situation like a well in the front and a ditch behind had arisen for Surpal. On one side in the royal court, Paramhans was present in the guise of a refugee, and on the other side, there was a huge group of monks eager to capture their enemy. Between these two, a tough challenge had arisen before the justive-loving king seated on the throne. The time had come to sacrifice everything to protect the refugee.

The swords of the Buddhist monks, stained with the blood of Hans, were still not completely satiated. They were yearning to drink the blood of Paramhans. Even after seeing Hans' sacrifice on the altar of Dharma, the monks' hearts and minds did not shudder. On the contrary, the Bhikshu Sangh (monks' community) became fiercer and more aggressive to settle the score. Running at the speed of a storm, they reached the royal court of Surpal. As soon as they entered the court, the Bhikshu Sangh challenged the Buddhist king and said:

“O King! Why are you betraying religion to protect a heretic? You claim to be a great devotee of Lord Buddha. If you have faith in Lord Buddha, then you should hand over the traitor Paramhans to us immediately. He is the enemy of the Sangh; therefore, he became your enemy too. This is our only demand.”

Surapal was definitely a Buddhist, but he considered it his duty to protect those who sought refuge. He replied in a calm and serious tone: “*Bhikkhus!* It is true that Paramhans is a heretic. I also accept that he has tried to destroy the palace of Buddhism. The way he has refuted Buddhism, it has definitely shaken the foundation of the building of religion, yet today he is my refugee, and it is my duty to protect the refugee even at the cost of my life, so I would prefer to sacrifice myself to protect the religion of my refugee. Saving the refugee is dearer to me than my life! Tell me what is your opinion?”

In those days, the refuge of Surpal had proved to be a great shield of protection in the entire country. No matter what happens, Surpal was not ready to hand over his refugee. When this firm decision of the king was announced, a talkative representative of the Bhikkhus came forward. He seemed to be the leader of the Bhikkhus. There was cleverness in his walk and sweetness in his speech. Seeing him moving ahead, there was silence in the Bhikkhu Sangh. Breaking through the crowd of the monk community, he came and stood in front of the king and said:

“O King! We accept that Paramhans has taken refuge in you, but he is our enemy. By trampling not only the idol of Lord Tathagata but also the Buddhist principles under his feet, he has attacked the feelings of the followers of Buddha. By staying in our monastery in a deceitful disguise, he has betrayed us - he has cheated us, so we should also get justice.”

Without delaying even for a moment, Surpal replied: “Justice? You want justice, right? Okay. All of you and this Paramhans get ready for a debate with each other! Whoever wins the debate will be declared the winner. Whoever is defeated in that will be considered as the loser. After all, justice has to be done! Both the parties will have to accept this decision. Isn't it right?”

Paramhans was already ready for the debate. He immediately accepted the king's proposal. Due to this, the monk community was also forced to accept the condition of the proposal as it was a matter of prestige. Although the monk community was completely apprehensive about their victory, so thinking a strategy of playing a cunning game behind the curtain, they put forward a special condition from their side.

“King! We are ready for the debate but on one condition that the Sangh does not want to see the face of that sinful Paramahams who had boycotted Lord Buddha. Hence, the Sangh requests with folded hands that such an arrangement be made so that we do not have to see his face during the debate. If this happens, then we are ready for the debate.”

The condition that Paramahams' face should not be seen was just a deception. This was a secret trick being played by the Buddhist monks to fulfill their deceitful intentions. How could Surpal understand such a dirty trick? He immediately accepted this demand of the monk community.

“Okay, your condition is accepted. During the debate, a curtain will be kept between the two sides. A seating arrangement will be made for you people behind the curtain, this will automatically fulfill your condition. Tell me, do you want to say anything else? Now you all are ready for the debate, aren't you!”

The leader of the monk community laughed. He was proud of the fact that no one had any idea of his devious move. Now the Buddhist monks will be able to play devious moves from behind the curtain and the Jains will have to face defeat. The joy of the heart was visible on all their faces. The debate began the very next day.

It was a very strange scene. On one side Paramhans was alone, fighting like an invincible warrior against thousands of Buddhists. On the other side, hiding behind the curtain, the huge Buddhist monk community was playing its dirty tricks.

Neither anyone won nor lost. Moments were passing by. Hour after hour, day after day, so much so that the debate continued for weeks. Both sides were trying their best to win. Both sides were eagerly waiting for their victory, but neither victory nor defeat of any side was assured. In the end, Paramhans got a little tired fighting single-handedly against thousands of Buddhist monks. To find a way to get the flower garland of victory, he started praying to Shasan Devi Ambika. Few moments of prayer had passed when Shasan Devi appeared before Paramhans. She said happily, “Son! Ask for whatever you want. I have come here only to give you a boon. Tell me, why did you remember me?” Feeling happy, Paramhans opened his eyes. There was plenty of gentle light in front of him. Paramhans bowed his head and said, “Mother, when the foundation of the building of Jain Shasan has shaken, storms of obstacles are rising in all directions, there are chances of that building collapsing, what else can I ask for at that time? Apart from the courage required to protect that building! Mother, this son of

yours is fighting alone against thousands of opponents, is fighting them bravely, yet why is the roar of '*Jain Shasan ki Jai*' not heard till now? I have troubled you only to solve this question arising in my mind."

Shasan Devi was pleased with the valor of Paramhans. While solving his question, she said: "Son, the final victory will be yours, you only need to remove the curtain that is forming a barrier in between. The evil Buddhists are playing a dirty trick behind the curtain. There is a pitcher lying behind the curtain. These people have invoked Tara Devi in it. The Goddess herself is debating with you from behind the curtain. As long as this curtain remains, as long as you do not break that pitcher, this situation will remain. Your victory in the debate is possible only when the curtain is removed and the pitcher breaks."

Showing the path of victory to the confused Paramhans, the Shasan Devi disappeared. The desperation that dominated Paramhans disappeared and his courage increased. Now victory was very close. Even after fighting against the tremendous divine power, he had remained unwavering and undefeated till now. Today he will show his prowess in the royal court. He had made full preparations to play the last bet. Today he wanted to put a full stop to the debate on which he was adamant for months. Full of self-confidence, Paramhans entered the royal court with a firm resolve to fulfill his wishes.

Today there was a supernatural glow on the face of Paramhans. It was as if the strength of tiger claws had emerged in his nails. As soon as he appeared in the assembly, he challenged the Buddhists, "If you want to decide victory or defeat, then come in front of me in the open field. It is not appropriate for you to hide behind the curtain like a coward. Come, let us decide victory and defeat."

On hearing his challenge, the entire monk community trembled. The monk community felt that their arrogance may be exposed! Silence spread throughout the community. When there was no resistance from behind the curtain, Paramhans' courage increased. Standing up like a lion, he roared like Ashtapad and said to King Surpal: "Maharaj, a strange dirty game is being played behind this curtain. Buddhist monks are playing the tricks of diplomacy by staying in the background. Due to this treachery, the decision of victory and defeat is hanging in the sky till date, but today I have come wearing tiger claws to expose their arrogance. I will tear this curtain right now. Just wait and watch."

After presenting this introduction, Paramhans quickly moved towards the seat of the monk community. With a single blow, he removed the curtain and broke into pieces the pitcher in which Tara Devi was being invoked. After that, challenging the monks, Paramhans said: "Now come to the field, let any son of a mother come in front of me to prove the principles of Jainism wrong!"

Paramhans still wanted to win through Shastrartha(debate), but who had the strength to face him? The anger of the Buddhist monks erupted like a volcano. In a moment, Surpal came to know about the conspiracy being played in the background. The king presented himself directly in front of the monk community and justified by saying : "This is called exposing arrogance. Truth cannot be hidden for long. It speaks from the top. Are you people hell-bent on killing a great scholar like Paramhans? Even if he was a heretic, he fought with Tara Devi

for so many days and still did not lose. Do you people want to remove such a talented scholar from this earth?"

The monk community had no answer to these words of Surpal. No one had the courage to speak even a single word. Surpal realized that now there was no point in extending the duration of the debate. He winked at Paramhans and signaled him to run away quickly to save his life. As soon as he got the signal, Paramhans disappeared. The image of Chitrakoot and the Gurudev Shri Haribhadrasuriji Maharaj seated there appeared before his eyes.

Here, the entire monk community was in a panic after seeing the king himself supporting Paramhans. Every monk's blood was boiling to tear into pieces that Jain Shraman Paramhans who had insulted their revered deity Lord Buddha, Tara Devi and the Buddhist Acharya. This was a testing time for the king as well. King Surpal was ready to sacrifice everything to protect his refugee. While repeating this firm resolve, he said in clear words: "Bhikkhus, you people have already violated your oath and condition, yet I am giving you all another chance. If you defeat me in the battlefield, then I will accept your right over Paramhans. I am ready to sacrifice my life while protecting the life of the one who has taken refuge. Otherwise, I am never going to hand over to you an innocent person who has taken refuge."

King Surpal, who was committed to follow the oath of protecting the one who has taken refuge, put the Bhikshu Sangh in a dilemma by making an unexpected proposal. There was no possibility that the Sangh would accept this proposal of the king, but by this kind of delay, the king wanted to provide secure exit to Paramhans. Since the Bhikshu Sangha was also an expert in deceit, so it also pretended to be reconciled by avoiding the proposal of fighting with the king. Instead of chasing Paramhans, all the Bhikshus agreed to return to their monastery. Although, something else was going on in their mind. The king was satisfied to see them return. The joy of his refugee being saved from the clutches of death was shining on his face.

On the other hand, Paramhans was moving ahead on the way to Chitrakoot. Days were passing and in Paramhans' memory, Chitrakoot, Gurudev seated there, brother Hans who had sacrificed his life for the protection of Dharma, all were flashing one after the other. This would make his eyes moist many times, and sometimes he would become happy on thinking of the great valor of Hans. Whenever that scene of the last farewell of such a brave brother flashed in his memory, he would burst into tears like a child.

When a few days passed, Paramhans believed that now the trouble was over. He kept moving ahead fearlessly, but in a few days his illusion was dispelled. To capture Paramhans, the Buddhist army was moving ahead chasing him on the way to Chitrakoot. As soon as Paramhans got the indication of the chasing army, his heart sank. Will the boat sink on reaching the shore? Chitrakoot was not very far now. If he himself could not reach Chitrakoot, then who would convey the message of Hans to Gurudev? Who would tell him the tale of atrocities inflicted by the Buddhists? He himself was the only eyewitness. He kept thinking about ways to escape from the clutches of the Buddhists. Valuable time was passing. At a short distance, on the bank of the pond, a washerman was washing clothes. Paramhans' eyes fell on him. He ran and reached the washerman. The washerman was scared. Paramhans said to him in clever words: "O son of a washerman! Can't you see, the whole army is coming

to catch you. You are busy washing clothes with peace of mind. Now if you take too much time, you will also get washed along with your clothes. If you want to stay alive, run away right now, otherwise these people will skin you alive.”

The less intelligent washerman was stunned to hear Paramhans' warning and started running to save his life. Now in his place, Paramhans sat on the washerman's seat and got busy washing clothes. He was pretending to wash clothes in a good mood when in a short while the Buddhist army reached there. Thinking him to be a washerman, they asked him, O son of a washerman, just a while ago did you see anyone running away from here to save his life?

Pointing his finger towards the washerman running away on the road to Chitrakoot, he got engrossed in his work without opening his mouth. Mistaking the washerman running away to be Paramhans, the Buddhist army increased its speed. Seeing this, Paramhans, disguised as a washerman, hid in a secret place. It was a place where hardly anyone could see. Hiding, he saw that the Buddhist army was returning after taking the washerman. He was definitely worried about the washerman who was entangled at his place. Although he was also sure that as soon as the washerman would be presented in front of the Buddhist Acharya, the whole secret would be revealed. Those who brought the innocent washerman in place of the real culprit would also be severely reprimanded.

Now Paramhans had a clear sky in front of him and an unobstructed path. Not a single cloud of fear was left in that sky. The clouds of troubles hovering over his head had rained a little and dispersed. Neither was there any danger ahead nor was any ghostly creature chasing him from behind. Paramhans was moving towards Chitrakoot without any fear.

At times, the image of King Surpal fighting to protect the refugees would flash before Paramhans' eyes. Then, 'Yakini Mahattrra Soonu', who bid farewell to both the brothers with the auspicious words of 'Shivaaste Santu Panthanah', had stayed in his eyes day and night. How could the dear brother Hans, who sacrificed his life to protect the religion, disappear from his eyes? Now the destination was very close. Chitrakoot was not far now. It was as if it was right in front of him.

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5. Tear-soaked story

“Son Paramhans! Why are you alone? Where is our Hans? Has he been left behind?”As soon as Paramhans reached the *upashraya*, he fell at the feet of Gurudev. Seeing him alone, this question came to the lips of Shri Haribhadraseriji very easily. Paramhans was rolling at his feet. Acharyadev embraced him and made him stand up. Overwhelmed with affection, Acharyadev started inquiring about Hans. His voice was not only affectionate, but also painful. In that special state of mind, Paramhans was also drenched with the same feelings. He said: “Gurudev, the whole story is drenched with tears.”

Paramhans' tongue got blocked after saying this. Gurudev Acharya Bhagwant's lap was wet with the tears flowing from his eyes.

'Son, I am asking where is Hans?'

The same question again. He groaned in pain. Paramhans spoke: "Gurudev! This is a very tearful story. It is a very sad story, full of sorrow and pain. You had already said, 'Son! I am seeing a dreadful future'. Just understand that the fire of that dreadful future has burnt Hans to ashes."

"Oh my God, so did our beloved Hans grow wings and fly away to an unknown land? Does Hans cease to exist in this world?" An incessant stream of tears burst out of the eyes of Shri Haribhadraseriji.

Answering the question, Paramhans clarified: "Gurudev! The immortal swan sitting inside Hans grew wings. At last, he left us and flew away flapping its wings in the direction of an unknown land."

Aacharyadev's tears mingled with the stream of Paramhans' eyes. The atmosphere became even more pathetic. The tears flowing from the four eyes merged and a river of tears started flowing. The entire atmosphere was drenched with pain, compassion, tears and grief. Sadness prevailed. Stopping the tears flowing behind his eyelids, Gurudev asked once again: "Son! Have all my good wishes proved futile? With how much love I bid farewell to both of you saying *Shivaste Santu Panthanah*. Have my blessings failed completely?"

"No Gurudev, can this ever happen? It is only because of your good wishes that I have been able to reach here safely. I have been able to escape from the clutches of the Buddhists and come to your holy feet."

"Son! Even if all the tears in my eyes start flowing, even if a sob hidden in some unknown corner of my heart bursts out, but you tell me that tear-filled story from beginning to end."

Compelled by Gurudev's insistence, Paramhans started narrating the story while wiping his tears -

"That day Gurudev, taking your silence as your permission, we both started walking towards the Buddhist monastery. On the way, we kept getting signs of bad omen. We kept hearing the call to return, but the future was inevitable. Finally one day we reached the Buddhist monastery. Our studies started progressing. With your blessings, we started understanding the deep secrets of Buddhism easily. refuting every aspect of it according to Jainism, we kept on writing our comments in a book secretly."

How could the tears stop? The story soaked with tears continued: "Gurudev! Thus our well-planned work of refuting Buddhism and praising Jainism was progressing smoothly, when one day our activity was exposed. Silence spread in the monastery. The situation was such that the pages containing our comments reached the Buddhist Acharya flying with the wind. He became furious on seeing them. We were dressed as Buddhist monks, so how could we be caught easily? Therefore, a special plan was implemented to catch us traitors who were betraying Buddhism while staying in the monastery. A picture of Bhagwan Mahavir was painted on the door frame of the monastery. All others trampled it under their feet, but how

could we step on the picture of our Lord? Hans found a solution. He drew a line of sacred thread on that picture with a piece of chalk lying nearby. Now it was no longer a Jin statue but a Buddha statue. Helpless, we had to step on it and move forward.”

Shri Haribhadrasuriji intervened and patting Paramhans' back said, well done, only a brave young man like you who protects religion without caring for his life can enhance the glory of the Jin Shasan by remaining committed to the Shasan.

Paramhans took his talk further. “Gurudev, the Buddhist Acharya was standing in a corner and observing all these activities with a sidelong glance. His eyes were hovering over us, showering fire. Despite having full suspicion on us, in order to be surer, the Buddhist Acharya organized another test (for more proof). We were all sleeping at night, when suddenly we woke up hearing a big explosion. The name of Buddha came out of the mouth of all the Bhikkhus. Mahavir's name was only on our lips. We understood that this drama was being done with the intention of catching us. We became alert that very night and made a plan to escape. With the help of the umbrella lying nearby, we jumped out of the window and ran away leaping like a deer. We kept running all night. In the morning, when we looked back, we saw the Buddhists chasing us from a distance. Hans said to me - 'Brother, you should escape from here quickly! Meet Gurudev and convey my regards and also ask for forgiveness. I am a *Sahasrayodhi*, therefore I will fight against the Buddhists who are following us. I will protect the Dharma till death.' Hans was saying the right thing, but Gurudev, how could I leave him alone and run away? I hid in a corner and started watching everything. Hans challenged those people for a debate, but those Buddhist monks pounced upon him without listening to him. Then he” The statement remained incomplete. The hiccups suppressed in Paramhans' heart jumped out along with tears. He could not stop the flow of tears flowing like a waterfall. Gurudev wiped his tears but who was there to wipe away his own invisible tears? Who was going to stop his unheard cries?

Paramhans took the story forward and said: “Gurudev! Hans' wings were torn apart and the wingless bird collapsed right there. While taking his last breath, only one echo kept coming out of his mouth - Protect religion even by sacrificing life...”

Now even Gurudev could not stop the flow of his tears. Tears hidden in every corner of his heart started pouring down like torrential rain. His moist eyes offered tributes of millions of teardrops to that brave man who sacrificed his life to protect religion.

Wiping Gurudev's tears, Paramhans started the next chapter of the story of tears: “Gurudev! There were tears in my eyes and pain in my heart, my legs were faltering. A martyr was lying in front of my eyes, I was reluctant to leave the dead body of Hans in the forest and run away, but there was no other option left except running away. The fiery eyes of the bhikshus were searching for me, but if I had been caught by these Buddhist bhikshus, who would have brought the news of Hans' unique sacrifice to you? Who would have told you his last message? That is why I ran like a deer, leaping. Terrifying clouds of fear were hovering over my head. It was as if there was a crowd of troubles in the sky. Running fast, I reached Surpal's court in one breath and took refuge with the king. Only then did I breathe a sigh of relief. In a short while, chasing their prey, the Buddhist bhikshus also reached Surpal's court. Surpal put his life at stake to protect his refugee. A debate began by keeping a curtain

between me and the Buddhists. This debate continued for many days. Neither anyone won nor lost. Finally, when I remembered Shasan Devi Ambika, then I came to know about the devious trick of the Buddhists!"

Gurudev suddenly said: "Devious trick? What kind of devious trick, my child!" His surprise knew no bounds.

Paramhans, revealing the secret of that deviousness, said: "Gurudev! The Bhikkhu Sangh had invoked Tara Devi in a pitcher behind the curtain and they were conducting a debate near it. This was the reason that there was no decision of victory or defeat for so many days. The very next day I challenged them in the assembly that if they want to debate then come in front of me. Is this a debate, hiding behind the curtain like cowards and plotting? I did not get any reply to my challenge from their side, so I tore that curtain and broke that pitcher with my foot. The Buddhists were shocked when their conspiracy was exposed. Everyone's face was covered with soot. As soon as Surpal understood the dirty game, he also scolded the Buddhists badly. The ashamed Buddhists became furious on me. There was no limit to their anger. They were burning like a volcano. King Surpal held the edge of justice and warned them that this Paramhans has come to my refuge, you will be able to get hold of him only when you people defeat me in the war. If you want to get him, then first you will have to defeat me."

Paramhans took the story forward, "Gurudev! Despite being a Buddhist himself, King Surpal put his life at stake to protect the refugee. Whenever I remember that, I salute him in my mind. On the signal of the king, I secretly dodged the Bhikkhu Sangh and fled towards Chitrakoot. On the other hand, the Bhikkhu Sangh pretended to compromise with the king and instead of returning to the monastery, a dreaded group of them started chasing me."

"Gurudev! I was fearlessly moving towards Chitrakoot. There was no thought of fear left in my mind. During that time, suddenly one day I heard the hoofbeats of horses. When I turned back, I saw that death itself was chasing me. For a moment I shivered. I thought, will my boat sink on the shore itself! Then the very next moment I regained my health. A washerman was washing clothes on the banks of a pond nearby. I warned him : 'Hey, run! Look, death is coming to catch you from behind.' The washerman got scared and started running. I myself sat in his place, pretending to be a washerman. When the Buddhists reached there, they thought I was a washerman and asked : 'Did you see a running man passing by here just a while ago?' I pointed towards the running washerman. They caught the washerman and went back. Now there was no fear left on my head. I could present myself in your service without any worry."

The infinite joy of meeting the Guru was coming out breaking through the walls of the heart. Paramhans, while ending the tearful story, said, "Gurudev, I forgot to tell you about the last message of the Hans, which should have been mentioned first. Hans, who was going to protect Dharma by sacrificing his life, has sent a message for you :Tell Gurudev that your unruly disciple has sent you tearful salutations and apologies filled with great regret."

After narrating this last message, Paramhans fell at the feet of Gurudev. From the womb of this tearful story, a story even more pathetic, drenched in fire and tears, was about to be born. Shri Haribhadrasuriji Maharaj patted Paramhans on the back very lovingly and extended his hand to make him stand, but the law of fate was a little strange. After delivering the last message of Hans to Gurudev, the life of Paramhans had departed on the path of the other world to meet his beloved brother.

When those closed eyes of Paramhans did not open, when there was no fluttering on his closed lips, when there was not even a slight pulsation in his pulse, then slowly another tear-soaked story began. Paramhans's heart sank due to not being able to bear the joy and shock. It did not take long for Gurudev to understand this. If Hans was martyred, then Paramhans was also martyred. Gurudev offered tributes of a million flowers of tears on the lifeless body of his beloved disciple. Both his hands had been cut off at once. The support of Hans and Paramhans was more important for Shri Haribhadrasuriji than his right and left hands. A tearful story ended, but from it arose the fire of rebellion, cold war and the blazing flames of enmity. This tear-drenched story became the reason behind all this. The pain of separation of Hans and Paramhans had created sharp wounds in the heart, mind and life of Shri Haribhadrasuriji Maharaj. His wounds kept seeping for many days. One day it was as if the wounds burst open : “O dear Hans, dear Paramhans! Did you people not know what would happen to your Gurudev without you? I am sure you were fully aware of this. But what could you do? You were helpless. The Buddhists lashed you cruelly, so I have to bear this pain of separation. You are not at all to blame for that. The only culprits are the Buddhist monks, so I will take revenge. For this, first of all I will take up the weapon of debate (Shastrarth). Oh monks, you people have killed Hans and Paramhans and by killing both of them you have actually targeted me, so I will take revenge.”

Enmity was being born from the womb of pain. Cruelty was being born from the womb of compassion. This resolution kept resonating in the heart of Shri Haribhadrasuriji for many days. The revenge of hatred with hatred, the answer to the brick with the stone.

The deep shock that he himself was feeling due to the separation from his nephews and disciples who were killed due to the sinful acts of the Buddhists, the intense pain that arose from that shock finally took the form of revenge. A huge tree of hatred suddenly grew from the seed of hatred. His fire of hatred ultimately dragged him to the court of King Surpal.

The passion of reaching Surpal's court and declaring rebellion against the Buddhists kept provoking Shri Haribhadra Suri to leave Chitrakoot. Finally one day he left Chitrakoot to appear before King Surpal.

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6. Rebellion Against the Buddhists

'Revolt! A strong rebellion was brewing against the Buddhists!'

Every drop of Shri Haribhadrasuriji Maharaj's blood was boiling. The boiling blood droplets were eager to revolt. With the fire of enmity in his mind, the Jain Acharya, as soon as he set foot in Surpal's kingdom, announced in a loud voice, 'Revolt! Rebelliont against the Buddhists!'

The lives of Hans and Paramhans came to an end as a result of the sinful acts of the Buddhists. The darkness that had descended after the lamp of their lives was extinguished, had made Yakini Mahattra Soonu fall into a trance. Forgetting his forgiveness, he reached Surpal's court to take revenge for the enmity. Such a storm came in his life that he strayed from his path of welfare and started walking on the path of enmity, burning in the fire of revenge. Just like a mad person tries to wash off a blood stain with blood, in the same way, only one thought prevailed in his mind : blood for blood!

There was power in his feet, strength in his body and passion for revenge in his nerves. Shri Haribhadrasuriji Maharaj roared in Surpal's court and said, "King! I want to call for rebellion against the Buddhists who killed Hans-Paramhans. I want to impose a crushing defeat on them by awakening a rebellion with the power of my intellect. Not only this, I want to take revenge of my enmity by throwing the defeated Buddhists into cauldrons of boiling oil."

The turmoil that was raging in Shri Haribhadrasuriji's heart for the last several days burst out today in the form of words full of bravery. King Surpal asked: " Were Hans-Paramhans your disciples?"

The truth that Surpal wanted to know, Acharyadev revealed more than that by saying: "King, not only were they disciples but they were also my nephews."

"Oh, now I understood the secret of this rebellion, its root cause." Surpal gestured and showed Shri Haribhadrasuriji a seat and asked him to sit respectfully on it. Introducing the power of the Buddhists, the king asked: "Will you be able to fight thousands of Buddhists alone?"

Shri Haribhadrasuriji's self-confidence was at its peak. "Rajan, why won't I be able to? You know very well that my disciple Paramhans had fought Tara Devi alone. If my disciple can show his prowess in front of divine power, then why can't I fight against the power of humans? You have doubts because I am alone, but Paramhans was also alone."

The king was confused: "If you have so much faith in the voice of your conscience, then it is good, otherwise the Buddhist Acharya is no less."

"King! Defeating the Buddhists is a game of left hand for me. Before my initiation, when I was the royal priest of Chitrakoot, even then I had defeated the Buddhists. King, at that time I neither had the infallible sword of *Syadvad*, nor the impenetrable armour of *Anekantvad*,

whereas today I am a brave soldier, fully equipped with the infallible powers required for this war, hence victory will be mine : no, not mine, but of Jin Darshan. There is no scope for doubt in this.”

The king readily accepted this and said: “Acharyadev, where there is faith, there is victory. Where there is a sigh, there is defeat. Today itself I will send a messenger and invite the Buddhist Acharya for a debate.”

When Surpal granted permission to participate in the debate, Acharyadev said: “O King, I want this action to be completed as soon as possible, because I have come fully equipped. I have the swords of *Syadvad* and I have worn the impenetrable armour of *Anekantvad*. I am just waiting for the battleground trumpet to sound.”

Seeing the seeds of rebellion sprouting, Shri Haribhadrasuriji became happy. The messenger sent to meet the Buddhist Acharya and invite him for a debate was very intelligent and clever. On reaching the monastery, he tried to present his case as if he was a devotee of Buddha himself. He said in very emotional words : “Bhikkhus, today Buddhism is once again in trouble. A plaintiff has arrived in the court of the king. He has declared rebellion against Buddhism. He has invited Buddhist scholars for a debate.

On hearing the messenger, many Bhikshus (monks) gathered. Addressing the monks, the Buddhist Acharya said : “Another invitation has come from the court of King Surpal. The twinkling lamp has rebelled against the sun. A petty plaintiff has come with a craze to argue with us. Tell me, my monks, who is ready to go to the royal court to fight with him?”

The Buddhist Acharya got the reply, “We are all ready. Just give your permission. We will defeat the plaintiff and drive him away in a moment or two.” Welcoming the voice of collective agreement of the monks, the Buddhist Acharya said, “Bhikkhus, hail you, it is only because of promising disciples like you that I can walk with my head held high and chest held high.”

Keeping his thoughts confidential, Surpal’s messenger threw the second dice: “Bauddhacharyaji, I am unable to understand on what basis the plaintiff has decided to rebel against us. This time you should put such a tough condition that the one who is defeated should be thrown into the cauldron of boiling oil and his existence should be wiped out forever. On hearing such a tough condition, he will himself go silent or die an untimely death. If you are not able to create such an intimidation, then challenges of debate and discussion will keep coming against us again and again.”

This move of the messenger hit the mark. Accepting the condition, the Buddhist Acharya said: “We all accept this condition, but will that petty plaintiff accept such a tough condition?” The messenger was feeling happy in his heart. The gamble was successful. The result was not only as per his expectations but was much more favourable than that. While preparing to return, the royal messenger said : “I will put this tough condition of yours before the king. I will also request him to plan a debate for this.”

The messenger returned after finishing his work. He was laughing under his moustache after fooling the Buddhist Acharya. Soon he reached the court of Maharaj Surpal and told the whole story. There was no reason for Shri Haribhadrasuriji to reject the condition. Seeing the

seed of rebellion transform into a huge banyan tree in a short span of time, his heart was filled with joy.

The seeds of rebellion buried in the depths of the heart were now yearning to come out. As the moment of eruption came, it was as if there was a crack in the ground. Those seeds blossomed and burst out and as soon as they came out after breaking the heart, they spread like a huge banyan tree.

Blowing the conch shell of 'rebellion against Buddhism' with full enthusiasm, Shri Haribhadraseriji entered the battlefield of the debate with full force. Thousands of Buddhist monks were present in front of him. He had to fight alone with all his might, yet his face had the health of a lion, it reflected unparalleled piety, it was shining with the glory of purity.

Surpal's court turned into a battleground and these intellectual warriors, face to face, made their respective camps and jumped into the war of scriptures. A wildfire of pride had ignited in the heart of Buddhist Acharya. He thought : "Today it would be appropriate to enter the battle without any divine help. There is only a Jain Shraman in front. How long would it take to defeat him!" Buddhacharya's mind was overflowing with self-confidence. Presenting a very difficult condition, he said, "King! Both sides will start the debate only after a tough condition is accepted. Whoever loses the debate will sacrifice himself in a cauldron of boiling oil. We accept this condition and it will be your responsibility to make this Shraman accept this condition." There was no need for Surpal to intervene. Both the parties themselves accepted this condition : "It is accepted! The condition is accepted."

As soon as the condition was accepted, the debate began. On one side only one Shraman was handling the debate, while thousands of Buddhists were gathered on the rival front. Some time after the debate started, terror spread in the mind and heart of the Buddhist Acharya. Now he started realizing his mistake, he was regretting keeping such a difficult condition. The situations were changing in such a way that perhaps it could have been a situation where he would have to accept this condition himself. A small Shraman like Paramhans had not been defeated in front of Tara Devi who supported Buddhism, and here he was fighting with his (Paramhans') famous Gurudev. How could the Buddhist Acharya defeat him (Shri Haribhadraseriji)?

After a day or two, the Buddhist Acharya lost his courage. Shri Haribhadraseriji showed him the stars in broad daylight. The Buddhists felt that their victory was slipping away from their hands. At last that auspicious moment of victory arrived and Shri Haribhadraseriji achieved a resounding victory by defeating the Buddhists badly. On being declared the winner, Shri Haribhadraseriji challenged everyone : "Hans and Paramhans were my disciples. The atrocities that you people have inflicted on both of them have multiplied manifold and have fallen on you Buddhists to such an extent that your lives are in danger. Learn a lesson from this incident and never dare to point a finger at any Shraman in future. I have only this advice for you that these cauldrons of boiling oil will teach you about your sins. Come, come one by one. This boiling oil is calling you loudly.'

As per the condition, the leader of the Bhikshu Sangh stepped forward. He jumped into the cauldron of oil and proclaimed '*Buddham Sharanam Gachhami*'. Shri Haribhadraseriji

challenged the Buddhist Sangh again : “This is just the first sacrifice on the altar of revenge. This altar of the fire of enmity will be satiated only when fourteen hundred and forty-four such sacrifices are offered.”

There was silence in the Bhikshu Sangh. The leader of the Sangh had been sacrificed in the cauldron of boiling oil. This sacrifice was very painful for the Sangh. The hearts of all the Bhikshus were breaking. This was the result of the injustice done to Hans-Paramhans. No one had even imagined such a fatal and painful result. Now the imagination of the horrific scene that would be seen in the future was making the Buddhist Sangh shudder.

A storm of revenge had arisen in the heart of Shri Haribhadrasuriji Maharaj. A fierce fire had been ignited in it by the sparks of anger. Inspired by that fire, he stood up and addressing the monks, he said: “Bhikkhus, even though your teacher was sacrificed on the altar of enmity, it is not necessary that all of you should also sacrifice yourself, there is no such rule. I still say - if anyone among you can compete with me in the intellectual battle, then he should come in front of me. Even now, if I am defeated, then I will myself jump into the cauldron of oil, but if no one is prepared for this, then according to the condition made between us, you all will also have to follow your Acharya.”

Cutting through the raging crowd, five to six monks moved forward. Taking charge of the debate, accepting the challenge of the Shraman, they said : “Our blood is boiling to fulfill the desire of keeping the flag of the principles of Lord Buddha flying high. The desire of self-sacrifice has started surging in our blood.”

The intellectual battle began again. Those six monks brimming with the feeling of self-sacrifice soon realized that it was not an easy task to pierce such a Jain Shraman, who had worn the fearless armor of *Anekantavad*, with the arrow of intellect. No such son of a mother was born who could be successful in making Shri Haribhadrasuriji bow down even a little bit. Shri Haribhadrasuriji, who defeated those six Bhikshus in the debate in a single day and made a sweeping victory, once again challenged the Buddhist Sangh : “Tell me, who is ready to face me in the debate now?”

This question of his kept echoing again and again but ultimately remained unanswered. The defeated six Bhikshus kept throwing themselves into the boiling oil cauldron one after the other and kept increasing the pathos of the atmosphere. Breaking the seriousness and sadness drenched in pathos, a loud protest arose : Bhikshus, this altar will become blood-stained today because of fourteen hundred and forty-four sacrifices. Now you people must have also realized that the flags of Buddha fluttering in the sky have lost their right.

Hearing this harsh challenge echoing in the ears like the blow of a hammer, the Bhikshu Sangh fell into deep thought. Rubbing salt on the wound, Shri Haribhadrasuriji roared like a lion again :

“If any son of a mother is hiding somewhere, then this is an open call to him to arouse rebellion against my rebellion. Otherwise, my rebellion against Buddhism will surely burn you all to ashes and there is no way left to extinguish the blazing fire of my rebellion.

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7. The Invisible Power of Non-enmity

'Non-enmity! Non-enmity! Non-enmity!'

Where the flames of enmity were blazing, two sages, kindling the invisible power of Non-enmity, came there sprinkling the rose water of friendship. Non-enmity... Non-enmity... Non-enmity! : a faint voice was rising from the womb of the earth also. The same voice was echoing in the sky too, Non-enmity... Non-enmity... Non-enmity!

The flames of enmity were blazing in Surpal's royal court. The court, which had risen from the humidity of the month of *Jyeshtha*, was yearning for the rain of the nectar of affection. In such a painful atmosphere, the experience of the cool wave of non-enmity was very pleasant. Shri Haribhadrasuriji, who was feeling peace from that sweet experience, looked around with widened eyes, and was astonished: "Oh, these are my own Guru-brothers! My Gurudev's disciples!" Shri Haribhadrasuriji's heart, which was tormented with intense heat and anguish, became immersed in thoughts on hearing the words of non-enmity. These words brought such a cooling effect on his heart burning like embers, as if rose water had been sprinkled on it. He became more immersed in thoughts due to this feeling. After a few moments, waking up from that lassitude of thought, he asked the visiting sages, "Is Gurudev fine?"

"Yes, everything is fine." Both the monks replied with a smile.

"Look, monks! Shri Haribhadrasuriji Maharaj's heart, burning with the fire of enmity, rose to his lips and started speaking: "I have gathered the courage to fight alone with thousands of enemies, but with the grace of Gurudev, I have succeeded in it. Look at this cauldron of oil. Six Buddhist monks who were defeated by me in a debate have sacrificed themselves in it. They are making an outcry for my victory."

On seeing the blood-coloured oil in the cauldron, both the monks who had come to call out to the invisible power of non-enmity trembled. Both of them fell unconscious on the ground.

The only tune that was resonating in the mind of Shri Haribhadrasuriji was 'rebellion against the Buddhists', so he moved forward in that direction to keep the debate front hot. The burning flames of enmity were not taking the name of cooling down. While making the final appeal, he said:

"Bhikkhus, now if there is no wisdom or talent left among you to compete with me, then all of you should also sacrifice yourselves by following our condition. This becomes your duty. Consider this as revenge for the misbehavior you people have done with Hans and Paramhans."

The monks were busy in invoking Tara Devi, the presiding deity of the Buddhist religion. The leader of the Sangh was sacrificed, and six monks lost their lives after him. The monk community was bewildered on seeing this sequence of events. They were all expressing their anger towards their revered goddess, Tara Devi:

“Goddess Tara! Where have you gone today? Hammers are being struck at the base of Lord Buddha's victory flag. Six Buddhists, including the leader of the monk community, have been sacrificed in a cauldron of boiling oil. There is so much commotion and you are nowhere to be seen! You have just sat silently. Where has your loyalty gone? For years, we Buddhists have been worshipping you with great devotion, has it gone in vain? Was the one we worshipped just a piece of stone? The idol on which we smeared sandalwood, saffron and kumkum; we burnt incense of *ghansar* and agarwood; at whose feet we offered the bunches of roses, jasmine and jasmine flowers; in front of whom we kept platters of thirty-two dishes every day, was that just a black stone? Had no divine power ever manifested within that?”

Tara Devi was disturbed to see this betrayal of the monk community which she had been protecting by becoming a shield during times of disasters. Raining her virtuous fury from the sky, she said: “O traitorous monks, have you really forgotten the debate with Paramhans that took place a few days ago? You keep on blabbering whatever comes to your mind and criticizing me, but you had to take my cover to argue with that combative and great theologian. Remember that I fought on your behalf! Here when your Acharya invited trouble by going ahead and axed his own feet, what is my fault in that? And even if I wanted, what could I have done in that? The condition that you put to trap your opponent has become your trap. You attacked like a tyrant on the Shramans who sacrificed their lives and kept a vow to protect the religion. You are getting the result of that injustice. You yourself had sown the Babul tree, so now you are bound to get pricked by thorns. The revenge of a thorn can only be a thorn. You cannot expect flowers after piercing someone with a thorn! This is the only lesson of this incident. If you still follow my advice, it is possible that you will be able to avoid more destruction.”

After guiding them, Taradevi disappeared. It was not that only the clouds of trouble were hovering over the heads of the Buddhists, but a storm of heavy rain had also arisen. Lightning was also flashing. As a sign of this, Taradevi sprinkled salt on their wounds and became angry with them by showing them their place.

Shri Haribhadrasuriji had now made up his mind to end his rebellion. Like a mighty warrior, he roared like a lion that shook the earth and the sky and challenged the opposition for the last time, “Buddhists, now I am not ready to bear even a moment's delay, either come to the battlefield for the fight, or jump into this boiling oil pot and sacrifice yourself. I will not accept any third option.”

The fire burning within had gone out of control. The limits of saintliness had vanished. As soon as Shri Haribhadrasuriji gave the final call to the Buddhist Sangh to sacrifice themselves, on hearing his dreadful words, both the sages lying unconscious on the ground suddenly stood up. They had a message of non-enmity sent by Shri Jindattsuriji Maharaj to his wise disciple. The more time it took to deliver it to Shri Haribhadrasuriji, the worse the situation became. So, to avoid further damage, both the sages reached to Shri Haribhadrasuriji, cutting through the crowd. The *ghee* of revenge was being poured on the altar of enmity. While pouring water of the invisible power of Non-enmity on it, they cried out: “No, no. Enmity should not be avenged with enmity; yes, with non-enmity!”

Putting the message of Shri Jindattsuriji Maharaj in the hands of Shri Haribhadraseriji, both the sages said: “The day a *Kshamashraman* forgets his *Kshamashramanya* and behaves otherwise, will the moon not start spewing sparks? The heart whose motto is welfare of the entire universe, if the same heart today challenges for sacrifice, will there not be a catastrophic flood in the ocean of the dignity of the Jin Shasan? Will it not swallow this universe with a loud proclamation? Oh, the image of forgiveness, Gurudev has sent this invisible power of non-enmity as a message. This is our humble request, please first read this message properly and later write its reply. We are just messengers; you will have to accept our request.”

This request of these two sages who came as messengers of Gurudev put Shri Haribhadraseriji in deep thought. These auspicious words showered nectar on his heart which was burning with the thirst of enmity. Shri Haribhadraseriji, who was feeling some peace from this, said: “Oh! You have brought a message from Gurudev! My luck has opened. I am blessed, Gurudev remembered me!”

Opening the letter, Shri Haribhadraseriji Maharaj was overwhelmed with joy. Every word of the message was like the torrential rain of *Ashadh* capable of extinguishing the fierce fire of enmity. Gurudev had written: “Son! What kind of battle have you started? Don't you know what your religion of forgiveness expects from you? What is your *Shramanya* calling you and saying? Have you ever thought about all this? Or have you jumped into the fire of revenge with closed eyes without thinking about these things?”

Yakini Mahattara's Dharmaputra was getting relief, as if the clouds had burst in the cloudy night of *Sawan* and the flames of enmity had started to subside. Shri Haribhadraseriji Maharaj continued reading his Gurudev's message: “Son! Just think about it, can enmity be countered with enmity or non-enmity? Lord Mahavir has established non-enmity as the right counter for enmity. Not only this, Lord has lived this ideal in his life. Sangam rained a volley of atrocities on him and with the evil intention of burning Lord alive, threw him into the fire of troubles, yet what was the reaction of the infinitely powerful Lord? His little finger had the power to shake the entire universe. Yet the Lord extinguished their fire of enmity by shedding two tears of compassion. Son! Think deeply on the following verses. The history of a very sad story is hidden in these verses. That story is of the enmity that continued between Gunasen and Agni Sharma, the fierce war that went on between the two. Gunasen kept showering love on Agni Sharma who was spewing fire. The result was that Gunasen became a guest of the world of love. On the contrary, the fire blazing in Agni Sharma's heart pushed him into the abyss of embers. This entire story has been written in only three verses. If you read these verses, I am sure you will calm down your rebellion on your own. In your heart, where the fire of enmity is raging at this time, you will try to plant a garden of love there.”

This message of Gurudev rained down torrentially like the clouds of *Ashadh*. The flames of enmity stopped completely. The nectar rain of these waterless clouds quenched the thirst of Shri Haribhadraseriji Maharaj and his colossal mistake started pricking him like a thorn.

In anger, Shri Haribhadraseriji had committed such a big mistake and strayed on the path of enmity! But despite being a victim of such misunderstanding, he was on the same path which was ultimately going to reach the pilgrimage of non-enmity. After anointing the three verses,

which had shown the right path to the misguided Acharya, with millions of tear drops, Shri Haribhadrasuriji Maharaj again appeared on the debate front in Surpal's court. But now a clear change was visible in his speech and behavior. There was a lot of difference in his thinking and activities as well. Now, instead of 'war', 'ceasefire' was going to be announced from his auspicious mouth. The Acharya, who was till now talking about sacrifice and rebellion, showered the nectar of the sweet voice of love and friendship and said: “Bhikkhus! Please listen to me carefully.” As if some loving mother was speaking through his tongue, “Forgive me, Bhikkhus! From this very moment, I give forgiveness and want forgiveness in return.”

Where the swords of enmity were being drawn just a while ago, now the fans of non-enmity started waving. The same eyes from which the volcano of destruction had erupted were now shedding the nectar of love. The vast Buddhist Sangh was stunned by this unimaginable change of heart that happened in a moment. No one could understand who, when and in what guise came as the cloudy night of *Ashadh* to pacify the raging flames of the wildfire of hatred and who transformed the wildfire of hatred into a garland of lamps spreading the light of love in every heart and quietly went away!

The clouds of *Ashadh* were hovering behind the eyelids of Shri Haribhadrasuriji Maharaj. In a moment those clouds started raining heavily. That rain of tears not only extinguished the fire burning in his heart, but also spread coolness in the Buddhist Sangh. Expressing his intention to bid farewell to enmity and withdraw from the debate, Shri Haribhadrasuriji gave his last speech with tears in his eyes:

“Dear Bhikshus, I do not want any sacrifice now. I want the love of all of you. Bhikshus, I ask for forgiveness, I am sure that you will accept my two compassionate demands - '*Khamemi*' and '*Veram Majjham Na Keni*'.”

Having said this in a choked voice, Shri Haribhadrasuriji sat down. His throat, choked with tears, was not allowing him to speak even a single word.

Now the Bhikshu Sangh was lost in deep thought. Till now they were not able to understand that how could this Shraman defeat us in the debate on his own strength, without anyone's support? How could this single-headed opponent face the barrage of questions coming from all four directions with a thousand faces?

After asking forgiveness from the Bhikshu Sangh and King Surpal, Shri Haribhadrasuriji Maharaj set out with those two messenger sages to reach the shelter of his Gurudev. After reaching Gurudev, he wanted to atone for his sins by hiding his head in his Guru's lap. Enmity was left behind and the invisible power of non-enmity was illuminating his path. Singing songs of forgiveness in a divine tone, this debate-winning Acharya became a winner in life and moved towards the feet of Gurudev.

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8. Tears of Remorse

Those tears were the result of remorse and his pain was the result of repentance. There were tears in one of his eyes and pain in the other. Shri Haribhadrasuriji Maharaj was returning from Surpal's meeting and was going to submerge in his Gurudev's lap. As soon as he reached the Guru's feet, his eyes started raining heavily like the clouds of *Ashadh*.

“Gurudev! I am a criminal. Not only this, I know that I have committed such a crime which can never be forgiven, yet I have come to seek atonement for that crime. There is no limit to my impudence. Because your compassion is boundless and that compassion has brought me here. Gurudev! I have tarnished the disguise of a Shraman and the motto of forgiveness. I had taken a pledge of non-violence in the presence of thousands of people. By going back on that pledge, I have broken my vow of non-violence. I have sacrificed six Buddhists; I have asked for fourteen hundred and forty-four (1444) sacrifices. By doing this I have clearly betrayed the saintliness. The root cause of this is my attachment towards those two disciples. Due to attachment I have committed two types of crimes. I am guilty. Please punish me, order me penance!”

The tears flowing from the disciple's eyes drenched Gurudev's lap. The fire in the disciple's heart also touched Gurudev's heart. The disciple had maintained a deep silence. Gurudev was also in almost the same state. In the storm of anger and the whirlwind of enmity, when the beneficial path of non-enmity was not visible, the traveler who had lost his way ran on the thorny path of enmity, but that traveler was basically a lover of non-enmity, he was a worshipper of the religion of forgiveness. This was the reason that on hearing the call of non-enmity, his heart was stirred and immediately he proposed friendship to the rival Buddhist Sangh against whom he had launched a fierce rebellion, and now he was standing bowing in the refuge of his Guru and shedding tears he was asking for atonement for his sin. Gurudev was still silent. Every pore of the disciple was crying. He was getting sobs in every vein. Every drop of his blood was trembling. Hardly anyone could hear this silent cry. Hardly anyone could see the fire that was burning inside. That shiver was also silent. Gurudev had not even imagined that his message would prove so effective. He had not even thought that his disciple, standing unwavering like a mountain in front of thousands of Buddhists, would adopt the humility of a tiny atom as soon as he realized his mistake, but this is what happened. For this reason, Gurudev, who was evaluating the ability of his disciple, was silent till now.

Seeing Gurudev's silence, the disciple became restless. With the aim of breaking his silence, he again started his reproach. “Gurudev! *Vidya* (knowledge) is the nectar that quenches the poison of lust and passion, but I converted such knowledge into a weapon of violence. I turned knowledge into a sword to win. I threw my talent like a stone at my opponent and stained him with blood. I stained my knowledge-like sword with blood. Gurudev! What can be the atonement for this sin?”

Gurudev's silence kept increasing the disciple's remorse. As if the tears of remorse had resolved to flow today. As the tears flowed, the fire in the disciple's heart kept getting extinguished. Sparks of words kept flying from that dying fire.

“Gurudev! If you had not told me about the invisible power of non-enmity, who knows how many pages of future history would have been stained with blood. Those three verses sent by you were not just bundles of words, each of their words was filled with tremendous power like a fire explosion. In those words of the verses, the painful picture of the battle between hatred and love, fire and tears, compassion and cruelty was painted in attractive colours. Those very touching words ordered this humble person running at a fast pace on the path of hatred to 'stop'. They provoked me to atone for my sinful deeds. Gurudev! I have become eager to hear the atonement for these sins of mine. Till when will you torment me now?”

The pain in the heart and the wildfire burning in the mind burst out in such a mass of words that Gurudev's compassion could not remain silent for long. The compassion scattered in every corner of the heart as if united and spoke, “Son! Your tears are expressing your sorrow. Your pain is speaking in your voice. Dear son, do not forget that committing a sin is not as difficult as repenting for it. A mistake is not impossible, what is impossible is to admit a mistake. No matter how intense the fire of sin is, a small teardrop is enough to extinguish it. Even a huge mountain of sin can be shattered by the thunderbolt of repentance. Son! It would not be appropriate to keep remembering and condemning the evil deeds that have been committed by you, it would be better to forget what has passed and put your heart into doing good deeds that will liberate you from the evil deeds. Only then will you be able to get rid of that burden.”

This *Guruvaani* (words of a guru) kept pouring on the disciple's heart, scorched by the summer heat, like a stream of nectar. That tormented heart was yearning for every drop of water. When Gurudev's affection overflowed upon it, a divine fragrance of peace burst out in it.

In order to perform the penance prescribed by Gurudev as atonement, Shri Haribhadrasuriji Maharaj started a severe penance. Many sacrifices of food were offered on the altar of the penance. Finally, one day that penance was completed. As a result of that penance, the desire to rebel against the Buddhists was destroyed, but the wounds of separation from Hans and Paramhans became even fresher, which started piercing his heart like a thorn.

As soon as the penance was over, the pain of separation from Hans and Paramhans dominated his mind, speech and body. These were the two disciples who called him 'Gurudev!' with great love and respect. The unbearable separation from the disciples made him restless. He could completely forget the enmity of the Buddhists, but the more he tried to forget the separation from his disciples, the more intensely it would revive and make him feel guilty. Seeing his troubled state of mind, even Shasandevi Ambika became worried. “How could the same Yakini Mahattara Soonu, whose pen was to create fourteen hundred and forty-four books and contexts, keep wasting his time like this, with other thoughts and empty minds? Even the stories written by such a founder of Shasan, whose stories are going to prove very valuable in history, after his departure, his creations will defeat the hypocrites for ages and hoist the victory flag of Jain philosophy in all directions... But he is the one who is sitting

silently, have not even held a pen in his hands till now. Will such pioneer creator spend his golden time in this way in the separation of disciples? No, this cannot happen. I will never let this happen. I will go now and inspire him to create.”

Thinking this, Shashandevi came down to earth. Yakini Mahattara Soonu Shri Haribhadrasuriji saw a blurred divine figure emerging in front of him. Aura started to shine from that and a shape appeared from that aura. Finally a voice appeared from that shape:

“Son! I have had to come down to give you the message of creation. Just as a fish does not need to be taught to swim, in the same way, there is no need to teach a yogi like you how to forget the pain of separation. It is true that Hans and Paramhans were your beloved disciples, but what is the world after all? Separation from the loved ones and union with the unloved is what the world is all about! Suppose you have been separated from these two loved disciples, but because of their separation you are going to get 1444 disciples. These permanent disciples of yours will keep your story of glory alive for a long time even after your departure from this world.”

Getting 1444 disciples! Shri Haribhadrasuriji was surprised and happy and started yearning to hear the divine voice. The divine voice continued:

“Son! Today the paper is inviting the pen and that pen is calling its leader, you. I am also calling you - get up and stand. The pen is waiting for you very impatiently. The ink that will flow from your pen will create 1444 books. These disciples in the form of scriptures will become your eternal memorials, so hold the pen in your hand. Tighten your belt and walk on the path of creation. Do not miss your efforts and do not be lax in your creative work.”

Shasan Devi started preparing to disappear, but when she was shaken by the unspoken feelings of Shri Haribhadrasuriji, she said: “Son! The writings of the creator (god) written on your forehead are telling that you were destined to have only two disciples. Now the disciples you will get will be disciples of scriptures and their number will be 1444! So, do not get into any more confusion. Instead of giving place to any other thought in your mind, keep on working day and night only for the creation of disciples in the form of scriptures - keep on making efforts.”

The aura disappeared. Shashandevi's work was completed, so she left happily.

After many years, one day, the light of happiness spread in the body and mind of Shri Haribhadrasuriji Maharaj. His entire existence resonated with music and songs with the chirping of joy and pride. It was as if the incarnation of the Goddess became the gateway to a new life for Shri Haribhadrasuriji Maharaj.

Shri Haribhadrasuriji Maharaj, who reached the door of a new life, made a firm resolve to dedicate his life to the feet of Shrutdevata Mata Saraswati and soon started Shrutpuja. The helmsman of the pen neither saw day nor night. The popular belief is that this Shrutsarjan continued even at night in the holy light of Ratnamani. Just understand that Shrutpuja had become his body, mind and life.

Shri Haribhadrasuriji Maharaj did not do his creative work while floating on the surface of the ocean of the world. He would enter the bottomless depths of this ocean of the world and

sit cross-legged. At that time, whatever dripped from his pen would become immortal, eternal creation. The vibrations of knowledge and science that he would feel in his mind after diving into the bottomless depths, he would write them on paper. This was the reason that his creations were filled with the vastness, seriousness and depth of the ocean.

Shri Haribhadrasuriji Maharaj acknowledged his debt to those two characters Gunasen and Agnisharma who had pointed the finger towards the right path to Gurubandhu who had strayed from the true path in the tornado of enmity. The first creation created by his pen was recognized by the world as '*Samraichcha Kaha*'.

And then what happened! For months continuously, year after year, his pen kept spewing nectar. The source of words kept flowing from the ink. After holding the pen in his hand, Yakini Mahattara Soonu did not need to churn the ocean of contemplation. He would get spontaneous inspiration and the same would get written on paper. Despite creation being so simple, even the great scholars considered to be great *mandhaatas* would find it difficult to understand its secret. They would start scratching their head trying to understand its true meaning, and then after deep thinking, the secret could be grasped with great difficulty.

Who knows how many years of the life of Shri Haribhadrasuriji Maharaj, the owner of such immense scholarship, were devoted to Shrutpuja. The shadow of old age started hovering over his body, but his pen kept on travelling towards knowledge, becoming more youthful day by day. One better book after another kept on being written, the perennial source of creation of scriptures kept on flowing. Thus, the number of disciples in the form of scriptures crossed the figure of 1440 in no time.

When the oil in the lamp vessel gets over, all the lamps get extinguished. This is the order of destiny. Destiny creates a special arrangement for the lamps that fill the period of existence with their light. The back of most of the lamps are covered with darkness. The saying 'darkness under the lamp' seems to be correct in general, but contrary to it, exceptions like 'more light behind the lamp' also keep on arising, especially the life lamps of rare personalities come under the purview of such an exception-like saying. The life lamp of Shri Haribhadrasuriji Maharaj is a bright example of this.

When the oil and wick finished, one day the life lamp of Shri Haribhadrasuriji started flickering. Old age had taken over his body. Although the pen had the boon of remaining everlastingly youthful, due to that the body also kept on moving on the path of knowledge with uninterrupted effort. Even when the last moments of his life were near, his worship of Shrutdevta did not stop. The pen in his hand kept on moving forward till the last moment. Exactly at the time when it was preparing to move further after crossing the 1443 number of books, the lord of death became ready to fulfill his duty. Who has not been controlled by the death? Who has been able to escape from its bondage? Shri Haribhadrasuriji Maharaj was busy writing '*Sansaar Daavanal*' at that time. When the call of death came, he accepted its refuge by writing his last book up to the line '*Aamulalol Dhulibahulparimalalidhlolalimala*'. His life lamp extinguished while doing creative work. Yes, it did create a new proverb 'A lamp can sometimes spread more light even after being extinguished' or say 'more light behind the lamp'.

As per the proclamations written on the pages of history and based on folklore, it has been established that after composing the hymn '*lidh lolali mala*' of '*Sansar Daavanal*', the life-lamp of Shri Haribhadrasuriji Maharaj was extinguished. In memory of this incident, the then Sangh completed the composition of hymns after '*Jhankararao*'. The remaining hymns composed by the Sangh have been sung as a group song in the fortnightly *pratikraman* for years. This hymn is well known as the 1444th context.

Shri Haribhadrasuriji Maharaj has necessarily written this line at the end of every book composition - '*Kritiriyam Yakini-Mahattara Soonoh*'. At the end of every context, he has mentioned with great respect the Dharmamata who led him towards the path of Dharma by holding his finger and has expressed gratitude to her.

Shri Haribhadrasuriji, who at a particular point of his life became a victim of misunderstanding and started a fierce rebellion against the Buddhists, showered them with immense compassion as soon as he realized his mistake. Although his pen kept striking every step of his life for the destruction of Buddhist principles.

Yakini Mahattara Soonu Acharya Shri Haribhadrasuriji Maharaj did not have a single disciple in the latter part of his life. Even his mortal body is no longer in this world, yet his fourteen hundred and forty-four Shashtra-disciples are proudly roaming everywhere in the entire Jain world singing and humming the immortal glory of their mighty and glorious Gurudev. If seen from this point of view, it can certainly be said that even today Shri Haribhadrasuriji Maharaj is immortal in the literal form. Yes, some of these Shashtra-disciples are unknown, they are not available, but is it not possible that somewhere they too are singing the praises of their Gurudev in a secret form!

Reference: *Shri Prabandh Chintamani*

(Complete)

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Shri Haribhadradasurishwarji (Special Addendum)

Compiled by: P. S. MuktiShramanvijayji M.

When the book - the creator of 1444 treatises 'Yakini Mahattra Dharmaputra Shri Haribhadradasuriji', written by Pujya Dada Gurudevshree, was going to be published in the international language English, then a thought came to mind that if the creation of the treatises and some remaining miscellaneous important information is also added along with the brief life story of this great man, then the usefulness of the book will increase even more.

Implementing this thought, I tried to obtain several books related to the life of the character hero Pujyashri, out of which the book 'Shri Haribhadradasuri' written by Shri Hiralal R. Kapadia proved to be very useful. The true credit of this compilation goes to my Guru tradition, how can I live without remembering them? I will always remain indebted to the accomplished writer P. Acharyadev **Shrimad Vijay Purnachandrasurishwarji M.** and Gurudev P. Acharyadev **Shri V.Yugchandra S.M.** The support provided by Punyam Academy Pvt. Ltd. in English translation of this book is also commendable.

Whatever is auspicious/good in the compilation of this addendum is the result of the blessings of Gurudevshree and if there is any error, then it is due to my ignorance. With folded hands, it is requested to the wise/scholarly people to take care of this matter and observe it properly and inform us about it so that it can be corrected in future, with this hope....

- MuktiShraman Vijay

Receipt of mysterious texts; installation in a wonderful pillar

According to *Chaturvinshati Prabandh* (page 40), Shri Haribhadradasuriji had received mysterious texts from the gods. After defeating Digambaracharya, he installed those texts in the pillar of the palace named '*Chaurasi*' built at the place of *Chaurasi Mathas*. The pillar was made of various medications in such a way that it could not be affected by water or fire.

According to *Puratan Prabandh Sangrah* (page 104), a merchant wrote the texts written by Haribhadradasuriji in golden letters on silver leaf and kept them in the medicated pillar of the palace at Chitrakoot (Chittor). That pillar was made in such a way that it could not melt in water, could not be pierced and could not be burnt by fire.

Treatise marked with 'Virah Pad'

According to *Prabhavak Charitra* (verse 206), all the works created by Shri Haribhadradasuriji are marked with '*Virah Pada*', but currently, '*Virah Pad*' is seen only in the following works: *Anekant Jaypataka*, *Ashtak Prakaran*, *Upadesh Pada*, *Dharma Sangrahani*, *Dharmabindu*, *Panchavastuk Vritti*, *Panchashak*, *Yogdrishti Samuchchaya*, *Yogbindu*, *Lalit Vistara*, *Veer Stav*, *Shastravarta Samuchchaya*, *Shodashak Prakaran*, *Sansaar Daavanal Stuti*, *Sambodh Prakaran*.

Vaggkevali - Vritti Sarjan - Visarjan

Vasuki Shrivak, a resident of Varanasi, came to Haribhadradasuriji at Chittor with a book named *Vaggkevali* (original), on which he composed a commentary at the request of the Sangh. Information about future events could be obtained in advance through this work, such serious things were there in it, but due to the possibility of misuse of such a mysterious book in future, Acharyashree himself

discarded that commentary, such mention is made in 'Kahavali'. Today both the original and the commentary are unavailable.

Salvation of Mahanishith

According to Prabhavak Charitra (Chapter 9, Verse 219), Mahanishith Sutra was salvaged by Shri Haribhadrāsuri. Thereafter, as per the mention in the commentary written by Shri Dharmaghasuri of 'Cheiyavandan Bhas' written by Shri Devendrasuri, Mahanishith Ka Prachin Aadarsh (copy) was in the stupa of Suparshwanath in Mathura. Haribhadrāsuri obtained it from Shasan Devi after performing penance of 15 fasts. Since that Aadarsh was broken and some of its pages were lost due to termite, inspired by the devotion of discourses, it was compiled again for the welfare of devotees and souls.

(Shri Haribhadra Suri' written by Hiralal R. Kapadia)

As stated in Mahanishith 3rd study, Shri Haribhadrāsuri salvaged this book, which was also recognized by Shri Siddhasen Diwakarsuri, Vriddhvadisuri, Yakshasensuri, Devguptsuri, Yashovardhansuri, Raviguptsuri, Nemichandsuri Jinadasgani.

(Jain Sahityano Brihad Itihas , Part-2, Page-237),

Writing treatises on the four Anuyogas

Shri Haribhadrāsuri had composed treatises on all four Anuyogas, in which Dharma Sangrahani in Dravyanuyoga, Kshetra Samas Tika in Ganitanuyoga, Panchavastu-Dharmabindu related to Charankarannuyoga, Samaraiccha Kaha in Dharmakathanuyoga etc. treatises were created.

(Jain Sahityano Itihas , Mohanlal D. Desai)

Creation for Shramani

The treatise 'Sambodh Prakaran' was written for the enlightenment of Manohariya Sadhviji, a disciple of his Dharmamata Shri Yakini Mahtara.

Incomplete commentary book

Shri Haribhadrāsuri wrote commentary on Pindniryukti Aagam up to 'Sthapana Dosh', which was later completed by Shri Veeracharya. At present this book is not available.

Commentary on a book written by other Darshni

Shri Haribhadrāsuri wrote commentary on the book 'Nyaya Praveshak' written by Acharya Shri Didnag of Buddhism.

Translated by other Dharmi

Dharmabindu- Loktattva Nirnaya written by Shri Haribhadrāsuri was translated into Italian language by Dr. Suaali.

Teaching and Shrutdhar

The author of 'Kupalayamala', Shri Udyotansuri, was taught Nyayashastra by Acharya Shri Haribhadrāsuri and during the rule of Lord Mahavir, Shri Haribhadrāsuri is mentioned as the last Shrutdhar.

(Shri Haribhadrāsuri, written by Hiralal R. Kapadiya)

Offering of Surimantra

Acharya Shri Haribhadrāsuri did a great favour to Acharya Shri Mandevsuri Ji, his long time friend and disciple of Acharya Shri Samudrasuri, by giving him Surimantra as per the tradition of Vidyadhar Gachhh.

(Jain Paramparano Itihaas, Part- 1, Page 489)

Establishment of Porwal Dynasty

The author of 'Gyaatiyon No Itihaas' has given information that Acharya Shri Haribhadrashuriji established the Porwal Dynasty in Mewar and made them followers of Jainism, this is what the scholar P. Shri Kalyanvijayji has written in the preface of Dharmasangrahani (page 7).

Tribute of scholars

Acharya Udyotansuriji Siddharshigani, Mahakavi Dhanapal, A. Shri Jineshwarsuriji, A. Shri Vadidevasuriji, A. Shri Devendrasuriji, A. Shri Malayagiriji, A. Shri Pradyumnashuriji, A. Shri Sangamsinghsuriji, A. Shri Yakshadevsuriji, Kalikal Sarvagya Shri Hemchandracharya, Upadhyaya Shri Yashovijayaji and other able scholars have paid tribute to Shri Haribhadrashuriji in their many works and texts, that is, they have benefited from his hearing and expressed gratitude.

Sanskrit Preface Composition

Shri Anandasagarsuriji has written a short preface in Sanskrit on the seven treatises of Shri Haribhadrashuriji, the names and sizes of which are as follows:

(1) Nandi Sutra Commentary, Paper- 1 (2) Tattvartha Sutra Vritti, Papers- 4 (3) Dharma Bindu, Papers- 2 (4) Panchvatthug, Papers - 2 (5) Yoga Drishti Samuchchaya, Papers-5 (6) Lalit Vistara- Papers-2 (7) Shastra Varta Samuchchaya, Papers-2 . These prefaces have been published by Jain Pushtak Sansthan in Aagmodwarak Sangrah- Part 9, which was initially published in 1949 in the first part of Pragyapanopang

Dispelling confusion about the names of the disciples and assurance of Ambikadevi

The names of two disciples of Acharya Shri Haribhadrashuriji are found as Jinbhadra and Veerbhadra, while sometimes the names Hans and Paramahans are also seen. It is possible to speculate that these names must have been before initiation or during the practice of Buddhism. Because in the Shraman state there are almost no names like Hans- Paramahans. The separation from these two disciples was tormenting Shri Haribhadrashuriji, then Ambikadevi appeared and consoled him and said that you are not destined to have a generation of disciples, but the generation of shrut is going to live forever, so start the creation of scriptures. After this incident, he first wrote the most wonderful work 'Samaraichch Kaha'

Departure to Saudharma Devlok

At the place where Shri Haribhadrashuriji had attained Kaldharma, the Devas of Saudharma Devalok came and declared that Bhavavirahsuri (Shri Haribhadrashuri) has become our master and he has become a Dev of the age of five *palyopams* in the plane called 'Leela' of Saudharma Devalok. From there he went to Shri Seemandhar Swami and offered obeisances and asked, 'When will I be liberated?' The Lord told him that he would go to salvation after leaving Saudharma Devaloka and being born in a prosperous family in Aparvideha. Hearing this statement of Shri Seemandhar Swami, we have come here and now we are going to our own place. This matter has been stated in the last of the first chapter of 'Kahawali'.

(Shri Haribhadrashuri, written by Hiralal R. Kapadiya)

List of Treatises Composed by
The Great Shrutdhar Paramarshi Shrimad Haribhadrashurishwarji Maharaj

Commentaries on the Agam

S.No.	Name	Verses
1.	Anuyogdwar 'Shishyahita' Vritti	3000
2.	Aawashyaksutra - Brihadvritti	84000
3.	Aawashyaksutra - 'Shishyahita' Vritti	22000
4.	Oghaniryukti Vritti	
5.	Chaityavandan Sutra Vritti - 'Lalit Vistara'	1545
6.	Chaityavandana Bhashya	
7.	Jambudvip Pragyapti 'Pradesh' Vritti	(At Jaisalmer)
8.	Jivajivabhighaman Sutra Laghuvritti	1192
9.	Dashvaikalik Shishyabodhini' Brihadtika	6850
10.	Dasavaikalika Laghutika or Avchuri	
11.	Nandisutra -Tika	2336
12.	Pindaniryukti Vritti	
13.	Pragyapana 'Pradesh Vyakhya'	(Jaisalmer Granth Suchi)
14.	Mahanishith- Uddhar	

Aagamik Context - Conduct - Sermon

S.No.	Name	Verse
1.	Ashtaka Prakaran (32 Ashtakas) *	266
2. α	Atmasiddhi	-
3.	Atmanugyasan	-
4.	Updesh Pad (Pr.)*	1150
5. α	Kathakosh	-
6. α	Kulak	-
7.	Jambudvipa Sangrahn	30
8.	Jingriha Pratima Stotra (Shasvatjin Stava)	7
9.	Gyanaditya Prakaran*	81
10.	Gyanpanchak Vyakhyan	-
11.	Darshan Shuddhi (Darshan Saptati)*	250
12.	Devendra Narakendra Prakaran *	378
13.	Dharmabindu (Swopagya) *	273
14. α	Dharmalabh Siddhi	-
15. α	Dharmasara Swopagya Satik	-
16.	Dhyan Shatak Vritti	7
17.	Panchavastu (Pr.) original	1714
18.	Panchavastuk Tika	5050
19. α	Panchanigranthi	-
20.	Panch Sangrah	-
21.	Panchasutra vyakhya	880
22.	Parlok Siddhi	-
23.	Panchashak (Pr.) 19 Panchashak (Swopagya)*	1184
24.	Pratishtha Kalp *	-
25. α	Brihanmithyatva Matkhandan	-
26.	Botik Pratishedh*	91
27. α	Bhavanasiddhi	-
28.	Yatidin Kriya *	-
29.	Laghukshetra Samas- Vritti	-
30.	Lok Bindu	-

31. α	Varg Kevali Sutra -Vritti	-
32.	Vinshati Vinshika	386
33.	Shatshatak	-
34.	Shravakdharmavidhi Prakaran - Sravakadharm (Pr.)	120
35.	Shravakdharmaśamas - Shravak Pragyapti Vritti (Swopagya)	403
36.	Shravakadharm Tantra *	-
37.	Sambodh Prakaran- Tattvaparakashak (Pr.)	1610
38.	Sambodh Saptati	-
39.	Sadhupravachan Sar Prakaran	9- paper
40.	Stava	20
41.	Hinsashtak Svopagya Avchuri yukt	8

Philosophy

S.No.	Name	Verse
1.	Anekant Jayapataka (Swopgya) *	3500
2.	Anekant Jayapataka Udyot Dipika*	8250
3.	Anekant Vad Pravesha	720
4. α	Anekant Siddhi	
5.	Tattvarthasutra Dupadupika - Laghuvritti	
6.	Dwijvadan Chapeta	
7.	Dharmasangrahani*	1936
8.	Nyaya Pravesha Shishyahita Tika (Originally by Dingnag)	500
9. α	Nyayavinischaya	
10. α	Nyayavata – Vritti	2013
11.	Brahma Siddhanta Samuchchaya (Name Giver: M. Punya V.)	423
12.	Loktattva Nirnaya - (Nritatva Nigam)	141
13.	Ved Bahyata Nirakaran	
14.	Shastravarta Samuchchaya (Swopgya)*	700
15.	Shastravarta Samuchchaya 'Dikprada' Tika*	2250
16.	Shad-darshan Samuchchaya*	81
17.	Sarvagyasiddhi (Svopagyasatik) *	130
18. α	Syadvad Kuchodya Parihar	

Yoga

S.No.	Name	Verse
1.	Yogdrishti Samuchchaya (Swopgya)*	226
2.	Yogdrishti Samuchchaya – Vritti*	1115
3.	Yoga Bindu (Swopgya)*	521
4.	Yoga Bindu – Vritti*	3620
5. α	Yoga Nirnaya	-
6.	Yoga Vinshika (Pr.) (under Vinshati Vinshika)	8
7.	Yoga Shatak (Pr.) Swopgya Satik	101
8.	Shodashak Prakran*	330

Story

S.No.	Name	Verse
1.	Dhurtakhyana (Pr.)*	485
2.	Samaraditya Charitra (Pr.)*	10,000
3.	Veerangad Katha	8- Paper

Astrology

S.No.	Name	Verse
1.	Lagna Shuddhi - Lagna Kundalika (Pr.)*	233

Praise

S.No.	Name	Verse
1.	Veerstava	
2.	Sansar Davanal	4

Special Note:-

- 1) The books marked with **a** are unavailable today.
- 2) The books where (Pr.) is written are in Prakrit language.
- 3) The books with * symbol are still available in manuscripts. Details of which are given in Granthavali (pages 98 to 102.)
- 4) We have given the titles here, there may be some variations in them, but there will be no problem in estimating. By this calculation, it is undoubtedly true that Shri Haribhadrāsuri has composed more than 1,50,000 verses.
- 5) In preparing this list of books, we have taken the basis of Samdarshi Acharya Haribhadra, Shri Haribhadrāsuri, Jain Sanskrit Sahitay Ka Brihad Itihas.

List of Vrittis Created on Suri-Purandar Shri Haribhadra Suri's Treatises

No.	Book Name	Creater	Vritti name	Verse proof	Creation period
1	Anekant Jayapataka	Shri Munichandrasuri	Udyot Deepika		12th century
2	Ashtak Prakaranam	Shri Jineshwarsuri	-	3360	1080
3	Aavashyaksutra Laghuvritti	Shri Hemchandrasuri	-	5000	12th century
4	Updeshpad Prakaranam	Shri Munichandrasuri	Sukhsambodhini	19000	1174
5	Devendra Narakendra Prakaranam	Shri Munichandrasuri	Sukhsambodhini	2600	12th century
6	Dharmabindu Prakaranam	Shri Munichandrasuri	Vivriti	3000	-
7	Dharmasangrahi	Shri Malayagirisuri	-	-	12th century
8	Panchasak Prakaranam	Shri Abhaydevasuri	Shishyahita	-	1124
9	Lalit Vistara	Shri Munichandrasuri Shri Bhadrakarsuri	Panjika Bhadrakara	2050	12th century 20th century
10	Vinshika Prakaranam	Shri Anandasagar Suri	Deepika	incomplete	1961
11	Shastravarta Samuchchaya	Upa. Shri Yashovijayaji	Syadvadakalpalata		18th century
12	Sravakadharma Vidhi Prakaranam	Shri Mandevsuri	-	1526	-
13	Shad-darshan Samuchchaya	Shri Gunratnasuri Shri Somatilakasuri	Tark Rahasyadipika Vivriti	4252 1252	12th century
14	Shodashak Prakaranam	Shri Yashobhadrāsuri Upa. Yashovijayaji Shri Mahendrasuri	Vivaranam Yogdipika Balbodhini	Incomplete	Before 12th century 18th century 12th century

Special

In addition, the following venerable ones have composed Vritti in the treatises composed by Shri Haribhadrāsuri. But the name etc. information is missing. Therefore, only the remaining venerables are mentioned. Shri Gyanvimalsuri, Shri Parshvadevagani, Shri Prabhanandsuri, Shri Brahmshantidas, Shri Rajhansaji, Shri Vardhamansuri, Shri Vijayalavanyasuri, Shivamandanagani, Sanghtilaksuri, Shri Sadhurajgani, Shri Hemachandrasuri (Malldhari)

First Awarded : Shri Haribhadracharya

- 1) Shri Haribhadracharya was the first to compile the method of Pratikraman in a systematic way, it seems.
- 2) Shri Haribhadracharya is probably the first to logically explain the topics discussed in Panchavastuk.
- 3) Shri Haribhadracharya was the first to start writing Vrittis in Sanskrit in Jain Agamas apart from Shri Aavashyaksutra.
- 4) If there is any Vritti available on Chaityavandansutra, it is of Shri Haribhadracharya.
- 5) Shri Haribhadracharya named the four Vrittis (Anuyog Dwar, Aavashyaksutra, Nyayapraveshak, Panchavastuk) composed by him as Shishyahit and one (Dash Vaikalik) as Shishyabodhini. It seems he is the first Jain Acharya to name them like this.
- 6) Among Indian philosophies, Shri Haribhadracharya holds the first place in the list of those who introduced Charvak philosophy as a philosophy.
- 7) In view of the available literature, Shri Haribhadracharya was the first to give a new direction to Yoga by giving the idea of eight visions and to re-establish the path of Yoga in Jain literature.
- 8) Shri Jinbhadragani, Shri Siddhsen Diwakarsuri and Shri Vriddhacharyashree were mentioned for the first time by Shri Haribhadracharya as proponents of three views on the subject of Kevalgyan-Kevaldarshan and two Upyogvaad.
- 9) It is not known if anyone before Shri Haribhadracharya had used new nouns like Vakyaarth, Mahavakyaarth and Aidamparyarth in place of the well-known nouns like Padarth padvigraha, Chalna and Pratyavasthan.
- 10) Shri Mallavadi Suri had written a commentary on Sanmati Prakaran, Shri Haribhadra Suri was the first to point this out, similarly Shri Haribhadra Suri must be the first to extract the excerpt from that commentary!
- 11) Shri Haribhadracharya must be the first to inform that Viharman Shri Simandhar Swamiji had blessed Shri Sangh and sent 'Chulika'.
- 12) Shri Haribhadracharya was the first to show the numbers of Chhed Sutra and Mool Sutra as 6 and 4, respectively.
- 13) Shri Haribhadracharya was the first Jain Acharya to give the logical view of testing the religion like gold by applying *kash-taap* and *chhed*, this is evident from the available literature.
- 14) Shri Haribhadracharya has a place in the first row among the authors who instructed Nyaya (justice).
- 15) The earliest available work showing the method of Chaityavandan is 'Lalit Vistara' written by Shri Haribhadracharya, this is the belief of Agamodhharak Shri Sagarandarsuri.

Reference: Haribhadracharya written by Shri Hiralal R. Kapadiya.

Literature based on Acharya Shri Haribhadrashurishwarji M.

- 1) Anekant Jai Pataka -Preface (English) Author : Shri Hiralal Rasikdas Kapadia,
Publisher : Gaikwad Oriental Series Baroda.-
- 2) Aavashyak Sutra - Shishyahita Tika (Sanskrit) by Shri Haribhadra Suri,
Publisher: Agmoday Samiti Surat.
- 3) Updesh Pad Tika (Sanskrit) by Shri Munichandrasuri,
Publisher: Shri Muktikamal Jain Mohanmala - Baroda
- 4) Upmiti Bhavaprapancha Katha - Preface (English) Author- Herman Jacobi,
Publisher : Asiatic Society of Bengal, Calcutta.
- 5) Kahavali (Prakrit) : Author : Shri Bhadrashwarsuri (Unpublished)
- 6) Kuvalaya Mala (Prakrit) : Author Shri Udyotanasuri (alias Dakshinyachinh)
Publisher: Sindhi Jain Granthamala - Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Mumbai.
- 7) Gandhar Sardhshataka (Sanskrit) by Shri Sumati Gani,
Publisher: Jhaveri Chunilal Pannalal- Mumbai.
- 8) Gurvavali (Sanskrit) : Author : Shri Munichandrasuri
Publisher: Shri Yashovijay Jain Granthamala, Banaras.
- 9) Chaturvinshati Prabandha (Sanskrit) by Shri Rajasekharsuri,
Publisher: Sindhi Jain Granthamala, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Mumbai.
- 10) Jain Darshan - Preface (Gujarati) Author : Pt. Shri Bechardas Jivraj Doshi
Ahmedabad
- 11) Jain Paramparano Itihas Part -1 (Gujarati) Author Muni Gyan- Darshan- Nyay Vijayji
- 12) Jain Sahityano Sankshipt Itihas (Gujarati) Author Shri Mohanlal Dalichand Desai
Publisher : Jain Swetambar Conference- Mumbai
- 13) Tattvartha Sutra (Hindi Vivechan) - Preface , Author :Pt. Shri Sukhlalji
Publisher: Jain Sanskriti Sanshodhak Mandal- Varanasi.
- 14) Dharmasangrahani Prastavana (Sanskrit), Author: M. Shri Kalyan Vijayji,
Publisher : Devchand Lalbhai Jain Pustakodwar Fund Surat.
- 16) Panchasak Tika (Sanskrit), Author: Shri Abhaydevsuri
Publisher: Shri Jain Dharma Prasarak Sabha Bhavnagar
- 16) Puratan Prabandh Sangraha (Sanskrit), Publisher: Sindhi Jain Granthamala, 1936.
- 17) Prabhavak Charitra (Sanskrit) , Shri Prabhachandra Suri
Publisher: Sindhi Jain Granthamala, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Mumbai.
- 18) Prabhavak Charitra (Gujarati translation) Prabandha Paryalochan,

Preface Author : Shri Kalyanvijayaji, Publisher : Atmanand Jain Sabha -Bhavnagar
(New Edited by Acharya Shri Munichandra Suri, Publisher : Shri Omkar Suri
Gyanmandir Surat.

- 19) Yakini Mahattara Soonu Shri Haribhadrashurishwarji (Gujarati) ,
Author: **Shri Purnachandrasuriji**, Publisher Sanskruti Prakashan- Surat.
- 20) Haribhadrashuri Charit (Sanskrit), Author: Shri Dhaneswarsuri, Editor.- Pt.
Hargovindadas
- 21) Shri Haribhadrashuri Samay Deepika (Sanskrit) by Shri Anandasagarasuri,
Publisher: Jain Book Pravachan Sansthan (1949)
- 22) Samaynirnaya of Haribhadrashuri (Essay published in Jain Sahitya Sanshodhak Part –
1, Issue- 1) Author: Muni Shri Jinavijayaji.
- 23) Haribhadrashuri Charitra (Sanskrit), Author: Pt. Hargovindadas Trikamchand Sheth
Publisher: Shri Yashovijay Jain Granthamala- Bhavnagar.
- 24) Haribhadrashuri (Gujarati) Author: Shri Hiralal Rasikdas Kapadia,
Publisher: Maharaja Sayajirao University, Baroda.
- 25) Samadarshi Acharya Haribhadra (Hindi) Lecturer: Pandit Shri Sukhlalji Sanghvi
Publisher: Rajasthan Prachyavidya Pratishthan- Jodhpur
- 26) Samaraichch Kaha - Foreword (English), Author: Dr. Herman Jacobi,
Published by the Asiatic Society of Bengal- Calcutta.
- 27) Shad-darshan vetta Shriman Haribhadra Suri (Gujarati), Author Late. Mansukhlal
Kiratchand Maheta (This article was published in Jain Dharmaprakash P. 25, Issue- 5
and 6)
- 28) Shodashak Prakaran Ane Bhagavan Haribhadra Suri (Gujarati) ,
Author : P. A. Shri Anand Sagar S. M. (This article was published in 'Siddhachakra,
Year 7, Issue 1-2-3)
- 29) Parichay (Gujarati) on the Tattvartha Sutra the Gujarati explanation by Pt. Sukhlalji is
given at the beginning . Publisher: Gujarat University Ahmedabad.
- 30) Jain Nyayano Vikas (Gujarati), Author: Pannayas Shri Dhurandhar V. Gani (This
article published in Jain Satya Prakash ,Year- 7 Issue 1-3)
- 31) 'Srimad Haribhadrashurishwarji (Guj.), Author: Muni Kanak Vijayji, (This article
published in Jain Satyaprakash Year -7 Issue 1-3.)
- 32) 'Shri Haribhadrashuri' (Hindi) , Pt. Ishwarlal Jain (This article published in Jain Satya
Prakash, Year- 7 Issue 1-3)
- 33) Yakini Mahattara Dharmaputra Shri Haribhadrashuriji,
Author: P.A.S. **Purnachandrasuriji** M. ; Editor: P.M.S. **Nirvaanbhoosan** V.M.

Books



Bhadrabahu

(Multicolor Pictorial Story Book)

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.

No. of Pages: 16

Published: 2023

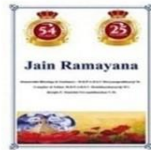


Golden Path Towards Nirvaan

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.

No. of Pages: 56

Published: 2023



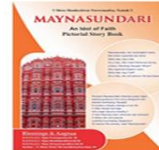
Jain Ramayan

(Multicolor Pictorial Story Book)

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.

No. of Pages: 200

Published: 2023



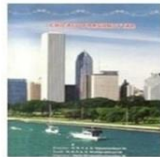
Maynasundari

(Multicolor Pictorial Story Book)

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.

No. of Pages: 25

Published: 2023



Chicago Prashnottar

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

No. of Pages: 214

Published: 2018

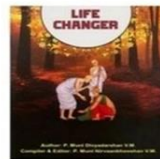


Our Great Persons

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.

No. of Pages: 25

Published: 2023

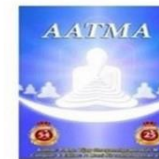


Life Changer

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

No. of Pages: 40

Published: 2023



Aatma

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

No. of Pages: 120

Published: 2023

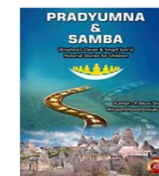


Jain Mahabharat

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 influence for present generation..

No. of Pages: 165

Published : 2024



Pradyumna & Samba

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

No. of Pages: 20

Published : 2024

About the Compiler

The compiler pujya Anuyogacharya S. Nirvaanbhooshanvijayji Gani 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 and luxuries, to achieve high level of spirituality. When he was a teenager boy, influenced by the western culture started hating, not only Indian cultures and traditions but Jain religion also. He often went to Jain upashray, just to listen and 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 Hembhushansurishwaraji Maharaja**, to make his English powerful.

He was too obedient to follow each and every order of his Guru. Hence, he was given responsibility of giving 'pravachans' to children and teenagers, 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, etc., in English also. He became able of compiling books and translating pravachans in English. He also helped his Guru M. in translating case papers of Sammet-shikharji, Antarikshji, etc. He has a mastery of converting hearts of children, teenagers and 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 and lucid language, would help children, teenagers, 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





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 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 from 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 series of English edition books in ever since first navvanoo (99) yatra of Shankheshwar in his pious Nishra. With the help of his and my disciples 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 Anuyogacharya
S. Nirvaanbhoosan V. Gani**

