

# Śuddha-bhakti Cintāmaṇi

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# Afterword

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- O Rādhā! O Śyāma! Great devotees of ancient times engaged in severe austerities and unparalleled service to traverse the direct path leading to Your lotus feet.
- Those who attained the goal left road maps for others who desire to follow in their wake—songs and books chronicling their transcendental adventures.
- The path to You is one, and it is called “pure devotional service.”
- Because it transforms all who practise it, pure devotional service is also a touchstone called śuddha-bhakti-cintāmaṇi.
- There is a place that has been transformed by the pure devotion of many swanlike devotees into cintāmaṇi-dhāma, a place in which You appear in Your original transcendental forms.

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- When my pious credits bear fruit, I visit that place to rejoice in the company of Your companions and bask in the indescribable bliss of Your darśana.
- There, devotees chant Your names in ecstasy, hear Your words with relish, and serve You with love in many ways.
- This place is a replica of Your eternal abode, the sublime realm of Your divine pastimes.
- In the early morning, devotees wake and dress Your Lordships and serve You with offerings of food, dance, and song. Later, while Śyāma tends the cows with the cowherds, Rādhikā, along with Her assistants, prepares His lunch.

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- At midday You both enjoy a sumptuous repast and then roam through the pleasure gardens around Rādhās lake, enjoying pastimes of swinging, festive dancing, swimming in the cool waters, and resting in a secluded grove.
- In the afternoon and evening, after the cows have returned home, You listen to the glories of Your names and teachings, and You bless the demigods who have come from afar to see You.
- Finally, after Your devotees have dressed You in nightclothes, fed You a light supper, and put You to rest, You both tiptoe from the temple to enjoy nocturnal pastimes such as the rāsa dance.
- Yet among all Your pastimes, one enchants me the most: Your giving of pure devotion to the fallen.

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- Every day countless lost souls, their every step erasing sins from a thousand lifetimes, walk the winding path from the forest of illusion to the stairs leading to Your bejewelled temple.
- When such fortunate souls come before You and chant Your names, they receive the causeless mercy of pure devotional service to You.
- Repeatedly I have seen You transform casual visitors into devotees, hard-hearted agnostics into believers, and sinful offenders into righteous souls.
- I have seen how You flood the heart with bliss, drive away sin, and force a deluge of tears to flow from the eyes.
- I have seen how You see goodness where there is none, service in the most careless offering, and surrender in the most casual prayer.

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- Above all, I have seen You bestow love on pure devotees, motivated devotees, and nondevotees alike.
- You give to all, whether or not they are qualified.
- Moreover, You give me that love, even though I am devoid of devotion.
- This display of causeless kindness is an incomprehensible wonder.
- I could compare it only to Your beauty, but because I lack the ability to concisely describe either, I resorted to writing this book—a lengthy glorification of Your causeless mercy.
- Meanwhile, Your gentle benevolence continues to flourish, flower, and fructify in this transcendental place.

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- When I again leave this abode only to acquire the merit by which I may return, driving along the same road by which I have many times left, I think “Was it real or was it all a dream?”
- Is it possible that a wretched soul like me, whose piety is meagre, whose heart is black, and whose path is unclear, should, for no other reason than that You are compassionate, taste nectar, see light, and envision the goal? Is it real or is it all a dream?
- But then I see Your picture and whisper Your names, and once again, like a flash-flood, happiness thrills my being, pours forth from my eyes, speaks to my heart, “Only this is real. All else is a dream.”
- Then I know that such wonders are possible.



## Afterword

- I know they are real because You are the touchstones of love that infuse pure devotion in anyone who sees You, serves You, or chants Your names.
- You are śuddha-bhakti-cintāmaṇi.