

Jayadvaita Swami

As much as I dislike feeling obliged to respond to garbage, I think that I too ought to comment on the scuttlebutt that Srila Prabhupada, by a conspiracy of disciples, was poisoned. I was present in Vrindavan in the last weeks of Srila Prabhupada's physical presence. Much of that time I spent with Srila Prabhupada in his own room. I saw how Srila Prabhupada dealt with the devotees caring for him, and how they dealt with him. Sometimes I was with Srila Prabhupada alone, reading to him late at night. More often I was with Srila Prabhupada as he lay surrounded by his devotees. I saw the sublime and profound and inspiring. And sometimes the foolish, the egotistical, the petty. Somehow, by the grace of Krsna, I had the good fortune to observe and sometimes take part in Srila Prabhupada's final days on earth.

It pains me, therefore, when I hear those deep, multi-faceted, and precious times reduced to the level of tabloid journalism and pulp fiction. It pains me when those I saw serving His Divine Grace with extraordinary devotion and love are made out to be devious killers. It pains me that now, when we ought to be drinking the nectar of Krishna that Srila Prabhupada came to let us share, Maya has us gnawing instead on the poison of theories about poison.

I've read the transcripts and listened to the enhanced audiotapes that supposedly reveal it all. I've had the Hindi explained to me word by word by a native Hindi speaker. I've listened patiently to the arguments mapped out for me by close friends who believe it's all true. And nothing they've shown or told me has even begun to persuade me that what took place in Vrindavan was something other than what I directly heard and felt and saw-Krishna's beloved pure devotee spending his final days in this world under the tender, loving, and affectionate care of his own beloved disciples.

Thank you. Hare Krishna.

Your servant,
Jayadvaita Swami

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