

Poems By Bal Mandal Students

Poem By Hasna Anda (Age 11)

We celebrate Holi with rangoli,
And Diwali is the festival of light,
Sahajanand Swami is our murti,
And we worship him day and night.

His childhood name was Ghanashyam,
And he had an elder and younger brother,
He picked the book and not the others,
And produced proud in his father and mother.

The holy book is the Shikshapatri,
That Shree Swaminarayan wrote,
It teaches us to be a better person,
And not to kill a goat.

Now you have learnt the story of this God,
You will have plenty of things to do,
And when you see him at the temples,
Just say I follow you.

Poem by Dipna Seyani (age 12).

God is a divine power, which cannot be destroyed.
Other things you see around you god made all by himself.
Dharma is religion and god is part of this particular religion called Hinduism.

Poem by Jigna Lalji (age 6).

Ghanashyam is wearing green clothes and a big golden crown.
In one of the hands (left) he has flowers.
He is wearing 10 gold chains and one-flowered chain.
And he has fruit next to his feet.