



Vidura and Sanjaya and Dhaumya made all arrangements for the cremation of the heroes who were slain upon the battlefield, and as it was completed, Yudhishthira, accompanied by Dhritarastra and others, turned towards the banks of the river Ganges where they would offer funeral oblations to the dead.

Gandhari was there, as was Queen Kunti and Draupadi and the men bereft of their jewels and ornaments wore the simplest of clothes, their immense chests were covered by thin upper cloths as the dismal procession winded its way slowly towards the banks of the river Ganges.

Kunti's condition was pitiable, three days back Radheya was killed by her son, Arjuna, and there was great celebration within the Pandava camp and she had heard about it from Sanjaya as he continued to narrate the war to the blind king Dhritarastra.



Queen Kunti's heart was bleeding with grief but she could not tell anyone about this, she could not talk about the wound within her heart, she had to remain silent, but today she saw the dead body of her first born, the great warrior Radheya.

She was determined to not allow herself to faint and all the time Krsna was watching, as she looked at Radheya and saw his wife weeping over her husband and all the time her heart was breaking and yet the only thing she could express was silence as she stood upon the banks of the Ganga.

Ganga appeared the same as it did all those years ago when she carried away her son, the river flowed as placidly as it had upon that memorable day when she set the wooden box afloat upon the bosom of the river, it appeared as if it was just yesterday.



Queen Kunti stood there upon the banks of the river Ganga as she watched while her sons and the brahman priests performed their final offerings for the departed souls, yet she could see that Radheya had no son to do it for him, they were all dead, all slain in battle.

Radheya was still an orphan as he was upon the day in which she had abandoned him and her heart was ready to burst with great sorrow, she was burning with self condemnation for the great injustice which she had inflicted upon her own child.

Queen Kunti prepared herself, she set her lips in a firm line, she knew what had to be done, she had to do it, at the very least this was what she owed to her son Radheya and so she walked with firm steps towards her eldest son, Yuddhisthira.



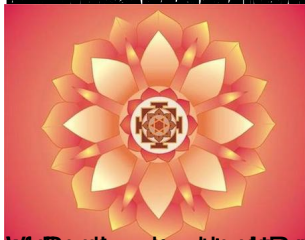
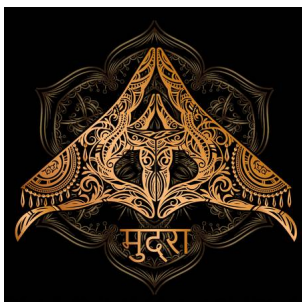
Yuddhisthira had just finished his offerings to the sons of Draupadi and all the others, Arjunas eyes were full of tears as he had just made the offerings to his beloved, Abhimanyu, and now Kunti would do something which would make all of this seem like nothing.

Kunti placed her hand upon Yudhisthiras back and said 'my son there is still another person left, you have to make an offering for him also'. Yuddhisthira and his brothers turned and moved closer to the Queen, their brows knit as they tried to guess who this other person could be.

Krsna was the one man who knew as she had kept the secret well, she had not announced it during the war, she was silent even after Radheya had died as it would have broken the heart of Yuddhisthira, he would have stopped fighting and left for the forest, what Kunti was doing was right as Krsna listened with great compassion.

Written by Kamala Subramaniam

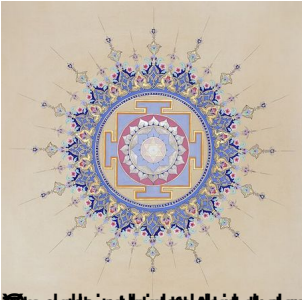
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Hare Krishna Centre - Leicester, UK - Mahabharata - Radheya Was My Son

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Each individual, like a gift, has its own beauty, and the goal is to help each person find his or her own path.