



Sadhu T. L. Vaswani

The Animals Rights Day - Meatless Day Campaign is part of the SAK (Stop All Killing!) Association started under the flagship of the Sadhu Vaswani Mission and it is aimed at creating awareness in the minds of the people regarding the cruelties perpetuated on animals day after day.

Nov. 25th is the birthday of Rev. Sadhu Vaswani whose compassion flowed out in an endless stream to all animals and birds. He taught us again and again that birds and animals are man's younger brothers and sisters. He said, "For me not to love birds and animals would be not to love the Lord". Hence his birthday every year is observed as An International Meatless Day and Animal Rights Day.



Dada J. P. Vaswani

Animals are sensitive to pleasure and pain. So it is that they feel the joy of living and the agony of dying. — Dada J.P. Vaswani

DON'T FORGET YOUR CHICKEN BURGER CAME FROM THE DEATH OF A LITTLE CHICKEN...

One who, loves life... JUST LIKE YOU DO,
One who, has family... JUST LIKE YOU DO,
One who plays around... JUST LIKE YOU DO,
One who feels pain... JUST LIKE YOU DO,
One who wants to giggle, laugh and be happy... JUST LIKE YOU DO,

GIVE BACK LIFE.
DON'T EAT CHICKEN.

For all the non vegetarian food you so fondly savor, Do you taste the pain of death in its flavour?



WHAT DO YOU CHOOSE?
GIVING LIFE TO THIS CHICKEN?
Its all upto you!

A tweety chirpy little chicken running around, kicking its legs, Or a chicken burger on your plate? Every time you eat a chicken burger, a chicken has ceased to breath, and walk around! If you could see or feel the suffering you wouldn't think twice.

KINDLY OBSERVE NOVEMBER 25 AS A MEATLESS DAY AND ANIMAL RIGHTS' DAY

"In a most wonderful way do animals respond to love. Alas! We torture them, thinking that they have no feeling, no heart and soul."
— Sadhu T. L. Vaswani

The egg shell cracked into fragments and Tweety the little chick peeped out from the shell. Stretching her tiny fragile body...she looked on craning her neck in different directions and slowly snuggled up to her

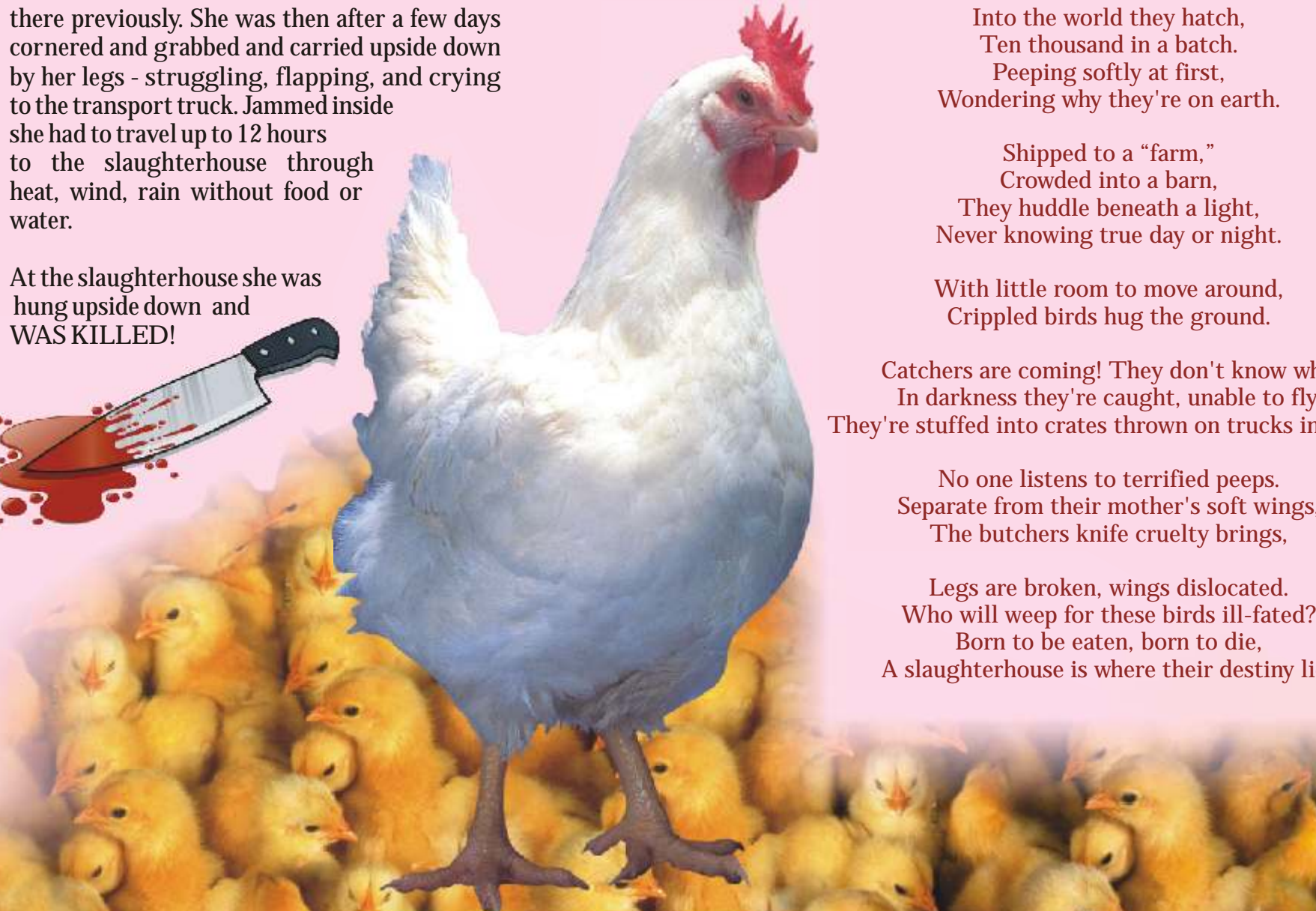
there previously. She was then after a few days cornered and grabbed and carried upside down by her legs - struggling, flapping, and crying to the transport truck. Jammed inside she had to travel up to 12 hours to the slaughterhouse through heat, wind, rain without food or water.

At the slaughterhouse she was hung upside down and **WAS KILLED!**



mother - hen. She still felt rather wobbly on her tiny legs Her mother nestled close to her, providing her the warmth and love Tweety needed. This had such a beautiful feeling making Tweety feel instantly cozy and secure.

Her happiness was short lived. In a few days, she was dumped into a crowded, closed shed and was made to live in semi-darkness with the smell and filth of thousands of chicks housed



Into the world they hatch,
Ten thousand in a batch.
Peeping softly at first,
Wondering why they're on earth.

Shipped to a "farm,"
Crowded into a barn,
They huddle beneath a light,
Never knowing true day or night.

With little room to move around,
Crippled birds hug the ground.

Catchers are coming! They don't know why.
In darkness they're caught, unable to fly.
They're stuffed into crates thrown on trucks in heaps.

No one listens to terrified peeps.
Separate from their mother's soft wings,
The butchers knife cruelty brings,

Legs are broken, wings dislocated.
Who will weep for these birds ill-fated?
Born to be eaten, born to die,
A slaughterhouse is where their destiny lies

"I don't want to die, I want to stay alive, right here with all my friends. I want to breathe the beautiful air and lie in the beautiful sun."



Chickens Are Friends... Not Food!

"But for the sake of some little mouthful of flesh, we deprive a soul of the sun and light and of that proportion of life and time it had been born into the world to enjoy." --Plutarch