



## "A LENDING HAND OF COMPASSION"

I never felt any kind of compassion after my mother's death. I felt true loneliness and sometimes felt so suffocated without her presence. Gradually I turned into a person with no kind of feeling or compassion towards my fellow beings. When I sat in my office I saw raindrops pouring down. This awakened a story which made me realize, what true compassion is.

I was transferred to New York after my mom's death. I slowly realized that the place was something to be discovered. So I took a day leave and roamed around the Times Square. Suddenly something struck my eyes. A old lady with a wrinkled face begging for money. The thing was that she already had enough money to satisfy her needs for one day. I asked the nearby flower seller about the lady. He said that, "She is a mad old lady sir, nobody knows about her. Every night she disappears into the bakery." Nothing more spitted out from his mouth. This evoked curiosity



in me. I thought to myself, "Where would have she disappeared?" Any way I took up this case myself and decided to follow her like a spy, just like Sherlock Holmes. So I got up early in the morning. That day was a gloomy one, early monsoon winds shook the leaves. I put on my coat and rushed towards Times Square. As usual, the place was congested with people, rushing towards their offices. And amidst them I saw my old lady, begging here and there for a penny. All I could do was wait there till she headed towards the bakery.

The small bakery was not satisfying. It was rather spooky one. I came across the lady and asked a bit rudely, "What is your name?" She happily smiled and with a humming sound she walked past me. I was astonished. I thought that maybe I was not scary at all. It was around night. The street became less congested and the old lady was walking past me with all the money in her hand.



I was waiting outside opposite to the bakery for her. After couple of minutes of waiting nothing happened. I took up all my courage and opened the door to the bakery. Something made me feel that the shop owner was not so gentle and he was less 'human-like'. I asked rather weebly, "Where did the old lady go?". He just grinned his teeth and said, "That's none of your business!". On further pleading he said that, "I will show you the way to her, only if you give me your coat". Without a second thought I handed the coat to him. He showed me a creaky door asked me to follow it.

An inner feeling told me that 'it ok'. I always considered my mother's compassion faded from me. But now something bought it back. The door lead to a slum. I think it was the worst slum I had ever seen. I thought to myself, "How could people live here?"

Gathering all the courage I moved



forward. I saw a light blinking dimly. I headed towards the light. On moving further I could see some people gathered around the light. On further movement I realized that they weren't people ~~but~~ but children. Suddenly I stopped. I couldn't control my emotions. And I cried again after my mom's death.

About ten to fifteen people, no small children with no hands, or, no legs. Some were injured brutally. She was feeding all of them, gently one by one. I suddenly remembered about my mum. At that time I felt that she was still with me, as a part of me.

My mother had the same compassion towards children. I had seen such kindness and caring in my mum and had heard about Mother Teresa, who sacrificed her life for helpless people. Suddenly she noticed me. I didn't know what to do at that time. After crying for a lot of time, I left there, helplessly ~~under-~~ understanding that all my dollars were in the coat.



The first thing I did the next day was to inform the UNESCO about the slums that tented lost orphans and injured people. Suddenly I felt that my mother's compassion for all was still living with me inside my heart, buried for a long time. I thought it's time to dig it up.

Even after thinking about it, I knew that all I did was a small lending hand of compassion, if compared with the old lady. The another surprising thing was, after a few days the shopkeeper handed me my dollars and left without saying anything. Yesterday morning I found a small folded paper. It was yellowish in colour, crumbled and with a rusty nib, it was carved, "THANK YOU", in big bold letters. I was sure that it was the old lady. I searched for her. But to my disappointment I didn't find her.

The next day, the last page of 'Baker Street', the daily newspaper magazine in my area reported about the death of an old lady. The



paper reported that she was starved to death. The picture of the lady brought tears to my eyes. It was the lady who begged day and night to feed someone's children. Yet no one was there to feed her.

Even though we people refused to help ordinary people, begging in the streets, almighty God will surely see them. God has already reserved a seat for her in heaven. I like to think that she is not an old lady, but an angel in our world. But the fact is that there are no eyes to see this angel and I was wondering whether there are still angels hidden in our world to feed the empty stomach.

The next moment I realized that there is an angel buried deep beneath our heart. But the thing is everyone can't dig it up, and those who haven't even tried once is going to face utter failure.