

The magic of Love & Trust

One cloudy night masses of dark, thick and broody cloud were covering the entire sky in a menacing pace. All the stars in the sky were scared of the ferocity of the dark cloud and knew well that the dark cloud would cover and destroy their identity any moment.

The ominous cloud was about to cover the last patch of the sky when a little star appeared in the sky. As the dark cloud headed towards it the tiny star began twinkling as bright as it could. The nearer the cloud reached, the brighter it glowed. Slowly the intensity of its light made the cloud back away slowly.

Watching the power and courage of the tiny star, other stars, lying behind the curtain of broody cloud, tried with all their might to appear in the sky, disparaging the cloud around. Gradually, the cloud broke into small pieces and eventually disappeared from the sky. The entire sky was starlit again.

The sky was celebrating the brightness of the twinkling stars that studded the sky. All the stars were in awe of the little star that had dared assert its existence when all other stars were scared to death of the dark cloud.

Asked the oldest star to this tiny one, 'From where did you get the courage to appear in the sky when all other stars, including me, were scared of the dark cloud?'

And replied the tiny star candidly, 'I too was scared to hell to appear in the sky but at that very moment my attention was drawn by many children in a distant planet named earth. They were all looking at the sky with hope and expectation as if they all wanted was to see a star, as a light of hope, glowing in the sky. I deeply felt that I couldn't break the trust and expectation they had from me, no matter what happens to me,' stopped the little star.

All the stars were silent, listening to the little star's reply.

The oldest star asked him at last, 'Does it mean that their trust in you gave you the courage to glow when we were all scared?'

'It is not only their trust,' replied the tiny star. 'In fact, when you respect someone's trust in you, you cannot allow yourself to lower in their eyes. And when you respect other's trust in you, you get immense courage from within.'

The rest of the stars listened to the tiny star in silence, looking at it with awe and wonder.

God in disguise

Just a while ago I found God sitting in the disguise of a beggar by the street, begging alms. He, however, could not befooled me and I asked him, 'Are you here to check who are kind people, giving alms to you and then you will allow only kind ones to enter the heaven?'

'Not in the least. Actually I bored to death up there. Everyone there is happy and busy with their own work. There is no one having time to chat with me. But here also situation is no better. Everyone is so serious and preoccupied,' the God lamented.

I broke into a roar of laughter, 'Now you have found the right man. If anything at all I am serious about it is only about non-serious talk.'

At once I settled by the God, by the street. I cared a damn if anyone thought of me as a beggar.

Dedicated to Almighty

When birth is wedded to death, life begins,

When pleasure is wedded to pain, literature begins,

When happiness is wedded to sadness, philosophy begins,

... and when the past is wedded to the future, the enlightenment begins, for the first time we get to see the glimpse of Your Grandeur.

A Saturday sermon

A spiritual master was delivering a lecture on death, 'Never be scared of death. It is just like changing of your garment, if you are not scared of removing your shirt and wearing a new one, why are you so scared of death?'

A vagabond, a lover of life, stood up from the last row of the audience and said, 'It is simply because, sir, we know which shirt we are going to wear after removing the one we are wearing. Please teach us how to know which garment we will wear after living this body?'

As the spiritual master was embarrassed without finding an answer the entire audience broke into laughter.

Hare & Tortoise – An Age-old Myth

After narrating the Hare & Tortoise story, the class teacher told the students, ‘So here is the moral of the story, my children, slow but steady always wins the race. Remember, it is always true in life.’

As soon as the teacher stopped, a little boy, a certified backbencher, asked the teacher, ‘What if the Hare doesn’t sleep next time they have a race together, the moral of the story will prove wrong.’

When the embarrassed teacher fumbled for an answer, the entire class broke into a roar of laughter.

Life & Living - Between Birth & death

I collected up two types of dazzling beads to weave a garland. Both the types of beads followed each other in the garland. The names of those beads were Birth and Death. Once the garland was complete, I was very satisfied with it and offered it at thy holy feet. But Almighty refused to accept it.

Once the surprised me asked Almighty the reason, He smiled and replied, “You have made a serious mistake. Birth and Death don’t follow each other. Between every Birth and Death there is an eternal possibility and it is called Life and Living and without it no garland is complete.’

The best friend of mine

One evening I had invited a few close friends of mine for a dinner. At the appointed time there was a knock on my door. I opened it and welcomed my guests. Entered my room were Hope, Integrity, Love, Courage, Determination and Effort.

We all sat at the table but I urged them to wait until the 7th guest reached.

They looked at each other and asked me incredulously, 'Do you really need anyone else when we six are with you?'

'Please bear with me for some time for he is a very special guest of mine. We cannot start the dinner without him.'

They became curious and waited for a long time. They all got almost impatient, waiting, when there was a slow and somewhat reluctant knock on the door. I opened the door to welcome the 7th guest of mine. Languidly, entered my room was Laziness.

The mighty Tree and a River

Standing by a long river for ages, a mighty tree watched the river flowing in silence, carrying everything along with it that came on its way.

One day it could not contain its curiosity anymore and asked the river, 'Where have you come from and where will you finally go?'

And replied the river, 'They say, I was born in a hill and my final destination is a sea. But they don't know a thing. I was, am and will be always here. How can I have a birthplace or a final destination?'

'Meaning?' asked the tree, somewhat naively.

'Look up at the scudding clouds, watch the rain once it falls. You will see that I am always there.'