

## God's Compassion

*Source: Stories for Inspiration, by Swami Shantananda Puri Maharaj*

### Message from the Master:

**What all He does is for the ultimate good of mankind. Nobody can claim to be more compassionate and merciful than God Himself.**



## God's Compassion

Dr. Shanti was a Gynaecologist of repute in Ludhiana. Once she had to go on tour to Roorkee (U.P.) and stayed in a hotel for a night. That night the manager of the hotel woke her up at midnight and told her that a pregnant woman in the neighbouring charity house (Dharamsala) was in severe labour pains and was in need of urgent medical help. When the doctor went and examined that woman, she found that the child which was struggling to come out of the womb had no legs and it had only two small stumps of flesh projecting from the waist downwards. The woman was dressed in tattered rags and had very few possessions. Dr. Shanti was moved to compassion and pondered for a few minutes: "If I deliver the crippled child alive, it will only be a lifelong liability for this beggar woman. I can easily throttle the neck of the child with the forceps and declare that the child was born dead. At the most, the woman may be subject to grief temporarily." On second thought it flashed in her mind: "Who am I to play with the life of the child? I am sure that God has His own reasons for bringing a crippled child into this world. What all He does is for the ultimate good of mankind. Nobody can claim to be more compassionate and merciful than God Himself. May His Will be done." She got the child delivered safely. Even though the Manager of her Hotel came forward to pay some fees, she waived it off and went back to her home.

Years rolled by; Dr. Shanti retired from service and settled down with her family at Delhi. One day she was forced by her granddaughter to escort the latter to an entertainment programme where one Mr. Robin was to entertain the audience with jokes, humorous

stories, mimicry etc. Mr. Robin was a brilliant looking attractive young man, twenty-five years old. He was brought in a wheel-chair as he had no legs.

He was accompanied by a white-haired old lady dressed in a white sari. The performance was excellent and gripping. Mr. Robin had an international reputation for his wit, humour etc. and he had been the talk of the town at Delhi for months. He imitated famous actors like Amitabh Bachchan and Rajnikant and also Ministers and other politicians so well that the entire hall was resounding with applause. The children rolled with laughter at Robin's humorous stories which were all original. Nobody knew how quickly the three hours of entertainment were over. Dr. Shanti had never seen the like of it in her entire life. Dr. Shanti purchased a nice bouquet from outside the hall and went backstage to congratulate Robin in person. While she was talking to Robin, suddenly the old lady by the latter's side fell at the doctor's feet and exclaimed bursting with tears: "Doctor Madam, this Robin is my son and it was you who gifted him to me. Don't you recollect that night twenty-five years back at Roorkee when you attended on me and got this boy delivered? He owes his life to you. Please bless him." Shanti was able to recollect the incidents of that night. She was stunned.

When she returned to her home she fell prostrate before the picture of Sri Ram kept in her Puja Room and said: "Lord, you only prevented me that night from putting an end to the child's life in my arrogance of a misplaced compassion. If I had perpetrated that crime, how many children of the world would have been deprived of the hours of pleasure which Robin is now able to provide and how many adults would have been deprived of the occasions to forget their world of miseries and sorrows by drowning themselves in the entertainment afforded by him. I am grateful to you, my Lord and I bow again and again before your Will rooted in wisdom, compassion and love for the entire mankind.