

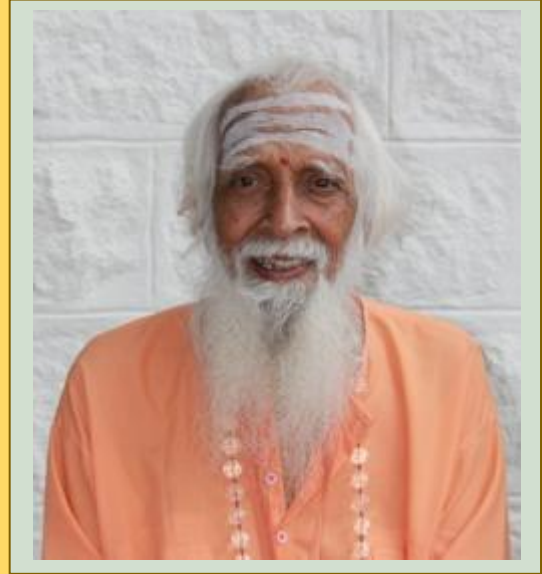
The Story of Jim

Source: Stories for Inspiration, by Swami Shantananda Puri Maharaj

Message from the Master:

“स्वल्पमप्यस्य धर्मस्य त्रायते महतो भयात्”

(Bhagavad Gita II – 40)



“Even a little duty towards God or self done regularly will save us from great calamities.”

Jim was staying with his mother in a village in England (U.K.). He had no belief in any God or religion. He used to help his neighbours in times of need to the best of his ability. He was educated but was content to live in his village looking after a small farm the income from which was sufficient for the needs of the mother and her son. His mother was very religious and used to attend the local church daily. Jim would always escort his mother to the church and back but he himself would never step inside the church.

Jim’s mother became very old and one day, while lying on her death-bed called Jim to her side and said – “Jim, you have always been very good and I could never wish for a better son. At this last moment of my life, I want one favour from you. When I am gone, you should go to the local church daily at 11 a.m. when practically it will be empty of people, stand before the statue of Jesus Christ and tell him – ‘Jesus, this is Jim’. You may come back after thus giving your attendance. Promise me that this much you will do for my sake daily without fail.” Jim mutely assented and gave his promise. He began to keep his word after this mother’s departure from this world by going to the church daily at 11 a.m. He would neither kneel nor pray but never failed to tell “Jesus, this is Jim.”

Days rolled on and fifteen years passed uneventfully. Jim never married. One day Jim had to go to the nearest city for purchasing certain parts for some farm equipment. He was caught in an accident and got crushed between two trucks. He had multi-fractures and was admitted by some passer-by in an Orthopedic hospital specially meant for multi-injuries and near fatal cases. He was allotted bed No. 50. He was suffering from excruciating pain and untold agony inspite of injections and pain killing tablets. This was almost the state with

every other patient in the other beds in that ward. Some patients were shouting with acute pain.

The next day morning, one young doctor belonging to the hospital came for inspection of the ward. The doctors used to be afraid of the inspection tour as all the patients would be shouting and complaining vociferously using all abusive terms. This doctor also entered with great trepidation but was surprised to see all his patients sitting in their beds with smiling faces. Normally the first five beds used to be reserved for those patients who were not expected to live through the previous night. On that day, patients in those five beds also were sitting in comfort. For the first time in the annals of the hospital, all the patients shouted with glee “Good morning, doctor.” The doctor stared at them all in sheer wonder and disbelief. To his formal enquiry regarding their health, all the patients responded with ‘Excellent’, ‘Fine’, ‘Superb’ etc. There was no sign of any pain or even discomfort in any patient. This was unusual and nothing short of a miracle, as there was not a single case where recovery was expected within another two months’ time even. The doctor went to the bed of an old patient with whom he was in quite good terms and asked him as to what had happened. The latter told him – “This is all due to the mysterious guest who visited Jim yesterday. You better ask him for further details.”

The doctor was non-plussed. At the time of admission, Jim had asserted that he was alone in this world and had neither any relatives nor any friends to call his own. The doctor went and enquired Jim. The latter told him with a reminiscent smile: “Oh, Yesterday at 11 a.m. sharp a stranger came and stood by my side. He had a short beard and his hair was hanging loose over his shoulders. He wore a long brown gown. He had lustrous teeth and eyes scintillating like twin stars. Around his head there was a halo of light. The entire room was lit with a divine glow. Compassion seemed to flow from his eyes. He told me ‘Jim, this is Jesus’. Then he slowly raised his eyes and cast his glance of Love and Compassion on all the patients in this room with a broad smile and left as suddenly as he came. That very minute, all the pain, agony and sufferings of each patient disappeared magically in a trice and all of us have been completely cured.”

If only one were to be regular in some spiritual practice or the other, it bestows great benefits not only on him but on his neighbours too. A little meditation, a little prayer or a little chanting of God’s name will go a long way in helping us not only spiritually but also in our day to day worldly life.

****Hari Om****

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