

Compassion

**Everyone pitied and sympathized him...
Pity was not the reaction he wanted...**



Some memories linger in our minds pricking our conscience and creating reveries for us to ponder about our lives and values. This incident happened on a bright and clear Saturday morning which suddenly turned out to be gloomy and misty. When raindrops started to pour down I ran for a shelter blaming myself for not bringing an umbrella. All my cheerfulness in my soul was dried up and I was shivering and dispirited when I was him. Through sheets of rain I first saw only his face, and specially his eyes. They were so anxious and he was looking around him like a desperate and a frightened animal. I thought as if eyes have lost something and is searching for it. I thought this melancholic atmosphere had affected him and made him depressed. I don't know in which grounds I came in to these conclusions but his eyes disturbed me and made me more disheartened.

Step by step when his whole figure came in to my view I felt bone-chilling coldness within me. I felt dnumbed and paralyzed with the shock. When the sight became clearer felt a great weight put on my heart. His father was beside him and he has put on a handkerchief on his head. They didn't have an umbrella. I couldn't help them as I was also helpless. But no one could help the boy for what has happened to him. His right hand was completely bandaged and was hanging on a sling and his left hand was cut about the elbow. When the frozen wind made the shirt sleeve sway without a hand, grief overwhelmed my heart and tears rolled down my cheeks. His innocent and handsome face juxtaposing with his infirm hands intensified my despondency and it became a memory engraved in my heart.

This hunting memory resurfaced in my mind and made me respond to unanswered questions. I contemplated about what his eyes were searching. The answer I found was that he was trying to reassure himself. He wanted an assurance in someone that his life will be same just like before and he will have a place in the world. He wanted love, attraction and admiration from the girls. His soul needed hope faith and a reason to leave. He wanted to find these in someone's eyes the same as before. I don't think he found that feeble hope in others. Everyone pitied and sympathized him. Pity was not the reaction he wanted. He was a person in his prime youth. Who had enjoyed mirth and vigour of his life. He wasn't born as a disabled. He might have dreamt and planed his future. But in a moment all his hopes were crushed and taken

away when he became handicapped. Attention and love as well as hope and faith nourishes a person. His eyes were searching desperately for them. Because he knew that he had lost them forever.

This realization made me think about myself, for a moment I thought what if I was in his situation. When I tried to walk in his shoes. I was dejected thinking how my life would be devoid of all the things I love. Then I comprehended that when we are running a race in our lives to attain our goals we leave behind and forget who can't run just like us. Their lives become secluded, rejected and hopeless. I apprehended that thought I'm blessed not to have infirmities yet I had lived a selfish life because I have used my life and abilities only to please myself. I felt that if I had spared a moment to brighten up hearts of them and to assure them that there is still hope for them for a future. I have always wanted to help once who need our help most, to give a smile to their faces and to give a helping hand for them to rebuild their future again. This aspiration was deep down in my heart for a long time and this incident triggered to help who crave for it like disabled soldiers and specially-abled children.

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