

A Miracle of Positive Thinking

A True Life Story of Our times

K. S. Raman Kartha*

'Borachak' is a small village on the Bengal-Bihar border. There is a small Railway Station there named after the village. I was posted in my earlier career in the Railways, to this Station. It was a time of steam engines run on coal as fuel. In addition to a few passenger train traffic, the major traffic was of goods trains, carrying coal, iron ore and steel for a nearby Steel Company. It was also a Station for collecting water for the trains' engines. So the trains & crew used to have to halt for quite sometime.

During such intervals, I used to join the train crew and go for a cup of tea at the tea shop situated near the railway line. It had a thatched roof and wall made out of un-burnt clay bricks. The whole tea shop and its seating arrangements with benches made out of bamboo, were all made by Manik Sarkar, a refugee from East Bengal. He was the owner, cook and supplier all in one. He was a very humble man and looked after the guests with a smile. I was fond of the special Onion Bhajji made by him and supplied along with the tea.

After some months we became very good friends. Manik used to tell me of his sufferings during and immediately after India-Pakistan partition. He had to leave everything and run for life with his wife and two young daughters. At the refugee camp, he had to depend on uncertain rations.

Finally he moved to the Railway Station and set up the Tea Shop. Daughters were now of age to go to school, for which he had little money. But he was brave and had a smile for all customers. I knew that in his mind he was burning with worries about future, particularly of his family.

Sitarampur is a small town about 5 miles away. Manik Sarkar dreamed of sending his children to school there but he did not know how he can manage. His whole family depended on the meager income from the tea shop. Govt ration for the refugees was also meager. He and his wife were growing onions and other vegetables on the railway ground near the tea shop to increase his marginal profit. Waste water from the tea shop after washing vessels and handwash of the customers, was utilized for this. Since, I was a bachelor and staying in the staff quarters with others, some of us used to give him additional business by letting him prepare our lunch. During serving tea and snacks or lunch, he will continuously talk to the customers and learn whereabouts of them, where they are working and how they are improving life and so on.

One day as we were having tea in the morning, his wife and two daughters on the way back after prayer in the nearby temple, came and touched my feet with reverence. Manik Sarkar whispered in to my ear

* A real story adapted from Mr. K.S. Raman Kartha's Book 'Anubhavangal' (Life Experience).
The Author is a retired Railway Officer. Ph:07012915257

“Saheb, according to my wife, Madrassi Babus are experts in Astrology. Can you please predict whether my miseries will continue or whether any chance of 'moksha' from this. I see a book with you, it seems to be your Jyothishastra. He touched my feet and begged, ‘Saheb’, please predict even if it is bad. Nothing can be worse than the present. Will I be able to get out of these miseries and when?” He took flowers from his wife’s pooja pathra and placed it on my book and again begged “Saheb, please open the book and see and tell us our future”.

I was so overwhelmed and I did not want to disappoint him. In fact the book was the legendary poet P. Bhaskaran’s ‘*Roar of the Wayalar*’. I took the book and held it close to my chest and meditated for two minutes to impress Manik Sarkar and not to disappoint him. I opened the book and believe me, I was surprised with the lines I saw and I read these aloud. ‘*Uyarum Jnan Nadaage, Padarum Jnan Oru Puthan Uyir Nadinneki Konduyarum Veendum*’. Of-course he did not understand, I translated word by word with an explanation to suit the occasion. I told him that he and his family will rise above all these and he will spread his business and he will have a new life for himself and for his family and he may continue to work hard, believing in the good future that is waiting for him. Manik Sarkar’s eyes filled up with tears. At the same time there was great shine in those eyes. He, in-turn explained to his wife and daughters about the Madrassi Babu’s prediction of the good future. They all once again touched my feet and thanked for my prediction, I could see happiness on their face.

After few years I had a transfer to Madras where I continued for several years. It was almost 7 years since I started working in the Madras Central station. One day after my duty in the Howrah Mail, I got down at Madras Central and was proceeding to my office through platform No.3. Howrah Mail carries a lot of passengers from Kolkata who get down at Madras to change train for going to Rameswaram. As I was walking, I heard a loud voice, ‘Saheb’, ‘Saheb’, I turned around and I was surprised to see Manik Sarkar standing there with a smile along with his wife and two grown up daughters behind them. Manik Sarkar looked healthier, fairer and very happy. Sarkar ran to me and embraced me. His wife and daughters made pranams, their eyes were filled with tears of joy. On behalf of all, Manik Sarkar said “you have blessed us with your prediction of a good future. We believed in you and in the good future, which is to come. We stopped worrying about our miserable conditions. We worked harder, believing in God’s blessings and believing in our future. My business & income increased. My children went to school. Elder one has already passed 12th grade with first class and she just got a job in the Taluk office. We have prospered and we are all on our way to Rameswaram, the well-known Dakshina Kashi temple.”

I was happy and amazed at this miracle. I know that I had no competence in predicting the future. But my words at that critical stage made him overcome his miseries and led him to positive thinking and work with confidence. That did the miracle.

