

# Service organization

[Business](#), [Organization](#)



One gets good friends and a good wife by the grace of God! Friendship to sprout and grow properly needs certain favorable situations. However my friendship with my guests of the day for this special brunch happened and developed under strange circumstances. God brought them together and united them in prison; in the barracks; in the common ward! How indeed does destiny work, when it decides to do something for the welfare of an individual! They were all young - more or less of equal age. Like any youngster, they too wished to get rich quickly. Is it possible to become so by doing sundry jobs or working in road-side eateries?

No, not at all! So they had the holy beginning of their career by taking to pick-pocketing; then they switched over to chain-snatching; but all efforts proved futile--even house-breaking proved to be of no avail, for they could not attain the reasonable standard of living. They wished to do something fruitful and result-oriented - definitely, for that, they picked up the latest in the line--stealing cars! Indeed they did brisk business and promptly landed in jail - for identical crimes! Destiny chased them again! Coming and going out of the jail became their routine, and their friendship deepened.

But they were waiting for the rare opportunity, when they all would be out of the jail at the same time. Destiny obliged them again! When all of them were out of the jail, they decided, " The time has arrived for us to strike big! Enough of local cars! " Their eyes fell on a Mercedes car, but their patch of bad luck had just commenced - call it their inexperience or the reverse gear for their luck! The first Mercedes they stole belonged to the Chief Secretary of Home Department.. The police -- If they will, they have the ability to recover a stolen needle also.

Within four hours of the theft, the Chief Secretary was comfortably seated in the air-conditional comfort of his own car - and our friends in the jail-cell, badly beaten and bruised! They went through a quick trial and were promptly awarded three years rigorous imprisonment! It was during this period that I got an opportunity to interact with them. I was the volunteer with a Service Organization, that looked after the mental health of the prison inmates and somehow I took instant liking for these four friends. I am good at teaching spirituality to others, and listening to my counseling, they got an opportunity to think deep!

. " On release from the prison, we should also live like any other citizen of the country by giving up the path of crime". Of late, they had heard of many such stories of ' transformation'-- A gold-smuggler of international repute in that line for two decades after completing his five year jail sentence, bought a plot of land at Mumbai, and started the legitimate profession of building, buying, and selling residential/commercial flats. He then earned so much money within two years that he deeply regretted, " Why I wasted decades of my life in gold- smuggling! This line is more lucrative than gold-smuggling", he emphatically opined!

Each of the four friends had some ' hard-earned' savings securely deposited in a foreign bank, notorious for maintaining the secrecy of its important clientele. They all decided to be businessmen by buying shops in a row in a shopping centre, and engage in different trades! Grocery, Electrical Appliances, PhotoStudio and Bakery-- the plans to open these four shops were finalized. After establishing the businesses, all of them would marry and lead the respectable life of house-holders. They would lead an ideal life,

remain good friends, excellent neighbors, and live like members of one family.

They discussed and agreed on several such high ideals of life and living. But they imposed a strict condition on themselves. They will never enter into a day-to-day discussion about business matters. Exactly after one year, they will review the matter - whether they should continue in business or revert to the old profession! They would pursue that vocation which would be more profit-giving and more happiness-providing! Presently what they decided was: They should live with mutual co-operation. They should remain honest among themselves. But, nobody should interfere in the other's business dealings!

" How soon would you come again? " the Jail Superintendent asked them good-humouredly, on the day of their release from the jail. " Respected Sir, let this be our last meeting behind the bars. Thank you for your co-operation. Please bless us," said the friends in unison. On the day of their release, I had a heart to heart talk with them. I will invite them for a treat, exactly after one year to know about their moral ascendancy, and today's brunch was the result of that gentleman promise! They walked out to their freedom. They bought four shops in a row, in a suburb of Mumbai.

On an auspicious day, Grocery shop of Rex, Electrical Appliances shop of Alex, Photo Studio of Tom and Bakery of Sam were opened. From day one, they did reasonable business. But sometimes, when they recalled the adventures of their past-lives, they felt tempted by their old profession. But, according to the mutual understanding, they had to carry on and push the business-cart, at least for one year. After about a month, Rex thought that

Alex was doing brisk business. “ If I continue to live with honest dealings for one year, what if I forget my past expertise! ” he feared.

“ I must do something to at least maintain the level of that expertise,” he surmised! But, suddenly he remembered about the promise he made to his friends to remain honest for one year! But Rex failed to control his mind! “ I must do something. This is the question of my future” - Rex had arrived at a decision! When Alex was not in his shop, bidding his time, Rex was on his action plan. A copper wire connected Alex’s electrical meter with that of Rex. He had to drill a small hole through the thick wall separating their shops. He did it so efficiently and the concealed wiring was done so nicely that nobody could notice it.

From that instant, Alex owned electrical bill of Rex. “ I now save about fifty dollars a month,” he surmised. He was overjoyed! In the third month, when Sam purchased a second-hand car, it set Alex thinking! He too didn’t want to forget his past skills for his secure future! Sam used to park his car at a particular place. Alex dug a tunnel in his shop and the mouth of the subterranean passage he created, opened right below the petrol tank of the car. He drilled a hole to the petrol tank and fixed a rubber pipe that brought the petrol directly into the waiting container at his shop.

He made perfect arrangements for opening and closing the petrol-donating hole of the tank. As soon as Sam parked his car, Alex profited by a liter of petrol daily - gain of about 75 dollars a month. Alex was happy thus! In the fourth month, when Tom got his new telephone connection, Sam thought on similar lines. He lost no time to react. Keenly intelligent as he was, he quickly fixed the ‘ pair’ for his newly acquired ‘ instrument’, only through Tom’s

authorized telephone connection. Since he had the telephone facility now, he renewed his contacts with some of his old friends at distant cities.

Of course, he kept his instrument at a secret and a sound-proof corner that he specially created in his shop for the purpose. In the sixth month, Tom was restless. He felt a sense of insecurity even in his dreams! He felt, " All my friends are progressing and I am left far behind! " He knew the habit of his gluttonous friend Rex. He used to drink a liter of milk and lots of curd daily. A milkman brought milk for him very early in the morning at 5' O clock in a special can. He would keep the can on an elevated stand, press the door bell, and disappear into the darkness. Tom purchased an identical can.

Everyday, he used to keep his can ready and one liter of water. He replaced this can with the original can of the milkman by pouring one liter of milk in his can. This he did in seconds! There was visible glow on the countenance of Tom—of course, by drinking 30 liters of fresh milk a month, at the cost his dear friend Rex! A year rolled by! The time had now arrived for their annual meeting at my house. I had made excellent reparations for the brunch at their request. All of them had made the joint request that I must serve them that tasteless dal and hard wheat cakes, which they used to eat in the jail!

They had eaten so much of it, their internal organs could never forget the taste of that prison stuff! I had to make special arrangements by requesting another jail-bird(since released) who was in the cooking department in the prison I initiated their discussion. Who would give the account of his honest living for the last one year? Then, thus spoke Rex, " Tom is the youngest amongst us. We are all like his elder brothers. Let us hear his honest thoughts. His views-- Tom dear, please speak first. " Tom was overwhelmed

to hear the loving words of Rex for the trust he enjoyed with his friends! “ Did I cheat such divine friends?

” thought Tom, and he could control himself no more! Tears gushed down from his eyes. In an instant, Tom lay prostrate at the feet of Rex. He gave a detailed account of his misdeed, sobbing intermittently. He gave a solemn promise that he would remain honest at all times and at all costs. Looking at the never ending torrent of tears, Rex, Alex, and Sam--all of them confessed to their crimes and unleashed an uncontrollable crying session! Competition in rhythmic crying! Then Tom owned the difficult responsibility of controlling them! I too lent a helping hand to Tom, to console them! Thereafter, they ate the jail-like stuff, like gluttons!

From that day onwards, they really commenced living an honest life--The telephone wire was cut; the meter wire was pulled out; the tunnel was filled with sand; the milk remained unadulterated! “ What is there in the life of crime? If you wish to earn money and become prosperous, enter into business activity”, they used to advise their former prison-inmates since released. Yes, Rex, Alex, Tom & Sam are leading an honest life. They are counted amongst the rich businessmen now. They don't brag about their rags to riches story. They don't discuss money matters with anyone at all! For, none of them is paying income tax!