

# [Good a day of compassion essay example](https://assignbuster.com/good-a-day-of-compassion-essay-example/)

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It’s strange that today for an attribute that God gave all of us; we need to exercise it for a day. When we empathize with the sufferings of others we are being compassionate. My Day of Compassion was on a Sunday. I choose this day for a selfish reason, as Sundays are more relaxed. Being a student of Yoga, I knew that yoga poses when combined with meditation help being compassionate. I started my morning with meditation amidst nature, with birds chirping. While drinking water, I realized that even these birds might be thirsty. My first act of compassion was getting a bowl of water and some grains for them. The assignment helped me to see something that I ignored every day. It was time for breakfast, scanning the newspaper for some movie star news and some music as usual. My mother had prepared a Sunday special treat, we relished it. I hugged her for the tasty meal, expressing myself after a long time. Being compassionate is not just about helping but about recognizing and appreciating the efforts of others.   
I went out for a walk as I felt light today. The image of my smiling mother and the chirping birds kept coming back to me. Suddenly I was reminded of the newspaper article, where movie star was helping some malnourished kids by giving them one meal a day. I checked the site and donated some amount for the cause. That amount was for my girlfriend’s gift. I saw a changed myself; though I was still cribbing about the donation. What if we spent some amount every month for this meal scheme? Would it make a difference? Yes it would, something in me reassured me. We need to understand that failing and suffering is universal. I spoke to my friend about being compassionate towards their failures in examinations or sport tournaments.   
The Day of Compassion was nearing an end but not the feeling itself. Even after a month I would smile at this day where I connected with myself and so many others just by changing the way I perceived things.