

HAVE FAITH

At the time of Indira Gandhi's assassination...

My story begins here about one Sikh gentleman, a friend of a friend, who was captured at night by a gang of angry ruffians determined to do some serious damage. They abused him sufficiently, beat him up, made him nice and soft and then took him to a deserted lumber mill. There, they tied him up and lifted him onto a chopping block where an immense electric saw would, if used correctly, cut logs into long even planks of wood, or in this case, cleave this poor Sikh in two.

The inflamed men started up the machinery and the saw began to whirl away. The Sikh realised his time had almost come. He gave up his struggling and began to sing the 'MOOL MANTR', "EK OANKAR, SATNAM, KARTA PURAKH, NIRBHO..." His courage welled up within him and he began to shout the sacred chant at the top of his lungs. Suddenly, which is not uncommon in India, the power failed. All the electricity shut down and the men were surrounded in immediate darkness.

Being sensitive to superstition, these men were spooked. This Sikh had started chanting and obviously something answered his call. They were freaked out. They grabbed for one another and with frightened voices. It took them a moment to gather their senses whereupon they turned and high tailed it out of there. They left like lightning and dared not even look behind them as they ran away.

The Sikh claims he need never doubt again. So, Have A Little Faith!!

Taken from www.sikhsangat.com