



The Simple Offering of Sawan

Deenu Chaudhary



In a small, serene village nestled near the mountains, a humble man named Ramu lived in a modest mud hut. While the monsoon clouds gathered in the sky, marking the holy month of Sawan, Ramu prepared his mind and heart for prayer.



The village temple was lively with wealthy devotees carrying silver plates filled with expensive sweets, fresh fruits, and fragrant milk offerings. Ramu stood quietly at the back of the crowd, holding only a simple clay pot filled with clean water from the river.



As the other villagers poured rich milk and showered flowers onto the sacred Shiva Lingam, they looked back at Ramu and began to whisper. They mocked his poverty, laughing at the thought that a mere pot of water could ever please the heavens.



Undeterred by their harsh words, Ramu closed his eyes and knelt before the shrine with immense reverence. With a heart full of pure love and devotion, he gently poured the cool water over the stone, offering the only thing he possessed.



Day after day, through the heavy downpours of Sawan, Ramu walked to the temple every Monday without fail. His clothes were soaked and his pockets were empty, but his faith remained unshakable as he repeated his simple ritual.



One evening, as twilight painted the sky in shades of purple and gold, Ramu began his walk back home through a secluded path near the ancient temple woods. The air felt mysteriously calm, and the scent of rain-soaked earth was sweet.



Suddenly, a strange, warm glow caught his eye from beneath the roots of a grand banyan tree. Brushing away the fallen leaves and wet mud, he uncovered the rim of a heavy, ancient container hidden in the earth.



With gasping breath, Ramu pulled the heavy container out and opened the lid to find it filled to the brim with glittering gold coins. A soft, warm light seemed to radiate from the treasure, illuminating the dark forest around him.



Realizing this miracle was a blessing for his steadfast faith, tears of gratitude rolled down Ramu's cheeks as he looked up at the sky. He understood that the divine values a pure heart far above the most expensive worldly offerings.



The next Monday, Ramu returned to the temple, not to show off wealth, but to share his joy and feed the entire village. He poured the simple water once again, proving to everyone that true devotion requires nothing more than a sincere soul.