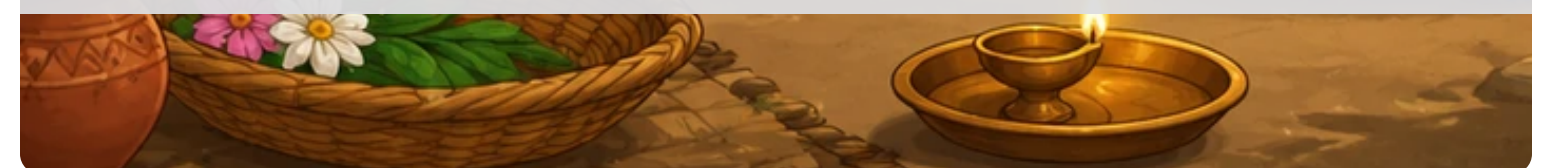


The Glory of True Devotion

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In a small, peaceful village, a humble farmer named Dharma lived a life of simple means but profound devotion to Lord Krishna. Every day, after working tirelessly in his fields, he would return home to offer the first portion of his meal to the idol of Thakur Ji before eating anything himself.



One morning, Dharma had to leave for another village and entrusted the daily ritual to his simple-hearted wife, Radha. He told her with great importance that the Lord must be fed before she took her own meal, a command she accepted with absolute sincerity.



Radha carefully prepared a fresh, warm roti and placed it on a clean brass plate before the beautiful stone idol of Lord Krishna. With a pure and hopeful heart, she closed her eyes and softly invited the Lord to come and enjoy the humble offering she had prepared.



She sat by the altar and waited patiently, fully expecting the stone idol to reach out and eat the food just as a person would. As the hours passed and the statue remained motionless, Radha began to worry that she had done something to displease the Lord.



By late afternoon, the roti remained untouched, and Radha's eyes filled with tears of distress. She began to talk to the idol as if he were right there, pleading with him to eat so that she could fulfill her husband's wish and finally break her own fast.



Overwhelmed by emotion, Radha wept and declared that if Thakur Ji did not accept her food, she would also refuse to eat and would remain hungry until her last breath. Her unwavering faith and innocent love resonated through the heavens, touching the very heart of the Divine.



Suddenly, a soft, celestial glow filled the humble cottage, and the air became fragrant with the scent of fresh lotuses. Out of the light stepped a radiant little boy with a peacock feather tucked into his dark, curly hair and a mischievous, kind smile.



The little boy, who was Lord Krishna in the form of a child, sat down gracefully on the floor and began to eat the simple roti with great joy. Radha watched in silent wonder and overwhelming happiness as she witnessed the miracle of her own faith coming to life.



After finishing every last crumb of the meal, the divine child looked at Radha with infinite kindness and a playful wink before dissolving back into the golden light. Radha stood in a state of bliss, realizing that God truly hungers only for the purity of one's heart.



When Dharma returned home and saw the empty plate, Radha recounted the miraculous visit of the little cowherd boy. Dharma realized that his wife's simple, selfless devotion had achieved a divine connection beyond any ritual, and they both bowed in gratitude before the Lord.