

## Purpose of Life

One of the favourite things to do when travelling in a new city is to visit the tea shop of the town. Tea brings people mutually in ways that you couldn't envision and its enchantment is something that is hard to express in words. Some have tried to confine its essence, some have almost succeeded.

For each personality the ceremony of tea is personal and cannot be duplicated. However, there is a bond between tea drinkers all around the world, no matter what decade they were born in, what nationality or personal beliefs. They verbalize the same language and empathize with each other.

Today I would like to persist sharing my experience with you of an incident I had at a tea shop. I sat with my friend in a recognized tea shop at Bandra Bandstand in Mumbai, the city of lights and water.

As we enjoyed our tea, a gentleman entered and sat at a vacant table beside us. He called the attendant and placed his order saying, "Two cups of tea, one of them there on the wall."

We heard this order with rather interest and observed that he was served with one cup of tea but he paid for two. When he left, the attendant put a piece of paper on the wall saying "A Cup of tea". While we were still there, two other men entered and ordered three cups of tea, two on the table and one on the wall. They had two cups of tea but paid for three and left. This time also, the attendant did the same; he put a piece of paper on the wall saying, "A Cup of tea". It was something unique and perplexing for us. We finished our tea, paid the bill and left.

After a few days, we had a chance to go to this tea shop again. While we were enjoying our tea, a man inadequately dressed entered. As he seated himself, he looked at the wall and said, "One cup of tea from the wall." The attendant served tea to this man with the customary respect and dignity. The man had his tea and left without paying.

We were flabbergasted to watch all this, as the attendant took off a piece of paper from the wall and threw it in the trash bin. Now it was no surprise for us – the matter was very clear. The great respect for the needy shown by the inhabitants of this city made our eyes well up in tears.

Considering upon the requirement of what this man wanted. He enters the tea shop without having to lower his self-worth, he has no need to ask for a free cup of tea, without asking or knowing about the one who is giving this cup of tea to him, he only looked at the wall, placed an order for himself, enjoyed his tea and left.

A truly beautiful thought. **"The purpose of life is not to be happy. It is to be useful, to be honorable, to be compassionate, and to have it makes some difference that you have lived and lived well."**

.....**Aarzoo.Jalali**