



Not a blade of grass
moves with out the
will of God

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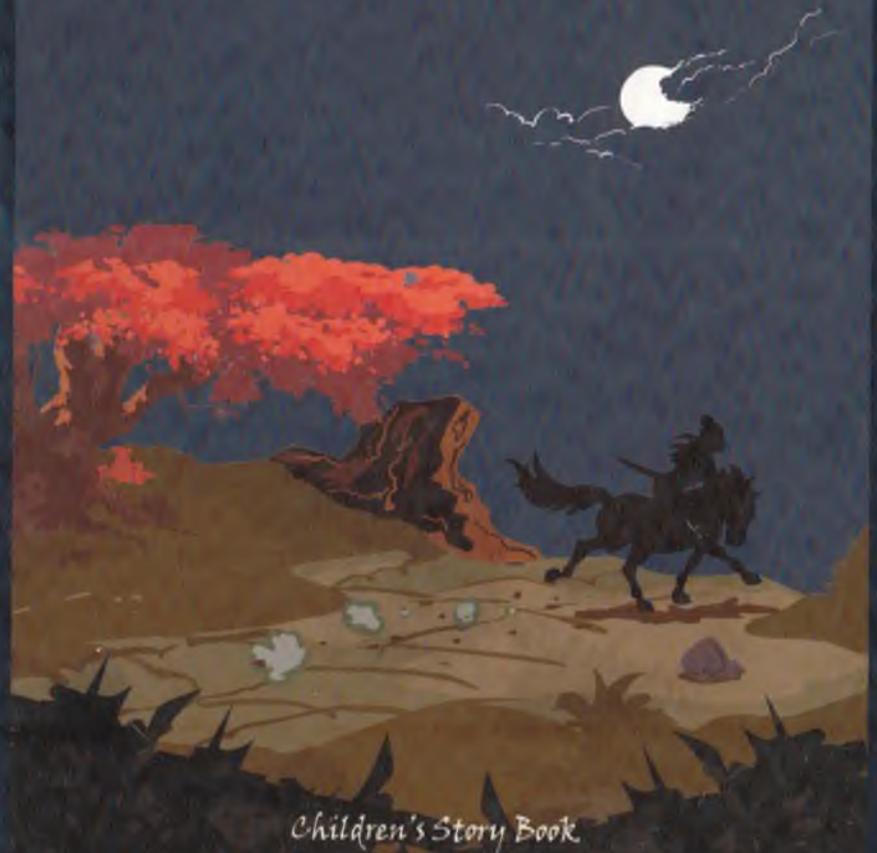


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Will of God



Children's Story Book



Dedicated to
His Divine Grace
A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada
founder acharya:
International Society for Krishna Consciousness

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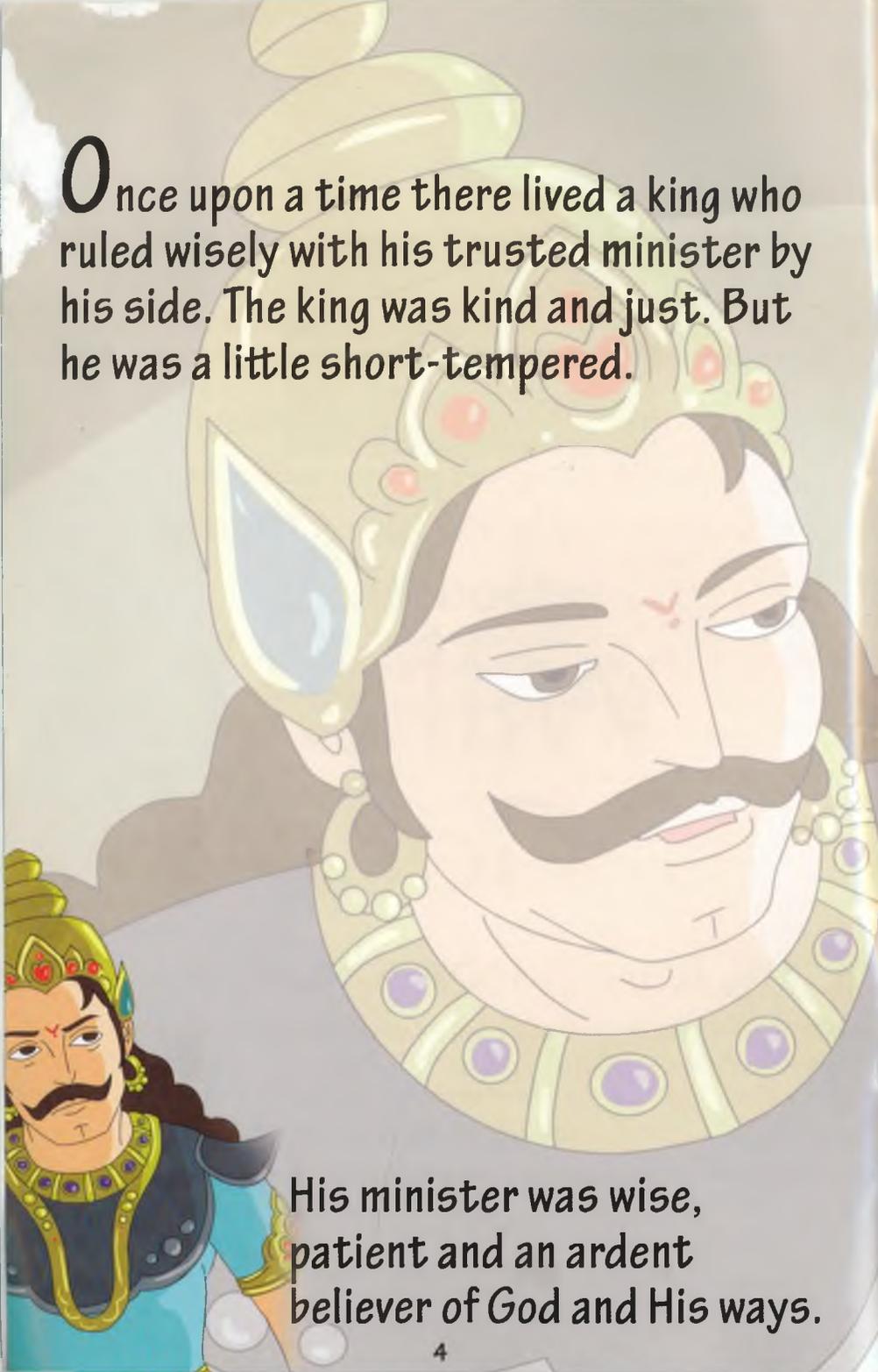


Not a blade of grass moves
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Will of God

learn it from the wise
minister!

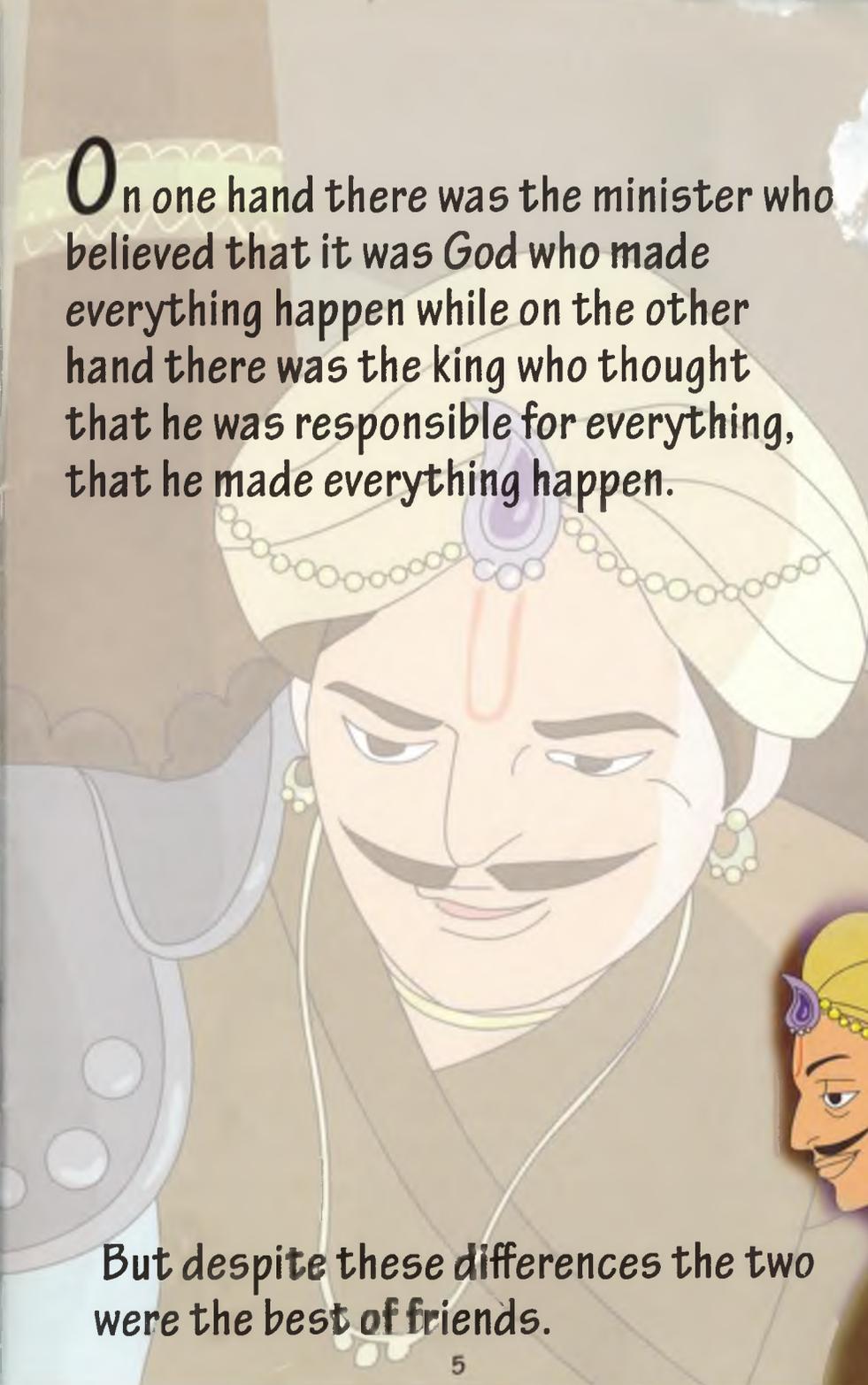
Children's Story Book



Once upon a time there lived a king who ruled wisely with his trusted minister by his side. The king was kind and just. But he was a little short-tempered.



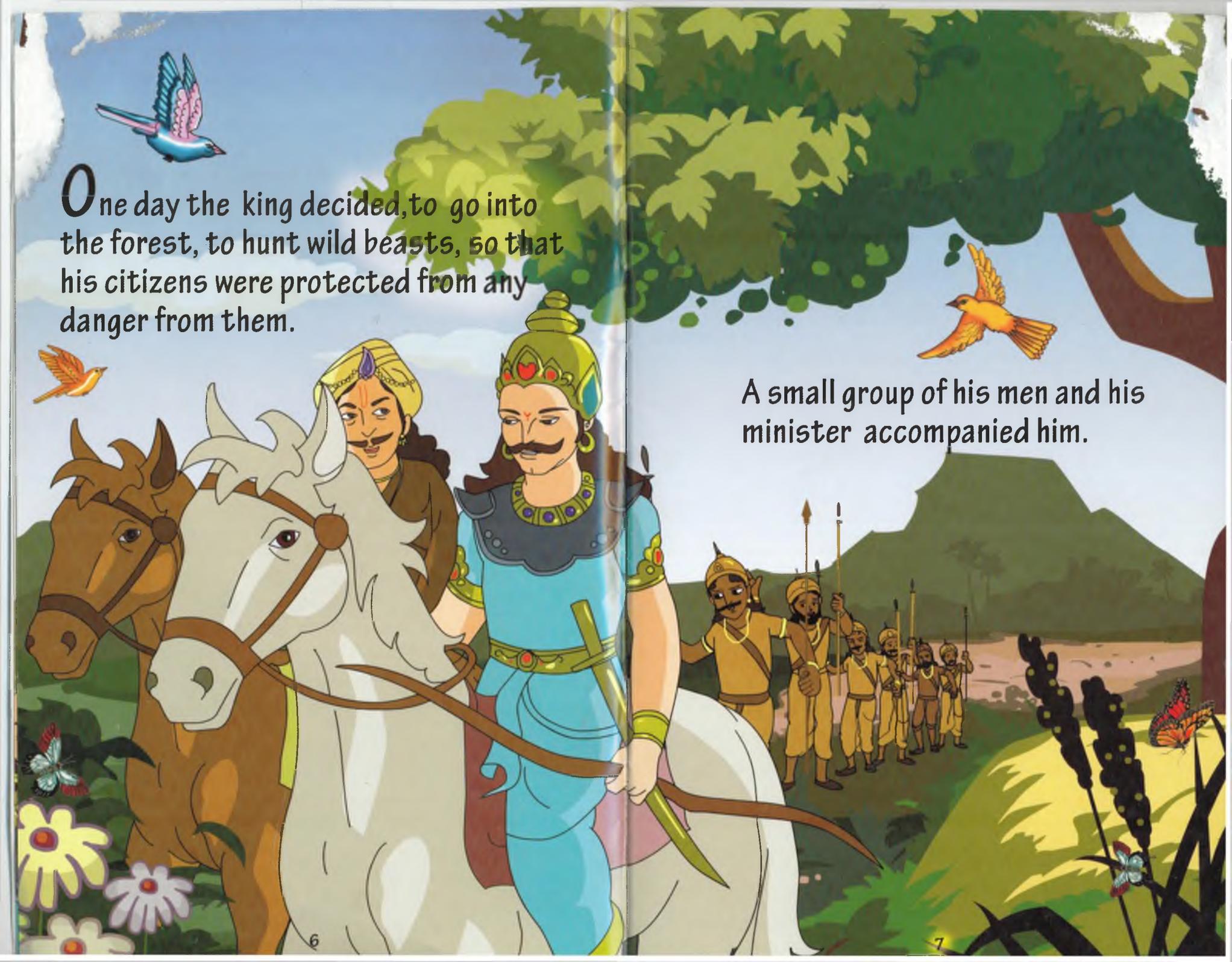
His minister was wise, patient and an ardent believer of God and His ways.



On one hand there was the minister who believed that it was God who made everything happen while on the other hand there was the king who thought that he was responsible for everything, that he made everything happen.



But despite these differences the two were the best of friends.

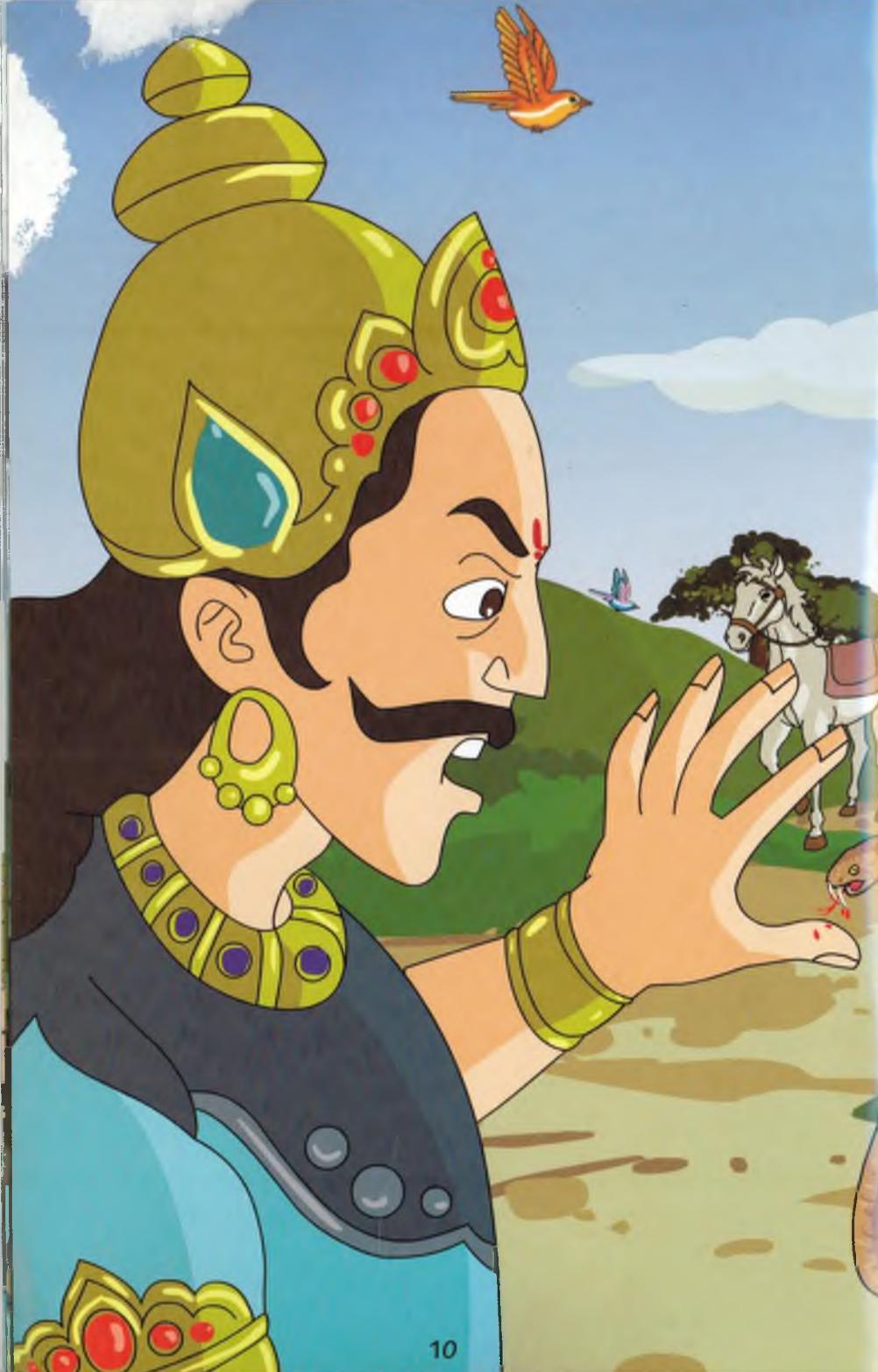


One day the king decided, to go into the forest, to hunt wild beasts, so that his citizens were protected from any danger from them.

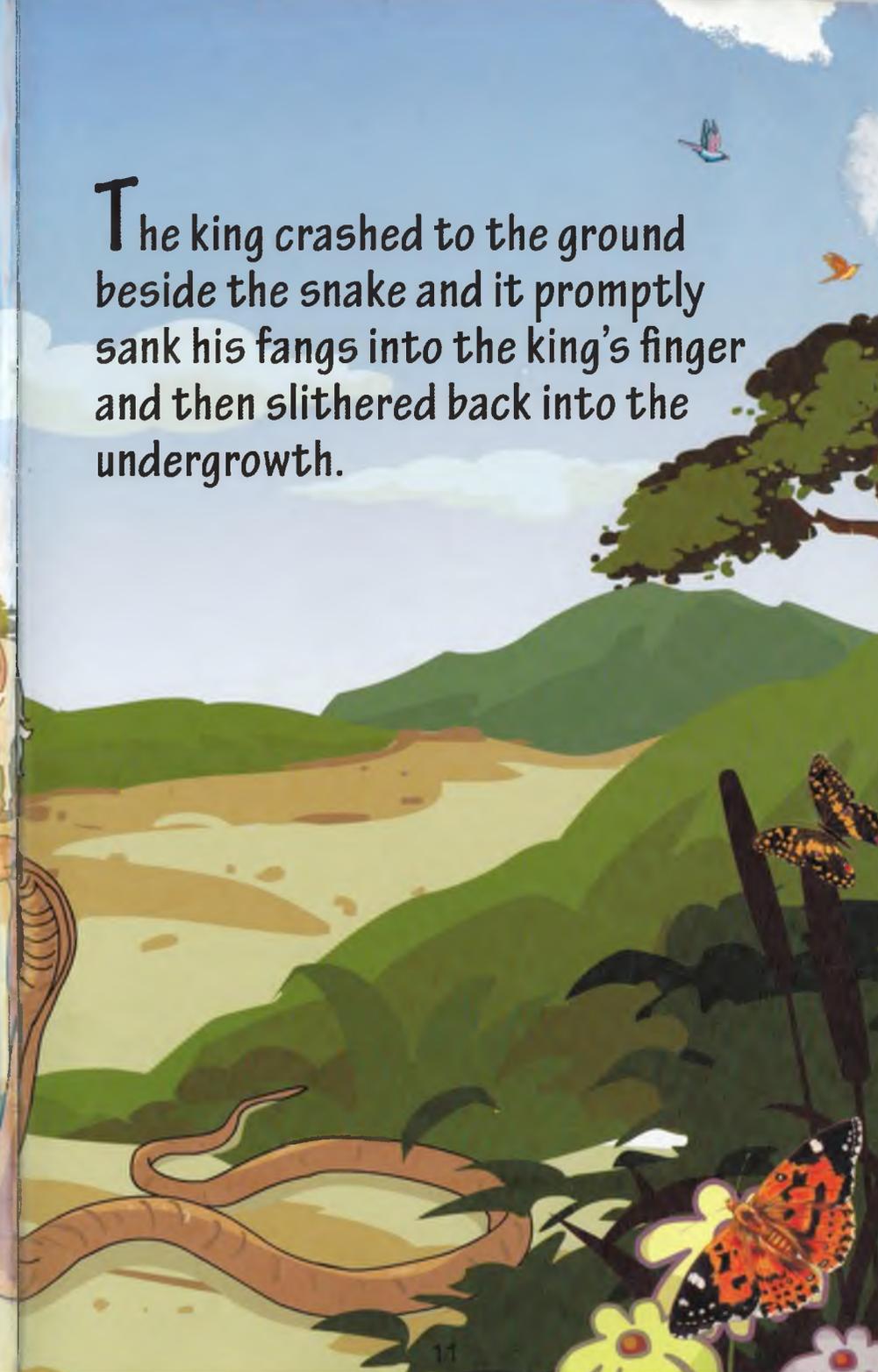
A small group of his men and his minister accompanied him.

While they were out hunting, the King proudly charged through the thicket on his horse. But a large cobra slithered in front of the horse, spitting poison from his fangs. The frightened horse kicked violently, hurtling the king through the air.





The king crashed to the ground beside the snake and it promptly sank his fangs into the king's finger and then slithered back into the undergrowth.



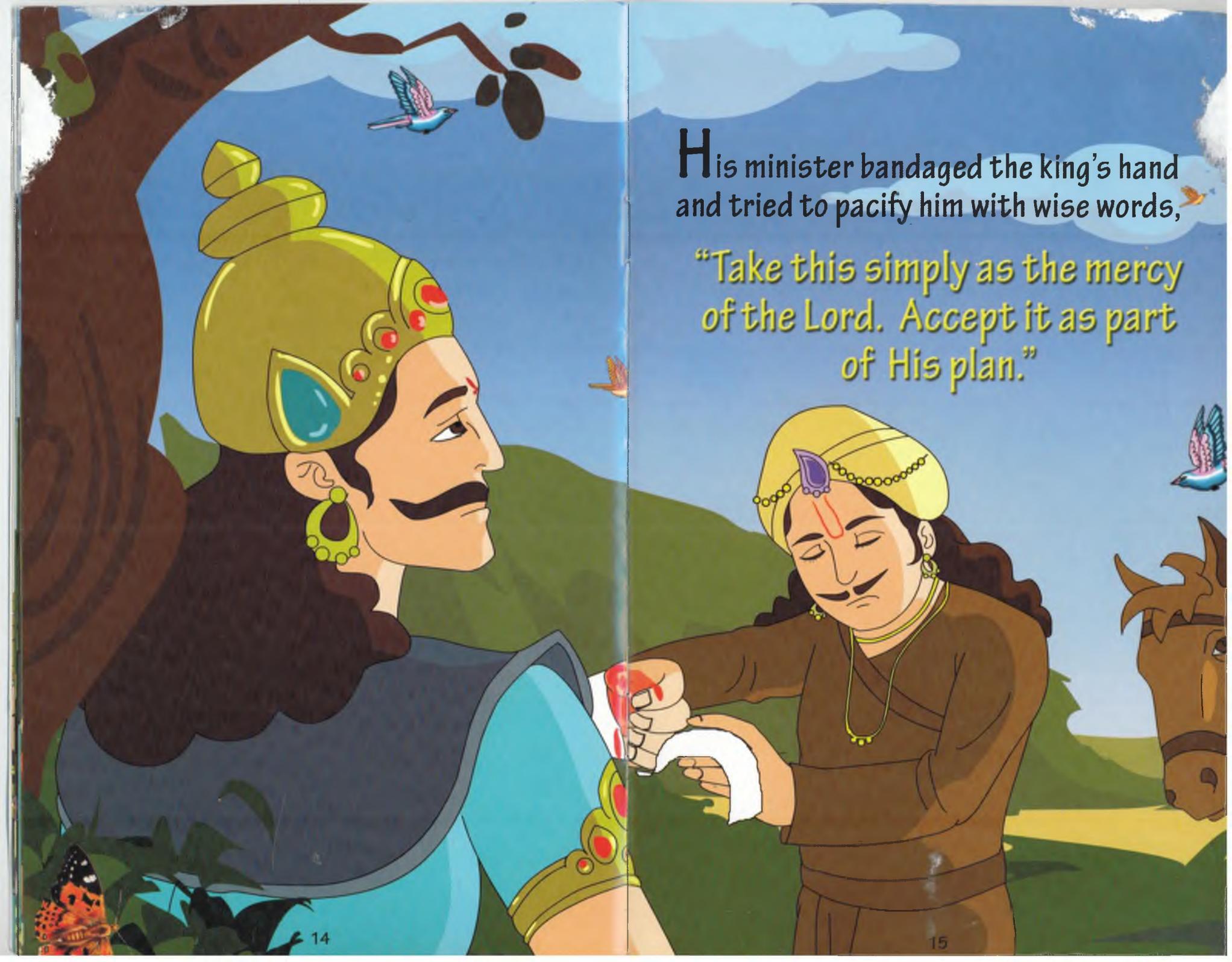


The king realized that unless his finger was quickly removed, the poison would travel through his body, reach his heart and kill him. Without hesitating he unsheathed his sharp sword and

chopped off the

finger





His minister bandaged the king's hand and tried to pacify him with wise words,

“Take this simply as the mercy of the Lord. Accept it as part of His plan.”

The king, shaken and upset, did not appreciate the minister's view.

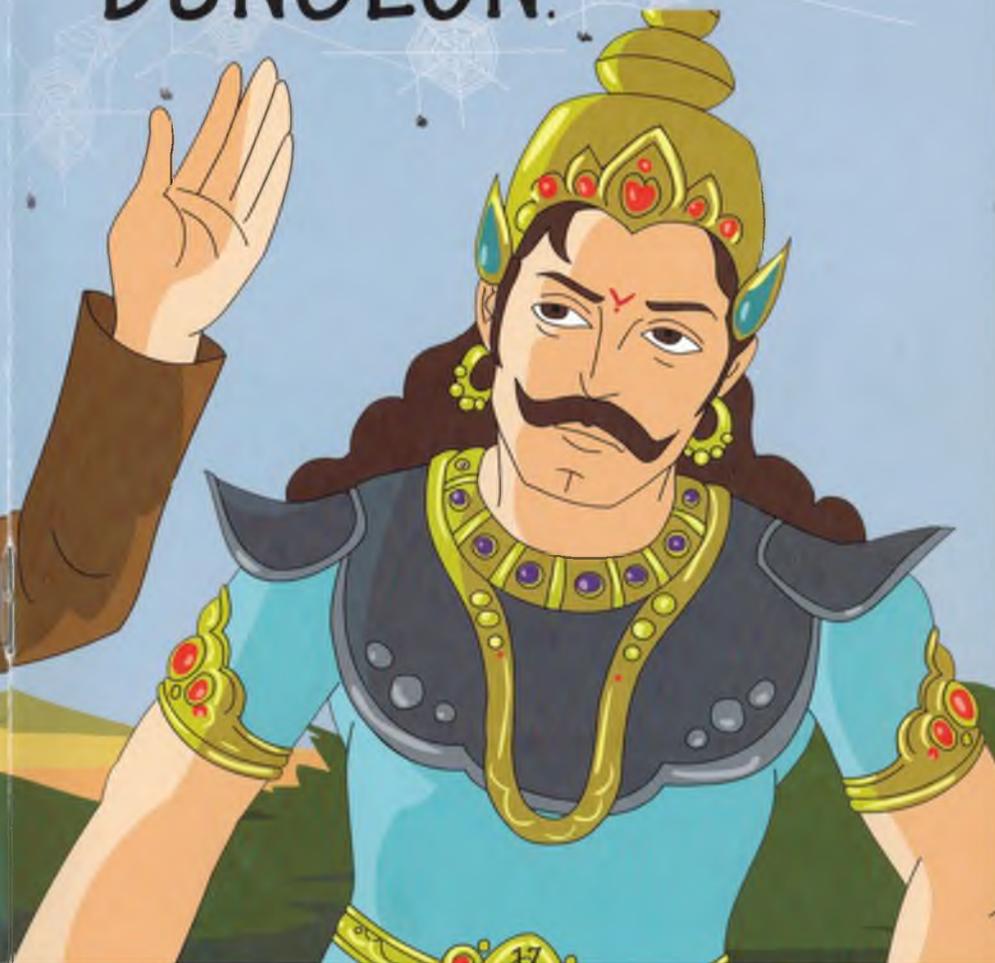
“Be quiet!” he snapped.



But the minister continued to speak of the Lord's mercy. This enraged the king so much that he ordered his men,

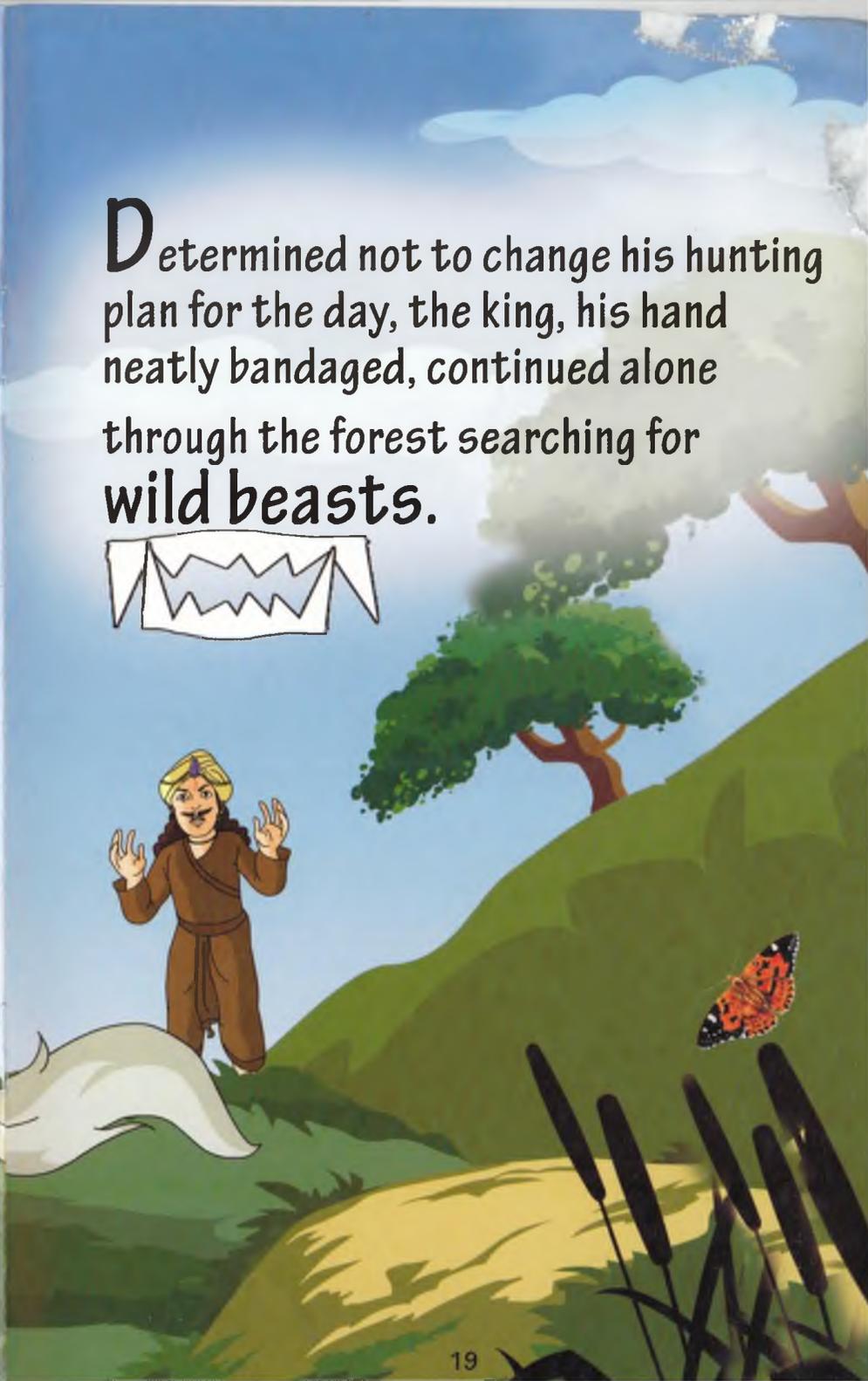
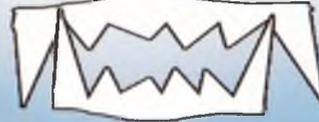
“Take this foolish minister back to the city and cast him in the

DUNGEON.”





Determined not to change his hunting plan for the day, the king, his hand neatly bandaged, continued alone through the forest searching for wild beasts.





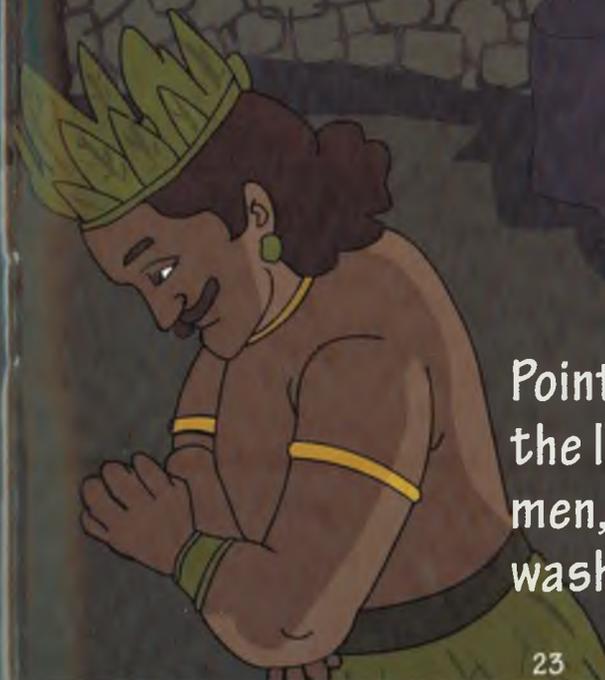
A short while later he was ambushed by a gang of bandits. They captured and bound him. Their leader, grinning broadly, spoke in a gruff voice,

"This is your lucky day. I am going to sacrifice you to the Goddess Kali. It's not every day that she enjoys

Royal blood!"



The king, on the other hand considered himself most unlucky. Bound with ropes he had no way of saving himself from the bloody death on Kali's altar.



Pointing to the King, the leader ordered his men, "Undress him, wash and clean him.."



As the dacoits stripped him, one cried out,

“Look,there is a finger... missing.”

Inspecting the king's hand, the leader of the dacoits was disappointed. “We cannot possibly offer an incomplete human to

Kali,” he grunted.

“Release him immediately, you fools, and find someone else.”



Relieved to be freed so suddenly, the king mounted his horse and sped back to the city.

Going straight to the dungeons, he ordered the release of his minister. The king apologized to him and embracing him, he said,

“By the mercy of the Lord I lost a finger. And as result I had my life spared!”

After narrating his bizarre and frightening experience to his minister, the king paused thoughtfully,

“I’m still a little puzzled. If everything that happens is the mercy of the Lord.....,

what was the purpose of you being thrown in the dungeon?”



With a knowing twinkle in his eye, the minister replied, "If you hadn't ordered me to be thrown in the dungeon, I would have been with you when you were captured by the bandits."

"As I had no body parts missing, the Kali worshippers would undoubtedly have used me as the human offering!"

Both the king and the minister laughed loudly, tears streaming down their faces. Glad to be alive, they agreed that certainly not a blade of grass moves without the

Will of God!

