

(No. 9) Transmission of Love

“Why are you helping me?” my Dad asked.

“Because many years ago, I ate the free noodles that you gave me.” The strange man in front of us replied.

I remember when I was a kid, our family owned a noodle shop. Only my mom and my dad were working in the noodle shop. As the price of noodles we sold was very low, many people came to our shop for noodles.

Sometimes, some beggars would come to our shop to beg my parents to give them a free bowl of noodles, and my parents were always generous enough to allow them to eat noodles in the shop. But I couldn’t understand this kind of behavior, because it only reduced our income and having them eat inside the shop in shabby clothes wasn’t good for our business.

One New Year’s Eve, when we were about to close, a man in tatters walked into the store and asked for a bowl of noodles. My dad, who saw him wearing only thin clothes in the winter, thought he was pitiful, so he gave him an extra bowl of noodles. The man was surprised and hurriedly asked us if we were mistaken to think that he had ordered two bowls of noodles, and he said that he only had enough money to pay for one bowl of noodles.

My dad said to him kindly: “Our store is doing a limited time discount -- buy one get one free! You can enjoy your noodles without worries.” Then the man looked around but he found that there was no notice about limited-time discounts in the shop. He gradually understood my dad’s kindness, so he nodded gratefully to us and began to gorge on the noodles.

A few years later, due to an increase in rent and the cost of ingredients, our

noodle shop couldn't support our lives .So we were forced to sell the noodle shop. However, as our noodle shop was too old and the facilities were worn down, no one wanted to buy our noodle shop, so my parents were always frowning.

One day, a stranger contacted my parents, and he offered to buy our noodle shop for 40% above the market prices. My parents were overjoyed, and after an interview with the acquirer, we discovered that he was actually the customer who received the limited-time give-away on New Year's evening.

When my father offered a free bowl of noodles to this strange man, I felt that my father was wrong. But when this man bought our noodle shop at a premium for the free bowl of noodles, I thought my father was right.

Maybe my father was right -- to help others is helping ourselves. Through this, I have come to understand that good deeds are not "deleted", nor should be "saved". It requires everyone to "copy" and "paste". As long as everyone "pastes" a good deed, there would be more repeated good deeds and making our world a better place to live for everyone.