

Published: Monday February 22, 2021

The joy of sharing

T. T. SRINATH

Sharing, the author realises, is a way of telling the other that we care

A couple of days ago I watched a young boy, perhaps no more than five years of age, break a biscuit he was holding in his hand and pass half of it to his possibly, younger sister, who I imagined, must have been around three years old. The girl looked at her brother and beamed, while the brother acknowledged and reciprocated with an equally endearing look.



• GETTY IMAGES/ISTOCK

Watching this from near, I felt extremely joyful and realised that when I have been able to share, whatever it be, material or otherwise, I have always felt satisfied.

Sharing seems so joyful.

A friend once, when we were having a meal at a restaurant, ordered a dish that looked very appetising. Seeing me looking longingly at it, she scooped up half a portion from the serving dish and put it on my plate. She neither offered comment nor said anything. Yet I felt immensely thankful at her generosity.

So sharing gives the giver joy and fulfilment.

My mother would often tell me, quoting a vernacular sentiment that said, “If you have to offer a piece of gold but cannot, at least place a flower.” The quote gives me a sense of relief, for in sharing I have often found peace. This is true even with my feelings: when I have shared sadness or joy with a listening ear, I have felt thankful.

Sharing, I realise, is a way of telling the other that we care.

(The writer is an organisational and behavioural consultant. He can be contacted at ttsrinath@gmail.com)