



There was once an old woman who was devoted to Guru Har Rai. It was her wish to give him some food to eat. She saved her money and bought flour to make bread for him. She made two bread cakes and took them to the place where Guru Har Rai went by every day.

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When the Guru appeared, the old woman offered him the cakes and he ate them straight away. 'This is the most delicious food I have eaten,' said the Guru. The old woman was so happy and thanked the Guru for accepting her food. The Guru blessed her and went on his way.

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When the Sikhs who had been with the Guru heard that he had eaten food from a stranger they were very surprised.

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The next day they made the Guru some cakes with great care, so he wouldn't have to accept food from someone from a lower class.

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But the Guru refused to eat them. 'I ate food from that woman's hands because she was holy. The food you have made me, with great ceremony is not pleasing to me.'

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The Sikhs were unhappy and asked the Guru why he had refused their food. 'The old woman had great faith and devotion. She worked hard to make those cakes for me. Because of this the food was very pure and that is why I ate it. In the matter of love for God, everyone is valuable.'

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