

The Farmer & The Nobleman

TRUST



His name was Fleming, and he was a poor Scottish farmer. One day, while going about trying to eke out a living for his family, he heard a cry for help coming from a nearby bog. He dropped his tools and ran to the bog.

There, mired to his waist in black muck, was a terrified boy, screaming and struggling to free himself. Farmer Fleming, not caring for his own safety, struggled hard and saved the lad from what could have certainly been a slow and painful death.

The next day, a fancy carriage pulled up at the Scotsman's sparse surroundings. An elegantly dressed nobleman stepped out and introduced himself as the father of the boy farmer Fleming had saved.

"I want to repay you," said the nobleman. "You saved my son's life."

At that moment, the farmer's own son came to the door of the family hovel. "Is that your son?" the nobleman enquired.

"Yes," the farmer replied proudly.

"I'll make you a deal. Let me take your son and give him a good education. Trust me, if the lad is anything like his father, he'll grow to be a man you can be proud of."

And that he did. In time, farmer Fleming's son graduated from St. Mary's Hospital Medical School in London, and went on to become known throughout the world as the noted Sir Alexander Fleming, the discoverer of Penicillin.

Years later, the nobleman's son was stricken with pneumonia. And what saved him? Penicillin. The name of the nobleman? Lord Randolph Churchill. His son's name? Sir Winston Churchill, who went on to become the Prime Minister of Britain.

*Give as the rose gives perfume, because of its own nature,
utterly unconscious of giving.*

– Swami Vivekananda