

Cosmic Justice

I was visiting my mother in southern Illinois one hot August day and sat in the kitchen watching my children play in the yard. I saw my five year old daughter running across the lawn. She tripped on the edge of Grandma's new garden and fell forward. The most recent addition to the garden was a new sundial that had a half moon shape with a pointed arrow knifing into the blue sky. My daughter's face struck the arrow and from my vantage point appeared to hit her in the eye. I ran outside in a panic and scooped her up and peered through the blood. Fortunately the arrow had missed her eye and caught on the bony orbit near her eyebrow. We hurried to the emergency room. As I sat in the warm waiting room a hot wash of remembrance swept over me. I recalled a vision from another hot August day twenty five years before....

...I was in first grade and out riding my bike when I chanced upon one of the smaller neighborhood girls walking home. In my youthful ignorance I engaged her in a game of chicken and delighted in her squeals of fright as I pedaled right at her and then veered away at the last moment as she jumped to the side. On the third or fourth pass she jumped the opposite way and into the path of my bike. I hit her. I still remember getting up and seeing the bright red blood pouring down from a neat round cut in her forehead from my handlebar. I ran home in a sweat and locked myself in my room and awaited the inevitable consequences. Besides a blistering spanking I was denied riding privileges on my bike until the following summer. Although the punishment was harsh by six-year-old standards I 'did my time' and I thought it was over. It wasn't.

Back in the present the doctor assured us my daughter would be alright and no lasting consequences should be expected. I had a vague feeling that twenty five years ago another set of parents had sat and waited for news of their own injured child, perhaps in this same room. The next feeling that I got was that things were now in some manner really "even" between us parents and I began to reflect on life a little.

I have come to the conclusion that all debts get paid sooner or later and they get paid in kind. There is a saying that goes:

"No act of kindness, no matter how small, ever goes unrewarded."

I believe you can extend the thought to the other side of the coin too:

"Nor any act of malice, unpunished."

I don't think we ever get away with anything. I think that eventually the Universe will catch up with you in a fit of Cosmic Justice and deliver back upon you whatever grief you bestow. I believe the timetable for this evening out process can be generational to the extent that if you yourself don't pay then someone, somewhere, sometime of your blood certainly will. The thought is sobering.

Although I like to think on the positive side of this saying most of the time I must say that I am very careful as I walk through life of where I place my feet.. And I rest confident that if someone appears to get away with well deserved punishment for now that its only a matter of time before it is made right.