

देहदान - समसामायिक आवश्यकता



संसार में जिसने जन्म लिया उसका मरण सुनिश्चित है। शरीर से आत्मा पृथक हो जाने पर पार्थिव शरीर शेष रह जाता है। विभिन्न समाजों में शव के निराकरण की भिन्न भिन्न परिपाटियां प्रचलित हैं। जैन समाज में मृत देह को अग्नि में दहन की प्रथा है किन्तु इस क्षणभंगुर और अंत में राख के ढेर में बदलने वाले शरीर या उसके अंगों को किसी जरूरतमंद के लिये समर्पित कर दिया जाये तो मानव जीवन की इससे बड़ी सार्थकता और क्या हो सकती है?

वर्तमान में चिकित्सा विज्ञान ने अभूतपूर्व प्रगति की है जिससे मनुष्य की औसत उम्र में उल्लेखनीय वृद्धि हुई है। इसी प्रगति ही वजह से आज शरीर के विभिन्न अंगों का प्रत्यारोपण संभव हो सका है। वर्तमान में लीवर, गुर्दे, कॉर्निया, लंग, पैक्रियाज, हृदय और त्वचा आदि का सफलतापूर्वक प्रत्यारोपण किया जा रहा है किन्तु आवश्यकता के अनुरूप अंग उपलब्ध न हो पाने के कारण अनेक बीमार वर्षों में प्रत्यारोपण की प्रतीक्षा में कतारबद्ध हैं और अनेक अंगों प्रत्यारोपण के अभाव में दम तोड़ देते हैं। विभिन्न समुदायों में जागरूकता के अभाव में मानव अंगों की अनुपलब्धता बनी हुयी है और इससे मानव अंगों की तस्करी का घृणित कारोबार भी फल फूल रहा है। साथ ही चिकित्सा विज्ञान में विद्यार्थियों के अध्ययन व रिसर्च हेतु आवश्यकता के अनुरूप

मानव देह प्राप्त नहीं होती जो कि एक बड़ी समस्या है।

देहदान इन सारी समस्याओं का निदान है। 108 मुनिश्री तरुणसागरजी कहते हैं कि "मृत्यु अवस्थाभावी है और मृत्यु के पश्चात राख के ढेर में बदलने वाले इस क्षणभंगुर शरीर से जिसे पाने के लिये आपने स्वयं कोई प्रयास नहीं किया या धन खर्च नहीं किया, अंत समय में किसी दूसरे मानव को जीवन दान मिले तो इससे बड़ी सार्थकता और इससे बड़ा दान और क्या हो सकता है।"

यदि पूरे शरीर को दान न भी करें तो कम से कम जीते जी रक्त, किडनी आदि का दान किया जा सकता है और मरणोपरांत नेत्र, हृदय, त्वचा आदि अंगों का दान किया जा सकता है। इस प्रकार आप एक नहीं अनेक व्यक्तियों को जीवन दान दे सकते हैं।

जैन समाज इन्दौर का एक वर्ग समाजजनों को रक्तदान, नेत्रदान व देहदान के लिए प्रेरित करता आया है जिसके फलस्वरूप अनेक लोगों को जीवन खुशियों से भर गया है। कुछ दिन पूर्व शहर के एक चिकित्सक ने सड़क दुर्घटना में मृत अपने पुत्र की देहदान कर अनेक मरीजों को आवश्यकतानुसार विभिन्न अंग प्रत्यारोपित करवाये। विगत 4 जुलाई 2013 को मेरी माताजी श्रीमती लक्ष्मीबाई पत्नी स्व. श्री बहोरिलालजी जैन निवासी पन्ना का निधन इन्दौर में हुआ। मैंने और परिजनों ने श्री अरविन्दो मेडिकल कॉलेज इन्दौर को उनकी देहदान का निश्चय किया। 'जीवन में आप किसी के काम आये तो उत्तम एवं मरकर भी किसी के काम

आये तो सर्वोत्तम। 'दान से बढ़कर कोई पुण्य नहीं है। देहदान करके आप अनेक जीवन बचा सकते हैं। हजारों मेडिकल छात्रों को शिक्षा एवं शोध में सहयोग दे सकते हैं। उल्लेखनीय है कि मृत्यु के कुछ घंटों के अंदर ही मानव अंगों को प्रत्यारोपण हेतु संरक्षित किया जा सकता है।

देहदान का एक और धार्मिक पक्ष यह है कि मरण के साथ ही मृत देह में अनंतानंत त्रस जीवों की उत्पत्ति होने लगती है। शव के दहन के साथ ही उनका भी दहन हो जाता है। देहदान से उच्च अहिंसा धर्म का पालन किया जा सकता है। अतः आवश्यकता है केवल आपके दृढ़निश्चय या संकल्प की अथवा परोपकार के निमित्त इस समर्पण भाव की, जिस भाव के वशीभूत होकर हमारे पितृ पुरुष महर्षि दधीचि ने दूसरों के दुख निवारण के लिये अपने प्राणों की आहुति देकर एक आदर्श परम्परा की नींव रखी। इस उदाहरण को हृदयंगम कर हम भी दूसरों के दुख में दुखी और सुख में सुखी होने का संकल्प करें। यदि व्यक्ति स्वयं अपने जीते जी मरणोपरांत देहदान का संकल्प लेता है तो निश्चय ही यह पुण्य कार्य होगा और उसे मरणोपरांत यदि उसके परिजन भी इस इच्छा को क्रियान्वित करते तो उनके पुण्यार्जन में भी वृद्धि होगी। बेशक देहदान एक समसामायिक आवश्यकता है।

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"Youth Kaleidoscope"

Dear Friends ! Golalariya Darshan has started "Youth Kaleidoscope" in which you can send your articles, stories, poems etc. you many send them in English as well. Golalariya Darshan is eager to hear from you guys!



THE LAUNDRY MAN

From the diaries of Aayushi Jain

Only rarely do I stop at his side of the road. Big muddy pits opening their mouths into the narrow ditch carrying drainage water, which most of the times is choked by the plastic poly bags and liberally scattered ready-to-eat empty food packets creating a filthy puddle alongside, unavoidably catch my attention as I try to drive faster through the bumpy road, only to get past his area as soon as I can. My personal hatred for him drives me more into this disgusting feeling as and when I pass through his road. He usually never keeps my clothes ready. Its always a 2-3 ride affair. "Aap aadhe ghante se aao, taiyyar milenge", he replies. And God knows, his clock ticks like tortoise! His half an hour ends at my one and a half hour. And to add to it? His ATTITUDE! RUDE! RASH! He looks into my eyes as if he is gonna kill me through his hateful eyes! The slack won't do his work on time and would throw fumes when I would shout at him through the other side of the road asking him to ready my clothes.

"You're not my regular customer madam, that I should give you my priority", he said once, and from that day onwards, I unceasingly try to insult him, the same of which, he does in return.

Today was no different. I had already made an empty round to his corner and returned warning him to get my stuff ready within half an hour. I was in a bit of hurry today (which incidentally I am always in- every time I bump into him...) as papa had to rush for an important meeting and he was waiting for clothes. Papa was getting more and more impatient with every passing minute, so I finally decided to let go of my grudge for once (again) and I left for him.

As usual, he was up with the same lines. I controlled myself. I patiently parked my bike yards away from

his small one room tenement and stood beside it waiting for him to spare me my belongings.

I put on my MP3 player and my eyes started scanning the whole place. Broken road, dirt and dust, all over the place... but I was at once surprised to find the area around his small dwelling a bit clean and mannerly maintained. The small broken tiles which popped up right at the starting of his territory, although ill fitted, were properly swept. I began analyzing his one room kingdom. Though technically speaking, it was two rooms but I won't appreciate this idea. They were separated by an old yellow double-bed sheet held vertically by a hanging rod. The bed sheet was torn and contained numerous holes every here and there. He stood behind an old wooden brown table with a rust color heavy iron in his dark hands. My gaze fixed at his muscles. They beard the witnesses of his toils and hard work. Balloon shaped muscles of his upper arm. He moved his strong hands with such ease at the shirt I kept on staring.

My stare was only broken when the shopkeeper from the next shop called him telling him that he had a phone call. He quickly rushed into his shop and picked up his phone. Perhaps it was from his another customer whom he had not sent their clothes and who was fuming upon him. All he was doing was constantly assuring the one on line of the timely delivery of their belongings and all of a sudden he cut the line! With a pang of anger in his eyes, he walked out of the shop, only to find his small kid playing in the mud. He picked him up in his arms and his anger melted into his love. He kissed his forehead, shook his already dirty clothes off the mud, and lay him into the another room (partition) of his abode (and shop). From inside, a voice came. It was a feminine voice. His wife. She uttered something inconspicuous. Then she came out. She had another child in her arms. The child must be around 6-7 months old.

Watching the whole scene, I began understanding the big picture. The Laundry Man must be around 24 or 25. He had a wife. Two small children. The four people in his family were confined to this small tenement which was their bed room, their kitchen, their bath room and also their workplace. Their world was confined within this small poorly lit (by a yellow bulb) tenement. Still they were doing the best they could. The wife was good looking. Her eye brows properly maintained, her hair neatly tied and her sari mannerly worn. She kept her small accommodation neat and tidy and he respected her. And loved her. When she looked into his eyes, and when he looked into her eyes, I instantly knew they were in love. There was a strong protectiveness in his eyes for her. When she sat outside on the stool, he constantly kept an eye on everyone who passed by or stood there. Protecting his wife from the lustful eyes of the boys toddling around there and at the same time insisting his two year old son to stay within his territory; he was a family person. And looking at his condition, the amount of money he earns and the daily ill-speak he goes through, but still moving on each day, working and earning that little pie of happiness which he shares with his family in that one room tenement made me bow at his perseverance. A strange sense of respect arouse inside me for him. And I must admit, this sense of respect has perhaps always been there but my hatred for him never made way to anything this good. I have always voluntarily suppressed any positive vibes for him. But this time when I saw his eyes as soft and watery instead of dark and hateful, I just could not help but adore him deep inside my heart.

I wished I could do something for him....but perhaps...he'll make it through...

"Madam ho gaya.", he called me. I stood up, switched off my MP3 player and headed to collect my belongings. This time, with a smile