

There was an old Sufi who earned his living by selling all sorts of odds and ends. It seemed as if the man had no judgment because people would frequently pay him in bad coins and he would accept them without a word of protest; or people would claim they had paid him when they hadn't and he accepted their word for it.

When it was time for him to die, he raised his eyes to heaven and said, "Oh, Allah! I have accepted many bad coins from people, but never once did I judge them in my heart. I just assumed that they were not aware of what they did. I am a bad coin too. Please do not judge me."

A Voice was heard that said, "How is it possible to judge someone who has not judged others?"