

One type of Justice is delivered by our courts and its procedure is not only very complicated but is also a prolonged and expensive process. It is difficult to uncover the truth because some truth or facts are hidden under many layers. This process is also very tiring.

The judicial system is the same all over the world. When the victim enters a court with the hope of securing justice, she or he has a lot of energy that diminishes with the passage of time. At every hearing, the victim believes that today the decision will finally be made, but it never happens, then they feel that their lawyer is either not competent enough or is far too slow. They even change lawyers but this doesn't bring them closer to justice.

Then the day finally arrives when the victim is sitting on a bench in the court's corridor and they hear their name being called. With hope and despair, they pick up their files and walk into the courtroom. The day of judgment has come at last, and finally, the oppressor is punished.

Sometimes the criminal is not punished, and the court sets him free. There are many reasons for this.

There is, however, another type of justice which is delivered by a single court and in His court, there are no lawyers and no fabricated or false evidence. In his court, there is no argument and no injustice. This court is called the Court of God.

A few days ago, when I was checking my WhatsApp messages, I received a message from an unknown number. It contained a news report, according to which, a law-enforcement agency had foiled an accused man's attempt to escape during which the man was killed in crossfire.

Then I received another message that, "When God delivers justice, He does not ask the oppressed to provide evidence."

When I tried to contact this number, the cell phone was switched off. I was trying to figure out who could have sent me this message. Its words, when God delivers justice, He does not ask the oppressed to provide evidence kept echoing in my mind.

Around two years ago, when I was working as an associate in a law firm one day a couple came to the office. When I asked, she told me that she had to file a case. Court time was over and most of the lawyers had left, so I took their phone numbers and gave them an appointment for the next day.

The next day they turned up and the woman began to tell me about an incident that happened twenty years ago when she was ten or twelve years old. There was a house near their house which sold milk. One day when she went there to get milk, a 20- to 25-year-old young man who worked there threatened and raped her.

"My mental and physical condition was very bad when I reached at home," she said. "I was crying and as soon as I told my parents everything they started beating me. I had started to feel that everyone was drifting away from me and my body and soul were polluted. Silence had overtaken my family. I was told not to let this issue outside. I was feeling that I am the responsible for this disaster. We shifted to another neighbourhood but hatred inside me was increasing day by day. I had decided that I would never just accept it as destiny and the actual offender must be brought to the justice. The criminal should be punished. All that happened to me shouldn't happen to anyone.

"Some years later I moved to nearby city after getting married. One day when I went to the market, I saw him sitting at the main counter of a shop. When I came back to my home my anxiety was worse than ever. Even my husband couldn't ignore the change. My husband is a well-educated, caring and a positive person. I explained what happened. We decided to go to the police station.

"After hearing the whole story, the police advised us that many years had been passed since this incident so we had to first submit an application. Then someone advised us to go to court only then would we get justice and the police would take action, otherwise it would be useless. There is already a lot of load on police stations, so who would be interested in a twenty-year-old case?"

Many years have been passed but I was still tormented by the question of what my fault was in this tragedy. After hearing her I tried to arrange a meeting with a senior criminal lawyer but it was evening and most of the lawyers had gone. So I took their phone numbers and arranged a meeting for the next day. The next day they had a meeting but perhaps it didn't go well.

There was despondency on their faces. As they left, she said, "When God delivers justice, He does not ask the oppressed to provide evidence." She went on to say: These police stations and courts ask nothing from the autocrat but demand evidence and witnesses from the oppressed. Now I have left it to God and He will grant me justice.

I never saw her again, until she sent me that WhatsApp news of a man who was killed in a police encounter. It was him.

God had given delivered justice without any expensive paperwork, lawyer's fees and long waits. Justice was delivered on the first hearing without any question.