

Index

The Power of Love	The Changing World
The Golden Thread	The Two Roads
An Encouragement	The Red Ruby
Quicksand	Duty
Spiritual Pain	The Void
Light in the Moment of Now	Endings
Ascent of Spirit	The Scientific Mind
The Villager	The Alchemist
The Firmament	The Sea Captain
Heart	The Badger
A Timeless Soul	Alzheimer's

Teaching from Page 18

The Alchemist

With philosophy at his fingertips in a time when specialisation had not yet fragmented man's life, the alchemist sat at his table and bent to his task. Nature had yielded her secrets to him and he worked long into the night.

The room was lit with candles and tapers, creating a gentle glow conducive to reflective thought. The surrounding aroma of herbs cleared his mind. With a sigh he straightened and drew a deep breath then leaning across his workbench he picked up his pestle and mortar.

Into it he dropped small handfuls of herbs and a few drops of wine and oil. Using his pestle he began to gently press. In the other room a fire had already heated the pot in which his healing potion would simmer for several hours.

His gentle demeanour and assured movements made his task appear simple but his choice of herbal combinations was the result of many years of experience and study.

His life was solitary. His focus was unwavering and he healed the sick. In his moments of solitude he would sometimes reflect on his sixty-five year journey, this reflection always drawing him towards the skies.

In these moments he would gaze at the stars, envying their imperviousness to time, knowing they would one day look down on a world where alchemy would become science and the alchemist a pharmacist.