

A SUFI STORY

(contributed by Susanna Soler)

The Sufi's have a story about time and pomegranates.

A young man desired to become a healer in a far away land of days long ago. He knew of a legendary healer who he wished to learn from. He therefore set out on a journey to find the healer and entreat upon him for the secrets to his practice. After a long and trying journey he finally found the healer and without hesitation approached him. The healer observed the boy's sincerity and decided to take him on as a student.

After long training, the two sat together on the porch of the healer's modest home. A stranger approached from the distance. He was bent over and hobbled in an odd and peculiar manner. The healer said to his student, "See that man approaching --- he needs pomegranates." The young man observed as the healer listened to the patient tell an agonizing tale of woeful experiences with his inflection, including the struggle to make the journey to the healer's doorstep. Finally, the healer put his hand on the patient's shoulder and spoke softly, "Yes, I can see you have suffered. I can see you are ready to leave your illness behind. My friend, I am certain that your disease is due to a shortage of a particular substance available in high concentrations in pomegranates. Eat three pomegranates a day for the next week and your health will return."

The patient left. After three weeks he returned, standing erect, with a basket of food, and deeply grateful blessings, for the healer.

Within another week another stranger came down the road to the healer's home. He walked in the same odd and peculiar manner and was also bent over. The student noticed the stranger and excitedly said, "What he needs is pomegranates!" The healer nodded without looking up from his chair. The student pleaded with the healer to allow him to treat the patient. Finally the healer agreed. The student went out to meet the patient. The student blurted, "What you need is pomegranates!" The stranger looked upon the student and said, "I came all this way for this nonsense! Pomegranates - rubbish! Some healer you are!" He turned and went away.

One moral to this story has to do with the expectation factor of the patient. The student did not understand the necessity of timing. The student entirely overlooked the afflicted person's expectation of the great healer and his ability to tell of his suffering and finally find relief. The student had taken only a mechanical learning from the healer. He assumed that pomegranates really held some substance entirely curative in and of itself. Perhaps both the expectations of the student healer and the patient met with disappointment.

The internet source is:

http://www.progressiveawareness.org/articles/Memory_Dependent_wellness.html