

The Ageless Adept

*The goal here's to survive
better yet make that to thrive
And every living thing has what
it needs to stay alive.*

Day One

I woke the next morning at dawn without an alarm clock. But I was no more rested than I was the night before. I was too excited. I hadn't slept at all. At least I didn't think so.

I got up and made my way around the house and the Adept's compound. From the kitchen, I looked out into the quiet and dark of morning. I saw the Adept sitting on a bench with eyes closed. I stepped quietly so as not to disturb him, and went back to my room and to my own thoughts.

By 7:00 am, after my shower and shave, I met the Adept in the kitchen.

On the counter in front of him were a bottle of distilled water, a lemon, and a glass of water. Next to that was a bowl of fruit.

"Good morning, Seeker," he said cheerily. "Time for breakfast."

"Fruit gives me gas," I said. "Can I have some coffee instead?"

"Remember your promise to be coachable," he stated.

“Oh, yeah, right. Fruit it is, then. Is that one of the secrets to agelessness?” I asked.

“One of many,” he said. “Are you ready?”

“I think so,” I said.

“Well, if it’s any consolation,” he said. “It’s impossible for you to be someplace you’re not supposed to be. And you can never encounter any information that you’ve not attracted. You’ve heard it said, I imagine, that when the student is ready, the teacher appears? Just the fact that this knowledge is being presented to you is proof you’ve attracted it, and that you’re ready for it.”

He cut the lemon in half, squeezed it into the glass, and filled it with water.

“Every scientist, mathematician, inventor and philosopher will tell you that every great theory starts with a postulate, an assumption,” he began. “Only after that assumption is made can you then proceed with the proof. So we’re going to start with an assumption. And if you accept this first and basic assumption that I’m about to share with you, then everything else you’ll learn assumes greater significance and along with it, greater potential for changing your life.”

I waited anxiously. He handed me the glass and I drank slowly as he continued. The water hadn’t been chilled. I decided to be coachable and not ask for ice.

“The lemon water is a simple morning cleanser that’ll do wonders to normalize your system,” he said. It usually has a purging effect. So be prepared.

“So, as I was saying: the First Conversation for Agelessness, and the basic underlying assumption of all seven conversations is this: Nature is foolproof.”

Conversation No. 1 "Nature is Foolproof"

"Nature, with its origins in the infinite, and its laws steeped in the divine, is perfect. Nature didn't require little men in lab coats with their lasers and little blue pills to confer perfection on what has ostensibly existed for countless millions of years. Yes, it is an assumption. But it is not an assumption you need to struggle with to believe. You can prove it to yourself with just a little bit of critical analysis. Do you believe in God, Seeker?"

"Absolutely," I replied.

"If you believe in God, then you likely believe in God's perfection and the perfection of God's divine plan, yes?"

"Yes, I do."

"So I ask you: would Nature—God's tool for creation—a tool that can produce an infinite variety of snowflakes, the Grand Canyon, and a million species of plants and animals, need man's help to reach perfection? That would imply a flawed God, wouldn't it?"

"I guess..." I replied.

"Well, don't guess. I need you to pick a position. Do you believe God is perfect or not?"

"Perfect," I replied, with more conviction.

"So, if *you* were God—perfect, wise and omnipotent—would you create a world and a system of survival that required PhDs to master? Or would you make it foolproof, so that even the least of your creations could negotiate it?"

"I guess I'd make it simple."

“Again, don’t guess.”

“Yes, I’d make it simple.”

“And the truth is, Seeker, it *is* simple. God’s not complicated. Complex, vast, infinite, but not complicated. Nature is a simple, closed, self-contained system coded for survival. In other words, everything nature needs for its own survival is built right in. It’s a ‘batteries included’ universe, if you will.

“If you look in Nature, every living thing comes with what it needs to survive. There is no living thing that isn’t inherently equipped with the skills and abilities it needs to maintain its continued existence. Whether through instinct, size, camouflage or speed, no gazelle, lion or giraffe has to go to trade school to learn how to survive. That’s the beauty of the divine plan. And we—you and I—are part of that divine plan.”

“It makes sense,” I said. “In other words, the universe is foolproof. Any fool can do this. That works for me. But, what about my atheist and agnostic friends back home?”

He handed me an apple.

“Good question. Whether you believe in creation, or what’s now called ‘intelligent design,’ or evolution, you can arrive at the same conclusion. So let’s take another approach. According to those who subscribe to it, the theory of evolution maintains that life in our universe has persisted for countless millions of years. For this to be true, then the survival of the universe hinges upon the survival of the least of its members. Do you agree?”

“I’m not sure,” I replied.

“Well, think about it. In your survival is also your family’s survival. Your family’s survival is also your future generations’ survival. Your generation’s survival

is your group's survival. Your group's survival ensures man's survival as a species. Species survival ensures life's survival. Life survives, and the universe survives. Your survival, therefore, because you are a manifestation of the all, is also the survival of the universe.

"Now, think about it. Would a universe with the urge and intention to survive, evolve a survival coding that applied only to some and not to others?"

"No," I replied, as I bit into the apple.

"Exactly. For the coding to work, it must be universal and accessible to every living thing. It must be available to all, even the least among us. From amebas to apes, from paramecia to people, the coding has to work for all alike. Evolution's instruction manual had to be easy enough for even a fool to get it. Survival is the prime directive for all life. And your coding, therefore, is a microcosm of the coding of the universe.

"Now think about it. After millions of years of the execution of such a code, in an evolutionary process that has resulted in the array of life we see on the planet, we witness certain results. Among them is the fact that we have developed a brain with unimaginable potential. Would such evolution have occurred without comparable developments in our bodies as well? The truth is, it hasn't. There are mysteries of the human body that even the staunchest atheist will admit are wondrous."

"I agree," I said.

"One of those mysteries is the body's ability to heal. Our ability to heal, by simple deduction, must also be part of the code, because one cannot survive if one is not able to heal.

He continued: "How did cavemen heal before there were health plans? The answer is: they simply did.

Whether by God's hand or evolution, they've been coded for it. Healing is the basis of survival. Survival is the basis of evolution.

“Even the terms ‘natural selection’ and ‘survival of the fittest’ imply an underlying urge towards an ideal, a perfect, foolproof ideal accessible to all. This is the evolutionary code at work.

“So even from an evolutionist's or even an atheist's perspective, we come to the conclusion that Life, whether through natural selection or intelligent design, is perfectly coded and foolproof in its urge towards survival.

“The world is really a simple place, my friend. Think about this while I go outside to run an errand. I'll be right back. Enjoy your breakfast.”

The Adept walked away.

On the table before me was a bowl of mangoes and bananas cut into squares, sprinkled with what I would later learn was bee pollen. After finishing the bowl of fruit, I took the opportunity to wander around the Adept's compound contemplating the first conversation—that Nature is foolproof.

It was a simple lesson; one that I couldn't dispute. It made perfect sense. I'd never really given it much thought. All my life, I always *said* that I believed in God. But did my beliefs about health contradict that belief? Did I really believe that God got it wrong? How much faith did I really have if I thought that man was really smarter than God? If I thought that man's drugs and medicines were helping to fix nature's flaws, it must mean I thought man *was* smarter than God. On some level, it seemed, I held to my religious beliefs only when it came to matters of morality and ethics, but deferred to

medical beliefs and their “superiority” when it came to matters of health. My atheist friends will love this when I share it with them, I thought to myself.

The Adept returned with a bag of vegetables, grains and herbs. “This is for later,” he said. “Want to really see Nature’s perfection?” he asked.

“Sure,” I replied.

“Then let’s take a trip.”

We spent the next several hours hiking through the desert admiring the land, the sky, the river, and the array of life. At one point, we stopped atop a mountain, and the Adept turned to me and shared some of his childhood.

“When I was a child,” he began, “I had the fortunate experience to spend some time living with my grandparents on a farm. It wasn’t exactly a farm in the sense that many people think of farms, with tractors and huge acreages of land. It was essentially simple living in a rural community. We called it ‘the country.’ We had chickens. Pretty much everyone had chickens. We had cats and dogs. We had fruit trees. My grandfather had a plot of land he used to grow beans and yams, and he raised pigs that he would sell to butchers. We had a cow we used for milk. We had all types of fruit trees growing on our land. I spent many summers enjoying life there.

“Sometimes I think that experience gives me an unfair advantage when it comes to my appreciation of Nature. It taught me many things. As a seven-year old child, when you have to wait twenty-one days for a hen’s eggs to hatch; when you plant a sapling and then watch over it for years until it towers over you; when you wait for a specific fruit hanging on a tree to ripen and fall, you develop patience that is in alignment with nature’s pace, and you develop a respect for the power of life and

growth that exists within the soil. When you spend hours watching ants preparing for rain; watching mother hens scratch for worms to feed their chicks, you develop an innate sense of the continuity of survival instincts that has nothing to do with man's meddling.

"Unfortunately, if you're raised around metal, concrete, plastics and steels to the exclusion of things natural, then 'nature's perfection' becomes an abstract concept just like 'rush hour' might be inconceivable to someone who's never experienced it firsthand."

When we returned, tired and hungry, the Adept motioned for me to follow him to the kitchen. "Hungry?" he asked.

"Absolutely," I replied.

"Well then, let's eat! Every meal is going to bring a gift of agelessness from another part of the world. Today's meal is an Indian-inspired curried cauliflower, millet and something I call my "Power Salad."

He placed a pot of water to boil on the stove.

I asked questions as I watched him make the Power Salad. I noted all the ingredients he included: kale, spinach, water cress, alfalfa, garlic, radish, apple cider vinegar, lemon, liquid amino, olive oil, sprinkled with dulse flakes, kelp, spirulina, lecithin and nutritional yeast.

As the water started to boil, he added the millet, lowered the flame and covered the pot.

"Two cups of water to each cup of millet," he said, anticipating my question. Pretty much the same ratio I use for rice and any other grain I cook."

Thirty minutes later, the millet was ready. He poured a few drops of a dark brown liquid over it as he served it.

“What’s this?” I asked. “I’ve never tasted anything like it.”

“Pumpkin seed oil,” he replied. “It’ll change your life! I use it on millet and on salads.”

I must admit, it was quite tasty.

We ate, exchanging small talk. As we finished, I noticed it was getting dark.

“I need you to be fully convinced of the truth of the First Conversation before we proceed,” the Adept said. “So, tonight, as you take these thoughts to bed with you, ask yourself this: Is Nature perfect? And if you arrive at the conclusion that it is, then ask yourself: In a perfect universe, how would a divinely designed body operate? Ponder on this tonight while you sleep. I’ll see you in the morning. By the way, I prepared a little starter kit for you.”

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By my bed were the following items: a bottle of liquid multi-vitamin, a box of sea salt, a bottle of herbal bitters, a bag of cassava meal, a bottle of distilled water, apple cider vinegar, honey, 7 lemons, a tablespoon, a measuring cup and a glass.

There was also a cup of tea. A note next to the tea said simply, “Bitters. Drink. Enjoy.”

It didn’t smell appetizing. But I had promised to be coachable. So, I steeled my nerves and I drank, but I must say I didn’t enjoy. It left a strong bitter taste in my mouth. Then I brushed my teeth to get the taste out of my mouth, and tried to sleep. As I lay there contemplating the Adept’s words from earlier that day, I started to journal:

NOTES:

DAY 1

I feel myself feeling less hopeless. Not as bad as a few days ago, when I was just about ready to throw it all in. Feeling a little better, but sad too. I've felt this way before. Like I want to burst into tears. But why should I feel that way now? Does it have anything to do with what the Adept is teaching me? Are his words dredging up certain emotions within me? What do I have to be sad about? Am I sad about myself? my condition? my future? Is it because I realize I'll never get back those lost years? Must remember to ask him if this is normal.

THE SEVEN CONVERSATIONS

1. Nature is foolproof

THE MEALS

Breakfast: Caribbean mangoes and bananas
sprinkled with bee pollen

Lunch: Greek-inspired hummus and crackers

Main Meal: Indian-inspired curried cauliflower
millet and Power salad (tasty!)