

# The Good Doctor

*A Story*

*Alova*



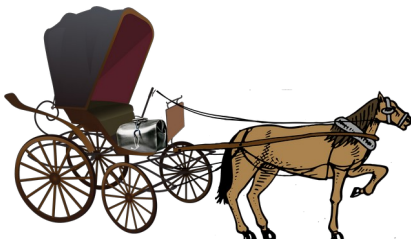
Once upon a time in the hills of western Virginia lived a doctor. He was quite tall, and thin. He cared for the health of everyone around, young and old. People would come to visit him, and he also used to ride his bicycle over the hills to see them. He did everything he knew and everything he could for his patients. He tried with every bit of knowledge and strength he had to relieve their suffering and cure any disease they had.



He took care of his parents until they died, and inherited his father's homestead. He never married, focused as he was on helping all the people around. He spent his evenings studying, learning as much as he could about how to cure diseases, and attending to emergencies. His charges were low, and he saw many people for free. Patients often brought him vegetables from their gardens and food from their kitchens. He lived simply. He never smoked or drank alcohol, or played cards, as he saw that over time, these habits made people very sick, and their families miserable.



He was sensible, kind, and also strong and firm when needed. His patients knew he truly cared for them. Everyone in a household—even servants and animals—somehow felt more peaceful and content after he visited.



He purchased a horse and buggy so he could reach his patients more quickly when they needed him. He would rush to them at any time, even at three o'clock in the morning or on Sundays. He never complained, even in his own mind. He loved people and wanted more than anything to relieve their suffering.

The Good Doctor never stopped helping people. One day, at the age of eighty-eight, he peacefully passed away, leaving his homestead to charity.



Immediately after he died, he saw his whole life in a flash. In that moment, he **saw**, with an inner light of the soul, that when he thought he had cured a patient of a stomach illness, it had just resurfaced as another disease, perhaps a lung problem or a foot problem—because the real illness was not just physical. He **saw** that the underlying cause was spiritual. He realized that he had primarily been patching over symptoms, not really curing anything, not addressing the source.

He realized that **the only real good** he had done his whole life was that **he had loved people**—and his patients **knew** they were loved. His **love had helped** to truly cure them.

His love was the only treasure he carried away from his life. Not his studies, not all his book learning or research, not his carefully honed technique or years of experience, not his magical medicines or perfect poultices. All these were good; they made him an expert technician. But they did not make him a healer. It was his love that touched people's hearts, cleansed their hurt, and facilitated their healing. His treasure was that he had truly loved. His love had inspired many of his patients to love, and to heal.



The Good Doctor realized that the vast majority of his work and effort in life had been wasted. He realized that giving up hardness of heart, or accepting a truth, is sometimes essential in healing, and that a doctor cannot do this on behalf of a patient. Sometimes teaching is necessary. Change is always necessary.

In that instant, the Good Doctor made a decision in his soul. He did not want to ever again waste his energy or effort. He resolved that in the future he would not seek to heal people unless they were willing to deal with the true source of their illness—the spiritual root.

He decided to henceforth use his abilities to help people eliminate the cause of disease. Thereafter, whenever he thought of entering a healing profession, his soul gently reminded him to not focus on relieving symptoms, but to look for the source.

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