



Irma Schutte
Fellow of British Institute
of Homoeopathy

Irma's Stories



Blessings come in many ways

Many years ago, when I first started to advise people on how to improve their health, I realised that most of them wanted to have some guarantee that they could expect a result from their efforts. I came across a proverb which summed up the state of mind most people find themselves in.

To be uncertain is to be uncomfortable. But to be certain is to be ridiculous.

Most people find the uncertainties in life unbearable. They are constantly asking for some assurance to feel a little more secure in the choices they do or do not make. Very often they will want to know that their proposed treatment will be effective, even before they start! To guarantee any outcome is impossible. If often ask of them, "Tell me, can you be sure that you will sleep in your bed tonight?" This question makes you realise that even what you assume to be the obvious might never be. Many years ago, I was privileged to meet a wise man. He told me the following story to help me understand that things are never as they seem to be.

Once there was a man who lived with his son in a remote part of the country. Together they worked the land to make a living. The father was dependant on his son as he was strong. One day, the father heard his son call to him excitedly. He opened the door to find his son standing in the hot sun, holding the reins of a white stallion.

"Look Father! I found this horse wandering in the bush. I managed to catch him and bring him to you. How lucky we are! This horse will help us to plough the land and plant a lot of seed. Father! This is our luckiest day!" The son was very excited and happy.

My son, how we have been blessed to find this stallion. I will be grateful for this day forever more!" the father rejoiced.

A few days later, the son said, "Father, today I am going to ride this stallion!" With that he jumped onto the stallion's back and charged away, stones and dust flying. The father looked at his son. He felt proud of his strength and courage. "We have a good life", he thought as he walked back to the farm dwelling. He lay down on his bed to rest. "Come quick!" He awoke to hear his neighbour's voice calling him. He stumbled onto his feet. As he opened the door the sharp light blinded him for a moment. Then he saw his neighbour and other people carry his son. "My Son! What is wrong?" he cried as he rushed to meet them.


"Father! The stallion. He threw me off his back. Father, my leg. It is broken. What will we do?" The son, his face white with pain, wept as he spoke,

"The stallion!" The father said. "I regret the day I saw him. He has ruined our lives! Nothing worse than this can ever happen". The old man sat holding his son, his face wet with tears of anger and worry.

Slowly the son's leg healed. He lay on a mat on the floor with his leg held in position with two wooden splints. One day, while the son and father ate a simple meal of bread and milk, there was a loud knock on the door. "Open in the name of the King!"

The old man stumbled to his feet to open the door. A soldier in full battle dress stood in the bright sunlight. The old man shielded his eyes to look up to the large man. "What do you want from us?" he asked.

"I have come to commandeer the eldest son of this family to serve in the King's Army." The soldier announced. With that he brushed the old man aside and entered into the cool interior of the house. His eyes became accustomed to the light when he saw the young man lying on the mat on the floor. He saw the strong body. Then he saw the leg in splints. "Get up!" He commanded the young man.



“Sir, my leg is broken. I cannot stand.” the young man replied.

“You are a disgrace to the king! You should be joining us today as we prepare for battle! There is no greater honour than to die for your king!” With that the soldier left the house in disgust.

“My son! I am so happy! Your life has been spared. I am so grateful that your leg is broken. Oh! I bless the stallion for saving your life!” The father sobbed on his son’s chest.

The moral of the story? The assumed good fortune of today can easily become the disaster of tomorrow, only to become the saving grace again. To know that you don’t know, is uncomfortable. To surrender without having to know, is grace.