

Business Frontiers:

Social Responsibility, Sustainable Development and Economic Justice

By Wayne Visser (ICFAI Books, 2005)



~ 30 QUEST FOR GOLD ~

A Parable

The Way

The sky stretched up before his gaze
To a future place in time;
The clouds conspired to form a ladder
He knew that he must climb.
For to escape the mire of his birth,
The curse of being poor,
This tender youth would have to learn
The Way of Tooth and Claw.

In a jungle made of towering stone
And sinew of the mind,
He would have to learn to eat
Or be eaten by his kind.
And there could be no mercy spared
Upon his upward flight;
His head would have to rule his heart
In the battle for money and might.

And passing time, as oft' it does,
Rewarded victory well:
His empire all around did rise;
Wealth cast its siren spell.

He closed his eyes and turned his back
On the place from whence he came;
All that connected with his roots,
He treated with disdain.

At last, the god of Justice stirred
And woke up from his sleep;
He sounded out his warning cry:
"What ye sow, so shall ye reap!"
But the goddess Grace, she intervened
And made a gentle plea:
"Give him one more chance, I pray,
His harmful ways to see."

So one more chance was granted
Under the veil of night,
For a dream to act upon the tycoon's
Stage of inner sight.
And if its tale could change his heart
Into a heart that cared,
Justice would rethink his fate
And his life be spared.

The Dream

A swirling mist, a rising moon,
A simple house of stone
Set upon a mountain ledge,
Naked and alone.
An inner pulse, a flickering,
A strange and mystic light
Emanating from within
To tease the dark of night.

Within, all is abustle
Amidst the flasks and phials,
Molten metals, greenish gas,
Gauges, clocks and dials;
Men in flowing robes of white,
Beards and dancing eyes,
Expressions of inspired delight,
Auras pure and wise.

All at once, they cease their work,
Not a word was spoken;
And turning to their wide-eyed guest,
Their arms in greeting open:
“Welcome friend who comes to us
From distant moon-times hence;
We will try to serve you well,
Our gift is your defence.”

“For in your waking life, my friend,
You have been misled;
Power, in its seductive ways
Has rendered your heart dead.
And the mammon which you worship
Has failed to buy you joy;
You have spun yourself a tragic web,
A self-deceiving ploy.”

“And so your dream has brought you to
This time and place of old,
To learn from us our sacred science -
The art of making gold.
And if you heed our lessons well,
The teachings we shall give,
Your prize will be a grand reprieve,
A second chance to live.”

The Teaching

“Seeker behold, the Way of Gold,
Which is from iron wrought;
If gold be the treasure of your quest
Your search will come to nought.
For to enter upon the Gold-maker’s Path,
For your mission to succeed,
Your heart must be rid of a longing for wealth -
The temptations of power and greed.”

“Seeker behold, the Glories of Gold -
Fame, fortune and mirth;
These are the masks beneath which lies
The value of gold, its true worth.
The richness of symbol, the power of myth,

The wealth of allegory;
These are the secrets of wisdom and life,
And gold is the mystical key."

"Seeker, behold, we Makers of Gold
From metals crude and base;
Though chemistry would seem our trade,
In fact, this is not the case.
For as we toil with flask and wick,
Powder, flame and grime,
We change what is base within ourselves
Into qualities divine."

"Seeker, behold, the Lesson of Gold
In work and labour and trade;
Judge your success by the growth of the spirit,
Not by the things you have made.
Let your motto be Caring, your reason be Love,
And Service your ultimate goal;
For your purpose, choose Wholeness - the joining together
Of body, mind and soul."

"Seeker, behold, to be a Master of Gold,
These teachings you must heed;
The secret to wealth in your Earthly domain
Is service of those who are in need.
To be a master, become a servant,
And you shall surely find,
The alchemical secret of transformation
Is love of humankind."

The Waking

The glint of gold within his dream
Merged to shining ray,
As the worldly leader woke to face
The dawn of a strange new day.
Rising up, he felt the weight
Of future years and past.
He knew his time of reckoning
Had come to him at last.

The dream still lingered, real as life,

Etched upon his soul;
Pointing toward divergent paths -
Each portrayed a different goal.
The choice could not be made with ease,
With everything to lose,
To win the game or change the rules?
Which option should he choose?

A flood of childhood memories
Helped him to decide;
The plastic world of skyscrapers
Became his village tribe.
Clean air filled his thirsty lungs,
Green hills melt' his eyes.
The legends of his ancestors
Echoed 'round the fireside.

He remembered sacred stories ...
Of Mother Goddess Earth,
Who, courted by the Tree of Life,
Unleashed Creation's birth.
Others told of man and beast,
Joined by silver thread,
Partners in a tight-rope dance,
Upon the spider's web.

Still other tales were warning words,
Of worlds falling apart,
From war and strife, hate and greed,
The failures of the heart.
But coming back to haunt him now,
Were yarns of slaves and gold.
And he realised the time had come
For a new myth to unfold.

The Changes

The instant that his mind was made,
A shadow disappeared.
Before a blaze of consciousness,
Were all the things he feared.
He realised he'd built his life,
On shifting, shallow shores,

Of buried insecurities,
And not some noble cause.

Now he had to re-conceive
A motive to inspire,
Profit lost its lusty lure,
He found a new desire:
To serve the planet and its kin,
To blur what's yours and mine,
To create value in our lives,
A love-led bottom line.

Next his notion had to change,
Of needing to compete,
He saw the inefficiencies,
Of victory and defeat.
Much more progress could be had,
If partnerships were found;
The win-win world of synergy,
Saw creativity abound.

Money's meaning transmuted too,
No longer stockpiled worth;
But rather energy in flow,
Used to heal or hurt.
In giving he could multiply,
The blessings he'd been fed,
Not charity but seeds to grow,
And so the abundance spread,

The changes reaped a just reward,
With bountiful returns,
But now he measures his success,
By what he loves and learns.
The business elder turns and winks,
His story has been told,
An alchemy of rags to riches,
Take heed - the Way of Gold.