



# President's Message

## DON'T MISS YOUR MARK

Stéphan Möller, President: PSSA

With the blessing of the original author and a healthy dollop of fundamentals pharmacists can associate with, I wish to share the following with you, as it inspired me on many levels:

*A decent, honest pharmacist had finally reached his limit. After 65 years of giving himself through noble, good healthcare service to others, he could no longer ignore his own dire circumstances. He was destitute, forlorn and suffered of cancer.*

*As it was the holidays, he was especially despondent. The conviction he had truthfully applied for six and a half decades finally gave way. Arms reaching skyward, fists shaking toward the heavens, he screamed his grievances to his Maker.*

*In a flash, a lightning bolt ended his existence on the Earth.*

*In an instant, the pharmacist awakened in the presence of God.*

*"You were exceptionally devoted to serve your fellow man," said God to the man.*

*"Then why did you leave me so poor?" asked the pharmacist.*

*"I share your frustration, my son. I sent a soul to Earth, with the idea for a wonderful discovery. A discovery so magnificent, it would've raised billions of Rands to maintain you both in abundance."*

*"But I never met this person," lamented the pharmacist.*

*"Oh, but you have. Only, he became a pharmaceutical rep instead."*

*"And what about my solitude?" grieved the pharmacist.*

*"I sympathise with you my son. I had sent a precious soul in your direction with the gift to make you the happiest couple on Earth."*

*"I never met her!" said the pharmacist.*

*"Oh, but you have," said God. "She chose to concede to an unhappy marriage to the pharmaceutical rep instead."*

*"I understand, but why did I get so sick Lord? Why cancer?"*

*"Well, I sent a hundred souls in your direction with the ability to discover a cure for your disease. They unfortunately all became accountants, front*

*shop assistants or gardeners instead. Not one single soul of them all was inspired enough to follow the gifts I'd placed in them. I share your bitter frustration."*

*"But why the lightning bolt, Lord? Why did you end my life so abruptly, after I had dedicated my entire life to the service of others?"*

*"Because the talent I placed in you my son, was not service, but inspiration. Had you used that talent, the souls I sent, would've been able to use theirs."*

I have long pondered the meaning of my existence, the mettle of my spirit and whether I have missed my mark. There are many correlations between my life and that of the main characters in the fable. In addition, I have not found the answers to the perplexing questions of life yet. However, I can tell you what it is not:

It is not only wealth; I know many rich people that are / were miserably unhappy.

It is not only work; I know many self-disciplined hard-working individuals who, despite their enormous efforts, remain unsatisfied with life.

It is not others; I have seen people doing their damndest to impress or placate other people, only to fail miserably in their endeavours.

I hope though, that the ultimate satisfaction will come from hitting your mark, the mark you have been destined to hit.

I believe that a balance in one's life will sensitise our souls to recognise the clues hidden within our life's journey in discerning our marks. If we know where to start and we know where to end, life becomes more focussed.

Sir Francis of Assisi, a wise man, tells us where it all starts:

*"Start by doing what is necessary; then do what is possible; and suddenly you are doing the impossible!"*

Listen to the rustle in the early morning breeze, make some time to stop, to block out all external stimuli and appreciate the good life has to offer, but most of all, make sure you are part of it!