



The Story of Thyme

By Lu Meissner © 2019

Once upon a thyme, before the beginning of time, there just was. Because there was no time, all could be created or destroyed in a flash. God created the earth and heavens, and they were beautiful, but because there was no time, there was no experience, they just were. Then God created man and woman, but they were just there. They needed a purpose, and for them to have a purpose, they needed to experience, and in order for them to experience, they needed time. So time was born, and man and woman could live a long life. They could experience birth and death, happiness and sadness, peace and fear, understanding and jealousy, joy and misery, pleasure and pain, sickness and health, and they could experience what it means to love and what it means to hate.

Our kind, came into being in the same way. Our purpose is to help bring health and balance to the earth and her inhabitants, including all the plants, animals, insects and humans. There are many of us, although we are not as plentiful as we once were. Over time, as technology evolved, mankind started to forget about us and we started to die off. It's hard being a fairy when no one believes in you.

My name is *Thymus vulgaris*. I am a fairy princess, and part of the *Lamiaceae* family. We are a large family with many different genera. My genus is '*Thymus*' and we come from Southern Europe, although we are now all over the world. I have several brothers and sisters. We work together to keep viruses, bacteria and fungi under control. That is our main purpose, although we have many others.

One day, while my brothers and sisters were out working, I was approached by our grandfather. "*T. vulgaris*" said Gramps. "I am getting old and my time here is coming to an end. It is important for you to understand what is happening in the world so we can

continue to serve the Earth and all her inhabitants forever.”

Grandfather started telling me how humans were forgetting us, and because of this, we were starting to die. “The more humans that forget us, the more of our kind we lose. There will soon come a time, when no human remembers us at all, and when that time comes, we will cease to exist.”

“But Gramps. There has to be something that we can do to prevent this.”

“There is one thing.” Grandfather said. “In order to survive, we must transform ourselves into a different form. Prophecy tells us, that for hundreds of years we will live in the new forms we have taken, but then something magical will happen. A child will be born who will remember us. It is then that we will be able to begin to transform back into ourselves, the way we are now. ”

He went on to explain how all the fairies were transforming themselves, before it's too late, and how my older brother had already transformed himself into a human thymus gland. By choosing this form, my brother could continue on with his purpose by helping to create T-cells, which would be able to fight infection and illness in the human body.

My turn was next. "How would you like to transform yourself, *T. vulgaris*?" asked grandfather.

I rolled the thought over in my mind for a minute before answering. "A plant... I would like to be a plant that is very powerful, so I can carry on with my work. I want to heal infection: bacterial, viral and fungal. I want to be able to help colds and flus, and other respiratory conditions. I want to help with tonsillitis and laryngitis. I want to ease sore muscles, and help with arthritis, tendonitis, sciatica and rheumatism. I want to be able to fight off nasty viral infections, like *Herpes simplex* and *Herpes zoster*. I want to be able to bring good circulation and warmth to the body. I want to be able to fight off

cancer, and help with stress, fatigue and anxiety. Is this too much to ask?”

“No *T. vulgaris*, it is not too much. Your name will also remind mankind about how time itself was created just for him, just, so he can experience. One day he will remember us, and one day he will remember how to stop time in order to instantly heal himself, and just as quickly, create what he would like to experience next.”

And with that grandfather worked his magic and I was transformed into a spicy, powerful, medicinal plant with many healing properties.