A young apprentice approached the master philosopher and asked, "How do I become a philosopher?"
To which master responded, "There is no becoming." The young philosopher looked puzzled. "Are you
not a philosopher?" asked young apprentice. The master smiled and said, "Yes, I am." "Then, it is like
you that I wish to be."

The master's face tensed with disappointment. "But certainly, this is impossible. To be like me is to deny
who you are. And to deny who you are is to deny the most apparent truth you will ever know."

The young apprentice, still puzzled, continued, "But what is philosophy? What is it that you do?" "I," said
the master, "I do nothing at all. I am, as the midwife is, an usher."

"And whom might you usher?" asked the apprentice. "There is no whom, only what. And what I usher is
the grand process." The eyes of the young apprentice widened.

The grand process? And what might that be? Like the invisible force that binds a planet to its star, or
the unperceivable tapestry on which the great galaxies rest, the philosopher is so bound to knowledge.

But as you know, knowledge is boundless. It is without limit. And so, too, must the mind of the
philosopher be. The mind of the philosopher must be as boundless as the subject of its study.

For this reason, and this reason alone, the philosopher is solely charged with the grand process. As a
midwife ushers a child into this world, so too, has the midwife ushered a child from another. The
philosopher is charged with the process of bringing knowledge into existence, but of importance isn't
knowledge itself, but the grand process.

After all, philosophy is nothing more than a description of this process. For the midwife, she is
concerned with the process of birth, not its product. Her mastery in this process ushers a child into
existence. Her attention, then, is always and in the ever focused on the processes. This is the way of
the philosopher.