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The Alchemist in my Life

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The Alchemist in my Life

Abstract

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"A wise former professor of mine recently recommended I read Paulo Coelho's *The Alchemist*. When I came across the above section of the story, I was floored. Coelho's description was exactly what I felt the day I met my future husband. It's a strange feeling that I couldn't quite put my finger on at the time, but in retrospect, Coelho's words are a perfect description of the odd (but wonderful) feeling I had that day in 2000.

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Class of 2003

THE ALCHEMIST IN MY LIFE

“What the boy felt at that moment was that he was in the presence of the only woman in his life, and that, with no need for words, she recognized the same thing. He was more certain of it than of anything in the world.. And when two such people encounter each other, and their eyes meet, the past and the future become unimportant. There is only that moment, and the incredible certainty that everything under the sun has been written by one hand only. It is the hand that evokes love, and creates a twin soul for every person in the world.”

(Paulo Coelho in “The Alchemist”)

A wise former professor of mine recently recommended I read Paulo Coelho’s *The Alchemist*. When I came across the above section of the story, I was floored. Coelho’s description was exactly what I felt the day I met my future husband. It’s a strange feeling that I couldn’t quite put my finger on at the time, but in retrospect, Coelho’s words are a perfect description of the odd (but wonderful) feeling I had that day in 2000.

It’s my freshman year at Fisher. Standing ovations have been given and it’s time to get down to business. As a young communications/journalism major, I couldn’t wait to dive right into college and all it had to offer. That’s what put me in Basil Hall on the afternoon of September 12th, 2000. I was attending an informational meeting regarding joining the school’s radio station club. As soon as I walked into the room I saw the cool, cute, laid back sophomore,

David. Sitting in the front with his legs up on the teacher's desk, I knew he was special. I knew I had to get to know him.

Almost eight years to the day we met, David and I got married at Fisher, the place that brought us together. With Fr. Mike Costanzo performing the ceremony and some of our classmates present, all the wonderful people who had watched us start dating and grow up as a couple were in attendance.

I never expected to meet my future husband the first week of my freshman year. I certainly didn't set out to find a boyfriend right away. I had a number of things on my "to do" list first including: do well in classes, make friends (especially with my roommates), join the drama club and most importantly, get involved and have fun. But when I met David, I immediately knew there was something different about him. Somewhere in a far off section of my brain, I knew we would someday get married and spend the rest of our lives together. At the time, I didn't know Coelho had a name for it, but I knew he was my "twin soul."

Our college lives were always busy but we managed to make time for each other and learn about one another's interests. Around junior year, we might not have known what we wanted to be when we grew up, but we knew we wanted to figure it out together.

We've been together for 10 years now, married for 2. We now have to deal with grown up things like rent, bills and taxes, but we continue to cherish each other and our time together. We always think of Fisher fondly as the place where we both met the most important person in our lives and thank God every day that we listened to what our hearts were saying and didn't pass up the opportunity to get to know one another.