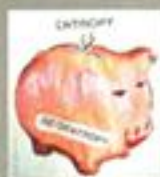


UNDERSTANDING

OMG!

TEILHARD

THE
COMIC BOOK



**PARABLES
CARTOONS
AND MORE!**

**PETR JANDACEK
MARK DAVID ALBERTSON**

UNDERSTANDING TEILHARD

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Albertson

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Pierre Teilhard de Chardin: The Priest Who Thought Like a Superhero Scientist

Once upon a time in 1881, a curious little French boy named Pierre Teilhard de Chardin was born. He didn't want to be a firefighter or a cowboy like other kids—nope, he wanted to know how the entire universe worked. Imagine someone who loved both dinosaurs and God. That was Pierre.

He grew up and became a Jesuit priest—kind of like a monk who loves science and wears a cool robe. But Pierre wasn't just interested in prayers and church services. He also studied rocks, fossils, and bones, and even helped discover early human fossils in China. Think Indiana Jones, but with more Jesus and fewer snakes.

Pierre believed something wild: that the universe was still evolving—getting better and more awesome. And he said that God was at the center of it all, pulling us forward like a cosmic magnet. He called this the Omega Point (sounds like a superhero movie, right?). He thought everything was moving toward more love, more consciousness, and more connection with God.

But here's the twist—his ideas were so out there that his church bosses said, "Whoa there, Pierre, slow down with the space-time Jesus talk." They told him to keep quiet about his theories. But did he stop? Nope. He kept writing in secret. His most famous book, *The Phenomenon of Man*, wasn't even published until after he died.

Teilhard died in 1955, but his ideas inspired scientists, theologians, and people who love big questions. So the next time you look at the stars and wonder how faith and science can dance together, remember Pierre—priest, paleontologist, philosopher, and all-around cosmic thinker.



Glagol and Mark

Mark was seven, the sort of boy who collected shiny pebbles and asked big questions like, "Where does the sky go at night?" Every Saturday, he wandered through the park near his house, his pockets full of acorns and ideas. That's where he met him—the old man with the wild white beard, thick wool overcoat, and a name as strange as a storybook: Glagol Slavsky.

Glagol sat on the same bench each week, surrounded by pigeons and muttering to himself in a deep voice with a thick accent. Most people walked around him. But Mark, curious as ever, plopped down beside him one windy morning. "You're talking to the birds," Mark said. "I was talking to the stars," Glagol corrected, his eyes twinkling. "But they are far, so I try the birds instead."

Mark giggled. "Do the stars answer back?"

"Sometimes," Glagol said with a wink. "When you learn to listen."

From then on, they met every Saturday.

Glagol would pull strange things from his coat pockets: little bones, fossils, clock gears, shiny stones. "Do you know what these all have in common?" he asked once.

"They're old?" guessed Mark.

"They're part of the story. Your story. Mine. Everything's."

And that's when Glagol began talking about Teilhard de Chardin.

"A Frenchman," he explained, "who saw the world as a great becoming. Not just spinning and spinning, but rising, like bread in the oven, yes?"

Mark squinted. "Bread?"

"Ah. Maybe not bread. But the world moves forward. Everything is not just getting old. It is getting better. Deeper. Closer to something..." He paused, eyes lifted. "Something beautiful."

Mark's brow furrowed. "Like heaven?"

"Like a heaven becoming real—right here," Glagol tapped the bench. "Teilhard called it the Omega Point. The final spark. Where everything comes together and becomes love."

Mark sat back. "That sounds... big."

Glagol nodded slowly. "Yes. It is. And small too. It's in how you help a bug off the sidewalk. Or how you ask the sky questions. Teilhard said even our thinking moves the world forward." Mark looked down at the stone in his hand. "So this rock is part of it?"

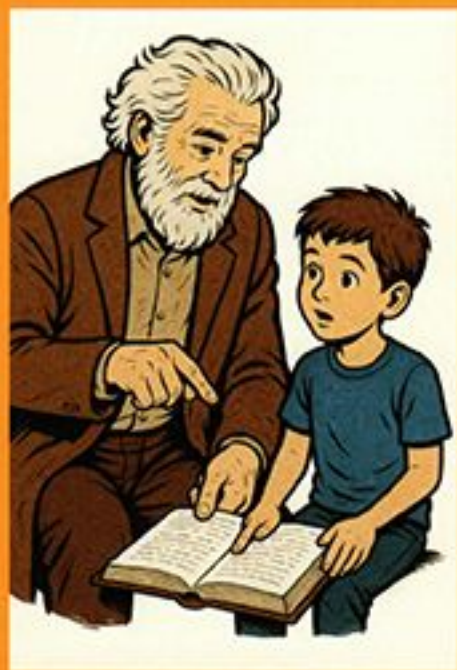
"Oh yes," said Glagol. "This rock remembers the stars. And you, young Mark, are here to help them sing again."

The boy smiled, unsure, but delighted.

Glagol leaned back and closed his eyes. "Now, I will a little think about... how this all fits. Yes. Just a little think."

And Mark sat beside him, silently watching the sky, wondering if it, too, was watching back.

Every Saturday after that, the boy and the old man met—one growing, the other remembering, both moving gently toward the stars.





Glagol sat with Mark each Saturday, Mark asking questions, and Glagol telling Mark parables to help him understand the universe. Each parable brought clarity to what seemed to Mark as a random universe. With each parable, the universe made more sense.

Once upon a time, there was a great garden that stretched farther than the eye could see. It began as a wild, tangled place — vines and thorns competing for sunlight, trees growing in no particular order, and winds that scattered seeds wherever they pleased.

In the middle of this chaos lived a Gardener. He didn't fear the disorder; instead, He whispered to the winds and placed His hands into the soil. Wherever He worked, things began to change. The vines started weaving into patterns. Trees leaned toward each other like old friends. Flowers bloomed in colors that seemed to speak.

But not everything in the garden liked this. There were forces — invisible and cold — that tugged at the order, unraveling it. These were the winds of entropy, always working to scatter, separate, and return everything to dust. Still, the Gardener kept planting. He didn't just grow things — He connected them. Roots from one tree would touch the roots of another. Bees would cross-pollinate far-off blossoms. Slowly, life started working with life. Systems began forming: forests, rivers, communities of creatures. Each bit of harmony was like a spark — a flicker of what the Gardener called the Great Fire. This fire was not like the fire that consumes, but the fire that organizes — negentropy, the opposite of decay. With every connection, the garden grew brighter. The more it connected, the more it knew itself. And the more it knew itself, the more it became conscious. It wasn't just a garden anymore — it was becoming a mind, a heart, a soul.

The Gardener said, "This is how the universe grows — not by avoiding chaos, but by loving it into order. Not by erasing entropy, but by lighting sparks that push back the dark."

And so the garden bloomed toward the Light, not away from the disorder, but through it — a holy fire spreading from root to star.

Moral: Though entropy scatters, Love gathers. In every act of connection, the universe becomes more whole — more alive — more like the One it came from.





“I think I’m beginning to understand,” Mark said to Glagol. But what will ultimately happen to the universe?”

“I will a little think,” Glagol replied.

The Onion

In a quiet garden, an onion grew—not just any onion, but one that knew it had layers.

"I am many," it whispered, "but I long to be one."

A worm named Quark slithered by and asked, "Why all the layers?"

"They're steps," said the onion. "Each one brings me closer to the Center."

"The center of what?"

"Of everything. The Divine Core. The Omega Point."

"But you're just an onion!"

The onion chuckled. "And yet inside me, particles dance like galaxies. I am a journey—from the quantum to the cosmic, from chaos to communion."

One by one, its layers peeled away—not in decay, but in becoming. At its core: light, warmth, unity.

And in that garden, everything pulsed with love—carrot, tomato, worm, and all.

Even Quark felt it.

Glagol looked at little Mark and said,

"We are not just matter—we are movement toward meaning. Each layer of our lives draws us closer to the Divine Center, where all things become one."



Can you unscramble the word Q U A N T U M in the picture above? since quantum does not behave like the world we know!

The Parable of the Guano and the Feast

There once was an island where nothing grew. Its cliffs were coated in thick, foul layers of bat guano—white, black, greenish piles of rot and stench. The villagers despised it. They covered their noses when the wind blew from the caves. They called it “the filth of death.”

Yet one day, an old gardener came. He carried no tools, only seeds and a small flask of wine. He knelt in the guano-soaked soil and whispered, “Even this decay is not beyond redemption.”

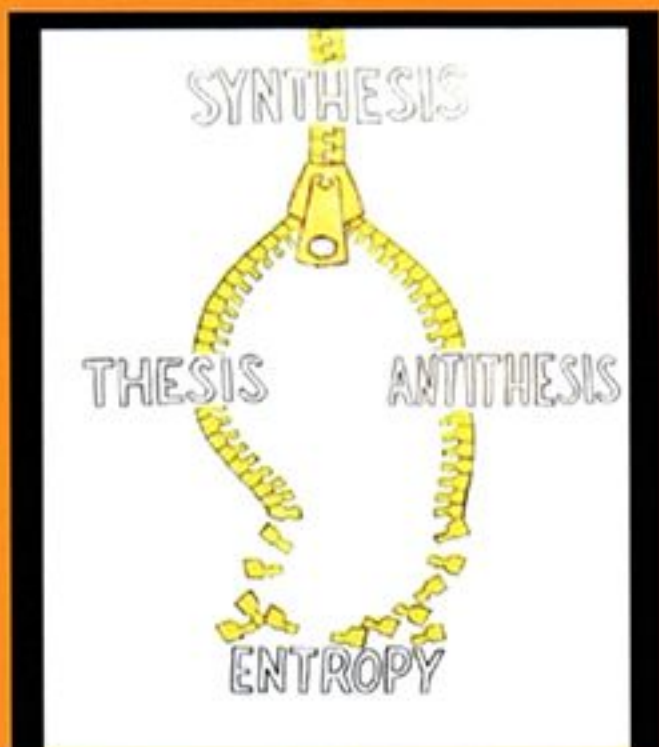
The villagers laughed. “You cannot make a garden from that!” But he did not answer them. He planted grain and grapevines, watering them with patience, pruning with hope. The sun rose, the rains came, and seasons passed. Slowly, impossibly, green shoots emerged from the decay.

By the second year, golden stalks of wheat waved in the breeze, and vines dripped with ripe, purple grapes. The island, once cursed, began to sing with life. The old gardener invited the villagers to a feast. They gathered beneath the vines and sat on woven mats among the wheat. He broke bread made from the island’s grain and poured wine pressed from the grapes. “This,” he said, “is what comes when death is given over to love, and waste is redeemed by patience.”

Some wept, tasting the bread. Others drank deeply and remembered their ancestors, once slaves, who ate only scraps in a foreign land. Now they feasted in freedom. And though the guano still clung to the cliffs, no one despised it anymore. For what was once disgusting had become the soil of deliverance.

Entropy may seem like the end—but in the hands of grace, it becomes the beginning of negentropy, of renewal, of resurrection. Even filth can become a Eucharist.





There once was a well-worn coat, beloved by its owner, a curious traveler named Eloise. The coat had crossed mountains, wandered deserts, and brushed shoulders with strangers in distant cities. It was her constant companion, and though it had faded and frayed, Eloise swore by it.

But one winter morning, as she zipped it up against a biting wind, the zipper snagged. She tugged. It resisted. She pulled harder. RIP! The teeth tore apart, leaving the coat flapping open like a book mid-sentence.

Frustrated, Eloise muttered, "Everything falls apart eventually." She stuffed the coat into a bag and moved on, buying a sleek new jacket—shiny, insulated, efficient. It kept her warm, yes, but lacked the soul of the old one.

One night, by the firelight of a hostel in the Alps, she pulled out the broken coat.

"You've been through entropy," she said softly. "Unzipped by time."

A quiet old tailor named Jean overheard her. "Things fall apart," he said, "but not to end. Sometimes, to be re-stitched better."

Jean offered to fix the coat—not by replacing the zipper, but by weaving its broken teeth together with golden thread. It took hours, days. When finished, the zipper still opened and closed, but now it gleamed with something new. Not perfect. Not original. But transformed.

Eloise tried it on. It fit like memory and future sewn into one.

Jean smiled. "In every break, there is antithesis. In every repair, a synthesis. A zipper is a model of Thesis. Entropy isn't the end—it's the invitation to become more."

The Parable of the Great Loom

There once was a village nestled at the foot of a great mountain. The people were kind, but each lived alone in their own hut, weaving their own small pieces of cloth. Some wove with cotton, some with wool, others with silk. Each piece was beautiful in its own way, but none knew what the others were weaving or why it mattered.

One day, a traveler arrived, an old woman with eyes like stars and a walking stick that pulsed with light. She called the villagers together and said, "You each hold a thread, but none have seen the pattern."

The villagers looked at her with confusion.

She smiled, "Follow me," she said, "and bring your cloth."

Up the mountain she led them, until they came to a vast field with a giant loom—so large it stretched from horizon to horizon. The old woman motioned for each person to place their cloth upon the loom. At first, it seemed a mess—colors clashed, patterns overlapped—but as more pieces were added, a breathtaking design began to emerge. Birds, rivers, galaxies—woven into a tapestry of stunning complexity and harmony.

One young girl asked, "Who designed this?"

"You did," the old woman said. "Together. Every thought, every word, every kindness, every shared idea wove its thread. This is the Noosphere—the mind of humanity, thinking and dreaming as one."

And with that, she vanished like mist at dawn.

From that day forward, the villagers no longer wove alone. They built paths between their homes, shared their thoughts, and listened deeply. For they knew now—they were part of something greater, something evolving, thread by thread, toward the divine pattern hidden in the heart of the loom.



Weaving looms in the Stone Age were the first computers using OVER & UNDER as Ones and zeros to store information... outside of brains!





The Heart That Kept Beating

A Story Inspired by Teilhard de Chardin's Vision of Entropy and Negentropy

In the stillness of a sterile hospital room, a young woman named Amara lay quietly, her life slipping away like the last ember of a fire. She had always been full of life—dancing barefoot at music festivals, studying marine biology to help heal dying coral reefs, writing poetry no one ever read. But now, her heart, so vibrant and full of rhythm, had given out.

Across town, a man named David sat tethered to a machine. Every breath was a whisper of exhaustion. His heart was failing—genetics, bad luck, a storm of entropy within his own chest. The doctors said he had days, maybe hours.

But the universe was not merely a story of decay. Pierre Teilhard de Chardin had once said that evolution is not just physical but spiritual—a great unfolding toward unity and complexity. He believed in negentropy, a force that gathers, integrates, and brings life out of the brokenness. Not the unraveling of threads, but the weaving of them anew.

Amara's family made the impossible choice. Her heart, still strong, could live on. The surgery took hours. Precision met mystery. Science met soul. When David awoke, his chest throbbed with pain—but also with the steady, unfamiliar rhythm of life. He didn't know Amara's name yet, but he would come to honor her with every hike up a mountain, every silly dance in his kitchen, every moment of joy he thought he'd lost.

He wasn't just surviving. He was becoming.

Teilhard had spoken of Christ at the heart of the cosmos, drawing all things together. He called it the Omega Point—the destiny of the universe to unite in divine love. David didn't have the language for that, but he felt it every time his new heart beat.

Life had been torn. Then given. Then redeemed.

Entropy broke the body.

Negentropy wove a miracle.

And the heart kept beating.

The Mystery of the Piggy Bank

Once upon a time in a quiet little village, a boy named Eli received a shiny new piggy bank from his grandmother. It was ceramic, pink, and had a tiny smile painted on its snout. She whispered as she gave it to him, "This isn't just for coins—it's for growing something bigger."

At first, Eli didn't understand. He tossed in pennies and nickels from time to time, mostly when he was bored. But as the weeks went by, he became more intentional. He began saving with purpose—birthday money, rewards for helping his neighbors, even skipping candy to save a dollar here and there.

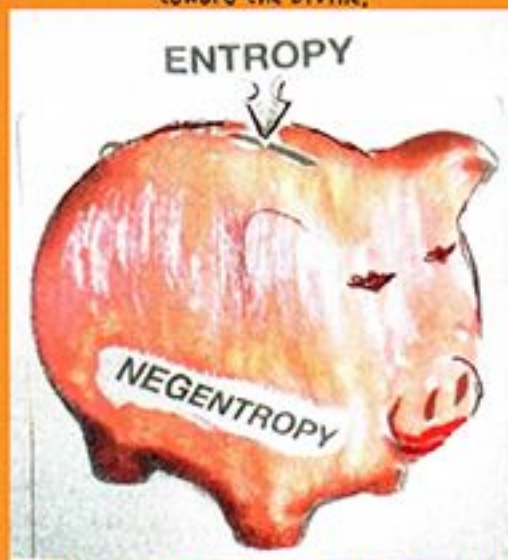
As the piggy bank grew heavier, Eli noticed something strange: he started to feel lighter. Not in weight, but in worry. He had a sense of direction. A goal. He wasn't just gathering coins; he was building something—possibility, potential, purpose.

One day, the village school needed books, and Eli cracked open the piggy bank. The coins clinked out like a symphony of tiny hopes. He donated every cent. The books arrived. The school lit up with new learning, and Eli smiled—not because he had saved money, but because he had reversed the slow decay of disinterest and scarcity in his village. His simple act of saving had brought life, order, and joy.

And so, the broken piggy bank became a symbol—not of loss, but of something greater: the creative energy of love and intention defeating the slow crumble of chaos.

The Moral:

Like Eli's piggy bank, every act of conscious effort, love, or intention defies the natural drift toward disorder. Pierre Teilhard de Chardin called this negentropy—when energy organizes, grows, and ascends toward higher purpose. Even a coin, when given with love, can become a step toward the Divine.



Negentropy: a term coined by Schrodinger -- the guy with the dead and alive cat at the same time



"Some think they were created by God to test humanity's faith in the Holy Scriptures."



"Others think they were created by Satan to lead people away from God"



"There is also a belief that they were random products of evolution without God"



"Fossils are a record of life gravitating towards ever higher forms, culminating in union with the 'Omega Point'. Life has a 'telos', a purpose, to become more advanced as it moves towards union with the Creator of all life."

The Sea Sponges

Once upon a tide, in the depths of a warm and ancient sea, there lived a colony of sea sponges. Some were red, some yellow and some blue. They were simple creatures—porous, passive, and content to let the currents bring whatever came. They clung to the rocks like sleepy monks, whispering only when the water stirred. One day, a strange diver descended from above—odd and shimmering, with eyes that sparkled like stars trapped in goggles. He studied the sponges with fascination, then—without warning—began to take them apart.

Snip. Slice. Separate.

The colony gasped (as much as sponges can gasp). Limbs were torn. Shapes distorted. Their stillness shattered.

"Barbaric!" cried the coral nearby.

"Unnatural!" whispered the seahorses.

"Entropy!" moaned the octopus, who read far too much philosophy.

But the diver wasn't destroying the sponges. He was disassembling them with purpose. Back on his ship, under sterile lights and curious minds, he examined the inner design of their bodies: their filters, fibers, and microscopic harmony.

Piece by piece, he decoded their pattern. He saw order where others had only seen blobs. He studied the architecture of flow, the secret logic of simplicity, the biological poetry hiding within their jelly-like frames.

Then, in time, he returned to the sea—not to break, but to build. Using what he learned, he began creating filters for cleaning ocean water, healing coral reefs, even designing fabrics that could breathe like the sponges once did. When they were separated from their loved ones—by a Diaspora they wanted to get back together! The reef that once wept began to thrive. The sea grew clearer. Life returned in color and song.

And from the brutal scattering of sponge-flesh came not chaos, but a new kind of order.

Moral:

In the hands of intention, even disassembly can lead to higher unity. What looks like destruction may be the first step toward deeper coherence. This is the path of negentropy—not decay, but convergence toward meaning. The sponge, once still and simple, now echoes through the evolution of the sea.





LIFE is **negentropic** because it takes things which have less order, like dead food (nutrients) and turns it into things with more order... an organism which can grow in size, complexity and numbers.

PARABLE of Life Emerging



Long before humans, selfies, or snack bars—about 56 million years ago—a tiny primate called Teilhardina was swinging through ancient forests like it owned the place. It was small (think pocket-sized), had big eyes (hello, night owl!), and it traveled far, showing up in fossils from Asia to North America.

So why the fancy name? It's named after Pierre Teilhard de Chardin—a French priest, paleontologist, and cosmic dreamer who believed evolution was a spiritual journey toward divine unity. Basically, he saw fossils and thought, “This is deep.”

Scientists figured naming a tiny, globe-trotting primate after him was fitting. After all, Teilhard loved connecting science and spirit—and Teilhardina connects continents and clues to our evolutionary story.

So here's to the little primate with a philosopher's name. Small body, big legacy.



You should read
"The Phenomenon
of Man"

Once upon a time in the heart of the great green forest, there lived a little bonobo named Nia. She was smaller than the others, curious beyond measure, and always asking questions. While the rest of her troop swung through trees, munched on fruit, and played games, Nia would sit by the river, staring at her reflection and wondering:

"Why am I here? Where did we come from? Where are we going?"

Her questions made the others laugh.

"Don't worry your fuzzy head!" said an older bonobo. "Eat, play, sleep. That's all there is."

But Nia felt something deeper tugging at her heart, like a drumbeat in her chest calling her to something more. One day, while wandering far beyond the usual paths, she stumbled upon an old wise elephant named Tau.

Tau had traveled across the earth and seen many things. Nia poured out her questions, and the elephant listened with kind eyes.

"You feel it, don't you?" Tau said, "The Pull."

"The Pull?" Nia asked.

"Yes," said Tau. "Teilhard called it the Pull toward the Omega. It's the deep desire inside all creation to grow, connect, and become more. Not just physically, but in love and in spirit."

"But I'm just a little bonobo!" she said. "What can I become?"

"More than you know," Tau replied. "You are part of the great unfolding. Evolution is not just bodies changing—it is minds awakening, hearts expanding, and all things moving toward unity, like rivers flowing toward the sea."

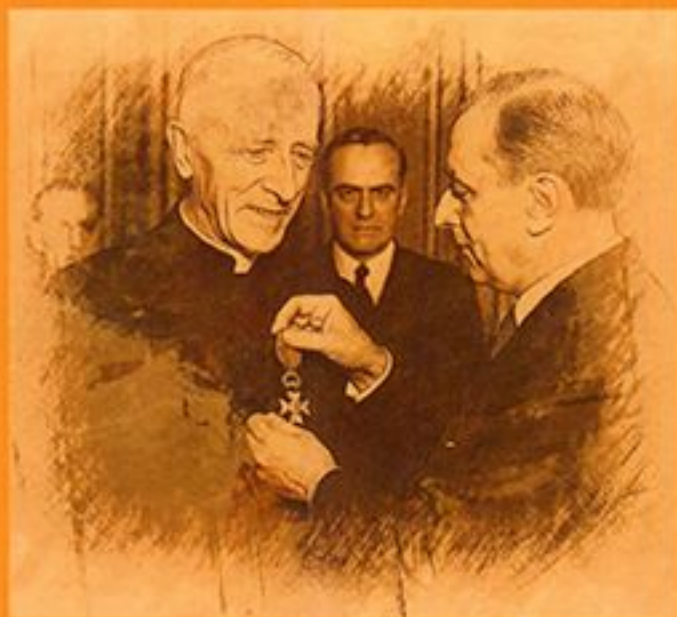
Nia's eyes widened.

"So," Tau continued, "Every time you choose curiosity over fear, kindness over anger, wonder over boredom—you evolve. And when we all do that, together, we draw closer to what Teilhard called the Omega Point, where everything becomes fully alive in love."

From that day on, Nia still played and laughed and swung through trees. But now she did so with a spark in her eyes and a quiet joy in her soul. She wasn't just living—she was becoming.

And every creature she met felt a little lighter, a little braver, a little more connected—thanks to the little bonobo who believed we are all on a sacred journey, evolving not just to survive, but to love.

In every question, every act of compassion, and every spark of wonder, we take one step closer to the Divine. Evolution isn't finished—it's unfolding within us all.



Teilhard's Quiet Triumph

On June 25, 1947, Pierre Teilhard de Chardin stood in a Paris hall, slightly uncomfortable in his formal attire. The French Ministry of Foreign Affairs was honoring him—this Jesuit priest and fossil hunter—for “outstanding services to the intellectual and scientific influence of France,” promoting him to Officier in the Legion of Honor.

Teilhard smiled politely. He'd spent more time in deserts than ceremonies, chasing the deep past and dreaming of the Omega Point—the divine future of all creation. He wasn't seeking medals. But recognition from his homeland, especially after years of Vatican resistance, meant something.

Then in 1950, France honored him again: election to the French Academy of Sciences. The world, it seemed, was starting to catch up.

Teilhard jotted a quiet note: “Even the stone of resistance begins to turn.”

The Shards That Sang

In the sun-drenched hills of northern New Mexico, the artists of San Ildefonso Pueblo walked ancient trails, gathering broken pottery from the ruins of their ancestors. To others, they were shards. To the artists, they were stories.

They knew what scientists call entropy—the world breaking down, the past crumbling into dust. But they also knew something deeper: negentropy—the power to restore, to reorder, to create beauty from ruin.

In their hands, the fragments became new art. Some were ground into pigments. Others were pieced into bold designs, honoring the old while becoming something wholly new. Cracks were filled with gold or turquoise. Spirals danced into chaos, then back into form.

One artist said,

“We don’t fix the past. We let it speak again.”

Every pot told a tale—not just of what was lost, but of what could be redeemed. They didn’t fight entropy. They answered it with art.

And so, among the ruins, they made beauty.

From brokenness, they made meaning.

In every shard, they sang the universe whole.



The Lost Little Puppy

Once, in a quiet little village nestled between rolling hills and golden fields, a puppy wandered away from his home.

He had chased a butterfly too far beyond the garden gate, and soon, the sights and smells were all unfamiliar. He barked. He sniffed. But no one came.

The villagers saw him—muddy, shivering, a little frightened—but no one knew where he belonged. Still, they fed him scraps, let him nap in warm corners, and gave him names like “Dusty” or “Paws.” But none of these names were truly his. Something in him yearned—not just for food or warmth, but for home.

Then, one morning, an old man came into the village, calling softly: “Leo... Leo...” The puppy’s ears perked up. His tail twitched. That name stirred something ancient in him, something that had always been. He ran, barking with joy, toward the voice. The man knelt, arms open wide. “Ah, there you are. You’ve been on a long journey, haven’t you?” he whispered, cradling the puppy in his arms.

But Leo didn’t care about the miles, the fear, or even the names he had worn. In that embrace, all time folded in. He knew who he was, and he was finally home.

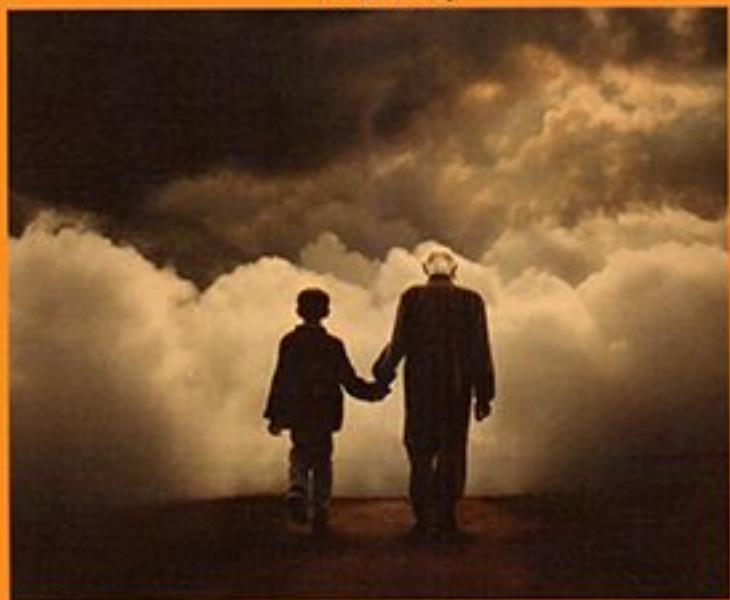
And so it is, Teilhard would say, with eternal life.

We are not just wandering bodies, but souls drawn ever forward by a divine pull, a memory of our true name and home in the heart of God.

Eternal life is not just something that happens after. It is the current running through all things—our hunger for belonging, our quiet ache for union. It is the whisper that calls us back to the Source, the Voice that never stops calling: “There you are. I’ve been waiting.”

And when we answer, we do not vanish.

We become.



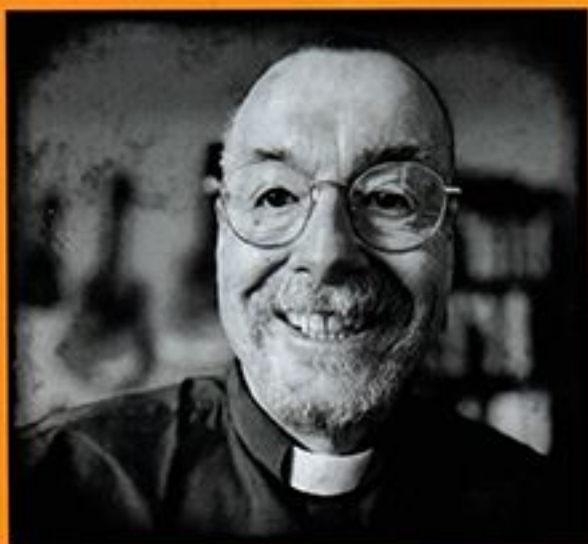


Petr Jandacek was born in Prague when the Czechs were in the Protectorate of the Third Reich known as Bohemia and Moravia. As a child he lived under the hegemony of Hitler and Stalin. In 1948 he escaped from communist Czechoslovakia with his family and lived in refugee camps in the American zone of Germany for 2 & 1/2 years. The family emigrated to near Chicago Illinois.

Petr hung out with teenage boys who studied for priesthood at Quigley Jr Seminary. On Easter Sunday 1955 Pierre TEILHARD de CHARDIN died and everybody who had correspondence from TEILHARD started to publish it. (TEILHARD promised the Roman Curia that his writings were not to be published before he died!) The Quigley seminarians talked about TEILHARD and converted the 14 year old Petr to the science and faith of the World Class Scientists and Priest.

Petr married Louise Evanich in 1966 and taught in Illinois, Jamaica (as Peace Corps Volunteer) and finally in Los Alamos NM in 1972.

In Los Alamos Petr had a student on his Graphic Arts classes named Mark Albertson. Mark was actually more knowledgeable about Graphic Arts than his teacher "Mr J"... because it was a technical position with offset presses ... and Jandacek's acumen was in the "ART" part of graphics like etchings, lithographs, woodcut prints etc. Mark and Petr became friends with inordinate AGAPE' Bonds and they often discussed Pierre TEILHARD de CHARDIN. In 2023 Mark and Petr rediscovered each other as OLD FRIENDS and decided to write this comic book.



Rev. Dr. Mark David Albertson was born and raised in Los Alamos, New Mexico, known to many as "The Atomic City." He walked into graphic arts class in 10th grade expecting an easy "A" when he met Petr Jandacek, the so-called graphic arts teacher. In addition to learning many things about photography, letterpresses, design and printing, he discovered that his teacher was teaching much more than graphic arts. Mark learned about life, philosophy, anthropology, transactional analysis, how computers function (long before PC's "It's the X's and O's!") and about the world of a man who had escaped from Czechoslovakia with very few possessions, and who knew more about philosophy and anthropology than anyone he had ever met, in addition to having a standing challenge to anyone in the school that he could do more one-handed push ups than anyone (and he was right). Mark's teacher, "Mr. J." was passionate about a philosopher named Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, which ignited Mark's interest in one of the most unique human beings to walk on earth. Mark and Petr are close friends over 50 years after being student and teacher, which they still are today.

Mark went on to become a sailor, a pastor, a director of a Christian ministry, a lawyer and is now a writer, having published four novels. Mark lives in Henderson, Nevada with his Astore, the love of his life.
You can learn more about him on his website at www.mdalbertson.com

UNDERSTANDING TEILHARD

Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, the Jesuit Priest, philosopher and Paleontologist, who thought great thoughts, once said, "The day will come when, after harnessing space, the winds, the tides, gravitation, we shall harness for God the energies of love."

Here is a comic book filled with the art of Petr Jandacek, with parables by Mark David Albertson, to give you insights, heighten your curiosity, and perhaps give you cause to little think.

"Above all, trust in the slow work of God. We are quite naturally impatient in everything to reach the end without delay. We should like to skip the intermediate stages. We are impatient of being on the way to something unknown, something new. And yet it is the law of all progress that it is made by passing through some stages of instability—
and that it may take a very long time.

And so I think it is with you; your ideas mature gradually—let them grow, let them shape themselves, without undue haste. Don't try to force them on, as though you could be today what time (that is to say, grace and circumstances acting on your own good will) will make of you tomorrow.

Only God could say what this new spirit gradually forming within you will be. Give Our Lord the benefit of believing that his hand is leading you, and accept the anxiety of feeling yourself in suspense and incomplete."
— Pierre Teilhard de Chardin

