



# *The Sound of Rain*

*Supporting the work of Emily Carson*

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## **The Mind Intensive, February 21, 2009**

Transcribed from a sitting with Emily Carson

Sad is the mind unrestrained, and wholly without joy. And sad, too, the life of one who leaves free all the mentations and calculations of a mind undisciplined and uncontrolled. The essence of happiness on the mental plane is emptiness; the only true flavor of joy in the mind is lack. To have a full mind is misery, to have an empty one is joy, and that is the whole truth behind thought. There is no fantasy that increases real happiness, no idea which can give birth to joy. There is no concept which, when held to, creates inside a person anything but tension and fear. There is no such thing as a liberating belief, an inspiring idea, or a joyful thought. The mechanism that produces thinking does so out of anxiety and ignorance, and so what is born of such a parent has those same characteristics. To love is to bypass the mind; to feel is to be elsewhere than in its sway; to be alive is to be oriented in a fundamentally different direction. None of these characterize thinking. None of them reside in the mind. And is it, then, your enemy, some demon sent to distract you from everything that could make you happy? Not at all. It is nothing but your own ignorance manifest in anxiety and doubt, nothing but residue of all those lessons mislearned which have yet to be unlearned. The thinking mind is not the organ of understanding. It cannot teach you anything new; it is capable only of regurgitating misinformation. Understanding is a function of receptivity. Thinking, on the other hand, is an *act*, a willful doing, the attempt of the organism to stay safe when safety is not either present or needed, and to deceive the person into compliance with a paradigm which is neither real nor helpful. The thinking mind is the tool we use to destroy ourselves. We have so many tools for our growth, but this one has become only a weapon, a means of punishment and the root of our despair. And what, then, might a sane person do when he discovers that he is holding a weapon like this one? Is it enough just to set it down, to ignore it, or even try to throw it out? If you do this, it will only return to you. You are its magnet and it cannot leave you. You must dismantle it. It must be taken apart, piece by piece, emptied

of all of its substance, every part examined and removed. Only when there is nothing left to pull itself back towards you will you find that emptiness that is the nature of this space your thinking mind has filled, only when it is pulled apart so completely that the pieces cannot find a way to fit together anymore. Then you will be happy. You will be able to say that your mind is joyful now, and no longer sad. Discover the pieces of your thinking which, today, hold the most sway over you; begin with those. And let's begin, for the sake of your happiness, to dismantle all that ignorance.