



The Sound of Rain

Supporting the work of Emily Carson

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Transcribed from a sitting with Emily Carson

In the clearness of the mind's light, seeing becomes possible. In the empty space of not knowing, knowledge is born, unfettered by illusion or agenda. In that space, clean and cool as newborn day, without thought to sully it and where no man can touch, you must find your home. The mind is a place—a place vast, boundary-less, a place calm, content. The mind is a space of waiting, not in anticipation but waiting for the sake of alertness and rest. The mind is like a blanket of wind that settles over all your particulars and erases them with its breath. The mind is a newfound friend, someone whose wisdom overpowers you though he has said nothing. There is no obstacle in the mind, no struggle, no challenge, no conflict. There is no practice there, no method, and no path. There is empty space, full space, rich and glad in its vastness. The mind is not a tool, it is not a thought, it is not thinking. The mind is the root of zero. It is the first, but before that. It is the ground. There should be always a return to that spaciousness, that loveliness, that home. There is no confusion there and no drama, no bewilderment, no questions, and no fear. The mind is a place of rest. It is already resting. You could be, too.