

## Meditation and Thinkingness

How could one ever know an experience without being the experiencer? The mind projects but does not know. It thinks it does. Our thinkingness convinces us of all kinds of things. And we fall for it.

Many of the things we think are not really so. But our mind will not allow us to consider greater truths. For almost everyone, their mind reigns supreme. It decides how we shall respond. It declares the meaning and significance of everything we believe shall affect us. It embraces and infuses our emotional responses with instant justification. Our mind demands that we be right. At least this is so with anything we deem to be of importance to us specifically.

Never quite asleep I moved in and out of wakefulness. In deep meditation her presence; so close, so pure, so available. Naked. Open. Vulnerable. My mind would not allow me to escape the knowledge that here she lay; right next to me. It seems that all experience is within consciousness. How is it that my mind could never have known the beauty and majesty that was to embrace me when I would finally let go and silence the thinkingness.

My mind, that thing that claims to be the-end-all be-all of the person I know as me, simply could not conjure, or even begin to perceive, the deeper truth. It is always self-justifying; spinning tales of its own impervious accuracy. So then, how did this incredible experience evolve? Inasmuch as mind reigns supreme. Or at least it thinks it does. And, for most of us, most of the time, it is oh-so true. My ego-mind resists it even now. It resists because this most recent experience did not derive from it. And ego-mind is so determined to convince the all of me that it is all there really is. Ego is not me, only if I allow it to be so. It is a guardian of sorts, always looking to protect, whether the danger is real or not.

Thankfully, my spirit declares there is something greater than my ego-mind. When I dare to stop generating stories for myself and get off the treadmill of continuous thought production AND then dare to seek that elusive quiet space within, ever so gently comes new understanding. Given time, a growing awareness of the significance of events and my self-generated reality begins to emerge. Greater peace follows.

Love is the magic. Not as the world describes love, or at least not as most people use the term. Nevertheless, it is love that ultimately changes everything. Like most people, I am no stranger to the term, nor have I been a stranger to the beauty and richness that it has provided in my life. But still, I had only just begun to really understand and appreciate the majesty of it all. I have always been so solidly locked into the world, too self-possessed with achievement, too focused

on that which I believed best served me - and those closest to me. I missed so much. It's a mystery. My own mind was the great distracter. So certain of my perception, so sure of my knowledge, so convinced of my understanding; I had failed to see the truth. The ego-mind manipulates my higher self, and I so often allow it to be so.

It has been said that all things within our world are spiritual, mental, emotional and physical. Giving space-time to this curious observation, or in other words, meditating upon it, reveals the truth of this simple statement. The more one invests in its understanding, the greater the depth of its wonder.