

THOUGHTS ON REFLECTION

[Happy Holiday everyone. I know I'm wearing the following observation out, so forgive my persistence if it is irritating. Even so, I encourage you to give this concept some thought please.]

Am I thinking a lot these days? No, I am not thinking a lot these days. I can't find the thoughts or don't care to. Instead I have spent a lot of time lately in the basement of our dharma center working through the incredible mess that has piled up over the last several years, a lot of it from the water damage to the upper floors and the months of repair work. Everything was dumped in the basement, aside from the fact that it was like cavern with water dripping from the ceiling. A big clean-up project.

I go into the basement, turn on a little heater because it is cold down there, switch on the radio, and go to work. As to what kind of music I find is best for cleaning basements, it is country music and not even the classic country I know something about, but just the ordinary modern "hat acts" that I usually ignore.

For cleaning house, modern country music is just fine, in fact preferable. I'm just down the basement without a thought in my mind, cleaning and sorting away. This can go on for hours and does. And day after day of this suits me just fine right now. It's better than staring out the window, because it's hard to impossible to think these days; enough stress has been put on my mind and thinking of late. Instead, if I wait long enough, thoughts do come. And those thoughts are for the most part very pure, not as tainted with the "me, myself, and I" as in days of yore. What do I think about this new habit of not-thinking?

I have written about this a lot lately and in various forms, so no need to spend a lot of time on that here. In a nutshell, thinking purposefully is IMO a young person's game, while reflective-thinking (like I am doing now) is for older persons. "Trying" to think as an older person is an oxymoron and can lead to serious health issues. The same goes for a young person, trying to wait on thoughts to arise. It does not become them and also has serious consequences, mostly

indulging intellectuality to the point of missing out on actual life-experience that would be useful later on, as in: having something to reflect on. LOL.

Since I'm not conjuring up thoughts just now, that leaves those thoughts that just arise on their own and these do tend to make a lot more sense. They are not so much about me, which is a relief; I find I am kind of sick of thoughts about me; nauseas would be the word.

In summary, my thinking has kind of turned away from the purposed-thinking I used to do, which was thinking real-hard a lot about this or that, to instead receiving thoughts and reflecting them -- being open to what arises. I can't seem to do otherwise and it all stems from the stroke.

Perhaps it's just too hard for my mind to have to think just now. Or, it could be that I have tired of it all and am not moved except by what comes up naturally, without effort, and can't be avoided. You tell me.

So, in summary, thinking is a young person's game, while reflecting is for older folks and the transition as we age describes a grand arc across the span of life that pivots on the prime-of-life.

As you can imagine, I am taking this all in and processing it. As the old song goes "The music goes 'round and around and it comes out here." We shall see.

If I were a French philosopher, I might say:

I THINK, THEREFORE I'M YOUNGER

or

I REFLECT, THEREFORE I'M OLDER

A mirror reflects.

"As Bodhicitta is so precious,
May those without it now create it,
May those who have it not destroy it,
And may it ever grow and flourish"

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