



The Sound of Rain

Supporting the work of Emily Carson

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Transcribed from a sitting with Emily Carson

Death brings happiness. There is no truer perspective on this one most dreaded phenomenon than that it is, every time, the bringer of bliss. Everyone who has died will tell you this; everyone, that is, who remembers. What we remember, generally speaking, is the agony of the anticipation of our annihilation, but we do not remember the homecoming, we do not remember that we transitioned almost painlessly into pure happiness. Death frightens nearly everyone; it can be counted among the most misunderstood phenomena on earth—perhaps the very most. But to die is to leave all the things that have been your burdens, and to claim, once again, your place in heaven's arms. It is to rejoin all the bodiless souls that, because they are bodiless, can also be happy. Death brings with it the certainty that all the experiences we have dreaded were, in fact, nothing in themselves, they were transient and they are over, and what remains in the dying is a sense, finally and again, of the completeness that we all are when we no longer have the confusion of our forms. People are built to die because they all deserve happiness; it is, in fact, the greatest gift we are given, the truest and most abiding blessing. It is incomparably fortuitous for every one of us that we are born with our mortality built into these very bodies. And one day, everyone here, everyone walking this earth, will depart into the same bliss, the same homecoming. No matter the road to that dying, the dying itself always leads home. You may be afraid of the pain in the experience that brings you there, but don't be afraid of the dying. This death, too, you are all likely to forget—the pure radiance and absolute brilliance that comes from dying; if you did not forget, incarnation would not be what it is, a series of lessons learned, a chance at transcendence. But even though there is, each time, this forgetting, there is also, somewhere inside you, some impression of the memory of the truth. Somewhere inside you, you suspect that what I am saying is true, that dying is, and leads to, only heaven. And somewhere, lodged in the heart of your

own mind, there is, therefore, the antidote to your fear, the cure for your weakness and lack of courage. The cure is the impression of that memory, the sense you have that you have died and it was a tremendous relief. Try to find that impression. Feel inside all your associations with death and see if amongst them you find, like the gem buried in debris, some small knowingness that dying frees us, that dying blesses us, that it makes us, finally, completely happy. Seize whatever knowingness you have and hold it up to yourself in all its preciousness, and give it a place in your consciousness, give it room to grow and breathe, and look at it when you are terrified and when you are giving up. The departed depart into wonder. There has never been a single soul devoid of a body who was not happy; it is what contentment is made of. Find your own knowingness. Live with the preciousness of that sense of dying's relief alive inside you. Know it now, and so much of your terror will find no footing, so much of your pain will vanish. Know it now, and some of the relief you are guaranteed in dying can be yours much sooner; it can be yours while you still have a body, and it can help you love that body well and properly, and treat that body exactly as it deserves to be treated. It can bring lightness to your days and your nights, and into your loneliness. It can care for you as only wisdom can. The truth about dying is a most precious thing to have. Hold it for yourself; you need it. Don't forget so completely, even though you must forget some. Learn what is true, and so give yourself reason for rejoicing—not in spite of your mortality, but because of it.