

# TO THINK LIKE A ROCK

*A collection of thoughts from a guy with a rock*



This little big book is a collection of thoughts and insights that came forth from the observation of a rock.

Accurate observation – I found by observing – is much more than focusing our senses on describing what we hear, see, taste, feel, or smell.

Had I stuck to just sensual observation, this book would likely not be worth reading.

We must stop looking for objects and focus on space to truly see. We must listen to silence to hear, for the natural beauty in things cannot be found if we refuse to observe what's all around us. Beauty and wisdom lie in simplicity, which is what I've learned through this experience. But how and why did I ever get to a point where I started caring for and thinking about a rock?

I wish I could tell you where my story started and share the journey that led to this day. So much has happened, especially in the last decade, that I'm convinced that writing this text is an accumulation of all the experiences so far. How can it be any different?

One thing I do remember, however, is what led to me picking up that rock and taking it home, for it is a memory I shall likely never forget.

This story started when reading the book "A New Earth " by Eckhart Tolle, which I highly recommend as a must-read in anyone's personal development journey.

It may not be a book for beginners, but if you can grasp its contents at the start of your awakening, it might save you a lot of work down the road.

Anyways, back to the book in which Tolle discusses how and why it can be beneficial to take a random object, preferably without written text or emotional value, and observe it to grow your awareness – to "force" yourself to be in the Now and reconnect to your natural state. To me, this sounded like a fun little challenge, and I felt excited to give it a try since, like most of us, I, too, find it difficult sometimes to keep my mind from wandering to the past and future, away from the Now.

I live on an island, so I'm never far from the beach.

Several days after reading the book, I searched those beaches for an object representing this challenge, but nothing particularly caught my eye. The first lesson already presented itself. I just didn't realize it yet.

Then, a rock caught my attention on a sunny afternoon at the beach while returning to my towel. It didn't look that much different from the other rocks around or the ones I had seen the days before. It had the same color, similar shape, and size, but somehow, it stood out from the rest.

Without giving it even a second of thought, I picked up the rock and put it in my bag, *knowing* that this was THE token I needed.

Later that day, after returning home and washing the black volcanic sand of the rock, I looked at it for the first time.

At that point, I could not dream of what the next 24 hours with this rock would mean regarding insight and personal growth. Some of what I wrote down that day may be somewhat challenging to grasp (it still is for me) for those less advanced in life's philosophy, but I trust that you get and take exactly what you need at this stage of your journey.

Without further ado, here is a collection of thoughts from a guy with a rock:

A rock alone holds little power but is hardly ever on its own.  
Bring together enough rocks in the right place; suddenly, they hold the power of life and death.

What does a rock taste like? And what about its smell?  
The rocks' purpose requires neither taste nor smell.

When the true purpose of the rock is understood, it can be tasted and smelled in anything.

What is this rock but a part of me in a different form?  
We were born in the same place, after all.

A rock, lifeless and unaware. Yet guarding within the wisdom of all that is. To think like a rock is to be still and listen.

To stop thinking.

There's no deeper meaning than the one revealed in silence.

And what does a rock sound like when it lies still?

It sounds the same as everything else. You just can't hear it.

Isn't it odd that our senses can only see and feel the rock?  
Yet, we call it a dull object.

Maybe invoking self-reflection is the rocks' sole purpose.

My senses observe that the rock is weighty in shape and size. I can't help but wonder if something of beauty hides inside, waiting to be uncovered.

But there's no need to break the rock, for the beauty lies in curiosity.

Judging by its physical form, this particular rock was once shaped by the pressure and heat of a volcanic landscape. Before that, it floated around in space! Well, it still does, just like us.

Yet, despite its endless journey, the purpose of its current shape has always been to be part of mine. We would never have crossed paths if it were otherwise.

Why did I pick up this particular rock?  
Because there were thousands to choose from.

When we pick a token of thought based on beauty and expectation, we may as well not pick anything at all.

But why pick up a rock in the first place?  
To become more aware that the rock holds more awareness than my persona.

At least I was aware enough to be mindful of that fact.

Separated, we were both unconscious and unaware.  
Brought together, the rock becomes conscious through thought, and in return, I learn to be more like the rock.

Some would consider this rock ugly or see beauty only in transformation. But that's the whole point, is it not?

We call something ugly or malformed because it doesn't live up to our expectations of what it should be. We try to alter, polish, or cut it into what we believe is beautiful, not realizing that everything in nature is as intended.

Nature doesn't make mistakes.  
The only mistake here is that we constantly try to change what is already perfect.

Don't blame nature.

To call something ugly is to call ourselves ugly.

There sure is more than one lesson hiding in this rock.

But maybe just holding and observing it is the most valuable lesson of all.

Analyzing the rock with science and mind will never explain what it feels like to let it roll through the palm of your hand or to drop it on your toe.

I would not want to see this rock end up in a museum where fear frantically tries to preserve what is destined to change.

But I don't believe I have a say in the future of this stone. Just like I have no say in people's judgments about a guy talking to it.

However, I will say that mainly these people may benefit the most from doing the same.

Only this particular rock can teach the lessons written down here for us. Any different shape, weight, feel, or color would've invoked different thoughts and, therefore, different results.

It was only *this* rock that could leave the impression it did. Which I know for a fact is precisely what I needed. If not, I would've picked up another rock.

The rock slipped and fell a few times, hitting rock bottom on its way down.  
The collision altered the rock's shape, changing its appearance here and there.

Would it have hit the floor harder? It would have changed it even more.  
It did precisely what everything is supposed to do when it falls from safety and comfort.

Pythagoras once said; "A stone is frozen music".  
Therefore, it is rock music. Which is timeless and should not be controlled or influenced by opinion.

Afraid of having your thoughts controlled by a rock?  
What's even more absurd is that you try to control the rock.

If you can find joy and excitement in spending hours alone with a rock, you can find joy in everything and no-thing.

Whether this rock consists of petrified dinosaur shit from ancient times or compressed carbon in its most compact form is beyond the point of observing and relevance, for it doesn't change its beauty or true qualities.

Why do I attempt to explain or identify what doesn't require explanation, identification, or confirmation of its existence?

And why do I judge myself for doing so?

Are they not the same, the needs of the rock and my own?

To become like a rock is not to become absent of compassion, emotion, or love.

Quite the opposite.

To become like a rock is to be free of judgment, fear, hate, and greed: to love *unconditionally*, like the rock.

Although these texts contain profound wisdom, I write them from my knowledge. The information is not new.

Still, I write it down either way without judgment or expectation. Maybe the only lesson from this experience with the rock is to enjoy the process and accept what it is.

To invoke change in others by being myself.

Entertainment for the mind: I no longer feel the need for it when holding this rock.

Real entertainment lies not in TikTok dances and football matches but in the stillness of simple things, like listening to a rock.

I shall not name it, alter it, or assign it a purpose more than it already serves, for it is me who would not be able to accept what already is.

Maybe I, too, will one day transform into a rock and pass on new lessons to the one who picks it up for no apparent reason.

Or maybe not.

Could this be the rock that killed Goliath, or what they call a Philosopher's stone, able to turn lead into gold?

Whatever it was or did in the past doesn't change its value or content here and now. It remains a simple rock.

One day soon, this rock and I will part ways because it is neither my possession nor my right or choice to withhold its wisdom from others who are ready to receive it.

The rock is already part of me as I am part of the rock. There is no need for physical presence, for rocks and people are everywhere.

If this rock were called a diamond, roughly the size of... a rock, its value would not increase because its lesson differs for everyone who picks it up.

For some, its value is worth more than the lives of a thousand children.  
For others, the value lies in throwing it back into the river.

It seems like the solution to today's problems doesn't lie in conventional thinking or new inventions.

Let's be honest. We would have figured it out by now rather than making things worse.

If what we do perpetuates the issues at hand, should we not try the opposite for once?

To stop thinking?

I have now spent hours observing this rock. Yet, I don't know precisely what it looks like. I roughly know its weight, shape, and dimensions, but it would not look the same if I had to draw it from memory.

It is a curious thing; spending hours looking at something, still not knowing what it looks like, but simultaneously feeling like you know it throughout.

But why would I attempt to remember its characteristics anyway?  
Everything changes, after all.

My dog just took an interest in the rock moving through my fingers. And without realizing it, I told him: "No, it's not your rock, it's mine."

It seems like I still have much to learn.

Maybe that's the reason I still hold on to it.

Little traces of a greenish gemstone on the rock's surface indicate that it once performed well in darkness and under high pressure before it surfaced into the light.

But it does not matter where it once was. It is only here now, doing what it does. Being.

It is not the rock that provides these ideas. Just like it's not me thinking them up.

The more I focus on the rock, the less it reveals.  
The more I let us be in our natural state without expecting anything from either, the stronger the flow of insight without obstruction.

It is to think *like* a rock, not *through* it, not *for* it, or *because* of it.

The rocks' surface contains many crevices' of various shapes and sizes.

Or should I say, there is a rock around the space that allows this stone to be?

Pay attention to what isn't to truly see what is.



Where I live, rocks are forbidden from leaving the beach.

Who do they think they are, leaving the beach and going home like that?

Those damn rocks.

In one pocket, I now carry the rock. In the other pocket, my phone.

One pocket carries all the wisdom and knowledge in the universe.  
The other distracts from it.

Maybe they should spend more time together in the same pocket to see which one holds true power.

I keep wondering what to do with this rock when it no longer invokes thought.  
But as long as I keep asking myself that question, it does just that.

Oh, the things the world has to say about a guy talking with a rock.  
But the more I talk to it, the less I feel like talking to the world.

And there it is; the Ego is popping up. Finally, we have some work to do, my friend.

There come the feelings of shame, doubt, fear, and the voice making fun of me for talking to a rock.

Now I know I'm on the right path. For what is there to fear?

The voice of those who never talked to a rock?

And just like that, the anxiety dissipates.

Lesson learned.

Stillness returned.

The rock slowly turns into a token of hope for salvation, and I hold it for most of the day, afraid I might miss some of its wisdom if I lose it out of sight.

At the same time, it means I miss the most profound lesson by doing so. I mean, why did I pick up this rock in the first place?

I shall revisit my previous notes and attempt to return to consciousness, where this anxiety cannot exist.

Why can such a simple and seemingly insignificant object, like a black rock without any monetary value, hold such power over a person?

It has to be the belief in its power that gives it its power, right?

Only by believing that it holds some value for our sense of identity or well-being and thinking that the fear of losing it is somehow better and more beneficial than the idea of letting go is what gives this rock its actual control over you.

But at the end of the day, it's just a rock.

You may not be talking to one, which is why I share my experience with you. But I dare to bet that many objects, people, or situations in *your* life invoke feelings and emotions very similar to mine.

I guess that answers my previous question...

It's only 24 hours since I consciously looked at this rock for the first time.

I'm unsure how long it will continue and if any wisdom remains to be found for now.

But I still don't know what to do with it.

I *know* that it doesn't make a bloody difference and that wherever it ends up is precisely where it should be. But it doesn't *feel* like that yet.

I'm unsure if I feel fear or a more profound gut feeling, saying there is more to discover. The two can sometimes be hard to distinguish.

... (the silence of thought)

While writing that previous sentence, I suddenly realized that one of the major themes and sources of suffering in my life has been being unable to let go of things, situations, or people when it was time to walk away from them.

I always knew when the time was there but never acted on it, afraid of letting go of the familiar. Afraid of change. Afraid of instability by letting go of a slightly toxic thing that simultaneously felt so safe and comfortable in the most disturbing way.

Even though I knew I didn't belong there anymore, there was at least familiarity in pain. That's why I still belonged there, as a reminder of the unlearned lesson.

These last 24 hours have again made me quite familiar with something that now turns into a situation that keeps me from being me. And again, I find myself arguing internally for safety in the familiar.

I hear the reasoning of my Ego and the fear it tries to instill, but it feels like the rock and I have fulfilled our purpose for now, and it's time to part ways.

The rock did what it was supposed to do. Being a rock.  
That's all I needed to be more like it. That is, to just be.

Hence, I also fulfilled my purpose by learning my lessons and sharing them with you. And, like with all lessons, the most profound treasures lie in places we avoid. For me, and indeed for many more out there, the lesson lies in letting go of what we try to defend the most, knowing it did nothing to earn it. We must learn to let go of what keeps us from being our True Self.

I believe that answers my question of what to do with this rock.

I'm ready to let go and will give it to the dog, who probably doesn't want it anymore now that it comes easy.

We are much alike in that sense.

I trust he will leave it where it's supposed to be.

P.s.

The rock on the front cover is not the one I discussed in this book. After all, both rocks had different purposes to fulfill.

And who gives a shit anyway? They are both just rocks.

Don't get too attached ;)