

Thursday evening reflections

Ines Freedman

January 29, 2026

Keywords: Never the Same, Rosemary Watola Trammer, curiosity, wonder, faith, uncertainty, sacred path

As the mind gets stiller and quieter, there's less and less to do. The practice becomes more about letting things be just as they are. Just the utter simplicity of the moment of being awake. No ideas or concepts are needed. Nothing is needed. No need to insert ourselves in the process.

Just a radical simplicity, which is open to whatever arises without picking or choosing. We can trust things to unfold on their own. I'd like to end the evening with a poem called *Never the Same* by Rosemary Watola Trammer.

Sometimes a person wakes believing there is storm. It's hard to deny it, with all the rain pouring out of the gutters of the mind, all the gusts blowing through, all the squalls, all the gray. But by afternoon, it seems obvious they are a garden about to sprout. And by night, it is clear they're a moon, luminous, radiant, faithful. That's the danger, I suppose, of believing any frame. Let me believe then in curiosity, in wonder, in change. Let me trust how essential it is to stumble into the trough of the unknown. Marvel how trough becomes wings, becomes faith, becomes math. Let me trust uncertainty is a sacred path.