

Blog 6: The Quest for Stillness – Meditation for a Restless Mind

The day I first sat to meditate is still vivid before my eyes. Soft sunlight filtered through the window, everything around was quiet, but inside me? Like countless ripples on a pond when rain falls on stone after stone — wave upon wave in my mind. The more I tried to sit still, the louder the inner voices became — “What will happen tomorrow?” “What path will my son and daughter take?” “What will be the political future of my life partner — etc., etc.”

After losing my son the restlessness deepened. The moment I closed my eyes his face flashed vividly — our trekking memories in Ghorepani and Tatopani when it was just the two of us, taking photos at sunrise on Lovely Hill in Pokhara, his laughter, his seriousness sometimes, and the silence of his final day.

Meditation became not peace for me but a direct confrontation with pain. I was afraid — what if closing my eyes reopened that wound?

But the years spent in Japan taught me one lesson — peace of mind never comes by force; it must be invited. One day in Sapporo, Hokkaido, an elderly man I met told me, “Meditation is not about chasing thoughts away; it is about welcoming them, offering them tea, and then saying goodbye.”

That day I told myself — “Fine, even if you are restless today, I will not blame you. Run and shout as much as you want; I will sit and listen with patience.”

In that moment something strange happened. Amid the crowd of thoughts a small emptiness opened — I named it the ‘Stillpoint’. There was no sound, no story, no pain — only the rhythm of my inhalation and retention.

I began travelling with the breath — 4 seconds in, 4 seconds hold, 4 seconds out. The journey I started that way has now easily reached 16-16-16; it is no longer hard labour but feels like a rhythm. At first I found peace for a few seconds, then it slowly turned into minutes and hours. Now it is not only my indispensable morning practice — it has become the very foundation of my life.

When the mind is restless, I close my eyes and look at the inner sky — where clouds move constantly, yet the sky itself remains still. Meditation has made me that sky — vast, silent, unchanging.

If your mind is restless, it is not a fault; it is an invitation. Leave everything for a moment, rest, take a deep breath, and find the Stillpoint within. That is where new life begins — peace born even from pain.