

The Rain, The Rain by Jay Ramsay

I was seven. The room was dark. The room – with its blue walls and blue drawn curtains the summer light would brighten behind... waking to the sound of the mower and the smell of mown grass, waking to light, waking clear and at ease, waking alone, waking happy. At night, the door at the end of the room always stood ajar, and the bed I lay in faced down towards it, and the soft dim glow of the night light that lit the frame of the doorway where the shadow would come – the shadow of a highwayman, black-cloaked, standing there, looking towards me as I struggled against my fear to sleep.



That night, I slept easily, without curling up to one side, and with my face uncovered. I lay there on my back and the dark was calm. I hadn't slept long when suddenly I found myself back in my body with a strange surge of energy; and though my eyes were still closed, I was awake, I was more than awake, and I knew that all I had to do was open my eyes, as I found myself telling myself to – and there it was: filling the whole room, pouring through the ceilings, iridescent through the darkness. It was rain, and it was light – it was rain, and it was multi-coloured – radiant, glowing, the colours in each droplet interfused across the whole spectrum - falling, dry – pouring, electric – streaming soundlessly, down to the floor, down over the bed, down over my body; as I closed my eyes and opened them, closed and opened them again, and still it was there. And I let my eyes go into it, and I let myself merge with it – my eyes, the rain, my heart, the rain, and my body its joyous amazed exultation as I reached up the open palms of my hand. And at the same time I was calm, I was still: I knew it, and I could feel myself watching it – witnessing it without question – though how, I couldn't say. Gradually, it receded, after what must have been minutes – and as it did so, and the spaces between its falling dimmed back to darkness, I was drawn back to sleep, sealed in its miraculous certainty. Its mystery. Later when I thought of it, a high sound would enter my inner ear; then it was there, if only for a second, as if was still raining and always raining.

I told no one, for years. It was my secret joy. As soon as I thought to speak of it, a silence would come over me that was also its own. It was a well to draw, and I would walk in the feeling of it. I didn't know the name for it, and I didn't need to – I knew it was forever in itself unfading. And I knew the difference between it and the cold wet rain of the world, the grey world I was entering: the mechanical world of harshness and fear, exile and loneliness: the alien world, not rain made, but manmade. And I knew the rain was as real as the garden I was leaving with all its sunlight and flowering colours – all its intricate living detail I had spent hours seeing and being with; the grass, the breeze through the trees, the dappled green tree-light, the hum of bees and spread wings of a butterfly poised among vivid petals. I knew the earth was light – the real earth, and I knew that when I saw it was so, I was real as well. I was dreaming awake, and this was what being awake meant – this was what it was and is. It was where I had come from, and it was what I had come to be.

It was my first real life memory. And now? I think back along the tenuous thread of all those I've experienced since, and all that I've written and spoken and shared from them – and this, I see now, is the root of all them: this rain I've rarely spoken of, and have never written, never named, never explained. I can put a name to it – I can say it was 'rain from heaven', it was 'rainbow rain'; and, gift as it was – coming as it did – it isn't mine to say or mine to claim. It has cloaked me, clothed and fed me where there was no food and my eyes could see nothing. I have left it – but in reality it never left me. I have betrayed it: but it has never betrayed me. I have been asleep: and always it has woken me, and brought me back to wonder. And do I know? All I know is what I have seen, and been given to see – all I know is gift, is ageless, is given to be given. The rest is history, is process, is ephemeral – sheds skins of growth at each turn of the spiral, marker posts along the road of incarnation: this thing we call 'this life', lived by this name, this person. Are we coming to the end of ourselves now? Beyond all these seeds of myth and self we come through – and beyond even the realisation that as beings we are multidimensional – there is a new dimension now, both further and closer, that we are coming to realise we are the direct expression of that is the colour behind all colours, unknown, all-pervading, all-embracing: that is a mind we only live by, a heart behind our eyes that seemingly feels through them, and a being, a body that is its bridge and birth. What is closest, deepest and most unique in us is this – this presence, this present, this 'now' that all time becomes, all the years become, and all our names become. Call it 'rainbow mind', Holy Spirit, Sun – it is as it will be, all one.

In a flash, you see it, it hovers, it holds – you hear words, you move to write down, you find a gesture you are making; and beyond emotion it is feeling, fluid, rightness. And it is fire and it is blood. It is air and flesh. And isn't that what epiphany means? The small self eclipsed towards what it truly is? And isn't it prophecy, too, seeing what is future, and already is, beyond time, coming into time? And isn't that the essence of our lives?

And I hear a voice inside saying 'stay with the rain', and I am there now, letting go there now, and it is the same letting go – and the same downpouring. It is all I want to say, and all I wanted to share – beyond all this, it's inexhaustible mystery. Beyond these words. The thing itself. So let it rain. The rain from the source. So may it rain on you. The rain, the rain.

And I knew what I still find hard to know – I knew beyond all doubt that I was loved.