

While he still walked the earth, Lao Tze once sat on the porch behind his hut. He closed his eyes on the world and counted his breathing and tried to empty his mind of the ten thousand things. After he had sat in this way for many days, a disciple came to him.

"Lao Tze," asked the disciple, "what are you doing here on your porch for so long?"

Lao Tze thought for many hours before answering, "I am meditating." Lao Tze then thought for many more hours and became sad. "No," he said, "I am not meditating. I am only sitting." This was so long ago that it was before even the old times.

In the old times Lao Tze climbed the white mountain to the roof of the world. Having become weary, he sat at the edge of the roof of the world and rested. From here, he could see forever. He sat like this for ten thousand years.

After the ten thousand years were almost past, a disciple climbed to the edge of the roof of the world and discovered Lao Tze sitting there. "Master," the disciple said, "what are you doing sitting here on the edge of the roof of the world?"

"I am sitting," answered Lao Tze.