

All I Can Say Is YAY!

Ram (James Swartz)

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Marian: James, thank you so much. Your words have helped so much, especially what you said, “The self is not voiceless, Marian. It speaks everywhere in everything.” This has been singing in my heart all night and day; it’s a real deal-maker.

I sit here in my room, my heart is filled with love and so much joy, overflowing. I am all that I have loved. I am my inner companion. I am the wise eternal voice and I am the ignorant voice and I am the silence that holds them both so tenderly. We are that, us, all and everything – a universe that I have loved dearly. I’ve known and forgotten, known and doubted, known and objectified. Yet always there, constant, ageless, timeless peace, presence and love. It is me, it is me, you, us, God, everything. I was always the knower. So grateful to know, grateful our design is to eventually be hungry for self. I’m not embarrassed anymore, compassion arises for myself under ignorance, it is just time.

To make sure this is not an experience, I will stay vigilant with self-knowledge to blast away anything that stands between myself and myself (that sounds so funny and beautiful).

Your book, the videos and these emails are manna for a hungry mind. I’m reading in your book about the use of *mantra* now – I like that, I will sing as self to self. If it is my destiny, may I serve the self as self, as you do so well with such integrity, love and the best of humanity, which is self-unveiled. I will serve in the way that my design is meant to as that unfolds – although I’m also very happy to graciously accept the gift of this knowledge alone – alone or as a teacher, however it happens, is all good. Even with ignorance I have served as best I could, there are still flaws, but they are melting and I weed them out as I find them, using this gift of knowledge to do so.

I also see that few people are ripe (qualified) enough to really hear, but love flows to self from self, both to ignorant and to those ready to drop from ignorance into full knowledge.

It occurs to me that there is a stunning irony here that you may enjoy. When self spoke to me 12 years ago during a dark time (sorry, it’s tricky to know how to write “self” *and* my name ☺), I realized they are both self. I was meditating and asking, “What should I do?” to help my sick daughter and my then financial troubles. Self-words came: “You are asking the wrong question; you should not ask what to do, you should ask, who am I?”

In ignorance, I didn’t understand, so words continued: “If you were a tree and you didn’t know you were a tree, how would you know what to do?” For 10 years, I let the tree be a symbol of self/being and teach ignorant me.

The irony is now tonight I see the tree. I think it is a symbol of the biblical tree of knowledge. I needed self-knowledge. And I am now ripened to claim fruit on my branches as mine and know who I am.

In a spontaneous vision in my twenties I was in some cloudy place that my mind thought was holy and I was asked, “Who are you?” My mind flashed through faces of hundreds of past lives, searching, but couldn’t find the answer. I knew this was wrong but didn’t know what to answer.

The vision ended because I didn't know.

What my child self called a pink light in my mind and my teen self called a cosmic guide (yes, it seemed strangely from space) my young adult self called my soul, then it became my ordinary tree (I've been busy, yes). I am ready to come to me, to rest. Home at last.

Thank self for Vedanta, and for you, James.