

Be Happy They Don't Fall in Love with You, Part 2

Ram (James Swartz)

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Source: <http://www.shiningworld.com/site/satsang/read/1679>

Mike: Ram, hold it, not so fast. That temple mode vanished after about three days. I had dinner with a projection I call my sister, and zap, it was gone. She giggles and chuckles and drives me nuts – *tamas* arrived in force. I go brain dead. I just look at her in amazement, and while she may look like the fat *buddha*, I couldn't get my blissful mind to go there. I went into a waking coma and could barely talk or interact. This has happened before, many times. I used to fight and argue, now I go comatose. (Having the truth of *sattva* and *tamas* helps but not all the way.)

The next day on the plane flying back, reading your book, the clouds seemed to clear a little. But not really. Hell, I'm 72, I keep telling myself I should be able to handle her or whatever appearance within me that she represents. It ain't better, really.

Yeah, fantasy mind tells me that if I'd have just tried harder back in high school (high school, for God's sake!) I could have won her – beautiful Lovella (even her name's a killer). I tried get her but would chicken out at the last minute. We would have had a blissful life. Together. She doesn't seem to know it. So this morning I pissed off my wife telling her how miserable this frickin' city is, and it's bad, but she doesn't see it. She thinks I have a negative attitude, but I don't. I just hate my life and this place, what's negative about that?

Regarding "It's too bad some of the apparently many women you fantasize about don't make eye contact, fuck you silly and declare eternal love. Then you will definitely wish the projection had never happened." I hear you, but I don't believe you and it's getting too late to find out; and that pisses me off.

I think I lack courage, the courage of declaring Oneness – the truth of that. To be honest, I think the self hates me and the projection I represent...

~ Still Mike

James: Hi, Still Mike. Great gallows humor, Mike. I will pretend to take it seriously and *guru* you just for fun.

You want it straight or should I pussyfoot around? I choose straight. I hope you still love me by the end of this page. Anyway, there is a great saying in *A Course in Miracles* that I think applies to your situation: "From what you want God won't save you."

Sad fact #1 about life: things are the way they are because they cannot be otherwise. I know this may not be a terribly inspirational truth, but that is the way it is.

The conclusion to be drawn from said sad fact: all the emotional shit – your likes and dislikes – is a total waste of time. If lovely Lovella doesn't make eye contact and if your fat sister drives you into a coma or New Orleans sucks or your most recent epiphany sees fit to take a hike, so what?

How to deal with sad fact #1: stop wanting more/better/different. It doesn't help. Man up, Still

Mike, you big baby! Life's a bitch and then you die, to trundle out a cliché's cliché. Stop whining and keep reading the book. You are missing the point. You are the one to whom experience presents itself. That one is not an aging romantic. Experience is value-neutral. It does not "mean" anything. It is movie without a soundtrack projected onto the screen of awareness. It does not care about you. It does not know that you want something. It is completely impersonal. You are just making your self miserable wanting it different. As for the self hating you, all due respect but I think you hate you – at least until your mind changes and you start worshipping in the temple of life once more.

A further bit of unsolicited advice which should piss you off concerning our budding relationship: stop being honest with your wife. It is not cool to share your feelings, sixties wisdom notwithstanding. Lie. Tell her you love her and take her out to dinner, and imagine it is lovely Lovella. More advice: move from your lousy city. Construct a yurt on your wetlands, buy a raincoat and a boat and go fishing. Learn how to build a fire in a torrential downpour. Find a nice cave and sit inside reading my book by said fire's light until the penny drops. You are not Still Mike, Mike. You are not Mike at all, that weird assortment of likes and dislikes. You are the one who sees, the one who sees the humor in your plight. Further useless advice: come to India and listen to the truth flow from the silver tongue of the Oneder that is Sri Sri Ramji, blessed be his holy name. Meet other interesting fucked-up seekers. Drink *chai* in the shops and get Delhibelly. Walk around the holy mountain in the morning and be happy to be alive.

Finally, you are not your brain, dead or alive.

~ Much love, Ram