

Big *Dharma*, Little *Dharma*

Ram (James Swartz)

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John: Dear Ram, great e-*satsang*, as always. Self-esteem is one of my “core problems,” if not THE core problem of my life, but the clearer I am able to see the world the smaller these problems get... and from a certain point of view, there is of course no problem at all.

While reading it I was thinking about something you said last winter to Mary. She said you told her, “He will be fine by the end of summer.”

I don't know how you could know that, but it looks like you were right! I mean, I went through a lot of shit this year, a lot of suffering, anger, depression... all that stuff... and in April or May I was really about to hit bottom. I would have preferred to die instead of only one day more going on like this.

And now I am in a kind of new life... so many things have happened, so many things have changed... and stayed the same too... *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*.

Little John still does not get it one hundred percent... still it is indirect knowledge... but at least it is a very firm kind of indirect knowledge... as I told you many years ago... it was always there – surprise – and in a way I can see it all so clearly.

Your latest e-*satsang* also reminded me of this deep, innate feeling I always had about myself (the “relative” self) and the world... dualism. I always felt that it is bullshit to try to be (like) someone else. In a world of fake and empty role models, it is not so easy.

I could not say that I finally found my *svadharma*, but I surrendered to the logic. What else should I do? Life is a joke and I have to do something. As and as long as I have no better idea, I stick with the work I am doing now.

You once told me this exact thing, but I was not able to listen or really understand... first I had to go through hell... which is definitely a psychological state!

I also already said this, but I am really sorry for how I was in India, all this suffering, weakness... all the drama... and you had to endure that horrible needy, little prince who would have been too chicken to go to India by himself... instead there had to come this great soul who took me by the hand and also had to stand my moods.

So, what do I want to say with this mail, if anything?

Thank you for being a great teacher and a friend. Without Vedanta I would not be where I am today.

Ram: Dear John, you are a classy guy and the maturity is evident in this letter. It is hard growing up, particularly in these modern societies where there is no reason, no external pressure, to grown. *Bhagavan* used me and Mary to get you out of that old life and into life itself. You are fine now. You needn't worry about your *svadharma*; it is just enough to respond to each and every

situation life demands with a quiet mind. Out of the ensuing peace it will become more and more clear where you are heading, not that it really matters. One thing evolves out another and life goes on. Be happy now with small things and let life be.

I want you to think about your statement, “Little John still does not get it one hundred percent... still it is indirect knowledge... but at least it is a very firm kind of indirect knowledge... as I told you many years ago... it was always there – surprise – and in a way I can see it all so clearly.”

Let me ask you this: If you know that Little John does not get it, do you not get it one hundred percent? It seems to me that this paragraph means that you do have direct knowledge, that you are free.

John: Well, I would say that is true of course, and I always felt this truth... but John is really a serious case... the identification with this needy little guy who wants to be successful is and was always strong! But I know exactly what you mean!

Ram: Little John will never get it one hundred percent, because Little John is just a reflection of you, awareness (who is speaking/writing this whole letter and looking down at little John).

John: That is a good thing. I never saw it that way: “Little John will never get it one hundred percent...” This is great!

I would say the best example of all that what is slowly happening to me is that “Little John” does not really care anymore. Nothing REALLY matters. More and more I can feel how unimportant everything is... I care about *dharma* because this is my nature; I could not be different anyway, since it would cause me (psychological) pain to act against *dharma*. It is so deeply built into me, I have no choice.

Ram: He is reflected light, no more conscious than the reflecting medium in which your image appears as him. You see him as he wends his way through life, all the struggles from before and now on the brink of joining Ramji and Sundari and a host of others in *brahmaloka*.

John: Yes, it is like a movie... sometimes boring, sometimes exciting... but very unreal... but still (and look who’s talking), I do not really feel as if I could join this exclusive club of the enlightened...

Ram: Enlightenment is sometimes a painful birth, but I would say that you are well out of *samsara*’s womb. Things will get easier now for Little John.

John: I hope so...

Ram: Remind him not to resist, not to immediately give in to his desires, to pray to the god of small things.

John: Yes, that is a good advice! I have to take care of this ignorant child.

Ram: I have no *svadharma*, and maybe it is true for you too.

John: Possible... yes...

Ram: Stick with *SVAdharma* and whatever happens to your reflection is its *svadharma*. It is you, the *SVA* that is firm – forget the directness or indirectness of the knowledge – and it is you the *SVA* that sees it all so clearly.

John: I try to do it that way!

Ram: As far as sticking with you through it all, that is my *svadharma*.

A man was watching a *sadhu* bathing near a rock. A scorpion fell off the rock into the water and the *sadhu* retrieved it and put it back on the rock, only to be stung for his trouble. A few minutes later the scorpion fell in the water again and the *sadhu* saved it again, only to be stung a second time. The man angrily shouted at the *sadhu*, “Are you mad! The first time you saved him I can understand but the second? You are a lunatic!” The *sadhu* said, “That may be true, but it is his nature to sting. It is my nature to save.”

Appreciation is always appreciated, but it is not necessary. I can't help it. *Isvara* programmed Little Ram and he is helpless.

John: I am honored to get this letter.