

Non-Dual Love and Freedom from *Jiva*

Sundari (Isabella Viglietti)

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Sandra: Thank you for your reply to my last email, it was very helpful. I am still confused about what it means to have a “non-dual” relationship. Please, can you help me understand this?

Sundari: To be in a non-dual relationship with anyone means you have negated the *jiva*, permanently. Non-dual love does not come easy. One of my favourite sayings regarding self-inquiry is “the steps to get ‘there’ are the qualities of being there.” What this means is that the means of knowledge (Vedanta) that takes us to the placeless place, where we know we are the knowledge and no longer need the means, is one and the same thing. We will not be different when we “get there.” We will simply have the ability to discriminate between *satya* and *mithya*, permanently.

Taking a stand in awareness as awareness means taking a stand in our fullness, not in smallness. As long as I try to turn the “other” into “my” husband/wife/son/daughter, etc. and try to work things out with him or her on that level, I am keeping the concept of duality, smallness, limitation, alive. The *jiva* can never compete with the self, obviously. So the *jiva* overcomes its smallness by living as the self and consciously doing battle with the “voices of diminishment,” as I call the whining voices of the “small self,” as they arise. It does not try to defend them. To do so only gives them life. And arise they do! It is difficult at first, because you feel like a fraud, that you are trying to be something you are not. However, if we are hooked by the turbulent thoughts and emotional patterns inherent in being a *jiva*, even in seemingly small day-to-day issues, we will never be free of them. The ever-changing and limited idea of whom you are trying to keep alive as the person is just a memory, a guilt-inspired thought. For the most part, it is a toxic program. I say get rid of it; pay it no heed!

Even though I had realised the self years ago, my problem for a while was thinking that, as the *jiva* never disappeared, it had to be catered to, as it is. This may be true – the *jiva* will remain as *Isvara* made it, for the most part – even with *moksa* – and we must love it unconditionally. Nevertheless, *satya* and *mithya* is duality if you think the *jiva* is as real as the self. Taking a stand as the self means the *jiva* is as good as non-existent. You are the self. You are not The Self and the *jiva*. So when *jiva* appears, dismiss it. This final realisation only fully sank in recently, and what a tremendous relief it is. It really is true that *nididhysana* never ends for the *jiva*. Self-actualisation is not for the faint of heart, that is for sure! Facing the small, less-than-fabulous part of the psyche *Isvara* equipped us with is not easy. It requires a great deal of courage to face the world as the *jiva*, and it takes even more courage to face the demons that await us in the causal body so as to free ourselves of the *jiva*. When we do, we see the demons for what they are, just paper dragons, not real at all.

Here is a beautiful poem that captures so perfectly what the *jiva* has to face and endure to win freedom from the clutches of the causal body, there being no off button and *Isvara* being relentless with the crushing push and pull of the *gunas*, the unavoidable and painful disintegration of the ego-self to integrate the Self as the default standard bearer for the mind.

It is written by Colleen-Joy Page, Enlightened Apple Tree, a friend of ours in Johannesburg, South Africa, who faithfully serves and shares the teachings. It evokes and reveals the courage it takes the *jiva* to live, let alone live free of its conditioning.

Take a Stand

A writing on being human and willing to be awake...

The place no one wants to visit. The place no one wants to look. The darkest terror, that threatens to capsize the fragile mind and its theatre kingdom. The terror of insignificance wrapped in becoming nothing.

“Don’t take my crown,” cries the ego, as the slaughter of light lays waste the clinging.

Mothers to babes. Rich men to gold. Vanity to her curves, her pleasure trap of sex.

She is not always pretty, enlightenment. She is a ghost-maker. A throne-taker. A joker laughing in a hall of mirrors. And she will end you. I say let her. Let her throw back the veils of my heart, and tear the nails from their clinging to the vapours of life’s hollow promise.

You, who threaten me – you thief. You who hijack my nights with your Hollywood productions of hell in my head. Life, do your worst. Crush my heart with your grief-boot. Tear my guts open with your fear-razor. But know this, you cannot touch the real me.

This that knows itself in the eyes of all the beloved eyes, the touch of all skins, this that sings itself awake, for this love is a medicine that I will pay for.

Throw open these doors and let the storms rage on.

Take all you want from this little life, from the little child who lives in the echoes of this story.

I am willing. I am willing to bleed, to cry my eyes dry. To hurt. To live. I am willing to live. To live as this truth. To be both untouchable and crushable. To be mortal and boundless eternal truth.

Your price is steep. I am willing to pay.