

Nothing Trivial



An Indian poet once said that human beings have all the wealth they could possibly want. They just don't know it. The infinite is in every heart, and when it is recognized, everything changes. Everything becomes beautiful.

Not knowing what we have, we measure ourselves by what we don't have. And we are told that if we have this, this, and this, we will be happy. I know a person who was very successful, and in one week everything turned upside down. He went from being at the top of his game to being nobody. He even became distant from himself.

I know that solitary confinement is considered the harshest punishment for people because we are social animals. What if you had to be just with yourself? How would that be? Have you made peace with your existence? Or would you be

hounded by questions you do not want to ever be asked but that you carry within you—the darkness of the unknown, of your fears?

Everyone has fears. There is the fear of failure: how you appear in the eyes of others—what your colleagues, your neighbors, the world think of you. But have you learned to live with yourself? Have you socialized with this human being that you are? You, as a human being, what is *your* value? You judge yourself by all the scales that people put in front of you, "This is what's important, this is what's important, this is what's important." And you say, "Let me see where I am on this scale." And that becomes the measurement of your success. Get rid of that scale. You don't need it, because it is relative. You can be extremely sad, but on that scale, you're still right up at the top.

So how steady are you? How steady is your house? Instead of wasting time trying to measure up, strengthen your house, because the storm is going to come. Maybe it will be a little storm, maybe a big one. It's irrelevant, if your house is strong. Inner strength is the strength that lasts. The person I was talking about had everything. All he needed was inner strength. But when his house of cards fell, he fell with it. His house wasn't strong. If he had had that inner strength, it would've been okay. He would've been happy. He's still not poor, but that's not the point. That scale will fluctuate. The question is, will you fluctuate with it?



Don't judge yourself by what the world has done to you and what the world tells you, by what has happened or what has *not* happened. You are alive. You're breathing. And because you are breathing, you are rich, not poor. You have a great gift. The same power that's backing up the entire universe is backing you up—something I cannot even pretend to fathom. I know the word *infinite*. I cannot fathom it, but I can feel it, because that infinite is also within me. And that's my strength. The universe breathes; it comes together and expands, comes together and expands. It's a living thing. Something is keeping it all intact. And breath is coming to you, courtesy of that. Most people ignore it: "Breath? What is this breath?" But don't ignore it, experience it.



This thing called *life* has been described as a portal, a gateway. This is as close as the infinite and the finite can get. And here, in this life, the finite can experience the infinite. Just like in space, eventually the infinite will consume the finite. The finite will go back to being dust again, and the infinite will remain.

That's amazing, I think. There's a lot of nothing out there. And then there is something, and that something is *really* something. And then, a lot of nothing again. Expanding and contracting. Breathing, existing. Disappearing, reappearing. Colliding. Becoming something else. It's quite a thing. Amazing. Here you are; you are *something*. Don't compare it, "Oh, that's so trivial." In this universe nothing is trivial—nothing. Even dust is not trivial, because that's all there is—compacted dust and loose dust. You're dust. But it's something, not nothing.

So let go of your confusion, doubts, misery. Do not always worry, "What's going to happen? Where am I going?" This is what you've been wondering all your life. People have so many ideas. Fine. I absolutely believe that heaven is here. And I not only believe, I *know* this is the vessel that can feel the beauty of heaven. This is what has been given to you.

Prem Rawat