

Dear Brothers and Sisters, Namaste.

In comparison to Reality, we are but a drop in the ocean of Almighty and somehow we should try to become a river from the drop.

From the drop to a river. That line hits me. I feel like a tiny drop, stuck in my small self, always thinking "me first". I want to flow like a river into something bigger, but honestly I keep slipping. I say I follow the modified raja yoga of Babuji, but I'm not sincere. I do it on and off. Some days I sit for meditation, other days I just scroll phone and say, it's fine, tomorrow. Then tomorrow also goes. I know this is not right, but this is how I am now.

Service helped me a bit. When I gave food at the temple or helped a poor family, I felt a little open inside. Like my small heart got a bit wider. But even there, ego jumps in. I catch myself thinking, people will think I'm good. Then I feel bad about thinking like that. I support some folks with jobs when I can, but sometimes I also use it to feel important. So service is working on me, but I'm not pure in it. I want to be, but mind runs here and there.

Love and empathy... I am trying. Earlier my prayers were only "give me this, fix that". Now sometimes at 9 pm I sit and wish good for all. But I'm not regular. Some nights I just sleep. Or I say the words fast and finish. Still, when I do it with heart, I feel something soften. I even tried forgiving people who hurt me. It was hard. My parents said harsh things when I stood by my wife. I carried that pain for long. I still feel it some days. But I'm learning to look past it, slowly. I tell myself, there is the same light in them and in me. Some days I can love, some days I fail and snap. I guess the drop is learning, but too slow.

Friction is real. I used to run from difficult people. Now I see they show me my triggers. Family fights, work pressure, a friend who betrayed me, all this brought out my anger and pride. A few times I kept quiet and watched my breath. Other times I burst and said stupid stuff. After that I feel shame and apologize. It's humbling. I can see how the roughness polishes me, but I don't like it when it happens. I want easy growth. Life doesn't allow that, it seems.

Surrender is the toughest for me. I like to control. I say "it's all His will," but inside I push my own plan. When I actually let go, even a little, things move better. I have seen it. Once I accepted a transfer I didn't want, and it turned out good for my family. But I forget these lessons fast. I start again with "I, me, my". I tell myself before meditation, "I am Yours," and then I think of emails and money and food. Mind is like a monkey. I wish I had that deep yielding heart people talk about. I'm not there yet.

The 10 commandments... I struggle with many. Waking early? Half the time I snooze. Simplicity and moderation? I overeat when stressed, buy stuff I don't need. Truthful? I do small lies to avoid trouble. Not to judge others? I gossip, then regret. Be brotherly with all? I'm polite to strangers and rude at home. Not to think ill of others? Mind keeps making stories. Fix your goal and stick to it? My goal keeps changing with mood. I'm writing this not to put myself down, but to admit what is real. Maybe honesty is first step.

Equanimity is coming slowly. Before, one bad event ruined my whole day. Now, on some days, I can say, okay, this too will pass. When a deal fell through, I didn't break down like before. Later something better came. During a small illness, I used the time to rest and sit quietly. But I'm not stable yet. One sharp comment and I'm upset again. I'm learning to watch feelings like waves. Sometimes I do it, sometimes I drown. Practice is uneven becoz I am uneven.

Still, I feel a small change. A bit more space in the chest. A little more patience. I think grace is working in spite of me. On good days, I remember I'm just a tiny drop, and the big ocean is carrying me even when I kick and splash. On bad days, I forget everything and act like the old me. Then I come back again, say sorry inside, and try one more time. Maybe that is my path right now - fall, rise, repeat.

I want to become that river. I want love to flow without my ego standing in the middle. I want to live those commandments for real, not just say them. I know I'm not sincere enough yet. I admit it. But I'm still here, trying in my clumsy way. If I keep serving, keep forgiving, keep sitting even when mind runs, maybe the heart will open wider. Maybe one day the drop won't feel so separate. Until then, I'll keep going, even if slow, even with mistakes. I hope the ocean understands my broken steps and pulls me home anyway.

And in all this, my trainer is my anchor and only real hope for upliftment. He holds me with such quiet patience, nudging, moulding, never judging, trusting the light in me even when I can't feel it. His steady guidance keeps bringing me back when I drift. I'm deeply grateful for his faith and the care with which he shapes my rough edges.

Pranams  
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