

# LAM RIM



# MANDALA

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### A Prayer for Peace by Geshe Wangchen

The source of universal happiness is loving kindness to all mankind.

I give respect from my heart to compassion.

The essence of all religions is to maintain loving thoughts,  
By avoiding harmful attitudes towards all living beings.

It is very sad to see that due to the lack of understanding that all living beings are of the same family,  
We ignorantly harm and torture each other; thus we suffer.

May all living beings recognise each other as part of the same family and thereby develop kindness towards one another.

May we contribute towards peace in the world by destroying our own negative thoughts within ourselves,  
And may those peace loving people of East and West accomplish their wish for the happiness and peace of the World.



### EDITORIAL

This has been quite a year! Margaret and Geshe La had a good trip to South Africa at the start of the year. Dear Geshe La has now thankfully recovered well from a swollen appendix which landed him in hospital early on this year. H.E. Denma Locho Rinpoche arrived to give wonderful teachings at the Lam Rim Centres. His Eminence arrived from New York only a day before the terrible tragedy there. Since then Afghanistan and it's people have suffered greatly and our love and prayers go to the innocent people caught up in war and conflict everywhere. Geshe-La, Margaret, David and John will be travelling to India in December and we wish them well on their trip and a safe return.

When I reflect on the events this year, I remember the teachings on impermanence and how everything changes from moment to moment. Compassion is so important in our world today, and we are so lucky, as Buddhists, to have access to such wonderful teachings. We can make a difference. Our thoughts and love are so important in contributing to make the world a happier and kinder place to live in. Thank you Puddha once again for offering your words of wisdom.



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A happy event has occurred for Dan and Jane Buys - they are new parents and have a baby daughter Tara, who came in to this world in November. She visited Geshe La at Lam Rim with her parents when she was 1 week old and received her first teaching. Love, best wishes and congratulations to all three of you.

Edita has contributed lovely chutney recipes, and John Peacock tasty curry recipes. Geshe La has contributed the Tibetan Sayings. Thank you everyone for such interesting articles, without us working together in this way, the Mandala would not be possible. Every contribution is gratefully received. Thank you Ann for proof reading the Mandala. May the years ahead be filled with Love, Hope, Peace and Happiness throughout the World and may all beings be free from suffering.

Seasons Greetings to you all, love Lorraine



## LETTER FROM GESHE DAMCHO-LA

*Dear Friends*

*What great blessings to receive teachings and initiations from HE Denma Locho Rinpoche who arrived from New York on Monday 10<sup>th</sup> September. On the 11<sup>th</sup> September we were stunned and shocked at the catastrophic events that happened, together with great relief that Rinpoche was safe at Lam Rim.*

*It is at these times that we can fully connect with Buddha's teachings on cause and effect, impermanence and death within a very short time. It is important to understand world conditions with serious thought. How do we deal with anger and hatred which are often the root causes of senseless violence? What motivates people and nations to harm each other? We need to practice compassion and patience for all countries that are suffering especially those who, through ignorance, create more suffering. We are the same - no different really. When we check our own mind, hatred, jealousy and anger still sit there.*

*We need to share and understand the complexities of other religious traditions by being mindful and sensitive to each others needs. Fundamentalism is always a closed path. This path (we are right and you are wrong) does not lead to harmony and understanding, so we need to be mindful of a correct condition that is non - harmful. Therefore, we can learn from this catastrophic experience by assuming that our own daily life needs to be positive. Positive conditions arise from non - harmfulness to other beings. Negative conditions arise by being harmful to other beings.*

*We are now having Quiet Time sittings from 9.00-9.30am and 4.30-5.00pm Monday-Friday dedicating these times for Peace and Reconciliation. Starting with family, friends, and can extend to our local community, our country and to our world. You too can find a quiet place at home, or in the garden shed, and offer 30 minutes of your day, for Peace and Reconciliation. It is only by putting aside time in this way that you can alleviate fear and anxiety during these difficult times, by being calm. This will have a very beneficial and healing quality to those around you.*

*May all beings experience peace and happy minds.*

*With love*

*Geshe Damcho*

*There are some frequently asked questions regarding Buddhist practice. In response to this we shall be including a series of short articles relating to these topics. These will be covered in this and subsequent issues of the MANDALA.*

The following is a response to a series of questions concerning common Buddhist practices posed by a young Tibetan medical practitioner, Dr Padma Dorjee.

Asked about reverence to objects as well as persons worthy of veneration, the Buddha once said:

*“The well being and happiness in the Universe,  
All come about through veneration of the Triple Gem;  
Those who aspire to be happy and well  
Engage in the veneration of the Triple Gem.”*

In his commentary to the Mahayanasutralamkara of Maitreya, Acharya Sthirmati goes into further detail:

*“Making offering (to the Buddha) is of two kinds: venerating through material means, and through serving. Offerings through material means entail presenting such things as robes and alms bowls, while making prostration, circumambulations, etc. is veneration through obeisance.”*

If we accept the contention that the Sanskrit term for veneration denotes “pleasing the object of veneration”, then making prostrations and circumambulations, etc. also clearly come under acts of veneration. To quote another sutra:

*“Whosoever venerates either a living Buddha  
Or the remains of a Buddha long since past,  
With a mind clear and undisturbed,  
in merit, there is little difference.”*

In many other sayings of the Buddha similar to this, it is noted that there is no difference in the merit derived from venerating an actual, living Buddha and the physical remains of one who has passed away.

With regard to the Doctrine, since the Buddha himself is said to have the highest regard for it, it is also clear that written texts which contain these teachings deserve equal veneration and regard.

Whenever we undertake any positive spiritual undertaking, be it through our Body, Speech or Mind, generate the motivation that it is being done for the welfare of the many.

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## ASPECTS OF DAILY BUDDHIST PRACTICES

by

Geshe Palden Drakpa

Translated by *Cheme Tsering of Gaden Shartse*

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Imagine, during these noble endeavours, that all the sentient beings, regardless of their form, birth or origin are engaged in the same undertaking in human form, with the same motivation as ours. As the undertaking proceeds, visualise rays of light together with streams of nectar emanating from the Buddha and Bodhisattvas of all directions; they dissolve into our bodies and minds, eliminating various defilements accumulated through our actions of body, speech and mind, and conferring blessing. This kind of visualisation while making offerings, prostrations or circumambulations were given great importance by very great spiritual masters of the past. When practised in the right way, such methods have the necessary potential to accumulate great merit through minimum effort.

### PROSTRATIONS

Generally, it appears that in Buddhism alone there are various different ways of making prostrations. There are two main forms of prostrations recommended by Tibetan Spiritual Masters: the contracted and the extended prostrations. The former refers to the prostration where the devotee bows down with his two knees, both palms of the hand and the forehead touching the ground. The purpose and meaning for this kind of devotion is given in Keutsang Losang Jamyang Monlam’s commentary on a sutra on this subject. To quote the sutra:

*Bodhisattvas of the past, present and future who dwell on the ultimate nature of the universe should touch the ground with the five parts of their body. When the right knee is brought to the ground, aspire that all sentient beings might embark upon the righteous path. With the left knee touching the ground pray that whoever is dwelling on the path of the left might enter the noble path, and dwell on the path of virtue. When the right palm is brought to the ground, pray that just as the Buddhas, founded in complete enlightenment and endowed with all positive attributes, have subdued all negativities with their gesture of suppressing the earth, may all beings touching this earth too attain the complete omniscience of the Buddha. With the left hand touching the*

*ground, aspire that the Buddhas might tame the sentient beings engrossed in mundane occupations, who are leaning to the left and are hard to tame.*

*With the forehead touching the ground, aspire that all the sentient beings living in the Universe might give up pride and be distinguished by the positive attributes of life. (And pray that) as a result of this prostration with the five parts of my body, may these beings accomplish the five powers; may they all be attributed with the five spotless eyes...*

Extended prostration requires that the entire length of one’s body be brought down to the ground, just like a grounded tree trunk, with both the arms extended straight towards one’s head with joined palms and with the forehead simultaneously touching the ground. In my personal opinion this mode of prostration reflects the depth of a devotee’s agony and repentance; it may also be analogous to the disintegration of one’s sense of ego.

**... This kind of visualisation while making offerings, prostrations or circumambulations were given great importance by very great spiritual masters of the past. When practised in the right way, such methods have the necessary potential to accumulate great merit through minimum effort.**

According to the opinions of scholars of the past, the flat folding of palms during religious occasions seems to be against the habit of the historical Buddha. When the palms are closed together with the inside of the palms left hollow with the fingertips touching each other, there is the natural resemblance of a closed lotus flower. Symbolically, thus, the emptiness inside the two joined palms represent a Buddha’s Truth Body and its sources - the accumulation of wisdom - while the overall outside shape, said to be akin to the natural shape of a jewel, represents a Buddha’s Form Body and its sources - the accumulation of merit.

Further, with the two thumbs pressed together towards the inside of the hollowed palms, the gesture is similar to the folded hands of Bodhisattvas Avalokiteswara and Samantrabhadra, and is therefore a good reminder for the need to realise the two Bodies of a Buddha acquired through the practices of method and wisdom.

Touching the forehead, the throat and the breast with one’s folded palms is indicative of the devotee’s reverence through body, speech and mind towards the object of obeisance. In doing so, we imagine that we have received the blessings of the body, speech as well as the mind of the objects of refuge and

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veneration, and have been purified of the negativities connected with these doors of human actions.

When making prostrations one must have strong faith in the objects to which prostrations are being made. Given this basis of faith, decide that oneself is dedicating, to this object of one's trust and veneration, the whole of one's body, speech and mind. One also decides that whatever pattern of life befalls oneself subsequently, be it happiness or suffering, it is completely in the hands of this object of one's veneration.

If we take the Tibetan word for prostration "*phyag 'tshal*" to mean, respectively:

- 1) the purification of sins and mental obscurations

and

- 2) aspiring for accomplishments

the practitioner should aspire to purify the sins he has committed through acts of body, speech and mind, and to be bestowed with progress in his cultivation of moral discipline, wisdom and meditation.

There are particular prayers to be said while making prostrations, such as the hundred-syllable mantra of Vajrasattva. When commencing a specific given number of prostrations, there are certain syllables which increase and multiply the potential of the prostrations. We ourselves, as well as other beings desire happiness and shun suffering. In order to be well and happy, it is essential to have the support of the power of merit. To gain this we must accumulate merit; there is no other way. And conversely, to remove suffering, we must remove our sins and the mental obscurations which are the ultimate factors causing all negative aspects of life. Making numerous prostrations is but one of the many ways to achieve these ends.

Prostrations can be undertaken whenever there is the opportunity. With special importance, they should be done on important religious occasions, when in front of your spiritual masters, in the presence of sacred images, monks and nuns. It should also be done the first thing in the morning, as preliminary to success in the days undertakings, as well as before retiring to bed, for the dedication of the days positive undertakings and also for the confession and purification of the negative actions committed consciously or unconsciously during the day.

Prostrations are one of the best ways to purify sins and mental obscurations and to seeking the support and the transforming powers of one's objects of refuge and protection. In an elementary sense, prostrations help to purify sins and defilements resulting from irreverence and disregard toward objects of true merit and veneration.

They enable one to accumulate a vast amount of merit which is instrumental in the fulfilment of one's aspirations in this life as well as in the life hereafter.

A sutra says:

*Of a being fortified in merit,  
Even dreams become real.*

In case of multi-prostrations, besides accomplishing an enormous accumulation of merit as well as the complete elimination of many negative mental afflictives which are instrumental in causing turmoil and suffering, they also help our health. In particular, prostrations serve as an active antidote to the negative mental factor of pride. I think that the more pride is minimised, or neutralised, the greater is the prospect for further spiritual development and refinement.

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Article from **DRELOMA** - Drepung Loseling Monastery



## The Wind in the Pines, Cleanses the Heart



Mandala No. 8 mentions an Anglican nun in retreat in the Coach House. At the time of writing month number 6 is nearly at an end. Great gratitude arises for the sponsorship both from Lam Rim and from individual sponsors who are enabling me to be here in such a healing space.

In March this year I took a vow to solitary life (hermit) for a year in the first instance and renewable after that. There is often debate about living solitarily, yet the Forest Grove Sutta says quite clearly—if it is conducive to Mindfulness to live the solitary life, it does not mean being cut off and practicing for oneself alone, quite the reverse, mind is not local. My own practice and background is in Zen and Satipatthana (Mindfulness) from the Burmese root with John Garrie Roshi who passed on in 1998.

Many I guess are surprised to see me here in a Christian habit, it includes a wooden Cross and Lotus, a copy of a ninth century Chinese stone carving. The events of Sept. 11th show us very clearly the results to which deluded religious practice can bring us. Human minds locked into distinction, discrimination and separation find it almost impossible not to fall into onesidedness, defending and promoting why 'my' or 'our' teacher/practice/way is special or better and clinging to it. This is not to say that there are not differences, nor that beings are at different levels or stages of understanding.

As we drop our discriminations and comparisons, the skilfulness of other practices can become apparent to us, as minds clear, clarity emerges, conditioned ways of seeing evaporate, and what we may previously have rejected (and for some people that is a necessary step for a time) can become accepted as a manifestation of the koan.

With gratitude to Geshe-La for his clear presence, to the community here who are so supportive and benevolent and for the transparency of this place, I offer many blessings.

Sr. Avril Furneaux





## KARERI Part 1

### A STORY OF A SHORT TREK IN THE HIMALAYAN FOOTHILLS

by Caroline McCookweir

Leaving McCleod Ganj we gingerly pick our way over piles of rubble bordering gaping craters where pipes are, slowly, being laid. The other option is to traverse the parallel 'high' street and be mown down by overenthusiastic auto-rickshaw drivers. We then have to navigate the 'square', where the buses from Delhi offload their sleepless passengers into a confusion of cars, cows, dogs and people. The idea of spending a few days in a tiny village with no road grows ever more appealing.



We, Paul, Simon and myself, head west along a forest track through woods of evergreen oak and rhododendron. The trees here have an oddly stunted, almost pollarded look, and Paul explains that local people regularly shin up them and lop off branches to provide fodder for their livestock. Nonetheless it is lovely in here and beautifully quiet after the maelstrom of McCleod. Tushita Retreat Centre is set in these woods, minutes from town, but worlds away. There is also a small Nyingma Gompa and retreat centre which we visit, creeping along the paths so as not to disturb the retreatants in their simple huts scattered among the trees. There is a wonderful feeling of peace here, and we sit awhile by a stupa containing the relics of Kyabje Trijang Rinpoche.

#### Tibetan Children's Village

Rejoining the track we pass above the Tibetan Children's Village, where about 3,000 children, mainly orphans and new refugees from Tibet, are cared for and educated. Now and again we are surprised by a flash of lime green as a parrot swoops out of the canopy and arcs over the Kangra valley, some 6,000 ft below us. Vultures and red kites are also common, riding the thermals.

#### The Indian Village of Naddi

After about 5 miles, we leave the forest and scramble downhill to a path which leads to the Indian village of Naddi. Here, suddenly, we are confronted with a magnificent wall of snow, ice and rock as the Dhauladhar range of the Himalayas comes into view. Set against the brilliant green of the terraced crops and the pretty slateroofed village houses, it is a breathtaking sight.

Turning another corner, we are again confronted, this time by a lurid, multicoloured hotel with green, yellow, red and blue bricks. This is the tourist Naddi - 2 hotels and a ring of chai shops. We drink chai, eat omelettes, gaze at the mountains in the brilliant sunshine - and 5 minutes later are squashed inside the chai stall sheltering from a sudden downpour.

The joy of mountain weather! We enquire after the route to Gera, a tiny village at the bottom of the next valley, about 3,000 ft below us, and set off as the rain stops on a well-marked path through terraced fields.



#### The Route to Gera

As with any path, sometimes the way is clear and easily followed, and sometimes it is more obscured. Half an hour after leaving Naddi we are stumbling along a boulder-strewn ridge, having climbed rather than descended, after being diverted from our nice, clear path by a woman keen that we didn't cross her fields. Luckily we come across a young man tending a cow. Leaving his charge to its own devices, he scampers down the side of the ridge and takes us all the way back to the path, which is quite some distance. He is one of many people who go out of their way to help us on this little expedition. Needless to say, I haven't scampered down a steep, rocky ridge for many years and it takes me quite a while to join the others. The cowherd did it in flipflops!

Some 2 hours later, after the longest downhill I think I have ever walked, we reach Gera - just in time for a ferocious downpour which we sit out in another, even smaller chai shop, under the curious gaze of local villagers. Many of these have risen horribly early and left their mountain villages with the milk which will supply McCleod Ganj at breakfast time. This they carry in churns hanging from a yoke borne over their shoulders. This is an 8 mile walk first descending 3,000 ft and then ascending the same. Most of them are tiny

sparrow-like things and I marvel at their stamina. Gera is no more than a collection of huts sitting just above the river bed. It is also a road head where the villagers come to catch buses to Dharamsala and other valley towns.

#### A Serious Water Shortage

The next leg of our journey is a 3,000ft ascent, which, thankfully, no-one tells me at the time. In fact, Simon, who is our guide, has been rather vague about our destination all along, and in retrospect, I'm very grateful. We start gently enough, winding round the hillside following the river - or what would normally be the river. Due to the fact that the snows failed this year and therefore there was no snowmelt, there is a serious water shortage in the area. Our 'river' is a dry bed of boulders. At one point we cross the river on one of those wonderful bouncy bridges suspended high above the rocks and made even more bouncy by Paul gleefully jumping up and down on it. Then the path, for reasons best known to itself, disappears into the river bed, and after a short distance clambering over increasingly large boulders, we are lost. Our salvation this time appears in the slight, dignified form of Bidya Devi, a gaddi woman who, balancing her shopping on her head, is nimbly negotiating the river bed on her way home to Kareri. Simon has a smattering of Hindi which is to stand us in good stead over the next few days. Bidya Devi agrees to show us the path to Kareri, and within about 10 minutes we have also

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secured bed, breakfast and an evening meal for the next four days at the astonishing price of 60 rupees (about £1) per head per day. This part of the journey is the hardest part for me so far. The path seems to climb almost vertically up out of the river towards a far distant ridge. Simon keeps up with Bidya Devi and I get slower and slower. Paul loyally stays behind me, gently encouraging whenever it seems I will stop entirely. After a while the path is so steep that it seems as if one could topple off into space with one wrong step. This, combined with a light headedness caused by the thinner air and fatigue, make me feel quite unsafe. This feeling persists even after we reach the village, which seems to cling precariously to a narrow spur while all around ground rises and falls alarmingly steeply.

Bidya Devi's handsome 2-storey house is near the edge of the village, which straggles on up the hillside through the startling green of the spring crops. There is a paved courtyard and a verandah running nearly the length of the house onto which we flop, while our hostess makes delicious, sweet reviving chai. We have arrived!

**Caroline**

### TIBETAN SAYING

When you see nomads eating good food you cannot see nomads climbing hard on the other side of the mountain.



### Meaning

You can see joyful things but the hard work which brought about these joyful things you cannot see.

## SOUTH INDIAN DHAL (John Peacock)

### Ingredients

8oz red lentils  
1 large onion  
1oz yellow split peas (soaked for 3 hrs)  
30 curry leaves  
1 teaspoon of haldi (turmeric)  
1 tbsp of Black mustard seeds  
A good pinch of hing (asafoetida)  
A teaspoon of methi (fenugreek) seed  
2 small potatoes (diced)  
1 large carrot (diced)  
2 large tomatoes (skinned and chopped)  
2 tsp of coriander powder  
2 tsp of cumin powder  
2 tbsp of desiccated coconut (soaked & drained)  
2 tbsp of Sambhar Masala  
2 tbsp of olive oil

### Method

Boil the lentils & split peas in salted water with the turmeric, carrot, potatoes, onions and tomatoes. When the lentils are cooked place to one side.

Heat the olive oil in a large frying pan. When the oil is hot, add the mustard seeds, fenugreek and curry leaves. When the mustard seeds start to pop add the asafoetida, coconut, coriander, cumin, and sambhar masala. Fry for about 4 minutes. Add mixture to the pot of lentils and simmer for 15 minutes. Add more salt if required.

### BUILDING BRIDGES by Jon Marshall

I have been a Buddhist for over thirty years, including time spent in India during the early 70's when I first met Ven. Geshe Damcho. It was Geshe-la who first taught me the early chapters of Shantideva's text the Bodhisattvacharyavatara - The Bodhisattva's Way of life. This was a great inspiration for me. I am married with five children and over the past fifteen years have taught Religious Studies in secondary schools in Devon.

Since 1996 I developed contacts with other faiths and communities in Plymouth, forming an Inter-Faith group in 1998. From these



meeting the idea to establish a Centre began to form. I was particularly moved by a story told by Rabbi Hugo Gryn, a holocaust survivor, who reflected on the time and painful events leading up to capture and transportation to Auschwitz.

He recalled that in his home-town there were three beautiful synagogues and three beautiful churches but Jews never visited the churches and Christians never came to the synagogues. There was no real mix of people who although living side by side never really got to know each other or understand each other. So in a small way I hope the Centre can build bridges of understanding across the community so that we can appreciate our differences as well as our common humanity.



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### PLYMOUTH RELIGIOUS AND CULTURAL RESOURCE CENTRE

The centre was officially opened on the 20th September 2001 by Councillor Mrs Maureen Lawley. The Centre's main aim is to promote education of religion and cultural diversity based on the values of tolerance and respect.

The centre comprises an office, resources room, meeting room, hall and kitchen. The resources room contains a growing collection of artefacts from different religions which are available to schools and groups to support teaching and learning.

Schools and organisations can also use the centre's Faith Speaker service which creates invaluable opportunities to meet with someone from a local faith community including Buddhists, Christians, Hindus, Jews and Muslims.

Regular meetings and events, based on the principle of building good relationships with people of different faiths are held at the centre.

The meeting room and hall provide an ideal venue for local faith communities and groups to meet for study, reflection, discussion or celebration.

The Religious and Cultural Resource Centre is in the process of becoming a Charitable Trust and is looking to secure long term funding for this important work.

If you would like more information about the work of the centre or feel that you may be able to help please contact us.

3a Watts Rd., St Judes, Plymouth. PL4 8SE Tel/Fax: 01752 254438 Supported by Plymouth City Council. Registered in England No: 4243229

### First Buddhist School in the UK



The Dharma School in Brighton, the first Buddhist school in the UK, opened in 1994 in the front room of a private house with four children. There are now over 70 children and the school has moved to large new premises in the White House in Patcham, Brighton.

The school follows the National Curriculum but religion, ecology and environmental issues are given special prominence. The influence of Buddhism in the school is experienced through exploring basic principles in a way appropriate to each age group. The school prospectus mentions experiencing the consequences of our actions, awareness of the moment, change, meditation, interdependence, compassion and loving kindness. Without 'preaching', opportunities are taken in the normal course of the day to remind children of the wisdom contained in the five precepts and the desirability of trying to act in accordance with them. And this does work. Even in the youngest class of the main school the rules made up by the children themselves include not hurting, not taking what isn't given, not saying nasty things, being thoughtful and being respectful.

### School Policy

When the Dharma School was started it was the intention to ensure as far as possible that a certain percentage of parents were practising Buddhists but no attempt was made to apply a rigid definition of this term. Since then the policy has evolved into one of also accepting children of parents who are in sympathy with the principles that the school is seeking to promote. The policy is the same for the staff. Some are members of one or other of the

## The DHARMA SCHOOL in BRIGHTON and My Visit to the TORSEE SCHOOL in BANGKOK

By

Geoffrey Pullen

*A member of the Board of Directors 1995-2001*

numerous Buddhist groups in the area while those who are not are fully supportive of the philosophy behind the school. Several have children here.

### Relationship between Members of Staff

This is no ordinary school. It works so well for several reasons, but perhaps the greatest is the relationship between members of staff. This is a family as well as a place of work. Many here have worked together since the early days and they are close friends as well as colleagues. Some shared the difficult times, and the faith that they showed then has led to a close bonding that is still of tremendous benefit to everyone. From the tireless and immensely supportive example set by the head teacher to those who are only able to help for a few hours

a week, everyone does more than just a job at the school. And there is fun too!

### The School's Programme

The school's programme includes regular puja sessions, either in individual classes or with the whole school gathered together in the lovely sunroom. These are led by the head teacher or a member of staff, and sometimes by a visitor. Puja usually consists of a story, commentary, and a short quiet period. The opportunity is also taken at other times of the day to sit quietly for a minute or so, usually in the classroom. At the end of puja the children usually recite:

*May all beings be happy and know the causes of happiness*

*May they be free from suffering and the causes of suffering.*

### Visitors

The many rewarding experiences of being at the school include the great privilege of meeting visitors, and especially the monks who come from time to time from various traditions. In the last summer term alone we were graced by the presence of monks from the Zen, Theravada and Tibetan traditions, each bringing to us their peacefulness and great learning. Simply to be in their presence has been an inspiration. The school has no bias towards any one Buddhist tradition and to meet these gentle people is to be reminded of the message of the teachings which is common to all.

Sometimes monks visit on Friday before leading a retreat at the school on the following day. The governors welcome the use of the school building as a resource for Buddhist activities and at present regular retreats are held by groups from the Zen and Theravadan traditions. The school is also used on two evenings a week, one each by Shambala and Zen meditation groups. A third group is to begin meeting at the school in the autumn.

The school also receives visits from a great variety of interested organisations and individuals. Visitors include educationalists, students, researchers and an increasing number of prospective parents. And then there are the television crews! There have been four of these in the past year and the children have become quite accustomed to having them around. Unlike most other visitors, TV crews can be quite disruptive to the school day and while we love to think of the idea of the Dharma School being spread to a wide audience we are hoping that we can have some respite for a while!

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Numerous and welcome though they are the visitors are at the periphery of the life of the school, which has at its heart the wonderful energy, inventiveness and laughter of the children. Their 'beginner's minds' bring a freshness to every activity and provide us with ever flowing inspiration.

### **A Place where Love and Trust can Flourish**

The result of all this is a wonderfully loving and supportive environment for children, staff, and parents alike. The Dharma School is a place where love and trust can flourish and to be part of this wondrous process is supremely nourishing. We cannot know the effect of the ripples that spread out from here but we do know the enormously beneficial effect it has on those fortunate enough to be part of the school. Above all we are constantly blessed by the indescribable beauty of life that is expressed in each and every child.

As far as anyone here knows this is the only primary school in the country offering a Buddhist based education. We have had visits from groups considering the possibility of establishing similar schools in their area. A recent visitor from the FPMT in Barcelona is interested in setting up a Buddhist school there. We don't know of any existing or planned Buddhist schools elsewhere in Europe or in North America.

### **Soquel Redward Primary School, California**

In 1999 I visited the Soquel Redward Primary School in Santa Cruz, California which is on the site of the Land of a Thousand Buddhas and which offers a similar curriculum stressing compassion, inter-relatedness, and global responsibility but the label Buddhist is not used. Some parents might be dissuaded from sending their children here.



### **Torsee School, Bangkok**

More recently, in January 2001 I visited the Torsee School in Bangkok, run by a Theravadan Buddhist Head Teacher, Khun Onn, at Sukumrit 18 in the 28th District of Bangkok. My aim was to see whether, in a Buddhist country like Thailand, there were schools similar to the Dharma School in Brighton.

In fact the Torsee school is much larger than our school (over 200 pupils) and charges over four times our fee. (The Dharma School charges £2000 per annum but this will rise to £3000). The parents are wealthy Thai business people and are attracted to the small classes and strong sense of community and love within the school. There is a swimming pool in the playground and the children swim each day as well as changing into

pyjamas for an afternoon siesta. As with our school, there has been a wealthy Buddhist benefactor behind the project who has seen the school through its difficult teething years. I was impressed by the Head Teacher and her staff who had all been personally chosen and supported in their Buddhist practice by her.

### **All Attend Regular Retreats**

They all attend regular retreats and are required to do so. The children also follow the National Curriculum but in the same way as in Brighton this is interpreted to develop mindfulness and cooperation. The children are also very aware of environmental, ecological and global issues. Like our school in Brighton, the Torsee school also has a small number of handicapped children (Downs syndrome and autism) who are integrated into the school and treated with great care by the other children. I came away heartened by the example of this school but saddened that there are so few like it in a Buddhist country like Thailand.

### **Desperate need for More such Schools**

There is a desperate need for more such schools but, without financial backing and single-minded

purposefulness over a long period, there are many obstacles to setting up such schools. We in Brighton had the prayers and support from the very beginning, of the Chithurst monks and particularly of Ajahn Sumedho. In Thailand also this school has strong support from the Forest monks.

This seems to be the most crucial factor. Money and strong leadership is important but even more so is prayer and support from a strong sangha. With this in the background many more such schools can be created and flourish. May others be inspired to set up such schools in the future.

**Geoffrey Pullen**

## **KARNATAKA POTATOES**

### **Ingredients**

**1lb potatoes (diced)**  
**1 large onion (sliced)**  
**1 green chilli**  
**1 teaspoon turmeric**  
**A pinch of asafoetida**  
**A pinch of fenugreek seeds**  
**30 curry leaves**  
**1 tablespoon of Urad dhal (split black beans)**  
**2 large tomatoes (skinned and chopped)**  
**2 tablespoons of olive oil.**

### **Method**

Heat the olive oil in a large pan. When the oil is hot add the mustard seeds, urad dhal and fenugreek seeds. As the mustard seeds begin to pop add the onion, chilli, curry leaves and a pinch of asafoetida. Fry for 30 seconds then add the turmeric together with some salt. Fry for one minute then add the potatoes, constantly stirring. Finally add the tomatoes and enough water just to cover the potatoes. Simmer until quite a lot of the liquid has gone and the potatoes are cooked. Add more salt if required.

**John Peacock**



## LIFE IN A TIBETAN MONASTERY : THE SECOND YEAR

*PART 2 (continued from Mandala 7) by Dechen (Susan Rochard)*

### Uma Rabjampa Degree

At 4pm on Wednesday 13th March 1991 our class of newly enrolled students at the Institute of Buddhist Dialectics began the gruelling ten-year course of studies traditionally culminating in the 'Uma Rabjampa' degree. The syllabus for this degree includes the study of a number of introductory texts followed by a detailed study of the three most extensive subjects of the Geshe degree: Pramanavartikka (Valid Cognition), Prajnaparamita (Perfection of Wisdom), and Madhyamaka (Middle Way). Generally, after completion of this syllabus, a number of Dialectics Institute monks might enrol at one of the Three Seats of Learning (Drepung, Sera and Ganden Monastic Universities) in South India to study Abhidharma (Manifest Knowledge) and Vinaya (Monastic Discipline), and take the exams for the Geshe degree. At the Dialectics Institute, with teachers from Drepung Loseling Monastery, our syllabus coincided with that of Drepung Loseling and Ganden Shartse Monastic Universities. We began that Wednesday afternoon with a thin little book published by the Drepung Loseling Library Society containing the essential points of a subject known as Du-dRa (Collected Topics). All the monasteries begin their course of studies with their own literature on this subject. And although what this subject covers is profound and complex, the traditional manner of presenting it at this stage is quite suitable for young lads of fifteen who, having recently relinquished their yak-herding duties, have just learned to read and memorise. I still have the tape of Gen. Lobsang Gyatso's teaching on our first day. He gave a discourse which included the reasons for studying Buddhist philosophy and debate and in general, a detailed description and explanation of the gestures used in debate (the hand-clapping and so forth). He also gave us a rather unique transmission of chanted debates, in which the entire class participated in the manner of 'call and response'. He would chant a phrase and we would imitate it. For the first few weeks of classes he would chant through about three debates at the beginning of each class, which we would repeat after him about three times through, then he would get us to do it without him. In this way we memorised the debates and became familiar with the general format. It was a lovely and reassuring way to learn, and made one feel like a small kid again.

### Debating

We began debate on the third day of term, but for the first two days of this we were accommodated inside our prayer-hall, which was a great relief to us as we all felt very nervous about doing it in full view and ear-shot of everybody else outside. However, we were at last flung out of our safe little hiding place and had to debate in the courtyard outside the Main Temple of His Holiness the Dalai Lama, an area shared by Namgyal

Monastery and open to everybody to walk past and watch us! The worst thing was being ogled by our own senior students, who were dying to see us make fools of ourselves!

**The worst thing was being ogled by our own senior students, who were dying to see us make fools of ourselves!**

Well, it seems we all managed reasonably well, thanks to Gen-la's careful preparation. I have fond memories of debating that first year. Simply being outside for so many hours a day was quite an unusual and refreshing experience, and studying in such an environment helped the mind to remain clear even when tired. Our debate sessions took place from 1.30-3.15pm and from 7.30-9.30pm, though the evening sessions would often go on much later. Although it could get quite cold at times, there was a warmth in the energy of our shared activity, and the sheer beauty of debating under sparkling star-studded night skies was often awe-inspiring. Usually we would debate in pairs (as is traditional), but by the end of the evening the pairs would dissolve and students would gather around in groups to listen to, and perhaps join in, the

most fervent or interesting debates. A common sight at this time of the evening would be groups of monks with their arms draped around their classmates' shoulders, or holding hands, perhaps swaying gently with the rhythm of the debate. I sometimes used to feel a bit lonely and wishing for a cuddle at these times!

### Spring Picnic

A most memorable day occurred for our class in mid-May. It was the day of our Institute's Spring picnic, just before Saka Dawa (the month surrounding Buddha's enlightenment). In the early hours of the morning we set off to the picnic site near Baghsunath, half-way up a mountain on the other side of the river, where a tent had already been set up and tea and breakfast prepared by our Institute cooks. It turned out to be a gloriously sunny day.

In the middle of the morning my fellow students started to meander down to the river to wash their clothes and bathe. Never having indulged in this activity before I joined them, at least for the laundry. I took off my outer robes, and, just dressed in an undershirt and shirt, proceeded to wash all my clothes in the river. The first time of experiencing this is unforgettable, especially when one has been used to being confined indoors with a plastic bucket as I had for the past year. With the cold crystal-clear water flowing over my feet and the hot rays of sunshine pouring down upon me, in the midst of mountains towering majestically around, laundry just wasn't laundry anymore. It was an indescribably liberating feeling. Then at mid-day, having laid my robes out on the warm rocks to dry, I went up to the picnic site for lunch. During lunch the news came, urgently carried by an out-of-breath runner, that our class was to have an audience with His



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Holiness the Dalai Lama at 1.30pm that day. Joyful elation was followed quickly by panic in my heart as I remembered that my robes were all wet on the rocks below. Well, with nothing else to wear and maybe no time to get anything else, I would just have to wear them wet. Dreading the worst I went back down to the river, all prepared to put on these heavy sodden clothes, but when I got there I found they had dried right through! No problem! Fully dressed now (and beautifully clean) I joined my classmates and we all walked quickly and excitedly to the palace. I had time to rush into my room and get my passport and a khatag (white offering scarf), and soon was through the gates of the compound being checked by security staff. Our class being large, with about forty students, the meeting was held in the garden just outside His Holiness' large interview room, and, surrounded by the song of many birds, His Holiness gave us some advice about the purpose of our education. We each presented him with a khatag and received his personal blessing. Afterwards we gathered with our teachers, Gen. Lobsang Gyatso-la (our Abbot at that time) and Gen. Damcho-la, outside the Main Temple for photographs, and then returned to the picnic party as if walking on clouds. The rest of the day passed in a haze of bliss.

### Clearing the 'Lung'

The rest of the year, however, was far from blissful. With scarcely enough mastery of the Tibetan language, trying to cope with the hours of preparation, classes and debates was a hell-realm. Just living in a foreign culture and having to communicate in a foreign language every day is exhausting. However, I was very fortunate in having an American classmate (Philip) who not only had worked as a translator in the USA before coming to India (and thus his command of Tibetan was pretty good) but was also very willing to help a keen and less knowledgeable fellow student. He sat with me for up to an hour each day gradually working through a translation of whatever text we were studying at the time, so that I was at least familiar with the language of the text upon which Gen. Lobsang Gyatso would base his discourse. On top of this I recorded every discourse and listened to it afterwards, and, with the help of Lobsang Wangdu (the monk I cooked and ate lunch and supper with every day), managed to transcribe all the debates that Gen-la chanted as well as the main points of the teaching. It was also necessary to memorise the definitions and divisions of the concepts we were learning so that we could debate them on the debate courtyard where no books were allowed. For this purpose I copied out all the definitions and divisions, and any additional nuggets of necessary information, into a series of notebooks small enough to carry around in my pocket wherever I went. I became well-known among my classmates for always having a little notebook with me, even on the debate courtyard, and on innumerable occasions would find one of them sidling up to me for a quick peep during debate. All these activities occupied me from morning till night, especially during the first couple of years, and it was not at all surprising that I got 'lung' from time to time.

**There are different kinds of 'lung', but the kind that I had occurs when you push yourself (usually mentally) beyond the level of your energy resources and develop a certain kind of stress**

There are different kinds of 'lung', but the kind that I had occurs when you push yourself (usually mentally) beyond the level of your energy resources and develop a certain kind of stress.

The symptoms manifest as exhaustion, sleeplessness, irritability, a tendency to be tearful, and sometimes a feeling of tightness in the heart-chakra (or another chakra). Basically, the 'lung' or wind-energy is not flowing properly and gets blocked in one of the chakras. The remedies include: rest, eating meat and greasy foods, drinking alcohol, being surrounded by kind friends reassuring you with sweet, soothing words, sitting in a comfortable place gazing at beautiful distant views, sex and laughter. As a monastic one does not have recourse to all these remedies, but there are enough available to help dispel the lung. I heard that doing prostrations is also very good, and perhaps particularly so because part of the problem may be due to not having quite a large enough store of 'merit' to accomplish the job in question without suffering. In any case, I had the good fortune to meet a Chinese lady who was a Chi-Gung teacher, and she taught me a few simple exercises which cleared the 'lung' quite easily.

### Moving Home

One day I had to go to a house further away from the one where I usually went to collect water. This other house was part of Namgyal Monastery, and at that time there was evidence of building work going on there, though the workers had already gone home. I went up the stairs to the other side of the house, into the damp little shed with a tap, otherwise known as a bathroom, and filled up my 20kg plastic jerrycan with that most precious of liquids. However, even though the bathroom (like most others in Dharamsala) left much to be desired, the rest of that side of the building was beautifully situated. There was a large balcony overlooking a breath-taking view, with stark rugged mountains to the left, a wide sweeping valley in front, and rich green forest to the right. For some strange reason, whilst I was up there, I had a very strong intuition that I would soon be living in one of those little rooms adjoining the balcony. Interestingly enough, within a few days I heard from Gen-la that the time had come for me to leave my present room, which had only been given to me on a temporary basis. Before I had moved in he had already offered it to a new member of staff who would now soon be arriving in Dharamsala to take up his position at the Institute. Gen-la offered me a different room, which I thought was not going to be quiet enough for my studies, so I went to the Namgyal Monastery office to ask about the rooms with the big balcony. They told me that these three rooms had previously been occupied by Kirti Tsenshab Rinpoche, and had been re-decorated for rental to people who had already requested them. The waiting list for these rooms was very long, I was told. However, I pleaded and said that I was being asked to leave my room within a week, as somebody else had already been booked into it, and that I urgently needed a place to live

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and study. I did not push hard, and yet within a couple of days I was given one of those little rooms (the one nearest the bathroom). I moved in there and it proved to be the happiest home I ever had in India, small though it was. It can only have been 12ft by 8ft, and yet it had my bed, clothes cabinet, shrine, study-table and chair, cooking table with gas stove, bookshelves, and cupboards containing all my cooking things and spare water supply. All of my life took place in that little room, the Institute prayer-hall and the debate courtyard. Of course, there was the wonderful balcony, bathed in sunshine from morning until evening, with the sun rising over the mountains to the left and setting behind the forest to the right. At night a flying squirrel would climb up to the tree-top, at eye-level, right by the southern side of the balcony, and just take off - magnificently gliding to a tree far beyond the scope of my own vision in a lower part of the forest to the west. I also had a very good neighbour, a girl in her early twenties named Dadze ('Beautiful Moon') who had come to India to study in her own language. She had already successfully completed her education at a good Chinese school in Lhasa, and had been indoctrinated to such an extent that she didn't even believe that the Dalai Lama was a real person who actually existed. However, by the time I met her she had already lived in India a few years, so of course was seeing things from a very different perspective by then.

### The Exams

After about three-and-a-half months of studying the most important topics contained in the small, middling and great Du-dRa we were about to take our first set of exams. Instead of revising properly for the exams I got sick. Then, having recovered, I took on the job of painting all the shrines and cabinets in our Institute's gumpa (prayer hall). I did all the background painting whilst Lobsang Wangdu, who had completed some training in Lhasa as a thangka painter, created the designs on top (with the assistance of one of his classmates). Gen-la (whose office was right next-door) was either away during this time or he had allowed them to play music. In any case we spent a couple of intensive days painting the shrine-room to the accompaniment of Tracy Chapman, who was the favoured singer of the moment in our Institute. Actually I think her lyrics are quite meaningful, and she has been one of my favourites too since that occasion. It was quite interesting reflecting on the problems of life in a ghetto for a Black-American whilst painting a Buddhist shrine in the Himalayas with Tibetan monks. My part in the shrine-painting went on for some days, and I even remember being up a ladder whilst Gen-la was teaching a senior class (there must have been a dead-line to reach). I was ever-so-quiet, but I guess it could have been a bit distracting for the monks who no doubt spent some of their mental energy hoping that I might fall off the ladder (just for fun, of course - nothing malicious). The exams finally took place, and one of the senior monks (who since became a Geshe) helped me to prepare a debate. In the first year there are no

**It was quite interesting reflecting on the problems of life in a ghetto for a Black-American whilst painting a Buddhist shrine in the Himalayas with Tibetan monks.**

written exams, just a debate exam. Being the babies of the Institute we were allowed to choose our own topic, and I chose to debate on lDog-pa (Isolates). The exams were just for our class as the main exams didn't take place until the end of the year. However, we had to take them in the Main Temple itself in front of the whole Institute, including our teachers, as well as some visiting teachers who acted as the examiners. We were all scared stiff. Nevertheless, most of us fared well enough, including myself. Answering would have been a much harder task.

### The Foot of the Snow Mountain Peak

Having completed Du-dRa we then started bLo-Rig (Mind and Cognition). The basic text that we used for this was far more detailed than the one we had used for the DudRa class (although there was a more expansive presentation of the former that many students had accessed: Rwa-sTod Du-dRa). The bLo-Rig text that we used was written by Gen. Lobsang Gyatso himself, and gave presentations of the seven-fold division of

mind from the point of view of not only Sautrantika tenets, but also Yogachara and Madhyamaka tenets. This was too advanced for most people in our class at the time, and Gen-la skipped over most of the non-Sautrantika tenets - but he encouraged us to look at these sections and refer to them in the future. By the end of the monsoon we had worked our way through the seven-fold divisions of mind, and most of the two-fold divisions also. We then came onto the section about mental factors. As it was the end of monsoon, and the formal end of the rains retreat, people were encouraged to go for long walks. I went off for a couple of days up the mountain, with a tent and a load of food, accompanied by someone teaching English at the Institute. We were headed for a place beyond Triund, with a name that sounded like 'Illaga' supposedly situated at the foot of the snow-mountain peak. This was towards the end of September, and I had no idea how cold it could get up there. After a very early start, and walking all day, we eventually arrive at the stream near the foot of the snow-mountain peak. But we hadn't actually run into a village of any kind, just some empty shepherd huts on the way. Being quite inexperienced in these matters, I mistakenly had a bath in the stream, which was freezing, and then had to sit up beyond sunset doing my prayers by the meagre light of a dwindling pathetic little fire. It didn't give off much heat either. By the end of it all I was shivering beyond belief, and even when I got into my sleeping-bag fully clothed I couldn't stop. I didn't sleep all night because of the cold and the shivering. The next day we had some sunshine, but just not enough. I think we spent one more night there and the day after that returned home.

### Sick : Admission to Delek Hospital

I fell sick immediately, and was in bed for a week with a high fever, the glands and tonsils in my throat swollen to such an extent that I couldn't lie down as the weight of the



*(Continued on page 13)*



## LIFE IN A TIBETAN MONASTERY : THE SECOND YEAR

### PART 2 (continued )

(Continued from page 12)

swelling blocked my windpipe and stopped me breathing. The pain was terrible too, and eating extremely difficult. A monk from Amdo, named Samten Gyatso, was in charge of the care of sick students in the Institute at that time, and he came and helped a bit with cooking and washing up. I especially remember him sitting by my bed telling me stories - he's an extremely good story-teller. However, my condition got worse and I was admitted to the Delek hospital where I was examined and put on intravenous penicillin for three days. Hospitals in India generally don't serve food to patients when they are admitted - this is left up to family members and friends (and if you don't have family members or friends there I don't know what happens to you). However, the Delek Hospital does serve food for a small fee, but the quality of it is apparently awful. So my best friend in my class, a monk from Amdo named Ngawang Palden, insisted on cooking my meals and bringing them to the hospital everyday - a twenty minute walk down the mountain from the Dialectics Institute. I was so touched by his kindness, and by his delight in doing this for me - his only real reward being my improving health. This was typical of him. During all the time that he was at the Institute Ngawang Palden was genuinely like a brother to me. Sadly he didn't stay more than three years, and I missed him sorely after that. Lobsang Wangdu also did his share of cooking and delivering food, but it wasn't with the same depth of devotion and commitment that Ngawang Palden manifested, though in the long run he too was an excellent friend. The few days that I spent in the Delek Hospital proved to be quite educational for me. The family members of the patients often slept either in or under the patient's bed, and cooked meals for them on kerosene stoves either in or just outside the ward. At night we were visited by quite large and rather friendly cockroaches, that weren't at all shy of patients and would run all over them. Luckily I don't have a particular aversion to cockroaches in the way that I do for spiders. If it had been the latter I really don't know what I'd have done. The wards are small and the concept of privacy seems not to apply to life in the Delek Hospital. During the day the doors of the ward were left open for people inside to have a view out, and for those outside to have a view in. There were no separate 'male' and 'female' wards either. But all of this was fine in the context and the atmosphere was very warm and cosy.

#### The Final Text of the First Year : Tags-Rigs

When I returned home from hospital our class was already some way through the mental factors, so I missed part of that (though I had received detailed teachings on them previously in England). Nevertheless, due to having missed those classes and the debates that went with them, I have never to this very day memorised the names and definitions of the mental factors in Tibetan. This is one of the few subjects that I officially studied at

the Dialectics Institute that I now prefer to think about in English. Most of the other subjects I naturally think about in Tibetan, and English is the language that I translate the concepts into. It is bound to happen this way as, even at quite an early stage, the explanations that you receive of an unfamiliar term are given in Tibetan, and then you work with that, and build on that. We had another exam after completing bLo-Rig, which again just involved debate, and again we were allowed to choose our topic. I chose Sel-'Juk (Eliminative Engager) as I felt it went well with the Isolates topic that I had worked on earlier, and that gaining more familiarity with subjects such as these would help in the study and understanding of emptiness at a later stage. The exam process was not as terrifying as the first time, as we were all getting more used to debating in public, but the subject matter was linguistically more complex. Nevertheless it went well enough. Then we started the final text of the first year: Tags-Rigs (Signs and Reasonings). This is quite a complex subject, and some of the definitions are several lines long and therefore difficult to memorise. However, it appealed to my love of logic, and I enjoyed making all kinds of diagrams to represent the connections between the subject, predicate and reason of a syllogism, and between classes of objects that appear in the arguments. As with the Collected Topics, the subject-matter itself is profound and complex, but the presentation of it to first-year students is done in quite a straight-forward way - just learn the definitions and apply them. At a later stage one can investigate the deeper philosophical issues.



*Dechen (Susan Rochard)*

End of Part 2

Sometimes we feel that one individual's action is very insignificant. Then we think, of course, that effects should come from channelling from a unifying movement. But the movement of the society, community or group of people means joining individuals. Society means a collection of individuals, so the initiative must come from individuals. Unless each individual develops a sense of responsibility, the whole community cannot move. So therefore it is very essential that we should not feel that individual effort is meaningless - you should not feel that way. We should make an effort.

**His Holiness the Dalai Lama**

*The Dalai Lama's Book of Love and Compassion*

## News from Our Friends in SOUTH AFRICA



Greetings from sunny Durban where we are now entering our summer months - the rains have come and the plants are growing in abundance with the birds and animals happy after the dry winter.

### Group Meetings

Our small Tibetan Buddhist group continues to meet each Saturday afternoon at the Taiwanese temple with our occasional visits to the Burmese Monastery in Ashburton to receive Teachings from the resident Abbot, U Khemissara. We will be visiting them again on the 9<sup>th</sup> December when some of 'the boys' are taking the plunge to undertake a temporary ordination (for 9 days) when the head of the Myanmar Vihara in Burma, Chamnay Sayadaw arrives in South Africa for a short visit - we'll try not to laugh when they have all their hair cut off.

### Jabulani Self-Help Centre

Our KZN Buddhist Forum efforts at the Jabulani Self-Help Centre occupy particularly two members of our group, Roy & Sandy McEwen, who have gallantly taken on a commitment of visiting the Centre each Monday afternoon to help the children with homework and extra tuition. Not being qualified teachers themselves, at first it was quite a challenge - besides having to go 'back-to-school', keeping the children quiet and stimulated was something they found difficult, but, being good Buddhists they have taken the right attitude and modestly say that it is 'Good practice for us'. However, their efforts and dedication are really exemplary. We will be taking some food parcels across to Jabulani at our next meeting in time for Christmas.

### Arrival of a Tibetan Delegation in Durban

A major event that occupied us was the arrival of a Tibetan delegation of 16 people who attended the World Conference Against Racism in Durban from 27<sup>th</sup> August – 9<sup>th</sup> September. It was really great to see so

## GREETINGS FROM SUNNY DURBAN

many Tibetans grace our shores and we were really impressed by their focus and dedication to do whatever was necessary to make the Tibet-cause seen and heard. They received good media coverage, and resolutions on Tibet were included in the final NGO draft to government. This was a great achievement for the Tibetan delegates. But not all was hard work, as many of you know, the Tibetans can also 'play' and spontaneously dance or sing with very little encouragement. This was easily triggered by one of their members, Tenzin Gonpo, an exceptionally talented musician trained at TIPA, but now living in France as a professional musician and singer. We kept Tenzin busy performing at various schools in and around Durban and also at the University of Natal in Durban. He was a great success wherever he went and admired by many in his traditional Tibetan garb - the impact he had, especially on the children, will stay with them for quite some time to come.

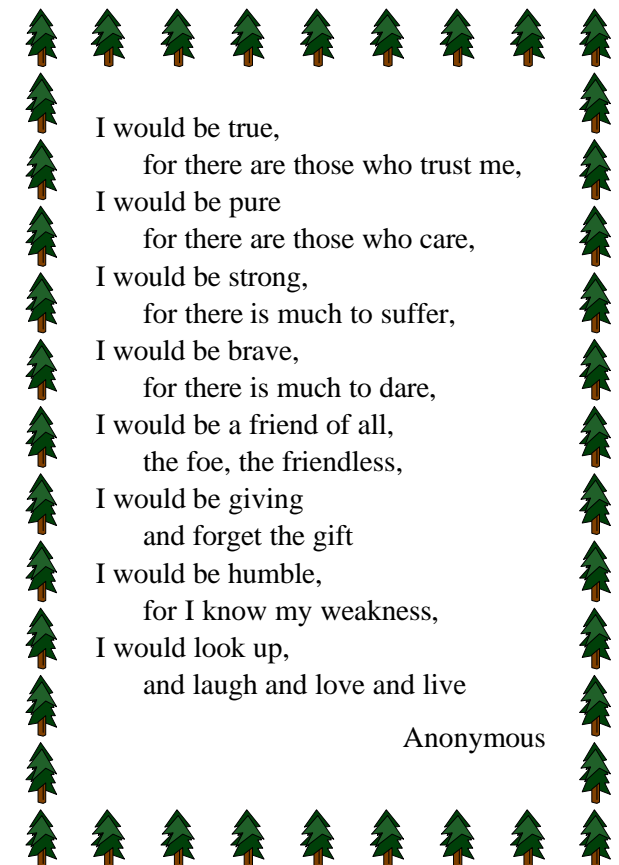
### Molly van Loon Passes Away

We should also mention the death of Molly van Loon - she died on 30<sup>th</sup> September, just a few months short of her 80<sup>th</sup> birthday... Molly together with Louis, her husband in those years, played a significant role in establishing the Vegetarian movement in South Africa in the 1960's and 70's, and with Louis co-founded the Buddhist Institute of South Africa and the Buddhist Retreat Centre near Ixopo. Her strong character and intuitive insights contributed greatly in helping the Dharma take root in South Africa and we honour the creative role she played in those pioneering years. In more recent times, her Buddhist art collection became her main medium for communicating Buddhist principles to others. Services were held for Molly throughout South Africa and a service at the Burmese

Monastery was held on the 27<sup>th</sup> October, which seemed appropriate as Molly was born in Burma and often related fond childhood memories of her time there.

Well, I guess that is about it for the time being and look forward to keeping in touch with everyone.

With love, Elizabeth



### Memorable Impressions

The trip to attend the teachings of Denma Locho Rinpoche has left a deep impression on me. Not only have I gained insight into the essence of Guru Yoga, I have come to value the depth of Je Tsong Khapa's skilful writings. I have been touched by the compassionate influence of Geshe-la and witnessed the devotion in return of those who work closely with him to promote the Dharma. The loving, caring and considerate attitude of all the Buddhists I met will remain with me for a long time.

### The Sweet Air of Freedom

One of the first things I did, when I arrived in Bristol was to go to the Downs by myself. I was staying with Mike Austin who gave me a cell phone and house keys, while he went back to the Bristol Centre. I felt like an eight year old as I raced across the grassland, smelling the sweet air of freedom, leaving all my worries behind. A lone squirrel and a flock of crows were there to witness my ecstatic behaviour. Helping prepare for Rinpoche's visit the next day, proved to be a lot of fun and I got the chance to meet the active members. They are such a cheerful bunch of people!

Caroline McCookweir was generous enough to take me over to Wales, and she had to contend with a very verbal 'me', who kept on saying 'wow' at everything. I have never seen such beauty, and the hedgerows had me gaping in amazement. I was even more stunned seeing Ven Donden-la sitting together with John Allman and Edita Kliesch (the most brilliant vegetarian cook in the world), at the kitchen table. I had not expected to see a Tibetan monk in the kitchen!

I was soon watering plants, stopping to take in the view of the countryside. When Rinpoche and his brother arrived together with Geshe-la, my heart missed a few beats at seeing Geshe-la looking so well!

I stayed with David Johnson, next door, in a house that I can only describe as having a life of its own. Since we all relied on the natural elements for electricity and

## A SOUTH AFRICAN VISITS THE LAM RIM CENTRES

*by Linda Twells, Johannesburg*

water, a sense of mindfulness crept in. Meditating on his couch in the morning and then enjoying the energetic wildlife through the glass windows brought back a sense of childlike wonder. David is an insightful thinker and I had the opportunity to pick his brains about topics as vast as Ghandi, emptiness and ley lines!

Denma Locho Rinpoche proved a very intuitive teacher and the interaction between Rinpoche and the translator made the teachings extremely vivid. I had volunteered to do the sound recordings and at some stage in the teachings, as I sat down for the afternoon session, Rinpoche took a glance at me. For a timeless moment, I was wrapped in a warm blanket of blessings. I almost forgot to start recording.

Tibetan teachers are not frequent visitors to South Africa, so I relied heavily on the Internet to get information. My difficulty accepting the elaborate images in tantra, and the heavy emphasis on Guru yoga within the Gelugpa lineage, was one of the reasons why I had decided to attend the teachings. I had gained great respect for the Lam Rim message of renunciation, bodhichitta and clear view emptiness. The Prasangika angle on the nature reality was more interesting for me.

I had rebelled against too much imagery as a Catholic and became a Muslim instead. Before hearing His Holiness the Dalai Lama's teachings in South Africa for the first time, I became a confirmed atheist. His Holiness' teachings were extremely profound and it was impossible to grasp why the Tibetans, with such an elaborate system of logic, would get embroiled in vast images that seemed like unnecessary visualisations.

With the gentle explanations of John Allman, I stopped kicking in my heels and let my emotions rule instead of my

head. The Je Tsong Khapa initiation was moving, and sensing the warm energy of Rinpoche as he blessed me after the initiation, left me in no doubt that he is a very, very special person.

### The Foundation of All Excellence

I enjoyed the second series of teachings in Bristol based on Je Tsong Khapa's 'The Foundation of All Excellence'. Emphasis on the paramitas was more acceptable to me. I sat right in front, under Rinpoche's nose and had a lovely view of Geshe-la. There was frequent eye contact, especially when Rinpoche had something funny to say! I had learned a smattering of Tibetan from the Asian Classics Institute courses I was doing, and to see Geshe-la giggle at Rinpoche's humour was very precious for me. This was the first time I had taken Bodhisattva vows and in a very moving and tearful ceremony, I saw most of the monks wipe a tear off their cheeks. It was followed by a very powerful initiation of the

Medicine Buddha. Rinpoche looked like a Buddha and every time I recite the mantra now, his voice echoes in my mind.

I stayed with Branwen Griffiths during the Bristol teachings and made firm friends with her cat. With her encouragement, I did the Chenrezig puja in the morning at the Centre.

### After the Teachings

I stayed on after the teachings and helped move the shrine and all the other paraphernalia up a flight of steps. It was one of the most hilarious days of my life. Donden-la and Mike were good enough to have a comedy show of their own.

Mike was kind enough to show me a little of a very scenic Bristol and explain the history of the city. His practical, yet inspiring perspectives on Tibetan Buddhism

*(Continued on page 16)*

(Continued from page 15)

grounded me, as this had been the first time that I had been to such intense teachings.

I attended a lovely birthday party for Kathy Hayman. She entertained us with her brilliant dancing.

Back in Wales I started winding down, just soaking up the beautiful atmosphere and tagging along with David to the small towns in the area and just being near Geshe-la. As usual, Geshe-la had some wonderful advice for me. To be able to sit with him in his own surroundings was such a blessing. I spent some time in Margaret's company and she gave me some sobering advice and some wonderful books on the practicalities of meditation. Most of all I remember helping her pick up some pebbles to take back to South Africa. One afternoon Donden-la made me some Tibetan tea. By imagining it to be a creamy exotic soup, I was able to enjoy the taste - except for the heartburn that came afterwards!

Just before returning to Bristol, David took me to see Tintern Abbey. The grandeur and magnitude of the ruins speaks deeply to the sacredness we all carry within us. It is one of David's favourite places and I can understand why it so special.

I had a very entertaining evening at Roy Francis' home whilst he picked my brains about Islam and fed Mike and myself with original curry. Yummy!

On my way to Bath, I sprained my ankle and the sight-seeing tour was not as vivid as I would have liked it to be. I actually remember more of the Dharma group meeting that evening at the Centre, as I have implemented the same type of framework in South Africa. The fact that Geshe-la is in Wales tells me that it is a very special place. I hope that one day I will return to see him again in the setting that I can only describe as magical. My thanks go out to Mike, David, Branwen, Kathy, Janie, Roy, Margaret, Edita and John for offering me accommodation, food, brilliant advice and warm company. See you soon! ☺

Linda Twells

## ORANGE MARMALADE

### Ingredients

**3 lbs seville oranges**

**2 lemons**

**handful of coriander**

**6 lbs sugar**

### Method

Scrub fruit, cut in half, squeeze out pips and keep separately in small pan with small handful of coriander. Cook fruit in large pan until really soft with 4-5 pints water. Cut up as you prefer (thick chunks or thin slices), if not soft cook more.

Boil pips and coriander in some of the cooking water for 10 mins, then strain and add to large pan with all fruit. Add more water if necessary and boil until really soft. Take off heat, add sugar, stir gently till dissolved then boil rapidly - full rolling boil for 20mins or until it will set. Cool a little, pot in warmed jars and seal.

Edita



### TIBETAN SAYINGS

When you throw a handful of ash into space half the ash lands on your head, the other half on other people.

When you want to throw someone into the river, you too have to go half-way.

When you want to kill some being then you become a natural criminal.

### Meaning

When you make problems or harm other people, you get half problem yourself.



The Buddha said in the *Dhammapada*:

Even small non-meritorious acts  
Can cause great ruin and trouble  
In the world that lies beyond—  
Like poison that has entered the body.

Even small meritorious acts  
Bring happiness to future lives,  
Accomplishing a great purpose  
Like seeds becoming bounteous crops.

\*\*\*\*\*

Wise ones, do not befriend  
The faithless who are mean  
And slanderous and cause schism.  
Don't take bad people as your  
companions.

Wise ones, be intimate  
With the faithful who speak gently,  
Are ethical and do much listening.  
Take the best as companions.

*Open Heart, Clear Mind.*  
*Thubten Chodron*



I can picture the scene quite clearly. It was late evening in the kitchen at Lam Rim, not long before Tara Puja. Margaret walked in from outside waving the Monmouthshire Beacon and exclaiming,

*“Bernard’s house is going up for auction. Why don’t you buy it?”*

*“What do I want a house for; I’m quite happy with my room?”* I replied, taken aback. *“You can run the Centre and do retreats,”* that came back quickly.

*“Mmmhfff?”* I thought.

For those who don’t know, Bernard lived in the Canadian Pitch Pine house that was next door to Lam Rim. Bernard bred Collies with the intention of selling them on. He didn’t seem to sell that many though. There were a number of dogs next door and in the field across the road. When Bernard was not around they started barking. Having not known any different since I had moved to Lam Rim, I didn’t really notice them - they were background noise. It wasn’t until I returned from India with Geshe-la in 1995 that I realized just how much noise they had made.

At the end of 1994 Geshe-la and I left for India, to be followed two weeks later by Margaret, Edita and Paul Kirby. In those two weeks Bernard had died of cancer. He had made no will. It was because there was no will that the house sat empty for a number of months before the announcement of the auction.

### No Plans to Move

I didn’t want a house, but the more that I thought of the noise that the dogs had made, the more I thought of trying for the house. I had no plans to move from the area. What if we ended up with noisy neighbours? I would never live with myself. I went to see Geshe-la to seek his thoughts. Also to point out that the buying of the house would delay the departure for Tibet; it was that year. I mulled it over. What to do?

### The Auction

I finally decided to try the auction. The house and land were valued at £40,000, *“But,”* I was warned, *“you have a glorified building plot here, and at auction it could go for anything.”* ...and it did!

Having had no experience myself of auctions, I asked my solicitor, David Curwen, to represent me. The auction took place on site. That morning had seen the auction of Bernard’s odds ‘n’ ends which had littered the field across the road and around the house. That had attracted quite a crowd, and a good number of them waited around for the auction of the house that afternoon, just to see what would happen.

Now the agreement with my solicitor was as follows. I had written to him giving him my limit of how much I was prepared to pay for the property. If the auction reached that limit, I had to write down on a piece of paper how much further I would allow him to go. I stood beside David feeling quietly confident. The auctioneer placed a wooden box on the ground outside the front door, stepped up onto it, a boater on his head, and after a

## THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR

by David Johnson

brief description of the lot he suggested an opening bid.

Now there was a person stood on a hill over looking the house, a little removed from the rest of the crowd and he kept on bidding. We slowly left the early bidders behind in our wake. Whatever we bid, he bid more - he probably has said the same of us! The

bidding kept on going up and up. You could hear the gasps, I was literally shaking in my shoes... eventually I had to decide whether to write on that piece of paper or not. I picked a number and wrote it down. *“Are you sure?!”* asked David.

I nodded.

*“I’ll go up in smaller increments from now on,”* he replied.

Our friend on the hill stopped soon after that, and cliché or not, I breathed a sigh of relief ... then, from an old man standing quietly behind throughout all these proceedings, came another bid. The audience was enjoying this!

### The Property was Mine

Thankfully though, our new friend soon stepped out and the property was mine - but what next?

Now that I owned the property, what should I do with it? The existing house needed some work done on it, but could have been lived in. However, I didn’t feel as though I wanted to live in that house, and then my long held environmental interests started to kick into action.

### A High Ecological Standard

Architect Andrew Yeats was working on the conversion of the Coach House at Lam Rim. Andrew is a Buddhist and an ecological architect. To me it felt that given the resources that I had at hand, if I was to build from new, to build anything other than an ecologically designed house would be very wrong. I approached Andrew to see if he would be interested in working on such a project, giving him the initial very open specification,

1. To design a house which, if I need to sell it, a family could live in.
2. To design a house which Lam Rim could use if necessary.
3. To design the house to a high ecological standard.
4. To make the house look like a beautiful house. From my experience; ecological houses have tended to look rather unconventional. I felt that by designing a beautiful house it would help people to see that one can build environmentally, while still having a beautiful place to live in.

I have Andrew to thank for the final design that you can see today. I gave him a couple more pointers, but as a house had not been in my game plan, I had no image as to what I wanted.

It took a year from that auction before we had planning permission. Not that there were problems with planning, there weren’t. I was away at times with Geshe-la, and we

*(Continued on page 18)*



(Continued from page 17)

changed ideas for the design of the house. An advantage of this was to be able to get to know the land; the direction of the prevailing wind; where the sun rose and set; how trees in leaf affected the shadow over the land. All these were important factors in deciding the positioning of the energy producing technology.

### Where the Ley Lines Converged

At Andrew's suggestion a geomantic survey of the site was commissioned. A number of features were found around the site and at Lam Rim, but probably the most interesting was a point on my land where ley lines were found to converge from all over the country; the point looked like a bicycle wheel. One line came from the Sugar Loaf, went through the point and then on eastwards. As the design for the house evolved, the front door was lined up on this ley line.

Finally, in July/August 1997 the old house was taken down, plank by plank. The nails were knocked out and all good wood and a chimney pot were stacked up in the garden ready for the building of the new house. Four of the old doors were stored in the garage at Lam Rim, unfortunately the others had been stolen just after the auction.

### Recycled Materials Used

The new house was started on site in October 1997 and took ten months. During that time the contractors worked through a terrible winter. The soil around my house is clay, and the wind and rain, along with workmen walking around soon turned the land into a quagmire. However they were a good team and to see the plans on paper slowly materializing into a house was a joy. Recycled materials from the old house were used where possible and also searched for from further afield. Otherwise we tried as much as possible to source materials locally. Recycled newspaper was blown into the wall, floor and ceiling cavities to insulate the house. I remember Margaret commenting on how quiet the construction was; only the banging-in of nails, no other machines were used.

In August 1998 the contractors moved out and on the same day a group of us moved into an empty house. Andrew was organizing a pilgrimage to Mt. Kailash for Ajahn Sumedho of the Forest Sangha, and the lay people of the group (Andrew had invited me along) met up for the weekend at the new house. While we sat on the platform half way up the stairs having a shared evening meal, everyone else getting to know each other, I sat looking at this new creation wondering at it ... just how it had come to be?

I go through summers now just living off the energy generated by the wind and sun, and use little mains electricity during the winter. When it rains, the water falling down the copper drain pipes to the collector tank under the house, (it is not connected to mains water) can sound like a bubbling brook. Sun permitting, the house and water are both heated with no other energy input. The weather, unconsciously, has now taken on a new significance for me.

### Tandderwen : Under the Oak

I named the house Tandderwen which is Welsh for "under the oak." My reason for this was the large oak tree which stands by the gate of the footpath leading to the house - the



house sitting under the oak. Since then though, it has been pointed out to me that I do indeed live under oak with the oak beams in the house. An unplanned project, but for those who have seen Tandderwen, I am sure that they will agree that I have been very fortunate. I have been given a beautiful and peaceful place in which to live. Over the last two and a half years people have found out and visited the house, and it has been heartening to see them leave feeling inspired by the ecological architecture. Thank you to all those involved for making it possible. May this sort of technology, and the attitudes which go with it become more widespread for the sake of our planet and those that live on it.

David

## GREEN TOMATO CHUTNEY

### Ingredients

4lbs green tomatoes  
1lb green apples  
1 lb shallots  
1 lb stoned raisins  
1 oz root ginger  
6 chillies  
1 lb brown sugar  
1 pint spiced vinegar or see\*  
2 oz mixed pickling spice\*

*\*or*

1/2 oz black  
peppercorns  
1/2 oz allspice  
1/2 oz coriander  
seeds  
1/4 oz mustard  
seeds

1/4 oz blade mace  
3-4 chillies

*\* Mix all well and add to 2  
Pints of malt vinegar and  
1/4 oz coarse salt. If ready  
mixed pickling spices are  
used, add any of the missing  
ingredients. Boil spices and  
salt in vinegar for 3-4 mins,  
then strain and use hot or  
cold as needed.*

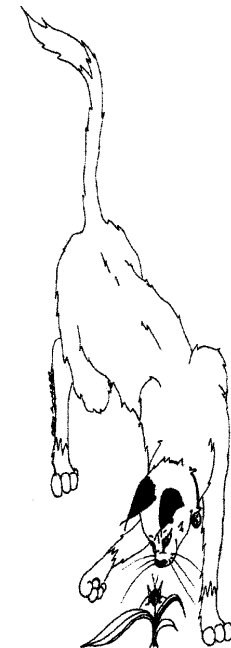
### Method for Chutney

Bruise ginger and chillies and tie in muslin. Peel and cut up apples and shallots; slice tomatoes, chop raisins. Place all ingredients in pan. Bring to boil then simmer gently until all vegetables are cooked and the chutney is the consistency of jam. Remove the bag of spices. Bottle chutney in warmed jars. Cover with metal covers lined with plastic or wax paper.

Edita



## PUDDHA ... the Enlightened cat



PURRS FOR THOUGHT ...  
Celebrate the wonder of all  
creatures, great or small

**LAM RIM BUDDHIST CENTRE**

Religious Studies Field Work Day with Year 7, Wednesday 28th June 2000  
*Last July, a group of Junior pupils (year 7) from Coedcae Comprehensive School in Llanelli, Carmarthenshire, spent a full day at Lam Rim Buddhist Centre. The day's activities included research tasks, art work, walking the centre's meditation path, interviewing members of the community, visiting the Eco House, as well as having fun. Our thanks go to Pam Evans, Head of Religious Studies and her staff for such a wonderful experience.*



David

**Interview with David**

- Q1) How long have you been a Buddhist?  
 A1) *I became interested in Buddhism in 1989.*
- Q2) Why did you become a Buddhist?  
 A2) *I was travelling in what used to be East Tibet, now a Chinese province. While there visited a Tibetan monastery and it felt very familiar. My interest grew from there.*
- Q3) How long have you been a member of Lam Rim?  
 A4) *I first visited the Bristol Lam Rim Centre in September 1990. I joined the community at the Centre here in Wales in December 1991.*
- Q4) What do you do here at Lam Rim?  
 A4) *This and that. Help Edita in the kitchen. Cut the grass. Use my computer skills where necessary. Lead chanting. Meet schools when they visit the Centre.*
- Q5) Do you have any other job?  
 A5) *No.*
- Q6) What is your Eco house like? May we see the main features of the house?  
 A6) *I feel very fortunate to own the house and like it very much. The house uses the wind and sun to heat the water. I am not connected to mains water, but collect water off the roof. This goes through a small purification system. Many materials used in this house were recycled from the previous wooden house which was on this site.*
- Q7) Have you travelled anywhere with Geshe-la?  
 A7) *Yes. I have been fortunate to have travelled with Geshe-la to South Africa, India, Nepal and Tibet.*
- Q8) Where is the most interesting place you have visited with him? What was it like?  
 A8) *All of the places have been special in their own way, but for me probably the most interesting was Tibet. It is a beautiful country, and although sad for what the Chinese have done since they have invaded Tibet, the Tibetan people are a strong and happy people. We were able to visit and stay with Geshe-la's family. We stayed at Drepung Monastery, the monastery that Geshe-la is from, and also went on pilgrimage to other holy sites in Central Tibet.*

**VENERABLE RIZONG RINPOCHE  
VISIT TO LAM RIM MARCH 2002**

The Venerable Rizong Rinpoche is one of the most highly respected lamas alive today. Born in Ladakh, as an infant he was recognised and enthroned as the reincarnation of the Rizong Tulku and since that time has dedicated his life to the study and practice of the path to enlightenment. He joined Drepung Loseling Monastery, in Lhasa, in the mid 1940's where he remained until the Chinese take-over of Tibet in 1959. After completing his geshe degree in Drepung Loseling and his tantric studies in Gyume Tantric College, he served first as the Abbot of Gyume and then Drepung Loseling Monastery in India. At present he holds the post of Jangtsey Chojey Rinpoche. This is one of the three highest posts in the Gelugpa school representing Gyeltsap-Je - one of the two spiritual sons of Je Tsong Khapa. Je Tsong Khapa was the founder of the Gelugpa tradition and compiled the Lam Rim Chen Mo - The Graduated Path to Liberation as practised at the Lam Rim Centres.

In Tibetan spiritual circles Rinpoche is regarded as a modern day Milarepa, having lived a life of simplicity and meditation since his youth. In the summer of 1995 he completed his third three year retreat, this time in a remote cave in Ladakh that is so remote that it is snowed in for six months a year.

The Lam Rim Centres are honoured to host a visit by Rinpoche. He first visited Lam Rim in 1990, followed by a further visit in 1997. Geshe-la studied with Rinpoche.

## Notes on Progress at Lam Rim

I came to a standstill when H.E Dema Locho Rinpoche arrived - we had achieved so much with your help and kindness. We had the support of ongoing help during the last 10 days to D-Day and the centre looked beautiful. Denma Locho Rinpoche was extremely happy at our developments and the energy of Lam Rim Centres.

### The Buddha House

Once again Uncle G and his team came to our rescue with his adapting of the Buddha House so that the roof appears to be suspended above Buddha's head. Urgyen Choephel came and painted the lotus seat and all was completed in time for the visit.

### The Purple Bathroom

The Purple Bath was duly despatched behind the railway carriage for later resurrection and the room was stripped and decorated by Paul the painter. A new gold carpet was laid in the ladies dormitory giving a warm relaxing ambience - there is a new sink in the dressing unit too - such luxury! Ruth and David Morris very kindly donated a pine desk to complete the newly transformed Purple Bathroom - we need another name for it, any suggestions?

We would also like to thank Ann Baker for her delightful red silk wall-hanging depicting a peacock in golden embroidery. It is now hanging at the top of the stairs.

### The Buddha Grove

The Five **Dhyani Buddhas** are variously identified with the five cosmic elements, five senses, five cardinal points, and five virtues.

The five **Dhyani Buddhas** are:

**Vairochana** (East - white)

**Akshobhya** (Centre - blue)

**Amitabha** (West - red)

**Ratnasambhava** (South -yellow)

**Amoghasiddhi** (North - green)

This emanation is never sequential, all of them manifest at once without any order of first and last.

We planted 13 rhododendrons and 3 camellias in a typical Firouzeh flourish. Many thanks for all your help and energy. Jayne England is our new resident sharing responsibilities for housekeeping with Edita.

Margaret

## MY VISIT TO LAM RIM BUDDHIST CENTRE

By Paul Rouselle

(Year 7 Coedcae School Llanelli)

During the summer term our teacher told us we were going to visit Lam Rim Tibetan Buddhist Centre in Raglan and spend a day doing field-work research. We had been learning about Buddhism and watching the "Little Buddha" video in our R.St. lessons with Ms. Pam Evans, so a day at a real Buddhist Centre was something we all looked forward to.

As soon as we were registered, we set off by bus on our journey to the centre. It took us about one and a half hours to get there from our school in Llanelli. When we arrived at the centre it was smaller than I thought it would be. We had to take our shoes off when we entered the porch at Lam Rim. We could all smell Tibetan incense burning. First we met Margaret, the Co-ordinator. She led us into the big meeting room and talked to us about the centre for a while. Then we were handed worksheets by our teacher. David, who is a member of Lam Rim, led us into the Shrine Room. This was very beautiful and full of colours. He explained the meaning of everything in the Shrine Room and told us that His Holiness the Dalai Lama, the holder of the White Lotus, had sat in there. David chanted for us in Tibetan.



Afterwards we went for a short walk in the garden, where we saw a large buddha rupa, the tall Victory banner and lots of prayer flags. We discovered that a new banner and flags are put up on every Tibetan New Year. We had time to complete some work before having lunch.

After lunch we walked the Kora Path. I counted that it took me 568 walking steps to complete the walk. I also counted that there were two Buddha statues, eight Mani Stones and thirty eight steps to climb along the path. The Kora path was our first experiment with walking meditation. Before that we had tried sitting meditation in class with Ms. Evans.

Afterwards we went to the shop and I bought a Buddhist bag, a Crystal and two cards. Last of all we met Geshe-la the monk at Lam Rim. This was the best thing of all. We knew that Geshe-la had been ill in hospital so we were very surprised to see him. A sound like a gong was heard and Geshe-la walked into the room. We all put our hands together and bowed in respect. Then we sat down and Geshe-la took us for a 5 minute sitting meditation. Afterwards, Geshe-la answered our questions and laughed a lot. The whole experience was wonderful.

## MARROW CHUTNEY

### Ingredients

3lbs marrow	1.5 lbs Shallots.
1.75 lbs sugar	1 large apple
1.5 pints vinegar.	2 desert spoons flour
1 desert spoon turmeric	1 teaspoon mustard powder

### Method

Cut marrow into cubes. Sprinkle with 2 tablespoons of salt and allow to stand overnight. Drain, then add vinegar and sugar. Mix in flour, turmeric and mustard powder mixed with a little vinegar. Boil for approximately 10 minutes until set.

Edita

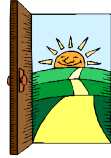




## Short Stories, Poems and Sayings

### Ann Baker's Favourite Poem

**L**ook well to this day  
for it is life  
The very best of life  
in its brief course lie all  
the realities and truths of existence  
The joy of growth.  
The splendour of action.  
The glory of power.



**F**or yesterday is but a memory  
and tomorrow is only a vision  
but today if well-lived, makes  
every yesterday a memory of  
happiness  
and every tomorrow a vision of hope  
look well therefore to this day.

Ancient Sanskrit Poem

**Fear is a natural reaction to  
moving closer to the truth**  
Pema Chodron

### NEVER GIVE UP

Never give up  
No matter what is going on  
Never give up  
Develop the heart  
Too much energy in your  
country  
is spent developing the mind  
instead of the heart  
Develop the heart  
Be compassionate  
not just to your friends  
but to everyone  
Be compassionate  
Work for peace  
in your heart and in the world  
Work for peace  
and I say again  
Never give up  
No matter what is happening  
No matter what is going on  
around you  
Never give up.

His Holiness the Dalai Lama



### THE SAMURAI

A big, tough Samurai once went to see a little monk. "Monk," he said, in a voice accustomed to instant obedience, "teach me about heaven and hell!"

The monk looked up at this mighty warrior and replied with utter disdain, "Teach you about heaven and hell? I couldn't teach you about anything. You're dirty. You smell. Your blade is rusty. You're a disgrace, an embarrassment to the samurai class. Get out of my sight. I can't stand you."

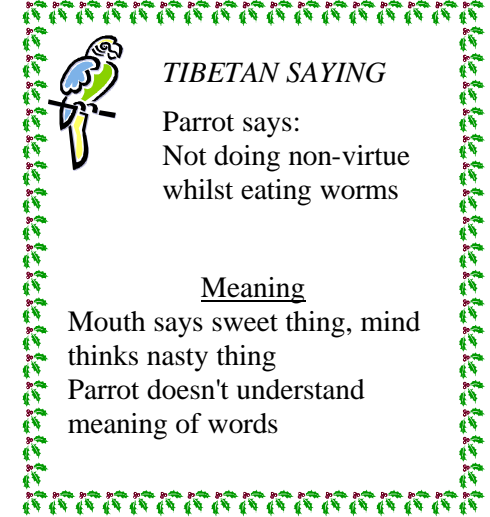
The samurai was furious. He shook, got all red in the face, was speechless with rage. He pulled out his sword and raised it above him, preparing to slay the monk.

"That's hell," said the monk softly.

The samurai was overwhelmed. The compassion and surrender of this little man who had offered his life to give teaching to show him hell! He slowly put down his sword, filled with gratitude, and suddenly peaceful.

"And that's heaven," said the monk softly.

Zen



### TIBETAN SAYING

Parrot says:  
Not doing non-virtue  
whilst eating worms

### Meaning

Mouth says sweet thing, mind  
thinks nasty thing  
Parrot doesn't understand  
meaning of words

### THE BRASS MIRROR

One day Mulla Nasrudin got word that he had received a special message from the Sheik in Basra. When he went to pick it up they told him he must first identify himself. Nasrudin fished in his trousers and took out a brass mirror. Looking into it he exclaimed, "Yup, that's me all right."



Sufi



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## **LAM RIM BUDDHIST CENTRE**

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**The Venerable Geshe Damcho Yonten**

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