





Little brown children were walking out in lines
and when in their strings, they always made a line,
they would pass the way through, to get to school,
and sometimes left the old people standing
to watch them.



As they had travelled around they always hoped they might
know up and down, but they always got flustered
they could see their strings as they had wanted to see
all the things, things, and would never
get it up

There was the old woman who walked her children around the street
she was late for her bus she had caught in time,
There was an old man to get and she had to stand,
in with the bus coming slowly, she began to understand.



But walking the girls, the boys were in pairs
to look as well as the bus around again and again,
the ladies of the old girls and men who'd been waiting
then she had been sitting and then,
standing there

As they had walked her among the roads the boys were seen
the old people just wanted to know the things they saw
the old boys stood all the time, without any sign
the old woman had very slowly, so and not the bus



The Prince with the flute.

Once upon a time long ago there lived a Prince. He was a very happy Prince. His father had given him a flute to play when he was young and he liked to play to his friends and neighbours to spread his happiness to their hearts.

The Prince was called Vimalo, and he was no ordinary Prince. His mother had been the Elves' Queen but she had been captured and taken away when Vimalo was very young. So he had grown up with his father who was an ordinary human being; but Vimalo still had some of his mother's earth magic. He had the power to fly into the air and the power to see into peoples' hearts.

Although Vimalo was happy he longed for peace and harmony in the world. Yet everywhere he looked there were people arguing and cheating each other. There were so many people crying and feeling hurt. In the morning he would use his special powers to fly into the air at dawn and travel around to see who was in need of help. He would see mothers who had lost their children, with tear-streamed faces. He would see people who had lost loved ones at war. He would see children who did not have enough to eat. He would see misers who sat and counted their money all day and night. He would see captains and generals that planned wars with cruelty in their minds.

So many people...! How he longed that they all could be happy and live together in harmony. And yet they all seemed to be so stuck in their own problems.

What could he do? The more he looked at the world the less happy he felt. Then he remembered a long time ago his mother telling him a story by the fireside. The story was about 4 sisters that lived in the heavenly realm. Their bodies were made of light - all sorts of colours, pinks, greens, blues and purples; and they seemed to shimmer like light reflected in a lake. They - if asked - could help unhappy people. Maybe it was true. He called their names softly, and then listened for an answer.

"Metta", he called, "Karuna, Mudita, Upakkha....". After some time he felt a change in the air - the heavenly sisters were coming. He felt a woosh above his head and there they were.....shining before him.

Metta means loving kindness and she shone a rosy pink

colour. KARUNA means compassion and she shone a blue/green colour. Mudita means joy and she shone a bright yellow/gold colour; and Upekha means evenness (or feeling equally towards one thing and another), and she was a violet colour. They sent out a soft soothing light that lifted your heart if ever you saw it. Prince Vimalo was so pleased when the sisters came that he began to play his flute in sheer joy.....

After a while Vimalo remembered what he had seen whilst flying that morning. Like a bad dream it all came back. The memories of all the sadness, selfishness and misery. The sisters could see that he was unhappy. Vimalo pleaded with the sisters that they should go and spread their light and love in the unhappy world. It was too much for him to do - just playing the flute was not enough. If these suffering people could feel loving kindness, compassion, joy, and evenness then their unhappiness would end and they could live in peace and harmony. It seemed so simple to Prince Vimalo whose heart was still young and open.

The sisters started to spread their light feelings into the air, above, below, and to all the corners of the earth like sweet incense in the wind. The mothers who were crying were comforted, the misers were glad to share their money, the children who were hungry were fed, and the generals decided to call it a day. All of the earth was filled with a soft radiant light, the bells were chiming, and everything was so friendly.

But still there was one child left who was hiding in a corner crying to himself. Why was that? Because he knew that soon the sisters would have to go back to the heavenly world and that the earth would fall back into its selfish misery. The last sister, called Upekha noticed him and took him up into her arms. She whispered a few words to him and the child stopped crying. Do you know what she said to him? "Little^{one} don't cry, for all that arises passes away. Happiness changes to sadness, and sadness changes to happiness. Be like the old man who watches the weather come and go. Feelings are like bubbles in the ocean, soon they come and soon they go, they are all equal" Prince Vimalo heard what the sister was telling the child and it became clearer to him too; he knew that happiness and sadness are just part of the world like the sun and rain, winds and snow.

His final wish was, "May everyone live in peace with ups and downs happiness and sadness, good fortune and bad fortune"

And with that he waved goodbye to the heavenly sisters.

In the story of the Prince with the Flute there appears the four Brahma Viharas, shining in their different colours. These are good feelings which help us be kind to other creatures. They are:-
 Metta - loving kindness

Karuna - understanding how others feel when they are hurt

Mudita - understanding how others feel when they are happy

Upekkha - being calm and peaceful

The following story shows how the four Brahma Viharas appeared in Jack's life.....

Jack's mother and father brought home a kitten one day. He called her Sunshine because she was warm and cuddly. Together they had fun playing with string and chasing a ball. He helped to put food in her dish and poured out milk for her. He loved her very much.

One day when Jack wasn't looking, Sunshine went out of the front gate. She soon came running back because a big dog was chasing her. Her fur was all standing up on end and she was very frightened. Jack picked her up and held her, stroking her until she was calm. He knew how she felt because he too always got out of the way when that dog came by.

Lots of Jack's friends came by to see Sunshine. They wanted to hold and stroke her too. At first he felt a bit jealous when he saw his friends playing with his kitten, but when he saw that Sunshine wasn't worried, he didn't mind either.

Sunshine soon grew up. Then one day when he came home from school, he couldn't find Sunshine. He and his mummy looked for her for a long time till they found her in a cupboard. She had four kittens! She was looking very pleased and proud of herself. Jack was pleased and proud too. He ran to tell his friends about the wonderful thing that had happened.

CAN YOU MATCH THE FOUR PICTURES OF JACK'S STORY WITH THE BRAHMA VIHARAS! →



4 sisters in the heavenly realm

drawings by Rupert age 8.



Metta

Upekkha

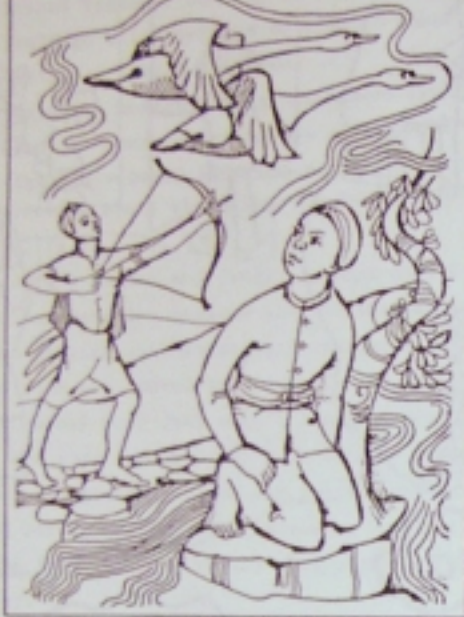
Mudita

Karuna



PRINCE Siddhartha saves the swan

1 Devadatta shoots the swan



2 Devadatta takes hold of the swan



3 Prince Siddhartha heals the swan



4 The wise men decide



5 Prince Siddhartha frees the swan



6 Prince Siddhartha becomes the Buddha

Story from the childhood of the Buddha.

SIDDHARTHA, was an Indian prince who lived many years ago near the Himalayan mountains. He liked to walk among the trees and the fields. He loved all the animals very much. One day his cousin Devadatta shot a swan with his bow and arrow. Siddhartha was very sorry. He did not understand why his cousin had done it. He ran quickly to where the fallen bird lay. He helped it and bathed its wound with herbs. Devadatta said it was his bird, but Siddhartha said since it was still alive it was not his at all. The boys disagreed strongly. Siddhartha said they must go to the palace wise men and let them decide. After a long time the wise men all agreed that the bird belonged to the one who tried to save its life not to the one who tried to destroy it. After some time the swan was well again and Siddhartha was happy to see it could fly back to where it came from. When Siddhartha grew up he became known as the Buddha - the Awakened One - and spent his life working hard to help beings become free from all sorts of pain and suffering.

Can you remember times when you have been kind to birds or animals?

Can you live without killing anything? Not even a spider or insect?

Dear Rainbows is open to what we want to make of it. Questions, thoughts etc relating to daily life and practice in our family homes. All replies and letters to 'DEAR RAINBOWS', Amaravati, Gt Gaddesden, Herts MK1 3BZ. Upasikā Medhinā

dearable Sir, how does one
fully describe Dana to
someone who asks about its
relation to the monastery"
Jane

It often, when asked this
kind of question, the reply is
that the laity provide material
support for the Sangha and the
Sangha provides spiritual sup-
port for the laity.
This can sound as though one
is a kind of business arrange-
ment, but "Dana" means liter-
ally "generosity", and in descri-
bing the way a monastery is
supported it is always import-
ant to stress that the giving is
freely. If you give with your
hand and not with your heart, you
have not really given - it is only
taken.

Dana is a very free and, seemingly,
secure system, but it works very
well because people love to give to that
which they admire. Being thus sup-
ported and respected, the urge is
strong to be worthy and to give
freely of one's understanding in
return. Dana is the way of mutual
support: everyone involved is aided
along the spiritual path.

Amaro Bhikkhu.

Fishes swim
And birds fly.
You walk
And so do I.

Lions roar
And babies cry.
You talk
And so do I.

Fathers,
Mothers,
Sisters,
Brothers.

Insects
And camels,
Reptiles
And mammals.

Everything
That comes to birth
Has a place
On the fertile earth.

We have to share
To be happy and free,
Not forgetting
You and me.

by
Catherine Hewitt.

The thought of visiting a
monastery for the first time
is often daunting for those of
us in the West who are fright-
ened of breaking rules, and
offending the community. I
would like to offer this simple
introduction to new comers.
If you are not sure of the
routine of the monastery, tele-
phone and ask if your planned
visit will be at an appropriate
time.

It will be appreciated if you
dress modestly, and remove your
shoes indoors.

You will not be expected to
participate in any formalities
if you just want to go and look
around - do so.

If you would like to ask a
question, ask anyone there and
they will answer it or direct
you to someone who can.

The Sangha are pleased to wel-
come visitors and are not easily
offended. Go ahead! Medh.

There is a rhythm in the world
Which is strong and steady.

The swift and glide
Of the changing tide.

The lightning's flash
And the thunder's crash.

The gentle breeze
And the surging seas.

The singing bird
And the plodding herd.

Silence and sound
In the air, on the ground.

The earth and the planets
Turn round and round.

While you work or play,
Or rest or eat,

Listen to the rhythm
Of your own heart's beat.
Catherine Hewitt

Dear Ayya
Thānissara
I liked the Family
Week-end and
while we were
there we had a very
surprise.
BABY GUINEA PIGS

Love from
DOMINIC
X X X

Parents,
many of us find that
cultures arise because
children go to schools
Christianity is the
faith taught. How do you
with the questions our
children ask about Jesus?

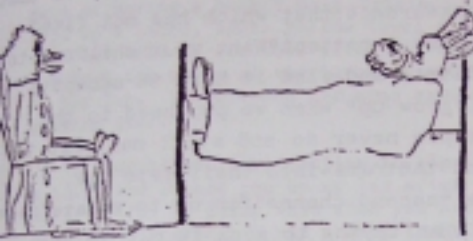
Dear Friends in the Dharma,
I apologise for the delay
sending out Rainbows 4.
Sometimes that's just the
way things go!

Ayya Thānissarā.

Donald & Goofy

Chorus

1. It's cold - it's cold - and Donald would be cry-ing
 thinks poor Goofy is dy-ing in front of his eyes



It's cold It's cold and Donald ^{be crying} seems to ^{be crying} be crying
 Goofy is dying in front of his eyes
 It's cold it's cold and Goofy looking pale he sees he's been
 hit by hail for old Goofy
 It's cold it's cold and ^{Goofy} Goofy works his mother and his
 younger brother for old Goofy
 It's cold It's cold and ^{Goofy} Goofy's getting better and Donald
 gave him **META** ^{Goofy} hair for Goofy.
 It's cold It's cold and Donald is not crying
 cos Goofy is not dying in front of his eyes



Drawing, song (words & music) by Peter Hannaby
 (miniganka Silagundo!) age 10.

A mother has sent this rather lovely account of a conversation which took place between herself and her younger daughter. It seemed something very much from the heart which also seemed to touch on some rather profound issues. The following two Dharma reflections came out of contemplating this conversation, one from Ven. Sucitto Bhikkhu and one from myself. ...

The relationship between parents and children is an essential learning situation. A parent's attitude toward her/his child can reveal how they relate to an aspect of their own nature that is not often acknowledged. Opening up and responding to a child's needs and viewpoints can help parents to relate to that within themselves which still looks for reassurance; that which has not fixed the world into conceptual models. Do you become impatient? Want your children to grow up? Not ask silly questions? Do you meditate and find it hard to accept a wandering "childish" mind? We can all only "grow up" when we pay heed to the unformed, unknowing child within us. Some people never do and still manifest the negative side of childishness-pettiness and tantrums-into their late age.

Opening up to a child's viewpoint is a "second chance" for us to relate more fully to our own need for security. Rather than trying to seek it out in the unstable conditions of jobs, property or status, we learn to find that security within. How little we really need when we cultivate mindfulness and loving kindness. Our own heart becomes a refuge in which there is always room for others.

For the child, the parent is the Guide to the world. They will only be able to leave their parents and become free individuals if the relationship is fully lived through. One finds that many people still carry their parents around with them as shadowy figures, representing duty but having no personal meaning. Our "authority figures" cut us off from our own sense of inquiry and wonder at life. No matter how estranged the relationship may become in the teens, when the child has to leave the nest and "rebel", the early years of the relationship form the real lasting bond that will continue through life. An open and responsive relationship between parent and child will be the seed for a supportive and respectful friendship when the child matures and discovers that parents are actually real human beings.

Venerable Sucitto.

A REFLECTION ON RELATIONSHIP IN OUR LIVES.

In our everyday lives we live in a world where we are in relationship with others. We should sometimes look into our interactions with others, are we able to give and love freely?, do we seek emotional dependence and security?. Without judgement, are we able to see where we're at when we relate with another?. Relationship can be of the nature of mutual support, where we can help to guide and free each other, also relationship can be a place where we invest our needs desires and insecurities, thus instead of bringing lightness and freedom to others (be it children, parents, friends etc..) we are quite capable of dragging each other into further bondage. As we do live in relationship the answer is not hiding ones self away like an ostrich!, but we have to be honest to see any weakness and to be willing to learn from this.

Being in relationship does not mean that ^{we} own one another, in the end we will each have our own ways to go, the more that we invest in another being the more suffering there will be when the inevitable separation comes our way. So to live in skillfull relationship requires a certain kind of perspective of inner detachment balanced with an open heart, ready to bear with the sufferings of others. Living in mutual interdependence with others, we can develop in everyday life our ability to use wisdom and impeccability in action and speech. This way we can bear with the ups and downs of life with patience, developing a strong spiritual center, which will automatically bring blessings to all those around us.....

Ayya Thänissarā.

Children and parents talking and learning together

A girl of ten years old was taking a bath one morning and her mother went to the bathroom to wash her hair. Bathtime had always been a good time for chatting about this and that because they were away from the distractions of housework, games and the rest of the family. In this intimate atmosphere it somehow seemed easier to talk about fears and hopes, doubts and dreams. This day mother was busy and when the hair was washed she turned to go, intent on finishing her chores but Tricia called her back.....

"Where are you going?"

"Why? Did you want something?"

"When I get out of the water I want a cuddle wrapped in my towel. That's the best part of having a bath," said Tricia. Her mother stopped and closed the door. She held up a large, soft, yellow towel and her daughter climbed into it, covered from over her head to her toes with just a little face peeping out of the folds. Mother put down the cover of the lavatory and sat down with this enormous golden bundle on her lap. She wrapped her arms around it and looked down into the eyes of her growing girl.

"I thought you were getting too big for this sort of thing. I've wrapped you in a towel and rocked you on my lap after each bath since you were a new-born baby. Will I still be doing this when you are twenty-one? I like it because it reminds me of happy times when I had a baby to hold, and I feel you still want my loving, but I had thought by now you would have had enough of baby games."

Tricia snuggled nearer and said, "I am grown up. I am a fourth year at school, and I watch over my little sisters; I clear up my room and help you with the ironing, but I'm still your baby too. Can't I be both? It's warm and cozy and I don't want to stop having my bathtime cuddle yet"

Mother laughed and said, "You don't have to stop until you're ready. You can have a cuddle any time you want but.....you can't climb back inside my tummy!! I think that is what you want really. To get back to where it's warm and safe all the time and you don't have to grow up and do things for yourself."

"Ooooh yes," agreed Tricia, "that would be nice. In my next life I'm not going to come out in the first place." They both laughed. "But I might forget...." she added with a grin.

"Then you must use this life to get very wise so that you remember all the things you have learnt and understood."

At this the girl jumped off her mother's lap and began to dry herself saying "That's what the Buddha did, didn't he wan?"

Some questions for further reflection.

Do you have a favourite time and place for a chat?

Have you noticed people in your family looking for comfort? How many different ways do they do it?

Tricia knew the story of the Buddha's Enlightenment (becoming very wise) from listening to stories. Do you tell dharma stories in your family?

You are invited to write and share how the Buddha's teaching is a part of your family life?

ANGER...

MY FATHER SAID,
"REMEMBER, WHEN
YOU LOSE YOUR TEMPER,
COUNT FROM ONE TO TEN"

✓ THAT'S GOOD ADVICE
FOR EVERYONE.
AND WHY NOT, AFTER,
COUNT FROM TEN TO ONE,?

BY THEN YOU'LL SEE
HOW TEMPER HARM
YOURSELF AND OTHERS-
SO.....

KEEP CALM.....
by Catherine Hewitt.

PARENTS' NOTICEBOARD

Family Days Activities will be organised for children of all ages on
March 9th (Changes); April 13th (Pain); May 4th (Truth)
June 8th and 22nd; July 6th and 27th; August 10th

Young people of all ages are welcome to participate in the days activities beginning with the Dana meal at 10-30am and continuing in the Rainbow room from 12 to 3pm. Themes for the summer meetings will be announced in the next Rainbow magazine.

Workshop Day A 11 27th. We hope to have a meeting for parents, also to spend some time putting in some practical effort to improve the facilities in the Rainbow Room for the young. We also plan to have available a video-recording of Krishnamurti talking to the young at Brockwood Park.* On Sat 26th there is a seminar on Buddhist education, which is mainly a basic introduction for RE teachers from various schools. There are limited places and those particularly interested should contact Sister Jotaka (044 284) 2455.

* Is anyone able to provide a video tape cassette & television for this occasion?

Summer Camp After last year's success another Summer Camp for families is planned this year for 23rd - 28th August inclusive. Further details will be available from Anaravati nearer to the time.

Wesak May 18th. Come and celebrate the birth and enlightenment of the Buddha on this special day.

Transport Some families we know would like to visit Anaravati but have difficulty with transport. It may be possible to put in touch people who are willing to share a car with those who live nearby, or to pick up those arriving in Hemel Hempstead by public transport. If you would like to offer help and have your telephone number passed on to those in need please let me know, at the address below, or leave a message at Anaravati.

Funds There is now a children's fund to meet costs of materials for Family Days, and the publication of Rainbows. Contributions should be sent to our treasurer

Jane Ottridge, 22, The Mount, Poulner, Ringwood, Hants.

Please make out cheques to Jane. Thank you to all those already subscribed.

Rainbows The Sangha at Anaravati will continue to co-ordinate the publication of Rainbows, and contributions for inclusion in coming issues may be sent there, but we have had offers from one or two groups to compile the magazine on occasion. The next three issues will be compiled at Chithurst by friends in Sussex. Are there any more groups out there who would like to put together a Rainbow magazine????

Typing Is there a typist who would like to offer help with 'Family Days' material who might use less effort and Tippex than our present ham-fisted secretary?

Replies and enquiries to

Medhina, 113 Waytemore Road, Bishop's Stortford, Herts, EN23 3RD

Tel. (0279) 56412

or Anaravati, Great Gaddesden, Herts, HP1 3BE

Tel (044 284) 2455



Here Comes the Sun
It's alright!



*In this world
Hate never yet dispelled hate.
Only love dispels hate.*

*You too shall pass away.
Knowing this, how can you quarrel?*



a gift from S. Africa.

Buddha

by
Tina age 8yr.



Buddha