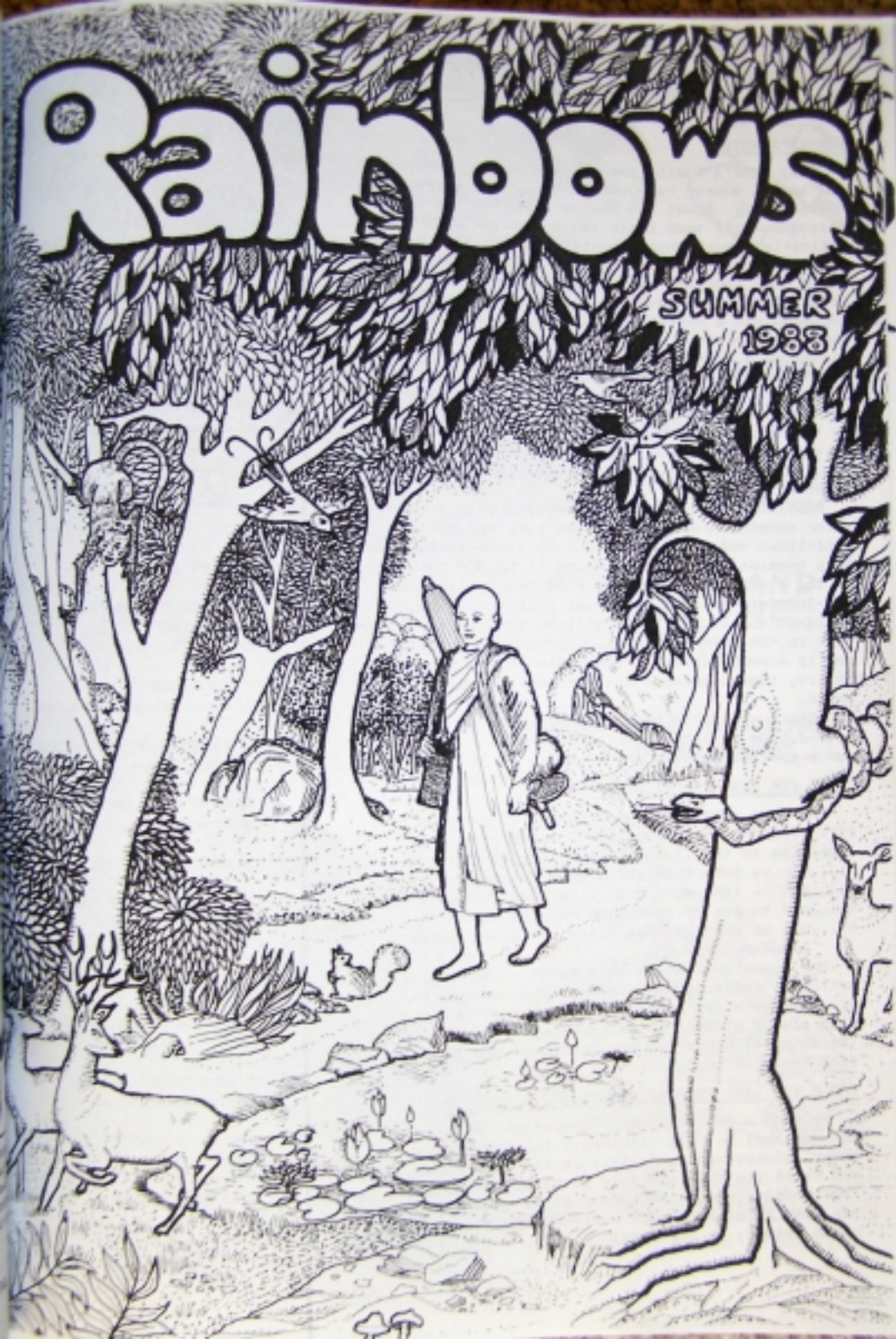


Rainbows

SUMMER
1988



Noticeboard

FAMILY EVENTS

This year's Family Events have mainly focused on the annual Summer Camp, which generated a great deal of interest. About 150 people attended the camp. Throughout the week there was a mixture of Dharma activities (workshops, meditations and discussions for both parents and children); fun (kite making, crafts and a long 'tudong' walk); and hard work (cooking, cleaning and washing-up). Though of course, all that happened was a mixture of Dharma, fun and hard work! One lovely project was the initiation of a Stupa; stones were brought from all over the country and beyond to add to the building of this. Many more stones are needed, so please bring some if you are passing by. Another lovely event was a play put on by the children - 'The Six Realms'. Besides being an enjoyable drama, it was an excellent means for imparting one of the more profound teachings of the Buddha.

Many things were learnt from this year's camp, and after several meetings of those involved certain guidelines and principles came to light which will help towards the smooth running of future camps.

The final Family Weekend this year will be on 1st-2nd Oct; besides the usual activities for children and adults there will be the chance to take part in the AMARAVATI AMBLE (see enclosed poster). Family accommodation is available in the retreat centre, though parents are also welcome to bring tents.

There will also be Childrens' Classes from 1.00-3.00pm on 18th Sept, 16th Oct, 20th Nov; and a special Buddha/Christmas Day on 18th Dec.

THEME FOR THE NEXT RAINBOWS

The next issue of 'Rainbows' will focus on the FIVE PROMISES (Precepts, for younger people):
1) promise to try 1) not to harm any living beings
2)...not to take that which does not belong to me
3)...not to take more from life than I really need
4)...not to use my speech in harmful ways
5)...not to take harmful drink and drugs which cloud my mind

Any contributions on this theme - stories or articles, reflections or poems, picture-stories or drawings - are particularly welcome. We are also always pleased to hear what you think about the material presented in 'Rainbows' and how you feel it could be improved.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO HELP ILLUSTRATE RAINBOWS?

We need a few reasonably competent 'artists' (of any age) to help illustrate the occasional story, picture-story or article for 'Rainbows'. If you think you might be able to help, please write to 'Rainbows' giving a few examples of your work (we can only print black and white drawings or paintings, - not pencil, by the way.)



CONTENTS

- 3 GIVING
- 5 BASKETS FILLED WITH BISCUITS
by Beryl
- 6 A RUDE MAN
A story about the Buddha
- 7 A PICTURE OF THE BUDDHA
to colour in
- 8 KIM'S PROBLEM
A story by Jane Elizabeth
- 11 A BUDDHIST PRAYER
- 12 TEX TELLS ABOUT DANA
by Brenda Poplewell
- 13 MRS WHIPPLE'S MEADOW
A story by Doreen Roberts
- 16 KINDNESS IS CATCHING
A cartoon story
- 20 'THE BUDDHA'
Readers' Drawings
- 21 THE ALMS BOWL
Text by Sister Viveka
- 26 STRANGE SQUARES
- 27 GIVING A reflection from
Ajahn Santacitto

GIVING

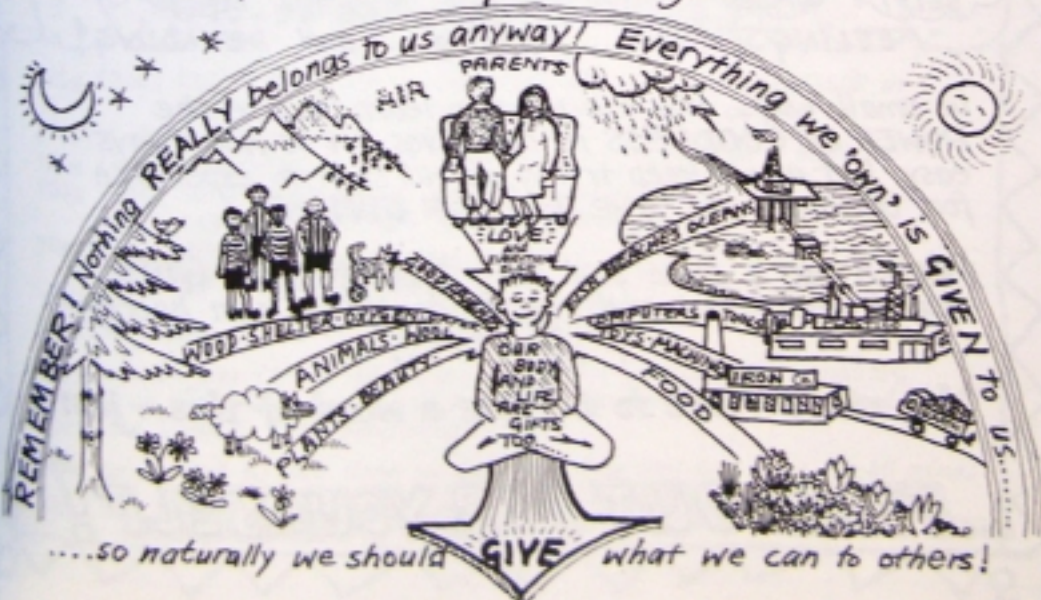
GIVING (DĀNA) is the first of the **TEN POWERS OF GOODNESS** which the Buddha taught to help people find happiness in their lives. When the Buddha was alive, wherever he went he would tell people about giving. Again and again he would say: "Learn to give! Share what you have with others! Be generous whenever you get a chance!"

WHY?

BECAUSE: GIVING BRINGS GREAT JOY AND HAPPINESS INTO OUR LIVES - AND THE LIVES OF EVERYONE AROUND US!

GIVING WHAT?

Giving **ANYTHING!** Giving gifts, giving food, giving help, giving kindness, giving money, giving nice surprises..... there is always **SOMETHING** we can give!

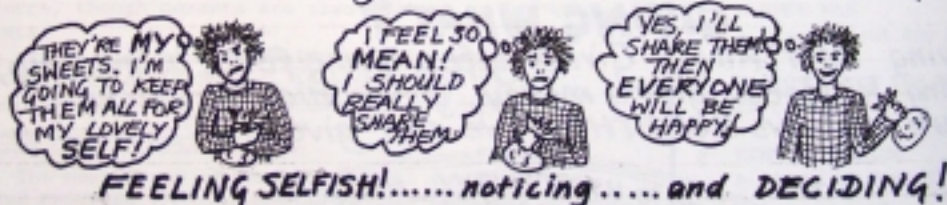


THAT SOUNDS VERY NICE - BUT OFTEN I DON'T WANT TO GIVE ANYONE ANYTHING!

We **all** have feelings like that! At times we just **DON'T CARE** about anybody else - we just want to **GET** things and **KEEP** them all to ourselves. Of course, we should be generous to ourselves as well as to everyone else - **BUT**, the trouble is, if we **ALWAYS** put ourselves first and forget about the people around us we usually end up feeling... **MISERABLE!** Because in our **HEARTS**, we **ALL** want to be able to **GIVE** and **SHARE**.

YES, BUT WHAT CAN I DO ABOUT FEELING SELFISH?

We can't stop **FEELING** selfish - but we **CAN** stop **BEING** selfish! For example: even if we don't **FEEL** like sharing something nice, we can notice that feeling and choose not to **FOLLOW** it - we can decide to go ahead and share it anyway!



In small ways like this we can learn to use the **POWER OF GOODNESS** in our lives. It is not always easy, but as we keep trying, we will start to experience for ourselves the true **JOY OF GIVING**.

Watch out! Once you start **LIVING TO GIVE** many wonderful and surprising things can happen!

You don't have to believe a word of this - just...

...FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF!

Baskets filled...



Get a paper tissue box and mark a straight line around each end. Cut off as in the diagram. Each end makes one basket.



Also cut two strips of card to make the handles. Glue or staple the handles on.

Decorate the baskets with coloured paper, pictures cut from a magazine, pieces of ribbon, lace, or anything else nice you can find.

...with Biscuits

- 225g (8oz) PLAIN BROWN OR WHITE FLOUR
- ½ LEVEL TSP. MIXED SPICE
- 100g (4oz) MARGARINE
- 100g (4oz) SOFT BROWN OR CASTOR SUGAR
- 50g (2oz) CURRANTS OR CHOCOLATE DROPS
- 1 EGG
- A LITTLE EXTRA SUGAR

Pre-heat the oven to 180°C/350°F or Gas Mark 4 (ask Mum or Dad to help)

Mix flour and spice in a bowl.

Rub in the margarine till it looks like breadcrumbs.

Stir in the sugar and currants/drops

Stir in the egg. Mix to a firm but not sticky dough.

Roll out to 6mm (1/4") thick and cut into rounds with a pastry cutter or upturned glass. Place on a greased baking tray and sprinkle lightly with remaining sugar.

Ask Mum or Dad to put them in the oven for you and bake 15-20 mins. Cool the biscuits on a rack and arrange them in the baskets.

...a rude man...



One day the Buddha was walking through a village. A very angry and rude young man came up and began insulting him. "You have no right teaching others," he shouted. "You are as stupid as everyone else. You are nothing but a fake."

The Buddha did not get upset by these insults. Instead, he asked the young man, "Tell me, if you buy a gift for someone, and that person does not take it, who does the gift belong to?"

The man was surprised to be asked such a strange question and answered, "It would belong to me because I bought the gift."

The Buddha smiled and said, "That is correct. And it is exactly the same with your anger. If you become angry with me and I do not get insulted, then the anger falls back on you. You are then the only one who becomes unhappy, not me. All you have done is hurt yourself.

If you want to stop hurting yourself, you must let go of your anger and become loving instead. When you hate others, you yourself become unhappy. But when you love others, everyone is happy."

The young man listened closely to these wise words of the Buddha. "You are right, O Blessed One," he said, "Please teach me the path of love. I wish to become your follower."



HERE IS A PICTURE OF THE BUDDHA TO COLOUR IN. YOU CAN STICK THE PICTURE ON SOME CARD. CUT OUT A TAG THIS SIZE FROM STIFF CARD AND GLUE TO THE BACK OF THE PICTURE TO MAKE IT STAND UP.

GLUE
HERE





KIWA'S PROBLEM

BY JANE ELIZABETH

Kiwa is a Maori boy who lives in a small town in New Zealand. He shares his house with his large family and both of his grandparents. Life is happy for Kiwa, but it was not always so.

Once, not long ago he was a troubled boy. Every day he went to school and every day he tried very hard to be good like his teacher wanted him to be. But no matter how hard he tried he kept getting into trouble.

The reason for this was that another boy in his class seemed to enjoy tormenting Kiwa, and kept picking on him. His name was Rua, and Rua liked to fight. He would sneak up on Kiwa and hit him, which made Kiwa very angry.

Kiwa's father said that when Rua hit him he must hit Rua back. Rua made Kiwa so mad that he often did hit Rua back, but Rua was bigger than him, and Kiwa always ended up second best. That only encouraged Rua to pick on him again, and so the fights continued.

Kiwa's teacher said that when Rua hit him he must not fight back but must tell her. When he did that, the other children jeered at him and called him names. Rua got angrier than ever! Nothing seemed to solve the problem. Kiwa didn't know what to do.

One night, as Kiwa was lying in bed wondering what to do about Rua, soft music on his radio gently lulled him to sleep. He began to float on the sound waves, up off the bed and through the window.

Down the street he floated until the music stopped, right outside Rua's house! He wanted to run back home at once, but the sound of loud voices drew him to the window.

Through the window he saw two boys arguing. One was Rua, and the other was Rua's big brother, Rewa. Rewa was playing with a trainset, and Rua seemed to want to join in.

"Go away Rua!" Kiwa heard Rewa yell. "It's my train set! You get your own. I don't ever want to play with you! You're too young!" Kiwa was horrified as he watched Rewa kick Rua, who ran howling into the corner of the room, his eyes brimming with tears.

Kiwa couldn't believe it! Rua was such a tough boy at school, and here he was getting pushed around by his brother! Kiwa looked back at Rua. He could feel his pain. Kiwa could see from the look on Rua's face that he wanted to be loved by his brother. For the first time Kiwa felt sorry for Rua and understood why he was such a bully at school. What a sad and lonely boy he must be!

Kiwa wanted to comfort Rua, and was about to call out to him when he found that he was sitting up in bed, in complete darkness. He had been dreaming, something about Rua, but he couldn't remember the details.

Next day Kiwa was having lunch under a kowhai tree, when Rua rushed past him with a group of boys. Kiwa hid behind a bush so that Rua wouldn't see him, but the sudden movement caught Rua's eye. "There he is! Coward Kiwa! Coward Kiwa!" The other boys joined in the chant. "Coward Kiwa! Coward Kiwa!"

Kiwa turned red and felt so angry he wanted to punch Rua on the nose. In a flash he remembered his dream and his anger disappeared. He stood up quietly and walked towards Rua. Something in his face caused the boys to stop chanting. They stared at him expectantly.

"I don't want to fight you Rua," Kiwa said gently. "I'd rather play with you. I have a train set at home. You can come and play with it after school if you like."

Rua stared at him with his mouth open. The other boys fidgeted nervously and ran away. Neither Rua nor Kiwa moved.

Clang! Clang! Clang! The sound of the school bell broke the silence, reminding the boys it was time to go in. Rua kicked the dirt, looked at Kiwa, and ran towards the classroom. A few seconds later Kiwa followed him.

Rua did not go to Kiwa's house that day but he never picked a fight with him again, and Kiwa found the solution to his problem. He noticed that when he thought of the dream instead of how angry he was, the anger went away. When the anger had gone, he did not want to hit Rua any more. When he talked to Rua calmly, Rua's anger seemed to go away too, and then nobody wanted to fight. It was the perfect solution!



When we try to change ourselves, from being bad to being good, it does not work. Humans are not good all the time because it is not our nature to be. It was natural for Kiwa to feel angry when Rua teased him.

But if we remember what the Buddha said, that all our moods, good and bad, go away by themselves if we let them, we do not have to BEHAVE badly every time we FEEL bad.

If we keep still when we feel cross, and count to ten or think of something kind like Kiwa did, pretty soon we shall stop feeling cross. The crossness will go away by itself if we do not hold on to it.

It takes a long time before we can let go of our moods in this way. But if we keep practising and concentrating we shall get better at it. Things will go wrong often, because of the way we are, so we have to forgive ourselves too. After all, we are only human!



A Buddhist Prayer

When someone is wronged,
they must put aside
all resentment and say,
"My mind shall not be disturbed;
no angry word shall escape my lips;
I will remain kind and friendly,
with loving thoughts
and no secret spite."

Do you remember our little dog Tex who can be relied on to howl at the telephone?

Well, I keep looking at what he does, and by watching him I am learning a lot. So far, he has made me think about being reliable - this time,



TEX TELLS ABOUT DANA

by Brenda Popplewell

Some of the stories in this 'Rainbows' are about *dana*, which is another word for giving or generosity. We usually think of *dana* as giving either money or things to other people, but we can also be generous in a different way. You see, this is another thing that Tex tells me about!

Like all dogs, Tex has no money to be generous with, but he is generous with his love and affection. When I come home from work - however cold or miserable the day - I know that as soon as I get in the door I will have a welcome fit for a king; and just to think about it makes me smile inside.

Tex jumps in the air about one metre (and remember, he is only 30cm tall!) and keeps on jumping until I bend down to greet him, and then he licks me - in between his excited squeaks!

This is his form of *dana*, offering his affection, offering what he has in an unselfish way.

So I look at Tex in his unselfish giving and it makes me realise how important *dana* is, and what a great effect our actions have on others.

Once again, without words, Tex has taught me another important lesson!

MRS WHIPPLE'S MEADOW

by Doreen Roberts

Old Mrs Whipple walked slowly along the street carrying a bulging shopping bag. She kept her head bent down, not smiling, taking no notice of anybody of anything as she walked.

Everyone knew Mrs Whipple, she'd lived in the village for a very long time, but she'd never made any friends so no-one knew much about her life. Most people thought she just wanted 'to keep herself to herself' but the children thought she must be a witch, she looked so bad tempered - and she owned a big black cat.

Meggie and Suki and Josie watched her from the corner of their street as they walked home from school.

"I wonder if she makes spells in her kitchen?" said Suki.

"Don't be daft, she's not really a witch," answered Josie. "My Dad said her husband died when she was young and she hasn't got any children."

"My Mum says that having children is enough to drive anyone mad, especially if they're like me!" Suki climbed on the fence and swung her legs.

Meggie had been watching Mrs Whipple. "MY Mum says that we should help old people."

"Well, why don't you go and carry her shopping then?"

Meggie looked startled.

"All right, I will. So there!" And she stalked off, hitching up her dungarees and blowing out the fringe of dark hair which tended to fall over her eyes.





She stopped in front of Mrs Whipple. "Can I carry your shopping for you?"

Mrs Whipple put the bag on the ground for a moment and looked straight at Meggie. Her eyes were bright blue and sharp. She still didn't smile.

"You CAN," she said, "anybody CAN."

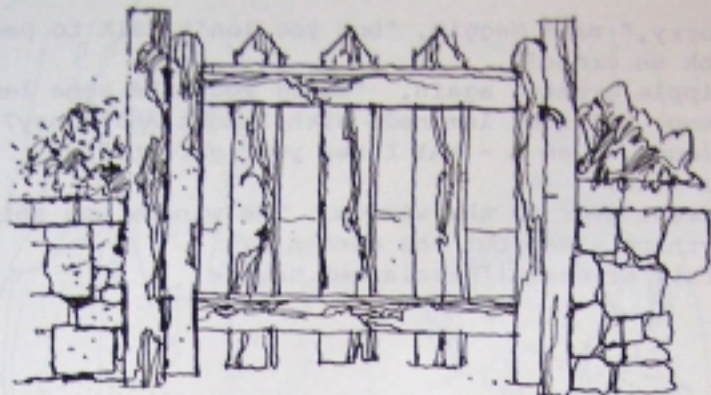
Meggie sighed. This old lady sounded just like Ms Mellor at school. "MAY I carry your shopping?" she asked.

"You MAY, but why do you want to?"

"My Mum says we should help old people."

Mrs Whipple grunted and started to walk away. Meggie picked up the shopping bag and trotted after her. As she caught up she looked sideways at the old lady. "AND MY MUM SAYS that you should always thank people when they offer to help."

Mrs Whipple grunted again and Meggie wondered whether she was actually saying something. But then she did say something. "Thank you." That was all.



The old lady's front gate was painted white but the paint was beginning to peel. Meggie put the shopping down and waited while Mrs Whipple opened the door. A big velvety black cat came tearing round the corner and disappeared inside the cottage.

"Well, what are you waiting for? If you're going to help you'd better bring it in. I shan't bite!" Mrs Whipple said.

The door opened straight into a small bright kitchen. Meggie stared. There were rows of pretty blue and white china on a dresser gleaming with polish, a small shiny white fridge, a cooker and a wooden table which looked as if it were freshly scrubbed. The curtains at the window were crisp and fresh.

Meggie dumped the shopping on the table and saw that Mrs Whipple was watching her.

"Well?" Mrs Whipple barked, "Have you seen enough? MY MUM used to say it was rude to stare."

"Sorry, I didn't think it would look like this, it's even cleaner than our kitchen and my - "

"Yes, I know, YOUR MUM - "

Meggie thought that was funny but didn't dare laugh. The black cat had jumped on a chair and was purring loudly.

Meggie stroked him without thinking.

"So do you think I'm a witch then?"

Mrs Whipple asked suddenly and Meggie's mouth dropped open and she felt herself going red.

"Don't look so surprised" said Mrs Whipple and her mouth twitched as if she were going to smile, "I may be old but I'm not deaf and I'm not stupid. I hear what you children say when you think I can't. And the cat's called Hampty, by the way because he fell off a wall when he was a kitten."



"I'm sorry," said Meggie, "but you don't talk to people and you always look so cross!"

Mrs Whipple grunted again. "Would you like some lemonade? Not witch poison, but real lemonade with lemons and honey?"

"Yes please. Can I - MAY I see your garden?"

"If you wish."

Meggie went over to the window. The window was shiny clean like everything else, but the garden...

"It's full of weeds!" exclaimed Meggie.



"I'm getting too old to bend down much."

"Maybe my Dad would mow it for you. Shall I ask him?"

"I don't want to be beholden."

"What's that mean?"

"To owe someone something I couldn't pay back."

"MY MUM SAYS it makes you happy to do things for someone else and then you pass on the happiness, even if it's only a ..."

she hesitated, "a smile."

Mrs Whipple held out a tall glass of lemonade. "Drink that," she said. "You don't know anything about pride. Beside..."

She stopped and looked out of the window. The grass was nearly as tall as Meggie and there were great patches of glowing golden buttercups. White daisies covered small areas where the





old lady had done a little bit of clearing and the grasses were purple and green and gold - so many colours Meggie lost count.

She and Mrs Whipple stood side by side with their elbows on the windowsill and neither of them spoke. A small breeze moved the grasses so that their stems shone silvery in the sunlight.

"My Mum's got a silk dress that shines like that," said Meggie.

"Humpty likes playing tigers in the jungle in there. I call it my meadow."

"I wish we had a meadow like yours, it's magic! Look, there's a butterfly!"

"If you like, you may come here sometimes - and bring your friends if they'd like it."

"We'll carry your shopping and do odd jobs."

"And I'll make lemonade."

"And we'll pull out enough weeds to make a path to walk on."

Mrs Whipple looked at Meggie with her bright blue eyes. "That's only if you really want to and if your Mum..."

"Says I can." finished Meggie.

And Mrs Whipple smiled.



Can you think of some things that Maggie learned from her meeting with Mrs Whipple - and of some things that Mrs Whipple learned from Maggie?



WHAT AN
ORRIBLE TIME
MOMMA DROPPED
PESKY PUNK
—WHEN I WAS
A KIDDER
—DORIS
—DORIS

KINDNESS IS CATCHING



The Buddha



The Buddha being enlightened
by Nimala Fright



Anne Hills
age 10



By Tissa



by Heather Hills

THE ALMS BOWL



AN ALMSBOWL is one of the most important things that a Buddhist monk or nun is allowed to keep, because it is how they get their food to live on. Since the time of the Buddha over 2500 years ago, samanas (Buddhist monks and nuns) have used almsbowls to collect their daily meals; the bowls are a sign to people that samanas live on whatever food is offered into them each day.

In Buddhist countries like Thailand and Sri Lanka, many monks still walk out on almsround with their bowls every morning, just as the Buddha and his disciples used to do so long ago. The monks leave the monastery at dawn and walk quietly in single file along the paths and roads, through towns and villages. They are not allowed to beg for food by asking people, but some families who know they will be coming like to prepare food to offer them. They will stand in their doorways or go to the market with pots of rice, curry or fruit, and kneel down to make their offering to the monks as they pass. The people place the food gently into the monks' almsbowls and then put their hands together in *anjali*. It gives them joy to be able to help someone to live as a monk by giving them their food for the day.



Here in Britain not many of the people living near the Buddhist monasteries know about the custom of offering almsfood - so we would get rather hungry if we just ate what we collected on almsround! Instead, most of our food is brought to the monasteries by people who come to visit.

But we still carry on the tradition of walking out on almsround each morning. This gives people a chance to see us and get used to us. At first, most British people find the sight of Buddhist samanās quite strange, especially when we are walking along silently, in single file, carrying our almsbowls. Some people use it as an excuse to laugh, or to shout and call us names; some pretend they have not seen anything; but every now and then someone will find that the quiet line of monks or nuns makes them feel something inside which they cannot explain, but which makes them want to know who we are, and why we choose to live in this way.

Some people like to invite us to walk on almsround to their houses; after having a cup of tea and a talk they usually offer some food, which we take back to the monastery to share out with everyone else. Or sometimes they may want to offer us a meal which we eat at their house.



If you have been to one of our monasteries at meal time you might have spotted that some of the almsbowls are made of clay and some of metal. When a new monk or nun is ordained in this country they are given a clay bowl. They are expected to keep the same bowl unbroken for at least five years; of course clay is quite brittle and can easily crack and break so this is a chance to develop MINDFULNESS - in other words, to be fully aware of what we are doing! It is said that an almsbowl should be looked after as if it were the head of the Buddha himself.

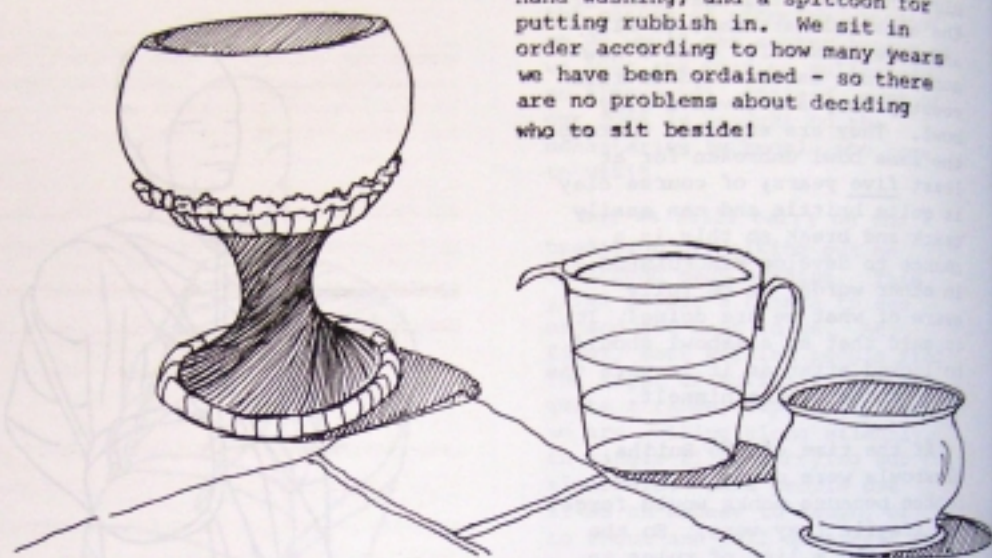
At the time of the Buddha, almsbowls were often getting broken because monks would forget how fragile they were. So the Buddha made a list of rules to help the monks and nuns look after their bowls properly. The Buddha understood that if samanasa could learn to be really careful about the few, simple things they owned, then they would probably take better care of everything and everyone else as well.

To protect the bowls and to make them easier to carry, the Buddha said that each bowl should have a cover like a jacket. These are made from wool which is crocheted by hand. To protect the bowls even further they are put on small stands made from cane.



At the monasteries, you may have seen that the room where the meal is eaten is prepared in the traditional way which was set

up and followed by the Buddha and his original disciples. A place is prepared for each samana; this means there should be a space to sit on the floor cross-legged; a jug of water for drinking and hand washing; and a spittoon for putting rubbish in. We sit in order according to how many years we have been ordained - so there are no problems about deciding who to sit beside!



At the time of the Buddha the Sangha of monks and nuns was just starting and the Buddha had to tell them how to do things. At first bowls could be made out of anything. But some of the monks had bowls made out of *very* expensive material and people began to get a bit jealous. The Buddha had to tell the monks and nuns that they should *not* have golden or silver almsbowls, or bowls made from crystal, glass, jewels, or to have beautiful and complicated carving on their bowls. One monk went right to the other extreme. He lived a very hard life, wearing robes that were made from rags, and making do with very little. This monk had an almsbowl made from the skull of a dead person! One day when he was on almsround he frightened someone so much that the Buddha got to hear about it, and to make things simple he said that almsbowls should only be made from tin or clay.



Giving

Ajahn Santacitto

Back from England to give a retreat at the International Monastery in Thailand, Tahn Ajahn Samedho asked us: instead of always trying to get something from practice, what can we be giving to it? Certainly practice begins with giving, indeed it is its very foundation; it is both the first of all the Perfections as well as that final one completed by the Buddha on his path to perfect enlightenment. Giving opens us up - creates space, welcomes Dharma and nurtures growth, both within us and through us. 'Giving' is life's continual offering to us, and the opportunity to receive this offering is limitlessly available in all human relationships. With giving we are starting afresh - it is an opportunity in the making.

Not yet perfect, at times we may miss the boat; that is to say, we fail to respond with Right Seeing, from which spontaneously arises Right Doing. But, when looking truthfully, if we do discern selfish intent, deep-rooted habit or ulterior motive, then our hearts yearn to outgrow these limitations. We come to find a way to harmonise with and to manifest life's gift.

As muscles grow stronger from use, so the heart strengthens in sensing and responding to others' ever-present human needs of body, emotions and mind. At such times our spiritual journey unfolds, revealing an unsuspected beauty, ennobling both giving and receiving participants. Such Right Doing deepens our Right Seeing of the fundamental truth that the more we give, the more there is to be given. Exercise, however, does also bring fatigue and dirty laundry. So when giving is not easy, and yet there is still giving, then this is genuinely 'giving up'. The level of practice is being raised up. In giving our precious time and patience, our full attention and caring heart, even to those we dislike, we are truly giving ourselves. And this is the way of giving up self.

"How much of me is really willing to give itself up to the practice?"

This self-enquiry is itself the important spiritual function which leads to the giving up of self. Since our Right Seeing goes beyond being a 'Right Looking Out' to become a 'Right Looking In', frequent reflection on where our giving is coming from will not only have the function of facilitating our natural inward growth, but will also bring us in touch with giving's source, transcending our sense of separateness.

Thus there is true giving when, through giving ourselves up, from within, we are 'giving ourselves away'. Children provide endless opportunities for their parents to 'give themselves away'. In so doing they are themselves giving their parents 'a Way'. Does it also work the other way around? Can we give children 'a Way'? Or rather, is it not just that we can help in their finding one? For example, in giving a chance for them to give so they may savour its joy, we have to allow them to give to us and to others in their own personal way.

Receiving is really an advanced course in giving. To watch several monks and novices washing Ajahn Chah's feet, one could see how he used every occasion to open up his disciples to Dharma through our trust and love for him. There in Thailand also, watching the enjoyment of children giving almsfood, and in Israel, seeing them holding responsibilities, helping the Kibbutz community, it was clear what wonderfully spontaneous and natural givers they can be. How can we help keep that alive and sparking?

Of course we give them the example of our own mode of living and leave them free to taste of its fruit, as in giving them our joy in the Way. Ajahn Chah, in receiving all with 'eyes like a babe', gave such joy; he gave the space to be who one is, and the space to let it go. Can we give them of our understanding? Certainly we can try - try to communicate - to speak their language - which becomes possible only as we come to understand it. Here again, their nature is giving us 'a Way'.

Especially with children, we each in our own way, can find endless possibilities for giving. In giving one's self up to the practise of the Way, through the maturing of the giving/receiving relationship with one's children, one makes the wonderful discovery that one is, in fact, sharing mutual "friendship with the lovely."

A picture of a Buddhist nun



by Heather
8/81

RAINBOWS is a Dharma magazine for families. It is published three times a year by Anaravati Publications, Anaravati Buddhist Centre, Gt Gadlesden, Hemel Hempstead, HERTS HP1 3BZ. RAINBOWS is printed for free distribution, and is funded entirely by donations. If you enjoy reading RAINBOWS and would like to contribute towards producing and distributing it, please make your donation payable to The English Sangha Trust, Anaravati. If you are currently receiving RAINBOWS but do not really want it, please let us know! We also appreciate being told of any inaccuracies in the mailing list. Please send all correspondence to 'RAINBOWS', at the above address.