

# Rainbows



AUGUST 1992

# Notice-Board

## Family Events at Ratanagiri Harnham Buddhist Monastery

### Family Gatherings:

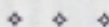
These are special opportunities for families to meet and spend time together without any formally organised programme. Scheduled for 6th December.

### Family Days:

On these occasions there will be organised events starting with offering the meal. Each time will have a specific theme. Scheduled for: 2nd August and 4th October

### For more information:

contact Kate Jackson Tel: (0434) 684 487 or Harnham Buddhist Monastery Tel: (0661) 881-612. Everyone is welcome to attend.



### Children's Puja available on tape:

If you would like a copy of the children's puja which is taught during family camp by Sr. Abhassara, please send a short tape (15 minutes will do) and enclose return postage to Nanda, Solsbury End, Gloucester Road, Upper Swainswick, Bath BA1 8BJ. Avon.

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Front Cover: design by Elaine

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# Ajahn Chah — Living Freedom

Ajahn Chah died peacefully in Thailand on January 16, 1992 after many years of illness. As the teacher of Ajahn Sumedho, Ajahn Chah was the grandfather of Amaravati and the other forest monasteries in the West. He also established over seventy monasteries in Thailand.

His life and teachings encourage us to look deeply into our lives. The best way to honour him is to truly understand ourselves. Then the Dhamma becomes alive in our hearts. Here are some of Ajahn Chah's reflections:

'If you seek certainty in that which is actually uncertain, you are bound to suffer.'



'If you want to see the truth, you must know where to look. This very body and mind is your area of investigation.'



'Practise to the point where you can't go forward, you can't go back and you can't stand still. Then you will understand what it means to transcend suffering.'



'So be patient, practise morality, live simply and be natural. Watch the mind. This is our practice. It will lead you to unselfishness, to peace.'



Here is a portrait of Ajahn Chah. If you would like to put it on your shrine, cut out both the picture and this strip, and glue them to some stiff card. Next, bend this strip at the line (to the right) and glue it to the back of the picture. Let it be a reminder that it is possible to be free.

Bend here

# The Wheel Of Life

by Venerable Sobhano

The world is an enormous place but not as big as the universe, and nobody can say how big that is. But what is even bigger than the universe is your own mind. You might think this is a bit strange, after all each of us is only teeny weeny compared to the whole world, and not even a speck of dust or a microscopic particle when compared with the universe.

Eventually, you might come to see that this mind of ours doesn't contain one world, but six. In Buddhism we call them realms. And right at the centre of these six realms of our mind there is a single point that contains the entire universe.

No I'm not just making this up, and to prove it I will explain the picture on the next page, 'the Wheel of Life'. This is like a map of the mind. If you have never seen a drawing of your mind before, well this is it.

Look at the colouring page. You can see six sections with different beings in each one. Find the Human Realm. Going counter-clockwise you will find Hungry Ghosts, beings in hell, animals, angry gods in the Asura realm and heavenly beings in the Deva Realm.

I'll explain each realm and then you can see whether you recognise something of yourself in each one or perhaps it's all just a myth. Both could be true, it's up to you to decide!

## The Six Realms.

### 1. The Human Realm.

This is the easiest realm to recognise because it is where we are most of the time. And what happens in the human realm? People are born, people die, people grow old and get sick, get married, have children and work for a living. It is the only realm in which it is possible to devote our lives to practising the teachings of a great sage like the Buddha and to leave the home life to become monks and nuns. This is why we are so fortunate to be born as a human being.

### 2. The Animal Realm.

It might seem nice to be certain kinds of animals, but have you ever thought what it's really like? It might be quite frightening. Most animals are rarely safe from all kinds of danger. As an animal, you never know when another animal might gobble you up for dinner or if you will have enough to eat that day. There is danger from the weather, no clothes to keep you warm and no medicine if you get sick. Also, animals can't choose whether or not to act on instinctual drives. Have you ever known of a fox to stop hunting and become a vegetarian





to live a more peaceful life? But if we do whatever we feel like doing, instead of carefully thinking about our actions, then we act only from our instincts, don't we? And then, sometimes we end up frightened and hungry like animals.

### 3. The Hungry Ghost Realm.

In this picture the hungry ghosts look really silly, with big round tummies, tiny pin hole mouths and long, slithery necks. They are always craving for something to fill their huge stomachs, but it never seems like enough no matter how much they stuff into their tiny mouths. There are other kinds of hungry ghosts that hang around moaning miserably about their unhappy lives, and generally frightening anyone who sees them. What they really want is for someone to give them a big hug or send them lots of loving kindness. But because they look and sound so awful hardly anyone is brave enough to do this. Most people run away or try to get rid of them any way they know how. So if you ever see a person who reminds you of a hungry ghost or feel like one yourself, don't be afraid. Remember, hungry ghosts aren't trying to scare you, they just want a little bit of love and affection. Just like you and me.



### 4. The Hell Realm.

This is the most painful realm to be in. It's a really horrible place. The people experience so much suffering that they are always crying, groaning, whining and complaining. It's not really surprising they are in so much pain if you think about what they experience. There are all sorts of terrible torments in hell. Most of them have to do with fire or spikes or freezing blocks of ice. But that's not the worst part of it. Even worse than the torments are the evil demons who love to torture their victims until they squeal and squirm. Have you ever been bullied at school? Have you ever been so angry with someone you really wanted to hurt them? Have you ever been so frightened that you couldn't even move? I think most of us have experienced things like this. Then we all have some idea of what this realm called hell is like. But there is a way out of this realm of constant torture. Can you guess what it is? Well, I hope it's not too mean to let you squirm for a little bit before giving you the answer at the end of this story!

### 5. The Deva Realm, (Realm of Heavenly Beings).

The Deva Realm is at the other end of the spectrum to hell. Instead of torture the beings in this realm have pleasure. They have everything you could ever want, and more. They spend their days oohing and aahing at beautiful sights, trilling with delight at the sound of the wind and the waves and classical music. They are beautifully radiant with wonderful smiles forever on their lips. Now some people can be a bit like this, but usually, people who are forever happy are only found in make believe stories or are on the telly. They don't seem to worry about anything, about getting a job, having enough to eat, paying the rent – all the things your mummies and daddies have to think about. In the Heavenly Realm, life is one great party. Some of us secretly want to be like devas, or maybe end up in heaven when we die. But there is one thing you should know about first

before you get too excited. It doesn't last forever. That's the thing devas always forget while they're having so much fun. So when their immensely long lives end, they start getting very nervous and fidgety. They start to sweat, something devas never normally do. Then they begin to smell something awful. Of course, all the other devas are far too polite to tell them, so they quietly leave them alone to die without any of their friends around to say goodbye.

#### 6. The Asura Realm, (Angry Gods)

The Asuras are Devas who have been kicked out of the Deva realm for arguing too much. They always want to be in charge of everything and think they are absolutely the best. Now, if you've ever met anyone like that, then you'll know what an Asura is like. In the Asura realm, they ALL have great castles and fortresses, each one bigger and better than the last. They are always stealing each other's secret weapons and competing with each other to be the most powerful and strongest. If an Asura finally thinks he is the greatest, it still doesn't make him happy. It only makes him start to worry about all the other Asuras who might be after his power. But there is one thing Asuras hate even more than each other, and that's the Devas. They think the Devas are always taking it easy and having a good time. What's worse, the Devas have much better toys to play with than the Asuras. No matter how much the Asuras try to steal the Devas' toys, they always fail because their armies and weapons can't reach the Deva realm. It's not fair!



The six realms are arranged on the Wheel of Life. Like all wheels it goes around and around. The Buddha was so wise and powerful he could see into the distant past, and into the distant future. He saw how beings have been going around the wheel from one realm to another, lifetime after lifetime and will continue to do so. This may seem a little hard to imagine but look at your own life to see how many different realms we inhabit from one day to the next.

Why doesn't our good fortune last? What makes us fed up with this or happy with that? In this picture, the secret is at the hub, the center of the wheel. The hub is what keeps the wheel turning. Here, the snake, the pig and the cock are all chasing each other. They stand for greed, laziness or stupidity, and hatred or anger. They are trying to run away from Yama, The Lord of Death, but they don't realise that they are in the middle of his belly.

You don't have to look very hard to see the great monster with fangs, three eyes and creepy, wiggly fingernails. This is Yama, the Lord of Death. He has so much power because everything that comes into existence also fades out of existence. Everything that is born dies. There isn't anything in the world that isn't like this; everything has to die eventually. Because of this, he is the ruler of all the realms of existence.

At the very beginning it was mentioned that in the realm of our minds, there is a single point



# Maddhi's Song

This song is taken from the Jataka story of Prince Vessantara, the Bodhisatta's last life, where he fulfilled the perfection of generosity. Prince Vessantara has just given away his two children — Jali and Kanha to the old Brahman Jujaka. Princess Maddhi returns to find that her children are gone. This is the song of her grief and searching for her lost children. At the end of the story the beloved children come home. But it makes us think. What kind of generosity would enable us to give up what we love the most?

CHORUS:

Ja-li, Kan-ha, Ja-li, Kan-ha!

lower D drone throughout...

VERSE 1:

I've been loo-king for my chil-dren in the for-est a-lone at night.

I've been loo-king for my chil-dren, they're no-where in sight. Repeat CHORUS.

VERSE 2:

Has a-ny one seen or heard of them? Don't know if they're still a-live.

Has a-ny one seen or heard of them? Can't keep my self from cry-ing. Rep. CHORUS

VERSE 3:

I've looked in the for-ests, I've climb'd up the trees, I've looked in the lo-tus ponds. I've

div'd in the shores, I've looked in the flo-wer gar-dens. I've search'd high and

lower D drone

The image shows a handwritten musical score for a song. It is written on a single page with a white background. The score is organized into sections: a Chorus, Verse 1, Verse 2, Verse 3, and a final line of music. Each section consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The lyrics are written in a simple, handwritten font below the notes. The music is written in a single system of staves. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and bar lines. There are also some annotations in italics, such as 'lower D drone throughout...' and 'Repeat CHORUS'. The handwriting is clear and legible.



low, no-thing and no-thing seems to know! REPEAT CHORUS.

VERSE 4:  
Has any one seen or heard of them? It's breaking my heart not knowing. Has

any one seen or heard of them? With out than I can't keep go-ing REPEAT CHORUS.

Handwritten notes: "lower D drone" and "lower D drone" are written on the guitar staffs.

The Wheel of Life — Continued from page 7

that contains the entire universe. That is the one place where we can go to escape the clutches of Yama. That's the little dot in the middle of the Wheel of Life. Sometimes its a blue dot which is the colour of emptiness. That's the Deathless Realm, or Amaravati in Pali, the language the Buddha spoke.

But where do you find Amaravati, the deathless realm? Well, you can come and visit the Amaravati here in Great Gaddesden, but that's not the one I'm talking about. The one that's really meant, can only be found by looking into your own mind.

When the Deathless Realm is found, your mind becomes bright like the full moon and your heart is filled with loving-kindness which radiates out towards all beings like the sun. That is why the sun and moon are on either side of the drawing of the Wheel of Life.

In every realm, there is a Buddha who comes with special teaching medicine to help those who want to find freedom. But the most direct path to the Deathless Realm is through the Human Realm. That is the path your parents, and all the monks and nuns are looking for when they are sitting quietly with their eyes closed.

Oh, in case you're still squirming, I almost forgot to tell you how to get out of the hell realms. Have you guessed already? By being very very patient. Next time you feel cross or angry, instead of acting on it, can you be patient instead? There are lots of times in life which are like this. If we think about it, these are some of the things the wheel of life can teach us.

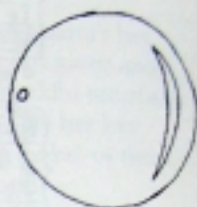
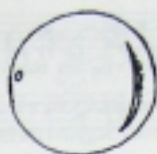
**DEVAS' DESSERT**

- > 1 pint natural yoghurt 2 tablespoons sweet fruit preserves or jam
- > 100g rolled oats 1 tablespoon hazelnuts, finely chopped or ground
- > Mix all ingredients and allow to sit for at least three hours in a cool place. The mixture will thicken during this time. If it becomes too stiff, add a little apple juice.

**CHILDHOOD WISDOM ON DEATH**

- > Heather, 'When I die, I'm going to be reincarnated!'
- > Cheryl, 'Oh no! I don't want to be burned when I die!'
- > Sophie, 'Don't be silly, that's cremation. Reincarnation is when you come back as something else like a tin of condensed milk!'

Claire Walter  
(age 8 years)



One summer's day, I heard  
a wasp turning  
Then as I was looking, my head  
started burning  
Seeing nothing, as the wasp  
was not there,  
Freeing me from all previous fear.  
(anonymous)

Turning on point takes courage  
Looking and spotting puts you on balance



Seeing you have the ability to do it  
Freeing your fears as you fly

BEE

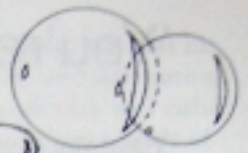


### Summer Camp

An old warm loving worn out field, its gentle calmness under foot, and peaceful glowing above. A white stupa stands in the middle of long grass, relaxed but aware of being there. Small clusters of friendly wooden buildings and a huge marquee on one side of the field. While on the other lie bushes, small shrubs and trees and an old footpath, no longer sign-posted. The wind ruffles the tree tops. The once proud sun hanging near the horizon add to the majestic beauty. The quiet buzz of people chatting nearby brings me back to the world of people who are not quite realising the calm friendliness to its very full-most extent.

Amala (12 years)

# BOON BUBBLES



Turning towards the unknown  
Looking at my fear  
letting the seeing take place  
so that freeing can occur.  
(anonymous)

*Silences*  
Silence.  
A cock crows  
The sun breaks  
A tree outlined against the pink sky.  
The trudge of hurried feet,  
A school bell rings  
Small boys and girls rushing and bumping down the lane.  
Silence.  
A car purrs by  
A farmer sitting on a fence munches away contentedly.  
Rooks call and a bee lazily bumps into a flower.  
Silence.  
The sun beats down and a slight breeze stirs.  
Suddenly the bell rings.  
Again children running and laughing  
Silence.  
The breeze freshens.  
The sun slowly sinks.  
Twilight.  
The farmer plods down the lane.  
Rooks rustle in the trees.  
Darkness comes.  
Silence.

Sam Halter (11 years)



Susan Towns



Katie Cousins  
(age 9 1/2 years)

# 'You're Not A Sheep, You're A Lion'

by Ajahn Sucitto

Have you ever 'counted sheep'? What you can do when you feel restless is imagine sheep jumping over a fence, one at a time. It calms you down. Better still, try watching your thoughts. When you feel unhappy, or even when there's nothing to do, just try sitting down, breathing in and out slowly, and watching the thoughts that run through your mind. Don't chase any of them away. Just let them come and go. Does it sound like a strange thing to do? There are lots of people who do this. It helps us to relax.

Even more important than relaxing, it helps us to remember who we really are. These days, all of us have to think and do so much that we forget who we really are. It's easy to imagine that we actually *are* our thoughts and our body. This can make us very unhappy because there are a lot of worried, sad thoughts. Even our happy thoughts don't last. Thoughts and feelings can make us feel happy or sad but all of them come and go like sheep jumping over a fence.

Yet, if you learn to watch your thoughts, you'll understand who you really are. The mind that watches your thoughts feels different from the thoughts themselves. It feels peaceful and free. Do you know this peaceful and free mind?

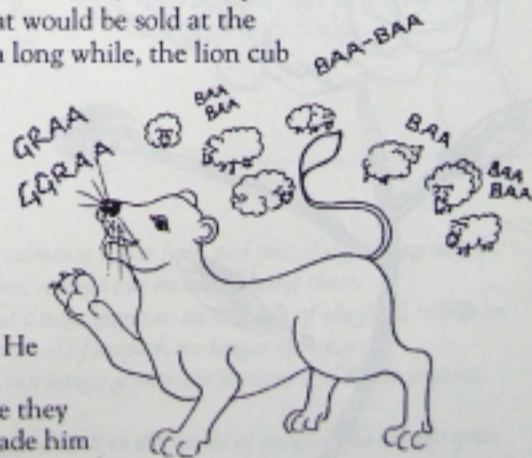
The Buddha told a story to help us remember who we really are. Here it is. It will help all of us to remember.

Once upon a time some hunters surprised a lioness who was with her cub. They shot her. I don't really know why anyone would want to kill a creature for fun. Perhaps they were afraid. Perhaps it was because of the crazy feeling that people get when they have guns in their hands. Anyway, once the lioness was dead and taken as a trophy, they didn't think any more about the cub.

The cub was so young he had hardly opened his eyes. He didn't know who or what he was. He knew only one thing - he needed to eat, or at that age, to drink mother's milk. He was lucky to be in an area where there were sheep nearby. They were easy-going creatures and very motherly even if they weren't so quick-witted. So when the tiny lion cub crawled up to a mother sheep, just as if he was one of her own lambs, she let him suck milk from her. That was a very fine thing to do. Hunters could learn a lot about kindness from sheep.

It was wild country. In those days, people used to round up their sheep only twice a year - once to fleece them just before the hot season; and once just before the cold season to pick the ones that would be sold at the market to be slaughtered for meat. So for a long while, the lion cub remained undetected. Since he was brought up by sheep and surrounded by sheep, he naturally thought he was a sheep. You probably would too if your 'mother', 'brothers' and 'sisters' were all sheep.

Weeks went by and turned into months, and at first the lion cub was alive and well and happy living with the sheep. He learned from them all that he could. He watched the lambs and jumped around like they did. He couldn't bleat like them, which made him feel rather anxious, but he reckoned that if he tried



hard enough, he'd get it right one day. What was really becoming a problem was that his 'mother' was showing him that it was time to stop sucking milk from her and start eating grass. He wasn't excited about it at all. And his teeth didn't seem to work very well either. The grass kept slipping out between them. When he finally managed to chew a blade of grass, it tasted awful. He'd ask the lambs how they ate grass and if they could find him some that would satisfy his hunger. They shook their heads in disbelief and munched away at the grass that the cub hadn't been able to chew. But when he did manage to eat a mouthful of grass, it made him feel sick. It just didn't nourish him. So he became very thin.



Then he started having strange dreams. He dreamed of running and climbing trees, dreamed of chasing deer. The sheep were different. They only ran when they were afraid. Whenever he clawed at a tree and wanted to be shown how to climb, the sheep looked at him as if he'd gone mad. He felt so different, he thought he was going out of his mind and became very depressed. 'Why doesn't anyone else feel like me? Is this all there is to life,' he thought, 'plodding around a field, chewing this miserable grass? What's the point in being a sheep?'



Then one day the flock wandered further off into the wilds. The cub, weak as he was, staggered along behind them. Suddenly the leader of the flock froze in his tracks. He sniffed the air, and then, in a split second turned and bolted. Immediately the whole flock fled in confusion, bleating and jumping over each other, some this way, some that way. It was chaos! The

poor starving cub didn't have the energy to run on his wobbly legs. In the panic it was every sheep for itself. And who could blame them - because there in the distance was the slinky shape of the great shaggy-maned lion! As he was coming towards them in great leaps and bounds that gobbled up the distance, surely he would eat the slowest of those sheep! He was moving so fast he almost squashed the little cub under his paw before he noticed him. When he did notice him, he stopped dead in his tracks.



'What in the world...what are you? Why are you so weak?' roared the great shaggy-maned lion at the spindly creature flopped on the ground between his paws. 'Please sir, I'm a little sheep,' squeaked the cub. 'I can't eat grass properly....Can you show me how to eat grass...I'm ever so hungry!' 'A SHEEP!!' roared the lion, 'You're not a sheep, you're a LION! No wonder you're sick, lions don't eat grass!'

Then the great shaggy-maned lion nuzzled the cub with his nose. The cub looked into those wondrous eyes of the lion that sweep the horizon without blinking and can see on the darkest

night. Then, the great shaggy-maned lion licked the cub's head with his huge rough tongue. When the cub smelt the lion's breath, suddenly, he remembered his own lion nature. Then he thought about his mother. Before long, he was picked up, gently, in the great lion's jaws and carried away. With every leap and bound, the cub felt the power of the great lion carrying him. It was thrilling as the plains disappeared beneath him. He was going home to discover who he really was. He was returning to the world and the way of lions.

How could he ever have thought he was a sheep, when he found living as a sheep so difficult and so painful? It's easy enough to make such a mistake, when all you've ever seen are sheep. When you've been with sheep all your life, that's what you think you are.

It's the same with people. When people are born they don't know what's going on either. When our eyes finally open, it seems like we are in a body surrounded by other human bodies. The thoughts we all have tell us all kinds of things - like how you need *this*, and how it will be really great if you have *that*. Then, after your mum bought you this and your dad has taken you there, you get bored and so you want something else. Sometimes thoughts say horrible things about yourself or other people. Although thoughts never lead to lasting happiness, most of us keep following them because we don't know any other way. Have you ever found a thought that will show you where unhappiness ends? It's like asking a sheep to show you how to climb a tree. When you don't know anything other than thoughts, all you can do is shake your head and think of something else.

But there is the chance to remember who we really are if we see someone else who lives in freedom. Maybe you'll recognize the shining face of the Buddha, with his gentle eyes that bless the world. You may look at his hands that have never clenched as a fist. Where can you find such a Buddha? To find him, you have to look in the quiet places of your life, where there's truthfulness and love. That's what we do when we sit quietly breathing in and out.

Have you ever heard a Buddha's diamond words in your heart? Words that remind you who you really are and where all restlessness and unhappiness end. **'No wonder you feel so bad, thoughts are unsatisfactory. You're not your thoughts. If you were, how could you watch them come and go? You're not your thoughts, let them go. You're not your thoughts, rise above them. You're not your thoughts, you're a Buddha!'** If you trust in the Buddha, he can show you who you really are.

## A Family Day Success by Carol Williams

The popularity and purpose of the last Family Dhamma camp at Amaravati inspired some dedicated parents and teachers to have a mini family day in Brighton.

Hazel Waddup, headmistress of Hangleton Infants' School, generously allowed us the use of her school one Saturday in March. About 60 parents, children and helpers came as well as four Sangha members from Chithurst.

We began the day by preparing and offering the meal to the Sangha. Later, the children met with the monks and nuns to explore the day's theme of 'Giving'. During the game period, the adults had the opportunity

to meditate and to listen to Dhamma reflections from the Sangha. Throughout the day, there was a happy sprinkling of guided meditations, workshops, games, and refreshment breaks ending with an impressive puppet show. The puppets, music, narration and scenery, all created with in about an hour, told the story of Prince Siddhartha's encounters with the heavenly messengers and how this led to his renunciation of worldly life.

We all benefited from the blend of purposefulness and play, of devotion and dedication, of giving and receiving. We hope that the success of our Family Day will encourage parents and teachers in other areas to organise a similar day. We recommend it.



# Make Your Own Paper Buddha Rupa

## Materials needed

Crayons or colouring pencils  
A pair of scissors  
Sticky tape  
A steady pair of hands

1. Colour in the Buddha
2. Cut out the pattern along the dotted lines. (Cut the arms free from the base).
3. Bring the ends of the base together. Join them with some sticky tape. Be gentle!
4. With another piece of tape, join the arms together at the base of the Buddha Rupa.
5. Now your Buddha Rupa will stand freely.



# An Open Heart

*O friend,*

*Remember those who have been kind to you,  
Who have brought you joy  
Or helped you on your way.  
And, especially  
Remember those who were unkind,  
Vicious or cruel,  
Who tried to harm or abuse you  
Or hinder you on your way.*

*No, do not remember their words or deeds;  
Their deception, violence, anger or greed.  
But remember the way their actions taught you  
To be humble, brave, generous with them  
And compassionate;  
How your heart opened up  
As you endured the difficult moments;  
How you learned to be strong yet kind,  
Tolerant and forgiving.  
And so, to love them.*

*O yes, my friend,  
Be grateful and remember them well.  
The fruit of all their unskilful actions,  
That you have struggled through,  
Is now the light that shines in your heart.  
Let this be their forgiveness.*

*Sr. Medhanandi  
(inspired by a Christian prayer)*



Drawing by Edward Walters

## Spreading Loving Kindness

*I feel my breath flowing gently in and out,  
Caressing the tip of my nose  
And running through my throat,  
Warming the glowing furnace of my heart.*

*Happiness rushes with my blood  
Through my veins,  
And love flows from me  
Like a shimmering golden river,  
Bathing the room in a soft glow.*

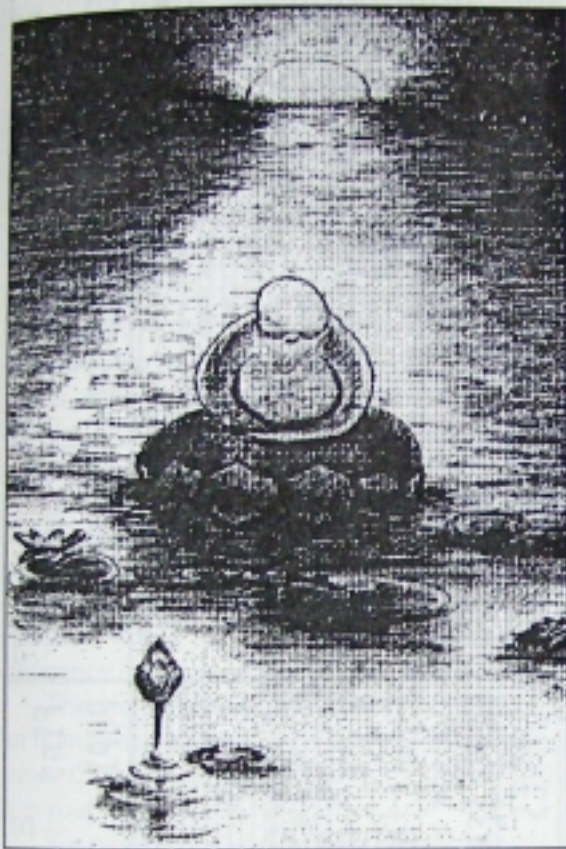
*I feel my breath leave my lungs  
And carry through my body,  
Streams of loving-kindness  
And compassion  
Spreading over the rest of the world.*

*Sujata McN(als) (13½ years)*



# Tales From A Lotus Blossom

By Sister Uppala



Sister Uppala's name means 'lotus' in Pali. We recently celebrated her 90th birthday at Amaravati. When asked if she had some stories to contribute to Rainbows, this is what she offered.

Dear Rainbow readers,

Here are a couple of stories for you.

\* \* \*

When my mother was young, she belonged to a very fine tennis club in town. She was a very keen tennis player herself.

One day, a young man who was new to town came and joined the club. He seemed to be a very nice young man and everyone liked him very much. Gradually they noticed something that was puzzling. He was a very nice man, and had quite an adequate salary but he never gave anything, not even a penny, to the afternoon tea fund, the marking of the courts fund, or anything else that was outside of his subscription to the club. Everyone in the club began to

dislike him. Then by chance, one day they found out he was supporting himself, his old mother and a blind sister on his salary. After that, everyone in the club vowed never to judge anyone again unless they knew all about them.

For this reason we must never judge people. But I think that there is another reason too. All of us are in different stages of development. We are born ignorant and have to learn to grow out of ignorance to know truth. You never know where someone else may be coming from. And so we must be patient with each other.


There is another story I can tell you.

My mother was 12 years old when she left home to go to Boarding School. When she arrived, the headmistress said to her, 'Nellie, to be clever is good. But to be good is much, much better and much, much harder.'

With love to all of the children,

Sister Uppala

# Snakes and Ladders

24 Raise AWARENESS	25 Raise MONEY	26 Find PROPERTY	27 Find TEACHERS	28 Find PUPILS	
23	22	21	CONFERENCE CONSIDERS STYLE OF SCHOOL	19	18
12	CHARITY ESTABLISHED	NO BUILDING	NO MONEY	16	17
11	10	9	8	SURVEY OF FAMILIES HOPES	POSSIBLE PUPILS WIDELY SCATTERED
IDEA OF BUDDHIST SCHOOL CONCEIVED	2	3	U.K. SCHOOLS MOVE TOWARDS PROFIT AND COMPETITION	4	5

TO  
START  
THROW  
SIX

## The Quest for A Dhamma School

- To play this game you will need a dice, a friend or two and a marker each.
- Each player throws the dice in turn. To start, each must throw a six.
- Each time it is the player's turn, he moves his marker the amount shown on the dice. Move the marker in the direction of the numbered squares on the game sheet.
- If the marker comes to rest at the foot of a ladder, then on the same turn, it is moved up and stops in the square at the top of the ladder.
- If the marker comes to rest at the top of a snake, then it must slide down the snake to the square at the bottom.
- The game ends when someone's marker reaches the goal at the end of the numbers.

### Contributions to Rainbows

We are always grateful to receive drawings, stories, poems, games, etc., which are based on Buddhist principles. It is especially heartening to receive contributions from children. If you or your children would like to contribute to *Rainbows*, please do not hesitate to sit down and put pen/pencil/crayon to paper! Send contributions to:

**Rainbows Editor** Amaravati Buddhist Monastery  
Great Gaddesden Hemel Hempstead Herts HP1 3BZ

Suggestions, feedback and ideas intended to help *Rainbows* to benefit children and young people more effectively, are also appreciated.

# The Dhamma School Project

In the past year many students of Washington have had news of the Dhamma School Project, much has been achieved.

It is arranged that adult-time education in all the basic academic subjects will be provided, in a Buddhist context, at a school administered by a charitable trust.

An important step has been made in drafting the constitution of the trust. It is now being considered by the House of Commons. When the Dhamma School Trust is established as a Registered Charity, the trust will then be open for a permanent fundraising effort. The success of this endeavor will allow our good ideas to have consequences for local children. We are grateful to all those who gave towards the 1983 initial legislation. We are sure you share the conviction we've carefully spent.

The working group has now been formalized into a committee of willing workers who continue to be happy to pursue matters of research, investigate suggestions, and agree all queries. In guiding our trustees, advice has been sought from other organizations such as the Secretary Trust who are concerned in holistic education and health, and from financial advisers for small business and charities.

In 1982, practitioners were able to send students to our evening classes which had been started in England would like to see incorporated in a school for their children. In 1983, a conference focusing on the aims and philosophy of a Buddhist School, brought together experienced educators who were also committed Dhamma practitioners. For those who would like more information, the results from the survey and the report on the conference are both available from the committee upon request.

The most essential part of a school doesn't come from the buildings and the books, but from the people, students and the connections between them. If you would like to make just a little contact or have some thoughts on the project, we are always pleased to hear from you.

We now have a capital sum which will enable us to make a continuous deposit on a property and we looking for suitable premises in Sussex. When a suitable property has been found, we will do all the necessary paperwork for you to set up the trust. Fundraising is obviously a major priority. In the short-term, we need a sum of the order of £10,000 to arrange a lease for the lease of our appeal, and to print leaflets and advertisements on the press. If there would like to support our initial fund raising aims, we already have a Dhamma School Project bank account which is open and ready to receive your contributions. Don't look for long.

Medford, Secretary Dhamma School Project, Weymouth,  
115 Weymouth Road, Bishop Cleeve, Weymouth, Dorset, UK DT1 1JZ

The Director of the project, Steve Green, is undertaking a sponsored walk this summer from Oxford to Kington in Northumberland (UK) and the Sponsor forms are now available from Medford.

