



Notice-Board

Wanted:

Assistant Editor For Rainbows.

Would you like to help edit and produce Rainbows? A position is open for an individual or a group - it could be an adult, a family or two teenagers over 15 years old who are willing to make the following commitment per year, ideally for two years.

- ◆ 2-3 organizational meetings.
- ◆ Attend the 'Rainbows Workshop' weekend.
- ◆ Spend 10 days at Amaravati for final production.

The following skills are helpful:

- * Creative * Reliable
- * Self motivated * Computer literate

If you are interested, send a letter to:

Sr. Thanasanti,
Chithurst Buddhist Monastery,
Chithurst, Petersfield, Hants. GU31 5EU.

There is no application deadline. If at any point there is interest, kindly be in touch.



Young People's Retreat

2 - 4 December.

Back by popular demand... This retreat is designed for people between 13 and 18 years old who are interested in understanding how meditation helps in our everyday lives. There will be formal meditation instruction and group discussions. Everyone who comes is expected to keep the 8 precepts while at the monastery and be willing to speak about their experiences.

Advanced booking is required and early confirmation advised. For further details send SAE to:-

'Retreats'

Amaravati Buddhist Monastery.



Sunday Dhamma Classes.

These will begin: *Sunday the 31st of July at 12:30* (after dana). This first class will decide many things, including regularity and duration.

Please write to Ven. Kusalo at Amaravati indicating - childrens' name and age,
- your skills and ability to assist,
- contact address/phone.

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These are the people who participated in the Rainbows Workshop in 1994:

Dan Jones, Louise, Lisa and Bethan Bowett, Keith, Jessie and Olivia Enry, Martin and Susan Evans, Mike, Jane, Holly, Laurel and Rosa Gilbert, Gas Griffin, Tony, Kathy, Sam, Claire and Joe Halter, Olga and Nick Keryon, Jeff and Holly Lewis, John Mosley, Rita and James Podesta, Graham, Wendy, Emma, Kate, Beth, Ben and Tom Ridley, Gary Thompson, Ajahn Anaro, Sr. Sundara, Sr. Thanasanti and Anaparkas Sheila and Irena.

A REPORT:

YOUNG PERSONS WEEKEND 1993

On arrival we sat in the kitchen to listen in anticipation of the events to come during the weekend. Amaravati seemed different; not like the summer camps or our normal visits... We were suddenly here not as children but as adults. We were busy with working meditation. After this the 'real' meditation classes began. When the weekend was over it was a very strange feeling. When our brothers and sisters arrived, they expected us to be shouting and running but instead we were peaceful and relaxed. In only one weekend the difference was amazing. We learned a lot about Buddhism, meditation and the life at Amaravati from a different perspective.

Nimala and Sally Fright

RAINBOWS is produced for free distribution at Amaravati Buddhist Monastery. If you enjoy reading Rainbows and would like to contribute towards producing and distributing it, you can send a donation to 'The English Sangha Trust' July, 1994

The Data Protection Act:

The Rainbows mailing list is kept on computer. Let us know if you want your name added, removed, or altered.

Amaravati Buddhist Monastery

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What is - - -



Rainbows is the voice of us coming together. It is a magazine made by Buddhist families, nuns and monks. It is meant for people of any age who like to explore wisdom, truth and virtue. Many of the stories and much of the wisdom come from children.

During one weekend families gather together at our monastery. A theme is explored and projects are created with teams to work on them. Everyone helps. There is much joy creating a space where we can live what we write and talk about. Part of the material used is from the last year's Family Dhamma Camp, and contributions come from people living far away. So it tells families about past events and things to come, and helps to create continuity within our extended community.

A quick thought on Friendship over the Rainbow weekend. How infinitely valuable it is to share our private struggles; our common humanity with those who walk the same path. Friendship is all about opening - an open ear, an open hand, an open heart...

Contribution 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.

Red Beans and Rice

by: Ven. Morinaga Soko Roshi



There was once a director of a big company in Japan. He was elected president of a special club for business men. At the fancy dinner party to celebrate his election he served all his guests a dish of red beans and rice. In Japan, this dish is served when you want to wish someone well-being in the future. But at this grand dinner, its simplicity seemed out of place. The director was moved to explain why he had served the dish. He told everyone that it commemorated an incident in his life.

He was born and lived in a very poor farming family. His family was so poor that he grew to realise that however hard he might work on the land, he would never be able to produce enough from it to be able to care for his parents in their old age or to try to help educate his brothers or sisters. He decided that he would have to go to a town to find some other work. However, he was

very aware that in Japan for an elder son to leave the land and his family was a source of great sadness. After much thought he resolved to make his departure at night, secretly. So he packed a small bundle for travel.

Long before dawn he made ready to leave his home. He was just about to slip out the kitchen door when he saw that his mother who was normally asleep at that time instead was up and working in the kitchen. Without turning to look at him she spoke.

"I've prepared some red beans and rice for you. Eat it before you go."

He sat down in front of it at the small kitchen table. His mother brought over some hot soup as well. He was so close to tears that he could not eat anything. Seeing this his mother said, "Maybe since you've just got up you may not be hungry. I'll take the rice from your bowl and make it into rice balls which you can carry with you and eat later".

He received the rice balls from her and left the house into the dark of the night. Following the dark road to the station, he cried all of the way. He went off to the town and worked very hard. Even though he made a fortune, he could never forget that dish of red beans and rice. If he thought about doing something bad, the memory of the red beans and rice stopped him.

At the dinner party, the business man said, "There are many people here who are much finer than I am, but in spite of that I have been elected as president. What gave me this honour is red beans and rice. Therefore I would like you also to eat it."

When the old Zen teacher heard this story he was very moved. Not only by the maternal love that was demonstrated, but by the superb wisdom of the mother shown in her willingness to let him go. Somehow, she knew exactly what her son was thinking and what it was that he was had to do.

This story is adapted by kind permission from the Buddhist Society from a talk given by Ven. Morinaga Soko Roshi at the the Buddhist Summer School 1989.

Coming of Age: A Buddhist Way

by: Edward Walters (age 13)

On March 12th, I celebrated my 13th birthday at the Devon Vihara. I decided to do this because my cousin and my friend are both having a Barmitzvah this year. (A Barmitzvah is a Jewish ceremony celebrating coming of age.) I decided that I wanted to find a Buddhist way to celebrate my 13th birthday and the beginning of my adult years. So I talked with Ajahn Santacitto at the Devon Vihara and he liked the idea very much.

The day before the event I stayed at the vihara and helped with various jobs. I was also preparing myself for the day ahead. I wore white clothing which represents purity and was trying to keep the precepts. For the celebration itself, I invited lots of people to come along.

The day started with the offering of a dana meal to the monks, followed by Paritta chanting, precepts and a short dhamma talk by Ajahn Santacitto. All of these I requested in Pali by myself. After the chanting and the Dhamma talk, other people offered reflections on what it is to be a man. The ceremony ended by planting a Douglas Fir tree outside. It came from our front garden so it felt like part of our family was left at the vihara. It was nice to plant something living that would grow big and strong. It felt symbolic of the day and we could see it year after year and remember the occasion.

Lots of people gave me nice presents including the monks at the Devon Vihara who gave me a Buddha rupa.

I enjoyed the whole day and thought it went really well. I especially enjoyed staying at the vihara by myself beforehand.





FRIENDS

The Buddha's description of a Good Friend

Adapted from Sigalaka Sutta vs. 20, Digha Nikaya (iii, 187).

I. Qualities of a loyal friend.

- A friend looks after you when you are distracted.
- A friend takes care of your things when you are not paying attention.
- A friend is there for you when you need help.
- A friend gives twice what you may ask in time of need.



II. Qualities of a friend who is balanced in spirit when times are good or difficult.

- A friend trusts you enough to tell you their secrets.
- A friend respects you enough to keep your secrets.
- A friend will help when things are difficult.
- A friend would do anything in the world for you.



True Friendship
is all
in the Spirit



III. Qualities of a friend's good advice.

- a) A friend discourages you from doing stupid things.
- b) A friend encourages you to do good.
- c) A friend tells you of what you have not heard.
- d) A friend shows you the way to true peace.



IV. Qualities of a friend who understands.

- a) A friend feels sorry when things are rough for you.
- b) A friend is happy when things are going well for you.
- c) A friend sticks up for you if anyone speaks badly of you.
- d) A friend is glad to hear others speak well of you.



They physically attack me...

I've got plenty but can't seem with my sisters annoy me or treat dirt. Both of them attack me and know whose take. What can I do to create more in my family?

Have you ever created your as if they were your friends? Try to bring to them have something.

That way they may not feel they have to "struggle" to be a good example too!

of friends to get on also either me or physically I don't like to / do to harmony left? ANON

cried sisters were it, listen if they to say?

I don't want to smoke...

My friend says I'm boring because I won't smoke. She keeps leaving me to go with a group of kids who do smoke. I like her and I'm feeling lonely, but I don't want to smoke. What shall I do?

She really won't be your friend for you if she doesn't respect your personal views on smoking. You should talk to her about it, but if she won't listen find someone else who doesn't smoke and will be more fun to be with. Good luck!

Aunty Dukkha's



I don't want to behave badly

If I want to be popular, I have to behave badly. What shall I do?

Behaving badly won't benefit you in the long run. If people only like you because of your false self, they can't be worth much anyway. Just behave naturally, and you will be glad you did.

Good luck!

Problem page

Write in!



- And get a Wise response. Enlightenment Guaranteed! *

WE JUST END UP ARGUING...

What can I do when I'm on the opposite team from my friends in netball and we end up arguing? It's not very nice.

Claire

Don't worry about it. Try to remember that it's only a game. Also, try to be a good sport. If you win the game, tell your friends that they played well too, and if they win, congratulate them. Good luck!

HE LIKES DINOSAURS INSTEAD!

What can I do if I like football and my friend Jason's like football, but he likes dinosaurs instead? James.

Why don't you invite him to a football match with you. He might then understand why you like the game so much. If this doesn't work, try to concentrate more on the things that you both like. Good Luck!

I KNOW SHE'S TAKING DRUGS

Since I changed schools, my best friend has really changed. She hangs around with these "inkies", and I know she's taking drugs. She won't admit it, but I don't want to guess her in case she doesn't want to be friends anymore. I'm so worried about her. Please help! Anon.

This sounds serious. You should definitely try talking to her. If she won't listen, tell a grown-up to help you. Some advice. Good luck!

A FRIEND GAINED

STORY & DRAWINGS BY: CLAIRE HALTER

I ran home wanting to tell my mum my test results. I'd actually got a B+!!!!

Running in though the kitchen door I found mum cooking Bolognaise for tea. She jumped when she saw me, nearly losing the spoon in the pot. She started to say, "I've got something - - -" when I burst out excitedly "I've got B+ in my test." I carried on recounting the events of day but she seemed preoccupied. Finally I asked her what the matter was.

"There's nothing the matter," she said, "but we've decided to adopt a foster child to come here and live with us."

I gasped with astonishment. My thoughts raced, "Why do they want another child? Aren't I good enough for them?" Mum interrupted my thoughts saying, "Her name is Lesley James".

Hardly listening I just went to my room, still flabbergasted, I lay on my bed trying to read a book. I was just finishing chapter 3 when the doorbell rang. From the top of the stairs I looked down at the front door. A woman stood there. I couldn't see Lesley as she was hidden by the huge bulk of this lady who I supposed must be her social worker. She and mum were talking in low voices so I couldn't hear. Then mum called out to me.

"Coming," I yelled.

I tried to appear casual as I came down the stairs but inside I was bracing myself. What would Lesley look like? I walked up to her.

"Hello," she said gingerly.

I was so surprised that I just smiled back. I was even more amazed when she flashed me a lovely smile showing white, even, teeth. The social worker went into the kitchen with mum. Lesley and I were left together. She looked straight at me. I looked back at her not really knowing what to say.

She was wearing an old-fashioned polo neck and jeans, not like me. She spoke hesitantly and handed me a brown paper bag.

"I brought you something," she said.

"Thanks." I looked inside the bag and cried, "it's the tape by 'Meat Loaf' that I've wanted for ages! How did you know I liked them?"

"Well," answered Lesley, "I felt awful coming here out of the blue. I felt like an intruder so I asked your mum what you'd like as a present."



Continued --- ➔



Julia Meyer

The Venerable Ananda approached the Lord and said,
"Lord, friendship is the half of the holy life."

Don't say that Ananda! The Buddha says,
"Don't say that. Friendship is not the half
of the holy life but the whole of the holy life."

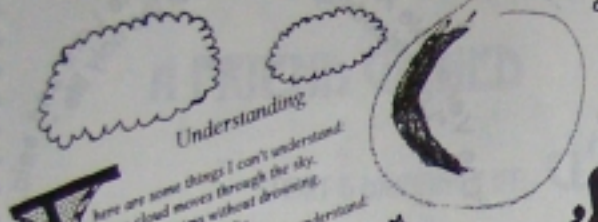
*Adapted from Kindred Sayings (XLV, ii)
Reprinted with kind
permission from the Pali Text Society.*

Our eyes met and I realised that I had lost an enemy and gained a friend.



Bodhi Bubbles

Understanding



There are some things I can't understand.
How a cloud moves through the sky.
How a fish swims without drowning.
Why people have to die.
Why people have to die.
There are some things I don't understand.
They man cheats and steals and kills.
Why people have to waste their lives.
On alcohol and pills.

I don't understand why people fight
About how to be good to others.
I don't understand how come we can't be
A world of sisters and brothers.
I don't understand why nobody leaves
The true way to be glad.
Why people never raise their eyes.
From the dirty road where all is bad.

I don't understand how love is formed.
How a smile spreads round a room.
I don't understand the peace and joy
That grows outside the gloom.
I don't understand how a sliver of blue
Can get through the gap in the dark grey sky.
These are the things I can't understand.
And I won't understand, or try.

Olivia Erry



Buddha.

A Zen Garden at Amaranth?
People are working until their legs fall off
When the garden is finished it will be a perfect
place for walking meditation and will be a beautiful
place for people to sit and relax in.
Edward Walters



Interfaith ~ 1993 Family Summer Camp



"The End of Civilization"
as a Seven Year Old Knows It
"Well, Easy, that's it for the next eight
days. No television, no video, and no...
Sausages!"
And so now, three days into the camp, I've
sincerely seen Easy since that first evening,
she's been far too busy networking. And she
hasn't mentioned television or sausages
once!



CRAMPING
I enjoy the camp each year because everyone is
like old friends, even if you've never met them
before. It's the safest place in the world really -
nobody gets feelings too hurt. I get some time to
see the moon at night without having to worry
about my parents being annoyed that I'm late
back, or ghosts or mushrooms or anything. It's
just nice and quiet, even if you don't. When you
get back home, everything seems just so



METTA-MORPHOSIS

Most of us remember Ajahn Anando as the senior monk of Chithurst Buddhist Monastery. In 1992, after 20 years as a monk, he disrobed. His name became Greg Klein. Soon after, he got married. A year later he discovered that he had a brain tumour. On May 12, 1994, he died.

For many, both young and old, he was a good spiritual friend. Over many years, he shared a lot of wisdom and kindness. One of Ajahn Anando's favourite subjects to talk about was metta- a word which means kindness. Let us honour him for the goodness that he has done and reflect on his final teaching... that of impermanence.

On July 17th, in a special ceremony, his ashes will be saved in a quiet place at Chithurst. If you go to Chithurst or some place which is quiet, you can think of him.

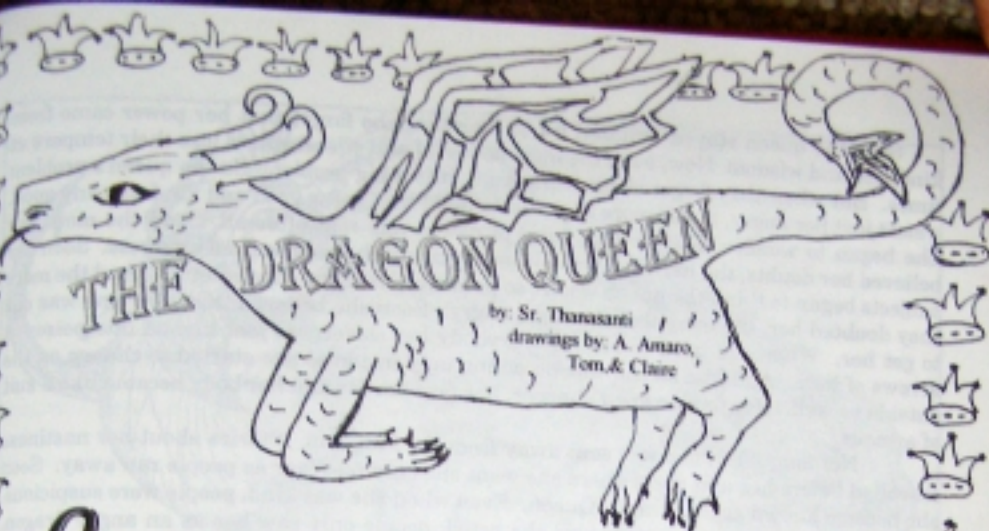
(Metamorphosis is a word which means change.)



photo: Dora, Todd

A SPIRITUAL FRIEND....

IS the one who you can depend on,
One who knows you like you know yourself.
One who you can.... fight with play with
scramble in the hay with,
One you can do nothing and be quiet with.
One who you can laugh and cry with,
and one you're never shy with.
Such a friend is the one you can trust
with all your heart,
And to be such a friend to others ~
Our sisters and our brothers,
Our fathers and our mothers ~
Brings a happiness which never will depart.



Once upon a time there was a cave, hidden far away in the Himalayan mountains. In this cave lived a fierce and powerful Dragon Queen. She looked like a regular dragon. She had a sharp tongue, a scaly body and a pointed tail. All of the village people kept away from her, and with good reason! Because when she got angry she would use her pointed tail to stab and hurt. Her sharp tongue could blow flames of fire which could scorch flesh and singe hair. Each time she flew into a rage, the smell of burnt flesh would linger around her for days.

But the Dragon Queen wasn't always in a terrible rage. Mostly she went about her business quite peacefully, singing lovely melodies to herself. Her face would soften, and the rough scales on her body would turn smooth and pearly. At times like these, she was like a noble queen.

The Dragon Queen had very high standards and a queenly eye for beautiful things. Whatever she did, she did well. Whatever she knew, she knew a lot about. When her cave wasn't reeking of burnt flesh it was perfumed like a fragrant garden. Everything in it was just right: beautiful, grand, fair and truly fit for a queen.

No one could remember when or how this queen had come to live in her mountain cave. But it is told that in the distant past she wasn't a dragon at all, but a benevolent queen of a vast kingdom. She used her power and her knowledge to help people and encourage them to be good and wise. And so being wise and powerful herself, she was loved and respected by all.

The queen was able to help people because of a secret knowledge that gave her power. This secret was that our real strength is not in who we are, or what others think of us, but in the reason why we do things. As the queen's actions came from wisdom and kindness, the wiser and kinder she acted, the more her subjects believed in her power. And so she ruled well.

But one day things began to change. It all started when a stranger came along and tried to overthrow the queen. He didn't believe in the queen's power. And so she ordered the guards to remove him. But this clever intruder never gave up. He kept coming back. Each time he would challenge the queen's power, she would become more and more irritated until his very name would send her into a fierce rage.

Soon the queen stayed irritated for so long that she forgot that her power came from kindness and wisdom. Now, even the most powerful and wisest rulers lose their tempers at times. But when they forget about being kind, it is a big problem! So the queen's problem wasn't just her anger, it was more that she doubted that being good and kind was any good. She began to wonder whether that kind of power was real after all. And the more she believed her doubts, the harder it was to use the power that comes from kindness. Soon her subjects began to think the queen wasn't so powerful, wise and kind after all. And the more they doubted her, the more the queen got angry. Soon she believed that everyone was out to get her. When she tried to control everybody her cleverness just turned into poisoned arrows of hate. And just as she was becoming ugly inside so she started to change on the outside as well. Her tongue grew sharper, her face harder and her body became like a suit of armour.

Not long after, she was sent away from the kingdom. Stories about her nastiness travelled before her and everywhere she went she only met fear as people ran away. Soon she became known as the Dragon Queen. Even when she was kind, people were suspicious. Time and time again, no matter how she acted, people only saw her as an angry dragon. Finally, after years and years of this she too forgot what she had been and turned into the dreadful creature everyone feared.

She wandered far and wide until she came to the quiet Himalayan valley where the air was fresh and the water clean and the few people who lived there did not know of her. She lived there quietly for an age, until the Dragon Slayer arrived upon the scene.

We have all heard of Dragon Slayers. Normally they are young, brave, handsome men with very sharp swords. They seek out the dragon, chop off its head and ride home to live happily ever after. But whenever a young, handsome dragon slayer had tried to kill our Dragon Queen, it had only made her stronger, fiercer and nastier.

No, our Dragon Slayer was quite a different creature. First of all she was a crinkly, wrinkly little old fragile lady, with varicose veins and swollen ankles. Her name was Betty. She wore trainers and a pink shell suit. And she loved to chatter on in her squeaky, crackly voice. She wasn't exactly looking for a dragon to slay. In fact she wasn't searching for anything at all. She had come to this quiet valley because she was ready to die. She was very peaceful, and had decided just to enjoy the time she had left. Or most of the time, anyhow. Sometimes she could be very bossy and conceited and sometimes she got annoyed over silly little things. But that is the way things were.

When Betty heard about the Dragon Queen, she was curious to meet her but thought because of the scary stories she had heard, she would bide her time. She said to herself, "Knowing me, I'll bump into her sooner or later". And sure enough, one day by a stream, she did. She was collecting some berries to feed the





squirrels, when she heard a loud rustling of leaves. Soon the Dragon Queen appeared but only said hello to Betty and passed on. And that was it!

It wasn't very exciting for the first meeting between Dragon Queen and Dragon Slayer but over time, they frequently crossed paths. Then one day, up walked Betty when the Dragon Queen was in a rage, throwing out huge fire balls which was smoking up the valley, singeing hair and scorching flesh of anyone near by. Our Dragon Slayer just stood there, looking at all of this with a rather vacant expression, and didn't budge an inch.

The Dragon Queen was flabbergasted. Never once, in all her memory could she recall a time when someone had actually moved towards her while her fire throwing sharp tongue was in action. The Dragon Queen was beside herself with rage. "How dare she doubt my fury! Who is she to challenge my power? Why, just some conceited old bag poking her nose into someone else's business. I'll show her!"

The Dragon Queen flew at Betty, blowing great hot fire balls right into Betty's face. Betty didn't move. And instead of burning Betty, those fireballs bounced right back into the Dragon Queen's own face singeing her eye-lashes and turning the scales on her nose a crusty brown colour. The Dragon Queen was in agony, and could not understand it!

This was war! Although this time the Dragon Queen slunk away, she began to hate and fear Betty. Every time she glimpsed Betty in the distance she would cringe, and if Betty came near she would act as if Betty didn't exist. If Betty tried to be friendly saying, "Good morning," or "Nice day, isn't it?" The Dragon Queen would hate her more than ever for trying to be nice. So the fiery hate turned into an icy hate which was even more painful to endure.

Now the Dragon Queen was stuck fast, frozen rigid in her fury. She no longer knew how NOT to get into a rage. And it wasn't as though she even liked her dragon routine very much. Every time she threw fireballs she got a sore throat. And instead of burnt flesh, she would have much rather had sweet perfumes to smell. Oh, she was powerful all right, but inside she felt very lonely. The Dragon Queen really didn't have a clue how to unlock her frozen rage from its prison. Secretly she began to hope there was some way out. But from the outside, she seemed just as awful as ever.

Now Betty could see that the queen no longer had moments of quiet mixed with her fits



of rage. And though outwardly Betty appeared not to care too much inside she actually felt quite sad about this. It was difficult to see someone suffering so much and she wished there was something she could do to make it better. Betty was frail, but no coward. She didn't like the pain caused by someone in anger. But even less did she like it when people pretended the anger wasn't there. She would face up to someone's anger and deal with it, even if it blasted her. Betty really was a dragon slayer, even though she didn't look like one. Because she had a sword which could cut right through Dragon-anger, the worst of all. Yet the only sword which she ever found useful was the double edged sword of wisdom and kindness.

Luckily she happened to have such a sword but it didn't look like a sword at all. Rather, it looked like a mirror. And it was a very special mirror. Like a still lake when the light was just right, the mirror could be both reflective and transparent. In facing this mirror with either wisdom or confusion, it was reflective. In facing the mirror with kindness, it was transparent. It was only when the kindness and the wisdom were in perfect balance that the mirror was both reflective and transparent.

But there was something else going on as well. Betty had lived well, and was peaceful all right. But something was still missing.

So strangely enough, she trusted that the situation with the Dragon Queen would provide just the right knowledge to help her on her path. And soon enough it turned out to be true.

One day the two of them were duelling which had become a regular event by then and their eyes locked. Betty was holding her magic mirror. She saw that part of her goodness, kindness and peacefulness had become a way to escape from her own nastiness. Then she saw the Dragon Queen and how her armour, sharp tongue and pointed tail grew because she didn't know how to fully open herself to love and just accept things as they were. As she could see herself clearly and the Dragon Queen clearly she saw how they reflected each other. With this new understanding, Betty's heart ached like it was being stretched and opened and it hurt more than the pain of hatred. As her heart opened she no longer feared her own nastiness. In fact she felt entirely whole. In breaking all of the barriers of the heart one was led to the stillness of the mind. Led to a place beyond Dragon Queens and Dragon Slayers. Led to the land of unlimited peace. As she saw this she cried. As she cried, the warm tears of her heart mixed with the ice-hatred and shattered the mirror.

Having learned all that she needed to, Betty bowed to the Dragon Queen with her heart overflowing with love and gratitude, and then died.



It was ages ago that this all happened and no one has seen or heard from the Dragon Queen since. But word has it that she left her cave nestled into the foothills of the Himalayan mountains forever and found her way back into the realms of queendom. You see, just before the magic mirror shattered, the Dragon Queen caught a glimpse of herself and saw what she had become. The love that poured out melted her armour and touched her heart. When Betty bowed, the simple but powerful act transformed the Dragon Queen. No longer was hers the territory of land and people. Hers was the land of true wisdom and inner peace. And in that land, there was not a more powerful, wise and kind ruler ever to be found.



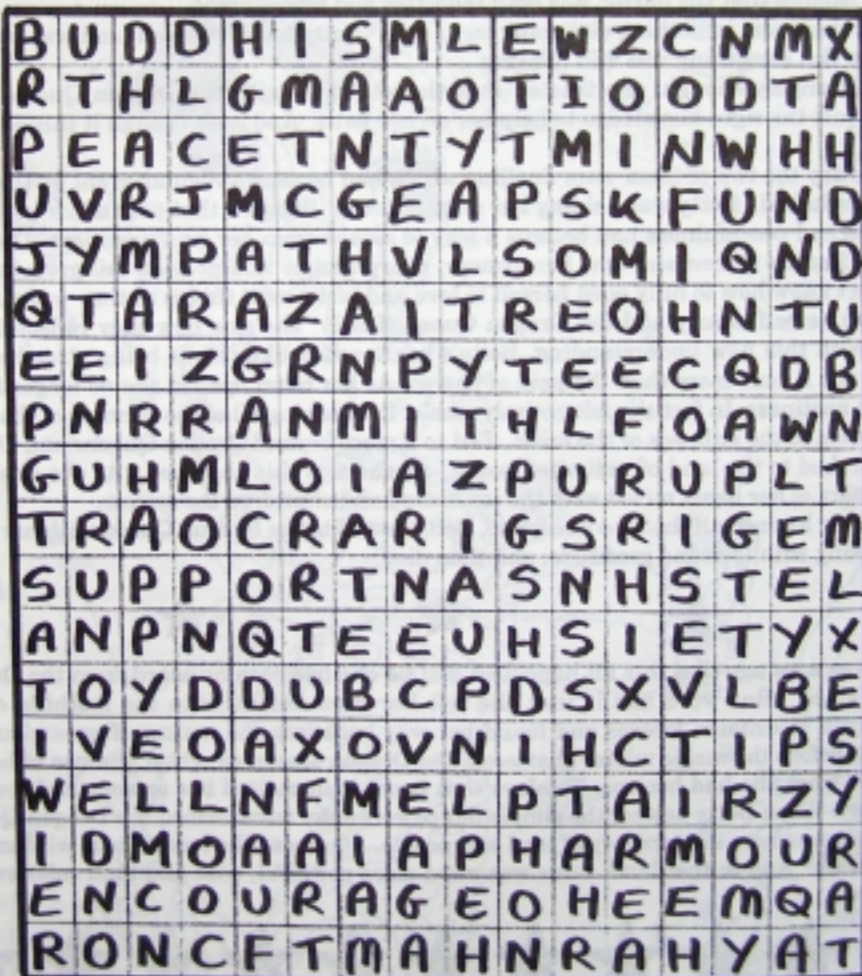
Ben & Joe's Amazing Wordsearch
↖↗ ↘↙ PUZZLE ↑↓ ↖↗ ??

Find the hidden words below....

Any direction, even diagonally

The theme is Friendship (Buddhist)

There are 41 words all together



THE WILLOW TREE THAT LOVED A GIRL

by: Hoang-Anh Thi-Le (age 10)
drawings by: Alex, Beth and Claire



This is how the story began.

The tree stood in a great orchard next to a small cottage. Every day the little girl came and sat under it and went to sleep. The tree loved her since she was so special. He always made sure not one drop of rain ever fell on her head for she was the most beautiful girl in the world.

Years passed and the little girl became a young woman. She went to the

city to find happiness. When the tree found out, its leaves fell to the ground in the middle of summer, and the tree began to wilt.

Some years later, the young lady came back with her husband and *their* little girl. She moved back into the cottage she used to live in. Every day her daughter played under the same willow tree. The tree thought about this and finally decided to stop dying and came back to life. Now he had a little girl to protect and love.



THE END



HEART MEDITATION

Imagine yourself sitting at the centre of your circle of friends.

Imagine energy pouring out of your heart forming a laser beam. This is the energy of kindness, acceptance and forgiveness. Can you feel it?

Now, imagine all of your friends who surround you, each one with energy coming from their heart. These beams of heart light come together to form a pool of healing energy. From this pool of light a fountain of rainbows rises high into the sky. As the rainbows come down to earth, they enter through the crowns of the heads of each person in the circle, filling them with rainbow light.

Can you feel what it is like to be filled with a rainbow and share this with your friends?

SNOW

*The beauty of a single snowflake,
The whiteness of its life,
The features of its eternity,
Are as sharp as a stubborn knife.*

*The brightness of the sun melts it to water,
The coldness then freezes it to ice
But still the snowflakes continue to fall.*

*And still the kids have snowfights,
Still those big, steady snowballs,
That are thrown for nights and nights.*

*But none are as beautiful as a snowflake,
No single one the same,
They are so incredibly unharmed,
But no one is to blame.*

Nshorna Titmuss

Impermanence

*Still ocean,
Twilight breeze,
I pass by.*

Family Dhamma

Much blame is heaped on parents for the social problems among the young. The church also targets families as the prime location of suffering in society. I suspect that thoughtful sentiments about the problems of family life will not make much difference to a complex problem. We have to take the focus off the family as a self-contained unit and explore together the diverse nature of the conditions for suffering and conflict and the nature of the community. Families fall apart due to internal and external pressure. Our duty is to support and participate in the local community and connect with a spiritual sangha for the welfare of ourselves and children. Non-parents have an important role to play in the spiritual and emotional development of children. A supportive community provides the opportunity for adults and children to play and learn together. The concept "community" needs to replace the concept "family". Here in Totnes, there is a wide network of people committed to community life.

Recently I asked my daughter how many children there were in her class at the local comprehensive school whose mother and father lived with each other. She said there was only one. This reflects a dramatic change in the social circumstances of children in society. The conventional nuclear family finds it increasingly harder to stay together in the face of social and corporate pressures. It confirms the wisdom of the Buddha in urging people to take refuge in the sangha, that is the spiritual community.

I am an unmarried father of an 11 year old girl, Nshoma Titmuss. From my experience it does not matter whether a child lives in the same house with both parents or not. What is vital is that the child receives kindness and wisdom from their parents and that the parents do not speak badly of each other in front of their child. Parenting requires friendship and cooperation between the parents. Gwanwyn, the mother of our daughter, lives less than 15 minutes walk away from my home so Nshoma travels between her two homes - as do many other children.

Commitment to spiritual values and a spiritual community maximises support for the upbringing of our children into a troubled world.

Christopher Titmuss



Impermanence and Respect are reprinted with kind permission from Christopher Titmuss from his book, 'Fire Dance and other Poems'.

Respect

*Fixed thoughts are relentlessly punishing,
So why hide behind our loutish intellect?
Let us find together the green meadow.*

*Putting aside this cruel pretence
Of civilization amid our broken toys,
Let us go and hover in the mellow mist.*

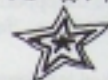
*Stillness nourishes our deepest recesses:
The nightingale fills the dark's hollow;
We kneel upon the Earth with naked hands.*

*Long grass bends kindly underneath us.
On this day we utter a silent prayer
That pays respect to the song of the Earth.*

Snakes and Ladders

Rules

1. You need counters and a dice.
2. Throw a six to start.
3. If you land on a ladder go up.
4. If you land on a snake go down.
5. The first person to 70 wins.



61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70
	You take revenge for an insult			You make some bad friends				You fall out with your Ohanna teacher	
60	59	58	57	56	55	54	53	52	51
41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50
	You stop being jealous of your friend							You treat your pet well	
40	39	38	37	36	35	34	33	32	31
								You accept a dare from a friend	
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	You forgive your friend								
20	19	18	17	16	15	14	13	12	11
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
				You listen to good advice					You meet Achan Sunedo