

MAY 1996

FRIVOLOUS



THE EIGHT WOBBLY WINDS

Rainbows

CONTENTS

needs an
Editorial Co Ordinator ☆
- who can attend the annual
Rainbows Weekend in May
to help the editors (who
may be teenage children)
and provide leadership
to the production team.

Previous experience of
working with children
and some artistic or
literary background would
be particularly useful.

The post also involves
some input before and
after each weekend.

Please apply in writing to:
Rainbows, Amaravati
(address below)

If you have enjoyed
reading Rainbows and
would like to make a con-
tribution towards its
production or costs please
send your literary/financial
donations to: Rainbows,
Amaravati, Great Gaddesden,
nr. Hemel Hempstead, Herts

- 2 Notice board
/contents
- 3 Rainbows 1996
- 4 Editors' letter
- 5 The Eight Worldly
Winds
- 6 The wind (poem)
- 7 The wizard's
battle (story)
- 8 There is (poem)
- 9 Puzzle page
- 10 } Julio (story)
- 11 }
- 12 Poem page
- 13 Recipe page
- 14 } What's the
- 15 } point anyway?
(Sangha inter-
views)
- 16 Guided med-
itation
- 17 Living with
change
- 18 Parents page
- 19 Your children
and Dhamma
- 20 Aunty DUKKA's
Problem Page
- 21 Wordsearch
- 22 Art Gallery
- 23 Poem
- 24 On the way to
Amaravati



Rainbows 1996

Rainbows is a magazine which aims to convey the spirit of Theravada Buddhism informally to children and adults of all ages. It is Amaravati's oldest publication and has a worldwide readership. It is produced once a year by a team of enthusiastic adults and children under the guidance of the Sangha.

The 1996 Rainbows was produced from 24th to 27th May. The production team assembled for a weekend of Buddhist practice, creative writing, artwork and social interaction, at the materially spartan but spiritually uplifting retreat centre at Amaravati Buddhist Centre. Creative and domestic duties were shared by the participants, who were:

Harry, Sally & Julian Boys • Maya Carrivig • Jessie, Olivia & Keith • Eray Glover •
 Martin & Susan Evans • Holly, Laurel, Rosa, Jane & Mike Gilbert • Sam, Oliver & Darrin • Kateley Glover •
 Penny, Luke & Julia Martin • Dan Jones, Louise, Beth & Louise Bowlett • Nick & Olga Kenyon • Jeff Lewis, Holly & Jack •
 Imogen Mijishi • Jade & Kwan • Graham & Wendy Ridley • Beth, Ben & Tom •
 Chandler, Emily Chandler • Abbott • Jane Thomas & Lucy •
 Sangha members involved in Rainbows 1996 were Venerable
 Thitadhammo, Ajya Tharasanti and AragariRa Irene

Letter from the editors

Hello, and welcome to this special edition of Rainbows. Why is it special, because two people from the lay community are the editors. Instead of a member of Sangha editing the magazine and running the weekend, people decided to see if two young people, like us could manage.

We have really enjoyed ourselves, it was a great experience for us both, but of course, we couldn't have done anything without the wonderful contributions of work made by the rest of the people at the Rainbows weekend.

We would like to say a huge thankyou to everyone who helped out in any way what so ever, especially the members of Sangha who made the weekend so enjoyable.

Your in the Dhamma

Holly Gilbert

Olivia Errey



The Eight Worldly Winds

The Eight Worldly Conditions (called *ATTAH LOKA DHAMMA* in Pali) namely praise and blame, loss and gain, fame and disrepute, and happiness and misery are a way the Buddha used to describe all the good and bad things that can happen to us in our lives.

The *Loka Dhamma* are also called the Eight Worldly Winds because they are like the wind in nature. Like the wind, the *Loka Dhamma* never stay the same for long. They are constantly changing and often into their opposite condition. Like the wind that blows on everyone in it's path, the *Loka Dhamma* can come into the lives of us all.

Lets take a closer look at the four pairs of opposites:

PRaise AND BLAME

Praise happens when you do something that pleases people and they tell you so. Maybe you get good marks at school or help your parents in the garden. When people praise us we feel great, especially if they are someone we really like. Blame is just the opposite. You say or do something that doesn't please others and they tell you so. Sometimes they even punish you for it.

Sometimes the same people who praise one day, will be most blaming the next. For example, the sports commentators in the newspapers will praise a particular football coach when his team is winning, but blame him for their poor performance when they loose.

LOSS AND GAIN

Gain means getting something we don't already have and would like to have. Loss means loosing something we already have and would like to keep.

We can get things like a new car or even a baby brother and we can loose things like a favourite toy or even people we love. Gain and loss is always going on even within our bodies.

FAME AND DISREPUTE

Both these mean to be well-known but in opposite ways. To be famous means lots of people know who you are and appreciate your work and the kind of person you are. To be held in disrepute means people know who you are and talk about you but in an unfavourable way.

Not everyone agrees on who is famous and who is really disreputable. For example, Madonna is a star who has many fans, but some people think her behaviour is terrible and that she is disgusting and wicked.

HAPPINESS AND MISERY

This is probably the *Loka Dhamma* that we all know most about. We feel happy when things happen to us that we like. From the smallest ordinary things like enjoying a bright sunny day, to big events like going on holiday. When things happen to us that we don't like, we feel miserable. From the smallest kind of unhappiness like when our pencil breaks in the middle of colouring-in, to very big things, like when someone we love goes away.

Not everyone agrees on what makes them happy or unhappy. For example, some people love to listen to loud rock music whilst others would feel bad if they had to listen to it. Even when we feel our most miserable, we can quickly change to being happy, like we may be sick in bed but then our friends come to visit and we feel great.

By Sr. Vignya

The Wind

By: Oliver Glover age 8

*the wind can blow and does not stop
the wind is invisible but you can feel it
the wind blows you about and blows leaves off the trees
it can blow trees down if it's a storm
sometimes it is hot and sometimes it is cold
sometimes it is strong and sometimes it is a gentle breeze
it can also be called a blizzard
it can be gentle and calm
there can be a hurricane
it can blow away lots of things and your best toys
wind makes waves in the sea and wrecks ships
you can get high winds and low winds
it can bring things to us and blow things away
the winds change and the weather changes when the winds blow
it can go backwards and forwards and when it goes round
and round you can see the hurricane
it blows the sand away from the seaside
it makes things fly faster if it's in the right direction
it brings the sun and makes happiness
and when it makes rain it makes sadness
when it is a snow storm it is very cold and damp,
but it brings happiness as well because you can make snowmen,
but if its very windy the snowman can blow it away
the wind blow blossoms off the trees
it makes things move and shiver
it blows the clouds along
and it flies kites
it blows the rain in different directions
it makes ships glide along
it blows the grass off the ground,
and it blows the flowers*





The Wizard's Dance

The day when was a wizard who had just been there, but had very magic powers,
The wizard would have been there,
The wizard the wizard had a light with the wizard and the wizard was,
The wizard was in the wizard's garden
The end

There Is

When the winds stop blowing, there is
Anonymity

Renunciation

Surrender

Equanimity

There is no "I am" invested in the world.
In the silent mind of Buddha, there is.

anon.



PUZZLE PAGE

Class and LOTS



File 5 diggerman

by
Julia



File 5 diggerman
by Julia

JULIO

Julio's dreams had come true, he could hardly believe it. He had been selected for the regional youth team and would now get the chance of a place on the National Team. That meant the first step on the ladder to his cherished dreams of becoming a professional footballer. Money, overseas travel and the chance of a new life for himself and his family. Who would have thought it possible for a boy from his background?

For Julio lived with his mother and two sisters in the slums of the city. Ever since his father had died his mother made home cooked snacks to earn money to look after the family. She sold them to the early morning commuters at the bus and railway stations nearby. She had to get up at 3 a.m. every day to prepare the food then Julio would join her at 4.30 a.m. to pack the snacks and deliver them to the breakfast cafes and food stalls at the stations. Julio and his mother never took a day off, except on Sundays when even the cafes were closed. They earned enough for the family's needs but it was hard work.

Once out on the streets Julio enjoyed his early morning round. He had many friends in the cafes and often got treats to eat. Besides, carrying the heavy basket on his head and jogging along was good exercise for his great love - **football!**

Julio was naturally talented. From his early days kicking a ball around the empty allotments to the games with the school team, he had been a star.

The only problem was that Julio was often late for school. The teachers knew he was late because of his morning work, but they still scolded him.

Nevermind, his journey to the top and away from the slums had now begun and Julio was sure he would succeed, even his teachers were treating him like a hero.

Finally the big day came and Julio had to report to the city sports ground for the two day selection trials.

That day he played like a champion. In his very first game he scored a goal and in the next scored one and set up another. He knew he had caught the eye of the selectors. Even some of the other players were telling him he was certain to be selected. Going home that evening he felt like he was walking on air.

On the second day as he was changing one of the men who seemed to be some kind of official came over and spoke to him...



"You're a pretty good player Julio, pretty good. But you know, you'll never get selected for the national team. This level of play is for boys from good families, ones with money and influence. Not for boys from the slums like you"

Before Julio could react the man went on...

"So there's no need for you to go all out like you are 'cause it's for nothing. But I like your guts, so what I'll do is give you a little present, something you can spend on yourself for once."

As he said this he showed Julio a wad of money bigger than he had ever seen before in his life.

"All you have to do is cool it a little for the rest of the trials. That way those who are really meant to be selected can be picked without any problems."

Julio was speechless. His mind stopped. All he could feel was the hard, burning lump in his stomach.

"You can think it over till the teams are called up today. If you don't give me the nod before you play, you will lose out on the money and put in all that sweat for nothing. Don't be a fool kid."

With that the man turned and walked away.



Julio still felt the hot lump in his stomach but now a hundred thoughts came into his mind at once. What was he going to do? Who could he ask for help? Was it true what the man said about him not having a chance of selection, no matter how good he was? How could he give up his dreams? What would his mother and his friends think if he didn't try and took the money?

As he stood there confused and shaken, he heard the trainer calling his name "Come on Julio, you're playing in the first game. Get a move on."

What should Julio do?

Can you see where the eight worldly winds blow through this story?

What wind breaks could Julio have used against the eight worldly winds?

Happiness

Roxanne's

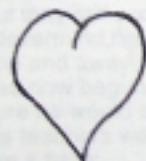
Cake



U

Essence of mummy,
Scent of summer,
Sprinkling of cuddles,
Softness of my rabbit Clover,
friendship of our dog Bodhi,
mix with lots of delicious food,
Blend with love
and serve immediately

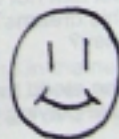
by Roxanne
Age 11



*Smiles I could show - but with control
Affection I could give - but with limits
Love I could offer - but with boundaries
Then you my daughters entered my life*

*You relaxed the tension of my smiles
And freed my affection from its cage
Broke the ice upon my heart
And showed me I could love unconditionally*

Imogen Juniper Skye Najjal

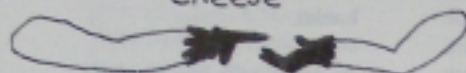


Recipe Page



Ingredients

Tin Of Blackberries
Fresh fruit (of your choice)
Cream Crunchy Muesli
Cheese



Method

1. Take the juice from the canned fruit and blend it well with the cream cheese until it turns to liquid.
2. Add the crunchy muesli and stir until the mixture is firm.
3. Mix in some fruit and rest of the blackberries. Leave to set in the fridge for 30-60 minutes.
4. Take out of the fridge and decorate as you wish, using fresh, or tinned, fruit.



REMEMBER!! The more fruit you add the better!

Serve Immediately and

enjoy!

WHAT'S THE POINT?

anyway

Anagarika Irene and
Pat Glover in
conversation with
Sister Vayama, Ajahn
Assaji and Sister
Thanasanti.



*"May you have long
life, good health,
happiness and
strength."*

If you offer Sister Vayama a cup of tea this is the blessing that she showers upon you. I have to tell you, you feel truly blessed!

However this is no flowery shrinking violet. This lady was active in Vietnam demonstrations in her native Australia and worked with battered women as a social worker. And all the time she was asking those big questions of the establishment and of her church. Why are we conscripting our young people? What is wrong with a society that produces such extremes? Why can't homosexuals be part of the church? There were no answers.

And then came the really big one!

The death of her Father at a young age and then nursing her Mother through cancer only to see her die two years later left Sister Vayama knowing that her future was

not in the traditional church which she had been brought up in or even in her native Australia.

"Life was indeed uncertain and I didn't know what was around the corner."

She returned to a place she had visited as a tourist several times, to a place she had immediately felt drawn to, a lifestyle which had touched her heart, to what was to be her new home for the next 12 years - Sri Lanka.

As one of only five ordained nuns her role in Sri Lanka was almost shadowed by her former life in Australia, caring for the community, helping with family and social problems, but as a woman her position was unique. In a village where every neighbour is a relative and conversation with the monks is not allowed it is difficult for the women to find a trusting listener. Sister Vayama soon became so loved and respected that she was no longer seen as a foreigner or *sudu mani* - the white nun, she became an honorary local - the *podu mani* - the small one.

So what of those really big questions? Hasn't she just taken the easy route and run away from it all, shouldn't she have stayed in lay life and used her obvious skills there?

She smiled. "It's foolish to think that either lay life or monastic life is easy, they are both dealing with the human heart. You know I think that if monastic life was so easy you would have droves of people clamouring at the doors of monasteries. It's foolish to think we have any real choices, people

follow their habit patterns to find a partner and produce a family. This isn't to make the world better or produce children who are going to be happy or make the world into a better place for the next generation."

Sister Vayama is my age 43. I have a family so I couldn't resist asking whether she felt in any way unfulfilled as a woman. Her answer was unequivocal "Of course not, as a nun I feel love for all families, all children not just those close to me." Somehow I wasn't surprised, Sister Vayama is one of the most fulfilled and complete women I have ever met.

**IT IS ACTUALLY
POSSIBLE TO LIVE
HAPPILY IN THIS
WORLD.**



*True happiness comes from
restraining the senses, not
gratifying them.*

For Ajahn Assaji the motivation to become a monk were more understandable. Born in Sri Lanka as the 10th of 11 children, monks were constant visitors to his childhood home. So when at the age of 14 he decided to become a monk his family were delighted.

For the next 10 years he studied Sanskrit, Pali and Buddhism - more a scholar than a monk.

But as a fully ordained monk his life was to become almost like that of a parish priest, blessing marriages, births and chanting for sick people. Meditating? Well "not very much really".

So when at 40 the opportunity came to practise in England Ajahn Assaji was delighted. He has not only been able to go on retreats, he has come into contact with nuns - a practise not encouraged in Sri Lanka.

If you keep away from women, you can't understand them. you need to work with them to understand how they feel. Now I am very comfortable and relaxed about talking to women.

I asked how he felt when he lived in London and found himself squashed up on a tube when being a monk makes any physical contact a very undesirable thing to do. "As long as you remain mindful and remember you are a monk then of course it doesn't matter".

And how did he view the disrobing of monastics.

"Better a happy layperson than a miserable monk."

So, the point of it all as far as Ajahn Assaji is concerned, "Personal liberation and true happiness".

Liberation is something you have to work out on your own, nobody can do it for you.



You can exist in nature and just be who you are - you don't have to be other than who you are.

Sr.Thanasanti's memories of childhood in middle class America are of growing up in a happy secure and loving environment but of feeling burdened by something unknown.

It wasn't until her first contacts with Buddhism at University that she could begin to identify these feelings. She had always intuitively meditated by being with nature.

"I found myself sitting out in quiet places, meditating before I understood what it was."

It was during her first month at University that Sr Thanasanti had a vision of being a nun. This vision coupled with meeting the Dalai Lama and being introduced to two very powerful Dhamma teachers began a path that was to take ten years to complete.

"I determined never, ever to become a nun if I was running away from anything."

Ironically by entering the monastic life she had to give up the solitude which had been her access to the spiritual world.

"In the monastery I had to find solitude in the present moment, in the presence of people.

To me being a nun represented a total dedication of my life to the realisation of truth."

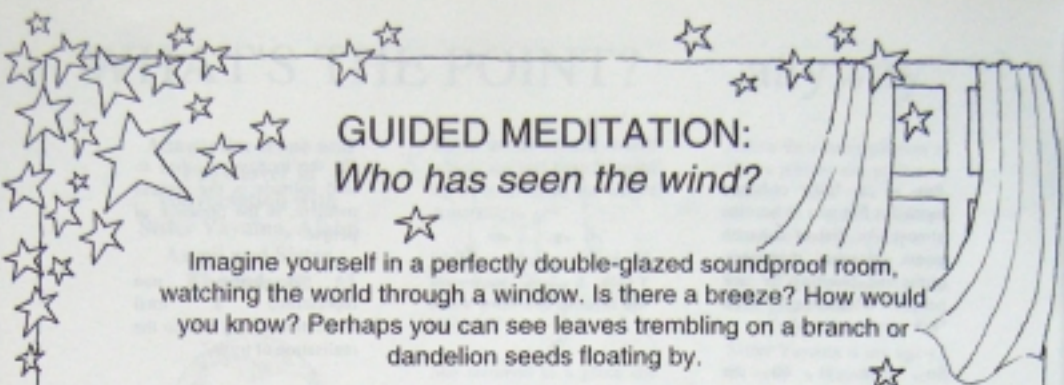
What's the point of being a monastic?

"When a human being is able to be at ease, knows what truth is, is able to live and to love from that then they give permission to other people to do the same thing. In the restraint, in the discipline and in the renunciation, there is an intensification of a burning-process, where one burns until cooled."

Can't you do that as a layperson?

"Yes but it is much more complicated. It requires you know your own truth and make your heart big enough for all of life, so that one is not pulled around by all the forces of the world. These are the forces to become, to be approved of, to be good, the fear of being blamed, the fear of loss, the desire to gain, the wish for happiness and of wishing not to be unhappy. And so the whole world is based on manipulating these "worldly winds" as much as possible."

The power of being a free human being is not possible to estimate. Whether sweeping leaves, writing poetry or helping drug addicts; each person needs to do what is right according to their own calling.



GUIDED MEDITATION:
Who has seen the wind?

Imagine yourself in a perfectly double-glazed soundproof room, watching the world through a window. Is there a breeze? How would you know? Perhaps you can see leaves trembling on a branch or dandelion seeds floating by.

Is Life sometimes like this? If we are Out Of Touch with our senses and feelings, double-glazed against Awareness, we only see the *results* of the worldly winds and are not immediately aware of how the wind feels.

Is this true to you? Take a few moments to reflect on the following:-

REMEMBER when you last did a "kindness" for someone only in order to achieve praise or avoid blame? What did you do? What did you sound like? What expressions were on the other person's face? What was your Inner Feeling?

REMEMBER when you last tried hard at something only to achieve recognition? How did people react when you boasted of it? How did you react when you didn't quite achieve your aim even though your performance was credible?

The changes you noticed are signs that the Worldly Winds are blowing...

NOW, try to remember how it felt when you last did something genuinely for others. How did it feel when you enjoyed an activity for its own sake?

These feelings are signs that the winds are still.

And now open your double-glazed windows and feel the air. Be aware of everything inside and outside.

Are the winds blowing? You should now be able to feel directly aware. Hold on to this Awareness. Enjoy the serenity of Awareness as the winds die down.

After a while, come back to where you are, holding on to as much Awareness as you can....

Living with Change

Divorce - happiness and unhappiness

THEN: My parents split up when I was seven. It was a sad time for the family. My brother and I were very upset. It took a lot of time for the family to get over this event, but, believe it or not, it has had its good sides. Like the fact that my Mum and Dad weren't really 'right' for each other any more. There had been lots of good times for them and for us during their relationship and marriage. There are still lots of happy memories. I feel quite lucky that I have parents that, when they did split up, weren't violent or too argumentative. I am glad that we could all understand that it was not right for them to live together any more.

NOW: I know lots of friend whose parents have split up, so to me it almost seems unusual for people to have a very long lasting relationship. Although, if I am in a good relationship when I'm older I would like it to last. A few of my friends whose parents are still together ask me things like,

"Don't you wish it had never happened, or they were together again?" I just said that one of the things that is very important in life is to accept changes. Now I can't even imagine my parents together again - in fact I wouldn't really like it because they don't suit each other any more. But they still like each other and most importantly love my brother and me and we know it. Now I am living in two different homes with two different sorts of families. This is not the 'perfect' way of living, but I am quite happy and content. The divorce has not left any terrible effects. I love my parents and I always will. I know others who have had a much worse time of it than me. I am proud of the way my parents brought us up. There are lots of new people in my life now, who I like and get on very well with: so the change hasn't been as bad for me as for some.

J (aged 13)



Parents Page

Loss.....and gain.....and loss again

In my late twenties I decided to have a child. It was MY decision and the right time for ME. I then proceeded to get pregnant and plan for MY child's future. No-one was more shocked than me when, several months later I had a miscarriage. And the year after that, another. The sense of loss I experienced was unlike any pain I had ever known. In my early thirties, after a third miscarriage, I finally began to let go. I realised that trying to take control of when someone would be born was rather like trying to decide when someone would die! It really had nothing to do with ME, and if any being was going to be born through me, then 'I' was going to have to get out of the way.

I gave up trying to have a baby, and then became pregnant again. This time, I went into hospital for part of the time. When Luke was born and I finally held this precious little being in my arms, my joy was unlike any happiness I had ever known....

My first born child is now almost fully grown. His voice is broken, his feet have grown and he is almost as tall as me. As I feel him slipping away into the world of adulthood, I try to prepare myself for the next 'loss'.....letting go again....

Penny Henrion

"★"
I welcomed you with all my heart
Into my world
So still and dark
Your shining light
Brought joy and love
Like stars that twinkle from above
(A Mother)





What Should You Teach Your Children About The Dhamma?

Perhaps surprisingly, my answer to this question would be - nothing at all. This is especially true when talking about young children, as mine are, and if we understand teaching to mean an adult who imagines he knows something, passing on information to an empty vessel called a child. I really do believe, however, that we must allow our children to live and learn the Dhamma. My son Jack first attended Family Camp when he was two. Whilst Holly, now seven, soon graduated to Dhamma classes, Jack's experience has been of the social aspects of the camp and the creche. He has, however, learned a great deal of Dhamma, though very little he can repeat in words. He has learned about kindness (metta) and compassion (karuna) by being surrounded by people evidencing these qualities. He has learned about friendships (kalyana mitta) by forming lasting friendships that are renewed two or three times a year in the special atmosphere at Amaravati. He has learned that the monks and nuns are worthy of respect, mainly because those he has known have accepted and respected him. He has even learned to sit quietly (for a while) in Puja mediation, and to respect the needs of others.

All this is because young children learn in the most powerful way known - through experience. This year, having attained school age, Jack will join the Dhamma class. He has the foundation of experience, and will no doubt begin to ask questions of his own, that the Sangha and others in the camp will be able to help him with.

Buddhist teaching is given freely, but only when asked for. If only all learning were like this. We would then have to give all children meaningful and significant experience in a safe and loving environment in order to secure their commitment and awaken their desire to learn more.

So, bring your young children to Amaravati, and don't worry if they are not old enough for Dhamma classes, they are learning Dhamma through the experience of the community (Sangha in the wider sense) of seekers of the truth.



SHE'S A BREATH OF FRESH
WORLDLY WIND



FAME AND DISREPUTE:
WHO'S WHO?

DEAR AUNTY D,

- I have a problem. I really enjoy playing golf and have won a few competitions, but whenever I play I always want to win and get really angry when I play badly.
- Can you tell me how to cope with gain and loss, as my behaviour is not good
- etiquette.

Faldo fan, Nemei.

Dear Faldo fan, evidently you are being blown by the worldly winds of fame and disrepute, praise and blame, and misery and happiness as well as gain and loss. Try to bear in mind that everything is transient and, while golf might be the most important thing in your life now, perhaps tomorrow there will be a new worry - perhaps the winds will blow a different way. Until then, though, always try your best and when things do not go as well as you'd like, try to accept that things are this way; this is what there is, and there is nothing else but the moment, whether we like it or not.

Dear Auntie D, love my friends, but they don't seem to care about me. This makes me unhappy, but they seem to be happy. Are they really my friends?
From X.

Dear X, I hate to confirm your pessimism perhaps your friends are not really your friends - to your delight or shame, be aware that we go through phases of happiness and unhappiness in our lives and try to hang in there through this. Rekindle your social life - we can make up our own minds.

AUNTY
DUKKA'S
PROBLEM
PAGE.

By JESSIE & ROSA
& JADE

DEAR AUNTY DUKKA, SINCE TESCO'S STARTED SELLING BEANS FOR 3P I'VE BEEN UNABLE TO CONTROL MY WORLDLY WIND. PLEASE HELP.

Try to be mindful of others throughout this difficult time. Tinned pineapple, although it has been the cause of other abdominal ill, is far less likely to be instrumental in such problems. Give your tummy a try - and I wish you all the very best in your endeavours.

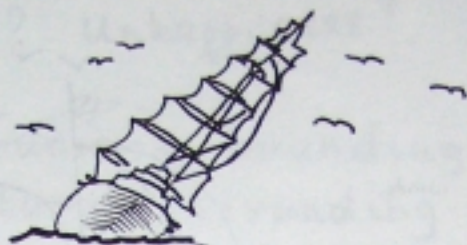
Dear Auntie D,
I get very angry when I get stuck in traffic on the M25. I blame myself for not leaving earlier. This is depressing. Please help someone else.

Dear Someone Else, we all suffer anger and discomfort although we know that it's wrong. It looks like you are blaming yourself for this, so by leaving earlier and let the breeze of gentle self-praise wash over you. Remember, though, car is to be trump, but don't worry and cry.

Dear Auntie Dukka,
I have a problem, at times my energy level drops drastically. My Doctor has given me some pills but they only work for a little while. When they have worn off, I feel worse than before. Is there an alternative treatment?

Dear Indislect Squiggle,
It seems that you have a mental and physical problem here. I would suggest that meditation would be the best solution for you right now, as, when calving you down, it would reorganise your energy so that you wouldn't feel so low all the time. Perhaps, this way you will feel the right worldly to see, wishing upon you and will be able to just let them go. I hope you feel better soon, and perhaps the same had but no just enjoy being. Good luck.

AND ALWAYS REMEMBER, EVERYTHING CHANGES - IF YOU KEEP THIS IN MIND, THINGS WILL SEEM EASIER...



WORD SEARCH

By Sam Glover and Nick Kenyon

P	U	J	A	Z	H	Y	W	F	I	N	L	X	O	A	U	D	B	F
Y	S	P	A	M	C	A	N	D	L	E	F	Z	Q	C	O	E	R	A
D	F	V	P	Q	M	J	R	F	B	O	I	L	N	R	Y	M	T	M
B	T	A	B	M	O	N	K	S	C	D	W	F	G	H	A	A	G	E
C	K	L	A	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	E	U	V	W	L	I	L
F	W	H	J	Z	J	B	T	O	I	F	O	R	R	B	D	B	I	N
H	D	G	N	B	O	L	J	N	T	O	H	Q	X	F	Z	W	K	F
S	I	F	H	N	P	R	Q	B	U	D	D	H	A	R	B	V	U	D
S	P	R	A	I	S	E	S	Q	P	R	T	U	Z	Q	A	C	T	S
E	A	N	P	L	O	U	N	N	I	S	Q	O	U	N	U	N	S	T
N	D	G	P	A	L	S	S	I	A	P	U	T	S	P	H	O	H	S
I	C	A	I	W	I	F	C	I	R	T	U	X	T	R	L	U	A	Y
P	E	C	N	C	K	A	H	L	Q	H	C	E	O	R	W	R	M	M
P	Q	T	S	M	N	H	R	N	U	L	C	M	N	D	L	G	E	S
A	D	U	S	I	L	G	Q	R	W	I	N	C	E	N	S	E	R	N
H	B	O	A	V	E	N	S	T	Y	Z	N	O	P	Q	R	Q	D	O
N	Y	G	A	D	R	A	U	U	Y	A	M	A	R	A	V	A	T	I
U	B	D	C	Z	M	S	W	X	Z	B	E	N	I	R	H	S	P	R

Happiness
Praise
Gain
Fame
Shrine
Monks
Candle

Unhappiness
Blame
Loss
Shame
Flower
Nuns
Incense

Buddha
Dhamma
Sangha
Amaravati
Stupa
Puja

A boat by Anon.



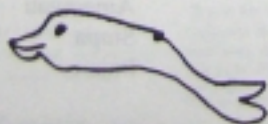
The eight worldly winds,
by Susan.



The Buddha,
by Emily



By Julian
Boys

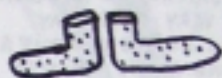
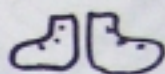


PICTURE OF STUPA BUILT IN DARMAR CLASS

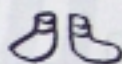
By LISA
(LISA)

Happiness? Unhappiness?

Children running, bounding
Wooden floor resounding
Doors opening and shutting
Children squeaking
Young friends meeting.



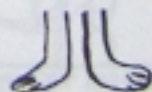
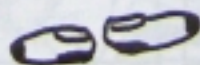
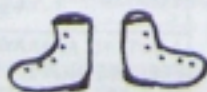
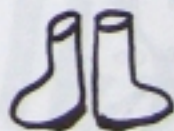
Listening, feeling,
A happy mind,
At Amaravati again!



Mother's tired, nerves fray
It's been a long and busy day
Baby's restless, tired,
Ready for bed.
Children running, bounding.



Listening, feeling,
a worried mind.
At Amaravati again!





1 I WAS DRIVING TO AMARAVATI ON A VERY WINDY DAY WHEN I STOPPED TO PICK UP A STRANGER HITCHHIKING ALONG THE WAY



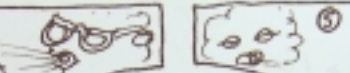
2 HE PRAISED MY GOOD INTENTIONS AND I WAS FULL OF PRIDE TILL I SWERVED TO MISS A HEDGEHOG AND CRASHED INTO THE SIDE



3 HE BLAMED ME FOR MY DANNING AND LEFT ME ALONE AGAIN WHEN ALONG CAME A T.V. REPORTER WHO WORKED FOR NEWS AT TEN



4 SHE TOLD ME I'D BE FAMOUS AS THE VICTIM OF A CRIME "THE HEDGEHOG ROAD-RAGE BACKLASH IS INCREASING ALL THE TIME"



5 BUT THEN SHE CHANGED HER MIND TO BLACKENING MY NAME AFTER INTERVIEWING THE HEDGEHOG WHO SAID I WAS TO BLAME



6 SO I CARRIED ON MY JOURNEY, GROWING HAPPIER AS I WENT "THE SUNSHINE AND THE BUDDING WERE SURELY MOMENT-SENT"

ON THE WAY TO AMARAVATI



7 BUT THEN IT STARTED RAINING, AND DEPRESSION WASN'T FAR AND I THOUGHT OF ALL THE MONEY IT WOULD COST TO MEND THE CAR



8 WHEN THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW A THOUSAND-POUND NOTE BLEW THIS REVERSAL OF MY FORTUNES WAS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE



9 FOR IN THE NEXT FEW SECONDS I WATCHED IN GREAT DISMAY AS THROUGH THE OTHER WINDOW THE MONEY BLEW AWAY



10 I GOT TO AMARAVATI FEELING HEAVY BLENDED WITH SO I SAT IN MEDITATION TO CALM MY TROUBLED HEART