

Rainbow

2004



I CAN HEAR YOU!

I SPY WITH MY LITTLE EYE!

mmmm tasty!

THAT SMELLS GOOD

WHAT'S THAT I CAN FEEL?

THE SIX SENSE

RAINBOWS 2004 was created over the weekend
28th to 31st May 2004 at Amaravati Monastery by:

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Lots more information on the senses and an on-line version of the Rainbows Magazine is available on the Amaravati Family Events Website at: www.amaravati.org/home

If you would like to be on the mailing list for Rainbows Magazine, which is produced every year at Amaravati Buddhist monastery, or if you have any comments or suggestions, please contact: Dan Jones, 59 Cavendish Avenue, Cambridge CB1 7UR, U.K. Email: danjones@supanet.com

The Cottage of the Senses

I was staying at Amaravati
With the other girls and boys
And we ran around together
Playing games and making noise

Then I started feeling weary
And I thought I'd be alone
So I went into the temple
With the monks as still as stone

I was staring at the Buddha
When the statue came alive!
Then he slowly walked towards me -
I was trembling inside

But he smiled to reassure me
As he took me by the hand
And we walked towards the forest
And it seemed a magic land

Through the trees I saw a cottage
Which I'd never seen before
And the Buddha smiled a goodbye
As he showed me through the door

In the cottage it was cosy
So I sat down in a chair,
On the wall I saw three portraits
Which were ugly, plain and fair

But I noticed something else as well
That how I saw all three
Was nothing much to do with them
But all to do with me

It's the eye of the beholder
Where the beauty really lies -
But my thought was interrupted
By the smell of apple pies

Three smells were all distinctive
One was lovely, one alright
And one was quite disgusting,
But from each I took a bite

The tastes, of course, were like the smells
And three times I saw how
I formed opinions as I ate
Like "Yuck!" or "Hmmm..." or "Wow!"



Then the sound of gorgeous music
Started playing all around
And I thought I was in heaven
'Til it changed to just a sound

I didn't mind the sound until
It turned into a yell
But I noticed how the noises
Felt like heaven, earth or hell

I was sitting on three cushions
Which I hadn't noticed much
But they took my mind to what it meant
To have a sense of touch

My responses were all different
From great joys to great dislikes
As one was soft, and one was firm
And one was full of spikes

So I saw I needed consciousness
For thoughts of different kinds
The good, the bad, the ordinary
Were feelings in my mind

I fell asleep, and when I woke
The cottage was no more
My friends were all around me
Dozing on the Shrine Room floor

I wondered what had happened
While I'd been so fast asleep
And I thought about the cottage
And my thoughts were long and deep

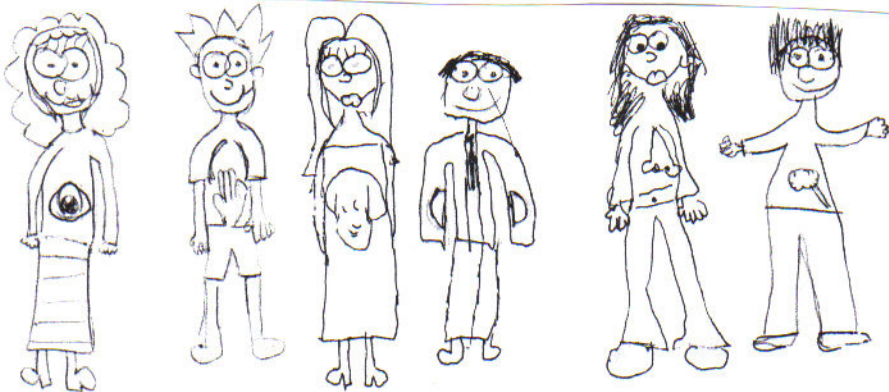
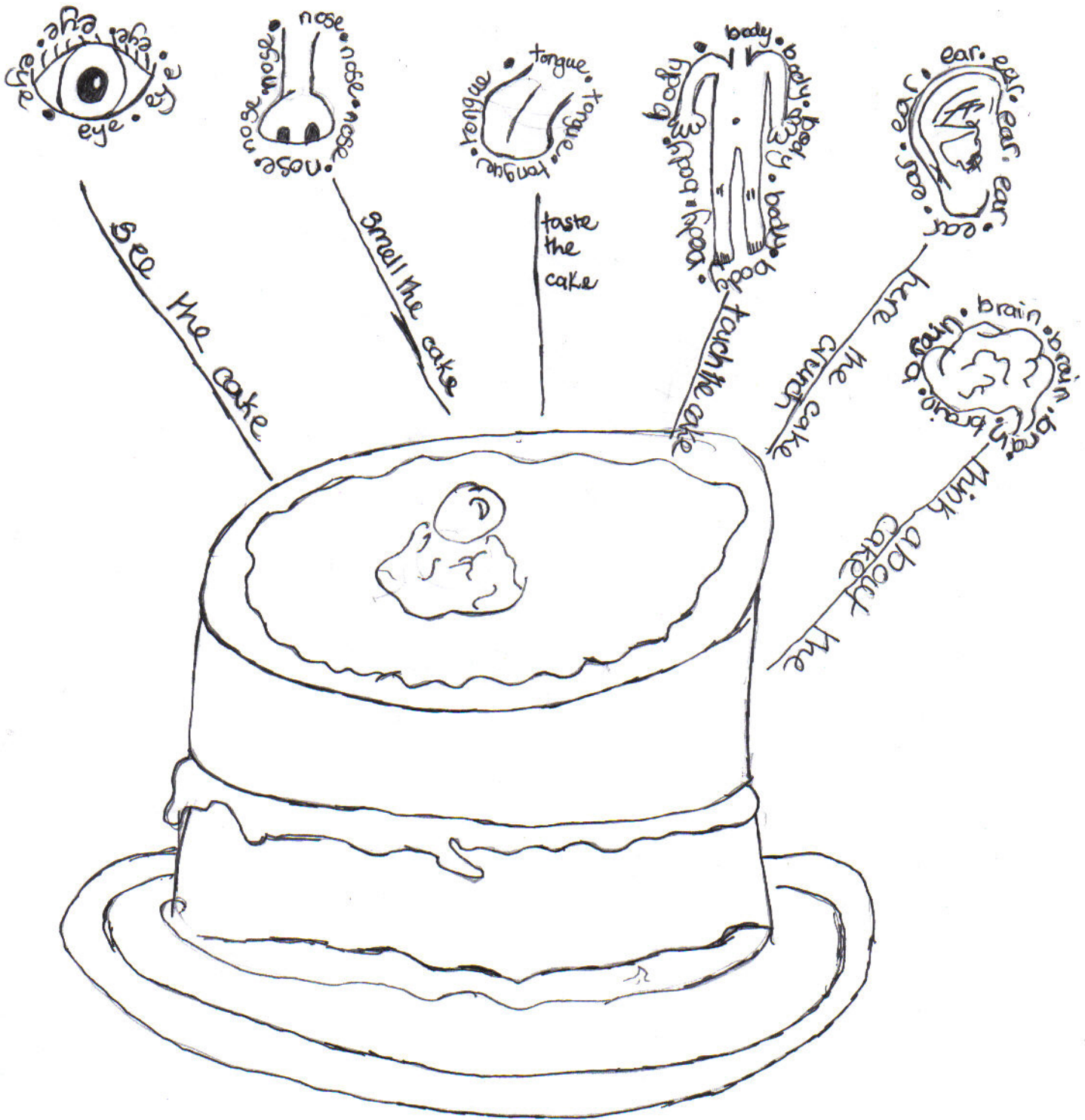
The cottage was my being
Where my senses could be shown -
This truth the Buddha taught me
Was a truth I'd always known

My senses show the world to me
In a steady flow
But I'm not my own reactions
Which merely come and go



Using all your senses

India



The Gift of Sight, or the Gift of Giving

In a small hospital room lay two old men. One was so poorly he could not even sit up, and he found lying all day looking at the ceiling very dispiriting. The old man on the other side of the room was very weak, but could prop himself up enough to peep out of the small window. Each day he would tell his friend what was happening in the park that he could see beyond the hospital wall.

His descriptions were so vivid that the man who could not sit up felt he knew every tree in the park. He could see in his mind's eye the regular users of the park as they played, walked, relaxed and picnicked in the park.

The poorly old man had often told his friend of his life in the army, so he was particularly excited when his friend told him that a military display was occurring in the park. As he was hard of hearing he could not even hear the band, but his friend at the window described the uniforms, and was able to sing to him some of the tunes the band was playing. This brought back many happy memories, filled with colour, sound, the feel of the sun on his back, even the smells and tastes of happier days.

Each day his friend would peer out of the window and keep him in touch with the world, he looked forward to this so much, it gave him a reason to keep going and to wake up every morning. He gradually began to feel better, and couldn't wait to be able to get up and look out of the window.

One morning, the nurse woke him with the sad news that his friend had died in the night. He was very sad, but after a short while asked if he could be moved to his old friend's bed, as he could now prop himself up, and would be able to see the park.

He was moved to the other side of the room, but when he managed to peep out of the window all he could see was..... a blank wall. In distress he called the nurse. 'Where is the park?' he asked. 'There is no park, just a blank wall' said the nurse. 'It is the worst view in the hospital, this is why you and your friend were put here, the view didn't matter because you couldn't see out of the window, and your friend was blind.'

BLIND !!!

'But everyday he kept me enthralled with his descriptions of what he could see.' The truth dawned on the old man. His friend had not been able to share the gift of his sense of sight, because he had none. Instead he had shared a greater gift, the gift of a different sense. His friend had a sense of the needs of others, was able to communicate clear impressions, and fill the mind's eye of another with the memories of happy experiences. The fact that the park didn't even exist didn't matter. The old man had a heart and mind that could use his memories, his sense consciousness, for the benefit of others.

He knew that even if all sense perceptions were in the end an illusion, you might as well have an illusion that leads to well-being instead of suffering.

SENSE-MAN

The Return of Ice-freeze



ONCE AGAIN THE DAY IS SAVED BY...
SENSE-MAN!

Da 5 sense Puja Rap.

U know, I am, de Emporer
of Rap

These are the senses, and what
me homies think of that

My sight is 50:50, U know
that I can C

Did you hearing what I say,
in this poetry?

Listen up, dude Scally, what's
that I smell?

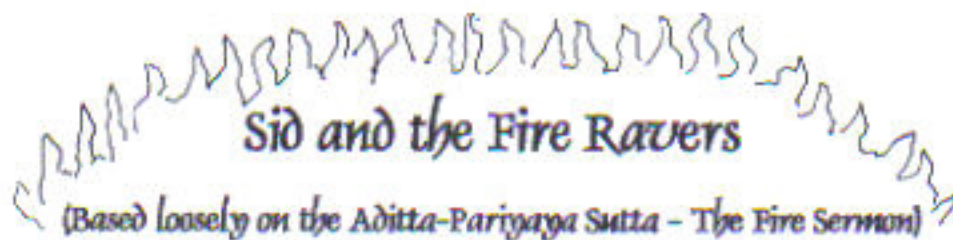
Your touch is everything, I
feel 4 U as well.

Now movin' on to broadcast, some
tasteful stuff

My Mind is signing off, The Rap
Masta had 'nuff.

DUDE4BUD: RAPMASTA!





Sid and the Fire Ravers

(Based loosely on the Aditta-Parigaya Sutta - The Fire Sermon)

Sid was cool. Everyone could see that. Nothing fazed him. While everyone else was getting in a stress about what to wear, what to listen to, what to eat, what perfume to wear and how they looked, Sid just accepted everything as it was. He smiled as he went through life, having few needs and being easily satisfied.

Gradually, people who were fed up of always trying to be happy by getting new things, but always ending up disappointed when someone else had something bigger, better or newer began to think that being cool like Sid might be better than pretending to be cool by indulging their senses. Some of them started hanging out with Sid, dressing simply, accepting whatever food they were offered, and delighting in quiet togetherness. They all started wearing simple yellow robes, and became known as the Super Saffron Sangha Gang.

Sid and his Sangha Gang used to wander from place to place, living simply and inspiring others by their example. One day they came across a huge gang of ravers, preparing for an all night rave. They were building huge fires to dance around, setting up huge music systems, bringing in food, drink and a strange pill called ecstasy, and dressing themselves up to look cool.

Everyone in Sid's Gang saw that the Ravers were trying to be free, and have a great time, full of peace and harmony. They wisely doubted whether it would last, whether when the fires went out, the music stopped, and the drinks, foods and pills were all gone, lasting happiness would have been achieved. The Ravers seemed so intent on planning their night that they doubted that they would have time to listen to Sid's wise words.

The Ravers noticed Sid and his Sangha Gang, and wanted them to come to the Rave. They all sat down together, and the head raver said 'Come and join us, it's going to be monster. The greatest sounds, plenty of booze and ecstasy, everyone looking amazing, and best of all huge fires, it'll all be burning, we'll be burning, it'll be so wild you'll never be a loner or loser again... true happiness man.'

Sid sat quietly, and, so I have heard, said :-

'Tonight the fires will be burning, I say all things will be burning. The eye will be burning, burning with the fire of greed, aversion and delusion, wanting things to be just so, but never being satisfied with whatever impressions there are.

The ear will be burning, whatever sounds, whether pleasant or unpleasant, will be burning with desire which will never be satisfied.

The nose will be burning, whatever smells, pleasant or unpleasant, will be burning with desires that will never be satisfied.

The tongue will be burning, whatever tastes there are will be burning with desires that will never be satisfied.

The body will be burning, whatever impressions we get through touch will be burning with desires that will never be satisfied.

The mind will be burning, thoughts will run wild, thoughts of greed, aversion and delusion, of desire that will never be satisfied.

All of these things will be burning with birth, ageing, sorrow grief and despair.

I reckon that's how it is, this is the truth, the Dhamma.

If you have listened well you will no longer go looking for happiness through fascination with the senses. You won't be so hung up on how things appear, trying to make a good time out of going over the top on filling your senses.

When you stop being so hung up, you can feel cool all the time. When you are cool, and unworried you will feel free. You will be liberated from having to try so hard to be happy, and always being disappointed. You will see that you don't have to keep trying to make things happen, just live, be cool, relax.

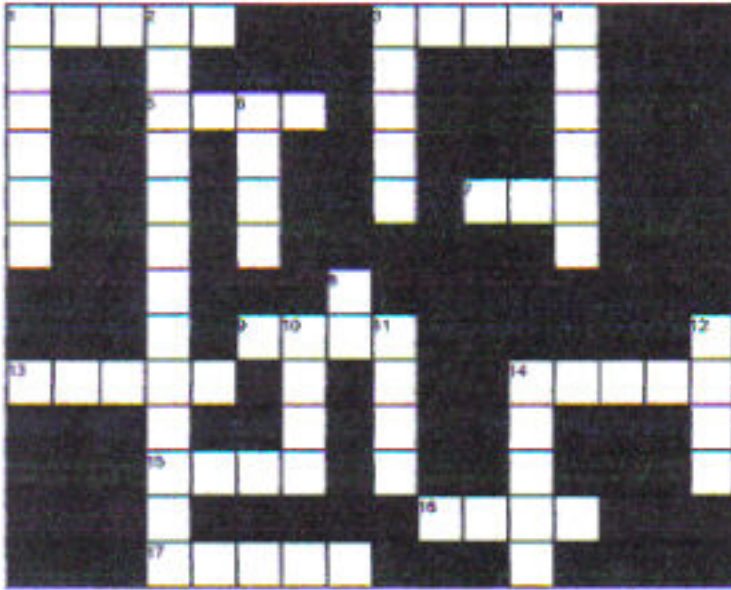
The Ravers and the Sangha Gang were both amazed at how wise Sid was, they immediately saw that they were going about things the wrong way. Even if they did have a great night, they saw that when the fires went out, everything would just be the same as before, and that they would still be suffering, burning with desires.

SAAAADHU !! they all exclaimed. 'Ain't that the truth!' They all decided to abandon the rave, and hang out with Sid. They threw away their Ecstasy and looked for a different E... Enlightenment. The people of the time even made up a rap to celebrate the event, it was called ' Enlightenment.....its your Entitlement.' And it is said that after hearing Sid's words a thousand ravers were instantly liberated from clinging and became enlightened.

We don't know when this happened exactly, but you can see that it is true, for in a field near you there are some happy, contented people, with few needs, and some fires that were never lit.



Crossword of the Senses



Across

1. What the skin does (5)
3. What the nose does (5)
5. The organ that smells (4)
7. What the eyes do (3)
9. To touch something - another word for touch (4)
13. To have common _____ (5)
14. What the tongue does (5)
15. The organs that see (4)
16. Another word for the brain (4)
17. "What a beautiful _____" (5)

Down

- | | |
|--|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. The organ that tastes (6) 2. To be awake, not asleep (13) 3. What the ear hears (5) 4. What we need to do more of - involves the ears (6) 6. The organ that feels (4) | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 8. To exist, to ___ (2) 10. The organs that hear (4) 11. Another word for what the eyes do (4) 12. What the ear does (4) 14. What the mind does (5) |
|--|---|

SIX SENSE STORY

ONCE THERE WERE SIX ANIMALS: A CROCODILE, A BIRD, A TIGER, A DOG, A MONKEY AND A SNAKE. THEY ALL HAD ONE SENSE. EACH SENSE WAS DIFFERENT. THE CROCODILE HAD THE SENSE OF SIGHT. THE BIRD HAD THE SENSE OF HEARING. THE TIGER HAD THE SENSE OF TASTE. THE MONKEY HAD THE SENSE OF SMELL. THE DOG HAD THE SENSE OF TOUCH, AND THE SNAKE HAD THE SENSE OF MIND.



ONE DAY AN ANIMAL-CATCHER CAME AND PUT THE ANIMALS IN ONE CAGE. SUDDENLY THE CROCODILE SAID "I AM THE BIGGEST, I'LL BE BOSS." THE BIRD SAID "I'M THE SMALLEST, SO I'LL BE THE BOSS." BUT BECAUSE THE SNAKE HAD THE MIND SENSE, HE THOUGHT ABOUT THE ARGUMENT. THEN HE SAID "WHY DON'T WE ALL WORK TOGETHER?" SO WITH CROCODILE'S SIGHT, BIRD'S HEARING, TIGER'S TASTE, MONKEY'S SMELL, THE DOG'S TOUCH AND THE SNAKE'S MIND, ALL THE ANIMALS GOT OUT OF THE CAGE WITHOUT BEING CAUGHT. THEY WENT BACK TO THEIR HOMES IN PEACE.

MORAL - DO NOT UNDERESTIMATE YOUR SENSES, THEY ARE VERY IMPORTANT.

KESHINI JAYAWARDANA AGED 11

haikus

Spires of
red sorrelle
Banks of
soft
grass-heads
tilting
Eyes can't
stop
looking.

Horse's grey
muzzle
Soft, soft.
Warm with
blown breath.
Big green
teeth!

In the mind,
tiredness.
Thoughts
start to circle
Thinks: "let
me find
peacefulness."

In the minds
joyful
thoughts.
Heart leaps,
dances on
dewdrops.
Thinks: "To be
thus - for
always."

I've planted
lupins.
Their musty,
peppery
smells
To lead me
to
childhood.

Boom of
temple bells
Children's
heads rise -
higher.
Ear-lead
yearning

Thought-
provoking
sound, -
Try looking
at what you
hear,
Not so easy,
huh?

White
chocolate
Magnum
Mix of sugar,
crack of
chocolate,
Smooth
vanilla inside.

Tasting -
good or
bad?
If we're
eating with
our mouths,
How does
our brain
choose?

Hearing
without sight
Like a camel
without
humps
(Hard to
imagine...)

Senses Alive!

Your eyes are two funny things,
They help you to see,
But sometimes you need to really look,
At the world around you and me.



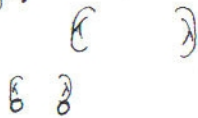
Your nose is a funny thing,
It helps you to smell,
Sometimes the smell is nasty,
Examples I won't tell.



Your mouth is a funny thing,
It knows lots of flavours,
Some are nice, some are not,
Some we really savour.



Your ears are two funny things,
They help you to hear,
Some noises are really loud,
Some are quite dear.



Your skin is a funny thing,
It helps you to touch,
Without your skin, without your skin,
You could not do much!



Your brain is a funny thing,
It helps you to think,
It makes you go to bed,
It makes you get a drink.



So all of the senses,
Each and every one,
Must cooperate together,
To get the work done.



By Lucy Thomas, Age 9, 29 May, 04.

Senses

You use your eye
to cry & spy

You use your nose
to smell old clothes
You use your tongue
to taste a bun

You use your hand

to flick a band

You use your ear
to listen and hear

You use your mind

to be happy and kind!

Kashini Jayawardana
Age 11

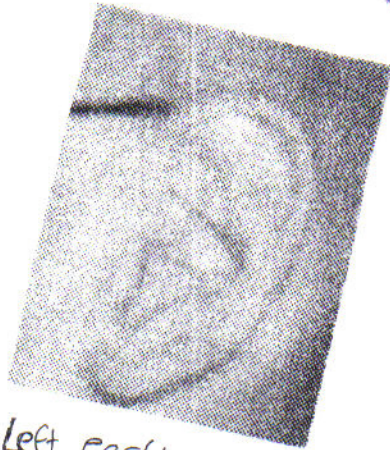


Rainbow Long-Lasting No-Fat Fruit Cake

INGREDIENTS

- 3/4 pt strong cold tea
- 10oz sultanas
- 7oz muscovado sugar
- 2oz mixed peel
- 10 oz self-raising flour
- 2 eggs, beaten

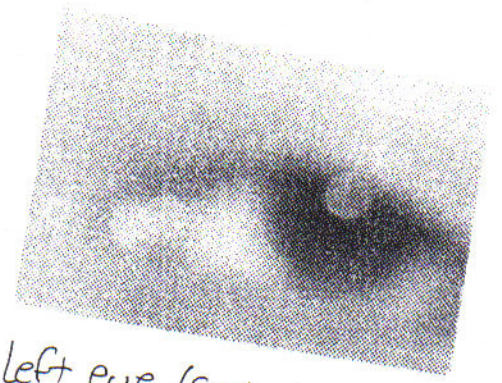
Heat oven to 180°C. Soak sultanas, sugar and peel in tea. Grease a loaf tin and dust with flour. Beat flour and eggs into fruit mix. Pour into loaf tin and bake for 1hr 30 mins.



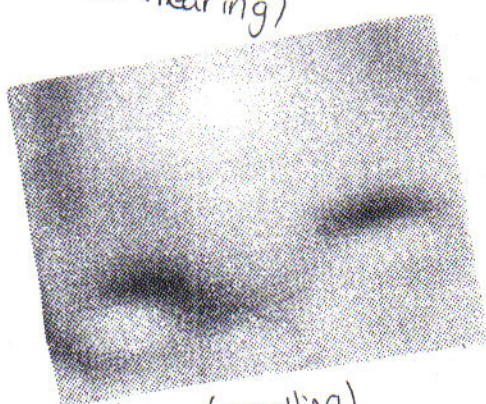
Left ear (hearing)



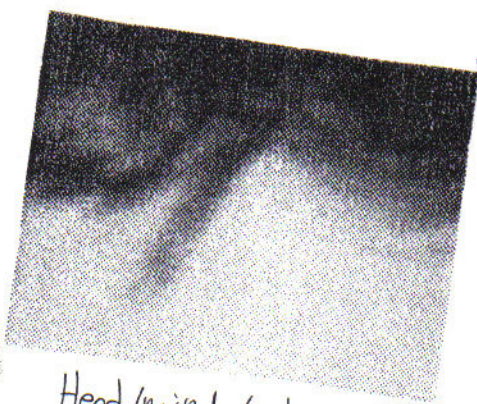
right eye (seeing)



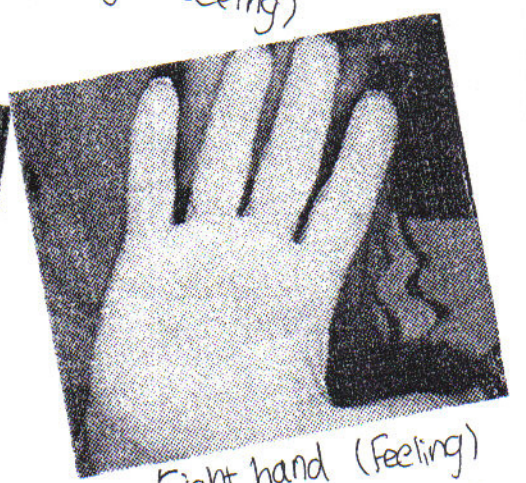
left eye (seeing)



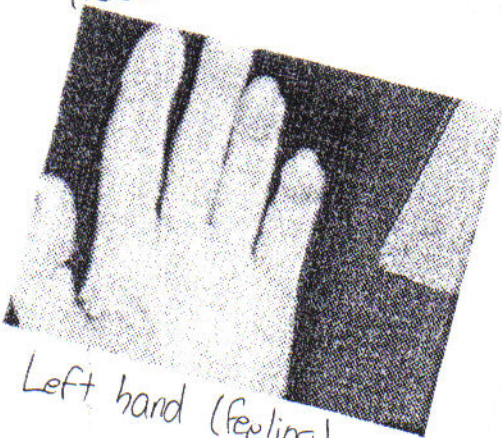
Nose (smelling)



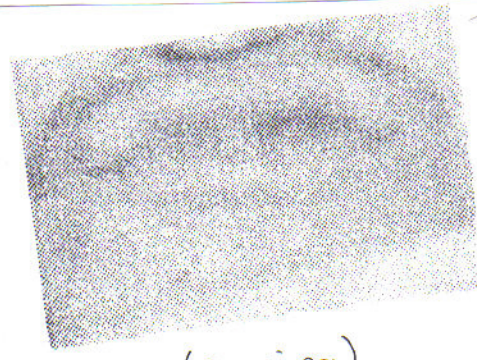
Head/mind (Thinking)



Right hand (Feeling)



Left hand (feeling)



Lips (Tasting)



right ear (hearing)

THE SLEEPWALKER AWAKENS



IT CAN BE SO CONFUSIN'
ALL THE STUFF THEY KEEP ON SELLIN'
AND MY HEAD CAN'T HELP BUT BUYIN'
SO I JUST GIVE UP A TRYIN'
LET THEM LEAD ME ASTRAY
FORGETTIN' THERE'S A WAY
TO FIND JOY
IN MY LIFE

REFRAIN:

*DON'T HAVE TO SLEEPWALK IN THE DARK
HELP MY HEART TO WAKE UP
TO BLESSINGS THAT ARE REAL
ALL AROUND
AND WITHIN*

'BEEN A SLAVE TO FAD AND FASHION
SUCKED IN BY FLASHY SEXY PACKIN'
A NUMBING GAME THAT PULLS MY CASH IN
DRAGS M'SPIRIT DOWN AND CRASHIN'
SEE THE PACKAGIN'S UNREAL
AND HEART MAGIC CAN REVEAL
THE MIRACLE AND BEAUTY
OF LOVING LIFE

REFRAIN

WHEN I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M DOIN'
GET ALL STUCK, NO LONGER FLOWIN'
THEN THE HEART STARTS UP ITS GIVIN'
AND THE WORLD IS MINE FOR KNOWIN'
GOIN' BACK INTO THE FRAY
TO SETTLE HERE AND STAY
BRINGIN' JOY
BACK TO LIFE

REFRAIN

WHETHER EYES AND EARS FIND FUN OR TEARS
THERE IS THIS WAY THAT FREES MY FEARS
WALKIN' TOGETHER IT'S 'EVER NEW
LIVING TRUST MAKES THE WISE LESS FEW
HAVE THE COURAGE TO BE TRUE
THEN THERE'S NOTHIN' ELSE TO DO
TO LOVE LIFE
AS IT IS

REFRAIN X 2



Tharaka Jayawardana

Age 7 years



Is Nirvana a holy word?

Sometimes people use the word Nirvana in a context that has nothing to do with Buddhism. Often they will pause and look puzzled and say something like “if I can use that word” as though it were a holy word and their mundane use of it were a misdemeanour.

I am not sure what makes words holy, but I believe that there are plenty of reasons for justifying that Nirvana is not a holy word. For a start, it is not the word that the Buddha used. It is a translation into Sanskrit of the Pali word Nibbana. So if translations were to be prohibited, then any English, Swedish or Swahili equivalents would have to be similarly excluded.

It is hard to find a context in Buddhism for words being special or holy at all. The general consensus is that words provide assistance in the transmission of the teachings, but are also potentially traps for misguiding and misunderstanding. In essence, words don't get you there, words are fallible, they can even be obstructive.

So what do we do when we hear someone using a word like Nirvana to mean bliss, ultimate state or the word Buddha to indicate a really wise person or someone who is very patient and unemotional? It gives us an opportunity to bring awareness to the hearing faculty (or the sense of sight, if it is written down) and to observe how the use of words affects us.

Nirvana is an uplifting concept. But there is a strong temptation to own the word and to interpret frivolous or mindless use of it as an affront. The person using the word does not appreciate the effort and difficulty involved in the spiritual path. They are not showing due respect to the ultimate goal of spiritual endeavour.

In the end, Nirvana is just a word. Not a holy word, not a good word, not a bad word, but just a word. Words have power when they enter through our senses. But their impact on us is dependent on our state of mind and our ability to see words as just words and to use them mindfully.

So the next time that you hear a song by Nirvana or open the Radio Times and find a programme called “The Buddha of Suburbia”, observe your reaction as these special words make their way through your sense receptors.



Clinging to taste!

When I was young one of my favourite dishes was "Angel's Delight" – a kind of instant mousse dessert. When I got a bowl I wouldn't eat it by the spoonful, as it would be gone too quickly, so I used to dip the spoon in the dessert and then slowly and systematically lick sections of the "delight" off the back of the spoon. Heaven! I realised that only a small amount was needed to enjoy the flavour. I could make a small bowl last for hours and, much to the irritation of my brothers, was always the last to finish. I can also remember the disappointment of finishing the bowl was no less just because the dessert had lasted so long (in fact, of course, the attachment was all the greater). A few years ago, after a very long interval, I made some "delight" for my children. Imagine the disappointment of discovering a sickly sweet rather flavourless dish! The memory of the experience had deluded me completely.

The two neighbours

There were two men who lived next door to each other. One man was blind and the other was deaf. Every night, the blind man would come home, switch on his kitchen light and go to bed. Every night the deaf man would come home, turn on his radio and go to bed.

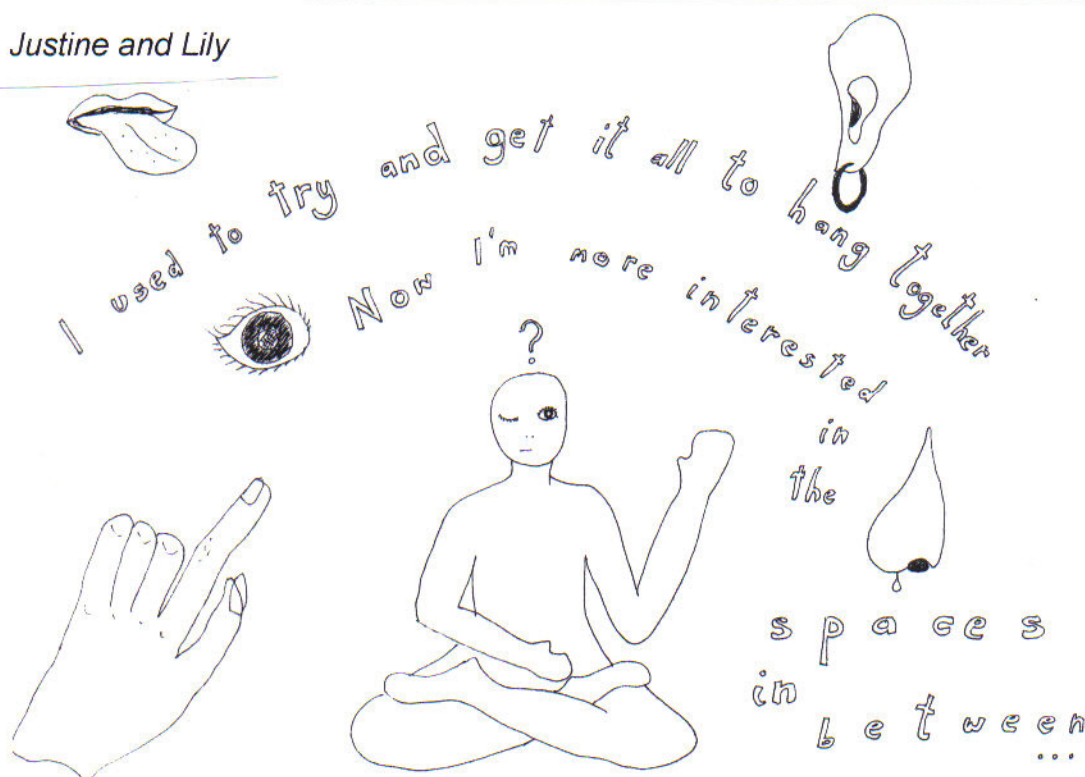
But why would a blind man turn on his light?
And why would a deaf man turn on the radio?



Every night the deaf man would come home, look outside and see the blind man's kitchen light, he knew he was safe. Every night the blind man would come home and hear the radio playing next door. He knew he was safe.

You don't need all your senses to help other people.

Justine and Lily



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