

### Mahamati

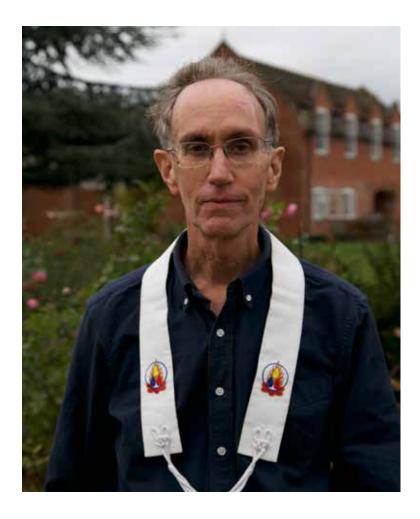
When Bhante died I was one of those tasked with making arrangements for his funeral. Paramartha, Parami and myself, along with many others who had helped us at different times, had been planning for this time for many years. During those days between Bhante's death and funeral it didn't feel to me as though Bhante had left us, only that he was now present for us in another form.

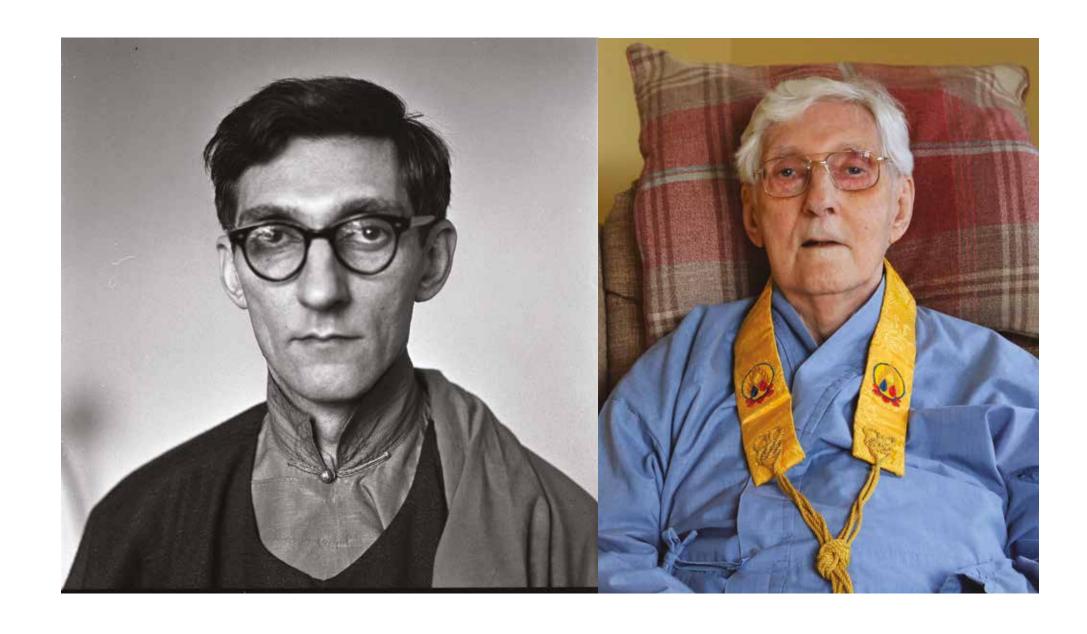
It would no longer be possible to visit him in the Urgyen Annexe at Adhisthana, however to my surprise, as others have similarly said, I did not feel much sadness. I mostly felt gratitude for all he has given to so many of us, and the extraordinary blessing that even in death his presence continued so strongly to inform, support, educate and inspire. It was of course a busy period preparing for the funeral, though even then I was surprised to feel a Bhante-like presence there with me more or less for days on end - a feeling that as long as we all did whatever we needed to do to organise things well, nothing could go wrong, indeed all would go very well. And that is what happened - the most common description of the funeral from those who attended or watched online being that it was "amazing". I think it was amazing because Bhante was amazing and we in Triratna came together in joy and harmony, no doubt sadness but also good humour such as when the day started with light rain (which

brought rainbows, and later led to blue skies and an extraordinary golden evening set against the autumn leaves) or when the internet for viewing around the world was not perfect and ran into difficulties but was "good enough" so that many could participate quite fully from afar. During those days and then weeks after Bhante died I would dip into postings on the Buddhist Centre Online, and read there expressions of gratitude which moved me deeply.

As one of Bhante's secretaries I had often read to him expressions of appreciation and gratitude to which he would listen attentively and usually without comment. Now along with so many of us I say to Bhante, thank you for this priceless gift: a communication of the Dharma in a way that I can understand and practice, and this Sangha which you breathed life into, gave to unstintingly over more than fifty years.

In this collection of appreciations are the words of just some of the many who have benefited: I look forward to reading all the contributions and I imagine that Bhante is listening to us now and wishing us well.





Urgyen Sangarakshita - 26,08,1925 – 30,10,2018 – Book of Rememberance

### Paramartha

to associate with the wise, and to honour those worthy of honour - this is the greatest blessing (Mangala Sutta)

My own association with Urgyen Sangharakshita has indeed been a blessing - a great good fortune - and the expressions of love and appreciation contained in this wonderful book bear witness to the fact that many others have shared in this good fortune. A sense of Bhante's own life touching the lives of many others. However inadequate, I would also like to add my own expressions of gratitude to all of those documented in these pages. I am, of course, profoundly grateful for Bhante's influence on my own life, for his endless encouragement and the many, many kindnesses he has shown over the course of a long friendship. I am grateful also for his wisdom, his playful humour and of course, most of all, grateful for his generosity in allowing us all to share in his own profound understanding of the precious Dharma - the greatest of all gifts.

I would also like to acknowledge here the many Sangha members who, directly or indirectly, helped to make Bhante's funeral and burial the deeply moving experience that it was. Although there was so much to do and prepare in such a short space of time, there were also many who mentioned a sense of something extraordinary happening - a

sense of something greater informing their own individual efforts. Despite loss and despite grief, the occasion was also one of joy and celebration - a celebration of our teacher and friend, and of course a celebration of an extraordinary man.

In the end, the memory that stays with me still is that of that the Sangha slowly and silently circumambulating the grave while the light from the setting sun streamed through the rising clouds of incense smoke. In those timeless moments I seemed to hear again the sublime beauty of the last of Strauss's Four Last Songs - music that I know Bhante himself was deeply moved by. He would have appreciated the beauty and poignancy of that gathering of Sangha.

The great peace here is wide and still And rich with glowing sunsets... (Four Last Songs. Richard Strauss)



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## Bhante in the Early Days - Abhaya

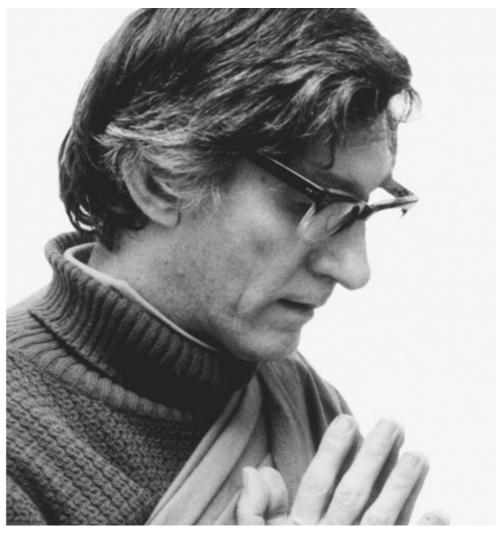
I first met Bhante one summer afternoon in August 1967 in the shadowy hallway of a country house in Surrey, where he stood welcoming the new arrivals. It was the first ever retreat run by the movement he had founded earlier that year. His complexion was dark, his hair thick and short. He wore ochre robes and blackframed spectacles. We shook hands. He was friendly and welcoming, serious but not solemn. Was he English or Indian? It was difficult to say. I had returned to England from a two year spell of teaching in Thailand, and was hungry for the Dharma. When a friend had read aloud to me verses from Evan Wentz's Tibetan Book of the Great Liberation, my superficial response had been sceptical. I was emphatic about having left religion behind, but a few days later I found myself in the bookshop buying a copy of the text. Somehow, the verses had penetrated my defences. Back in England, I was determined to find a group of practising Buddhists. One morning my wife pushed the New Statesman across the breakfast table, pointing to a tiny box advert on the back page: 'Friends of the Western Sangha: Buddhist retreat in Haslemere, Surrey....' We decided to go, in spite of the cranky detail, 'All meals vegetarian'. The first event on the programme was a meditation session. We all sat on upright chairs, except for the weird few who sat cross-legged on the floor at the front.

Bhante introduced and led us through the Mindfulness of Breathing, a practice which, he told us later, could take us quite a long way on the Path. This was the beginning of a delightful week of beginner's mind; it was like a long cool draft after years of drought. That's how it happened for me: first the book, then the man. It was one thing to feel the spiritual impact of those verses my friend read out to me in Bangkok, muffled though it was by my rather cynical response. It was quite another to meet for the first time, in the flesh, someone who so clearly and powerfully embodied the Dharma. There was a palpable aura of magic around Bhante in those first couple of years of my friendship with him, an aura that gradually faded as my projections were withdrawn. Perhaps it was something to do with the fact that he was still quite fresh from his life in India. He seemed to have come from another world. But it was also the swinging 60s. With the heady smell of illegal substances in our nostrils and the music of Sergeant Pepper in our ears. it was a time of sudden melting into spiritual possibilities, At last we could grow our hair, and not be square. The zeitgeist suited Bhante too; no longer hampered by the stifling culture of the Hampstead Buddhist Vihara, his energies were released for the great work ahead. Yet at the same time, there was something quite ordinary about him. He was very down-toearth in spite of that magical aura; it was a curious even challenging mix. He moved so naturally between modes. There was a little incident on that first retreat, for example. The two of us were casually chatting about this and that, standing there after dinner with our cups of tea, when he suddenly injected into the conversation that story he tells in his memoirs, about waking in the middle of the night to find a pit next his bed, with a man in deep trouble of some kind standing at the bottom. Then, he went on, the white letters of a mantra had poured out of his mouth to form a sort of rosary which descended into the pit so that the man could grasp hold of it and haul himself out of trouble. 'Yes, oh yes, strange.' ('Strange' was a word he often used for what I would consider utterly mindblowing!). Then the conversation reverted to talk, say, about literary matters, dear to us both. In his first letter to me, dated September 13th 1967, he gave me what I took as his first informal teaching. 'The pendulum will swing', he wrote. 'The whole secret, for quite a while, is not to let it swing too far, on the one hand, or try to immobilize it artificially, by brute force as it were, on the other'. From a distance of some fifty years, how telling that little phrase, 'for quite a while'! Yet he made it clear to me at the outset that he had no wish to be treated as a guru, strongly discouraging any tendency to

project on to him. 'I can't be myself', he told me, 'until you are yourself'. It was straightforward human contact he hungered for. But it wasn't easy to avoid, as he later urged us to, the danger of conflating the ordinary human being with what he called 'the bearer of the archetype'. Bhante shared a flat with Terry, a tall dark young man, intense and highly intelligent. One evening Terry introduced me to the I Ching, and told me about Gurdieff, Ouspensky and the Indian guru Ramana Maharshi, and where to find books about them. Earlier that year he had driven Bhante to Greece in his 'little bus', the '60s Volkswagen camper van. On my first visit to their place in Highgate, Terry treated me to a viewing of what Bhante called his Buddhist treasures, which they had brought back with them from India. One I recall was a beautiful rupa of Amitayus, the one that would grace FWBO shrines in the years to come (and that can now be found at 'Rivendell', our retreat centre in Surrey). That day Terry also gave me a few Bodhi leaves, one of which I still keep in the pages of an old commonplace book. Another young man I was drawn to at Haslemere in 1967, intermittently a companion of Bhante's – they went on writing weekends together - was Stephen Parr, who would be ordained as Ananda the following year. He worked as a technician for the BBC. This he considered a waste of time and was trying to persuade Bhante that it

would be a good idea to give it up. What he really wanted to do was to devote his whole life to literary work. Poems came easily to him. After a few hours together on their writing weekends, Bhante said he would see a certain look suddenly appear on Stephen's face, a sure sign that inspiration was dawning. Terry would never become an Order member, not on account of his untimely death but probably as a result of the deep distaste for anything to do with religion that had been implanted in him by his family conditioning. 'He doesn't like my monkishness', Bhante

told me. He always called Bhante 'D', D for Dennis. Terry found in him a welcome soulmate; at last here was someone of like mind with whom he could



discuss well into the night the matters of philosophical and spiritual significance that were so close to his heart. How desperately he was searching. Sadly, Terry was also deeply depressed, a condition

which all those hours of discussion could only temporarily alleviate. Bhante did everything he could to relieve his pain. 'Sometimes', he said, 'I spend hour after hour in the evening with Terry, pouring energy into him'. Shortly after Terry's suicide in April 1969, Bhante wrote to me briefly: 'I wanted to write to you about Terry, and in fact tried twice, but just could not do it'. A year later, sitting next to me in my car, he suddenly started weeping. Surprised and concerned, I turned to him, asking what was wrong. With tears streaking his face, he said, 'It's exactly a year since Terry died'. Though he had his weekly duties at Sakura, the tiny Buddhist centre in Monmouth Street and was nearly always at work preparing a lecture or series of lectures, Bhante had, relatively speaking, time to spare. A year after that first retreat, I went to visit him in London and stayed the weekend at his flat. There was an ingrained smell of joss sticks in every room, and Bhante himself smelled of incense, his robes and hair fragrant with the scent of it. He took me to Highgate Cemetery where he glided, in his ochre robes, among fallen angels and decaying tombs, butterflies flitting about in the tall fragrant grasses. On the way back he said that 'these days', he felt ecstatic, pretty well all the time, and thought that with a bit of luck, it would become permanent. I walked beside him in silence, filled with a mixture of awe and envy as his words sunk in. There was an echo of this in a letter he sent a year later: 'I have

been feeling very well recently, both physically and mentally. Most of the time I feel quite ecstatic, with a sense of the heavens opening'. With these incidents coming to mind as I set out to write this little memoir, I remembered a verse from the Dhammapada in the chapter on mindfulness: 'The mindful person, absorbed in superconscious states, gains ample bliss'. Just being with Bhante, just having the pleasure of his company and communication could get delightfully intense for me in the first two years of our friendship. Sitting with him once in his living room at Highgate and, I have to admit, taking myself by surprise, I blurted out with passionate intensity, 'I love you, Bhante'. It had nothing at all to do with sexual feelings. He responded, very gently, with a simple 'Ah!'. Maybe this was the same occasion as when, listening to his little transistor radio, he stood up and started to dance. Memories change and conflate with time, like bubbles floating on the surface of a stream. At the same time the memories also vividly contrast. One of my more naïve projections onto Bhante was shattered one evening as I was driving him to Stephen's place for dinner. I had no idea how to get there and though his knowledge of the route was vague when we set off, I had complete confidence that his inner spiritual radar would guide us infallibly through the maze of London streets. After a series of increasingly frustrating wrong turns and cul-de-sacs, at each of which Bhante surmised that, 'Oh dear no,

perhaps this was not the right way after all', my trust in his superconscious navigation skills was rudely and permanently shattered. Periodically he visited me and my wife, Val, in Bournemouth. We soon noticed a strange habit he had in those days. Both his conversation and his silences were punctuated with a kind of regular mantric grunt, a quiet subvocal 'Hmmm'. We guessed it might be his way of ensuring he didn't lose touch with those superconscious states. The first time he came to see us I showed him a small silver rupa of a strange looking figure wearing a hat like a bishop's mitre, which I had bought rather impulsively in Nepal. I didn't believe the stallholder's sales ploy when he assured me it was the Buddha, but I took the rupa and paid what he asked for it without bargaining. I had a plane to catch. 'Oh good', said, Bhante as I passed it to him, 'it's Padmasambhava'. Who was Padmasambhava? He placed it to his ear, rattling it. 'Ah, it's consecrated too'. It was only later that I recognised with a little thrill that the figure was the same one as the coloured picture of the Vajra Guru which formed the frontispiece of The Tibetan Book of the Great Liberation. Bhante got on well with Val. From one or two things he said to me, I understood he was impressed with the stage of spiritual development she had achieved. Shortly after the birth of our daughter, he was, for a period, seriously considering setting up house with us. He had in mind a Queen Anne house in Laugharne, the

village on the estuary of the river Tâf, where Dylan Thomas had lived. When I questioned him about it, the only communal activity he had in mind for us was an evening puja! I was astounded that he could even consider, monk as he was, or as I understood him to be, living with a family! It didn't come to anything, partly because we couldn't raise the necessary finances. When I thought about this years later, I saw how it related to something Bhante had written, perhaps in a volume of his memoirs, that in the very early days of the movement, he was content to be guided by intuition and see how things developed naturally, not thinking at all in terms, for instance, of setting up or encouraging single sex communities. The characteristic that made perhaps the biggest impact on me was his unfailing mindfulness. He would write years later in a book of aphorisms that 'peace is a fire'. His mindfulness was a fire, glowing and beautiful. Striving to emulate him in this, I felt puny by comparison. On journeys he would wear his mindfulness rather like armour. I remember once travelling with him from his flat in Highgate to a meditation class at Sakura. It's not that he wasn't mindful before we went outside, more that, as soon as the front door closed behind us, he stopped talking and his level of alertness (yes, guarding the gates!) ratcheted up several degrees in the face of the potential distractions of the imminent journey from Kentish Town to Leicester Square. He sat opposite

me on the Tube, wearing a maroon cloak over his robes, with a look in his eyes faintly resembling an animal keenly alert to danger, his attention not faltering for an instant. At the end of the journey back, as soon as the front door closed behind us, he relaxed back into default mode, mindful still, but at ease. A sign that the early magic was fading came to me one day in the early 1970s. As more Order members appeared and the movement slowly gathered momentum, there were increasing demands on his time. I had 'dropped out' and we had moved to Cornwall. Bhante still came to visit us. Once he warned me, a few days before arriving, to be prepared for a shock. Restless with curiosity, I drove to Plymouth station to pick him up. The train drew in and the carriage door was flung open. There he stood, a mischievous gap-toothed grin spreading across his face, not dressed in his usually robes but in mauve drainpipe cordurov trousers and a pink T shirt. 'Well', he asked, 'What do you think?' I can't remember my answer, but I thought he looked drastically reduced: no danger at all of confusing the ordinary with the bearer of the archetype! But his magic manifested in other ways, and always would. It was more subtle now, as he got on with the work of drawing, through the institutions of the FWBO/ Triratna and with the help of the handful of men and women he had ordained, as many beings as he could into the Golden Light. Perhaps because I had

only just been brought into the Light myself, it was the Entreaty and Supplication section of the Sevenfold Pujas that I found particularly moving during that first retreat in Haslemere all those years ago. I can hear Bhante's voice now, as I write, his measured sonorous tones imploring the Buddhas: May they remain here for endless ages, So that life in this world does not grow dark.

Abhaya



## A Short Account of Sangharakshita (Dennis Philip Edward Lingwood) by Dharmachari Vishvapani

With great sadness, we announce the death of Sangharakshita, the founder of the Triratna Buddhist Order and the Triratna Buddhist Community. Here is a short account of his life and teachings.

#### **Early Years**

The man we know as Sangharakshita was born Dennis Lingwood in a working class family in Tooting, south London, in 1925. Aged eight, he was diagnosed with a heart problem (a misdiagnosis, it later turned out) and confined to bed for two years. He read prodigiously, discovering a passion for literature and educating himself with the help of an encyclopaedia. When he was sixteen and living in wartime London he realised, after reading The Diamond Sutra and the Sutra of Wei Lang, that he was a Buddhist. He joined the Buddhist Society, which was continuing to meet and meditate despite the bombs falling on the city.

In 1943 he was conscripted into the army and posted to India and then Sri Lanka. Once the war was over, he and an Indian friend, determined to take their Buddhist practice seriously, gave away their possessions, destroyed their passports and took to the roads as homeless wanderers, following a time-honoured

tradition. They wandered the length of India for two years and met many, mostly Hindu, sages and gurus before they finally achieved their objective: ordination as novice Buddhist monks (sramaneras). He received the name Sangharakshita, which means 'one who is protected by the spiritual community'. (Full ordination as a bhikkhu in the Theravadin tradition took place at Sarnath the following year). Sangharakshita described this journey and his subsequent experiences in several volumes of memoirs.

#### India

In 1949 he spent some time studying at Benares Hindu University with Bhikkhu Kashyap, an Indian convert to Buddhism who had become one of its most prominent exponents. He then settled in Kalimpong, a small town in the Himalayas, not far from the border with Tibet. Told by his teacher to "stay here and work for the good of Buddhism,", he remained in Kalimpong for 14 years.

Throughout the 1950s many Tibetan refugees arrived in Kalimpong, fleeing the Chinese occupation of their country. Sangharakshita met and learned from many Tibetan lamas, receiving initiations from Dhardo Rinpoche, Dudjom

Rimpoche, Kachu Rinpoche, Jamyang Khyentse Rinpoche, Dilgo Khyentse Rinpoche and Chatrul Sangye Dorje. He also studied Ch'an Buddhism with Yogi Chen, a Chinese hermit living in Kalimpong. His many Western visitors included the German-born Lama Govinda, and Sangharakshita found a strong affinity with his views on Buddhism, and especially on the place of art in Buddhist practice.

While in Kalimpong Sangharakshita read everything he could about the Buddhism of all traditions, his motivation being, as he later explained, to understand what the Buddha had communicated and the essential truths that unified the Buddhist tradition. He established a Buddhist magazine, 'Stepping Stones', and for more than a decade was editor of the 'Maha Bodhi' journal, which published the work of thinkers and scholars from across the Buddhist world. His own contributions, later published as Crossing the Stream and 'Beating the Drum', signalled many of the themes that would concern him for many years: the unity of Buddhism, the benefits and pleasures of a simple life, the importance of thinking for oneself, the aesthetics of spiritual life and the value of friendship. He was also critical of many aspects of the Buddhism he observed in Asian

countries and called for radical reform. His most substantial work in this period was A Survey of Buddhism, published in 1957, which distilled his understanding of Buddhist teachings and presented all aspects of the tradition in a single perspective. He also wrote poetry in which he expressed his love of nature, his devotion to the ideals of Buddhism, and his emotional and spiritual struggles and victories.

Sangharakshita established a hermitage in Kalimpong, to which one of his teachers gave the name 'The Place Where The Three Ways Flourish', referring to the three major strands of Buddhist tradition. In this way, he established a distinctive, ecumenical approach to Buddhism, which drew on, but did not subscribe to, any one of its established schools.

In 1952 Sangharakshita met Dr Bhimrao Ambedkar, who had been born as what the Hindu caste system termed an "Untouchable" (or a 'Dalit' in later parlance). Having trained as a lawyer he become independent India's first Law Minister and the architect of its constitution. In 1956 Dr Ambedkar converted to Buddhism along with thousands of his followers, escaping the identity allotted by Hinduism. But a few weeks later he died and his followers were left without guidance. Sangharakshita spoke to the grief-stricken crowds in Nagpur, the city where

the mass conversions had taken place, explaining what being a Buddhist involved and encouraging them to follow Dr Ambedkar's wish that they live according to the Buddha's teachings. For several years he toured the cities and plains of central India each winter, giving talks and helping the new Buddhists to understand and practise the faith they now espoused.

#### Return to the west

In 1963 leading figures in the small Buddhist movement in Britain invited Sangharakshita to take over the Hampstead Buddhist Vihara, and in 1964 he returned to the west. Encouraged by the growing interest in Buddhism, especially among young people, and stimulated by his renewed engagement with western culture, he decided to remain. His classes were popular, but it quickly became clear that he was not going to fit well into the British Buddhist world.

While in India Sangharakshita had reflected on the prevailing orthodoxies according to which Buddhist practice, for monks, consisted of living according to monastic rules and, for lay people, of supporting monks to live in that way. Now that he was back in England, observing that people were apt to relate to him purely on the basis of his orange robes, he began to feel dissatisfied with the monastic lifestyle. Bit by bit, disagreements arose about approaches to meditation and Sangharakshita's way of presenting Buddhist teachings, and eventually matters came to a head.

Sangharakshita was forced to leave the Vihara and this spurred him to act on his instinct that a new approach to practising Buddhism in the west was needed. He moved his classes to the basement below a small shop in London's West End and the group that gathered around him became the nucleus of a new Buddhist community. In 1967 he founded the Friends of the Western Buddhist Order, and the following year conducted ordinations into the Western Buddhist Order.

#### **Establishing the FWBO**

From one perspective, these activities were part of the wave of experimentation that characterised the Sixties. Sangharakhsita let his hair grow, and wore his robes with a mixture of other clothes, or sometimes jeans and a sweater instead. He didn't look out of place amid London's burgeoning hippy life. But from another perspective, they represented Sangharakshita's distinctive approach to Buddhism. He recognised that Buddhism needed to adapt to the changed circumstances of the modern world, setting aside many sectarian and culture-bound features of individual Buddhist traditions, but not losing touch with its core teachings and values.

Sangharakshita gave talks on Buddhism and psychology, the arts, western philosophy and, experimentally, presented Buddhism as 'the path of the higher evolution'. He also gave talks, and later seminars, on classic Buddhist texts, which were eventually edited into his commentaries on works such as the White Lotus Sutra, the Diamond Sutra and the Satipatthana Sutta. At times, he explored matters of daily practice; at others he sought to make seemingly abstruse or esoteric teachings relevant and meaningful. His teaching was enlivened by his extensive knowledge of western literature and philosophy, and his wide experience of Buddhism.

Sangharakshita was working out his understanding of Buddhist practice through the development of the FWBO. Over many years of practice, reflection and contact with Buddhists of many schools, he had concluded that what mattered was not whether you were monastic or lay, but the degree to which you were committed to living in accordance with the ideals of Buddhism: the Buddha (the Enlightened teacher), the Dharma (his teaching) and the Sangha (the community of those who follow the Buddha's teaching). Ordination into the Western Buddhist Order meant making this commitment, or in the traditional phrase, "Going for Refuge" to the Buddha, Dharma and Sangha, which he came to consider the "central and definitive act of the Buddhist life". The Order was unified by

this shared commitment, but it included men and women who followed a range of lifestyles: celibate, married or in a relationship, and single. From the very beginning, men and women were ordained equally, a quietly revolutionary fact given the gender inequality in the Buddhist tradition as a whole.

Sangharakshita stressed the importance of a rounded spiritual development that included cultivating the range of what Buddhism calls "spiritual faculties". Meditation practice had an important role, but it needed to go along with study, friendship, altruistic activity, ethical observance and devotional ritual. Sangharakshita explored the underlying meaning of all these aspects of practice, and sought ways to re-express them meaningfully. He emphasised, for example, the importance of following a "path of regular steps" in meditation, starting with developing integration and positive emotion and moving on to practices concerned with spiritual death (or Insight), and spiritual rebirth.

#### The FWBO's growth

Inspired and challenged in equal measure, Sangharakshita's students set about trying to live according to the teachings to which he had introduced them. Many of those who were free to do so lived in communities: mixed households at first, and later single sex; for some this was a creative alternative to family life. Some people established what came to be known as "Right Livelihood businesses": shops, vegetarian restaurants and other ventures run by teams of Buddhists on an economic model of "giving what you can and taking what you need". The most successful of these was Windhorse: Evolution, an ethical gift business that eventually employed 200 people.

The effort to develop fresh ways of living and working grew from Sangharakshita's sense that new approaches and lifestyles were needed if Buddhist practice were to be effective in modern society. He was willing to think radically, provided the new forms still expressed an underlying commitment to the Three Jewels and were undertaken in the spirit of friendship (kalyana mitrata).

Throughout the 1970s and 1980s, Order members also established FWBO centres across the UK and around the world. Important early milestones included the purchase of Padmaloka, a substantial retreat centre in Norfolk, which became Sangharakshita's home for many years; establishing Buddhist and social work activities in India among Dr Ambedkar's followers (1977); the opening of the London Buddhist Centre, a large centre in east London (1978); developing a three- or four-month long ordination retreat for men (1981 - a similar women's ordination retreat came some years later); and founding Taraloka

a retreat centre for women (1985), a part of a network of retreat centres some mixed, some single sex. Arts events and Buddhist festivals were important aspects of the movement's life, along with Buddhafield, which teaches meditation at summer festivals and runs its own outdoor retreats and gatherings.

Although the rapid growth of the FWBO's early years slowed somewhat in later decades, at least in Europe, it has become established as a substantial, worldwide movement at the forefront of Buddhism's development in western countries, South America and India. In 2017 it had activities in 26 countries and the Order had around 2200 members, about thirty percent of them in India. In 2010 the movement's name was changed to reflect its internationality, becoming the Triratna Buddhist Community and the Triratna Buddhist Order. (Triratna means 'Three Jewels'). Gradually, starting in the late 1980s, Sangharakshita handed on responsibility for all aspects of the movement to senior members of the Order. A group of Public Preceptors undertook responsibility for ordinations, and in 1994 Sangharakshita moved with them to Madhyamaloka, a large house in Birmingham. In 2013 they moved to a substantial retreat centre in Herefordshire. calledAdhisthana. This was Sangharakshita's final home.

#### **Later Years**

Around 2001, Sangharakshita's eyesight deteriorated considerably and in his later years he suffered periods of debilitating insomnia. Nonetheless, he continued with his literary work and embarked on a final phase of teaching. Subhuti (a senior disciple), wrote a series of papers based on interviews with Sangharakshita in which he clarified the core elements of his approach to Buddhism: an approach grounded in the teachings of the historical Buddha while drawing inspiration from other sources; and offering a coherent approach to meditation and other forms of Dharma practice that was alive to the supra-personal character of Buddhist practice and the role of the imagination.

Some aspects of Sangharakshita's life and behaviour attracted criticism. After founding the FWBO he became sexually active with some of his male students and in later years some of those students felt he had let them down. Some people disagreed with his views on gender, and some Buddhists of other traditions believed that his decision to establish a new movement, rather than following one of the established Asian forms of Buddhism, was fundamentally illegitimate.

These criticisms have long been part of the discussion about Sangharakshita. However, those

who knew him as students, disciples and friends principally remember Sangharakshita as a man of tremendous presence, kindness and wisdom: a deeply intelligent and sensitive man with a remarkably original and independent mind.

The Buddhist movement Sangharakshita founded will outlive him. Its history is just beginning, and its members envisage that it will grow into a truly distinctive Buddhist school founded upon his particular presentation of the Buddha's teaching and understanding of Buddhist practice. In India, Sangharakshita is widely seen as a key figure in the revival of Buddhism and the liberation of millions of people from the oppressive caste system. And Sangharakshita's many books comprise a further legacy. He published over 70 titles and his Collected Works are currently being published in 27 volumes. In addition to its merits in communicating Buddhist teachings, this body of writing has, for its admirers, a literary breadth and depth that is unmatched in other modern writings on Buddhism.

More broadly, in the course of more than 70 years Sangharakshita threw himself into the task of enabling Buddhism's transition from traditional Asian societies to the very different conditions of the modern world. His aim was to renew Buddhism by focusing on the essential teachings at the heart of the

tradition and retaining its profundity as a sacred path. Through his practice, his writing and the community he founded, Sangharakshita revivified Buddhism's spirit of friendship, commitment and depth.

Sangharakshita's disciples and friends rejoice in his merits and offer him their heartfelt gratitude for everything he has given them, and their determination to continue the work he began.

by Dharmachari Vishvapani



## Ratnagarbha

I cannot believe that our beloved teacher has left us. The world seems darker and colder. But he has left us with so much light and hope. My greatest gratitude to Sangharakshita is simply for having founded the Triratna movement. I am one of those people who was never going to make it to have a happy life out in the world. I needed a community, a society within a society which was very different from what our ambitious, hyperactive culture normally offers. At the London Buddhist Centre I found a relatively sane, balanced approach to living a spiritual life in the modern world. And a wonderful group of friendly, intelligent sincere people who were giving it a go.

Really Triratna has been my whole life and rescued me

from loneliness. I am sure many others could say the same thing. So I am deeply grateful to Bhante having been the impetus for all of that to happen. And for giving so many teachings in a form that I was able to relate to as a person who has a very deep love of Western culture. I cannot imagine that I would have remained a Buddhist for long in any other context.

Thank you Bhante, and farewell.

## Debra Charlton

Thank you dear teacher you are responsible for my daily transformation .. my delight in finding the 3 jewels has been a gift from you
I will cherish this gift whilst rejoicing in you

Your disciple Debra Charlton GFR Mitra Brighton



## Luc Barbé

Be careful when you scatter my ashes The roses bloom!



## Life is King from Michael M.

I lived and worked at Padmaloka many years ago. As a community we hosted Bhante many times because his dentist was nearby. Often the more senior Order members were away, leaving us to manage the visit. We had such a wonderful time eating and talking with Bhante, he seemed relaxed and very open to our collective passionate energy. There are so many things that I could offer thanks for to Sangharakshita, but I will simply say it was for providing the context to create friendships with some of the greatest men that I have ever met that I am most thankful. I left the Movement to pursue other trainings, but I never lost faith in Sangharakshita and what he contributed to Buddhism and the life of so many. My spiritual friendships remain as does much of my understanding of the Dharma as interpreted and presented by him, and for this I am deeply grateful.

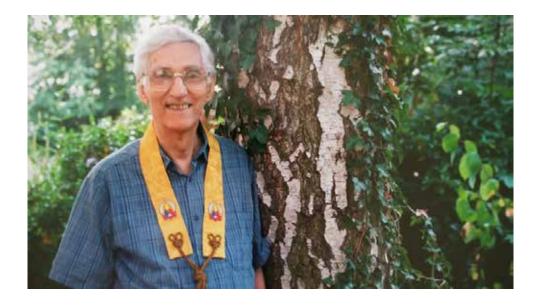
I have given so many people who have experienced loss this poem, it seemed most appropriate to include it:

### LIFE IS KING BY SANGHARAKSHITA

HOUR AFTER HOUR, DAY AFTER DAY WE TRY TO GRASP THE UNGRASPABLE, PINPOINT THE UNPREDICTABLE. FLOWERS WITHER WHEN TOUCHED, ICE SUDDENLY CRACKS BENEATH OUR FEET. VAINLY WE TRY TO TRACK BIRDFLIGHT THROUGH THE SKY TRACE DUMB FISH THROUGH DEEP WATER, TRY TO ANTICIPATE THE EARNED SMILE THE SOFT REWARD, EVEN TRY TO GRASP OUR OWN LIVES. BUT LIFE SLIPS THROUGH OUR FINGERS LIKE SNOW. LIFE CANNOT BELONG TO US. WE BELONG TO LIFE. LIFE is King

### Robert Beard

I wrote the following shortly after having been notified of Sangharakshita' death, just before leaving to make my way to the NLBC. I read it out during a period of remembrance. It feels not about, but for Sangharakshita. Some thing I'm offering up. As a sign of the essential influence his care and commitment to the Dharma has had on and within my life.... In Appreciation.



Neither at rest nor in motion

He crosses over the FLOOD.

Supremely Peace,

FULL.

Touching all

Untouched by him

Peaceably, Peaceable

Without bias.

Unmoved by, 'this, that'...

Flowing silence, ripple.

Un-naming, named

No knowing, knows

Ungrasped, Ungraspable

Relinquish, He himself the grasper

Coming Gone.

'What' remains

Empty of that in 'This'

Cleaved to,

Spacious ingenious Spontaneity

of 'This' as it goes where?

'I' say 'Goodbye'?

Imperfectly complete

Incompletely perfect

Unperfectly incomplete

Uncompletely imperfect

Arising, implicated.

Every where of every 'what'?

Infinitely interdependent in

'This'

# Aryadhara

#### Great teacher, you have given me my life.

Great herald, hearing your voice through inspired lecture series, I knew I had encountered Truth. Blazing firebrand of insight and love, you broke through the Saha world with your energy and purpose, you broke through into my life and I was changed forever. No words of gratitude are ever enough, no gift of thanks ever adequate.

Great adventurer, you went forth - seeking life's answers. You never tired. I followed in your footsteps on my own journeys, seeking freedom from the cramped confines of conditioned existence. You showed me a life freed from the misery of mundane preoccupation.

Great fearless heart, you broke free of convention, you spoke the Truth when it was hard to hear, never shying away from the lion's roar. You have shaken me out of complacency time and again and helped me find direction, a way forward through the conflicts of my life.

Great pandit, great scholar, great writer, sitting with you in seminar as we traversed the stream, speaking from your heart, speaking with your razor-sharp sword of Wisdom, cutting through to the essence. I read your magnum opus in awe.

Great bringer of humanity, you showed me that life has a sacred purpose – you showed me all that is good about life. You showed me how to be a better person. My heart is sore with shortcomings and weaknesses, yet through your

teachings, I have made some progress – I have been transforming. You helped me let go of guilt and fear, helped purify my confused mind and touch into a deeper kindness, a deeper understanding.

Great visionary of worlds concealed: poet and mystic – you have opened my eyes to realms above and realms beneath – guide of the underworld, navigator of spirit.

Great protector, great creator of Sangha. You gave me a context to live my life, amongst fellow farers of the Way. You saved me from the loneliness of a world without love and meaning. Great friend, great kalyana mitra – you touched my life with your concern and deepest understanding.

Great devotee of the Buddha. You have served him like no other with heroic dedication. Your faith and intuitive knowing of the path have shone so very very brightly. Great mountain-like presence of awareness and depth. You shook the world just by entering the room – the world stood still and grace abounded.

Great teacher, Urgyen Sangharakshita, you have given me my life.

I am forever grateful, Aryadhara



# Shantipada

An Bhanté

Empfinde ich Trauer über deinen Tod? Verlieren kann man nur, was man festzuhalten versucht.

Ich werde weiter von dir lernen! Deine Klarheit ist mir immer ein großer Trost. Heute empfinde ich Dankbarkeit, Liebe und tiefen Frieden.

Wir gehören dem Leben.

Das Leben ist König.

Heute verneige ich mich tief vor dir

Und feier dein Leben, Urgyen Sangharakshita.

Shantipada, 1-11-2018



To Bhanté

Do I mourne your death?
Loose I can only what I grasp at.
I keep learning from you!
Your clarity always is a great consolation to me.
We belong to life.
Life is king.
Today I bow down low before you
And celebrate your life, Urgyen Sangharakshita.



# Rijumati

Farewell my dear Teacher, you who have so enriched my life. I am proud to be one of your disciples and my heart is tender and grateful for all you have given this suffering world. So many gifts, so many qualities... how can one begin to express them. Of all the reflections that have arisen since your death I constantly return to the quality of the friendships that bless my life: you taught us how to be true friends, to dance the shepherds round-dance and plant a garden together in the wilderness. I accepted your four gifts and pass them onto others who long for freedom and happiness. I know this would make you happy. May your legacy be long and fruitful!



# Defence Buddhist Network

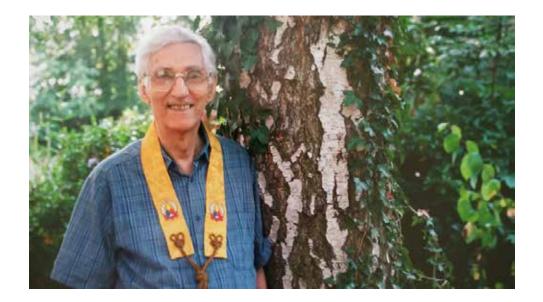
On behalf of the Chair and all in the Defence Buddhist Network, may I formally pass on to all in Triratna our condolences on the sad news of Sangharakshita's death. As you will know from the growing links between our two movements, there are a number in the Defence Buddhist Network with past and current links to Triratna. Sangharakhsita's teachings have been an inspiration to many of us, and his passing is mourned - but we join in celebrating his life, and share the certainty that his teachings will continue to inspire and influence many in their study of the Dharma, and on their path to Enlightenment.

With Metta

Nigel Morton, Commander RN (Retd.)

Sunil Kariyakarawana, UK Armed Forces Buddhist Chaplain

Calum Ferguson, Officer Commanding Personnel Management (Flight) RAF and Chair of the Defence Buddhist Network (formerly Armed Forces Buddhist Society)



# Barry Merchant.

My humble gratitude for your inspiring spiritual work, which helped me grow from a hopelessly lost young man in 1985 to someone who is now a productive and maturing person.

May your great spiritual legacy eventually inspire all mankind to live compassionately.



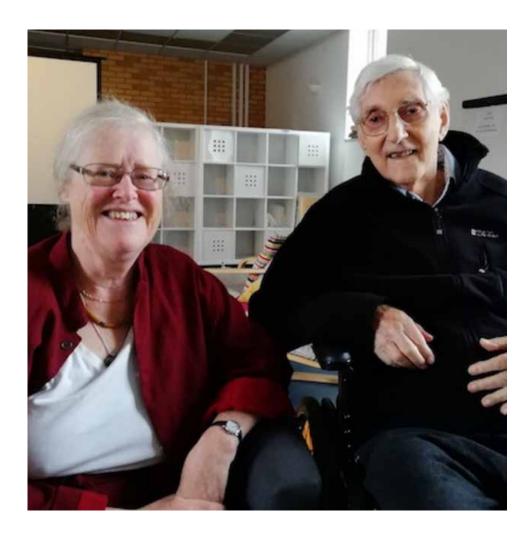
Urgyen Sangarakshita - 26,08,1925 - 30,10,2018 - Book of Rememberance

## Lama Shenpen Hookham

Sad as it always is when a dear friend passes away, there is much to comfort us as we reflect on the life and legacy of Ven. Sangharakshita. For me he was one of my first Dharma teachers back in the 1960s when he accepted our invitations to speak at the Reading University Buddhist Society. It was at his suggestion I went to Trungpa Rinpoche for meditation advice and that set the course of the rest of my life. I greatly value the various conversations I have had with Ven. Sangharakshita over the years and increasingly appreciate the warmth of his friendship.

It is a joy to me to recollect our last meeting just a few weeks before he died when the European Buddhist Teachers meeting was held at Adhistana. He attended several of our sessions and I had a lively hour's conversation with him on various Dharma themes. It was wonderful to see him so well at his age. In a way it is a blessing that he didn't have to suffer a long bout of painful illness before passing away even for us left behind it feels so sudden.

His legacy lives on in the wonderful Sangha community he has trained and est generation for centuries to come for the benefit of all beings.



## Chintamani

#### Dear Bhante,

I want to pay tribute to you and to your effect on my life; but how can I do this? It seems like trying to squeeze a starry universe into a bottle. And this puja is really like that too; a brief glimpse in time of some eternal song of love at the heart of things. So here is a limited, a very limited glimpse of you in my life, read out in the course of a limited glimpse of the starriness of things that you always seemed to gaze towards.

The first time I ever saw you was on television when I was a boy. I remember very clearly being deeply struck - and scared - by you in your monks robe, your silk Tibetan shirt, and with your longish hair - and your extraordinary, enigmatic (and rather toothless) grin. Something about you seemed to leap out at me from the television screen. Much later on I realized that I grew up in house no more than ten minutes walk from where you were living at the Hampstead Buddhist Vihara.

Then, when I was a nineteen, you were the very first person I ever met in the FWBO (Triratna) - waiting there, alone in a tiny basement room in the West End, when I came down wanting to learn to meditate. You invited me to stay, even though I had come to the wrong evening (it turned out to be an Order meeting!). I think you saw something in me that I couldn't even see myself. And, not seeing what you saw, I persisted, in the later meetings that I regularly attended in that tiny basement, in asking pretentious pseudo spiritual question after pretentious pseudo question - to which you always patiently - if wryly - answered. And then came the retreats - when I was shown a way of living from which I could never turn away (despite many later wild pullings of my complicated and restless nature).

And, yes, not so long after that you took me to bed (actually, I offered myself to you even though I was deeply scared of it). All I can say about that is that, although what then happened between us over the next seven years or so was certainly not always pleasant (for me at least), it was worth it a hundred times just for the privilege of being close to a man like you. For all the controversy about this aspect of your life, I for one believe that you gave me you. What more can I say?

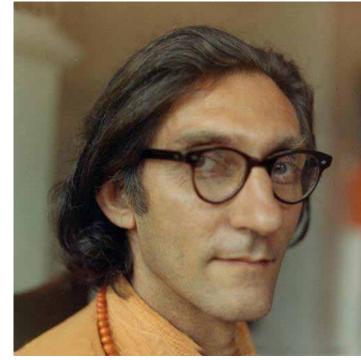
Of course I can, like so many others, mention the teachings, the advice, the encouragement, the reassurance, and the institutions that you founded (which I still don't make nearly as much of as I should), the golden net of friendships; and all that is infinitely precious. But you gave me you - and the effect of that is still depth charging me. It also saved - and is still saving me - from what would have been a very unhappy life indeed.

Your gift to me blew to life the urge to make art for the Sangha (and I believe what I do somehow comes from you), to think clearly, to write (you always encouraged me to do this more, and, even when I didn't, always remained patiently encouraging). Your gift to me made me what I am, and, as I cast off more and more of what goes against that gift, what I am becoming.

I am trying to say what is essential - there are too many details from almost

fifty years to all be squeezed in here.

Thank you Bhante, for all that you have given me and many many others - from the most magnificently measured and formal to the most informal and deeply intimate. How can I repay you other than by continually surrendering to and, in my own way, and through your blessings, helping to point out to the world the starriness of things?



## Khemasuri

#### In Gratitude to Urgyen Sangharakshita

It seems a long time ago and I was a young woman in extremis. I had a baby of 5 months and a toddler; I lived halfway up a mountain in Wales. My partner had just been told he had cancer and after failed surgery was given a prognosis of 9 months. Although my partner, with great determination, failed to die... in fact he is still living, he was still very ill and life was difficult for many years.

I was managing, on the outside, but I knew on the inside I was only just hanging in there. A friend suggested that I learn to meditate, and this made sense. So I bought a book by Stephen Levine and meditated daily for a couple of years. I knew I needed someone to talk to about my practice, but Mr Levine lived in California!

It was then that the extraordinary influence of Urgyen Sangharakshita came into my life. There was one leaflet in my very small local library; I thought it was there just for me! Taraloka had recently opened its doors and there was a meditation weekend advertised, almost on my doorstep. I went and over the years made gradual progress, and never looked back.

#### A heartfelt thank you to Bhante Sangharakshita for;

- A Buddhist movement that respects and encourages women, and this flowering in the arising of Taraloka, my other home.
- Meditation (my first love) being supported by the community at Vajraloka through the little class in Llangollen.
- The Dharma presented in a way that made sense to me, and I could follow.
- A community, as Sangha, that supported me then and continues to support me now.
- Your personal encouragement when I have been taking new directions.

And finally, I have unending gratitude for the Triratna Order in all its baffling and beautiful existence, a living organism rather than an organisation.

Dharmacharini Khemasuri 7th November 2018



# Mo Vyse

I would like to say how grateful I am to and for Sangharakshita. He has been my gateway to become a practicing Buddhist. Through his knowledge and his courage he brought Buddhism to the UK and made it accessible to people like me. Through his foresight and actions I have been able to understand and follow the Buddha, the Dharma and practice Buddhism through the guidance of the Sangha. Sangharakshita has therefore changed my life and for this I thank him and pay homage to him for this opportunity in this lifetime.

Mo Vyse Shrewsbury Sangha, UK.



## Rainer Pretz

#### Dear Bhante,

with these few words, I would like to express my heartfelt gratitude and hope to inspire future generations of Triratna Buddhists and Buddhists all over the world to follow your example, to grow and develop and find the way to the deepest peace, highest joy and utmost freedom.

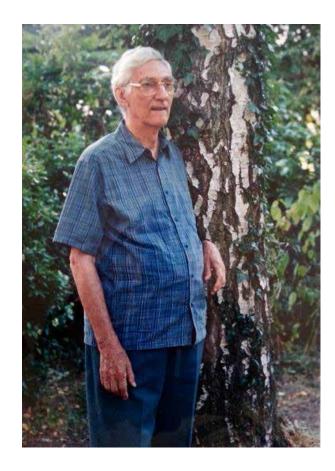
I am a going-for-refuge Mitra from Germany and first met Bhante when I was 26 years old, during a pilgrimage to Adhisthana via other Triratna Centres and Communities in England. It was with great anticipation, that I looked forward to seeing the person I learned to see as my teacher, probably the most important teacher in my life, since he has given me the opportunity to practice the Dharma. Our meeting still inspires me, and I am happy to carry on the flame of inspiration to future generations. We talked about my name twin Rainer Maria Rilke, about poetry, the arts and music. He asked me what I was planning to do after my studies at university and I told him, that I would be happy to live a simple life for the Dharma and that I will not need very much... music, nature, tea... "and spiritual friends" he added. It was only a small comment, but this reminded me of the importance of spiritual friendship. Somehow, even if his eye sight was not good anymore, he could see me and my needs and what I need to develop most – spiritual friendship. Being a friend to my brothers and sisters in the Dharma, but also to me and to the whole world of beings. I am very grateful for his clarity of mind and his simple friendly presence in those few minutes when we met.

At another occasion I wrote a letter to Bhante, as I was wondering if he would like to contribute to filling an empty Amoghasiddhi rupa. I was astonished and very happy indeed when Mahamati passed on personally a mala which Bhante had chosen as a gift. I am grateful for his generosity. I did not expect to receive such a great gift, I hoped for a few words or a letter, but to receive such a gift showed me Bhantes supporting and loving heart. I am grateful to have a teacher who is not high-minded and amenable to his pupils in many ways. Now, every time I look at my rupa, I am reminded of all those qualities I mentioned here. Only because of Bhantes work I could hear the Dharma at our Buddhist Centre in Essen, Germany. This saved my life after a difficult period of depression and suicidal tendencies.

Whatever the circumstances are for you to read these few words, may it be of benefit to you and may it inspire you to see all those conditions Sangharakshita created a long time ago, so that many beings may be able to hear the words of the Buddha and practice the Dharma in a thriving and lively worldwide Sangha.

Rainer Pretz

15th November 2018, Essen Buddhist Centre, Germany



# Upekshalila

In Adhisthana I felt the presence of Bhante like being a light luminous pillar, radiating in all directions, but with a structure at the same time. After his death I got the idea to form a pillar of the

nature material with which I have been working for years. The pillar is made of single elements, of dry flower umbels of wild carots and fennel bound together with copper wire. The single element is strechted out into six directions: up and down, to the left, to the right, forward and backward, opening at every end into the space. Together the elements form a pillar in the length of a standing human being with an emphasis on vertical energy.

#### With love Upekshalila



### Sthānaśraddha.

I feel honoured and so very grateful to have been able to serve Bhante as secretary in the last few years of his life. Clear and bright was his mind right up until his death, full of warmth and kindness for those that came into his sphere.

Though we were generations apart he always took interest in what interested me and our work together was so very smooth and straightforward, which is impressive given Bhante's poor eyesight and my general lack of secretarial skills, I often felt that Bhante at 92 or 93 was working at a pace I could just about keep up with!

Some of the abiding memories of my time with Bhante will be greeting him each morning and being greeted in reply with a cheerful "good morning Sthanashraddha". Watching Bhante reach behind him, as he turned to sit, his hand wafting the air, until he took hold of the arm of his chair, before dropping down into his seat. Taking many a lunch with him, always in silence, and standing to one side as he got up after lunch partly out of love and devotion and partly just incase he might stumble.....he never did!

On one or two special occasions I helped him tie offering scarves around blessed objects, or look through the contents of a box of treasures, passing each item to him as he recalled stories and memories of things, and him 'showing me' White Tara Tormas he had been given by Dhardo Rinpoche.

If I wove a basket out of willow he delighted in its construction, if I made a shawl on my loom he beamed at its colour and texture, once I designed and made a temple shrine to Padmasambhava and he circumambulated it three times to get a good look at it and of course worship the great Guru!

Intellectually I can understand people talking about Bhante carrying on in our actions and even him abiding everywhere now he is not tied to his body, I'm so glad he lived a full and complete life, and died well, passing quickly from a cheerful old age peacefully and painlessly. In my heart though intellectual understanding means little right now, for the time being I simply feel a great sadness mixed with gratitude, I miss him so.

And my final memory, will stay with me for years. The weight of my teacher pressing on my right shoulder as I carried him to the grave.

As Milarepa sang, "Their meeting and their parting mark the change of time... may we meet again in prosperity and boon"





Urgyen Sangarakshita - 26,08,1925 - 30,10,2018 - Book of Rememberance

# Seth Hinkley

#### Dear Sangharakshita,

I feel deeply grateful for the legacy you have left, the community you formed, bringing me into connection with a group of such kind and committed people. Your actions have impacted my life, immensely, for the better.



## Dh. Anomdassi

#### My deep tribute to my guru (km)Urgyen Sangharakshita.

I met Bhante four times in my life. I remember two meetings 1992&1994 ,when i met Bhante in 1992 in Bhaje that time i was working at Thane as chair person Bhante said "you are working in Thane then asked me what about Nasik? Nasik comes under Thane ,Babasaheb started his 'kalaram Mandir' agitation &it is important place & he said we must starte our thmsg movement there and i surprised that Bhante has great vision .

In 1994 when i went to UK to attend the international convention there i met Bhante when i was offering 'Chandan garland'he asked me 'What about 'Shivasena' that time in Maharashtra Shivasena was in power how much he cares about Ambedkrities people. Also he asked me about 'Bhikshu Sumed 'as he was in Hospital in Mumbai i surprised because he advised us that we must do metta on him ,we know that 'Sumed' critisized lot on Bhante yet he is asking me to do metta on him realy he was Bodhisatva .

Bhante you are protector of Budhist culture, you are great poet, you are precious Dhama teacher, you are the writer of 60 books, you fulfill Dr BR Ambedkar's dream to make India 'Prabudh Bharat' My deep deep tribute to you.

Your's deciple Dh. Anomdassi



### Sinhendra

#### At My Teacher's Grave

Words seem impossible right now... There is so much unsaid, just an absence of them left to arise in the blending of frankincense with the cold, autumnal air. Perhaps this and the slow dipping sunshine, just appearing, which has shone through tears falling as rain, into rainbows, as if alighting everything in a prayer. Perhaps this then is poetry? With the many hundreds chanting for Buddha, circumambulating our teacher's grave. throwing flowers deep into what really mattered; That silence emerging out of mystery, from death itself. And the chanting carries on, Sung as we leave, Held in the heart, Taken on the journey home:

Muni muni maha muni Shakyamuni sadhu

#### **The Funeral Procession**

Om tare tutare ture svaha.

Everyone sung as they processed behind,
the mantra quietly consuming the barn space with more than a
thousand strong,
human voices entwined,sung into the damp afternoon air
as if they came from angels.

Om tare tutare ture svaha
The procession carried on, clearing the sky of rain cloud,
from which appeared the sun,
low lying, yet radiating, behind a large, solitary oak,
near which we had all gathered,
listening to the elements being sung.
Earth, Water, Fire, Air, Space and Consciousness,
A body giving back it's gifts,
A process of grace,
of just what we are made of.

Om Amideva hrih
The sun tilts lower,
like a lover leaning closer to its beloved earth,
The mantra of the red Buddha of love,
Cloaking Bhante's grave with thoughts of much gratitude.
And from beyond the grave,
In that eternal space of truth,
Comes these immortal words:

Cease to do evil,
Cultivate the good,
Purify the heart,
This is the teaching of the Buddhas.



# Manjugita

#### Dear Bhante,

from the deepest of my heart and the whole being, I give infinite thanks to you for having turned the wheel of the Dharma and for creating an Order strengthened by the golden threads of sublime friendship. Infinite thanks for having sown so many seeds in your path, for the inspiration and love that you gave so that an immense orchard grew by your side, and infinite thanks for continuing to nourish this orchard with the purifying rain of the Dharma. I especially thanks, the heritage of poetry and contact with beauty through it.



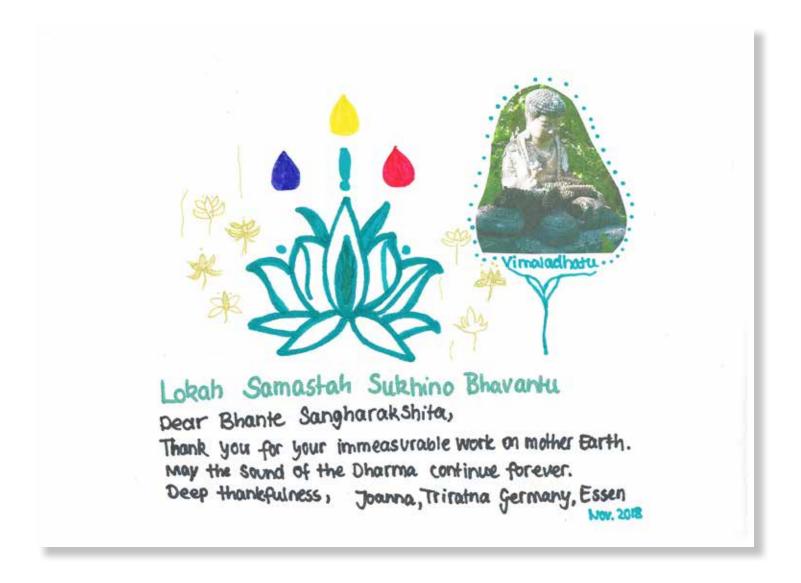
#### THE RAIN OF THE DHARMA

Feel carefully, be aware, right now and not before, is when the deepest shunyata blooms in your heart. The soil is fertile, and the necessary nutrients are spread generously across the immense orchard. The multicolored flowers and the sandalwood trees are strong and abundant. Listen carefully, be aware, right now and not later, is when the deepest shunyata blooms in your heart. OM AH HUM! The clouds gather in the sky, a thunder cracks the intense blue. Drop by drop the immense orchard is revitalized, the most refreshing expression of silence. Look carefully, be aware, right now and not before, is when the deepest shunyata blooms in your heart. The sun has risen this day and shines brightly, the light travels heating and reviving everything in its path. Smell carefully, be aware, right now and not later, is when the deepest shunyata blooms in your heart. The wind spreads the scent of flowers and sandalwood trees throughout the world, the orchard fruits again and again.

Taste carefully, be aware, right now and not before, is when the deepest shunyata blooms in your heart. The deeper roots also receive light, the flavor of interconnectedness transcends Space.

Meditate carefully, be aware, right now and not later, is when the deepest shunyata blooms in your heart. The flowers and sandalwood trees of the orchard glow vigorously and move in harmony with the stars. The deepest peace transcends Consciousness and Time.

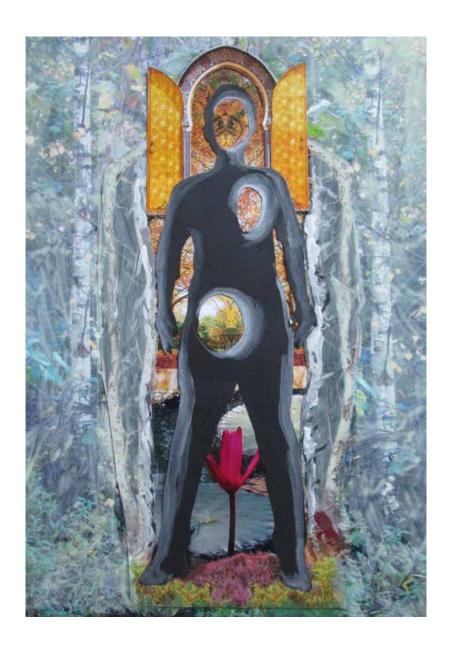
## Joanna Förster



# Hiltrud Jochinke

Ich werde durchlässiger
Altes löst sich auf
Ich verändere mich
Leiden und Zweifel haben ein Ende
Dank dem Dharmaweg, der von
Sangharakshita für uns so gut
bereitet!
Wachsen
Bemühen
Lernen
Fortschreiten
Loslassen

In dankbarer Erinnerung Hiltrud Jochinke, D - Bottrop



#### Dh Akasaka

In attempting to write about the gratitude I have for Bhante Urgyen Sangharakshita I am aware it will only touch on how much I have been given by him in this life. My gratitude is not only personal, however. I am also grateful to Bhante for touching the lives of those friends I have found in Triratna who have also benefited from his life and teaching, the gratitude that witnesses the growth and unfolding richness of friends practising the Dharma; I am also grateful to Bhante for teaching the Dharma to those I don't know, and also to those who may be or may have been enemies who have also benefited from his teachings. And by extension, all the positive actions and attitudes that have affected beings throughout the world due to his teachings. It is not possible to measure the extent of the positive effects of the actions made as result of Bhante's teachings but that does not stem the depth of my gratitude.

I came across Bhante's works in 1987 aged 29, when I stepped through the doors of the London Buddhist Centre, seeking a path for understanding the truth. I had travelled on my own to Tibet, seeking answers to those existential questions prompted by the sudden death of my father. In Lhasa I had a glimpse of perfect vision and I knew I had to learn to meditate. What Bhante offered was a path that did not answer those questions but which turned my mind to consider them more deeply, not in a merely abstract way but in a way that helped me to live life more fully, more vividly, more creatively, more compassionately, with some appreciation of the interconnectedness of things.

Not long after I started going to the LBC I had a dream in which I was in a grain storage barn in Nepal. Inside I met a grey-haired Englishman who was playing a wooden flute. As I moved towards him I noticed a sack in front of him, plump and full, but as I approached, the floor opened up beneath my feet and I tumbled down and down. I was afraid but there was no need, because I landed softly on the basement floor which was covered in cushions. There in front of me was the same grey-haired man, playing the same flute, with the same mysterious expression, the same sack but this time the sack had split, and what was pouring out of it was a healing herb - and that herb was sage.

I had forgotten about this dream until recently and so it is fitting that it came to mind not long before my teacher's death. By good fortune I met up with Bhante this year and it was good and I am so glad for that.

In the years entering into the sangha in London I came to see my teacher as no less than an emanation of Guru Rimpoche, Padmasambhava. The myth of his life has echoed to an astonishing degree the life and liberation of Padmasambhava. Bhante brought the Dharma to vast territories that had never before benefited from it, not shying away from the immense challenges of Western materialism, he found unique ways to communicate the Dharma to a 'Western' mind through his writings and through setting up the FWBO. He did not shirk from criticism and I imagine he too dwelt in cremations grounds at times. But what treasures he revealed! Listening to his taped lectures was riveting, the presence in his voice, his sense of drama and his wry and mischievious humour, the gradual build-up in his argument, culminating in a vajric crescendo as he delivered his essential teaching. These lectures are matchless.

For me personally Bhante brought together the life of the artist and the Dharma practitioner and his book The Religion of Art is perhaps one of his most radical in the Buddhist world. This integration of art life and Dharma life has opened great vistas of mystery and beauty, making myth a real and felt experience among many of us who can clearly call ourselves Buddhist artists – experience that we can communicate through art, thanks to Bhante's teachings in this area.

When I heard of Bhante's death I found myself asking the question:

'Where have you gone, Bhante?'

A few minutes later came the answer:

'Deeper into your heart'.

With much gratitude and well-wishing to my precious teacher.

Dh Akasaka

## Vajrasara

Since Bhante's funeral, my heart has been awash with gratitude and a peaceful completeness.

I've experienced even more connection and kinship with all Order members – near and far.

There is much to celebrate about Urgyen Sangharakshita's remarkable long life – a life imbued with spiritual vision and courageous commitment to it.

I rejoice in his tireless commitment to translating the Dharma – revealing its timeless relevance. Leaving a treasury of written and spoken words for today and future generations.

His dynamism that cut through so many obstacles to establish a truly radical and accessible approach to Buddhism.

Founding an international community based on ethical values, genuine connections and spiritual vitality.

His astonishing perspicacity, clarity of mind that mined the gems in scriptures, which I'd never have noticed.

His dedication to communication and friendship – showing how to be a friend, and the spiritual significance of working at friendship.

Teaching us to question, think, reflect, imagine and develop a nose for the important principles.

His reliable kindness and playful humour; his generosity to meet (and influence) whoever wanted to visit him, right to the end.

My life has been profoundly enriched by him, and those inspired by him. I'm deeply glad I encountered our sangha; it's enabling me to transform myself in the light of the BuddhaDharma, in the best company.

May the 'wind' that drove him on, continue to blow through our Order and keep the Transcendental Dharma alive in our midst.

Go well, Bhante, may all blessings be yours.

much metta

Vajrasara, November 2018



### Anantamani

I went to see Bhante at Birmingham some years ago to give him the Welsh Puja book. He was so kind, appreciative and totally supportive. I gave the book to him and he looked at it with his usual care and interest and then asked me if I could read the Three Fold Puja to him in Welsh. We sat there together with the late afternoon light shining in and I read him the Puja. It was a magical moment of unity that I will always treasure.

Diolch Bhante.

Anantamani



## Vajratara

I was 17, confused, a heart full of longing and a head full of ideas. That was when I found the South London Buddhist Centre and started to read Sangharakshita. It was like he knew everything that had ever made sense to me, but expanded it and showed me more. It was like discovering an underwater cave full of ancient, precious things. I listened to all his lectures and made notes. Suddenly I would stand up exultant at what I had heard. When I read 'The Survey', tears poured down my face. Tears of relief. Thank you Urgyen Sangharakshita. You opened my eyes, you showed me what was possible. Visions unfolded before me. Life was mysterious and full of promise. More than that you gave me a context to live, people who understood me, friendship and delight.

We met on various occasions, sometimes about things to do with Triratna and the Order, sometimes just personally. At our last meeting you turned to me and asked me when we had last seen each other and why it had been so long. I knew then that you weren't interested in me as a Dharmacharini doing good work. You were interested in me, in us, as individuals who shared, at least to some extent, your understanding of the Dharma, which means existence, and what is possible in existence.

All my questions and confusions were clarified in your teachings or in our meetings. You had a whole range of interests and reflections that educated me more than my formal education: Buddhism, the arts, philosophy and literature. What is more you drew them all together. I remember at University quoting ideas you had taught us, such as 'Mind Reactive and Creative'. My lecturer re-wrote his course notes to include those ideas, but they were all from you. At the same time you had great feeling and sensitivity. I felt that through your poetry and autobiographies.

I remember you talking about your feelings for the Indian Buddhists. Once you told me about teaching in the red light district of Mumbai. You said that you didn't know what to say when you got to the third precept, and you asked them to work it out for themselves. Everyone laughed, including you. A young monk living in the hills, you didn't mind travelling on bullock carts and into areas monks were not used to going, to unfamiliar places and people. You had the Dharma in common, and that was enough. Thank you for your courage and for the strength of your faith in the Dharma, that you were prepared to do anything to give us that gift. You risked being unpopular, rejected, poor, misunderstood. We received that gift, and it came through fire.

When you first moved to Adhisthana you told me about your struggles with old age and the strain of moving. I was telling you I wanted to make a vow to always be your disciple, through lifetimes. Your reply surprised me, "Does that mean I will have to remain in samsara?" From a somewhat selfish perspective I said you did, "Samsara is a very difficult place for me at the moment, but the Order is some consolation." May the Order remain a consolation now you are gone. May it console those in a suffering world, and may it bring about the conditions to reach liberation.



# Dharmachari Sujiva

Dear Bhante,

Thank you for the gifts of the Three Jewels, your shining example of how to practice, and the Order you founded. I feel incredibly fortunate to have lived at a time when you were alive. I will always cherish the memory of the few days you spent at my community in Wellington many years ago. May your influence live on for centuries to come for the benefit of all beings. May we practice deeply on the path you have shown, and have the good fortune to be your disciples again in lives to come.

With love, Dharmachari Sujiva 26 Nov 2018



### Purna

Gratefully, with hands folded in reverence, I rejoice in the merits of my greatly precious teacher Urgyen Sangharakshita. May I continue to find him and be his disciple for as long as both of us endure in our lifetimes. I was ordained by Bhante in January 1975 during the course of his first visit to New Zealand. Initially I was attracted to Bhante through the power of his intellect, his ability to explain the most difficult and obscure of Dharma teachings in a straight-forward and apparently easy manner. He highlighted what was essential. He opened for me the Dharma Treasure of the Sutras and Suttas. He communicated a tremendous strength of conviction and confidence in what he explained. What slowed my discursive mind and initiated the process of my asking Bhante to join the Order was two things. One was listening to a series of talks given by Bhante on The White Lotus Sutra. The other thing was reading Bhante's book 'A Survey of Buddhism'. Both of these I was put in touch with in 1973-4, through an Order member Akshobhya who was living in New Zealand. Through The White Lotus Sutra Bhante taught me the importance of symbolism and that truth may be communicated in ways other than with facts. He taught me the importance of never believing I had fully understood something. Mostly what affected me in 'A Survey of Buddhism' was a passage talking about the Dharma being eternal (sanātana) and timeless (akālika). It completely transformed my understanding of who the Buddha was and the significance of what I was becoming involved in. Bhante compared the Dharma that the Buddha realised and the environment of India in which it emerged to two things. These two things are a seed and the pot in which that seed is grown. "What we need most of all to remember is the fact that whatever the part played by the contents of the pot may be, the seed out of which grew the mighty spreading Banyan tree of the Dharma came not from inside but from outside it". This was my first introduction to the sense of a mystery beyond my ability to understand, a mystery that I could only glimpse with awe and worship with folded hands. Bhante opened for me the possibility of a path which led from what we are seeing to what we are not seeing, the possibility of something that transcended the physical senses and the rational mind.

When I first encountered the Dharma (which was prior to my first meeting Bhante), I was not able to really give much credibility to the subtler

dimensions of human existence. Bhante opened these up for me in a very quietly understated manner. Bhante would recount visionary experiences or encounters with dead people or other realms, all done in a completely matter-of-fact manner. He loved sharing ghost stories around the dinner table.

In his autobiographies there are accounts of the most extraordinary happenings and they are almost easy to miss because they are simply part of the narrative story. Nothing special really.

At my ordination Bhante gave me the Shakyamuni practice and a couple of years later, at my request, he also went through the Tara and Padmasambhava sadhanas with me. Since his death I have been strongly connecting with Bhante, as Tara, leading me through visualising myself as Tara. What I had not really connected with back in 1977 when Bhante led me through the practice was that Bhante at that point was embodying Tara. It has taken me until now to understand the full significance of what I had received from him.

Above all I want to rejoice in Bhante's personal reverence and devotion to the Buddha's and Bodhisattvas. Getting involved with Bhante and his teachings at an early age has completely shaped the way I approach my life. Though initially I thought in terms of 'understanding' Buddhism and was somewhat blocked emotionally, over time I began to experience a deeper sense of what Bhante was also communicating. What he was also communicating was a deep reverence and devotion. He taught me what reverence was, not by his talks or writing, but by what he seemed connected with, during the simple act of bowing to the shrine and performing puja.

From the depths of my being, gratefully and with my heart filled with devotion, I pay tribute to the person who became the most important influence in my life. May we soon meet again, dear teacher.

Your disciple, Purna, 26 Nov 2018

## Stefan / Düsseldorf-Essen Sangha

when Bhante Sangharakshita died two days ago, luckily I was in my garden. So when Tanja called to let me know, at least I could stand by a fire, surrounded by nature: trees, wind, birds, fallen leafs, wood, moss, fern... I think he would have enjoyed that, too. It would have been worse, had I received the sad news at the office. So at least I could stand by a fire.

Too soon I had to extinguish it though for also I had to part. I poured water to the flames; a massive cloud of smoke blew off. "Your fire blazes on" I spoke gently to my teacher.

I knew it was true but I could not resist to google it. There was nothing on the internet yet. Again I felt gratitude. He was only dead a few hours and I did not hear it through the media but from a friend, a mitra, a lover – my wife. In fact we had first met at the Buddhist center, too. A strong vision and feeling came up: how right now the news would travel the World, hundreds and thousands of Order members, mitras and other friends involved... a multitude of strong emotions, tears shed.

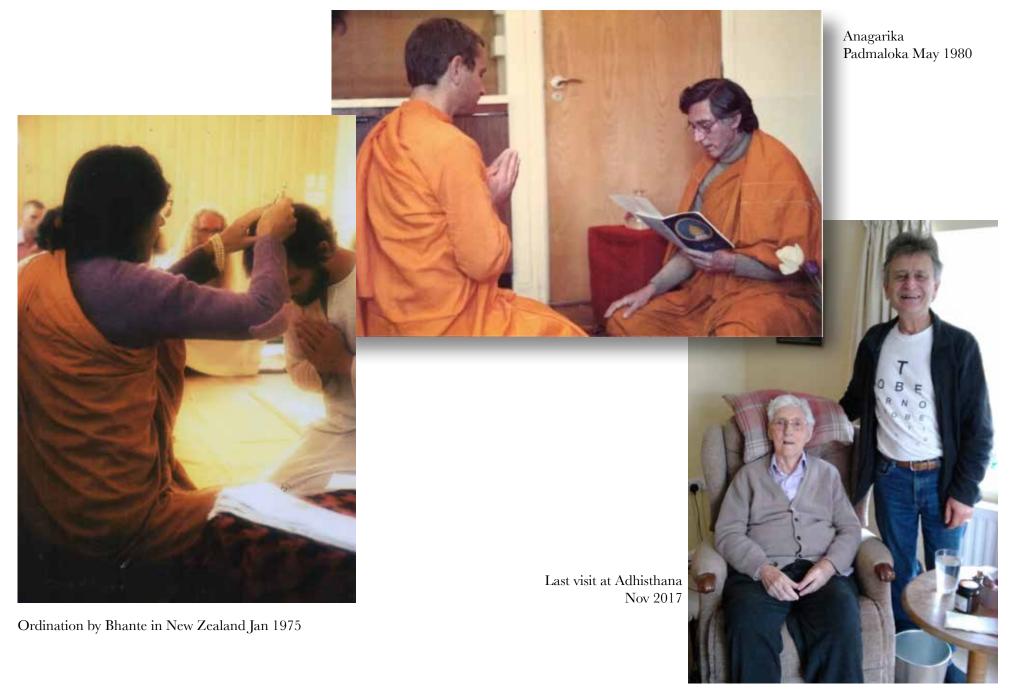
That night I had a surprising dream. I don't often dream that vividly. I had been in a room at Adhisthana with only a few other people. A door opened and four or five men carried Bhante out over their shoulders. He was in white robes, his skin ashen, pale, stiff dead. They would lay him down on a sofa and walk away when suddenly Bhante came to live, his upper body rising up to a sitting position! It looked like he might fall over so I rushed over to hold him. I then sat behind him, my arms gently but firmly around his chest. Aware that he was dead a minute ago, he was all confused and spoke in a strange language, maybe like an ancient form of Italian. It was uncanny but I was also happy and a little proud that I could be so near and give him support.

Now everybody in the room was stirred up, noticing that Bhante has actually risen from the Dead! The Order members who had carried him in came back. I noticed Rupadarsin who was not the least surprised but gleefully said something like "I could foresee it coming, it's magic, how wonderful!"

I don't remember how that dream ended but somehow it was clear that it would be only a short re-arising. Now we have some flowers and his foto by our shrine, feeling very thankful and very connected.

Peace is a fire!

November, 1st 2018 / All-Saints



## Petra H

Dear Sangharakshita,

I am so sad I did not meet you during your life and not thank you personally.

So I hope your mind is able seeing and hearing my gratitude.

Your doctrine helped me so much for the last eight years that I found my sangha

here.

I am another man now.

I will not forget you.

Best wishes

Petra H.

GFR-Mitra in Triratna -Arnsberg-Sundern/ Germany

## Kalyanasri (Dharmacharini)

Through being one of the proofreaders for Sangharakshita's Complete Works I am re-reading Bhante's writings as they are sent to me. Apart from his extraordinary and unique life it has reminded me how much his spoken or written word has (and still does) meant to me for over 40 years and how grateful I am to him. My first experience of the then FWBO was to go on a weekend retreat at Broom House Farm in Norfolk, and it changed my life. Just two days of double meditation, pujas, communication exercises, and listening to a tape of Bhante's, 'saved my life' - if not literally, it 'woke me up'. I was 'dead' in a 'dead' marriage with no communication with my husband. I saw so clearly what I needed to do, so I broke up with my husband and, as it was hard to get to things living 30 miles away from a centre and with 2 young children, I listened to taped lectures and read anything of Bhante's I could. He always 'spoke' to me, was always relevant, and always helpful. Through him I knew I was a Buddhist and through his 'translation' of the Dharma my listening to him gave meaning to my life. So I wanted to give something back and started helping to transcribe seminars, and eventually, after moving to Norwich, was part of a team bringing out a magazine called Mitrata, and reading through numerous seminars looking for extracts. I loved those seminars.

Bhante was always encouraging of us single mothers and praised how much we did and how we took any opportunity for contact and friendship. We had yearly 'Mitrata tea parties' as his thanks to us for the work we did. My 2nd personal visit to see him was extraordinary. I had gone to see him at Padmaloka 1985 to ask for ordination and

was extremely nervous (and shy). On asking how I was I told him I was nervous and he said 'There's no need to be'. There was so much kindness from him in how he said it that the nerves disappeared, suddenly/immediately. I had never had that experience before or since. When I asked him if I could be ordained he just said 'I can't see why not, and I'll talk to the Order members who know you'. And as I was ready way before asking for ordination, I was ordained by him 4 months later in a youth hostel in Norfolk! That was a long time ago.

At the end of October 2018 I was driving to Tiratanaloka to have a retreat with some of the women I have ordained, when I read an email saying he had been taken to hospital with pneumonia. The first full day of the retreat I was told that Bhante had sepsis and would die fairly soon, and then we were all in the shrine room chanting the mantras he wanted chanting at this time and meditating when Shantavajri came in and whispered to me that he had died. I felt we were all in the right place at the right time. To be with the people I had been in a kuti with and witnessed their Going for Refuge, when my teacher, who had witnessed my Going for Refuge, had just died, made our lineage seem so clear and all I could feel then was immense gratitude. Over the week we were together there the loss emerged too, of course, but also many memories: things like the twinkle in his eye when he was gently teasing; the seriousness when he wanted to get something across to me, the way that when I met with him he just wouldn't accept my projections: they wouldn't stick, which often made me feel uncomfortable; but mostly his kindness and generosity in putting me at my ease. I

trusted him deeply. He was, as I said, a unique man: an extraordinary memory, an emotional intelligence and faith that was far-reaching, with depth, and breadth, and extraordinary vision which he held steadfast to always. He thought things through. He had incredible far-reaching foresight, always putting things in place to enable others to take responsibility for his Movement, for their lives and for their mental states. He, of course, misjudged some situations with some personal relationships, so some have felt hurt by him, but he was kind, clear, and knew with certainty from 16-17 years old that he was a Buddhist and he never wavered from that vision.

Re-reading his books now I sometimes get bored with his detailed descriptions of events in his life (what a formidable memory) but as I'm proofreading them I am going through them 3 times in a row, and I always find gems in amongst those details and observations. He fearlessly corrected erroneous interpretations of facts and false views, standing up for what he believed and clarifying the Dharmic perspective. And that perspective and his seeing the centrality of Going for Refuge meant that I, as a woman, could enter his Order, which is one of the far-reaching perspectives I think we can take for granted. And he could relate to anyone, anywhere. What a man and what a precious being we had amongst us for so long which we may not really appreciate until generations to come. I am SO glad I knew him a little and was alive when he was. Thank you Bhante.

With much gratitude

Anagarika Dharmacharini Kalyanasri

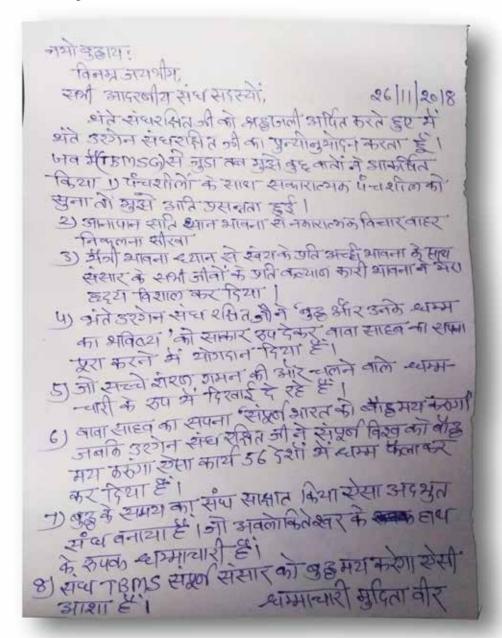
# Gérault Jean-François

J'ai beaucoup de gratitude envers Bhante qui par l'intermédiaire du Centre Bouddhiste Triratna de Paris m'a appris énormément de choses sur le bouddhisme et qui, grâce à la méditation, m'a fait progresser dans la vie de manière déterminante.

Je vous envoie toute ma metta.

Gérault Jean-François Paris

## Rajesh Priyadarshi





Brusles, le 27 novembre 2017

Bhaute,

Voici près d'un mois que tu nous a quitté phyriquement mais ta présence reste vivante dans mon coeur au travoir du merveilleux conteau que tu m'as fait : le don du Dharma. Mais que serait le Dharma sous anis spirituels pour le seratiques ?

dors de tes funciacilles, j'ai été frappé de voir autant d'amour autours de moi et j'y ai retrouvé des aries que je n'avais plus rencontré deplus langtemps. Ce que tu m'as offert va bien plus loin que le don du Dharma car tu m'as offert une familla spirituelle dans laquelle je me seus soutann et accueilli.

y'ai en la chance de te rencontrer en octobre 2014 less d'une rebrade organisée par Mahariddhi à adhisthana. Je me souvieus trier lien du premier contact que j'ai en avec toir, il était visuel! En effet, le premier rori après mon aviviée, en me promenant dans le jardin, je t'ai aperçu dans la véranda du bâtiment principal. Une évorme évution me submergea car toir, Sangharahshika à qui je devais tant, tu étais là à quelques dispuises de mêtres de moi. C'était comme su je me retrouvris en enfance face à Saint Dicolas (le père Noël lelge)! fasciné, j'ai voulu être

L'amour que je te pottais!

Durent toute le rebraire, je venair le roir t'doorver depuis le parc, avec respect et amour, t'envoyant toute ma mella!

Et puis l'inattendu s'est produit: tu désirais me rencontrer avec Bernard Stevens (le responsable de la rangha de Bruxells).

J'étais merveux mais la vervosité s'est vite envoltée ent ta

an plus proche de toi et faisant le tour du batiment, je me

suis caché dans la hous devrière la véranda. Tu étais

présence bienveillante.

Le contenu de la conversation reste en peu flore dans ma mémoire (heureusement, je l'ai enregistrée!) mais je me souvieus très breu de l'intérêt que tu m'as porté, m'interrogeant sur ma vie et ma pratique du Dharma. Meis, ce tout je me souvieus très bien, c'est lorsque tu m'as demandé si je compliais rester à Bruxolles pour y apporter le Dharma. Ce à quoi j'ai répondu "tri!"

Ce sori · là, après notre rencontre, je suis allé dans la liblidhèque et, d'une tradre, j'ai écrit ma demande à entrer dans le processus d'ordination!

Depuis lors, j'ai repris les rênes avec Chantal de la rangha de Bruxelles et je m'investis de tout cœur dans mon processus vers l'ordination. Je veux un jour avoir l'honneur de pouvoir porter la herra et d'honser la promese que je t'ai faite d'apporter le Dharma à Bruxelles.

Dujourd'hui, nous sommes une petite dijaine à pratiquer ensemble le vendredi sovi. J'espère pouvoir un jour ouvrir un centre bouddhiste Trivatura à Bruxelles.

Encore merci pour tout ce que tu as accompli durant ta vie, tu es un exemple qui m'impire chaque jour. Tu es

Quec Metta,

Frédéric Moualda

#### Amalasiddhi Dharmachari

Gratitude to Bhante Urgyen Sangharakshita

My parents gave me the precious gift of life, Bhante Urgyen Sangharakshita gave me the precious gift of a direction, a way for this human life to be fulfilled. He passed on the teachings of the Buddha that lead to the fulfilment of the deepest wish of the heart. As an adolescent I was desperate to find a way of life that would lead to such fulfilment and to the alleviation of suffering in the world. I wanted a way to live that could benefit as many living beings in the best possible way. None of the options I knew then seem satisfactory enough because they did not seem to go deep enough into the root of human suffering. But one day in 2009 I enrolled myself into a meditation course lead by people from the Triratna Centro Budista de la Ciudad de Mexico (Mexico City Buddhist Centre). Thorough that meditation course it became clear what the course of my life would be, I was a Buddhist and I was going to spend the rest of my life practicing and teaching the Buddha's teaching. I had found a very clear reason to live, a clear direction for my energy, creativity and life.

It was through Bhante's practice and understanding of the Dharma, through founding the Triratna Buddhist Community, through his exposition of the dharma and through his training of Order Members into the Dharma life, that the flame of the Dharma came shinning into my life all the way to Mexico (in the forms

of Upekshamati and Dhayachandra). I was only 17 when I started learning about Bhante and his teaching. I completely threw myself into the training that bhante had developed and the contexts for practice that he had envisioned. I moved to the UK into Buddhist residential community, started working in Team Based Right Livelihood at Windhorse: evolution, joined a Mitra study, a GRF group, went on many many weekend GRF retreats and soon started helping leading classes. I did all that because I had full trust that Bhante had set up something really worthwhile and I needed to make the most of it. Nearly ten years later and as a member of the Order he founded I can only say that there is nothing better I could be doing with my life than to live by the Dharma Bhante has elucidated for us and do my best to pass it on.

His thought, teaching and the Movement he set up have shaped my life and I am incredibly grateful for that. He has given me a strong foundation from which I can face the world upright and fearless and move with purpose knowing what the ultimate goal is Buddhahood and the welfare of all beings. At the time of his death I am 26 years old and I am a parent. There is no doubt whatsoever that I am much better equipped to love and look after my daughter than I would have been without the Dharma life I lead under Bhante's guidance.

I only met Bhante personally three times. In a way I had nothing to say to him other than: thank

you, thank you, thank you. And in a way he had nothing to say to me either, after all he did not know me. Also there is more than enough that he has said through is lectures and writings. In a way the purpose of meeting him apart from saying thank you was to feel his presence and bathe in it. His warm, attentive, still presence, somehow got into the depths of my being so throughly that I can feel it very vividly even as I write. I am moved to tears as I recollect him. It was a real blessing to meet him in person, it is a blessing to live by his teachings and it is a blessing to feel him even now he is gone. I am infinitely grateful for his life and his work. May his influence upon the world endure till the end of time and may it melt the ice of hatred in the hearts of people even as it continues to melt it in my own heart.

Amalasiddhi Sheffield, 26th November 2018

#### Dharmika

There's Gratitude: All human beings have faults; failings and shortcomings, and most have some accomplishments, in this respect as we well know, Ven-Maha-Sthira Urgyen-Bhante is no exception. By the time I came in contact with the FWBO at Pundarika Centre (1974). What I needed was a 'High-Lama' combined with an English-Master, who was prepared to come down of his perch, and be a real human being, and Bhante was certainly that. In due course sitting in half-lotus; as our engaging Subhuti played the tapes, I was won over and mesmerised by Bhante's endless eloquence; wit and sonorous discourses. Once I came down the stairs, to find just Subhuti and Bhante alone, on introduction I was embarrassed; as I couldn't recall the name of the lecture just listened to, simultaneously I was surprised as Bhante's body sort of shimmerd and I seemed to see within him a radiant youthful figure, even though Bhante then was about forty-eight. Subsequently about five years later, a rather different me; ran up some stairs in a New Zealand community (Suvarnaketu) and to my surprise Bhante and Purna were there, on this occasion it was crystal clear, when a very beautiful figure/emanation projected out of Bhante and just stopped me in my tracks. Then next day Purna said to me something to the effect of 'don't think I didn't see what happened'. Also in NZ I appreciated a meeting with Bhante in the Gipsy-Caravan, and on another occasion his looking at and okaying a particular Buddhist practice, I had years previously per-chance come across at Swiss - Cottage-Library. While looking after Bhante at the community; I regret when called into the bathroom, that while I performed whatever task was needed, I wish I had been less shy and also offered to wash his back, but can't think of everything. I felt both bereft and a slight sense of freedom when Bhante and Ratnaketu went to India, I remember the stillness and silence making them tea at about 4am before journey to Auckland-Airport, I guess we are all constantly in transit...

Also Thank-You for various other meetings and the two spells of cooking for you at Madhymaloka.

Dharmika, Norwich November 2018.

#### Danashura

Encounters with Bhante Sangharakshita:

First Sighting: Having been born and lived all my life in the Surlingham area, when in the mid 1970s I was riding my horse, Ptolemy, to visit my uncle and aunt who lived in the street. En route as I reached the gate of Lesingham House, I saw in the front garden a tall thin man with long hair and wearing yellow clothes.

First Meeting: In September 1981 I was asked to supply calor gas cylinders for cooking and heating, soon making friends with the residents of Padmaloka. Subsequently I was invited to take tea with Bhante, who wanted to know the history of my great grand parents, who had resided at Lesingham House, some fifty years earlier.

Much later: I was on retreat at Padmaloka preparing for ordination, when Bhante was staying in Surlingham to attend the annual convention at Wymondham College. I was granted a meeting with Bhante in his room and chatted about my spiritual progress. He spoke with great interest and warmth. At the conclusion he got up from his chair to embrace me, saying he could not see me very clearly, but he could recognize my voice.

Gratitude: So I write this with much gratitude and affection to Bhante, for his gift of the Dharma, giving his wealth of knowledge, and great kindness to all his disciples. Sadhu...

With Much Love, Danashura xxx

## Amélie Roger

Cher Bhante,

Je n'ai jamais eu le privilège de vous parler en personne, mais j'ai l'impression de vous rencontrer chaque jour par vos enseignements.

Le courant Triratna est arrivé à un moment de grande transition dans ma vie. Ma belle-mère étant tombée gravement malade, je cherchais comment faire face à sa souffrance, comment l'accompagner jusqu'à son départ. Si vos enseignements m'ont donné beaucoup de réponses sur ces questionnements, ils m'ont aussi tant apporté quant à la compréhension du monde qui nous entoure, aux tiraillements quotidiens de notre société de consommation et à quel point elle entretien l'insatisfaction.

Merci Bhante pour votre clairvoyance, pour les chemins de vie que vous éclairez par votre lucidité sur les maux du monde. Merci de nous apprendre le bonheur simple et contenté. Merci de nous avoir offert un refuge quand lequel on peut tout simplement apprendre à vivre pleinement, authentiquement et inspirer les autres aussi à chercher leur voie.

### Mahāsiddhi

Sitting with Bhante
In death as He was in life
Equanimity.

With love and gratitude in death as in life, Mahasiddhi

#### Siobhan Ford

#### Bhante

To me you are a modern day Padmasambhava. When Padmasambhava went to Tibet he breathed life into the Buddhist teachings in a way that translated the Dharma and enabled Buddhism to take root there. You came back to England, where Buddhism was known about but more as an exotic religion or something to study. Like Padmasambhava you translated and breathed new life into the Dharma in a way that has allowed me to learn how to bring the middle way into my own life. You gave me the joy of metta a loving kindness for myself and all beings as well as friendship in the spiritual life. Two gifts I will always be grateful for

You also probably saved me a few lifetimes of searching through obscure and varied Buddhist scriptures and readings by your own wisdom and study. You pinpointed useful texts and explored and clarified them in a way I could take into my life and understand. You brought into being a sangha broad and ever expanding. Your radical vision gave equal ordination for men and women emphasising the importance of friendship in the spiritual life and giving importance to our depth of practice rather than the way we choose to live.

I feel honoured and blessed to have been fortunate to have met you in this lifetime.

As milarepa sang.... Inspired by the Dharma may we soon meet again....

Thank you for the jewel you have created that has so many facets across different countries and cultures yet all reflecting the 3 jewels and all going for refuge to the Buddha, Dharma and Sangha.

Following the coffin
We follow you
Following you we unite
Become more...
More than individuals
More than nationalities
More than ourselves
We blaze with love

Without you we wouldn't be here Without you our lives would be less And when we stand together We will never truly be without you.

A silver sun at your graveside
A huge golden crescent moon that night
The world turns differently
Marking your passing
The refuge tree shudders
Beyond time and space
Completely mythic context
Your life's work complete

It's up to us now.

#### Malini Thomas

I dread to imagine what my life would have been like if I had not met Sangharakshita at the age of 17 lost as I was in the drudgery of suburbia with no real connection to anything. I feel immense gratitude that Sangharakshita appeared in my life and gave it meaning, he gave me a reason to live, to have a purpose.

I am grateful that he gave up a life of relative solitude writing poetry and dharma, meditating, reflecting and contemplating, meeting his teachers. It was a life he was very content with, living in his small vihara in the hills of Kalimpong, periodically making forays out to teach to the people in the plains, in the cities and villages where groups of Buddhist gathered.

How grateful I am that out of his compassionate desire to help others he gave up a life of relative ease to bring the Dharma to the West. How grateful I am that he saw the need to start a new tradition, keeping the purity of the Buddha's teaching and making it appropriate to those of us in the West. Our minds were searching for something new something meaningful and into the vibrant yet chaotic 60's he stepped. I am grateful that he broke away from the conventional monastic/lay tradition and in this vein of new tradition I am also grateful that he gave women the same ordination as men and the right for women to ordain other women.

How grateful I am that I could not pin him down. He was unconventional, yet he liked tradition. He was open to experimentation regardless of conservative expectations. He thought for himself and he was true to the Dharma. He did not adhere to unnecessary rites and rituals yet he was very devotional. He could be incredibly kind and reassuring yet he had no trouble showing his disapproval.

To me he was a Vajra guru, I never knew who I was going to meet. At times I would walk into his room and all my troubles would simply dissolve into the vastness of his mind, his aura, a dimension of energy I never felt elsewhere. At other times he felt like an ordinary human being wanting to talk about current situations or simply just chat about this and that. I can think of no other situation where I could have a mundane conversation and yet feel that my mind had been expanded, where I had entered into a state of consciousness far greater than the words themselves conveyed. I am so grateful that for a while at least, I have had the experience of my consciousness being elevated to another dimension just by being in his presence. One example was my ordination in 1969, I was the last of 12 people to get ordained all on the same evening. We sat doing metta for everyone as they walked across the corridor and into another room where the ordinations took place. By the time it was my turn it must have been nearing midnight, I was tired and very achy from sitting so long and I had no idea what to expect. However, when I entered the room barely able see Bhante with his long hair and robes sitting cross legged behind a fog of smoke from all the incense that had been burning, all my pain disappeared, the tiredness disappeared and I entered a different realm which I have never forgotten.

I am most grateful that he gave me a vision, a vision of a life that transcends the mundane materialistic way of being A vision of a state of consciousness that transcends the limited sense of self.

I am grateful for his clear articulation of the Dharma and uncompromising need for clarity, without which I would never have grasped the Dharma at all. I am grateful that he opened my mind to myth and symbols, rituals and other realities which have helped me connect with the vastness of mind when he was not there.

I am grateful for his example of devotion and reverence to the Buddhas and Bodhisattvas and of course the Dharma itself.

I am especially grateful that he had the insight to realize the importance of forming a Sangha, a community that focuses on a common goal. A Sangha that supports and challenges us, often exposing our deep clinging to self view.

I bow with immense gratitude to you Sangharakshita, you who worked ceaselessly for the Dharma in order to help all beings in whatever way you could.

Thank you Bhante, Malini

## Dh. Vidyasagar. Junagadh, Gujarat, India.

#### Gratitude to Bhante

The message of our spiritual teacher Bhante Urgyan Sangharakshita admitted in hospital for treatment of pneumonias and next day, they were no more with us.

This news is sad for me at the time because, I have not been contact Bhante with face to face and not any opportunity develop during visit of Bhante to Ahmadabad, Gujarat and India.

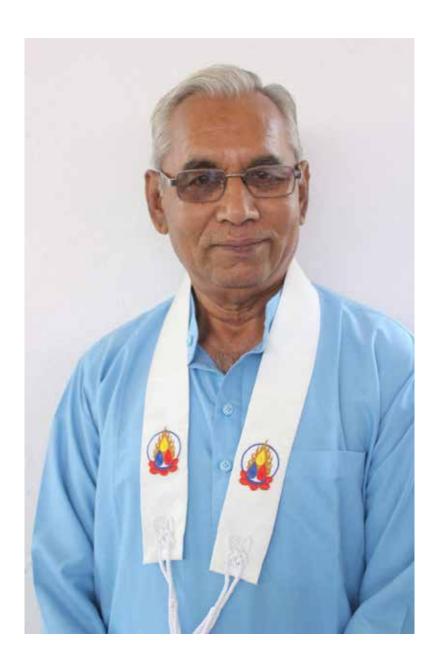
Last 20 year. I have close contact with TBMS as a dhamma sahayak, dhamma mitra and GFR mitra. The last month 14 octo. 2018. I have been became an order member and think that, I will be contact with Bhante any time in future. But it is very sad with in 15 day, bhante leave us for permanently.

I think and believe that bhante have not leave us because their teaching of audio, video lectures and published books are with us for guide of spiritual our life, development of sangha as a ambition of Dr. Ambedkar and spiritual of friendship.

We have proud to our international public preceptors for strengthening sangh in line of describe by bhante as per knowledge of buddha, dhamma and sangh with shila, Samadhi and pragna.

The last but not list, we will be remembering bhante every day and time in our centre. We will be honoring his teaching legacy through our commitment to practices.

Thank you so much bhante for everything that have given to us.



# Viryadevi

Thank you Bhante for your unflickering devotion to the Dharma, from when you first read the Diamond sutra right to the end of your life. And thank you for your ongoing confidence in our capacity to put the Dharma into everyday practice in our lives.

And thank you for your vision that for practice to fully flower we need to be anchored within the collective.



Viryadevi (left)

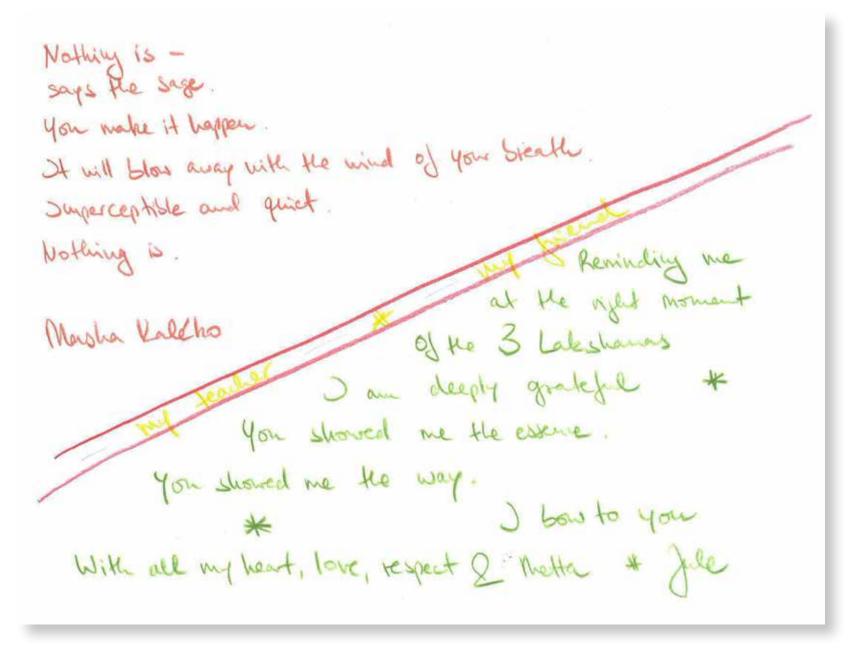
## Dh Anoma

Thank you Bhante for ordaining me all those years ago. I feel especially grateful that you came to the retreat just to ordain me, as I was the only one on that occasion. It was also the first time a woman had been ordained on a women's retreat. I feel much gratitude that you had faith in me, gave me such a beautiful name and gave me the Green Tara practice. I have felt a deep and unbreakable bond with you ever since then.

Anoma



# Jule Gartzke



## Manjumati

Danksagung für Bhante Urgyen Sangharakshita

Im Jahre 1998 habe ich den ersten Kontakt zu Triratna (damals FWBO) gehabt. Drei Jahre später wurde ich Mitra und im Jahre 2015 in den Orden aufgenommen.

Während mir in den ersten Jahren Texte von Bhante wenig ansprechend, kühl pragmatisch, sperrig und mit zuviel Wissen gefüllt erschienen, schätzte und schätze ich sie im Laufe der Zeit zunehmend. Auch die Audiodatei sind eine Quelle von kompaktem Wissen und Inspiration und feinem Humor. Ich bin dankbar, dass wir diese so wertvollen Aufnahmen haben, wo wir doch seine so achtsame Stimme hören können!

Bhante hat mir geholfen, meinem Leben einen Sinn zu geben, der mit dem Leben verbindet, ganz konkret in der Gemeinschaft, in der ich mich bewege. Er hat Worte benutzt, die ich verstehe kann, Bezüge gewählt, die mir nachvollziehbar sind. Und den Buddha und seine Lehre für mich praktizierbar gemacht, ich weiß nicht, ob das auch in einer anderen Bewegungen möglich gewesen wäre.

Dabei hat er ein System der gegenseitigen Unterstützung ins Leben gerufen, das es ermöglicht die eigene Entwicklung kontinuierlich ausprobieren zu können und voranzutreiben und gegenseitig Hilfe und Inspiration zu geben und zu empfangen. So war ihm ein lebendiger Sangha ein tiefes Anliegen und er war immer interessiert zu hören, was sich in den Zentren tat.

Die Organisation des Ordens selbst, das Kapitel stellt einen unverzichtbaren Teil für mich da.

Auch die Kalyana Mitras und die Betonung von spiritueller Freundschaft.

Er hat sein Leben völlig den drei Juwelen geweiht und so viel Entschlossenheit, Kraft, Inspiration und Vision entwickelt, dass eine weltweite Bewegung entstehen konnte!!!

Und konnte doch mehr und mehr los lassen von der Verantwortung und an die neue erfahrene Generation abgeben.

Dabei hat mich immer wieder sein unerschütterliches Vertrauen berührt, in die Entwicklungsfähigkeit des einzelnen Menschen und er hat diese Flamme weiter gegeben, an die Menschen, die er ordiniert hat und die wiederum andere in Zentren entzündeten und entzünden (es gibt da durchaus einige magische Momente, die ich nicht vergessen werde)

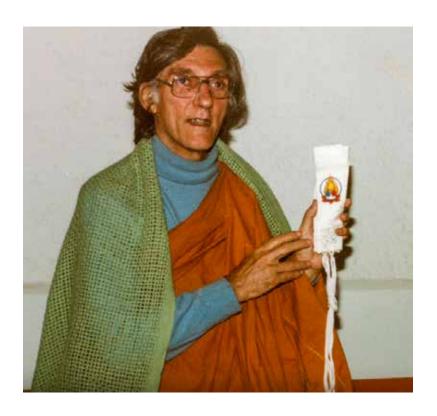
Insofern verstehe und fühle ich mich als Dharma Übende als Teil in einer spirituellen Linie des Buddha und froh, dankbar und auch stolz dies bei Triratna tun zu dürfen.

Manjumati (Deutschland/ Essen)

## Karunasri

Thankyou Bhante for being what I was searching for. And especially thankyou for my ordination my beautiful name and Vajrapani.

With love Karunasri



## Dharmamitra Zoe Lim

Dear Bhante Urgyen Sangharakshita

It is shattering to learn, only at your death, how much I love, admire and devote to you. A re-orientation of my life, one that is similar to though less drastic and radical than our Dharma brothers' and sisters' in India, has been gradually taking place since I came across the movement in 2010. Your vision of a Dharma life as exposited in Buddhism for today & tomorrow was my gateway to the movement. I remember vividly the thrill, heat rushed to the crown of my head and a little tremor in the heart... the excitement beyond words at the thought of a much more idealistic way of living out a life. That was followed by your many other lectures on the freebuddhistaudio.com; amongst them the Higher Evolution series and lectures on Mind: Reactive and Creative justified my hunger for a fuller definition of, as well as pointed to methods for, spiritual growth. They re-defined what Buddhism was to me, as an Asian Buddhist particularly as a Theravadan to start with (i.e., not just about wrestling with my mind on a mat).

When I met you in person in 2011, I poured my ideals out in my agitation for an ideal world to be created by Triratna. Your enormous patience and love was like an initiation to mettā – floodgates to a sea of unconditional love were flung open for the first time. Tears poured for two weeks following our meeting; after that, whenever I am lost I can always find my way back to this moment you gave me, Bhante. When I look at the sky I know you are

always there; even before you passed away I knew your presence was beyond the physical dimension. This is an indispensable gift to someone who cannot always be near to the physical sangha.

At the same time, thank you for emphasising on the importance of a physical sangha and spiritual friendship. Without this, I would no doubt still be intoxicated by the idea of unrealistic romance and imprisoned by cultural conditioning for male protection. Triratna is perhaps the only Buddhist Order with an equally strong (if not stronger...) women's wing and that is so, so important to me as someone conditioned strongly by patriarchy. It is also perhaps the only Buddhist Order that passes down its lineage through a college of Preceptors rather than through just one particular person. This is also so, so important to me, as someone conditioned by cultural values of collectivism and discipline, to live out individuality.

Thank you so much for giving me the examples, framework and context for freedom, Bhante. May your wisdom and compassion continue to spread out to all corners of the world for the next 50, even 50,000 years! May we meet again in many lifetimes to come!

Your disciple, Dharmamitra Zoe Lim (Singapore/Malaysia)



## Jnanacandra

In gratitude to my teacher Bhante Urgyen Sangharakshita

My parents gave me my life and raised me with love, thereby giving me a stable and healthy basis for my entire life, for which I feel deeply grateful to them.

But in my adult life, the greatest formative influence has been my teacher, Bhante Urgyen Sangharakshita.

I had met the Dharma and caught (some) fire before I met him or fwbo/Triratna. But would the Dharma ever have become the central focal point in my life that it did become, had I then embarked on practice with a different teacher, a different community? I will never know, but what I know is that I feel tremendously grateful for having been given...

The Dharma in an accessible form... in words that connect with my experience today, in this culture, in this time... in a spirit of enquiry, of encouragement to ask, to question, to explore... in playful ways , in practical ways, as well as in deep ways... urging me to develop not only meditation or study, but my whole being, leaving nothing out, a full path encompassing all aspects of my life and my mind... a clear path, yet subtle, nuanced, deep...

A Sangha, in which I could immerse myself fully... alive, vibrant, challenging, real... a community of people really connecting, really engaging with each other... connections for life, and maybe even lives, who knows? A Sangha of so many beautiful, wonderful, impressive people, all united in going for

refuge and in the will to manifest the Bodhisattva. How did you manage to bring all these people together, Bhante? How on earth have you managed to grow this amazing community from pretty much nothing??

An image of the Buddha that is open, unfinished, pulling the heart, inviting awe and wonder... waiting for further discovery... an invitation to be open to imagination and not feel tied down by traditional form.

From the depth of my heart I bow to you in respect and gratitude, Bhante Urgyen Sangharakshita. May I do all I can to help ensure that your teaching and the community you brought into existence will continue to flourish for the benefit of countless beings.

Jnanacandra, Essen, Germany

### Pablo Sierra

Dear Bhante,

Thank you for creating the conditions for living a western Buddhist practice, for translating the Dharma and for the worldwide network of true friendship. Thank you specially for inspiring the Dharma Life Course and for the interviews we had in which we talked about the importance of arts in spiritual life. I will treasure your words, your smile, and the inspiration to continue giving light to that distinctive emphasis in Triratna.

With Metta,

Pablo Sierra (Mexican GFR Mitra)



#### Arun Kumar

दूर से ही सही भंते, पर हम तेरे अंतिम संस्कार में शामिल हए । भावनाओं की उड़ान से हम, देश की सीमाओं के पार हुए। तेरी कल्याण मित्रता से, हम सब के जीवन धन्य हुए। तेरे अंतिम संस्कार में, लाखों की आंखें नम ह्यी। दूर से ही सही भंते, पर हम तेरे अंतिम में शामिल हए दूर से ही पास होने के, जज्बात से हम अवगत हुए | महसूस हुआ जैसे, अधिष्ठान में हम सभी एकत्रित हुए | हम सभी तेरे पुत्र पुत्री, धम्म में मैत्री बंधन से है बंधे हए। स्भूती, धम्मदीना और अमोघसिद्धि में, हम सभी थे समाये हए। इन तीनों के वक्तव्य से, हम सभी की भावनाएं अभिव्यक्त हुई। दूर से ही सही हम तेरी बिदाई में शामिल हुए किये अर्पण धूप दीप, श्रद्धा से नतमस्तक हुए। तेरे इस कारवां को बढ़ाने के लिए, हम सभी भंते प्रतिज्ञाबद्ध हुए। तेरे अंतिम संस्कार के समय, अनेको जगह सीधे प्रसारण हुए | दूर से ही सही भंते, पर हम तेरे अंतिम संस्कार में शामिल हए । जब मैत्री के धागे को हमने, बनाये रखा है। स्संवाद से संघ को, मजबूती प्रदान करना है। पापदेशना को अपना, गहना बनाये रखना है। पुण्यानुमोदन की डोर से, एक दूजे को थामे रखना है। भंते की कल्याणमित्रता को, हमें बनाये रखना है। जय भीम! नमो ब्दाय! श्रद्धावज्री

भन्ते बना दिया संघ तूने, िक लाखों को नया रास्ता दिया।
भीम के इस कारंवा को तूने, भारत में नया मोड़ दिया।
26 अगस्त 1925 को तूने, इग्लैण्ड में जन्म लिया।
छोड़ा अपना देश तूने, िक 20 वर्ष भारत में निवास किया।
धम्म की थी भूख तुझे, िक धम्म को तूने ग्रहण किया।
अपने धम्म अनुभव से तूने, बहुतों को जीवन बदल दिया।
भीम के अनुयाईयों को तूने, कल्याणिमत्रता का रत्न दिया।
आज संघ की मैत्री से भन्ते, मेरे जीवन को आधार मिला।
है कृतज्ञता के भाव भन्ते, िक जिनको मैंने ट्यक्त किया।
अद्यावज्ञी

#### Saravantu

Much gratitude ... for so many things ... perhaps most of all for creating the community where I learnt the metta bhavana. Learnt that metta is for ALL beings! Not just the ones I thought deserved it. This community has shaped my life, and connected me with so many friends, wise teachers and sincere dharma practitioners.

I'm also very grateful I had the chance to meet Bhante a couple of times this past year. In July he was in good form, greeted me warmly, and asked about the Shrewsbury sangha. And of course he asked me if I had read any of his recent writings. So we chatted, among other things, about his April 2018 article on 'Disparities'. He talked about power dynamics, his teachings on the love mode and power mode, and he said that we need to look more deeply at these things now. I heartily agreed. It was an important meeting for me.

With much love and gratitude to my teacher Bhante Sangharakshita.

Saravantu



## Essen Sangha

dieber urggen \* \* \* Sangharakshita, Ich fond Freundschaften und Voibilder mit Tige & Veitranen, Einen Dharma, den ich verstehe und der mich motiviert, Mein eigenes Potential zu verwirklichen. Main Zartes Hert 1st zerbrechlich und doch so kräftig. Ich lerne auf mein Herz zu hören and bin dankbar fir dieses mene Sein, a DANKE Sviel mehr dafüt, dass du mich geschen hast. ans Essen

Essen 30. November Dear Bhante Urgyen Sangharakshita if took we one and a half year to write this letter. In a easy I'm sorry for this. So I want to say thank you for building a base that teaches me the dharma Thank You for having ordained all these wise and trusting, beautiful order members I had until Know. For example, I live in a tiny little bomant Community in the Essen Buddhist Centre with the words ful Bharmacanni Kulanandi. She 15 my teacher, as you are . This kind of stadding you have had is like a seed, I think. And through the times this will spread like seed parts in the world stud it reades me this trusting in evolution within the cosmic myth of the Buddha, the Dharma and I'm deeply grateful, to have all this great legacy you have given to us to So farewell dear Bhante Laith warm thoughts and a heart fulfilled of Joy and love a yours The (GFR Hitra)

#### *Amrutsiddhi*

#### A contribution to the Book of Gratitude - Amrutsiddhi

चौदा वर्षाच्या वयात असतांना कराते शिकण्याकरिता 1979 ला समता सैनिक दलाच्या शाखेत मी प्रवेश केला आणि कराते सोबत नितीमत्तेचे घडे घेतले व प्रथमतः तथागत गौतम बुध्द आणि प. पू. डॉ. बाबासाहेब आंबेडकर यांचा खरा परिचय झाला. नितिमत्तेने जोवन जगण्याची प्रेरणा होती, काही अंशी जीवन जगत होतो पण दिशा नव्हती.

1985 पासून समता सैनिक दलातील सर्व युवक वर्ग निराशेत होता तेव्हा 1988 च्या डिसेंबर ला तेव्हाच्या त्रैलोक्य बौध्द महासंघ सहायक गण च्या संपर्कात आलो आणि शिविरात सहमागी झालो व खऱ्या अर्थाने <u>धम्म</u> शिकायला मिळाला. ध्यान पध्दतशीर कळले. मनुष्य जीवनाचा खरा उद्देश कळला आणि माझ्या जीवनात आमुलाग्र परिवर्तनाला स्रूवात झाली. 4 ऑगस्ट 1991 ला मी, माझे मित्र विनोद आणि सतीश धम्मचारी झालोत. विवेकरत्न, अमोधसिध्दी, रत्निसध्दी अणि अमृतसिध्दी आम्ही 5 ऑगस्ट 1991 ला त्रैलोक्य बौध्द महासंघ सहायक गण, नागपूर या केंद्राची स्थापना केली. प.पू.डॉ. बाबासाहेब आंबेडकरांना पहायची संधी मिळाली नव्हती परंतु बोधिसत्व उर्गेन संघरिसतांना जानेवारी 1992 ला नागपूर मध्ये जवळून पाहण्याची, दर्शन घेण्याची व बोलण्याची संधी मिळाली आणि मी धन्य झालो. विवेकरत्न यांचे घरी उर्गेन संघरिसतांसोबत आम्ही जेवण केले तेव्हा भन्ते करिता उच्चासन ठेवले होते, ते त्यांनी नाकारले व सर्वाच्या सोबत पंगतीत बसून जेवण केले आणि दोनदा आवर्जुन खीर खाल्ली व सर्वांसोबत छायाचित्र काढ़ले. मी अनुभवले ते मन्ते अहंकाररहित, अतिशय जागृत, संवेदनशील व्यक्तिमत्व.

प. पू. डॉ. बाबासाहेब आंबेडकरांचो खरो महानता, त्यांचे व्यक्तिमत्व आणि त्यांचे बौध्दधम्माला योगदान पूज्य उर्गेन संघरिक्षतांनी दिलेल्या बाबासाहेबांवरील व्याख्यानामुळे कळू लागले. पिद्यान—पिद्या या पृथ्वीवर धम्म जीवंत रहावा या दृष्टिकोणातुन मन्तेंती निर्माण केलेला त्रिरत्न बौध्द संघ म्हणजे परिणामकारक शरण गमण करणाऱ्या गृहस्थांचा संघ व चळवळ म्हणजे जागतिक स्तरावर धम्माचा प्रचार आणि प्रसार करणारे समर्पित आंदोलन इ. मुळे मंते आपण अमर झालात, लोकांच्या हृदयात जीवंत आहात. बौध्द धम्माचा प्रचार आणि प्रसार करण हीच खरी मानवसेवा होय. ही प. पू. डा. बाबासाहेब आंबेडकरांची दृष्टि त्यांचे गुरूबंघू म्हणून आपण प्रत्यक्ष संपूर्ण जीवनात अंमलात आणली. आपण त्या प्रमाणे जगलात आणि जगातील अनेक राष्ट्रांतील लोकांना ती प्रेरणा आपण दिली व सर्वांचे आपण प्रेरणास्थान झालात. भन्ते आपणांपासून मिळालेला वारसा म्हणजे धम्मशिकवण (धम्माचे विशेष सादरीकरण) आणि आचरण व कल्याणमित्रता, मी माझ्या आयुष्यात कधीही विसरू शकणार नाही, त्या बद्दल मी आपला संपूर्ण जीवनमर ऋणि आहे. ही माझो कृतज्ञता मी व्यक्त करतो. माझी चर्गन संघरक्षित या बोधिसत्वाला हृदयातून याचना आहे, मंते आपण बोधीसत्व म्हणून परत या इहलोकात जन्म घ्यावा आणि संघाला अधिक बळकट करण्यास मदत कराती, जेणेकरून अनंत काळापर्यंत धम्माच्या प्रकाशाने ही पृथ्वी प्रकाशित रहावी.

 अमृतसिघ्दी नागपुर, भारत

### Munisha

Dear Bhante,

Thanks entirely to your vision, insights and efforts, I have lived most of the last 30 years as part of a worldwide community of thousands of friends devoted to the pursuit of meaning and purpose, under the authority of 'something' very mysterious, much bigger than my own ego, and for the benefit of others. I have been able both to live and work with Buddhists - a full-time Buddhist life of friendship and enormous richness even it wasn't always easy. I would need pages and pages to detail this richness. It wasn't all of your personal making of course, but those others who helped to bring it about were all inspired by you.

Though I have had to spend unreasonable amounts of time and effort addressing the sadder consequences of some aspects of your life and teaching, still, there is no other life I wish I'd had and my gratitude to you is unending.

With love and appreciation, Munisha



# Jyotika

Knowing that I'd be at Adhisthana this month, I was hoping to meet Bhante. I haven't been with him one to one since I used to read to him in his warm annexe at Madhyamaloka over fifteen years ago; those readings being one of the great pleasures and privileges of my life back then.

I wrote to him early last year to reconnect after a period of struggle in my life during which I tasted many sour fruits, the most plump among them being pride. Having tasted it, and its core of fear and doubt, I was convinced there was no way such an ugly fruit could come from a tree I planted! I looked around. Who's orchard was I in? Bhante's. So, I'm ashamed to say, I blamed him. I didn't reserve it all for him, some of the orchard's keepers came into view too, but he was at times foremost among them.

In my letter to him I included the following poem, which was my attempt to explain myself and say sorry – that hardest, deepest of words. It came to mind, and the letter I sent, when I heard of his death, and for some reason I've felt compelled to share it here.

I think of the poem as a sort of death poem, "the sea" indicating any sudden or difficult or overwhelming bardo that we may drop into.

In it I'm like Icarus, forgetful that my life has taken flight by the work of another man: a visionary, a maker of wings.

Bhante is like Daedalus, Icarus' father.

The poem veers off from tradition with Icarus, or his spirit, still conscious after his fall, remembering Daedalus' attempt to save him.

And that was how it was for me.

Burnt and broken by pride, Bhante's life and work, relentlessly driven by his Bodhisattva vows, eventually helped to get my heart beating again through the dark and chaotic night.

Now that he's left this world, may he begin to reappear when we enter those foreign, dark, intimate realms of our own physical and spiritual deaths: a reassuring presence by our side, a spirit of light, fearless, imperturbable, there to kindly guide us.

#### **Imagining Icarus**

And still it beats, my buried heart,
Despite my crashing badly, the pounding in my ears,
The darkness of this sea,
The chaos of this night.

It happened so quickly, my falling.
There were no signs it was coming.
The sun showed colours I'd never seen before
With my little human eye.

The wind pushed me past the horizon,
Though it hardly mattered I could fly,
More important was the love to come, as I imagined it,
The adulation at being a new kind of god.

I felt perfect, sublime, much more brilliant Than the one who made me, my father, a mere dot Then in the clouds below. I looked around and saw Heaven and earth were all mine, all mine!

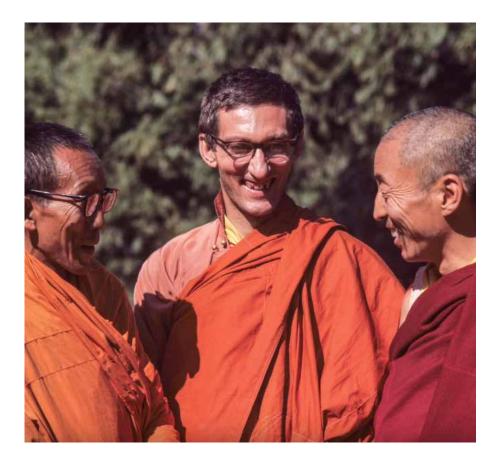
Then the dreadful falling, the spinning in my head, The blackness, the isolation, the cries of the dead, And the awful, sickening fear That hell would be my future.

But then my father appeared, trying to catch me, And for the first time in what seemed like years, My heart grew tender and I felt such love For him.

Then the sea hit me.

# Audrey

I have been attending the Paris Buddhist centre for a little while but it changed my life tremendously. I had never really been really interested in religion or philosophy but "Vision & Transformation" provided me with the answers, the guidance and the values I was so lacking. I am grateful for the life of Sangharakshita that enabled me to encounter the Truth. I never met Bhante in person but when I read about his life I am so impressed by his free spirit and how purposefully he lived his life. How inspiring.



## Padmavajri

Dearest Bhante,

You gave my life a vision; you gave it beauty; you taught me that change was possible; you showed me care; you exemplified that we can make a difference to the world; you lifted me up when I was down; you reassured me that death would not be the end; you never gave up on anyone; you twinkled with humour; you taught me how to think; you passed on confidence; you conveyed fearlessness and individuality; you always saw the best in me; you laid out the ideals of friendship and founded a place to enjoy and treasure them; you gave us all the greatest gift – the Dharma; you encouraged my love of the arts and drew out an even greater appreciation; you pointed out the moon and way beyond the stars; you showed compassion, tolerance, endurance, forgiveness; you held us firm; you loved me, you loved us all; you taught simplicity and letting go; you were generous with yourself, your energy, and your life; you spoke mysteriously, directly and kindly; you showered us with blessings. May I always cherish your gifts, and live in the light of the Buddha. May all beings find freedom and a boundless heart.

Thank you, thank you, thank you Bhante for being my friend, my guide and teacher.

With much love and deep gratitude,

Padmavajri



## Dharmaprabha

Thank you, Bhante Sangharakshita

For letting 'the Wind be your breath and will',

For encouraging us to 'spread our Secret Wings, to see the starriness of things',

For presenting the Dharma so that it can become 'an inexhaustable fountain of spiritual life' for us,

My heart is filled with gratitude when I think of the good fortune of hearing the Dharma as you've presented it, translated it and made available for my life. I still remember listening to Dharma talks and hearing your voice with the fire of Truth in it. The depth of your teachings, the way of life your vision has brought into being – a life dedicated to faring in the Dharma and the community of practitioners of the Path are invaluable. I'm grateful for our two meetings. One nearly ten years ago as a new mitra, mind racing with 'what can I say to my teacher' and my body and heart sitting in your library at Madhayamaloka in great ease and stillness. At the end of that meeting, you simply said 'I'm glad I met you' – and my heart was filled with joy. In May this year, as a three and half year old order member, I met you in the midst of a study retreat on pratitya samutpada – 'a knotty subject' as you said. We talked about spiritual life, your apology, your writings about the role of parents in our lives. And you highlighted the importance of Beauty in spiritual life. After that meeting, your insight and wisdom helped me see the Nagarjuna's teachings with greater clarity.

Thank you my precious teacher, spiritual father and founder of this Order that has such a potential to be in the service of the Dharma for the benefit of all.

Bhante, sinua syvästi kiittäen ja kunnioittaen,

Dharmacharini Dharmaprabha Kentish Town, London







### Dharmachari Shraddhaghosha

When I first visited the formerly "Friends of the Western Buddhist Order" in 1991, I had only an approximate idea of

what the Dharma could be, but absolutely no experience and, as it turned out, hardly a clue. I had read a lot, but no

practice. No experience. The "Open Day" at the Buddhist Center Essen in the spring of 1991 completely changed my

life. It still took a while, but I know for a fact that this day has given it an almost unbelievable increase in quality.

Sincerest thanks Bhante for translating and explaining the Dharma so clearly. Heartfelt thanks Bhante for developing

methods based on the Buddha teachings that I can use to help me become more insightful and compassionate. Thank

you so much Bhante for founding this community, which with all its mistakes is the best I have ever met. And many

thanks for your good words and suggestions from our (occasional) personal encounters which have always meant and

helped me so much. Your empathy, your kindness, your knowledge and your clarity touched me deeply.

With the greatest of thanks and respect,

Dharmachari Shraddhaghosha



### Manibhadri

Cher Bhante,

J'ai une profonde gratitude envers toi non seulement pour le don du Dharma, un Dharma accessible, compréhensible et adapté à notre monde contemporain, mais aussi pour le grand, grand, grand cadeau qu'est l'Ordre, un contexte tellement vibrant et inspirant pour vivre le Dharma! Un contexte qui a exactement le goût du Dharma....

Le goût de la Liberté

Puissions nous continuer à pratiquer et à vivre dans l'unité pour honorer ce cadeau en étant un Ordre Bouddhiste Triratna florissant et rayonnant dans le monde moderne!

Manibhadri

Dear Bhante,

My deep gratitude goes to you not only for the gift of the Dharma, but also for the great, great, great gift of the Order which is such a vibrant and inspiring context to live according to the Dharma! A context that has exactly the taste of the Dharma.... the taste of Freedom

May we all continue to practise and live united to honor that gift through a thriving and inspiring Triratna Buddhist Order in the modern world!



### Khemadhamma

My dear Guru has changed form.

Once a mortal body, now a Dhamma body.

Too large to comprehend fully with the life I have remaining.

Although you didn't survive sepsis, I managed to do it this one time.

Thank you for staying around for so long.

Always for others.

Always for others.

In the words of Li Po:

The birds have vanished down the sky.

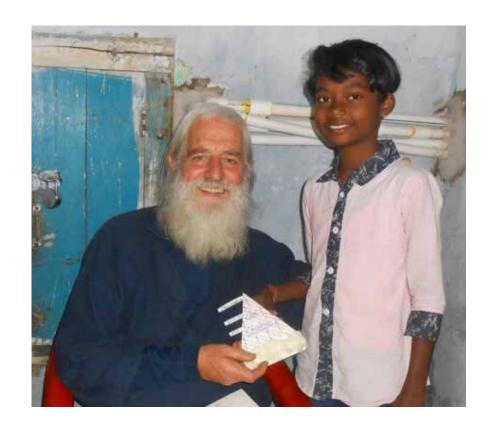
Now the last cloud drains away.

We sit together, the mountain and me,

until only the mountain remains.

Gratitude flows unceasingly

Khemadhamma



## Chittaprabha

My dear Guru when I first met you I knew at once that I had finally met what I had been searching for all my life since a little girl, somebody who knew the Truth from their own experience. You said no words, it was the silence between the words, filled with a world within, mysterious, compelling. At last I knew at once why I had travelled all that distance to a strange country in a boat in very rough seas. Such gratitude that no words can possibly explain. Although I have not been with you in person many times, you will always remain alive in my heart. You came alive for me as Manjughosa, the lion, the first glimpse of early morning's golden light and the vibration of life itself, the mantra echoing beyond time and space Thank you thank you Thank you for seeing the highest in all who have had the great fortune of meeting you You have lit a flame in thousands of hearts, a flame we shall all keep alive as a way of showing our gratitude for the gift of the Dharma May we all meet again

With deep gratitude and love

Chittaprabha

### Karunadhi

Dear Bhante,

It has been a bit of a shock that you died, I know that might sound strange. Anyway it has been a very unusual experience for me of both presence and absence. I am currently at Adhisthana and the AOWE there does seem to be an absence of your physical body although presence in some other form.

I wanted to write to express my gratitude which I was very lucky to have also expressed to you again when I last you last October (2017). The Dharma has changed my life I feel very grateful to have found the Dharma, the Colchester Sangha and this would not have been possible without your vision, persistence, commitment, determination and compassion. My life would not look how it does, living at Tiratanaloka supporting women to train for Ordination. This path is not really my own in a way as I would never have had the vision for it. I really believe that Order members are and can be a force of good in the world. My life has meaning, even though it is not easy at times, and a purpose which has come about through a myriad of conditions that all lead back to you.

I feel very grateful for my life and for the blessing to have come into contact with you and my preceptor Ratnadharini, my Kalyana mitras Candraprabha and Samantabhadri. Your vision also of Sangha I am very grateful for. Without there support I would also not be whom I am today and also have the opportunity to touch on occasion on a sense of my potential. This also includes the Order member in Colchester particularly Harshaprabha, Atulyamati & Amalaketu. The dharma has changed my life, its change me. However its also been through people embodying the dharma that I have been able to see real possibility of change, what the dharma life actually looks. I am also very grateful for my Sadhana and the system that we are trying to practice within. I cannot always believe that I am living at Tiratanaloka with such an incredible team it feels like an honour and privileged.

I feel lucky to be able to pass on what I can to others, that deeply infuses my life with meaning and make sense to me. I hope our paths cross again I have a feeling that it will. I will do my best to help support your vision with others.

With gratitude, love and respect Karunadhi

Bhayte, a few years ago I trovelled across India gois to places that were part of your life. When I wristed the volton's peak there was a man reaching on a stone We started chathing and he told me that this teacher war Budharadista, the friend who traveled with you. 2 told him you were my teacher. This was a special magic moment. After I went to Kaliysong and I ended medituting in the course next to the cottage where you fined for several years. Some how I feet a strong connection with you.

I am now very invalved in my committy and I want to thank you for all what you save me.
You are a great inspiration for my
Thouser you
and love

## Ashwaghosh, Nagpur, India.

Personally for my Spiritual Practice Ven.Bhante is Great Inspiration. His teachings are so clear & touches the heart. I am trying to overcome my sadness by his passing. I nevere saw Bhante. But as Buddha says..... Dhammang Passati Somang Passati. I try always to see & understand Bhante through his Teachings. Thanks to online media who is keeping me in touch with Bhante by videos. Thanks to Organisers of the various websites of Triratna. My Poetic Response To passing of Ven. Bhante..... Ven. Bhante You are Alive in Our Hearts You are Alive in Your Great Teachings You are Alive in The Sangha You formed Ven. Bhante You are Alive On This Earth, In This Sky Beating The Drum of The Dhamma Holding The Flag of The Dhamma Ven.Bhante You are Alive In The Principle of Going For Refuge In The Principle of Spiritual Friendship A Golden Lotus You Flourished Among all Human Beings In Our Hearts We have infinite Gratitude for You It will be Forever Ven.Bhante You Are Alive In The Depth of Our Practice of The Dhamma Bhante You Are Alive In All Bounderis of The Universe Bhante You Are Alive (wrote on 30.10.2018, The Day of passing of Bhante) Bhante is alive in His Remarkable Teachings..... Dhamma Kaya and in The Sangha he formed..... Sangha Kaya always.

Om Mani Padme Hum. Much Metta &Big Gratitude To Bhante Dhammachari

Ashwaghosh, Nagpur, India.

## Ashvajit

Imagine, if you will, a young man, tolerably welleducated, ambitious, energetic but increasingly frustrated at finding himself in a strange, perplexing and sometimes hostile and dangerous world. He lacks the ability to pay skilful and sustained attention to what surrounds him and to what lies within. He sees only a swirl of fleeting and conflicting impressions and ideas. His emotions are a disturbing flux, sometimes manifesting as craving, sometimes as noble aspiration, sometimes as hatred, sometimes simply as confusion; he has given up trying to make friends with people, they are so inconstant, unreliable and reactive. Put rather starkly and dramatically, such, far too often, were my own mental-cumemotional states, even though I managed to conceal them quite successfully from others and even from myself for much of the time, before I met Bhante Sangharakshita.

From the time I first heard Bhante speak, conducting a question and answer session in the basement of Sakura, Monmouth Street, not far from Trafalgar Square in London in October 1970, to his death at 10:00am in Hereford Hospital on 30 October 2018, almost exactly 48 years passed. They were years in which I came to know one of the most remarkable men it has been my privilege to meet; the one who was to have by far the most profound, far-reaching and life-changing influence on my character and conduct. Such was his dramatic and psychic impact on me that for the first year or so after meeting him, I thought that we were in telepathic communication. Whether that was so or not, he soon taught me to recognise what was truly my own mind:

He taught me by personal example how to meditate and how to reflect. A year and a half after we met he ordained me, gave me my name and introduced me to the mandala of Avalokiteshvara, the archetypal bodhisattva of compassion, thus making me one of his personal preceptees and acknowledging me as a disciple of the Buddha. He taught me how to live with mindfulness, kindness and wisdom, though often at first I ignored his teachings. He taught me how my inner turmoil arose, and how it might come to an end. And I began to pass on, to whatever extent I was able, the gift of the Dharma to others. He gave my life meaning and purpose, and though at times I found him uncomfortably, even painfully strict, he gradually became a very special friend, showing me unparalleled kindness and patience. I am glad that he was strict. Had it not been so, I would not have learned, not have realised what had to be overcome, what abandoned, what developed and what attained.

Urgyen Sangharakshita's passing has been yet another life-changing event for me. He leaves me with a paradox: on the one hand, a void, an emptiness, an absence, yet on the other, an overwhelming sense of gratitude and joy. Early on, he introduced me to his mother, his sister Joan and her daughter Kamala - a wonderful token of his confidence in me. Whether being his chauffeur, servant, student, cook, publisher, correspondent, secretary or companion, I learned the extent to which I could trust my own mind, and, though comparatively recently, to pay no attention to the attacks and blandishments of Mara. He helped me build unshakeable confidence in the Buddha-dharma, and taught me how to apply it to

myself and to others, with compassion, in the midst of contemporary affairs. He has left a huge corpus of teachings redolent with insight that are now in course of publication as his Complete Works, as well as a large number of wonderful poems. He has left me with a host of personal recollections of him that I will reflect upon for the rest of my life. He has opened my eyes to the timeless beauty of the spiritual world, to the world of art and literature, and even to the lesser, fleeting beauty of the world of the ordinary senses. And last but by no means least, he enabled me to enjoy the company of countless numbers of friends near and far, young and old all over the world, as well as to cherish a small number of very close ones.

Urgyen Sangharakshita has helped me transform my breath, my blood, my flesh and my bones. He has taught me to listen to my own wise inner voice and to pay no attention to the stupid one. And now, whether in the midst of activity, with friends or in solitude, reflecting or meditating, I feel he is there encouraging me, protecting me and yes, even admonishing me should I for a moment fail to follow his precepts.

With love and profound gratitude to Bhante and to everyone else who has helped me transform my life in the direction of Enlightenment, and in whose company the bodhichitta has surely arisen.

Ashvajit

## Amoghavajra

It's very hard to imagine what my life would have been like if I hadn't come across the Glasgow Buddhist Centre just over forty years ago. As a naively enthusiastic young man it was my good fortune to meet Bhante first through his talks and the order members inspired by his teaching the Dharma, then later more personally through individual meetings and in 1982 through ordination. That ordination, witnessing, gave me a tremendous confidence to practice a Buddhist Path - at a time when it was a very fringe tradition. Bhante's depth of Vision and Practice expressed through FWBO/Triratna, gave me a whole context for my life. Something I couldn't have dreamt of. And something that felt familiar. He has been a teacher in the true sense of the term: introducing me to views, practices and other like-minded individuals who have helped me grow and live a meaningful life. Without all this who knows where my destructive tendencies could have led me.

For all this and more I am deeply grateful.

With Love and Gratitude, Amoghavajra

## Dayachitta

I first came along in early 1978 to the LBC, and met Bhante that Christmas while on a womens' retreat at Street Farm in Norfolk. It was my first retreat and I felt a bit overwhelmed by the intensity and mid-winter darkness of it all - I was used to sunny Australian Christmas beach barbecues, beer, surf and sandflies. I was also a bit trepedacious about the arrival of a group of radical feminist LESBIANS who were about to arrive as well - I'd never knowingly met any lesbians before. I was also very questioning and suspicious of just about everything, especially 'Bhante says...' and I suspect gave Sanghadevi, who was leading retreat, some annoyance. Eventually she said 'Look, he lives just up the road - why don't you go and ask him all these questions yourself!' So off I went into the bleak Norfolk midwinter wilderness to Padmaloka, to test him out.

We met for a couple of hours talking about what I can't really recall, except I do remember he recommended I read the Lankavara Sutta, saying 'That should keep you occupied for an hour or two'. I'd never heard of it of course, and when I got it out of the library, hmmm how to start? what was it about? which way up should I even hold the thing!? So he has a sense of humour, I thought... Something definitely happened energetically in that first meeting I had with Bhante - I made my way back to Street Farm through rain, dark and wind, elated, revelling in the storm and elements. When I got back I sat against the wall absorbing it all and the others remarked that I seemed to be radiating heat into the room. 'I've been zapped!', I thought. Over the years we met intermittently, usually when

I had some crisis or other. He was especially helpful and supportive in those early years of my involvement after I had been diagnosed with cancer - The Three Jewels hadn't been published yet and there was a misunderstanding among many in the movement about the Niyamas. Many believed that everything that happened to you was the result of your own personal Karma - not helpful when you've got cancer... He was very clear that this was not the Dharma.

So I was very pleased to have met up with Bhante a couple of months ago and to get the chance to thank him for his support over the years and to touch base again.

He was bright and full of humour and warmth. We had a lively chat about his mum, agreed that a good way to deal with poor health was to become bigger than it, untidiness being the mark of a creative mind, heart connection and portrait painting. His grip saying goodbye was strong and connected in spite of his frailty, poor eyesight and deafness. I hope he didn't suffer at the end and pleased he was surrounded by good friends.

What a legacy he has left for so many

## Sajjana

Dearest Bhante thank you for all you have done for me... and so many others

Boundless Metta Sajjana xxxx

## Ryan Dawes

Thank-you for introducing me to the Buddhist path.

Warm wishes,

Ryan

### Sian Podmore

So this first era of the Triratna movement has come to its end with the death of our founder and teacher, our contemporary 'shower of the way', Urgyen Sangharakshita. What difference will this make to the movement? Actually, the answer to that should be 'none at all'. Sangharakshita was fully aware that his lifetime was brief, the continuation of the movement he founded depended on it functioning without him and took the necessary steps to ensure that it would.

Yet there is a change. Last week I watched the video of Sangharakshita's body being brought home to Adisthana, borne from the hearse on a pallet wrapped in a shroud, and wondered if he would have liked an Indian style funeral, his remains delivered to the heavens in the flames of a pyre. The landscape as we approached the Centre on Saturday seemed to think so, the trees a blaze with autumn fire. As I stood with well over a thousand people at the funeral ceremony, I reflected on the fact that no-one will ever see or speak with him personally ever again. How many people did he see and talk to over his long life? Thousands, tens-, hundreds of thousands? How many of those people's lives have been changed and profoundly redirected by that contact? I have already been asked any number of times by people who have not met him 'What was he like?'. And now none of those people will ever have the opportunity to find out for themselves. I feel it is important for those of us who have met him, whether they have been his close companions for decades or just had one brief conversation, to write down what their experience of him was like for the benefit of those encountering Triratna in the future.

When I first started coming to the SBC in 2007 and realised what a powerful effect that initial contact with the Dharma was having upon me, I needed to know as much as possible about the the person whose spiritual guidance I was drawn to making a lifelong commitment to. It was a disturbing time for someone who had learned to mistrust religious leaders and traditions, yet was a broken person in desperate need of a spiritual home. This was what prompted me to take the opportunity, despite being severely ill at the time, to go to hear Bhante speak in Birmingham and shortly after, to arrange to see him personally. I was also present when he came to the SBC and visited him a second time in 2013. Not a lot of contact, granted, yet enough to have a totally transformative effect on my life's path.

Above all, is the experience that I have had following each occasion I have been in his presence, one of intense spiritual connection, like those moments which sometimes occur in meditation when one feels one has stuck a finger into the spiritual mains socket of the universe. Although at the time I was apparently sat doing no more than either listening to a dharma talk (albeit a strong one) or in a particularly engaging conversation with an elderly man in an M&S cardigan and slippers, someone with whom I could have struck up a conversation on the bus and was like the grandfather I wish I'd had, afterwards I felt bathed in golden light, connected to some immense loving power and inspiration. In fact, after the last meeting I had with him I went into a kind of shock, shaken to my very core by the conviction that I had truly been in the presence of a

Bodhisattva, the nearest thing I will ever encounter to meeting the Buddha himself.

And here he is, in a room cluttered with books and papers, a house-brick stamped with the word 'Utopia' on the desk, in a red armchair with a crochet antimacassar on the back, with his beige cardigan and failing eyesight, an ordinary, elderly gentleman (in the true sense of the word), highly educated, refined and intelligent, wicked sense of humour, wise and kindly.

We talk of his memories, my family, the nature of Reality, gardening, the future of humanity...our time has long run over, I quip that I don't want to get him into trouble, a handshake becomes a hug and I ask him (not wanting to make Ananda's error) to stay with us for a long time.

But don't be fooled, behind that cardigan are the teeth of a tiger, piercing insight, tremendous power and an absolute, uncompromising dedication to the Buddhist path to a degree incomprehensible to most of us, sitting there, the twinkle in his eye daring you to join the dance.

Bhante has stayed with us for a long time, teaching and guiding us, not always perfect and making some mistakes along the way as all of us do. Yet he has given us everything he possibly could in a human body, his whole life and being, and for that I owe him an un-repayable debt of gratitude.

### Herve Precioso

What I found most fascinating with Bhante Urgyen Sangharakshita are his unique ways to draw one to Dharma thru his example and his recounting Dharma. Bhante displays a thirst for more, better, purer Dharma, never content with his achievements until he reaches the path of no more learning.

His expounding Dharma is marvelously musical, sharp, insightful, of an inexpressible flavor. The complete set of Dharma teachings are encompassed in his vision.

I joined the nascent center in Paris, under Varadakini, and was drawn FWBO because of the unique blend of wisdom and compassion in action mentionned above. I am thus forever endebted to Bhante.

He established the Triratna Order so that many may benefit from the Dharma, and in Paris today a light shines, lit by Bhante wisdom. Of this I am forever happy.

HP

### Natascha Trolle

I am incredibly happy that I got the chance to meet with Sangharakshita in person at Adhistana in April 2018. He was so kind and present and knowledgeable, so the conversation was easy. When he understood I was a gemmologist, he took out some stones and made me choose one. I still have it in my purse....

I was in India when the news of his death reached me and I felt he was with me on the yoga mat every morning the following days.

At our meeting I could also feel his mild sense of humour when I was teaching him a little about the stones we were looking at;

The last thing he said to me before I left the room was: "I hope to see you again"

And I said: "Yes, if not in this incarnation then in the next!" And he chuckled....

Natascha Trolle, Denmark

### Subhadassi

### Pilgrim

He looked lovely, I thought, unconfined by a coffin, his nose even nobler in death.

Every bit of him there: a real person in socks.

It was cool in the room to stop the body rotting.

Someone broke out into mantra.

After a night in an odd B&B we came back to mark a hero's passing.

The funeral was long and cold, out in the open.

On a trip, mid-way, for a pee and some tea

I filled-up with grief.

Oak leaves were piled against a wall. I scooped some, guilty as a thief, knowing they'd adorned the trees through this year's long spring; shaded him in its fierce summer.

Mourners cast exotic petals at his coffin. The air was filled with chanting and a scent I'll say was Frankincense. The sun was bright between the clouds, hung low, a golden yellow.

For a moment, it lit up the oak behind us. Light and tree and leaves refigured him: a glory. Brown now, and actually quite small, the leaves sit, uncertain, in the kitchen. And me, awkward pilgrim.

### ccat27

Dear Bhante and friends. You put the words of the Buddha in my mouth. The Mantra of Padmasambhava became my keeper. Your presence felt like some new form of electricity - power - being. I met you when I was 15, - you sat on an old battered armchair in Bath Street in Glasgow. In those days - 1973 - your taped lectures were listened to and discussed all the time. How technology has grown. My love, respect and reverence for you has grown too, through difficult times between us. I give my life to you, to your lineage and am bounteously full of gratitude!

Go well, my teacher, my Bhante! Sadhu! Sadhu! Sadhu!

## Amaladipa

Immeasurable riches, inexpressible gratitude, countless blessings.

Farewell beloved teacher and friend.

"The secret of love is love.

Let the silence speak".

### Munisha

In deep gratitude to my teacher who has given me so much, my favourite of his poems.

#### INVOCATION

Field-freshening rain,

White night-rain lingering on in drizzles till the dawn,

Pools of bright silver making, birthing streams

In dry clay river-beds, pour down, O rain,

All day, all night, pour down pour down, O rain,

Pour down...

World-welfaring Compassion,

Void-born Compassion diamond-hard and petal-tender,

Peace to wild heartwaves bringing, birthing love

On the low couch of self, pour down, Compassion,

All day, all night, pour down pour down, Compassion,

Pour down -

Pour down like rain on this compassionless

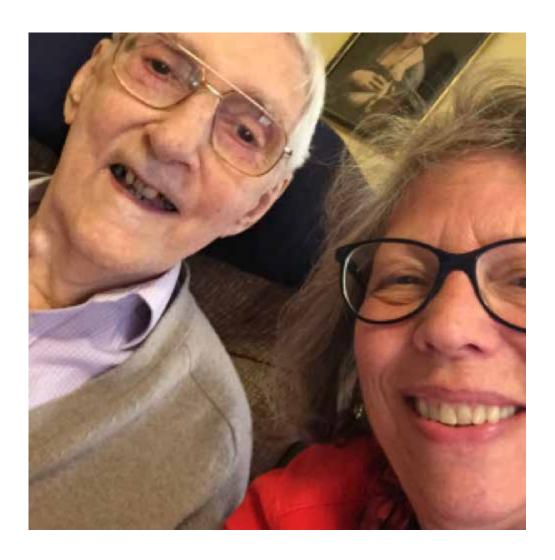
Lost world...

Pour down, pour down, pour down...

From Sangharakshita's Complete Poems

### Dharmasuri

This selfie was taken one year ago. I am filled with gratitude and appreciation for having such an amazing teacher and friend. He will always be in my heart. Thank you, Bhante for the gift of the Dharma.



## Sadayasihi

There are so many things I could say, but to pick just one...

Some years ago I conceived an idea that I would like to live in a community. At that time there were no communities for women in Dublin, although there was a vibrant men's community. I was introduced to it when I started going out with Vajrashura – who has lived there since its inception over sixteen years ago. I was really impressed by how the guys all were with each other – meditating together, cooking for each other, having a laugh ('good craic') and there was just an atmosphere of friendliness and warmth whenever I was there. It really made an impression and felt quite radical to me; perhaps particularly as I was then training to be a solicitor in a commercial law firm, a far cry from this realm of 'brotherhood'. Legend even has it (and all good communities must have a legend surely) that one of their neighbours had seen them all out in the garden one time when they were having a party and suspected that they were Buddhists – because they 'all looked so happy'.

Anyway, I was sold on community living and thought why not one for women too? I knew there had been a few before I was involved in the Sangha. But at the time there weren't loads of women keen to actually do it. I asked Prajnagita — who, apart from the fact I had a good feeling about her, had actual experience of living in a community. She was interested but was also thinking of moving to Dhanakosa to live in conditions that would be more supportive for a meditative life.

So I started to think it may not happen.

In a way this is not just my story, but it is impossible sometimes to tell your own story without telling the story of another, or several, or hundreds! Prajnagita, before she fully decided about staying in Dublin or going to Dhanakosa, wrote to Bhante asking him for his perspective. He took about six weeks before replying so in the meantime she proceeded with her plans to leave. Then, lo and behold, an email arrived from Bhante, suggesting strongly that Prajnagita stay and help the women's Sangha in Dublin. It took Prajnagita a bit of time to process this but I still remember so vividly remember when she rang me to say that she had decided she would stay in Dublin and thus she would be up for living in a community. When we hung up the phone I cried. I was so delighted, grateful, relieved – I hardly know what. And I was especially grateful to Bhante, who I had never met but who, it somehow felt, had made an almost divine intervention on my behalf!

A few months later I, with two other women – one of whom I also lived with for a number of years – visited Bhante in Madhyamaloka. I can't really remember what we talked about but I remember coming out feeling giddy with delight afterwards. In the course of the conversation I asked if he would give us a name for our new community. He said he would and a few weeks later I received this email:-

Dear Lisa,

I was very glad to see you, Catherine and Sandra when you visited Madhyamaloka recently, and still more glad to know that a women's community was being set up in Dublin. Since meeting with you I have been trying to think of a name for the community, as requested, and have eventually come up with the name of 'the Silagandha Community'. 'Gandha' means scent or fragrance, so that silagandha means the fragrance of sila, a term with which I am sure you are familiar. In the practice of the spiritual path samadhi is based upon sila, just as prajna is based upon samadhi, so that our practice of the whole path is ultimately dependent on the practise of sila, especially in the form of the five or ten precepts. Thus 'silagandha community' suggests that the community is collectively laying a solid foundation for its practice of the Dharma, a practice that will impart the 'fragrance' of a positive influence to the community itself and to its surroundings. I hope you and the other community members will like the name. If you do not, please tell me so frankly, and I will think again.

With much metta to you all,

Sangharakshita

Needless to say we were delighted with the name and 'Silagandha' continues to prosper here in Dublin. Living here has been one of the joys of my life — it's home — and Prajnagita is now one of my dearest friends. Though myself and Prajnagita have been living here since the start of Silagandha over six years ago now, we read this email when anyone new joins our community and recollect our purpose. I hope that we may long continue to be a fragrance of ethics in Dublin for many, many years to come — and, in our own way, honour the vision of Bhante's New Society.

## Elspeth Wicketts

Sangharakshita
A true inspiration in the world
Bringing happiness to so many
Showing the way to a better life
By making the Dharma clear
And shining forth into this struggling world
I will miss him in a way that I cannot voice
Only knowing him and his teachings
Will be forever with me
He brought new meaning into my life
Saving me from a life in pain
Sangharakshita I salute you
With all my heart
And vow that I will help to
Secure your dream.

Elspeth 31 October 2018

## Janos Orsos

"Bhante was a hero, a saint, and he will remain so in the hearts of many, many people. I've no doubt that he is now happy and at peace. From Asia to Europe, millions of people will never forget him, will say his name with reverence, will gain much inspiration from his life. Triratna, the international Buddhist community he founded, provides the conditions for millions of people to have a better life! He will remain with us in our hearts, and in the hearts of those who tread the Way as he taught it for hundreds of years — of that I'm sure."

Janos Orsos, Hungary

Facing Mount Kanchenjunga kiedy umierał Bodhisatwa powinny były dzwonić dzwony, lecz nie dzwoniły, bo był wtorek. na moich oczach Kanczendzonga dziś rozpłynęła się w powietrzu. nie zostawiając powodów do smutku. (więc czemu płaczę?) dopóki w myślach ściskam Twą dłoń delikatniejszą niż pergamin -- nie muszę się z Tobą żegnać. Facing Mount Kanchenjunga (Eng. Translation)

When the Bodhisattva was dying The bells should have been ringing But they weren't as it was Tuesday.

In Cracow.

In front of my eyes the Mount Kanchenjunga Dissolved today into thin air Not leaving any ground for sadness. (So why am I crying?)

As long as I'm able to touch your hand Soft and delicate as parchment So long I don't need to Say good bye.

### Gareth Retallick

Thank you for being a bridge between the timeless ways and truths of the Orient and the 'enlightened' capability of the modern day 'west'. For elucidating the Dharma in terms of human potential for all, in languages that we hear, speak, and respond to. But not only the exposition, which may have been the easier task, but bringing to life in the hearts and souls of the Order, movement, and beyond, truth, love and freedom, the essence of the Dharma. So that people have been able to hold and debate potentially extremely divisive issues, in, as a friend described, 'a beautiful way'.

You kindled from infancy, in our hearts and minds, the desire and ability to feel and pursue the ultimate within us resonating with the ultimate in the universe. To know the difference between a mind which is reactive, and a mind creative. To know when our friendships and actions are in accord with 'the fragrance of the perfect life, sweeter than incense'. To be able to work at growing lotuses of sublime beauty, in a world that often requires us to also 'wield the vajra, strong and true'. To look not only to the eastern canon and iconography of our Buddhist inheritance for inspiration and guidance, but to begin also looking within our own cultural heritage, for the threads and sustenance of Dharma for our times and for the future.

In effect, you did obey your teacher, Jagdish Kashyap, and remained firmly rooted in the traditions you encountered in Kalimpong, but you also stepped out into new territories, speaking with new words, and divining blueprints for new worlds. Building rainbow coloured arcs between the thousand petalled lotus and the civilisation that put men on the moon, as you dedicated your life to that which is noblest and highest. As the mythophanic psychopomp in Aloka's painting, you held out your hand of friendship,as an Englishman, steeped in eastern and western traditions, and invited one and all to take it and enter the glorious realms behind. The wonderful abodes you inhabited for most of your life.

May we too now, let go the clinging bonds of life on the shoreline, and row together, at midnight, guided by moonbeams, to meet the lotus of compassion, and feel its gentle breeze coming towards us, under the stars. May you now reside in the realm of 'that which maintains all beings situated throughout space', and may we strive to follow in your footsteps.

Om shanti, Om shanti, Om shanti

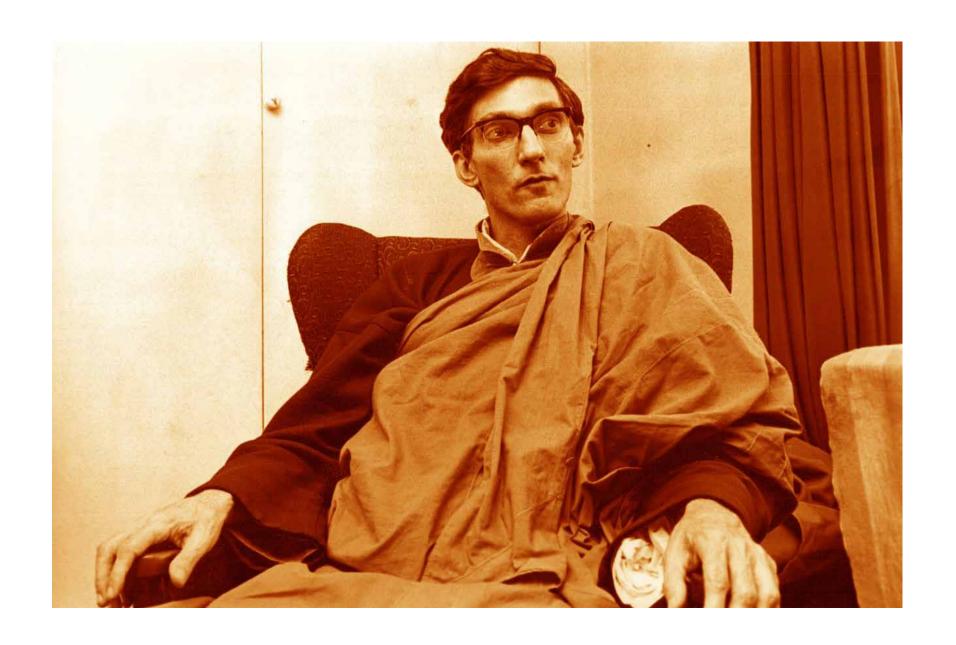
### Romain

Sangharakshita nous a quitté. Je ne l'ai pas connu personnellement. Et pourtant, deux sentiments m'animent spontanément : la tristesse et la gratitude.

La tristesse car, avec le départ de Bhante, c'est la mémoire vivante de l'Ordre bouddhiste Triratna qui disparaît et crée un vide au sein du mouvement.

La gratitude envers l'héritage spirituel considérable qu'il nous a transmis. Avec des conséquences concrètes et positives sur la vie de nombreuses personnes dont la mienne. Sangharakshita a su rendre les enseignements bouddhiques accessibles au monde moderne occidental qui en a tant besoin. Et aussi créer des passerelles entre des pays de tous les continents. Je me réjouis de pouvoir bénéficier de ses enseignements grâce à son oeuvre littéraire et à ses anciens disciples.

Merci Sangharakshita!



Urgyen Sangarakshita - 26,08,1925 – 30,10,2018 – Book of Rememberance

## Vajranatha

You prepared us so gently for your death. All those years ago constantly reminding us that one day you would be gone. Making sure we would know how to carry on. Always letting things go, handing things on. Just reaching out an occasional guiding finger to the tiller when the mists of samsara obscured the way.

All the same, even though I knew this day would come, it seems as if today the sun shines dull. The only light is the spark of Dharma you gave me to pass on. (Tuesday 30th Oct 2018)



### Aksobhin

The day after hearing the news of our precious teacher's death I awoke to a strange feeling that the world seemed more empty somehow. Reading some of my favourite poems by Bhante I came across one with which I was not familiar, however these appropriate lines almost leapt off the page...

Now you are gone; but only as a star,

Which, though extinct, sheds radiance from afar

To those who on this dark earth wandering are.

Go n-éirí an bóthar leat

Go raibh an ghaoth go brách ag do chúl

Go lonraí an ghrian go te ar d'aghaidh

Agus go mbuailimid le chéile arís,

Go gcoinní an Buddha i mbos A láimhe thú.

Slán go fóill Bhante.

(Slightly altered Irish blessing with rough translation

May the road rise to meet you

May the wind be always at your back

May the sun shine warm upon your face,

And until we meet again

May the Buddha hold you in the palm of His hand.

Goodbye for now Bhante)

Now passing through time and condition you have gone beyond, and your life The Light Beyond all obstruction that knows no night, and your voice does call To Awake not sleep, To Joy not Sorrow, To Wisdom not ignorance, To Freedom not oppression, To Love not hate, To Nirvana not samsara, and so here I sing to you, in the dusk of day, for all who find themselves in the howl and gale and storm of the world, and our need your coming, the world your Victory throwing an Eternal Fragrance Across the Universe, and whatever is lost shall be found, and whoever does weep shall weep no more, for all cries will fade into the distant past, no echo or sound will be heard, to be seen only a Star burning on another shore, blowing out the night, embracing the Heart with a Fire of Love, and Star of stars, Diamond of diamonds, deep in the Emptiness of Being is my Love for You.

### Olivia Helen Gibson-West | Bodhidasa

Thats it. Just Thank You.

Should I mourn your absence? What form could contain that unrivalled presence?

Should I hold to your words? Why cling to the shape, when their spirit rises through deeds No grief, or fault or grasping search, shall halt my course.

Should I weep for you? What tears offer release to one already freed?

Should I forget your faults? What wise person rejects the power of forgiveness?

That was your way, Sangharakshita. Nothing would halt your course. Now it's ours alone, to walk.

Should I run to your side? What frantic display reveres your stillness?

Should I cease the journey? What hero turns back, when the sage disappears?

Dh Bodhidasa (1/11/2018)

Should I recall you? What image gives shape to your shabby elegance? Should I fall to despair? What darkness could consume the brilliance of your gifts?

Should I speak of you? What eulogy does justice their tools for another's? to your eloquence?

Should I search for a leader? What craftsman decries

Should I bequeath garlands? What wilted flowers could embody such wisdom?

I shall not speak, or imagine, or cry or cling. No flowers will be sent, or berths

arranged.

## Stephen Peterson

Your life will continue to illuminate the spiritual journey for countless numbers of individuals and your work will never be forgotten...

## James Murphy

In one way or another, Sangharakshita's spiritual genius has been the sheet anchor throughout the storm of my own deviating spiritual aspirations and divagations. More often than not, in the middle of any particular struggle for understanding, his was the aesthetic and moral compass which I depended on for a true reading of the way out of the labyrinth; his star the brilliant Sirius on a dark night; his, the lodestone that attracted the light of clarity. My gratitude to him is unrepayable. In this I am a happy debtor - and hope to remain so in lives to come. On hearing yesterday's announcement I wrote the attached, very simple poem by way of an initial expression of this indebtedness.

Safe journey, Bhante. Om Shantih. Shantih. Shantih.

### Paul Beard

I will always be grateful for the kind mentoring and encouragement you gave to help me find my own voice to communicate the Dharma. For me, your work will remain an inspirational finger that points to the moon and will continue to influence my work and my Dharma life.

## Lorna Flanagan

Thank you for coming into this world to learn and share all you have shared. You were my first real contact with Buddhism and through your writings, talks and retreat centres your work on this earth has, cheered, challenged and changed me.

Thank you. My favourite poem of yours is The Six Elements Speak.

Goodbye Dear Bhante

### Paramabodhi

Metta and fond memories over many years for Sangharakshita... also best wishes to all his followers

### Edmund Michael Waller

I first met Sangharakshita at the newly established Buddhist Centre at Kemp Town, Brighton in the early 1970's. It was located in a small detached house not far from the seafront. There were less than 10 people there but I could not join the group, because I was on leave from Hong Kong where I lived and worked. Sangharakshita told us he had previously joined the English Sangha Trust, but felt that wearing the Robe would not have been helpful in spreading The Dhamma in the current English social context. (Some had tried, but had either disrobed or returned to Asia). I was struck by his sincerety and knowledge of many different aspects of Dhamma.

Some years later I visited him again in Brighton. His group had got very much larger and he was planning to purchase an ex-Fire Station in East London as his new HQ!. We spoke at some length and I was amazed by his drive. On my return to HK, I purchased a set of the Pali Canon, which I donated to him. The HK Buddhist Assn donated £150 to help with his purchase.

During my career with HK Government I regularly visited the FWBO centres at Brighton and London, when on leave to UK. The former up graded its location twice and the London Centre went from strength to strength. I would sometimes meet Sangharakshita, but always met up with a range of his followers who were clearly well informed on Dhamma. The achievement of Sagharakshita has been immense, when one compares what he started with back in 1970 at Kemp Town, up to the present World wide Triratna!

The debt we all owe him is equally immense.

## Nagapriya

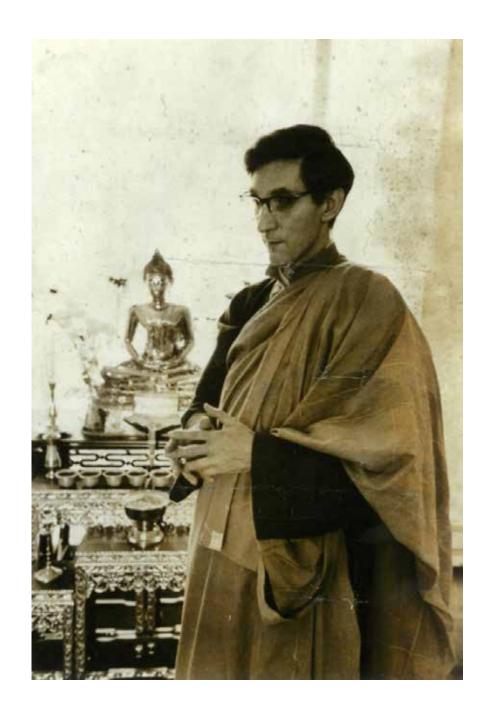
Our spiritual teacher, Urgyen Sangharakshita has died. I don't feel sad (at least not now), just immensely grateful for the courageous, intelligent, and generous life he lived. I had the fortune to meet with him just a couple of months ago along with a group of Mexican friends and he was so welcoming, relaxed, and friendly to us. His teachings have created the context for the whole of my life and I will proudly continue to practise and share them to the best of my ability. I send my love to everyone who is grieving right now and share with you that I feel blessed to have lived at a time when I could receive bhante's teachings.

I share this photo which is a favourite of mine. It is said that it was taken in 1968 on the day of the first ordinations into our Order.

Love to all.

We will be remembering Bhante in the coming days here at the Cuernavaca Buddhist Centre and will be honouring his teaching legacy through our commitment to practice.

Thank you so much Bhante for everything that you have given to us.



### Simon Gorvin

It was my birthday, it felt like everything had fallen apart around me and I felt alone and desperate. I'd spent the past few years driving everyone and everything I cared about away and refusing to acknowledge that I was struggling and needed help. Instead I numbed my pain with drugs and alcohol... But that can only work for so long and in the weeks building up to my birthday it wasn't enough... I didn't know what else to do other than just check out, I was done. I sat on my couch and swallowed 300 tablets of paracetamol and a bottle of neat rum and waited to pass out and it all be over.... Why would I stay alive...

I had no reason, no meaning and no joy in my life... I just wanted it to end. I don't remember much after that other than blurry impressions of an ambulance and paramedics. I ended up spending two week getting my liver flushed in the northern general and basically feeling numb and alone.

A friend suggested that I go along to the Buddhist Centre and learn how to meditate. So the very next day after I got home I decided to give it a go but if I'm honest I didn't think it would help and I thought the whole Buddhist bit was just for weird hippies and I'd hate it. If it had been any other school of Buddhism I think this would have remained my impression of the

whole thing I would have found it all way to confusing and alien and just never gone back....
But this...

This was triratna... This was the Dharma as understood and presented Urgyen Sangharakshita... This was the Dharma put in a language I could (at least to some extent) understand and put into practice.

It changed my life.

For the first time I had something I could aspire to... Something that moved me and gave me joy and most importantly a meaning.

Before Triratna the world was a dark, messed up place that I wanted to escape from... I hated it and every thing in it... Especially myself. The way Sangharakshita expressed the Dharma made the world make sense... Suddenly the darkness was flooded with light and hope and joy and I began to learn how to love it, all that was in it and myself.

This man and what he had put together saved me as he has so many others.... People all over the world have managed to pull back from dispare and come to be giants of compassion, metta, empathy and joy.... So many of us have Sangharakshita to thank for everything.... And for me it truly is everything. Without him I would not be alive today.... I'm 100% sure of it. I would have never grown into the man I now am,

I would have never become the man that my wife fell in love with....

This woman that brings so much happiness into my life that I can't belive loves me...

Without Sangharakshita she would probably just think I was a jerk. So many friends have come into my life through Triratna, people Im sure I shall know a love for the rest of my life. All because one man decided that the west needed the Dharma... Boy was he right.

This morning after learning that he had passed away I placed a picture of Sangharakshita on my shrine, light a candle and some incense and offered them in gratitude to the man I owe it all to. I meditated on everything I owe to this man and came out of it certain of one thing....

My life is truly changed forever because of him... I owe him a debt and the only way to repay it is to live how he showed me I can.

Bhante, my teacher. Thank you for everything.

#### Dharmacharini Bodhaniya

Urgyen Sangharakshita - Bhante changed the course of my life. I am so grateful to have encountered the teachings of the Buddha and to be able to practice in a living tradition. I doubt if I would have discovered the Dharma wrapped up in Eastern traditions. Thankyou Bhante for making the teachings of the Buddha accessible to someone like me, who didn't know I was looking for anything. I only knew that despite having good fortune with my family and my job, I wasn't happy. I discovered that change is possible - I had been given tools to use to cause less harm to myself and others, which is my main reason for practice. Meeting Bhante, I was struck by his mindful attention to everything he did. I haven't met anyone else with that immediate presence.

Through Triratna, founded and guided by him, I have learned the pleasure of giving and receiving friendship, as well as meeting people who have inspired and taught me so much.

I am grateful for Bhante's personal kindness, particularly after my husband died. I wrote to him intermittently. Occasionally I received a card back, always with an appropriate picture. After my ordination he sent me a card showing Rousseau's image of a tiger, with an encouraging message. Did he know that it is one of my favourite paintings?! We'd never discussed it. Another time, there was a concert in Birmingham of music I knew he liked, so I offered to get him some tickets. A kindly written message of refusal came back, and the card image was of a white cat sitting in a windowsill, looking out wistfully. I was a small part of his life and yet his care and interest was there.

With much love, respect and gratitude,

Dharmacharini Bodhaniya

### Jim Coakley

His passing will leave a hole in my life and in the lives of innumerable others.

#### Surekha Gade

मनोगत

नमोबुद्धाय, जयभीम

मी धम्मचारिणी yashotama in india,

मी आज खूप आनंदी आहे, माझे पहिले धम्मशिबिर मला या आनंदी, सुखी, समाधानाचे,जे जीवन मीजगत आहे त्यासाठी एक टर्निंग point ठरले आहे,

वळणावर घेऊन जाणारे ठरले आहे, ते शिबिर माङ्यासाठी खूपच खास आहे, ते शिबिर महिला जनरल शिबीर होते,

मी जीवनामध्ये खूपहोते जीवन जगने नकोसे झाले होते, नेमके याच परिस्थिती मध्ये मला हे शिबीर करायला मिळाले,

मी शिबिराच्या अगोदर तीन वेळा आत्महत्या करण्याचा प्रयत्न केला होता, परंतु तीनही वेळा, मला, मरण, आले नाही, तिसऱ्या वेळेस मी निश्चय केला की, आता मरायचे नाही, जगायचे, कदाचित मला काहीतरी चांगले काम करायचे आहे, म्हनून मला मरण येत नाही,, या, निश्चया नंतर ,लगेच मला शिबिरासाठी जाण्याची संधी मिळाली, त्या शिबिराचा विषय होता,\*\*\*चला धम्म प्रवाहामध्ये उत्तरुया..... या शीबिरात मला भगवान बुद्ध यांचा सुंदरवचन ऐकायला मिलाळे ....आपल्याला मनुष्य म्हणून लाभलेले हे मानवी जीवन खूप मौल्यवान ,अनमोल, आहे, स्वतःच्या, व इतर लोकाच्यामानवी जीवनातील विकासाचे कर्म करण्यासाठी एक मनुष्य म्हणून कितीतरी चांगले कर्म करून कशाप्रकारे ,याच जीवनामध्ये निर्वाण प्राप्ती साध्य करू शकतो, जे भगवान बुद्धानी साध्य केले आहे, याची मनोमन खात्री पटली... आणि त्याच वेळी मी दृढ निश्चय केला की यापुढे एक चांगला, मनुष्य, आणि खरा व्यक्ती बनण्यासाठी जगायचे,

नंतर मी एका सेवाभावी संस्था मध्ये कामाला लागले , महिलांच्या एकंदर विकासासाठी ही संस्था काम करत आहे, आजही या संस्थेमध्ये 27 वर्षया पासून आहे,

या कामामुळे मी माङ्यासारख्या जीवनामध्ये निराश होऊन आत्महत्या चे विचार करणाऱ्या6 महिलांना आत्महत्या करण्यापासून रोखू शकले, याचा आनंद आहे त्यासुद्धा माङ्यासारखे च सुखी ,समाधानी, आनंदी, जीवन जगत आहेत,

हे फक्त आणि फक्त त्रिरत्न बौद्ध संघ आणि अन्ते ऊगेर्न संघसरक्षित, यांच्यामुळेच श्यक्य होऊ शकले आहे खुप खुप thank you भन्ते संघरिक्षत ,जी मला मिळालेल्या जीवदानाबद्दल , माझा प्रत्येक श्वास आपला ऋणी आहे भन्ते संघरित जी , तुम्ही सांगितलेल्या धम्मशीकवणीकचे श्वास घेत आहे ,तो पर्यन्त, गंभीरपणे, आचरण करत राहणार ,आणि जास्तीत जास्त,प्रमाणात त्रिरत्न बौद्ध संघामध्ये कार्यरत राहनार आहे,

भगवान बुद्ध, dr बाबासाहेब आंबेडकर, ऊर्गेन भन्ते संघरक्षित, हे माझे आदर्श आहेत,

या तीनही गुरुंना माझा पंचांग प्रणाम

Urgyen Sangarakshita - 26,08,1925 - 30,10,2018 - Book of Rememberance

# Dear Chante,

Thank you for enoughting you have given me and for founding and guiding this incredible Order, with it's emphasis on Sargha and friendship. Thanh you for showing me how to live with meaning and depth and for making possible the best friendships I have ever had. Thank you for making the Dharma available to us all and for your forethought and Wisdom. May we never be seperated from you throughout our lives and always be in touch with the bodhicita and pass on what you have given us. Thanh you for all your patience and hindness. with much love and gratitude, Satyaraja

Deauxt Bhante, Thank you so much for the gift of Dhamma. You have Changed lives. With love and ghatitude, - Sandcep J. Rakshit, Unggen Sangharakshila International School, Amerite Dhante,

Thank you!

With much

Metta

Dear Bhante Thankyon love

Andi.

Vew Bhate, The first hime you grased in my livertine, a splinter of light hit my heart. It has your and after my years my heart, like he blot opensky, ratisty my hearty with to fill or the other party ja have trooke. Now you have passed only, mis intention glay ever more bightly. I will show on myor physical when any your charge in all things.
Alice x.

Dear Bhante Thank you very much for the grentest gift. The Gift of dharma accessible to me and future generations all over the world. Saddhu with make metty Nandavaja

# Dear Bhante

You have given me an approach to the Dhorma that I could connect with, a Sangha that is vital and exemplifies friendship, and the key to unlock the whole Buddhist tradition.

With great gratitude Vajrapriya Dear Bhank

I dichit know how closed and small

my heart was. I dichi! know that the

constant neopholion with the universe drawned

my roy being. I dichil know that compassion

was the otheride of wisdom. I have been

transformed through your work.

Enjoy the rost

arother

when we first met you smiled and I knew I was coming home.

As I moved through my dark tunnel there you stood at the Right vide out, welcoming me into the light.

when I was dazzled by the jewls you showed us, you put tools into my hands and set me to work.

when I stumbled into a nettle patch you offered me the ultimate anti-docte to all stings.

When I led myself up the garden path, with a twinkle in yar eye, your ringer pointed not the Moon when I tried to gild a few lilies your poetry called me back to the truly beautiful.

you offeel me four gifts.

If Thanks to you my feet know how to dance.

A million thanks to you, dear friend, precious teacher
you give me so much. And gove us all each other and
yourself nuch gratitute, Sinhadevi

Dearost Bhante, Impossible to express my deep gratitude to you-through you! met the Dharma which give me life e meanury, e the Sangha which que me love e the Buddha the Ideal to apprive to -- I can never thank you enough --- Pasadadipar

In 2006, I norted badakh, and as part of my trip I ment to see an expriste tara mival in a very old monastery. I was very strock by its beauty, took afterwards, walking on tride, I came you a view of the great river Inders. It had cut through hundreds & hundreds of metres of Himalayan rock to nake a dop valley, and was francing - an spagne lade slow-way for at the bottom. Deep and wide, froming tasked the plains of India. It took my breath amay, this glompre of pure beauty and raw power.

It remended me of a glimpse of the Tiver Yeall a hat I had some years earlier, that you have written about, as you dumb by jeep up to Kalimporp, for jade river & loop x wide. You have impated & hach, & namy of w. You have made that Thama land x the Sharma comb fertile with your rain & stremms of weight & compassion. For word & Derry Aill fund may I find wany to be a tolostry to these twents; budy me keep this living sharmalive. With great love xapprecation—Subhadacci [written to the sand of rain on the roof of the library of

Dhante - you opened up the meaning of what it is to be human, visit horizons of possibility. I will be forever of stepl for the beauty of the vision you should with us. You showed us by example that it is possible to live from Shraddha, a gave is the teachings, practices, is piration a near to do that. Above all perhaps, you gave us the courage. I am forever grateful, a bow deep to you for the life you led as I follow that same Because of you I know Sanche of have so many good fields, with whom I share so much of meaning " of value. It is a ancient pah. grest source of happiness for me, a I thak you for howing been a friend of friends a your life. You are frew in my healt.

I rejoice in you a your life you are preser in my healt.

Now I will do him best, along with so many other, to keep alive the mysterior of indefinable spirit of bhame that, alive the mysterior of indefinable spirit of bhame that, should to you lives on it our Order. Tokemonda

Shouli Shouti Shouti Thankyon.

Sich non blessings mot e will brever treasure,

Kath Sewell

Your presentation of the Dhama and this wanterful amoring Boddhist movement you have created has transformed my life beyond anything I believed was possible. I fed som desp derotion, appreciation and qualitate to you. I here mer you in peron and yet I met you in many ways and enouter you now. May you rest it peace.

Thank you for the love and kindness you gave us. In gratitude, Patti Madden. In peace, Bhante,

You changed the course of my life, gave it meaning, and me means to understand myself.

You illuminated the Buddha's teachings in waels that transful me home, and in a vision that tauched and connected me with a spiritual Community, and all of life.

Thank you is not enough - tout, thank you.
With love and gratitude,
Vajradevi

DEAREST Bhante, You saved my life + I will be EVET grateful for bringing Buddhism to so many of us. You teachings + wording spoke so deeply to ME, as if I had slways known Safe journey to your next life, Thope our paths cross again

much metta, fatte >

## Ripples Remain

My teacher brought an earthquake To my ego-centre.

Now The earthquake is over but rupples remain.

The walls of my ego are shattered this love can vibrate through me; And holds me close like a mother's bosom.

Though I am inbridled,
His Song of beauty arrests me,
And guides me to the door of sublimity.

Helpless though lam,
Crying and frail,
Resolute faith will see me through
As ripples remain in the geat flood.

You left
But the indescribable element in you where there is no one from whom To part,
15 left with us.

Nagarjina Saip. Gire me your presence or enlightenment.

- Maitnierer-Nagarjina

I would like to convey my heartfelt gratitude to Veneralole Teacher Bhante Sangharakshita and his revival of Trivatna will be able to Greate in this human society a World Spirital Community (Arya Sangha) having Universal friendship and awareness.

With Meta,

Joydeep Boudh

# Bhante

Not just a death; A passing on The greatest lerron that you'll ever teach. More than a life Has paned away But we still made packed Sandwiches this Morning. And as we gather, and as we flock I wonder where the love you gave us started; The Brddha's love from endlers time So we'll keep it floring, bondlers. Now to your form, we say good bye And for you Scatter petals. But all you gove, shall ripple out, For contless cons, freely.

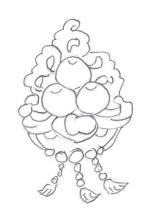
Annabeth X

Bhante,

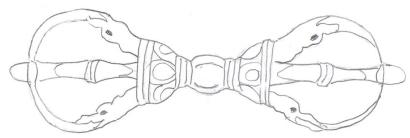
You have helped me through prime. Jan so grataful for you my teach. May you now be in the Bhards in a parthone suite with a jury May your teachings allow me to help both action and myself.

I hanh your x.

Nothing is says the sage. you make it happen It will blow away with the wind of your Steath Superceptible and quiet Nothing is. & Reminding me at the right moment Marsha Kalého of the 3 Lakshamas I am deeply grateful You showed me the essence, You showed me the way. With all my heat, love, respect & Metta # file



Dearest Bhante, Heartfelt thanks to you for all your gifts. Above all your gift of yourself in the service of the Dharma, and your gift of the Dharma to the whole world. Dharmavajri



Shante thank you for Below in the deep · our friendship blue valleys the white clouds the connection we made with so many inspiring people are lying asteep . giving us the Dharma, the path we all share · reminding us of the poetry beneath the surface · your vision, which is our responsibility to continue An old pine tree preaching wisdom, And a wild bird crying truth.

- Dear Brante, Und com one say to one such as you but thank you. Thank you for taking kime to see me ove the year and for recies my family from Thank you for bright me one of the first arrives in me united hing don and to the wonderful Iseer, and for Sharing and to likewing. I hope one day the Friends movement sets to Africa and your mestors of laine him dress Frever greaterful Andrew Kamap NION 102018 Amithana.

Dear precious Teacher

te worlbo en espoñol prique es mi Idiorra y es corso me puedo expresor mas cloro y poderte agradecer con todo mi corazón tu amor y ardua habor tocando mi corazón y conocer y usur el Budadharra.

Esta bator con tus seguidores expertes del Dharme en el mundo que esperan tes ensurion ras.

Gracias por canber mi uda. Con todo mi cariño

Juan

### Dear Bhante:

There are not enough words to thank you for all your legacy. I'm really honored for being part of Triratna Buddhist Order. I will do my best in order to spread the Dharma for the benefit of all beings as you did. Thank you my precious teacher. With metta,

Stlaraja, Mexico

# Decrest Bhante,

Although I did not have opportunity to meet with me, my with you in fleshy pegon, you met with me, my Softer Beccy, My Mon - Sherry and my Dad-Dave all in a wonderful dream on the night of your
But a wonderful dream on the night of your
British My parents both died last year. My Dad had
Become a mitra at 78 years old and my Moms last
Words before she fell into Sleep were "This is methal she it." The love and gratitude I have for you if strong and Will live in my heart. I am truly thankful for the Will live in my heart. I am truly thankful for the World. Use and friends I have and (on Those with the World. Beautiful Teacher, may we meet again. Tima with to much lave, Tima

Querido y apreciado Maestro, Bhante:

El viento sopla resonando en el corozón vibra la lluvia de presencia luminosa, tierna que enuvelve calidamente Un mantra uvelto mándala, gracias, gracias, gracias.

El Dharma, sendero, ir hacia adelante, me has inspirado...

Se expanden las dlad, uvelo ligero... Libertad y sonrío.

Ely, Héxico. 2018

30 oct 2018. averior Precioso Mustro Gracio por Darnos una visión nueva para el nundo y la Gracia por permitiones el cuiros de las 3 joyas CONCIENCIA Gracia por Enseñamos el caino triple Songato, el noble Sendero octupia, la Roede de la vide, los sottas, las Bruhan Vihora, el arte, hipossia y ucho más. Conoci To Vihora en Kahimpong este 2018, La Escuela y tos hoslor en Dhards Rimpoché Gracios por habor creads, esta orden a Lucual portonozios y abr. r muchos puontos, puortan, Mondos de acceso al Dhamia elevado. Sin doda una vido audiosa quetrascionde fronteros. Aqui no na tiemo espacio, lenguajez Gracia portodo. El carino continua, el camino sique, No podemos parar. contodo vi Abrodocinionto y And Dayochondra

#### Dear Precious Teacher,

Your life has been an example to me and so many thousands of others - a life of great integrity and cowage. I thank you from the bottom of my heart for presenting the Holy Dharma in a way I can practice and undertand - in all its breadth and depth and astonishing beauty.

May I recall every day my life's purpose to practice the Dhama in order to realise it - to be illuminated. The days and nights are relettessly passing, how well am I spending my time?

You did so much in your long and fruitful life to berefit living beings in so many ways. IF I were to accomplish one jota of what you have accomplished, in terms of truly berefitting living beings, I would swely die a contended man.

OM AMIDEVA HRIH Forever your disciple, Benjamin Jamett Dear Bhante.

It's a great opportunity for me to meet you while you were alive but I am fortunate to see your work erround the millions and changing the lives around me in India changing the lives around me in India and evorld over. You have enlightened the path of Buddha and Dr. Raba Suheb Ambedkar. My kind gratitude towards You and Phamma. Thank you so much. You will always live in our lives. Regards, Kisho, Maitri, Kshama, Piyush.

Bhante Sangharakshufu —

Flame of Wisdom - Shune on!

Flame of Love - Burn on!

Flame of compassion - Knidle more!

for your gifts, thankyou thankyou

Makyou

Vakabhadki

# Dear Bhonte,

You have given so very much to the word, benefitted so many people and effered your life it serice of the Dharma. You have always had, and always will have, my upmost respect and great gratitude for all you have done. It's stronge to think of a world without you.

much love always,

Amikanati X.

To my dear teacher Bhante Sangharakchita You gave me the great gift of the 3 jewels. The Dharma you have shared shines through me now and affects everyone in my life Thank you for your wisdom, compassion and dedication to setting our Sougha in motion Bowing deeply in gratitude Matripala, Melbourne, Australia. Dearest Bharte,

With huge gratitude for the Cift of the 3 Jewels.

How fortunate to have met you and to have my life transformed by your teaching of the Dhama.

Love Acarasraddha \*\*.

Thank you for showing us
the stariness of things
Bhate.
With love and gratitude
Taradalini

'I want to break out'
and
'I want to break through'
Thanks to you
dear Bhante.
May all blessings & happiness
be yours.
Aryajaya

With deepest gratitude for the guft of the Drama —

Amarda Bonnick x

Thank you for the gift of the dhaima

Sheera Mackenzie

Thank your Bhande Sacher Salher Sæther. Sasanjooti 0.1786. Boundless.

Thank you so much for the clarity of your teaching of the Dharma. Making Buddhism clear + showing a pathway to follow.

Thankyou for making an equal ordination for women and men and giving us the joy of companionship in the good life.

Thankyon for creating anagarika practice in ow order and encouraging us to meet regularly.

The continue for creating anagarika practice in ow order and encouraging us to meet regularly.

Thankyon for enabling me to gain skills to pass on dharma tradings effectively. Taragita Dear Bhante

Thank you for being the main condition upon which most of what is good in my life has ansen.

with unending gratitude and appreciation

Sankavajn

Deorest Banthe, Urgyen Sangharassita,

connected through Rodricitle wherever and whenever, my treatmind cannot describe the greatitude and love fore you and all you have given to this world in this life time. have given to this world in this life time. Hords simply can't describe what thee! you clearly know and have been given to the universe.

with Metha Prasada vajili

### Dear Bhante

When I was thetra Converor with Vajratara in Sheffield, you care to Tarathe and led some Study for the Kitra Conveners. It was on the Meast Sutra. I thanked you abtolowed. I remembe nothing of as words, because in that mement, I feet 1 was directly in tarch with the Heart Sutra through you It was a shocking and deeply exhiberating moment that is etched in my being. Thank you for the gift of yourself with gratitude Moksalilá x 17/11/2012

Dear Rhante Your legacy of wisdom is immense, indeed immeasthable. This confused & suffering world can only benefit from this Great gift. I and the many others you have touches will be exhated to practice the Pharma Yet more assiduously Through the Bodhisattva A TRIRATINA BUDDHIST ORDER. WESHALL be thore than a Thousand arms with your gift x example. Wishing you endless Blessings, gratitude Siladasa Australia 16.11.18

Year Bhaute You gave me my life and you are my life.
It was from you that I first heard about "the Transcendental" - a vision of something beyond "me" and my "experience". I was 30 years old and I felt I had waited all my life to hear this. No words can adequately express what you have given us and what you have given the world. What I can do now is to ensure your legacy and our Trinatua lineage flourishes for the wellbeing of all. May your Bookisattra work continue to inspire, uplift and motivate us. May we be true and worthy disciples of you, Bhante Urgyen Saugharayshita With heartfelt gratitude and love, Kulomondo 17.11.18 Dear Bhante,

I can't thank you enough for the goft you have given me, the gift of the Dhama, a path to becoming fully human. I thank you for your friendship to us all, in our knowsands, and for inspiring the jewelled networks of friend ship between us, creating Saugha, making the spontral life possible or lething it be lived with joy and companionship. I was only 25 when I first encountered you and suc PWBO, now Trivatna, o can't imagine the life I might have led nomont meeting you. If you had not made that decision to come back to British o found a new Buddhist Movement, my He would undoubtably been darker, sadder & more confused. you brought a light into a dark world for us all and kept it Shining, showed it to us from every angle so that we could see and appreciate it. Thank you for your patience, determination, sourage, equanimity in the face of suffering to continue to make the Three Lewes 5 hine for us. With much love out guitable, Dayanaguli

# Respected Bharte

Just want to express my gratitude for everything that you have given to me as the gift of the dhamma, that changes my whole life, my first seeing you in 1988 in pimpri vihara changed my life, I consider that is turning point of my life. Being with you in Mahavihara Community in Dapodi in 1992 was high point.

whatever I am today that is because of the sangha which you have founded. Lots of people like me abready benefited from you and will continuely benefited through the teaching you have give and the Sangha. Through the teaching you have give and the Sangha.

Yashorayan India Dear Bhonte, with hearfelt gratitude and appreciation for all you have given. I per honoured and prileged to be part of the buddhist order you established so years ago a have a strong memory of meeting with you at Madhyamalokalthe soon was filled with wave upon wave of mesta and afterwards I floated to the lows stop budged up by love Sucimoni xxx

Dear Bhante,

Thank you for your life, for giving so much of yourself to help others with the gift of the Three Jewels.

thank you for those postereds - I had to look up 'dialectic'!

And for saying it's important to have your heart 'un what you do.

Thank you for 15 Points for Buddhist parents, especially the sense that the words weren't coming from ordinary thinking - our son remembered how calm you seemed to him when I told him you had died; more than anyone he's ever met.

Thank you for poetry - for encouraging me - for understanding what the process of writing is and does.

Thank you, Varasahaya

## Dear Bhante,

Its really difficult to remember how my life was before meeting your translation of the Dharma at Padmaloka in 1995. Because my life now is so permeated by a Buddhisk life in Triratra, lam in contact with riches daily, all my Sangha friendships, the way I now think, what I read, my daily ro-time, what I eat or don't eat, I haven't had a TV for over 20 years. The me prior to 1995 cold not have invisagedalife without the Scape. Thank so much Bhante, I have become cultured, gamed Confidence, Carage, awareness and my heart is bigger because of your life. With Much love and reverence to jour.

Vanaprija.

Dear Rhank Thank you for all the beauty and victuress you have brought into my life, for the courage to look for it in all That lives, in Ilings, and moments, and the ongoing cleaning of thought about it! I am grake ful for and cherish reflections on and we shared and our silently appreciating moments in the park of the Villa Higel in Essen.

On Viebe! Vidyagita

### Dear Bhante

Thank you so much for giving me acress to the tools and nop necessary to find meaning and true Joy in this life. Thank you for beating the down of the deathless to a time I can hear and Join in.

Thank you also for your example of how to live a beautiful like, you have helped me open my eyes to what beauty truly is.

All the good that I have received and our able to pass on world not have been possible that the Songher you started, but you already knew that " South III South III South III South III

which love and gratitude

Thank you Bhante, for your many
8ifts. Your great vision, your
prolific mitig and teachings. Your
founding of his Order and Community
built on friendship. Thouling for
the opportunity I have had to meet
you. I have such memories to keep
and so much to less.

will much love, Sassinka XX.

With deep gratitude to Bhante, for giving so many people all over the world a glimpse of the Buddha, Dharma & Sangha. Thank you for giving so many of us a way to take that realisation deeper through the good conditions set up by you. Thank you for handing on so many teachings especially the handing on so many teachings especially the Sadhanas given to you by your teachers.

Sadhanas given to you by your teachers.

Thank you Subha

#### Dear Bhente

I came to your teaching twice in my life, and so I am doubley groteful.

I was 21 when I visited Padmalaka in 1982 and learnt both jogs - that Here was a path - and that I wouldn't have to travelit done. I O years later, I'd had the git of idealism stunding me for toolong and so I moved away from friends and practice to a life I was convinced I'd only run away from because I couldn't cope. Another 18 years on, with many careers and relationships behind me I was finally able to see what I'd had and then gone and let go ...

And so in 2010 I crossed the threshold of one of your Centres and discarred many of the friends I left behind, plus more than I cald have imagined!

Much lave to you my teacher,

May you be well in yar next life \_ With deep gratitude Tejasiddhi

Dear Bhante

You are no longer here, and yet you are no present.

You no longer sit in your chair, yet you sit forever in my heart. no longer tied to one body, one place, you are everywhere.

You have been present the whole of my adult life. Jour teachings, your wisdom, your clarity, have illumined my development as a human being you have been my inspiration my reference point, my guiding star. without you, my life would not be what it is . Thanks to you, it is blessed with meaning, purpose, a vaste vision, a true piritual path and the fellowship and prindding of no many extraordinary fellow schamafarers.

Anie I have been in Paris, endeavouring to further you Bodhis alter work, you have been a constant source of guidance and encouragement you have been my freid, his tening kindly to my struggles, teasing me and Johing with me, sharing your wisdom

and yourself.

And as I by myself to communicate the Dherria to others, I never cease to marvel at the clarity with which you taught it to us; the ruy rad ways that you found to render it so alive and relevant.

Perhans what her moved me more tran anything else is your after faith and confidence in the Buddha and his Dharma; your complete devotion to the There fewels. Beholding that I feel himbled and emboldered.

Sharte, mahasatura, may my deep gratitude and veneration flow through my every action, and may we neet again. With love, Vassika

Dear Bhante, So much has changed in my life, thanks to your teachings, Small things and big too. I like my life differently now, with more openness, compassion and a deep sense of gratifude for your teachings.
The Survey blew my mind, I felt the blunkers, which gave me such a narrow view of the world had been blown apart. I saw beauty in the Dharma, thanks to you. And now I am an Anvitabha practitioner. What a nondrous experience it never ceases to be. With great love Amalacitta.

Dear Bhante,
Thank you her your affirming flame (which has burned so bightly), offering the world so much and countering the negation and despair.

With deep gratibude,

Nandavayra.

## Dear Bhante,

Words cannot express my heartfelt gratitide to you for giving me the gift of the Dharma from which has come all that is most joyful and most meaningful in my life. You have enriched my life over these 38 years in countless ways including the great gift of your emphasis on Kalyana nutrata and this precisis Order.

The great joy of my life was to be ordanied by you as the mother of a two year dd. I am profoundly thankful for your vision of the Order.

'Joy deepens and deepens nothin my heart until it opens into an infinite sky of Knowledge ablaze with stars.'
The Veil of Stars

Long may the Dhama and your legacy fromsh. With profoundest reverence, respect and live to you, my precious teacher, Urgyen Sangharakshita.

May we meet again in the Dharma Pinyamata

## Dear Bhante

thank you for giving me a vision, for giving theworld a vision where anyone can be friends with any other human being.

Thank you for emphasising the unity of buddhism and always always coming back to the underlying principles.

Thanh you fer your fireeness and uncompromising approach to life. For being a true inclividual.

And thanh you for your lindness in your direct contact with people.

In gratituted I will live by your vision - Sucinamasa

## Dear Brante,

J will always deeply love you.

Thank you.
Yours, Ania

May we continue what you have started!

Dear Bhante, my gratitude for all you have given to me, to us and to the world is inexpressable. All I can do is practise and share the dharma as you taught it and lived it, inadequate though my attempts will undoubtedly be. However, I am only one of many Triratna dharma. farers. Surely together we can live from, in and for your vision. With great gratitude, Ugirajyati Mere words could never adequately express
the gratitude I feel for the Dharma being in
my life and the lives of my children. With
the greatest of all thanks Bharte for everything
you have done for me, the Order, the movement
and for the world.

AU blessings

Rest now.

Aparacita

Dear Bhante,

Mankyon for giving me such a gift - Lyn I honour you Bhante Sangharakshita. I deeply deeply honour you.

With perofound gratitude

Smritisatus.

Dear Bhante

How difficult he put into words my gratified for all you've given to the world and to me personally. When I head my first Dhalma book (Visian 1-transfermation) it felt as if a door had opened into a new world-one that I have spent the last 25 years trying to inhabit more & more folly. I've always beartouched deeply by your live always beartouched deeply by your connection to your own teachers; I hape never to be apart from the gratified rever to be apart from the gratified

# Dear Bharte,

To thank you is deserting. You are too big, and what you have given is too big. It is so much the our that I breathe, the pulse in my veins and arteries for all that I forget and fall short. It is not even enough to thank you for my own benefits, as you have given so much to so many people, across the world and throughout the rive decades and more of your life. You have given the world a spiritual community in the truest sense of those words, and I can hardly believe that I have had the good forture to executer that community and the apportunity to join it. Almost all my experience of community and of the life-giving experience that is meaningful friendship has been in Triratina, and especially in the Order that you have founded and guided. Tou have given us work - you have given me mark - the work of one of the arms of Avaloritesians - even it that arm forgets esself so much of the time. How workerful! Tay have given clarity and understanding - the Dhanna itself. I dedicate myself afresh to helping to body forth your Vision, in whatever may I can. May your example always implies me

Gratitude to Bhante: , ?:
Dear Bhante,

I met you once, when I was 21. Before I was a mitra I asked for Ordination. Above the London Buddhist Centre, in your ordinary flat with the gas fire lit. You accepted my request for Ordination o your object kindness. You reminded me of my Grampy Albert. Years later I met you in a dream, during a very difficult time of my life. It was a dream of delight at having met each other. I spoke or my practice, during difficult times & you reassured me that I was doing the right thing. The dream was cleansing ordeeply reassuring. I anoke with a feeling that everything was going to be altight. Thrankyon so much for that meeting. I feet like our connection is mysterious. I see you clearly in the sky with all your teaches on the refuge ties. Having been a single parent for all of my adult life, your Dharma & the 3 jewes have given my the meaning & richness beyond measure. I hank you so much dear Bhomte, Love, Subhavandana, XXX

TLOVE JOU,
Thave ALBRYS LOVED JOU,
JULL ALBRYS LOVE JOUR.

SahaJatáró-××××××× Deerest Bharte, Words carnot express...hav grateful I am to you. You will be it my heart and mind loverer! All my love, Lélávati Expressing lots of GRATITUDE from the polish sangha!

Bhante, although you no longer sit in your lovely warm annexe, your presence is all around. Words cannot express my gratifude for all Unot you have given me. Finding the Dharma saved my life. How can I thank you for that? Only by practice. thank you Parami

From the bottom of my hearth I would like to thank you for being such an inspiration for thousans of people and help me to torn my life into something much more significant. Jugard Mingrillon

my heaft aches with gratitude, will joy with sorrow, with regret I never got to see you again as an order member.

All there is left to do is to practice & share the aharma as best I can.

I find it hard to find the words to express the feelings in my heart

Thank you for all you have given that changed my life & in turn has an effect with metta.

Thank you for giving us this Order where women and men can have equal ordinations and where we can come together as a sund where we can come together as a Sangha, working out the relationship of the Individual, the group, and the spiritual community. This has been transformative community. This has been transformative for me - in the company of spiritual friendships where metta flows and the dharma is so clearly spoken.

With much gratitude and devotion, Kanunadevi

Om tare tuttare ture saraha There are not words that could capture the debt of gratitude I owe to you. You will remain in my thoughts and in my heart and hopefully - my actions for the benefit of myself and hopefully many others. With deep metter and gratitude Jayava ?

Words are such inadequate means of expression. I have struggled to find Some that tell of my never-ending gratitude for gwing me the gift of the Sharma. All I can now do is try to practise more deeply. and perhaps we shall meet again in some other existence. All blessings to you, precious teacher. Kalyanawaca

Dear Bhante When I read "The History of My Going for Refuge" I knew I had found a Spiritual friend. When I read "Wisdom Beyond Words" I knew I had found my Teacher. At the time I was a Christian, a Quaker, with many good spiritual friends and other teachers. Yet, suddenly, I was on fire with the possibility of becoming a Buddhist; of joining your Order.

You met and helped me each step of the way. When I became a Mitra you reassured me that I could continue to go to Quaker Meetings and that my experience of the 'Fathered Meeting' is indeed the Sangha Jewel. When I was in the Ordination Process you affirmed the importance of the 'inner voice' I had previously ascribed to 'God' and suggested I consider it my 'Guardian Angel'. When I'd been Ordained you adviced me on how to introduce into the Order the practice of 'Speaking from Silence' and gave me the title "The Still Spring-fed Pool" for the Shabda article I was writing. ("Spring-fed", you said, "is most important!") I have felt deeply understood by you, and I have known since the moment of my Public Ordination that the Order you founded is my practice. I seek to serve with humility and (spring-fed) inspiration and dedicate any merit gained to the arising of Bodhicitta within the Order and sargha for the benefit of all beings. Thank you, Bhante, so much. Dh. Anagarika Dhiraprabha (Order Converor)

Like many others, I cannot imagine what my life would be like without Trinatna, and Bhante's vision to share the Dharma with us the world. My 1st contact was LBC's Winter '91 retreat: I wanted to get away from xmas. I had no other expectations. I found I could not stop meditating and started going the West London Centre. I thought "I'll stay for as long as I'm here", having always reached the end of, or grown disillusioned with, other places or groups I'd Sought the truth. The dharma keeps deepening as I growt open to it—there are no limits except those I still cling to.

Apart from nearly Knocking Bhante over at my 1st Fubo Day (Dulwich), my initial encounters with him were through the taped lectures. Always something would spark off a deep recognition, an arising of joy; I was truly alive. There was a resonance that continues to reverberate down the years.

So many talks, books, seminars, poems - so much life shared. I am deeply grateful to be heir to all this, the vision for living a full-on tharma hife, and for our order and movement. Dyotana

Deer Bhante my lare and grantide to you. Deep appreciation for your upe, vision + commetment. I'm so pleased me met -Each time a tantine teaching and protal mmy own learning and benelopment. Buddhom contres to charge my life and the lives of those around me. All those precious to me one because 4 your. Thankyou Straddhadh

Its difficult to express how which your teachings have changed viry life. Instead of mostly sorrow, there is mostly jay, and an appreciation of this precious human birth and a deep faith in the potential for transformation in us all. Of course I lose sight of this often, so need to be constantly terrinded through spiritual practice and the support of spiritual friends. I feel very forhunte and deeply grateful for all you have given us, and the occasions I was able to west with you. There was always a gift.

Your passing has filled me with reverence for a remarkable life that I'm inspired by. My with is that many more people will also continue to be informed and guided by your vision. May all blessings be yours precious teacher.

Padmabodhini

Thank you for all you have giverns. hords seen chadequate .... I const chaque how my life would be inthat the Dhama, and be many fittels We made along the wong. I met you only the once, and can son see your face lighting up when I mentioned thorna. And I Knewber you Kirdress, enomous Kirdress. With much gratatorde, and Love, O Achayamanon

Dear Bhank, my precious Teacher, THANK YOU! I feel enomious gratitude for the gift of the Dharma you have given me, and prall the occasions over the years when I have specit time in your company whether one ar one, or with others. I feel so fishinate to have met you in this life, may Island even more fully in ne Truth you have shared, May the O'der you have founded continue to thing e grow and benefit many many beings. I Sound hadein

Since you have left us, I have realised more deeply that everyming in my life which is most precious to me has been given to me by you. How can words express my gratitude for the gift of the 3 jewels?

Strangely you don't feel gone to me, but even more present - in the words you have spowen and writen, in your Order, and also in an even more mysterious way which is bigger than any of these. May my life be an offering of gratitude to you for the priceless gifts you have given us, protecting and serving the Sangha you created, and ever more deeply shrving to embody the ideals you communicated to us.

Dharmanayi XX

Thank you, Thank you, and thank you, again.

From the first book I ever read on Buddhism (which you wrote) to the last, and all the teachings in-between.

In memorian,

Dearent Bhante,

You proport the Dharmer, the mysteries ineffeible Bharma, right ento the here arel now. You created a centext where I, an astenony himan cald prictice. you were a doorway unto The mystenes of existence, that have enriched my like and allewed me to graw and flurish for the kere fit of all every day.
Thombyou Konnalagita we talked just 3 dægs before you died, about goer life and your death. with gratitude for your inspiration + energy in bringing Buddhesm to the you said you d'rever greestioned what was recoleal as Toirathan grew coolenal your! Upersaalle Thank you Sharte For you namet + authority For humor and gravity four rebellion and conformity. I've loved your graitly + slaws, your Leadership + humility. I'll do my utnort to uphold your teachings Yours in Service Karunabala, Hastings.

The Dhama taught by you, accessible with principles I can understand and practices to follow, has shaped my adult life. It's helped me to be freer of Suffering and harm to others and, I hope, create less suffering and harm to others. I feel my connection to the Buddha through you and you will I hope always remain in my heart. I feel very glad we had opportunities to meet and I reflect often on those meetings and treasure those meniones and teachines.

I am also grateful to you for this amazing saugha that you founded, the vision you had for it and held even when that was challenging. I and so many others when that was context, that enables growth, freedom benight from this context, that enables growth, freedom and laving friendship. This has made my life so nich and given it meaning and porpose.

With Love, Singhamati

Satyapada 2no Dec 2018

It's hard to particularise what Bhante Urgyen Sangharakshita has given me: he opened up a new world, in fact a new universe, and showed us the way to access it.

It interpenetrates the world of confusion and unhappiness, and isn't hard to get into, except when I forget or disbelieve it's there.

Dealing with this on a one to one level, Bhante was invariably kind, for bearing and encouraging, attuough never engaging in false communication.

With growing gratitude to our exemplar, teacher and friend.

Dear Sangharakshita, Although I never net you, your indirect Presence is my lige har helped me in So namy ways. Thanh you for the privaless present you have given the world. Yours

Hugo white.

Dear Bhante, Mords cannot sum up my gratitude to you. For a life I now have full of meaning and connection, Thank-you. for clarity and inspiration in the path to Enlightenment, Thank-you. For the inspiration of your like and example, Thank-you. For the beauty of your poetry, Thank-you. For your emphasis on friendship, Thank-you. for starting the movement despite the many difficulties and challenges, Thank-you. For all of this and so much more, Thank you dear teacher. May I faithfully share the teachings, practices and inspiration with others. th others.
With Love and Gratitude,
Kusaladeri

# Dear Sangharalishita,

thanhyon for writing our Puga and especially the Transferance of Merits' section - this gras bed me on first heaving and my life has never been the same since. Words can save lives is retrial contexts. May 1 be of service; may 1 add one we drop to these unneswable, mysterious wells of shilfert actions that you have inspired all over the world. With deepest love, gratitude and faith in the Phama, Mohsadasini

Thornk you for loving me.

Chanotte Laws

Dear Bhante Sangharakshita,

Von Bedenting ist.

"Beweging" geoprindet hast.

Nun bin and ich im Denegung und die Charcel, beine "Sofakartoffel"en werden, ohn sohr gut. Dank deiner Auslegung und Umsetzung des Dharma, kann ich nun sehen, dass mein Turn, mein Sein, in der Welt

Argajiva

8/12/18

Decuest Beinte

It is with great fendness I want to Thank you for the Beauty and pragmatic Teachings you have given me which have helped me find the courage; patiente; Confidence; Faith to Transform helped me find the courage; patiente; Confidence; Faith to Transform my life; and my emotional landscape has changed significantly too!!!

your death has given me an Invitation to Pause, reflect and sit with the pointency of each moment as it passes. I have tuben time to reflect and appreciate the mirror of my life and all that the "Three Jewels" have given me!!!

In noticing what matters to me, I have a deep sense of Rosponsibility that I am doing everything I can to "Wake Up" to my true nature and the peace, calmness: Equanimity that comes when I rest in the True Nature of Roality.

You have always been the first person to come back to me on the Refuge Tree. It is now wonderful to know you will be Joining the Buddha and all your Teachers on the Refuge Tree!!

metter sending you an Abrundance of Love; Gratitude and Many Purtell (Liverpool Sangha)

Dear Bhante,
Without your extraordinary life my life would be without meaning.
You have shown me and countless others a path of the truly good, the truly beautiful.
I have no words to fully express my gratitude - may I do whatever I can to keep the frame of your teachings burning bright.

With deepest respect, gratitude

and love, Kalyanadhi

I beare an order nember in September and you died at the end of October - a faut that feels very poignant.

I am so very very grateful for your most extraordinary life which has had such a propound effect on my own.

With heartful love and gratitude

Prajñasrī

## Bhante,

With much gratitude and appreciation for your vision, practice and hard work in setting up this wonderful, diverse Order.

Getting ordained is the best thing I've ever done and I cent imagine my life withatit.

Metta,

Vajramudita X

#### From Dharmika, Norwich November 2018.

There's Gratitude: All human beings have faults; failings and shortcomings, and most have some accomplishments, in this respect as we well know, Ven-Maha-Sthira Urgyen-Bhante is no exception. By the time I came in contact with the FWBO at Pundarika Centre (1974). What I needed was a 'High-Lama' combined with an English-Master, who was prepared to come down of his perch, and be a real human being, and Bhante was certainly that. In due course sitting in half- lotus; as our engaging Subhuti played the tapes, I was won over and mesmerised by Bhante's endless eloquence; wit and sonorous discourses. Once I came down the stairs, to find just Subhuti and Bhante alone, on introduction I was embarrassed; as I couldn't recall the name of the lecture just listened to, simultaneously I was surprised as Bhante's body sort of shimmerd and I seemed to see within him a radiant youthful figure, even though Bhante then was about forty-eight. Subsequently about five years later, a rather different me; ran up some stairs in a New Zealand community (Suvarnaketu) and to my surprise Bhante and Purna were there, on this occasion it was crystal clear, when a very beautiful figure/emanation projected out of Bhante and just stopped me in my tracks. Then next day Purna said to me something to the effect of 'don't think I didn't see what happened'. Also in NZ I appreciated a meeting with Bhante in the Gipsy-Caravan, and on another occasion his looking at and okaying a particular Buddhist practice, I had years previously per-chance come across at Swiss -Cottage-Library. While looking after Bhante at the community; I regret when called into the bathroom, that while I performed whatever task was needed, I wish I had been less shy and also offered to wash his back, but can't think of everything. I felt both bereft and a slight sense of freedom when Bhante and Ratnaketu went to India, I remember the stillness and silence making them tea at about 4am before journey to Auckland-Airport, I guess we are all constantly in transit... Also Thank-You for various other meetings and the two spells of cooking for you at Madhymaloka.

I notice I still have: a few much appreciated hand-written cards from Bhante, including this one dated 18-3-81 which travelled from Padmaloka to NZ for a mere 20p (probably there was also stamps on the envelope). The picture-card is of L'Absinthe by Edgar Degas and in beautiful neat writing runs: "Dear Patrick, Thanks for your letter, which was waiting for me when I returned from Crete a few days ago, (Slightly bronzed). Glad to hear you are more optimistic; and gradually turning to face the light. Tomorrow I head south for London, Purley and Brighton, just visiting the centres and meeting people. Weather at present is dull and rainy. Love, Sangharakshita"

**Bhante's kindness and poetry:** have been just as important to me as have his lucid teachings, thus I wrote on some Tri-Ratna sites: Dear Urgyen Bhante, I am sad and sorry at your departure, but also happy and joyful for you too. May your transition; meeting; awakening or whatever, be Refreshing, Wonderful and Beautiful. Thank-You for giving so much, in so many ways... May we meet again in prosperity and boon.

**PS: .....** "In the lone garden of my dreams, beneath the wide spreading branches of the tree of life, I wait for the .... While youth comes and goes, while manhood waxes and wanes as the moon, In the midst of the worlds tumult, and in the deep silence of my heart, through life and through death; through the birth and dissolution of millions of universes, eternally I wait for the ...." extract from 'Many Were The Friends' Sangharashita.

Verses written about the Six Elements: at Guhyaloka where this 'late' Patrick received a new name: 'Naked birth on revolving earth, offers no permanence, whatever our worth/ Gushing, rushing, torrential rain, seven seas within our brain/ Dancing flames fade away, clammy cold we cannot stay/ Clad in snowdrops, shrouded in stars, heart heaves as breath leaves/ Sinking; twirling; swimming; swirling, we vacate our space in the human race/ Elements flown; mind blown, consciousness meets what it has sown'. Dharmika 1993...

**Poignantly:** The last meeting with Bhante (Anagarika-event), I was posting a request, when Ashvajit was passing, then minutes later, called me to say "Dharmika Bhante will see you now". In the event I asked Bhante if there was anything I had or hadn't done; which he had any concerns about, and he said he wasn't aware of anything. Then I noticed just how beautiful Bhante was looking, and gently told him so, all too soon the short spell came to completion...

Funeral-Wake-Burial: Once at Suvarnaketu-Community (NZ), Bhante asked me to obtain him an electric-heater. This I borrowed one from Tony-Joseph (Priyananda's brother) at the old Aryasangha-Community. Another time at Madhymaloka, Bhante me if I could get his malfunctioning-boiler to start, luckily after a while I was able to get it to fire-up. At Bhante's funeral I misjudged the length of time and got very cold, fortunately Danashura's big-jacket kept him just about ok. Of course it was a bit like modern Bodhgaya, with so many pilgrims arriving from various directions. Anyhow a very big Thank-You!!! To the speakers and all those involved in the days of planning and much hard work to get it to all to come together, it was a very special event, and with a good and friendly atmosphere.

Thank-You Vessantara: for the,timely (16-23 Nov) and well-attended (69) Vajrasattva-Retreat at Adhisthana. I only attended on an impulse (Thank-you Sarvananda) two days before the event. I felt a need to be at Adhisthana in a less hectic way (i.e. a thousand less folk), I felt a need for a deepening, listening and heartfelt silence. The shrine had Bhante's mantra rupas, and at it's centre was Aloka's beautiful white Vajrasattva, (which Punyamala – who ably assisted Vessantara - pointed out had more western features) and Bhante's elegant tea-cup and saucer sat in front, all very touching. It seems having had a flu jab, this may have lowered my resistance, thus I caught a heavy cold along with a fever, and had little sleep, even so I only missed a couple of sits, and also enjoyed making porridge each morning for forty, and I lit incense and chanted Bhante's requested mantras as I stirred the porridge. Also I much appreciated reporting in/out, and having meditation reviews with Vessantara. I shared a room with Rijumuni who was very easy to be with, and before I got cold; enjoyed hugs with Saddhaloka; Yashodeva and Suvajra. On an occasion I sat at a table with all Indian Oms, only later did I realise they were probably the Indian Preceptors. Anyhow they were all very warm and friendly, and when I asked if Subhuti was behaving alright, they were so playful and funny in how they dealt with that question, thanks chaps and many Sadhus to you and of course Subhuti too. And on a different note I would just like to Thank-you Vidyadevi, for your excellent compilation, 'Urgyen-Sangharakshita 108-Ways-Of –Looking –At-Death'. Also I rejoice in Shantavira's merits, in all his work with Shabda; along with many other publications, Sadhu... To conclude; on at least four days I made it to Oyster Hill, where I climbed up on to the 'triangulater' and chanted Bhante's requested Mantras, and on last occasion; "Peace peace, he is not dead; he doth not sleep; he has Awakend from the Dream of Life".... With all best wishes, Love Dharmika

Bhay te

a few years ago I travelled a cross India going to places that were part of your life. When I wisited the volton's peak there was a man reading on a stone. We started chating and he told me that this teacher

travelled with you. 2 told him you were my teacher. This was a special magic moment. After I

was Budharadit, the friend who

went to Kaliyong and I ended

medituting in the compa next to the

cottage when you lived for several

years. Some how I feet a strong

connection with you.

I am now very wirlock in my committy and I want to thank you for all what you gave me. You are a great inspiration for my Thanks you and love

