

RAINBOWS

2005



kamma and sila



RAINBOWS 2005 was produced over the weekend 29th April to 2nd May 2005 at Amaravati Monastery by a group of monastics and families. We were:

Venerable Amaranatho, Sister Cittapala, Simone, Sam, Oliver, Gus, Jeff, Jack, Paula, Christopher R, Yvette, Giselle, Genevieve, Fabian, Virginia, Christopher B, Isabelle, Hannah, Sarah, Saffron, India, Jane, Mike, Laurel, Rosa, Grahame, Robble, David, Emily, Raphael, Mashya, Lily F, Frankle, Ges, Pam, Lily B, Tim, Francis, Justine, Dan, Bethan, Lisa, Daniel, Josh, Ray, Charlie, Fen, Kim, Alzena, Sammy...

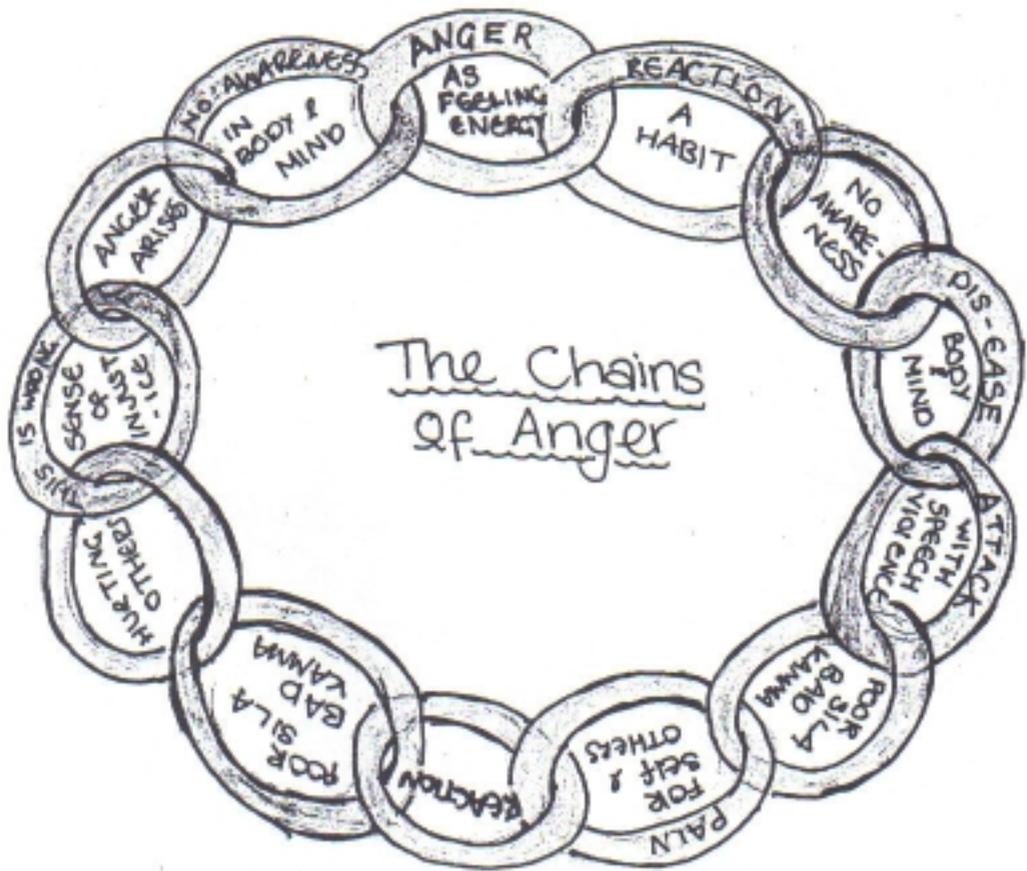
...and Amy.



If you want more information about Amaravati, and about the Family Events that take place there, visit the website at www.amaravati.org

If you would like to be on the mailing list for the annual Rainbows Magazine, or if you have any comments or suggestions, please contact:

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Awareness....



"Breathing in, I know that I am angry
Breathing out, I calm my feeling
of anger"

breaks the chains of Anger!
... and leaves you calmer.

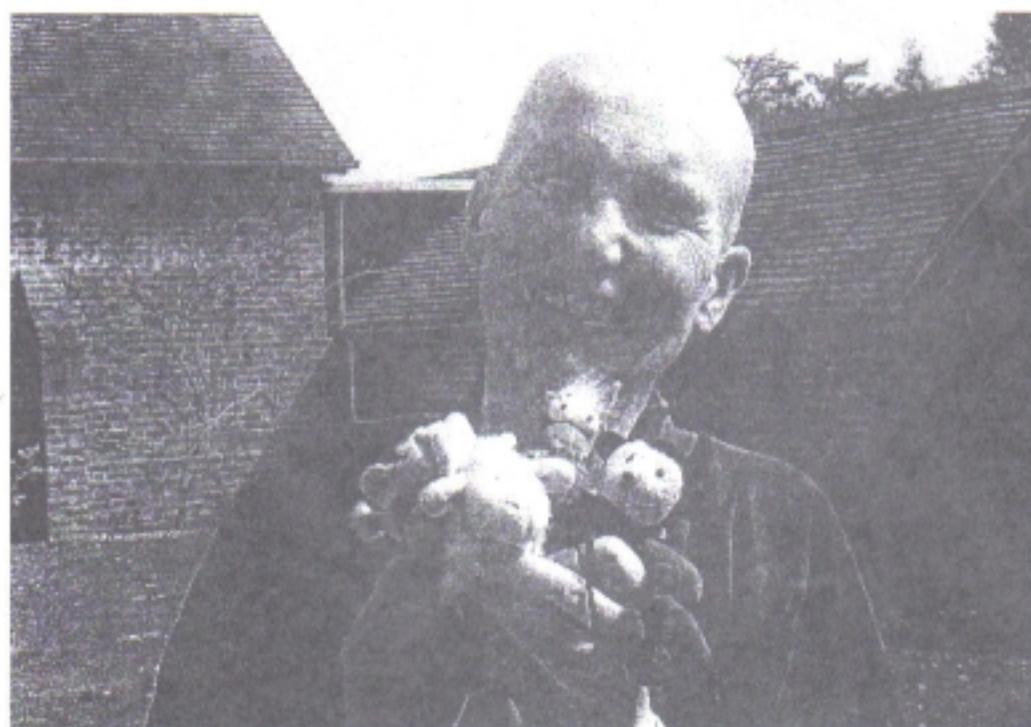
 Awareness of
habitual
reactions

 Awareness
of kammic
consequence

 Awareness
of Dis-ease

And good sila brings you good
khamma and leaves you even calmer.

Sister Cittapala's Dhamma-family



This is **ELLI**, a baby-elephant. She is very bouncy and so endearing that it's hardly possible to tell her off. And she is very curious and asking Anagarikā **LAMB^P** endless questions.

This is **PUFF**, the traumatized little dragon, who is usually quite ill-tempered and letting off steam a lot. He needs a bit of care and understanding.



This is Anagarikā **LAMB^P** - she wants to be spelled with a 'p', because she is so inspired by the Dhamma, which is 'like a lamp, illuminating the path to the deathless'. She doesn't want to be just an animal doing things unconsciously - she wants to choose skillful action, like being generous and loving and speaking the truth. That makes her feel good.

This is **MARA**, the tempter. He gives voice to all the attachments - all what I want, and what I find unbearable ... He is very often engaged in arguments with Anagarikā **LAMB^P**, and not wanting to give in.

The Karma Song

(sing to the tune of the diesel advert!)

Is karma good?
Is karma great?
Is karma good?
Is karma great?
Is karma something
We don't hate?



Hate something } intention
Change something }
↓
Hate something } action
Change something }
↓
Make something better! } result!
(positive..luckily..)

Isn't it just bliss
When silence goes like this?



Does He Take Sugar?

Many years ago Mahatma Gandhi was touring through India on foot. He was approached by a young mother with a small child, who asked of the great man,
"Please Mr Gandhi tell my son not to eat sugar. His teeth are rotten and his complexion poor"

To which Gandhi replied,
"Bring him back in three weeks."

The mother, somewhat confused, said,
"Please tell him now."

Again Gandhi replied,
"Bring him back in three weeks."

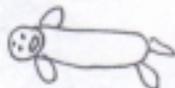
The baffled mother departed. Three weeks passed and the mother returned, asking,
"Now will you tell him not to eat sugar?"

To which Gandhi replied,
"Young man, stop eating sugar."

A somewhat bemused mother asked,
"Why could you not have told him that three weeks ago?"

To which Gandhi replied,
"Madam, three weeks ago I was still eating sugar."

The moral of this story is: - Deal with our own kamma before dealing with others or set ourselves right before attempting to correct others.



once there was a killer

he attract lots of poor people

and the rich



and of course the normal

will one day...

a master kill him

Peter's Problem



Peter had a problem. His mum had had a phone call from Jules' mum because Jules had come home really late, and the next morning her mum had found her still fast asleep in her clothes, with a nearly-empty bottle of vodka sticking out of her bag. Jules' mum had been so angry she'd gone through the messages on Jules' phone, and the last one had been from Peter saying he was going to meet Jules in the park last night. Now Jules' mum was on the warpath, and Peter's mum had been shouting at him to tell her what had happened. Peter said he didn't know anything about it (which wasn't true). He admitted to seeing Jules briefly in the park, but said he never saw any vodka. Then he walked out, leaving his mum still shouting as he went.

Peter walked along the footpath by the edge of the field at the back of the estate. He was hoping to clear his head. The morning was sunny and quiet, and it was still quite early. As he walked, the events of the night before ran through his mind, all intertwined with images of Jules and the strong feelings that she stirred up in him, most of which were all the stronger because he wasn't sure what they really were. He knew he found her attractive, but it was much more than that. He really admired the way she was her own person, she'd question things and wouldn't accept the hypocrisy of the adult world. The vodka, for example: how come Jules' mum was making such a fuss about that, when Jules' dad was down the pub virtually every night?

The bottle of vodka had actually been stolen from the Co-op, with Peter creating a diversion by knocking over some cans while Jules hid the bottle in her jacket. As the cashier came over to help Peter pick up the cans, Peter caught his eye. Very briefly, Peter wondered what it was like to be the elderly cashier, and whether he might get in trouble for the vodka being stolen on his shift. But before Peter could think about this any further, Jules was off and running down the road, laughing out loud, with Peter trying to catch up. Peter finally caught her, but realised he was late for his paper-round, so they arranged to meet up later that evening with the vodka, and Jules gave him a wink as they parted.

After finishing his round and going home for tea, Peter wandered down towards the park where he'd arranged to meet Jules. He was half an hour early, but felt he couldn't wait. He wasn't sure if the excitement inside him was to do with looking forward to seeing Jules, or anticipating the vodka, or the thrill of getting away with the theft. He felt strangely hungry, although he'd just had his tea, so he went to buy a burger from the van on the corner while he waited. He was just handing over the money when a strange thing happened in his mind, and he saw the image of a cow, just standing there in a field, looking dumb and passive, as cows do. Where had that come from? His mind did seem to be doing slightly strange things lately. But then he remembered he'd made a sort of decision

to try and become a vegetarian the day before – Jules was a vegetarian, and it was another one of the things that Peter admired about her. They'd had this really interesting conversation about how stupid and cruel it was to kill animals for meat, and it had made him think. "Sorry, cow" he mumbled out loud, and the burger van man looked at him strangely, so he wandered away back towards the park. Jules had even been on a couple of Animal Rights marches, and he'd seen her playing with her three cats and how kind she was towards them. He wished he could be one of her cats...



His thoughts were interrupted by a shout, and there was Jules staggering towards him and openly clutching the vodka bottle, which was already half empty. "Hiya, Pete," she garbled. She offered him a swig and they sat down on the grass, but somehow it wasn't quite as he'd imagined it would be. She was already quite drunk and not making too much sense. He wanted to catch up, and took another swig, but the mood was wrong and he just felt worse. Peter had been drunk before, so he didn't feel like it was a big deal for him, but he realised that he was disappointed that Jules was so out of it. She collapsed back on to the grass, and started burbling something about the clouds and the moon. Peter thought she probably didn't even know that he was there, and he just felt more frustrated. But looking down at Jules as she closed her eyes, he thought she looked more beautiful than ever, and he bent down to kiss her full on the mouth. To begin with, Jules didn't respond, but then she opened her eyes wide and tried to push Peter off. She sat up suddenly and started trying to say something, but then was violently sick, and Peter jumped back out of the way. Jules was a mess. Peter felt a rush of concern for her, and went to try to comfort her, but Jules just swore at him and started staggering across the park in the vague direction of her home. Peter knew he should really try to see her safely home, as it was pretty late by now, but he was hurt and confused, and he just sat there watching her disappear.

So had ended a day of highs and lows for Peter. He woke the next morning still feeling pretty miserable, and then it was while he was having his breakfast that Jules's mum had rung his mum, and his mum had started shouting at him. So now here he was trying to walk it all off in the sunshine, but still his mind was racing and his stomach was full of churning emotions. Peter didn't know what to do. He couldn't face Jules and he couldn't face his mum. He couldn't face anybody. So he just kept walking.

Peter came to an old brick bridge where the main road went over what used to be an old railway track, long since gone now. There was rubbish strewn around, and elaborate graffiti in bright colours covered the walls. He sat down on a lump of concrete under the bridge, and breathed long and hard. The sun was still shining and his mind came up with another one of those funny spontaneous images - this time a memory of a Buddhist Temple that his mum had taken him to years before. As it turned out, Buddhism had been just another one of his mum's fads which didn't last too long, but Peter had rather liked it at the time. He liked the cushions and the smell of the incense. Maybe it was the colours of the graffiti on the walls of the bridge that reminded him of the

Temple. He sat still and listened. He could hear birds singing: they would be the monks of his Temple. Then he heard bees: that would be the nuns. Then, out into the sunshine just by the bridge, a large rabbit hopped and sat completely still looking at Peter with deep dark eyes. That would be the Abbot, thought Peter, he'd looked a bit like that. Peter smiled a little half-smile.

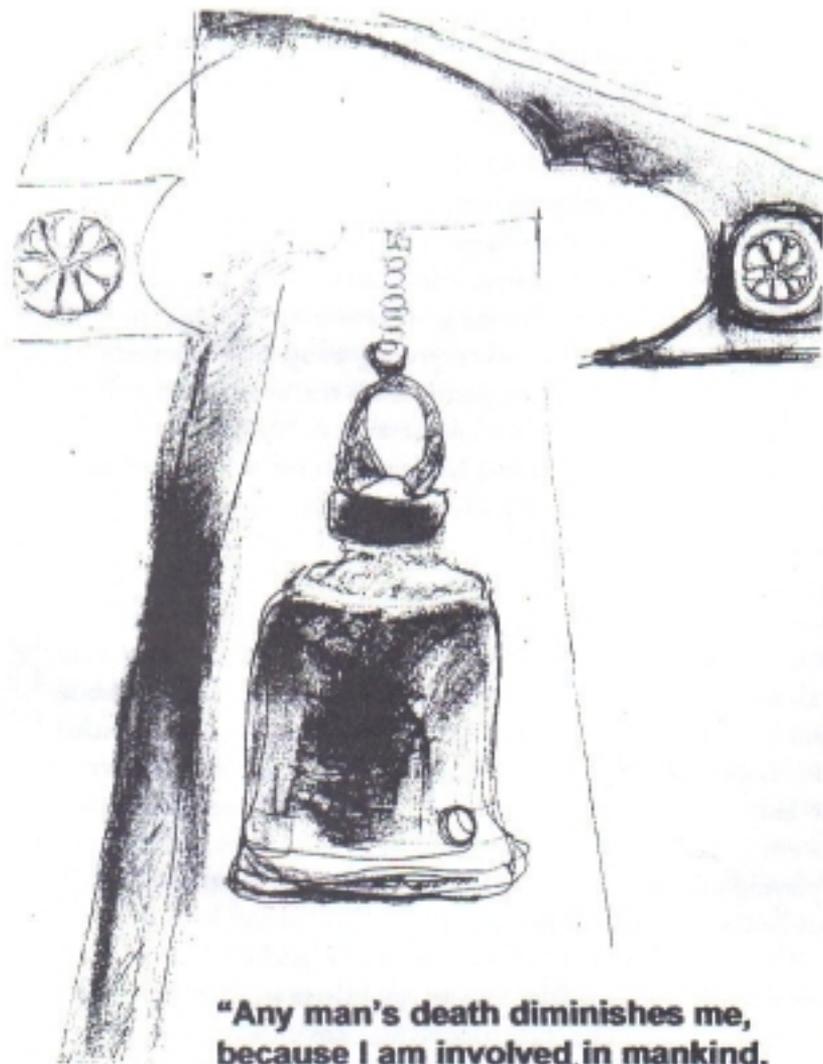
Then something happened. Or, rather, something didn't happen. Peter's mind seemed to stop thinking and the world seemed to open up in some way. Deep inside him, something tight let go and relaxed. It was all OK, really. Peter vaguely wondered if this meant that the horrible feelings from the day before, and from the scene over breakfast, would be gone. But, no, there they were still - but they were quite alright now, as he knew that that's all they were, just feelings. He sat there just breathing and feeling alive.

After a while, Peter got up and set off home, and the rabbit disappeared off into a bush at the movement. Everything had changed and nothing at all had changed. He realised that he still didn't know what he should do when he got home, but he also realised that it would not be so hard for him to work out what would be the right thing to do if he wasn't afraid anymore. He'd been afraid of so many things, of losing Jules if he asked her to go out with him properly, but then of losing her if he didn't. He'd been afraid of her looking down on him. He'd been afraid of everyone else at school looking down on him, come to that. He'd been afraid of ending up like his mum or the cashier in the Co-op. He'd been afraid of fitting in and conforming, and been afraid of being himself and being different.

Peter knew that it would take courage to stand up against these fears, but he somehow felt that he had this knowledge as a guide. He would have to start by telling the truth. He owed Jules an apology, not least for the stolen kiss, but he also wanted to talk to her at great length about so many things, and including his feelings towards her. He also thought she might be the only person who could understand his experience under the bridge. But she was probably still hung over or asleep, so it would have to wait. And they'd both have to try to put it right with the Co-op, and the cashier, and he didn't yet know what this would involve - maybe even the Police - but at least he'd have to do lots of honest talking, and with this new courage as a guide he thought he could face it, whatever it would take.

But first of all, Peter thought, he owed his mum an apology and the truth. It wouldn't be easy. He let himself in the back door, and there she was, still sitting at the kitchen table staring out of the window. She looked OK, but Peter could tell she'd been crying.

"Do you want a cup of tea, mum?" Peter asked.



**"Any man's death diminishes me,
because I am involved in mankind,
and therefore never send to know
for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for
thee."**

- John Donne



Generiève

The Wizard and the Thief



Once there was a wizard. He was walking with his friend. They were walking in the woods when a thief jumped out and knocked the wizard on the head with a club and tied him to a tree. Then he stole his money. His friend managed to untie him with difficulty. When the wizard was untied, he went to see the king. The king knew about the thief – the thief had stolen the king's stuff too. The thief said that if they didn't pay him 500 gold coins, he would rob everything in the palace. The wizard had an idea – he looked up a spell and got to work. He got some leaves and cast the spell. The leaves turned into gold. The thief came and was amazed, but he kept his promise and left. Every day the sack kept on getting lighter. Finally, the thief looked in the sack, but inside were only leaves. The thief tried to go back, except he was lost, and nobody has ever heard from him since then.

FIND THE HEART'S QUIET CENTRE...

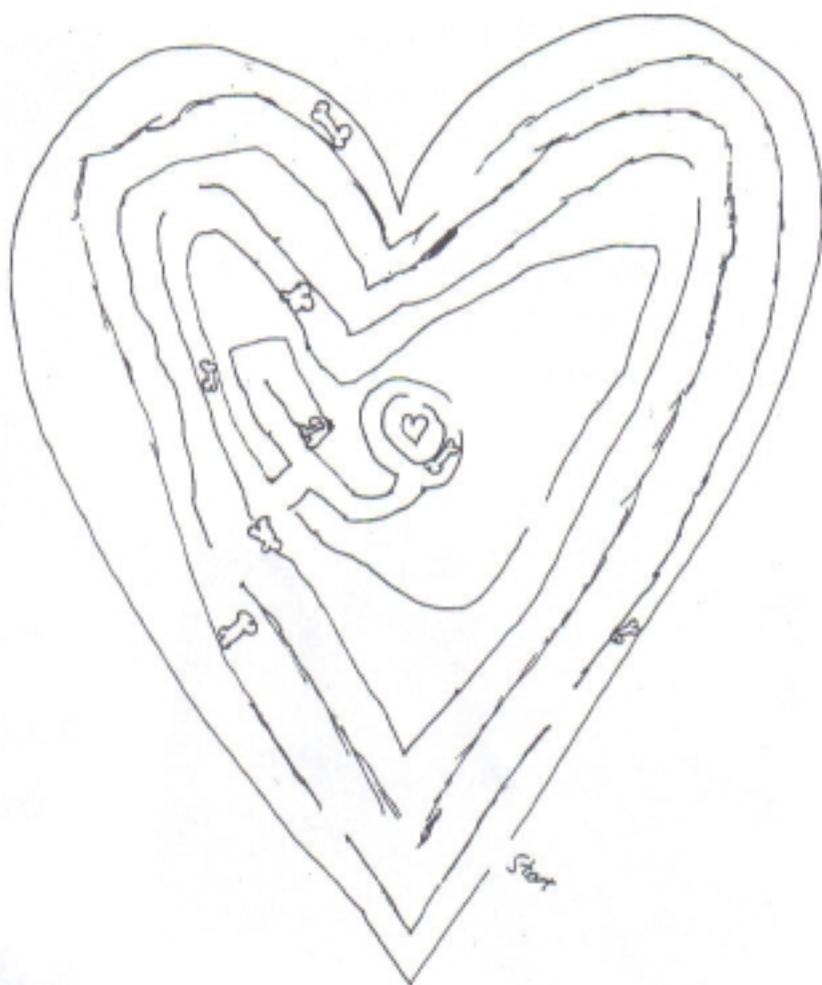
Instructions

Find the good Karma in the
center of the maze and Dodge
the bad Karma shown by bones.

Key =

♥ = good Karma
finish

☠ = bad Karma
do not pass

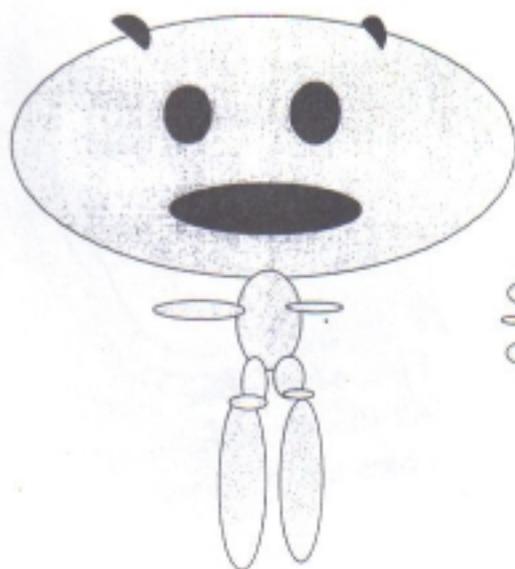


Kamma

The story about a bully

once there was a bully called David and he mostly
bullied one boy he was Ben, he was small and he
had problem he is afraid of water and he jumped
easily. One day David got a bottle of water and Ben
had a fit and almost had a hart attack so the bully
was kicked out of school.

the end!



A KAMMIC KOAN

IF
THIS
IS
THE
ANSWER,
WHAT
WAS
THE
QUESTION?

What goes round comes round.
This is the way the world works
We call this kamma.



Good friends and sunshine.
Ges reads out the football scores,
And Amy's feeding.



The path is forking -
How to choose the way ahead?
My heart will whisper.



What use is it to...?
To what? The clouds go by,
Blue, pale white, just now.

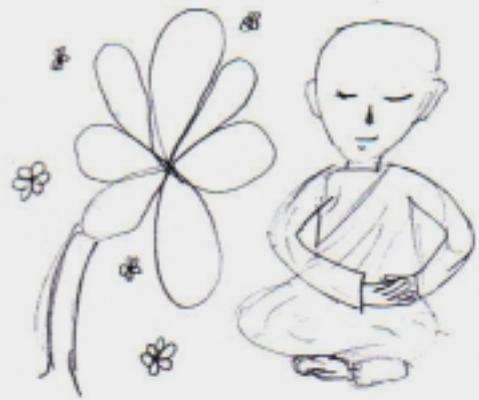
Nothing on paper -
A magazine of laughter
We make this weekend.



The spring in the step
I took to come here today.
Spring buds, many lives.

Five, seven, five, hum.
All this counting of syl-
-bles has tired me.

Teenage Karma Quiz



1. You are going to a party but your parents don't approve. Do you:

- a) Scream and shout nasty comments at them for being so unreasonable
- b) Steal money from them out of spite and go anyway
- c) Tell them you are revising at a friend's house
- d) Feel upset but understand their reasons and obey them.

2. You arrive at the party. Do you:

- a) Begin to drink alcohol with your friends
- b) Raid people's bags while they're in the wrong state of mind
- c) Kiss your friend's boyfriend/girlfriend in the bedroom.
- d) Have fun while keeping a clear mind and make sure you're home before curfew.



3. The next day your friend confronts you about your affair with his/her boyfriend/girlfriend. Do you:

- a) Push her away and tell her that he/she never liked him/her anyway.
- b) Apologise and offer her a cigarette to say sorry.
- c) Deny it all and accuse him of lying.
- d) Apologise and end the relationship, whilst striving to mend your friendship.

4. You haven't done your Geography homework. Do you:

- a) Flirt with your teacher to get away with it
- b) Copy your friend's work
- c) Write an ill note and forge your parent's signature
- d) Admit that you haven't done it and accept the consequences.

5. Your teacher makes a pass at you. Do you:

- a) Slap him/her and run away
- b) Offer him/her drugs instead
- c) Go along with it
- d) Tell him/her that it is a mistake but you are flattered

ANSWERS ON NEXT PAGE . . .

W
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A	M	A	R	A	V	A	T	I	b	C	H	I	L	D
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K	a	m	m	a	m	C	E	x	A	u	V	h	K	J
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u	y	i	e	Z	V	W	T	r	S	w	W	n	i	O
G	Z	A	h	L	J	X	S	P	M	V	Q	O	e	h

- Amaravati's morality ○
- Truth ○
- The five precept rest ○
- Chithurst ○
- Child ○
- Caring ○
- Sensitive ○
- Kamma ○
- Sila ○

ANSWERS TO TEENAGE KAMMA QUIZ

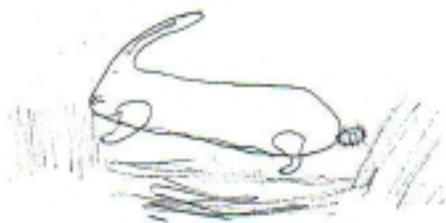
Mostly A's: You need to work on the first precept! Although you don't mean to, you take out your anger on other people, but you will only end up hurting yourself. So in future why not try talking it through and nobody will get hurt.

Mostly B's: You need to work on the second precept! You may think stealing and cheating makes things better at the time, but it will never satisfy you. Someone, most probably you, will only get hurt in the end.

Mostly C's: You need to work on the fourth precept! Whether you tend to use wrong speech to express your anger or you think lying will resolve a situation, there is always another option. Using right speech not only prevents a lot of harm and complication, but it will make you feel much happier and more secure.

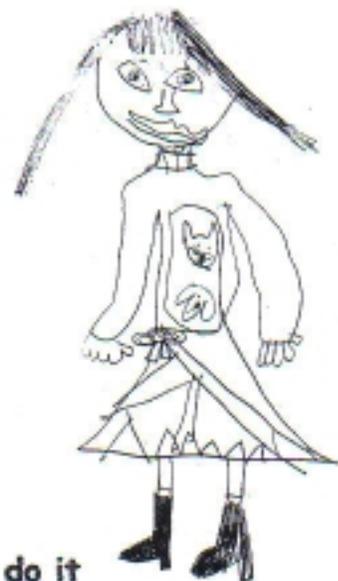
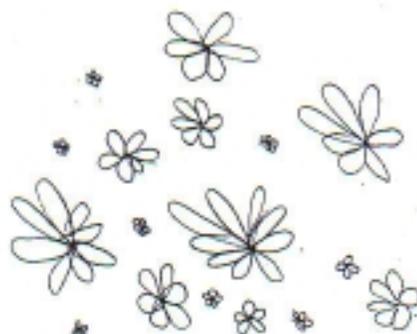
Mostly D's: Well done! You are a wonderful human being and handle all situations with a calm, rational sense of maturity. You are sure to lead a happy and peaceful life and many can learn from your wisdom.

Mixture of All: You are very lost and probably in need of someone to help you find your path in life. If you think about the consequences of your actions you will find you make the right decision and begin to find your way.

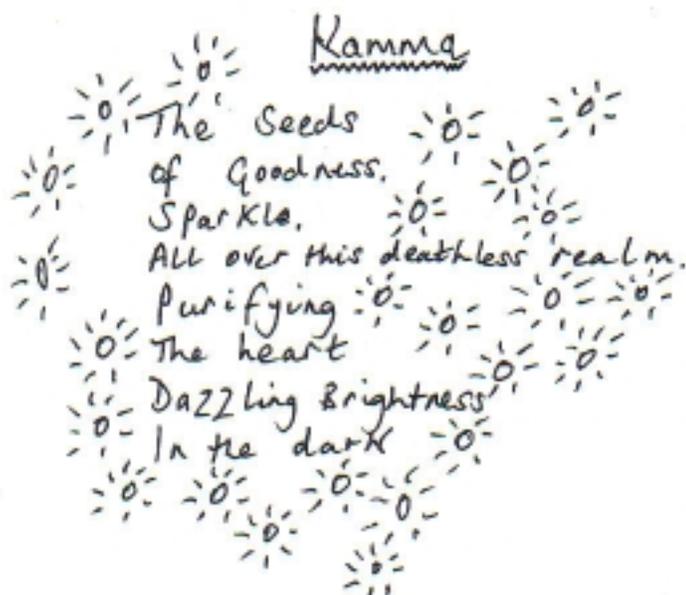


Keep your kamma calmer
And your sila is a healer

In the silence I can feel
That the precepts are very real

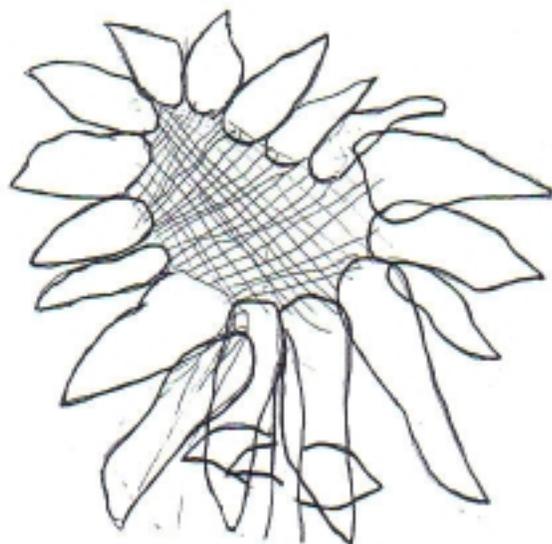


It ain't what we do
It's the way that we do it



Buddha Nature -
A seed within us all.
We can water it with love and kindness,
We can feed it with respect and peace.
And with positive kamma a flower will grow.
But water it with hate and fear
And feed it with meanness and greed,
The tiny seed will shrivel and fade
As if it had never been.

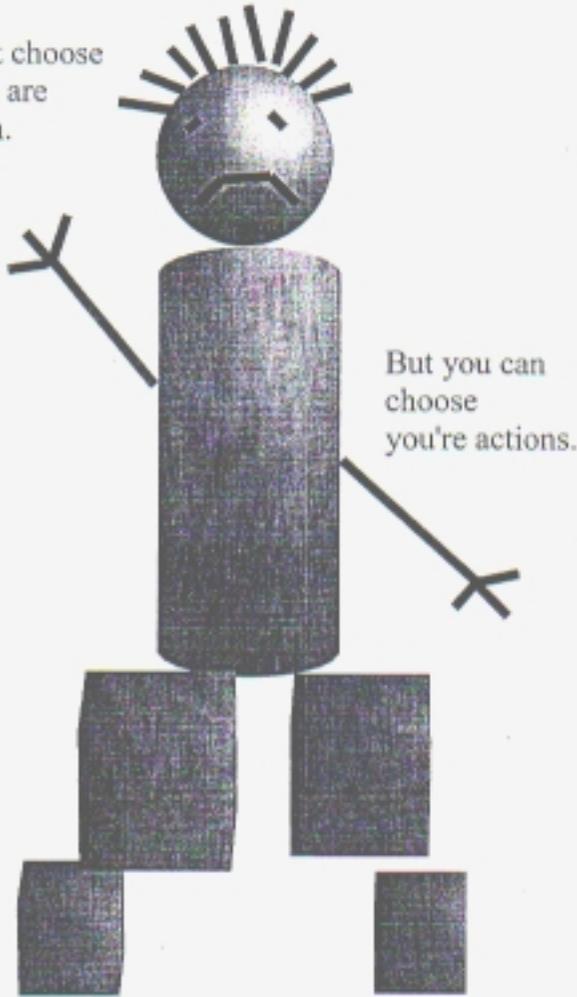
Do a good deed once a day,
And watch it chase your blues away.
It brings a smile to someone's face
Then spreads throughout the human race,
Like dropping pebbles in a lake
The goodness-ripples radiate,
And tiny acts of kindness could
Result in some enormous good.



Description of Dorothea from *Middlemarch* by George Eliot:

"Her finely touched spirit had still its fine issues, though they were not widely visible. Her full nature, like a river, spent itself in channels which had no great name on the earth. But the effect of her being on those around her was incalculably diffusive: for the growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistorical acts; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been is half owing to the number who have lived faithfully a hidden life and rest in unvisited tombs."

You can't choose what you are born with.



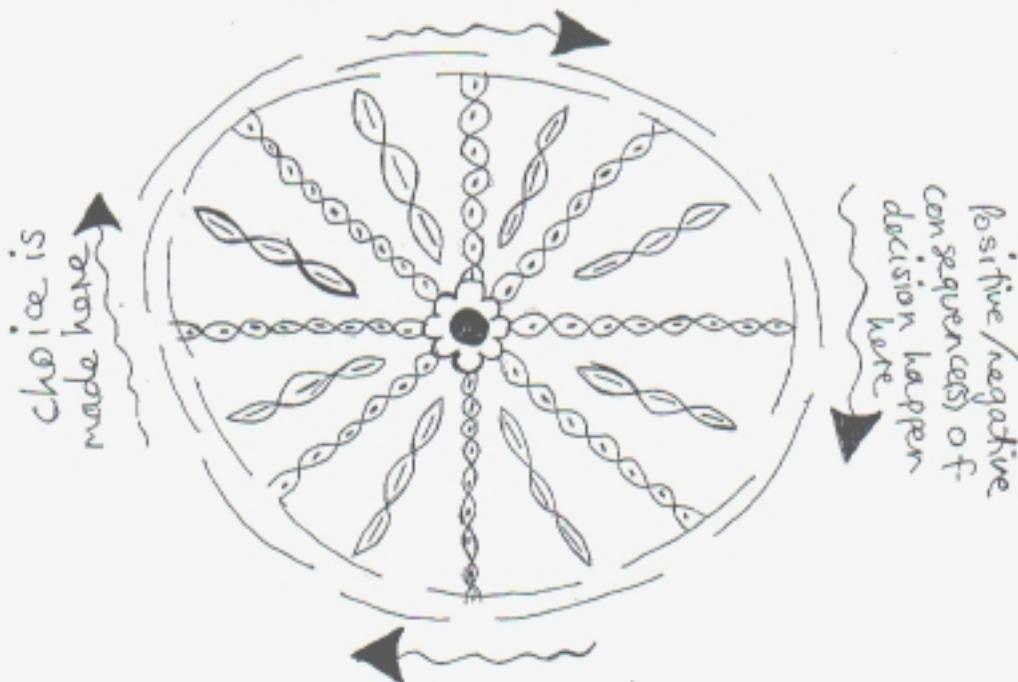
But you can choose you're actions.

Don't
panic
The bad will lose
The good will win!

Karma will help you unless your been

Bad!!!

The Wheel of Karma



choice is made here

positive/negative consequences of decision happen here

Hopefully person learns from any mistakes made & does not repeat them!



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