

To our brothers & sisters
in the Ukraine and in Russia
February 24, 2022

Our dearest brothers & sisters:

We have heard this morning of the heart-breaking news of the killing and injury of groups of people by others, in your countries. It brings us terrible sadness, especially when we recognize that there is no country, and no one of us individually, who is free inside of us from the same kind of violence.

We pledge to all of you brothers & sisters that for the next year, daily, we will add—into our daily meditations—prayers and contemplations about where this violence comes from, and how to stop it by changing ourselves: by reading and re-reading the explanations from our lineage which are attached to this letter, and trying to follow them hour by hour in our own lives.

We also pledge, as the directors in charge of the 12 Worldview organizations, that we will provide to you brothers & sisters any spiritual or physical needs that you may personally have during these difficult times. Please please let us know about anything we can do, financially or spiritually or emotionally or otherwise, to provide for the needs of you and your loved ones, and we will do our very best. You can contact any one of us, and we will share and respond with the rest.

This we pledge,

Seiji Arao, executive vice-president

DCI Global &
The Sedona College of International Management

John Brady, executive director,
The Asian Legacy Library

Nick Lashaw, director
The Diamond Cutter Classics

Tim Lowenhaupt, executive director
The Asian Classics Institute

Hector Marcel & Stephen McManus, directors
Three Jewels New York

Brigitte Mayer, director
Diamond Mountain Retreat Center

Anatole & Aisha Nguyen, directors
Green Stretch Pen

Connie O'Brien, director
Yoga Studies Institute

Jamie Plante, director
The Knowledge Base

Rosa van Grieken, director
Diamond Cutter Jewels

Elly van der Pas, director
The Diamond Cutter Press

Geshe Michael Roach, founder
Worldview Organizations

Wisdom for Violence

The Garden

February 2000

“Perhaps you should ask me now what it is that causes the great mass of living kind to cling to ideas of their world and their lives which are so obviously wrong and harmful to the happiness of us all. ‘What is it,’ you should ask, ‘that makes people think in ways which so clearly and effectively destroy that very happiness which is the goal of every single thought and deed we ever undertake?’

“The answer,” he said, “is allowing oneself ever to have an idea which is contrary to what really brings us what we seek; you have had some taste now of the truth, of what really causes our world, and you can well imagine that the way you used to think, and the way in which most of humanity continues to think, plants the very most harmful imprints of all.”

I sat chastened for some time, fearing even that Master Guna Prabha might refuse to speak further, and leave my remaining questions unanswered. He continued to stare downward, counted some unknown prayer over and over upon his beads, and then suddenly looked up again, raising the great round eyes and fixing them in my direction.

“Ask,” he said simply.

I gathered my courage and began where my thoughts had left me. "You have spoken so much of these imprints, planted in my mind by my past deeds and thoughts, and you have described, convincingly, how they might affect my personal experiences. But all along you have implied that they create my entire world; by this do you mean as well the outer physical world, the environment in which we live? Are these imprints so powerful that they can dictate those details of our physical world which cause us suffering?"

"Name such a suffering, and we shall see," was all he said.

"I have once travelled to the East," I began, "and visited two very different countries there. They lie on the same parallel, have essentially the same kind of soil and geography, and the same rains and sunlight. In both countries I have seen them plant the very same crops, sometimes even from the same seeds. Yet when these crops are grown in one of the countries, the flour that is made from the grain seems to have little nutrition; it always seems inferior, dirtier, and the people who eat it remain thin, and emaciated, sometimes even made ill by this food. In the neighboring country the grain produces a flour which is hearty and filling, and makes the people there sleek and healthy. In fact, when I think about it, this is even true of the same medicines in the two countries: in the first land a medicine is likely to be somehow defective, less effective in healing, and at times even poisonous; while in the second country the medicine works nearly all the time, just as it was designed. What causes this discrepancy in the very countries themselves?"

"Again, it is the act of taking life. The people in the first country killed living things in the past; those of the second did not."

I thought briefly and questioned, "All of this talk about actions and the imprints they leave in our minds has, up to now, given me the feeling that we are personally and solely responsible for the seeds we allow to be planted in our minds. This led me to believe that an imprint can only be planted in a single mind. But now you are talking about the very world itself, the

environment in which a great many people live together. You seem to be implying that one huge imprint can be shared by a large group of people.”

“It is not that the imprint is shared,” he said thoughtfully, respecting the importance of my question. “Rather, it is that a group of people has, as a group in the past, together undertaken some good or harmful action. Each member of the group thereby plants a similar, though slightly different, world imprint, which as it ripens causes each of them to experience a shared reality, such as the inferior crops in a particular region of the world—although just how much this problem with the crops affects each of them individually is slightly different, due to circumstances such as slightly differing motivations when they committed their communal action in the past.

“This in fact,” he said simply, “accounts for the appearance of separate nations, and those invisible and seemingly arbitrary lines between countries called ‘borders,’ and for the abject poverty on one side of such a border, and the excessive indulgence on the other side of that border.”

“So if two countries went to war,” I continued, “and if the soldiers of these countries killed one another, then every person in either country who had actively supported this effort would plant in their own minds individual imprints from the act of killing.”

“Exactly,” he said. “Anyone who supports the effort plants an imprint of the act of killing, as deeply and as firmly as the one who actually pulls the trigger on the front lines.”

This led me quickly to another thought, and I said excitedly, “So if one country is threatened by another, by an army which is coming to kill many of its citizens, and if these citizens band together and kill the members of the approaching army instead, then every one of the citizens plants an imprint from the act of killing in their own minds.”

“Just so,” he said, and looked at me intently, the huge round eyes expanding, until his forehead was nearly gone, waiting for my thoughts to touch gold.

“And the imprints of these acts of killing—wouldn’t they, in the future, create the perception in the minds of these citizens of having their lives threatened by something in the future?”

“Say, by an approaching army?” he asked, with a pained smile.

“So can’t we say,” I hurried, trying to catch up with my own thoughts, “that the very army which threatens a nation has been created by a world imprint planted in the minds of the citizens of that nation when they, as a group in the past, committed the act of killing?”

“Exactly.”

A great Sun was dawning in my mind. “And so can’t we also say, that when a nation responds to threat of killing by killing, *it is in fact creating exactly the same threat over again, to come at some time in that nation’s future?*”

He looked at me triumphantly, his head tilted back almost all the way, as if he were a maestro who had just finished directing some magnificent symphony.

“Then our natural reaction to the unpleasant things in our lives,” I concluded, “is *in fact the precise action which would cause us to experience that unpleasant thing again.* The entire world is one big cycle of suffering, perpetuated by our own ignorance, as we do back to others those wrongs which they have done onto us!”

He looked at once exulted, and completely saddened, by the truth of my realization. We were silent for some time.

DCI Level 10

Impossible Anger

LifeTool 17

Our Mother with a Knife

Now we might complain that Master Shantideva didn't really finish that last thought, about protecting others—that is, what are we supposed to do, when others attack not us, but those we love? Our country, our people, our family? Are we supposed to just stand there, and do nothing, until our latest four-step project kicks in?

The ancient tradition offers many answers to this question; there are two of them which would fit best into our discussion today.

The goodness of make-believe anger

Shantideva and his crew are big on an idea called *make-believe anger*. We



touched on this briefly when we discussed the four modes of management in DCI Level 8, which is devoted to Automatic Leadership.

The picture here is of walking your young child to school each day, down a busy city street. “Hold on to my hand tight,

honey,” you say as cars speed by, only a meter away. In the back of your mind, you are recalling horror stories of children—children of good friends, children you actually knew—stepping out in front of a car, and leaving this world in a few minutes’ time.

And then your daughter sees a school friend of hers walking on the sidewalk across the street; she breaks away from your grip and waves her hand and steps off the curb, without looking for cars.

Here is a perfect place for your Make-Believe Anger! But there are certain *rules* for this show, and you’d better know them!

First of all, you have to do a *really good job* at acting *as if* you were angry: that’s the whole point. So don’t be afraid to ham it up—try to remember the



good old days, maybe in that same kitchen, when you actually *did* get angry (of course you don’t anymore—much, anyway). Screw your face up into an angry little prune; make sure your voice is loud; and grab your daughter’s arm a little tightly. Maybe even give her a little spontaneous slap on the bottom.

*“What are you doing! Daddy told you **never** to cross the street without looking both ways!”*

Okay, you know this might get you some tears; but that’s okay. People who are being corrected don’t normally react very well—that’s often why you have to correct them, in the first place! So don’t get upset when the kick-back comes, and your daughter says, “I hate you! Always telling me what to do!”

Take those sticks & stones as marshmallows; be firm, and firm in your compassion and patience. Can you perform this firm act of correction, *without any anger at all*? Watch your heart carefully—sometimes the acting is so good that you forget yourself, and really *do* get upset. Watch that joy-level and keep it as high as you can. Earn yourself a karmic Oscar.

Geshe Michael likes to tell another story, about taking a public bus with one of his Tibetan teachers in New York. The bus door opens to let off passengers, and then closes again; and suddenly a woman cries out, “He stole my purse!” And then there’s a homeless man running down the street next to the bus, a purse dangling from his hand.

Geshe Michael and the teacher—who happens to be the nephew of the monastery abbot—force open the bus door, and take off after the man. Trying to protect, trying to protect without anger. But the robber is much too fast (and the teacher is much too portly); and the two do-gooders return empty-handed.



And so here are our first lessons about the use of force in the protection of others: Do what you can, and even feign anger if you have to—but never *with* anger. Even a moment’s anger is doing more damage than could ever be done by whatever harm you’re trying to protect people from in the first place.

Secondly, understand that you can only do-good as far as your current seeds allow you to. Run after the purse—if you’re sure the thief has no gun or knife! (this point was made forcefully by the abbot himself, a few hours later)—but don’t deceive yourself about the results: If you and the purse

owner have the seeds, then the thief you're pursuing will drop the purse, and the story will have a happy ending.



But be ready for the possibility that you *don't* have the seeds—that the stapler is not loaded today; and be graceful in that failure to succeed in helping. Or rather, try to understand that you *have* helped, but it didn't “work” this time.

This kind of understanding prevents us from becoming discouraged in our attempts to do good for others—to protect and serve others, without making the mistake of violence, or even a touch of inner anger, ourselves. *Never give up these **attempts** to help, to protect, without violence.*

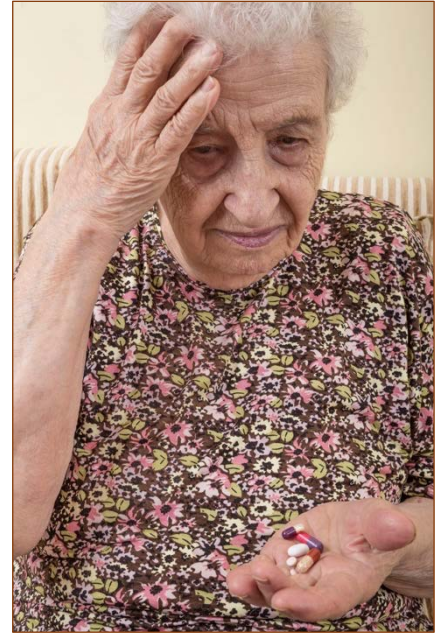
Do what you can do—you *must* do what you can do—to protect others; but never with anger, and never with violence. That cannot protect anybody; that never did protect anybody. There are times when it *looked* like people were protected by return-violence; but honestly, violence can't really take the credit. It just happened to be standing nearby when the postman—the good seeds standing in time-line behind the bad seeds—made his coincidental entrance.

Our mother with a knife

The ancient wisdom tradition gives another example, to help us draw the line between enlightened & unenlightened reactions, to threats that face us or our loved ones. Again, the question is: What I am supposed to do then, just stand by silently as someone harms the one I love?

Here is how the tradition guides us.

You live with your mother, because she's getting older, and can't get to the grocery store on her own, or even take her medications on time. She's got a touch of Alzheimer's, and she's always getting the pill bottles confused: taking more of some that she should, and forgetting to take enough of others, that she's supposed to. There are even days when you come home, and she doesn't recognize who you are—which sometimes leads to a bit of excitement! Like today.



You walk home after work, and make some major noise with the key in the lock, because it never did fit that well. You finally get the door open, and then suddenly there's your Mom, crouching in the corner of the kitchen in her nightgown, waving a big kitchen knife.



With one eye you catch some bad news on the kitchen counter: Her bottle of sleeping tablets is knocked over, pills spilled all over the place, and you can guess that she's mistaken them for her vitamins, and taken way too many. You look back at her, and see the craziness in her eyes, from the overdose.

"Help! Thief! Somebody help!" she screams, and lunges at you with the knife.

Now if it were just some crazy guy on the street, you might give him a swift kick in an important place, and get the heck out of there, as fast as your legs can carry you. But this is your *Mom*.

So what...are you going to grab the knife out of her hands, and try to kill her? Your own Mom?

Of course not. You're going to do what you can to disarm her; to calm her down; and all without any violence at all—and certainly without the slightest feeling of anger. In your mind at that moment, you even do a swift calculation that says, "I will get the knife out of her hands, and maybe get her down on the floor, and sit on her until she calms down and recognizes me! And if I take a few cuts in the process, that's okay—just so long as I don't cut *her*."

This, says Shantideva, is the guide to how much force we can use, and how much anger we can hold in our heart while we use that force. For this is the force—the true power—that says, "I will restrain, but I will not harm, even if I myself am harmed. And anger is not even an option."

Only...good...seeds. Very fine seeds: violence- and anger-killing seeds.

Incidentally—although it's not the main point here—the Fourth Flowers that we learned way back in DCI Level 2 are very relevant here. The fourth of these four says that we come to the end of our life with a *lot more* seeds than we came in with. In theory, these seeds—if there is any justice to the universe—cannot just disappear, even if we lose our own body. Good must be rewarded by good; and bad punished by bad. These seeds outlive the death of the body, and when the necessary conditions present themselves, they open—into new experiences, into new worlds.

If that's the case as we come to the end of our life, then it's not a great leap of logic to say that it must have been the case in the moments before the

beginning of our life. And if *that's* true, then the same with the beginning of that life before.

And if *that's* true, theoretically, then in theory we have already had countless encounters with everyone we've ever met. This should get us thinking, about the difference in how we treat our own mistakenly-crazed mother holding a knife in the kitchen; and the misunderstanding-crazed people who threaten our country, or our loved ones.

DCI Level 10 Impossible Anger

LifeTool 1 The Two Husbands in the Kitchen: *The whole story*



You're a working mother with two beautiful children, a very busy job with an international firm, and a husband that you love, but who doesn't help as much as he could. You're holding down the traditional duties of the wife—cooking meals, buying the groceries, and getting the kids to and from school; but you're also holding down the traditional duties of the husband: you bring home the lion's share of the household income.

All of this means that you work insane hours; and you have to be really efficient with your

time to get everything done. It's stressful, but truly you don't really mind it. You enjoy your career, and you really enjoy caring for your family.

So today's Wednesday, and you are on your way out the door at work, and your boss grabs you.

"Hi there! You know that big client we were hoping to bring in? Well it seems like they're interested! They're asking for a phone meeting tomorrow!"

"Great!" you exclaim. "What time will it be; morning or afternoon?"

The boss raises her eyebrows. "Well, that's just the thing. You see, the client is overseas—which means you're going to have to come in early tomorrow morning, before we usually open. Got it?" She gives you that look that she honestly doesn't give you very often: The one that says, "Be here, or find another job!"

"Uh, well," you say, thinking about how you're going to do this and get the kids off to school at the same time. "Uh, what time should I be here?"



"An hour early, right on time! See you then!" she walks off without even checking if you can actually do it: This customer is very important to the firm.

When you go to tuck the kids in that night, you sit on the end of the bed and say, "Look, kids. Tomorrow Mommy is going to have to go into work an hour early. It's really important—do you understand?"

You say it with the tone in your voice that says, “Or else Mommy is going to get fired and all kinds of bad things will happen to our family.”

The kids hear it, and in beautiful childlike unison they say, “Okay Mom, we’ll be ready.”

You just want to confirm what they’re promising and say: “School clothes on; shoes tied; homework done and in your backpacks, by 7am! Are we good?”

“We got it, Mom! You can count on us!”

Next morning, you walk into the kids’ bedroom. It’s chaos. They are still in their pajamas—jumping on the bed, screaming at the top of their lungs.



Their homework papers are spread out all over the floor.

You’re about to have a heart attack. You can already imagine cleaning out your desk at work, about two hours from now.

“What are you guys dooooooing? You promisssssssed! Look at this! *You are the stupidest kids in New York!*” (Or whatever your city happens to be.)

Your words fly to their ears; the kids stop jumping; they stare at you with those big round eyes, and then break into tears.

Your words also fly to your own ears, one by one: “You...are...the...stupidest...kids...in...New...York!” The sounds touch



your eardrum; are communicated to the brain; and press into the mind, leaving an imprint—much like the little dip left in your palm when you press it hard with your thumb.

Within a few hours, this impression on the surface of the mind has become a mental seed, in the subconscious below the mind.

A bad mental seed.

Fast forward to next week: it's Monday night. You're dragging home exhausted after overtime hours at work, with your arms full of groceries. Coming up the

stairs in the gathering dark, life itself seems a little dark, because of how tired you are.

But there's always one thing in the world that brightens things up—and that's a hug from your husband. He has a way of hugging you that makes you happy like nothing else, ever. Just make it in to the kitchen, and he'll be there, with supper almost done—and then he'll turn around, and give me the best hug ever.

You set down the groceries, open the kitchen door, and open your arms for that one hug—that one bright moment of your day. And he turns around and yells, “You are SUCH AN IDIOT!!!”



You can't believe your ears. "What?" you say, and "What?" again.

"I said, you are SUCH AN IDIOT!!!" he repeats.

And your mind is crying out, inside, Why is he saying that? I just walked in the door! I haven't said a single word yet! I didn't do anything, and he's calling me an idiot!

So first of all, we need to ask the question. Is it **true** that **you didn't do anything?**

And yes, it doesn't take a genius—if you've ever heard The Pen, even a single time—to figure out what's going on here.

When you yelled at the kids, and *you heard yourself yell at the kids*, it planted a seed in your mind—a *bad* seed.

And then, just as your hand touched the kitchen door to open it, that seed began to crack open. When you did open the door, the seed opened up all

the way, and an image came out: a tiny, luminous image...of a yelling husband. And the image, all the way outside, became a full-grown, yelling, husband.

But why did he call me an idiot *twice*?

Come on, you're lucky it was only twice. A well-planted seed doubles every 24 hours; you know that, from DCI Level 1!

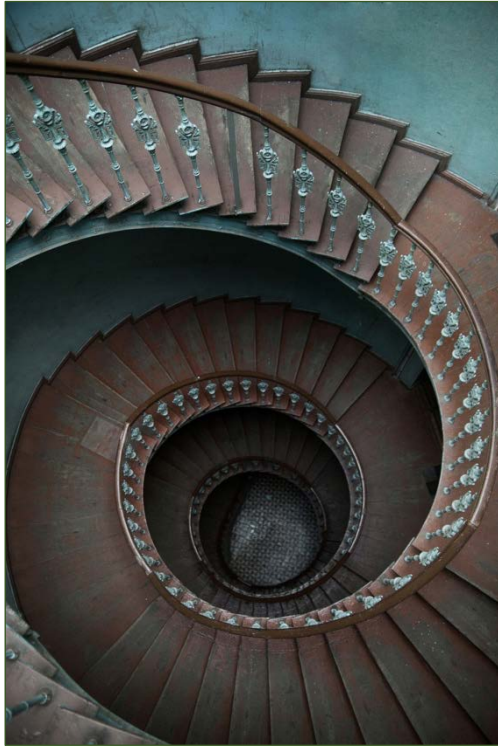
And so here's a question for you: What's the way to *prove* that your husband's right? What's the *one way* you can *prove* that you **are an idiot**?

That's right! Yell back at him! Do what you've always done! Don't take this stuff from him! "I'M NOT AN IDIOT! **YOU'RE AN IDIOT!**" And twist your face up ugly and spit the words out. That'll show him!

It will also show *you*! You know that! Maybe your husband *is* an idiot, or maybe at least, tonight, he is acting like an idiot! But the most *idiotic* thing you can do is to *yell back*, and call *him* an idiot!

Because what happens then? Well why did you think your *kids* suddenly started acting up and yelling last week, when they were supposed to be all ready for school? Of course! That's coming from *your* seeds too! The seeds you planted the last time you said something unkind to your husband!

And so the kids did act up, and you yelled at them, and that planted the seeds to see your husband in the kitchen yelling at you, and then you yelled



back at him, and then.... It's all just a big wheel! You're caught in a big wheel, that keeps turning over and over again! And *you're* the one who keeps it going!

So break the wheel! You know what to do! Let's replay that last scene!

Your husband says, "YOU'RE AN IDIOT!" And you just don't respond. Try to be calm, try not to be hurt. Knowing what's going on with the seeds isn't going to cure that, not right away. Walk slowly, and peacefully, and silently, to the bathroom on the other side of the kitchen.

Open the door, close it behind you—quietly, no slamming. Look in the mirror. If you really want to yell at someone, here's your chance:

Tell yourself, "YOU ARE SUCH AN IDIOT!" And then go back on out, and pick up the groceries outside the kitchen door, and bring them in, and get on with your life.

It may not seem such a big thing, but it is: You just *broke the wheel*, broke it, for the very first time in your life, purposely. Sure there are other wheels going on in your life—bad seeds that haven't opened up yet, things that you're going to say to or about your boss tomorrow—but tonight, be proud of yourself.

You are actually on the way out: you have broken the cycle, and the next time it will be easier. You may feel some hurt in the meantime, walking across the kitchen to the bathroom, the hurtful words ringing in your ears.

But you have just planted strong seeds—the strongest seeds there are—for stopping anger, and stopping it forever. In fact, according to the ancient wisdom tradition of Asia, you are reaching a place where not only can no one ever make you angry, no one can even get you upset.

Because there's *no one to be upset at!* Literally, no one there!

Which gets us into the name of this LifeTool: The “Two Husbands in the Kitchen.”

So why does this wife have two husbands?

The answer is amazing, and it's *why* you can reach a point in your life, where no one and no thing can ever upset you, even the tiniest bit. Here's how it works.

The first yelling husband in your kitchen is the one that came from you. From the seeds that you planted in your mind, when you yelled at the kids, last Thursday.

The second yelling husband in your kitchen is the one that *didn't* come from you. We can call him the “I didn't do anything” husband—that's what you said in your own mind the minute he started calling you an idiot, right?

Now one of these husbands really exists, and the other one doesn't. Can you guess which is which?

That's right—the one that comes from your seeds is the *real* husband. He's the one that you planted yourself, because you yelled at the kids.

And you can't really yell at him, can you? Because *he's* like The Pen: he's *not* coming from his own side, he's coming from *your* side—from *you*! So if you want to blame someone for his yelling, the only person you have to blame is...you! That's when you button your mouth shut and head to the bathroom for a quiet moment of self-reflection.

And the husband who's "not my fault"—the "I didn't do anything" husband—doesn't exist. The ancient books would say it harder: "Doesn't exist now; never existed in the past; will never exist in all the future days of the world to come." *Doesn't...exist.*

Now for the irony; or should we say, the tragedy.

When you get angry—*whenever* you get angry—you are angry at one of these two husbands, but not the other. Can you guess which?

That's right. When you get angry, it can only be because you think *it's your husband who decides to call you an idiot*. You can only get angry if you truly believe that he is yelling at you, and *I didn't do anything!* Once you truly understand The Pen, you understand that *everything and everybody* in your world is coming from seeds in your own mind—seeds that *you* planted there. And so you cannot be angry at the husband who came from you.

Which leaves being angry at the husband who is *not* coming from you: the "I didn't do anything" husband. And the irony is—the tragedy is—that he doesn't exist at all.

Once you understand this—*really* understand it—then you will understand something else. Nobody in your life who ever hurt you—nobody that you ever didn't like—ever existed at all. There are no enemies—no enemies exist at all.

And that means that, in a disaster such as the Second World War, which cost the lives of 100 million human souls, *there were no enemies*, nobody in another country to fight with...it was all a big mistake, the same mistake we make in the kitchen every day, when we yell back. The biggest tragedy of all.



Okay, one last thing. The “Two Husbands in the Kitchen” is not only a perfect start for our study of *how to defeat anger, forever*, but it’s a perfect metaphor for learning the technical language of the ancient Asian tradition, in a nutshell.

The second husband — the one that I wrongly think does *not* come from me — is what is technically called the *gakja*: the thing that’s not there; the thing that was never there; the thing that emptiness is empty of (which must always be a thing that could never exist anyway).

The *emptiness* here is the very fact that this second husband *can’t really be here in the kitchen*. Now isn’t that a lot easier way to understand emptiness? And the sign that it really *is* emptiness is that *emptiness is supposed to be the one idea that can stop our negative emotions forever* — and wouldn’t it? To understand that this person who’s hurting us was....never even there?

Reaching this place—where the idea of how this husband was never there stops our negative emotions—is in fact the real meaning of the ancient term, *nirvana*.

Nirvana is supposed to be the opposite of something they call *sansara*: the Wheel of Life, or Wheel of Pain. An endless downward cycle where one round triggers the next round. And it's here in the Two Husbands: You *yell back* at your husband; and then that plants a seed to see the kids screaming; and then you *yell back* at them; and that plants a seed to see the husband yelling—and on and on and on.

That otherwise confusing term, *dependent origination*, is here too: the very existence of your yelling husband (the first one, the real one) *depends* on your seeds opening, and the luminous emerging. We can call this same process the real meaning of *cause & effect*: mental seeds as the causes; and yelling husbands as the results.

The opening of the seed is the *ripening of karma*; where the word “karma” can refer to seed itself, or the action which planted it: yelling at the kids.

The entire scenario in the kitchen is also a great place to observe firsthand the ancient Asian teaching known as the “Four Higher Truths,” where the “higher” refers to a person who reached a *higher* state of evolution, through “touching the diamond world” as described in DCI Level 7. It's nice to get a very practical example of these four in the kitchen, rather than just their theoretical description in some grand scheme of things. It's also important to understand that these four are not just “truths” in the sense of being *statements* of truth: “The sky is blue.” Rather, they correctly refer in the ancient tradition to the actual experiences: When you hit your finger with a hammer, what you feel *is* the Truth of Suffering.

The first of the four then is the Higher Truth of Suffering, which in the kitchen refers to the pain that the wife is feeling as she first gets hit by the

husband's harsh words. In the kids' room the week before, it's the fact that the kids are acting up when their mom needs to get to work, fast.

The second of the four is the Higher Truth of the Source of Suffering, which in our example is represented by the yelling she did at the kids the week before, and which planted the seeds for the hurt she experienced in the kitchen.

Another Source of Suffering here is where—if the wife forgets her DCI Level 10 lessons—she yells back at the husband, thus planting seeds for the children to act up again the following week.

The third of the four truths is the Higher Truth of the End of Suffering, which is where the wife *remembers* that the “I didn't do anything” husband is impossible, and therefore she has no reason in the world—literally—to get angry. She just calmly walks through the kitchen and lets it go, feeling no anger at all, because she knows where things are coming from.

The fourth of the higher truths is that of the Path to the End of Suffering, and that is the understanding that the wife is having during the remembering just mentioned. This “path” is actually always a *mental state*, and in its highest forms invariably involves *seeing that something we thought was there was never there at all*.

And so everything's here, in the kitchen: in a single, wonderful, real-life example. Learn it!

So there it is: The true way to stop anger, and—if the ancient wisdom books are correct—the *only* way to stop anger, forever. The *only* way never to get upset again.

We've put this LifeTool here first because—even if you never go any further in Level 10 of our DCI training—this one is already enough to reach that

goal. They say though that the more a person loves, the more they want to learn *more methods* for never getting angry: because the approach that works best for different people—different people you love—to help them overcome anger may be different, depending on their own circumstances and state of mind.

It's best to have as many tools in your toolkit as you can. So let's go learn some more.

DCI Level 10

Impossible Anger

LifeTool 8

Seed Burning Buddies

We're going to take a little side trip, here in the manual, to visit another ancient source that offers a great little trick for dealing with our anger, in that hottest moment of true, stage-three anger—when *she-shin's* powers of vigilance are shaky, and clear thinking escapes us.

Time for a little magic!



The ancient manuscript we're taking a trip to is a longish, stunning poem called *The Crown of Knives*, written almost exactly a thousand years ago by an Indian sage by the name of Dharma Rakshita.

The title is a grisly metaphor: Imagine a whole bunch of little steel ninja stars

like the one you see here, but they are blades that act like boomerangs: Every time you yell at your kids, for example, you are throwing a couple of these ninja stars into the karmic void. And then a few days later, when you open the door to the kitchen, the stars arrive back from their little karmic-time-gap round-trip, and strike you right in the forehead: “You’re an IDIOT!”

Anyway, when the person at work makes that snide comment about you not being able to get your jobs done, that’s also a blade arriving back from a trip that you yourself sent it on—there’s no one else to blame.

Except...maybe there is!

Now every good DCIer is familiar with the Four Powers for canceling bad seeds; and every good DCIer knows that the four don’t *really* cancel bad

seeds, because that’s not really possible, with the Four Laws of Karma—which include the law that whatever seeds we plant *must* come back to us, as surely as the conservation of energy expressed in Newton’s third law: Every action comes with an equal (or, with seeds, greater) and opposite reaction.



And so what really happens when we apply the Four Powers to an old negative seed is that they very cleverly induce the bad seed to open *too early*: like a much-premature baby who comes out so early

that it cannot long survive.

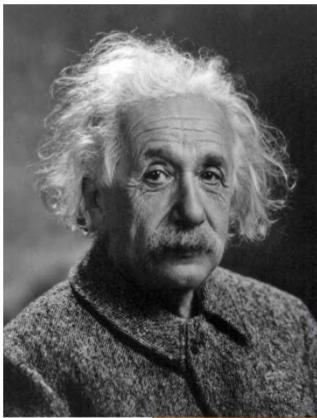
With this approach—according in fact to the venerable Diamond Cutter Sutra which DCI itself is named after—a seed that was planted by some major harm which we earlier committed, endangering another person’s very

life, should now be opening as some serious form of cancer inside our body; but due primarily to our resolution not to repeat the mistake, the seed opens instead as an intense, one-hour headache: a wonderful, premature karma baby.

In other words, it seems that there exist powers in the universe that can assist us in forcing a seed ripen too soon, and much smaller than it would have otherwise.

Now the *Crown of Knives* takes this idea and runs with it. It starts off from an even more ancient tradition which says that—given that people have been teaching and learning the Four Steps in this world for at least 25 centuries—there must be at least *some* percentage of the population at any given moment which has used these steps to achieve a high, enlightened state.

And the tradition says as well that these enlightened ones might not be



recognizable, at least by us ordinary people—any more than Einstein would be recognizable, among other humans, to an ant. You have to be close to that state of enlightenment yourself, they say, to even recognize those who are already there. Expecting all of us normal people to spot the enlightened in a crowd of the unenlightened would be like demanding that dogs write a poem with The Pen, rather than chewing on it.

Anyway, the *Crown* points out that these special people sprinkled among the friends and family and coworkers around us would have understood The Pen, and mental seeds, so well that they could use them consciously to affect

time and space itself—shortening the two at will, with extremely intelligent seed-planting. Which means that they could shorten the future to a few minutes, and see today what the rest of us will see only decades from now.

And people like that—who must have been Four-Stepping for quite a while to get where they are—would be in the habit of taking care of others, as well as they take care of themselves; for this is the essence of the Four Steps.

So suppose a person like this looks into our future, the theory goes, and sees directly that you and I have some *very bad* seeds opening up in, say, three years from now. Like maybe the seeds for us to see someone very close to us die; and for us to live in the emotional agony of grief for years and years



in the time that follows.

And suppose these extraordinary individuals saw that, if they were really clever, they could even line up behind us and say some outrageous words to us about our performance at work, and that—as with the Four Steps of

Purification—this would cause us enough discomfort to *use up, to burn up, the **bad** seeds that were going to cause us to see that loved one die in our arms.* Like an premature headache, instead of cancer.

And so the *Crown* advises us that here is a skillful way to keep up our joy, so we never get thrown off balance in the first place; which fails then to feed upset mind; which fails to feed anger, and starves resentment from the start. Be *very* joyful about the fact that any particular person that we *ever* meet who does or says *anything* to upset us may very well be one of these unsung heroes, one of those enlightened individuals who has mastered the Four

Steps long, long ago—and who has decided to try irritating us, with the sole intention of helping us burn off our old bad seeds.

And let us not burn up good seeds burning up those bad seeds! Keep your joy! You are so *special*, to have attracted the attention of the enlightened ones!