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# Dolma

Center for Dharma Practice

Monthly Publication

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# From The Editor's Desk

## A Heart of Gratitude

*"Gratefulness is Heaven itself"- William Blake*

Warmest greetings to all of our readers and to those who are new, a very special welcome. I am indeed humbled and honoured to be the guest editor in this the final volume for the year of the Dolma Newsletter.

As 2025 draws to a close, it is apropos that Gratitude should be the thematic keynote that adorns the Newsletter. As we reflect on this soon fading year, we are mindful of the numerous challenges, upheavals and struggles that we have experienced personally, within our families and communities, as well as globally. These challenges, real as they are, oftentimes obscure events in our lives that long to see the light of grateful appreciation for what we have been given.

When we feel gratefulness, there is a deep upwelling of emotions, but it actually begins with an attitude of mind that recognises the value of what life has given us. During this year we may have experienced the kind smile, a gentle word of encouragement, or being supported in our time of need. Though intangible and transitory, these ultimately become infused into the essence of the soul.

Being grateful for what we have been given bestows an authenticity, where the sense of ego fades and we behold with appreciation and value those who have given to us. We should also be reminded that the boundaries imposed upon our lives by Western culture do not in reality exist, for we all are dependent on each other for our continued thriving in the realm of duality. Gratitude therefore requires us to be without defenses, bereft of the false sense of pride, thus allowing the light of our primordial self to shine forth.

I believe that each of us can spend some time during the approaching holidays reflecting on the people and events that have contributed to making our lives better, those who have lent a hand of support when it was most needed. This reflective engagement has revealed to me that all that I have, including possessions, abilities and ideas, have emanated from others or have been evoked by the presence of those who have quietly held me within supporting embrace.

It is fitting therefore that the present moment be one of personal and communal reflection where we perceive true appreciation for our life, and the support given to us by our family, friends, neighbours, colleagues, and teachers as we continue our journey of awareness and enlightenment.

May the Blessing of Light, Love and Life be upon us all as we enter the New Year.

**Lux In Extensio**
**Roger Calliste**
Acting Editor



**Roger Calliste**

Roger Calliste has been teaching meditation and allied spiritual disciplines for more than thirty years. He is the Director of Studies of the House of the Ibis, an esoteric organisation dedicated to the harmonious integration of the knowledge and teachings of contemporary living with the ancient wisdom of the world's spiritual traditions.

Roger has presented at international conferences in the United Kingdom, the United States, Mexico, and Trinidad and Tobago, the land of his birth. He holds academic qualifications from the University of the West Indies and has also pursued post-graduate studies in Psychosynthesis at the Psychosynthesis and Education Trust in London.

# Spirituality & Art

## Spirituality & Art: The two shall become one.



**Nisha Luthra**

For me, both are meditative and both are intrinsic journeys.

Spirituality brings you closer to hope and a better tomorrow, so does Art. Thought becomes a narrative, and then an emotion that reaches our hearts. Something shifts when we hear a story or watch a moving play or stand in front of a profound painting. It touches and changes us, rather transforms us, all at once. And so is the impact of a deep-set mantra, chanting, or a soft hand on your forehead.

It challenges the forged belief systems of society; so does Art. From time immemorial, Art and spirituality have shaped civilizations, varied segments of creed, caste, gender, and ages. And it would continue to do so, as stories and beliefs are immortal, and like a phoenix, they would always fly off the calcified structures of our minds.
Art and Spirituality. Like shimmering stardust, they illuminate the path while holding our senses from within.

I recall a friend who struggled with anxiety, her mind a maze of worries and fears. One day, she and I stumbled upon a place where a sitar player used to play in the evenings. I saw her stop mid-sentence, close her eyes, and try to recall the song the sitar player was playing. When we guessed it right, we laughed, and a sense of cheer and peace washed over us. As she let the music envelop her, her worries dissipated like mist in the refuge of that sitar and its melody. This is the power of Art — to soothe, to heal, and to transform.

“Art is the only way to run away without leaving home.” — Twyla Tharp

**Nisha Luthra,**
The Founder/ Director
The Narrators Performing Arts Society India
Chetna Chakara, India
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# Pathfinder's Series

**Edgar Cayce-American Clairvoyant**(18 March 1877 – 3 January 1945), founder of the Association for Research and Enlightenment, Incorporated, was born in the town of Beverly, in Christian County, Kentucky.

As a child, he began having otherworldly experiences. One time in bed, he had a vision of an angelic being, after which he began to exhibit evidence of a photographic memory, an ability to retain large volumes of printed information. About 1892, after a baseball struck him in the spine, he appeared to enter a trance state in which he diagnosed his injury and prescribed a poultice treatment.

The following year, a Hopkinsville hypnotist, Al Layne, placed him in a trance, during which Cayce diagnosed his malady and prescribed a treatment, and he then regained the use of his voice. Cayce periodically lost his voice thereafter, but he was always able to regain it after entering a trance. Until 1903, when the medical board required him to stop, Layne used Cayce as a medical clairvoyant when treating other patients.

Cayce was a member of the Presbyterian Church, in which he taught Sunday school for many years, but his trance readings conveyed a synthesis of Theosophy, New Thought, and Protestant theology. Although medical readings retained primacy, many seekers obtained readings for dream interpretation, personal guidance, prophecy, and past-life information. The latter included elaborate details about Atlantis, ancient Egypt, and early Christianity. Late in the twentieth century, some of those readings became important foundation texts in the New Age movement.

Despite being warned by the readings themselves that he could undertake no more than five readings each day without serious risk to his health, Cayce yielded to public demand, exacerbated by wartime worries, and in 1943 increased his workload dramatically. Suffering from poor health, he recuperated in Roanoke, where he suffered a stroke in September 1944. Edgar Cayce returned to Virginia Beach in November and died on 3 January 1945, less than three months before his wife died of cancer. He was buried in Riverside Cemetery, in Hopkinsville.

**Sayings by Cayce on gratitude:**



**Edgar Cayce**

Keep bright, sing often, pray thine own blessings of how much ye have to be thankful for, if ye keep in the spirit of truth.

So conduct thine own life as to show thy appreciation of that which thou hast received. For he, or she, who neglects to be thankful builds that which is condemning in the own self.

"Be happy--be in the attitude of ever being helpful to others. This will bring that peace within that is the promise from Him."

# The Spoken Word

## THEY THAT GIVE LIFE

By Konchok  Rinchen Tobgyal (Glenville Ashby)



**Konchok Rinchen Tobgyal (Glenville Ashby)**

THEY THAT GIVE LIFE
Obey your parents,
A command from your Lord.
Seal your lips and listen,
A disputation is unwise.
A command most clear,
A counsel to heed,
For your own good,
If only you knew.
A command from the highest authority,
That you might not drown in destruction,
Inflicting harm upon yourself.
A command that speaks
To the essence of all goodness,
If only you knew.
A harsh word to them,
And your good deeds are seedless.
Strike them,
And redemption has no recourse.
A painstaking sentence is meted out,
Spared little by worldly accomplishments.
But blessed is the obedient,
The soul guarded beyond this life.
In obedience,
There is the supreme reward,
If only you knew.

# Features

## Those Missed Opportunities



**JP (Jay) Jagdev**

One has to lose one's father to know what it feels like to lose one's father – no other experience can virtually help you experience it.

It's a sense of homelessness, even when you have a beautiful home, and a feeling of loneliness, even when surrounded by family. The silent umbrella, which for years had provided you with an emotional shelter, is withdrawn from the head above just after a day. You are expected to brave the world on your own without any preparation or practice.

I lost my father in September 2021.

In his absence, I began to take on responsibilities he had always managed, which led me to meet new people, make decisions, and represent my family in various challenging situations. Many expressed their satisfaction with the outcomes and noted that my actions mirrored what my father would have done. Now, three decades into my professional life, I've come to realize that what I believed was my own temperament and attitude was, in fact, inherited from him or shaped by watching him throughout my childhood. These influences have played a crucial role in shaping who I am today.

Overwhelmed by a sense of gratitude, I find myself searching for him in solitude, yearning to thank him for the gifts he bestowed upon me that grant me a dignified life. I know he is no longer here to hear my appreciation. This realization makes me ponder why I didn't recognize it while he was alive, so I could have expressed my gratitude then. It's a regret I will carry with me to my grave.

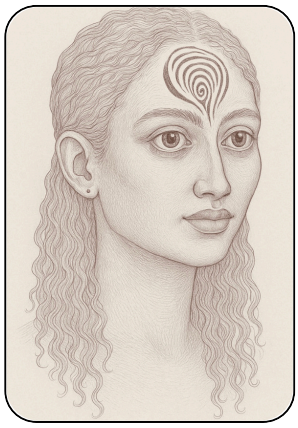
Many of us overlook the opportunity to express gratitude for the small things that others do for us without any expectations. We often take for granted the contributions of those closest to us, who support us daily. This experience has heightened my awareness of the numerous little ways the people around us contribute to our peaceful and successful lives.

JP (Jay) Jagdev, a Bhubaneswar-based IT entrepreneur, academic, and cultural enthusiast. He is a published author who writes reflective essays and does poetry with passion and conviction.

# Bat Kol
# Teachings by Carlos

Intuitively conveyed by Guru Konchok

## Gratitude: In good times, in bad times.



**Carlos - An artist's impression**

Amid the drive for material supremacy you find yourself teetering on the brink of personal fragmentation. Still, the spark of God is never fully extinguished and with every flicker you are pulled back from the crucible of self-destruction. This internal tug-of-war, frankly, has characterized man's journey through the ages. A good angel on the right shoulder, the fiend on the left, a proverbial explanation of this struggle. Nothing short of factual I say - and a dilemma if ever there was one. But every trial, every temptation is a blessing unto you, for, is there a better way to grow? You will invariably triumph if you but weather the stormy waves. There's no escaping it for it is the journey of every soul. Not one of you will escape the harshness of this reality, not even the best among you. As heat is applied to raw gold ore, so you are dragged through the dregs of life before you can glimpse its enduring beauty. This is the alchemy of life - from lead to gold - the journeying of spirit from ignorance to enlightenment. So be ever grateful for tempestuous times. Shun them not! For they are vital to your spiritual growth. Let dharma guide you. Listen to truth wherever it is spoken for blessed is that tongue. And read the scriptures that are scribed with a divine pen. They are nutrients for the soul. Grieve not in loss, for in loss you learn the transformative power of detachment. Worry not for the next meal for the blessed will never beg bread. Be gracious in good times and bad times for you will know temperance. Be the Job of this time; and as your nights follow your days, rest assured that your need will be taken away.

# ZHABS TOG
(SERVICE)

## Gratitude and Dharma



**Kavir Williams**

My Dharma sessions with Dr Glenville Ashby, my guru, have been ongoing for close to one year and this experience is one that I am truly grateful and happy for. The sessions are professional, focused, and enjoyable—we stay on topic while sharing a few jokes, and every now and then we drift into a light conversation about cricket. Each class is fun, engaging, and filled with knowledge.

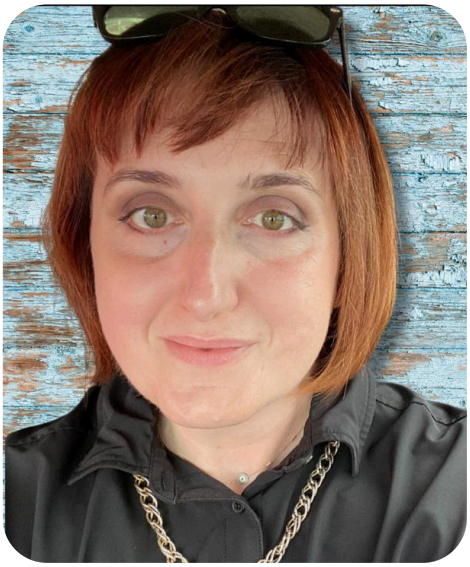
The most important lesson I have taken from our time together is gratitude. These dharma sessions have taught me to appreciate the things I have: gratitude for my parents, my grandmother, and teachers; gratitude for the challenges I face in school and in cricket, the sport I most love. I am so thankful for dharma because it has strengthened my connection with God. Most importantly, it has taught me to be grateful for life and for my ability to serve and do good. Life is the greatest gift I have received from God.

I hope these words inspire you to explore dharma so you too can nurture your spiritual growth.

# End-of-life Reflections

## Search Bar

**Anna Ellis**



**Anna Ellis**

An integral part of the grief, change or loss journey can only be described as task-aligned. We often task ourselves in many ways as we ebb and flow through life experiences. As we approach the next step in our spiritual journey, tasks may become more obscure or difficult. Knowing our time in this life is limited has the potential to impact our way of thinking. How should we continue seeking purpose during more difficult times? Rather than trying to find meaning, we have the ability to make it ourselves. Making meaning is a lifelong process and task we must perform, even during the most abstract and unusual of events. We do this by accepting what has come and what will be, as well as acknowledging lessons being taught to us. Sharing our observations with other living beings creates a reminder that none of us are truly ever alone. That even when our material forms are gone, the pursuit and achievement of liberation remains very much alive.

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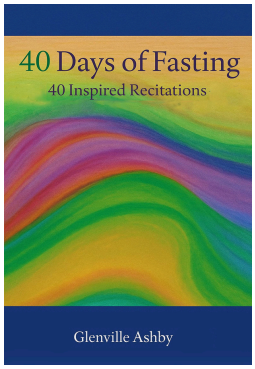


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