

Lama Tharchin Rinpoche left his traits emblazoned on each of us, his vajra-children who bear his smile and exuberance for living in our delight and wonderment and tenderness for all the natural and beautiful world, in our tears of joy when we see delightful natural splendors, and in the way children suddenly become our greatest teachers. He taught us to pay attention to the most vivid presence of real and natural beauty. When he taught, the animals would walk out of the woods and graze on the hillside beside the shrine - deer and rabbits and squirrels - and the ravens would circle and caw around the shrine, then land on the roof and tap on the metal parts above our heads while he taught inside, and the sunbeams poured through the clouds and redwoods on winter afternoons, and his shining grin on his face as he greeted us and bumped foreheads to say "how wonderful to see you" and look into your eyes and say "I Love you" and really mean it ~ this is just the way he always related, always treated us like family; and we knew we were his children and felt so secure in this, that he made Dharma intimate to us. So we miss him very much now.

Yet he so relished the tastiness of enlightenment and was so enraptured when he taught the juiciest parts, that his mouth watered, and we were enthralled and learned to hunger - just like he'd shown us - for the depths of enlightenment and love for the teachings and the pure beauty of practicing Dharma. So it is vivid to all of us now that he is still very present, and sometimes even more so, that in every day now there are moments when he seems to be in the room, or to speak through a little bird, or in the clouds, or simply in the scintillating air around us with such an enchantment that startles us, makes us smile through tears, and feel both delight and sorrow with authentic deep gratitude.

Every day has continued being filled with LTR's blessings and presence in our lives and through tears of sadness or joy in remembering him. I wish it was not so necessary to finally realize that the guru is always with us in our hearts, and now seems even more present than ever in certain ways, though I cry often when I think of particular ways he would smile and places he was standing when he greeted me on certain occasions. I love the way he tilted his head and looked in my eyes as if to somehow better slant and pour the wide band of amber light called compassion from his eyes through my eyes into my heart.

by Brett Greider