



“They inhabit a world so rich in technology that everything works better, even the people, but no one seems to know why. Parented by proxy and prescription and by cable TV, they have achieved the loneliness their elders pursued. They enter their twenties less interested in finding themselves than in finding the way out. Faithless, hopeless, untutored in love, they make babies for the sake of company and kill themselves with unspeakable violence in staggering numbers – suffering from a deficiency in meaning acquiring from pop culture, pop psychology, feel-good religion, that tells them don’t worry, be happy, take care of yourself and your self esteem. They stand to inherit the spiritual void their parents have left them, the bill from the card it was all charged to.”

- Thomas Lynch

Top 5 Deathbed Regrets:

1. I wish I’d had the courage to live a life true to myself, not the life others expected of me.
2. I wish I had not worked so hard.
3. I wish I’d had the courage to express my feelings.
4. I wish I had stayed in touch with friends.
5. I wish I had let myself be happier



Four Noble Truths

1. Life is suffering
2. Suffering is due to attachment
3. Attachment can be overcome
4. There is a path for accomplishing this

Eight Fold Path

Prajna (wisdom)

1. Right view – true understanding of the Noble Truths
2. Right aspiration – desire to free oneself from attachment

Shila (morality)

3. Right speech – abstain from lying, hurtful talk
4. Right action – abstain from hurtful actions: killing, stealing, careless sex
5. Right livelihood – make living in a way to avoid dishonesty and hurting others

Samadhi (meditation)

6. Right effort – exerting control over mind. Abandon bad qualities, nurture good.
7. Right mindfulness – focus attention on body, feelings, thoughts, etc. to overcome craving, hatred, etc.
8. Right concentration – meditate in a way to understand imperfection, impermanence and non-separateness

The Blue And The Gray
Francis Miles Finch (1827-1907)

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgement-day
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgement-day;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Broidered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment -day,
Wet with the rain, the Blue
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

**Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done,
In the storm of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray**

**No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day,
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.**