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5th January 2012

Dear friends and students of Master Yu,

Our beloved master passed away on December 23rd at 9:09 am at the 234 Hospital in his hometown of Chaoyang City, Liaoning Province, PR China due to complications with renal (kidney) cancer. His body was cremated on December 27th at 6:30 am in the Chaoyang City crematory.

According to Master Yu's wishes, a pagoda is planned to be built on Yunmeng Mountain, which is in Shangzhi Town, not far from Chaoyang City. Yunmeng Mountain is the site where Master Yu attained self realization in this lifetime after spending six months in a cave with Master Huiling. Also included in the plan is to build a museum dedicated to Master Yu's life, and a temple to continue the Hanmi teachings there. The Shangzhi Town secretary, Mr. Lei, who is also a student, was charged with this task by Master Yu. He is creating a charity organization for this purpose, and anyone who wishes to contribute will be welcome to do so. More information will be updated in both Chinese and English on www.mahav.net when we have more details, and also on the Dari Rulai Temple website: www.dari-rulai-temple.org.

It's probably an understatement to say that the news of the passing of our beloved master has thoroughly shocked us all. Many disciples are asking how and why this has happened, and what does this mean to the lineage, our practice, and our mission. Although it would be impossible to answer all the questions that have been stirred in the hearts of our brothers and sisters, it is the duty of those of us who were at hand to share with all of you our experience and understanding of master's passing.

The shedding of the transformational body of a great master inevitably produces oscillating emotions of sorrow and happiness. And although we may all experience despair and hopelessness to some degree, let us make use of this teaching, as every action of our master is indeed a profound teaching, to fulfill our aspirations of understanding the essence of the dharma, raising our awareness, and realizing wisdom.

As much as it is the truth that we rely on the empowerment of our guru, we should remember that now, just as before, we must rely on our own efforts to realize wisdom, that no one can give this to us. Master's physical body is gone, but his dharma body is boundless, and as long as the students continue to practice diligently, they will continue to receive empowerment from him. Most of you would feel this without anyone telling you.

One of the questions that comes up immediately is: what happens to the lineage? The lineage is not broken. Our master will take another body in the near future, he will return to continue his mission. Meanwhile, according to one of master's final commands, there are three interim carriers

for the lineage, two Chinese disciples and one American disciple. Zou Shiliang, Jiang Daoqiang, and Paul Kendall have the sacred duty to hold the transmission until our master returns. These brothers do not constitute the next generation of the Hanmi lineage, but are merely carriers, to be a physical representation of the lineage in this world, until our master returns in his next body, to reclaim his position, to carry on as the 49th Mahacharya, and to pass it on to the rightful successor.

In the meantime, we must continue to strive on in our own journey. We are here to love each other, serve each other and uplift each other. We should practice our dharma diligently and do our best to honor our master and his teachings in every deed. The possibilities of completing teacher training under the proper guidance and empowerment are being discussed. Because for those who feel it is their destiny to do the work, we must continue to spread the dharma, keeping in mind the instructions our master laid out for us summarized by these four points: Unified thinking, unified speech, unified action, and unified policy.

Message from Paul Kendall:

Firstly, I would like to apologize to all my brothers and sisters for not being able to get more information to you sooner, and I would like to take this opportunity to share my experience and understanding of it with you all.

As most of you know, I have attended our master many times in the past, and for the last year and a half, I was with him every day with the exception of a few trips to Hong Kong for visa purposes. You could say that I was quite accustomed to witnessing in our master many things that would seem miraculous to most people. And I hope you will grant me leniency in your minds, knowing that there are many things which I was forbidden by master to speak of with others.

Master's health was a roller coaster ride of now improving, now a new challenge. I can share with you that no matter where we went, the doctors were always amazed by his positive attitude and lack of symptoms. It's true that he did suffer physically and was limited to a wheel chair for the last two years, however, he was not in pain from the cancer, and his mind was always crystal clear. This continuously astounded doctors in both the east and the west, who as much as three years ago would tell him that he would not live another three months.

While I was with master, we were always trying to make sure he was getting sufficient rest and good care to the best of our ability. Even so, he still travelled to many places, teaching dharma, giving dharma talks, and doing all he could to help everyone. When he was tired he rested, when he was happy he talked and taught, sometimes quite late into the night.

He was very strict with those of us who took care of him, insisting we practice diligently even as we busily took care of his daily needs, and he even found things for us to do while he was sleeping. For example, in December of 2010, only Jiang Daoqiang and I were taking care of him, and he required us to sit and practice dharma from 11pm to 1am every night in a dark hospital room (he still got up at 5). I remember one night when I was sitting on a wooden stool doing my practice, I was aware of master snoring on the bed, and the instant that I started to drift into a pleasant slumber, before I had even dipped my head, master suddenly yelled at me, "Baohe! You are not permitted to sleep!"

Last October, we came back to China from Los Angeles and admitted master to the Beijing

Tibetan Hospital. He had been having trouble with nausea and digestion. After a week or so of using the traditional Tibetan medicine, his health and countenance had improved so much that we were really beside ourselves with joy, and looking forward to a steady recovery. He was eating well and looked quite healthy. At that time there was always a few Chinese disciples around, and we did healing and chanting around the clock in turns. All his meals were cooked by disciples and close friends with the utmost care.

In November, master's energy levels began to drop, and he would sleep quite a lot, but he still got up every morning at 5 am as usual, would wash and dress, have breakfast and sit for a while, usually getting back into bed around 8:30 and sleep a couple of hours before lunch, after lunch he would sit for a while, then we would go outdoors for some fresh air. It was a continuous cycle of sleeping, eating, taking medicine, physical therapy, and of course, mantras, mantras, mantras.

On November 27th, we took one of the new bullet trains to a prospective temple site in Shandong Province. Master was quite happy to get out of the city, and was pleased with the good fengshui of the site, a beautiful mountain with natural springs gushing clear cool water in many places. After a few days his health took a turn for the worse, and due to his extreme fatigue we took him to a hospital close by, this was where he began to complain of pain in his entire body. On December 14th we took master back to Beijing. Sitting on the bullet train he looked up at the sign at the front of the train car that constantly read our speed, it said 300kph. Master's eyes lit up and he smiled happily, commenting that he enjoyed traveling at high speed.

It was difficult to find space in a good hospital in Beijing, and we ended up staying in a very comfortable small community hospital where some of master's friends worked. The problem was that they were really not equipped to care for someone in his condition, master was not eating well, the nutrients and other medicines he needed to have through an I.V. we had to buy at other hospitals and bring back. So after consulting with master we all decided he should go to his hometown where he was sure to have anything he needed. An ambulance was sent for, and we left early in the morning to Chaoyang on the 18th.

The second day in Chaoyang master looked much better, and on the third day even ate four meals in one day, but he was still in pain and had no energy. He spoke in a low whisper and could hardly move. We turned him constantly and sat him up whenever he asked anything to try to make him comfortable. He slept a great deal, and took pain killers for the first time since I could ever remember. Zou Shiliang, Jiang Daoqiang and I took turns sleeping for a few hours at a time, and Teresa who had arrived on the 14th was also there constantly. Master always knew who was awake and on duty. Even if he was turned so he couldn't see the other bed and the couch, he only called for the person who was awake to do something, and although he had difficulty speaking, his mind was sharp and his eyes were alive with clarity. I remember the last couple of days he said a few times in a hoarse whisper, "return home, return home."

I remember sitting in the hospital room in Chaoyang with Teresa one day on the bed next to master's. Teresa and I had been doing healing empowerments and meditating, and everyone else was asleep, it was very quiet and peaceful. Looking at master as he lay there asleep, I couldn't help noticing, that besides the fact that his body was suffering from extreme illness, his skin was radiant and healthy, and his face looked full and healthy, it was shining. We commented to each other that by looking at him one wouldn't even know that he was ill at all, and indeed, more than one nurse came into the room and asked us why he slept so much, and advised that we should make him get up and walk around more. They didn't realize at first that he could hardly move by himself at all.

On December 22nd, I left to take care of some business in Beijing at 7:30 am. As the bus left Chaoyang I had an extremely uncomfortable feeling, but I still believed that master would slowly recover. I really did not like to see him suffer, but I know that he never thought twice about his own suffering, and always continued to think of others, worrying if we had eaten, if we had enough clothes to keep us warm outside, or if there was a place prepared for us to sleep. He had died and had to come back to this body many times before, and Jiang Daoqiang told me that his condition had been even worse in 1994. So when Zou Shiliang and Teresa called me early in the morning on the 23rd and told me to come back right away, I was not the least bit perturbed. Maybe it sounds insensitive, but spending so much time with master I had really began to let go of all attachments to how I felt things should be. It was a very difficult process, but I had begin to know a calm resolve to do my duty as it came to me, accepting any changes no matter how big or small, indifferent to whether I was at master's side or not, although for the time being, it had seemed I would be at his side for a long time to come.

I got on a bus back to Chaoyang, I received a call that master had died but I wasn't sure what to think yet, he has done this before, right? I felt quite calm for the whole bus ride back, about 7 hours. It wasn't until I walked into the dinning room at the hotel where everyone was waiting, that I suddenly felt the impact, and I knew he would not return to his body, and my emotions began to be pulled in many directions at once along with the seemingly odd bouquet of minds in the room. Of the roughly 15 people sitting at the round dinner table waiting for me to arrive, some were long time disciples, some were master's family. Master's 35 year old son, Shuangqing nodded to me with a smile, eyes red with emotion and excitement, an uncle sat with a somber expression, a cousin from the countryside who raised geese for a living looked timidly and calmly at me with the eyes of someone with great intelligence, and the feeling I got from his heart was of a simplicity that is completely foreign to those of us who live "modern" lifestyles.

Dinner began and there were many toasts and speeches to a great man who came from their town, it all seemed very mundane to me, I felt very detached from the situation and I said nothing but a few short answers to questions throughout the whole dinner. I was grateful to Teresa for making an eloquent toast on behalf of master's foreign students to express how he had touched our lives. I had not come in time to see master's body before it was taken from the hospital, but even as I was apologized to with explanations that the doctors would not let them wait, I did not regret leaving the day before, and felt no feelings of attachment to master's body, yet I was touched by their considerations, and their recognition for those of us who took care of master better than any family member could have. They almost cremated the body that night, but waited.

The next few days were a blur of busy preparations, and the cremation was set for the 27th. About 60 disciples arrived in the little hotel, and there was much discussion about what should be done with master's body. Shangzhi Town negotiated with the family who had the legal rights to decide. Master's son had originally been quite amiable and cooperative, but he suddenly changed his mind, perhaps because master left all of his assets in China to the local government to build a pagoda and temple, and left nothing to him. I should mention that many of master's family members were quite friendly to us throughout the entire ordeal.

Looking back, there were quite a few complications: The crematory would be too hot for a traditional Buddhist cremation and the conditions and materials needed for a funeral pyre were not readily available. To preserve the body, the right steps should have been taken immediately, yet the doctors and family had already put the body in the freezer.

Even so, Mr. Lei met with the city officials and the chief of police along with other government leaders. Most of these men knew Master Yu personally, and they all agreed that he was not an ordinary person, and unlike most situations, the next of kin should not necessarily have the authority to decide, that it should be discussed further, and therefore they should take measures to intercede. The night of the 26th, they went with 30 police vehicles to the crematory to protect the body. When they got there, they found 40 cars of people called there by master's son. In deliberation whether or not to use force, they decided that in the chance that someone might be injured, it would be disrespectful to Master Yu to cause a conflict over his body, and they backed off. Regardless of what you think you know about China, I swear to you that this is what happened. Never in the history of Chaoyang, in any dynasty, had such an effort been made by officials on behalf of a monk. Mr. Lei came back to the hotel with tears in his eyes, and all of the disciples agreed that a conflict would have been disastrous.

Master's body was cremated ahead of schedule on the 27th, at about 6:30 am, and none of the disciples at the hotel who wanted to be there were able to see the body or participate. Actually, we were free to go to the crematory on our own at any time, but there was confusion among the disciples about what to do that morning, and it was decided that a couple of brothers would go with Madame Zhao, master's aunt, to assess the situation. By the time they got there, the body was already in the furnace. Some of the ashes were given to brother Wang Shuiling to bring back for the stupa. In hind-site, most of the disciples should have gone, there were only a couple of people that because of their responsibilities for master's possessions, would have potentially been a target for Shuangqing to cause a scene. But most of us were not upset, we had set up an altar in one of the rooms and people had took turns chanting all night. Some disciples reported master manifesting momentarily during their dharma practice, one woman from Beijing said he appeared clothed in a robe of some animal skin, wearing a crown, carrying a sword and said clearly, "Practice your dharma with diligence, I will continue to empower you."

Mr. Lei held a large banquet for everyone that afternoon. He explained to us the details of his efforts, his disappointments, and his resolve to carry out master's wishes with all his heart. We felt a strong sense of unity, and a few of master's relatives participated and expressed their deep regret at how things had worked out, their shame for Shuangqing's actions, and their wish to apologize on behalf of the family.

At a sort of memorial the next day, local government leaders spoke, one of master's primary school teachers talked of his mischievous behavior as a youth, and his unconditional kindness to others even as a boy. Many disciples expressed understanding of what master had given to us and what he expected of us, and their intentions to help propagate the dharma to every corner of the earth.

Any indecision or despair I had felt previously has been thoroughly replaced by confidence and determination. Master Yu has given us so much dharma, so many tools and empowerments. The knowledge we lack can be learned, and the attainment our master is holding us up to realize, is within our grasp.

I know I could only share a small bit of my experience with you, and I hope it helps in some way. I'm still trying to understand most of it myself.

Message from Teresa Lin:

It was at 9:09 am of Dec 23, 2012 Master went into nirvana.

In the afternoon of the previous day, I was sitting on the bed next to him, he called my name, I went over and sat close to him, he tried to tell me something, he repeated it twice but his voice was too faint and the words incomprehensible, I just could not understand him. Looking back, maybe he wanted to say good bye to me before he slipped into unconsciousness. That was the last conversation that I had with master. And maybe those were the last words that he said.

The morning of Dec. 23, I woke up and looked at the clock, it was 3:10am, I couldn't go back to sleep. Around 4:00am I felt a lot of energy with bright light coming to me, followed by master's image; he was smiling at me and told me he was fine and happy. He was as handsome as before. He tried to comfort me and asked me not to feel sad, and said I would meet him again 40 years later. Honestly, at that moment I didn't feel anything particularly special about this spiritual conversation or what it might bring. Deep in my mind, I did not want to see him gone from my eyes, or my life. No, I didn't want to see that. It was still dark and cold outside, I didn't feel the urge to take a cab from my hotel and rush to the hospital. I knew that even though I didn't want to be there to see him leave, he would still wait for me.

When I arrived at the hospital in the morning, dharma brother Zou Shiliang and Jiang Daoqiang were exhausted. They had had a tough night taking care of master. Master's son and daughter-in-law, and the other dharma sister Ms. Bao who had driven for 6 hours from Beijing were also there. The room looked very busy and crowded. They were sitting on the couch at the other end of the room discussing how to prepare for the big event about to take place. Brother Jiang, who served master for many years, could not stand still any longer, we asked him to lie down on the small bed next to master. He finally complied and asked me to apply drops to master's eyes and to keep his mouth moist with wet Qtips.

Master was breathing with somewhat difficulty. After a few drops of water, a brown liquid or bile-like substance came out from his nose. Later I learned that he had been vomiting this from his stomach. I quickly woke brother Jiang; he jumped up from bed and started sucking up any liquid he could find from master's mouth with a small machine used for removing phlegm from a patient's throat with a little tube. Brother Jiang was working so busily...he didn't notice that master had already gone. I pulled gently on his sleeve and signaled for him to stop. Yes, I saw master had stopped breathing, he left us right there in front of my eyes.

The doctor was called immediately, after applying CPR for a time, the doctor announced master had passed away...We knelt down and made the last bow to master. Brother Jiang couldn't accept the fact that master was gone from his body, he was standing still just staring, seemingly dumbfounded, even when we asked him to straighten master's body, he just couldn't move. Brother Zou and I carefully straightened master's head in place. His neck and head were burning hot but his hands and feet were so pale and cold. We started chanting and asked people to be quiet. People came in and out quietly to pay their respects to master. Even though people occasionally sighed or sobbed with grief, the atmosphere was so quiet and peaceful. I sat crossed legged on the small bed next to master I saw master's body covered with blue light.

While chanting several scenes flashed across my mind... Dec 18, the next day after we had arrived at Chaoyang, I sat on Master's bed holding his hand passing my love to him silently. After a

while, I was trying to withdraw but he did not let go of my hand. He squeezed my hand three times with strength. I was amazed that he still could be this strong. And then he used his thumb to poke my palm 5 times. I want to believe he gave me an abhiseka. After he loosed his hand, I knelt down in front of him wishing this moment could last forever.

The next day, master was finally able to eat some food, and what would have been a simple movement for any of us, took quite an effort for him. He seemed to give up after a few bites each time, and some food would still be remaining in his mouth. I took a cotton swab and dipped it with water to clean his teeth, thinking, "No wonder you don't have any appetite. There is so much food stuck to your teeth." I forced him to open his mouth wide, he did not look at all comfortable doing this, and brother Jiang tried to stop me, but I continued my job and talked to master quietly. I said "Look at these dirty teeth, who would dare to want a tooth relic from you!?" Yes, I joked with him and I saw a smile appear on his face.

Two days before he was to leave his body, he invited me to sit close to him. He said, "Practice dharma," and then he said "It's too late" in a tone of despair. I responded quickly with "It's not too late!" He nodded slightly and murmured "it's not too late" several times and drifted off to sleep. Some of the disciples asked me if master left any words for his disciples. I think the two words he told me were not only for me. It was for all his disciples.

I was surprisingly calm throughout the whole ordeal, and my mind was so clear, no tears, no sadness, no grief, just a peaceful mind. It seems that something of me was gone along with master...and the sorrow was also no longer there...

My flight was scheduled to leave Beijing on the 27th and I would not be there for the cremation. I knew that I had already done what I was supposed to, I had seen our master off. I felt no need to stay in Chaoyang. So I returned to Los Angeles as scheduled.