

Wei-Min in Wonderland

OM Ram!

Dear reader, this is a story about everyman. We will call him Wei-Min (pronounced way-min), but our hero could just as well be called Louis, or Giovanna, or Mort, or Grace, or Mary, or Iraj, or McGill . . . or you.

Wei-min found himself in Wonderland. The sights and sounds were really wonderful: the trees, the grass, the rivers, the birds flying and singing. And so many people! Infants with their parents, young children playing, teenagers full of mischief, young adults finding their way, men and women in the prime of life full of ambitions, older folks enjoying their golden years. It was an enchanting show, a wonderful trip, with its incredible variety. So many births, so many deaths—every day! Wei-Min, being a Buddhist, called it Jaga Maya, the Great Illusion (it might also be translated as the great magical show). Being no fool, Wei-Min knew the spectacle was not real. Buddhist people call things “real” only if they are permanent, not subject to dissolution.

And now we have arrived at the heart of our story. Our hero, having somehow gone through the looking glass, did not remember at all how he managed this wonderful trick! So how was he to find his way back home?