



*When snow falls like this; steady, light, sparkling and with little wind
 --it is the blessing of the Awakened Ones; their compassion and wisdom--
 descending as pure substance gently blessing the earth and all its inhabitants.*

This was the essence of Kyabje Kalu Rinpoche's message to us --the stupa crew and consecration staff-- on the eve prior to the consecration ceremony of the Sante Fe Bodhi Stupa, November 14, 1986. This is the Stupa for the Benefit of All Beings, at Kagyu Shenpen Kunchab Buddhist Center on Airport Road, in Sante Fe NM. That night prior to the consecration, a huge snowstorm descended, and the roof of the large tent that had been erected for the hundreds of people arriving to attend this celebrated ceremony, was brought to the ground. Kalu Rinpoche's words woke us all up to the magic and distinct power of the moment. The next morning, the consecration went on, beautifully.

With that story, I send this letter to each person who has had a part in the this initial Pilgrimage reconnaissance Journey, initiated on Earth day, April 22, 2017 at Phuntsok Choling Event and Retreat Center north of Ward Colorado, and completed yesterday upon my return to Boulder and home. Today, Saturday, April 29th, snow is falling again. It is a large weather system, covering the entire length of the Dakini Map, over 500 miles in length. Most of you, whom have not traveled elsewhere this weekend, are each experiencing snow falling in your own environments, as I write this letter of acknowledgement and gratitude.

This initial journey's purpose was to **visit and bring offerings to** the central and southern large public stupas and temples along the Dakini Map Pilgrimage route. And equally important, to **make contact with** the community members who built, are maintaining & are expanding these sacred monuments that are open for public visits, teaching events, and practice seminars. Also, for those cloistered centers that maintain retreat areas, which are closed to public visits, in order to provide accommodations for further deep solitary and group meditation practices.

What sits in-between these architectural and environmental construction events, spanning 30+ years? ...from the building of the first interior shrine hall public stupa in the USA, to the present? **Stories, uniquely personal and diverse.** Stories of connectivity and creativity, all held by the Dakini's devoted song and playful dance inviting us to do pilgrimage. So rich were the conversations, shared memories and photographs generously brought forth, as I sat at kitchen and dining tables with you during this past week. Thank you for sending the Links to your communities' activities, both coming events and histories, with the wellspring of plans for future summer gatherings and programs. And thank you for the tours of your Centers, your Stupas, your Temples, and your Gardens. This gathering and documenting will continue as I look forward to seeing you all again.

There is more to come, more to share as the Pilgrimage Series of artworks moves into joining with and highlighting the creative works of so many individuals, working alone and in community, inspired by these sacred monuments, their purpose to invite --radiating peace, harmony & beauty, and symbolizing liberation for all beings. The documentation and storytelling of this Pilgrimage Journey blueprint continues, for now from my studio in Boulder Colorado, as will the artworks and myriad connections. Please do feel free to stay in touch. The list of participants in this initial *reconnaissance* is 54+

In closing, I will keep this letter brief by painting a picture of the experience driving north from Sante Fe, yesterday April 28th, at the close of this preliminary pilgrimage journey:

Another snowstorm landscape... Curtains of mist and fog appearing dark and foreboding in the distance, along vast horizons common to the western arroyo/mesa - alpine/mountain landscape that is presented to us in this central western region of the North American continent. A continuous journey north, driving into sheets of storm clouds, their foggy mist suddenly dissipating to reveal a soft yet brilliantly patched afternoon light, muted from the west and illuminating the landscape as though transparent. Snowflakes twirled through the air, not yet collecting on the ground thus leaving the road clear.

With each curtain of clouds lifting to reveal yet another distinct pocket of sunlit landscape, came memories of the time spent with each one of you in beautifully diverse environments.

I look forward to the time we meet again, soon!

In gratitude,

cynthia moku
April 29, 2017
Boulder CO USA

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