

BẢO-ĐĂNG'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY



My mother was born and raised in North Vietnam. Thinh was her name – Nghiêm Thị Thinh. She was born in Tien Mo village of Hà Đông province in 1929. At that time, the national situation was in decline. The people were frustrated to the point that they could not tolerate the strict government control any longer, and therefore, many had emigrated towards South Vietnam for refuge. My mother followed amongst those people.

In 1945, she traveled with her parents, sister, and two brothers, and relocated to Phan Thiết province. During this strenuous journey, however, both of her parents have passed away.

My mother was just 17 years old at the time, and her three youngest brother and sister, As an orphan, she struggled greatly to raise her three younger siblings in this new and unfamiliar place.

One day, the police was chased Mother for doing selfbusiness on the street without a license. While in complete fear and not knowing what to do, unexpectedly, a man (*my father*) came along. He saw that my mother was alone, a northern beauty, who he fell in love with instantly, and took the opportunity to rescue her from distress. From then on, that man married that northern girl and wholeheartedly taught her how to live in the South.

Four years later, in 1949, my mother gave birth to my eldest brother, and I in 1952, next brother was born in Saigon in 1954.

Two years later, my father moved our family up to the Vĩnh Bình district of Trà Vinh province, where my two youngest brothers were born in 1956, and in 1959. My oldest brother stayed behind in Saigon with my aunt.

This became an especially difficult time for our family. My father was falsely accused of being opposed to the South Vietnamese government by corrupt people. He was consequently arrested as a political prisoner and had all of his belongings confiscated.

Devastatingly at the same time, my mother became afflicted with a critical illness. My baby brother was only two months old.

Mother passed away six months later after struggling through a series of illnesses. At six years old, I was helpless and couldn't do anything other than to sit next to her corpse lying on the bamboo bed, crying as I mourned her death.

It was several days later when an elderly man from the neighborhood, who lived approximately a kilometer away, was walking by and inquired about our health. When he discovered what had occurred, he single-handedly dug a grave for my mother. I feverishly tried to keep the nonstop tears from blinding my eyes as I wrapped her body and several of her outfits (*for her to take along on her journey*) inside a bamboo tarp.

After helping to bury my mother, the old man looked at me with a pair of very sad and sympathetic eyes. He then shook his head and quietly went home.

Thus, as a young, skinny, weak, and innocent little girl at six years old, I had to suddenly shoulder the heavy burden that was placed before me. The weighted responsibility of being an older sister and parent to my three younger brothers.

Each day, I trekked out to the shallow fields where my father had built a little dam to hand-catch fish to feed us. Back when my mother was ill, she had taught me how to cook rice, to remedy herbal medicine, and to use rice milk with sugar as formula to feed my infant brother.

The whole neighborhood knew and saw that we four children were fending for ourselves alone. They would cast pitying eyes at us, shake their heads in disbelief, then coldly bid farewell and closed their doors. At the time, I believed they had behaved that way because my father was arrested for being against the southern government; therefore, perhaps, they did not want to be implicated in this matter.

This continued for several months after my mother's passing. Desolate and penniless, my siblings and I coexisted together the best we could while eating meager portions of fish and rice daily. Despite this, thanks to the blessings from Heaven and Buddha, none of us were stricken with any illnesses.

Each night as the evening shadows darkened like a black net looming down from the sky, I always felt impaired with much fear and anxiety. Inside, the oil lantern would flicker against the wind that seeped through the cracks of battered walls, almost blowing it out completely. Outside, there were periodic howls that sounded like the cries of ghosts and demons, which spurred even greater fear and angst for a six years old girl. Yet, with quivering thin hands, I reached out to embrace my younger siblings as we all huddled on

a single bed, lying quietly and securely under a blanket while I silently prayed for the morning to quickly come.

My innocent siblings were oblivious as they peacefully fell asleep within moments. My chest would then begin to contract as the sobs flowed freely, aching for my mother. How could she have the heart to leave us? I missed her so much.

I also thought incessantly about my father's imprisonment, but I did not know of a way to reach him and inform him about Mother's death.

Oh my Heaven! This young girl is full of self-pity.

Other kids have a mother. Why don't I?

Others have a father. I have one, but not really!

Each day is colder under the winter sky.

A little girl taking the place of a father and a mother,

Raising a family of infants and toddlers.

So young and so dependent.

Where are Mother and Father now?

Do they know their daughter is suffering all alone?

Boddhisattva Bao-Dang

The more I thought about my parents, an overwhelming sense of sorrow would consume me. I'd start crying again profusely while asking myself:

When will Father be released from prison?

What will happen to me and my brothers?

Where and who will we live with?

The mind of this young child was filled with hundreds of thoughts and thousands of worries. The loneliness, self-pity, afflictions, and paralyzing fear of nightfall quickly transformed this girl to maturity with a harsh reality and massive responsibilities.

The more thoughts and worries came to mind, the more the tears flowed until I gradually fell asleep with eyes red and raw. As I drifted in and out of sleep, possibly in a dream state, I often saw a woman adorned in a white dress sitting upon my bed, stroking my hair in a consoling and comforting manner.

At first, I thought it was the appearance of my mother's spirit, but after a while, I realized that the woman's kind face was not of my mother's, though I did not question it at the time. Whenever there was news of a bus passing by from Saigon to the countryside, I would be so elated! I would run to the bus stop and plead to the driver's goodwill to help

find my aunt, uncle, and older brother in Saigon and update them about our family. Thankfully, one of the drivers who was heading back to Saigon had honored my request. He gave pity to us and handed over several loaves of French bread and three rolls of sausages. I was deeply grateful for his kindness.

Each day after, I would guide my two brothers to the main road with one hand, while holding my baby brother in the other. We sat on the edge of the street, and I would busy myself picking lice off their heads. My hopeful eyes would continuously scan back and forth from my task to the dirt road, praying and hoping that we would be reunited with our relatives soon.

I kept on looking and waiting, even when my neck was strained stiff.

About a month later, my aunt-in-law (*sixth in the family*) had finally arrived to escort us back to Saigon, but our stay at our aunt and uncle's was very brief. Their home was already overcrowded, and now adding more children to the household was beyond their means.

Hence, along with my oldest brother, the five of us headed to the closest orphanage. We stayed there for one year in solitude, yet I remained hopeful every day that my father would be released from prison soon.

There was an elder Buddhist nun who had learned of our story. It turned out that she was our 75 years old great aunt, who was the sixth sister to my paternal grandmother. Our "great-nun" decided to bring us home to live with her in her small cottage. By small, I meant a space large enough built for one person.

The cottage was considerably bare and rudimentary. It had a dirt floor, a metal roof, and mud compacted with leaves for walls. In contrast, the surrounding landscape was lush and speckled with numerous large-petaled flowers and nature fruit trees. A sparkling nearby river encased the dwelling like a glitter picture frame.

The scenic vista, however, would morph into a nightmare during the full moon of every month, when the high tide flooded into the cottage at an alarming speed and force. The water would rise as high as my waist with kitchenware swirling everywhere. I had to recenter my focus away from my fear in order to keep from being swept away from the unstoppable current and gather as many belongings as I could before they were washed away into the endless river. On several occasions, I had to dodge the snakes and centipedes that had made their way into the cottage. Even to this day, when I reflect on this time, I am still incredibly frightened by it.

Great-Nun made a variety of traditional Vietnamese herbal medicine and teas to sell at the market each day. Her earnings helped pay for vegetables, soy sauce, and rice to sustain

her independent and cultivated lifestyle.

We lived with her in poverty, simplicity, and practiced both vegetarianism and Buddhism. For several years, we engaged in cultivation and doing charitable deeds.

Twice a month, on the first and fifteenth of the lunar calendar, I would clean up Great-Nun's 32 altars, which started from the ground and ascended all the way up to the ceiling. I would wash 32 statues of Buddhas, Bodhisattvas, Patriarchs, Angels, and Deities. I would prepare freshly cut flowers and arrange them into 32 small vases, climb trees to harvest fruits for 32 plates, and fill 96 small cups with water as offerings.

When Grand Aunt-Nun came home from selling in the market and saw that the altars were clean and adorning, she was very pleased. She would embrace me, kiss my cheek, and praise,

"My grandchild is so good! I do not even have to tell you to do this, but it is already done! In a past life, if you were not a cultivator or a temple's permanent resident (abbot), you would not have the mind to do this. You are so young but already planted so many wholesome conditions in this way. Great Aunt (who I also called Grandma) is certain that one day, you also will have a beautiful temple and will encounter a wise teacher to teach people the cultivated way. In the future, you will reach enlightenment."

I asked happily and innocently,

"How does Grandma know for certain I will attain enlightenment?"

She smiled while lighting the incense and answered with certainty,

"Whatever seeds you are planting now, one day you will harvest that fruit. It is that simple."

Great Aunt-Nun knew I was extremely afraid of ghosts and was easily frightened, so she gave me a line from Buddha's mantra and taught me how to form a Buddha's "seal" with my hands. Whenever Grandma was still absent after my siblings were put to bed, I would sit alone in silence in front of Buddha, with two hands forming a "seal" while my mouth recited the mantra continuously, praying to the Buddha and Bodhisattva to take away my fear. I followed Great Aunt-Nun's teachings on how to cultivate, kowtow before Buddha, chant Buddha's name and mantra, and recite Sûramgama Sutra¹ diligently each day. By doing so, I felt more at ease, relaxed, and content than ever before.

¹ **Sûramgama Sutra:** This Sutra teaches the ultimate and permanent Sûramgama Samadhi of the Buddhas. The Buddha first taught it at the Jetavana Garden. All of His 1,250 great Arhat disciples were present as well as the Pratyeka Buddhas and Bodhisattvas. During the Song Dynasty (620-906), an Indian monk named Paramiti translated this Sutra from Sanskrit into Chinese, and it subsequently spread throughout the eastern

Even to this day, I still remember the verse:

*Rice and vegetables temporarily erase hunger,
Grass hut provides shelter from wind and rain.
Few people in the world realize this,
It is here that suffering no longer exists.*

One day, a woman working at the orphanage came to the cottage looking for me and said, "Ngọc-Dzung, you have been selected as an international foster child."

She then gave me a large parcel and instructed, "Each month, I will come by to take you to the 'International Foster Parents Association' to receive gifts sent from the USA."

At that time, Grandma was not home and I did not fully comprehend what this lady was saying, but I quickly thanked her graciously. Then with great difficulty, I carried the large, heavy box inside. After she left, I opened the package to see what was so heavy inside.

My goodness! There were so many items of all sorts. Books, notebooks, pens, soap, western shirts, pants, skirts, several rolls of beautiful fabrics, and perfume as well. I was so happy as I tried on the different outfits and sprayed the perfume on my hair. It was the first time I experienced such joy.

My siblings and I emptied out all the presents together. One took a bag of cake, another took a bag of candy and ran into a corner to eat it. It was so exciting!

Every month, I went with that same lady to the "International Foster Children Association" to receive my presents from the USA. This continued for approximately five years before our foster parents passed away. Subsequently, we no longer received gifts, but I still have their picture to this day in memory of their great generosity.

Two long years later, the authorities had decided that my father was falsely imprisoned and released him. When he finally came home, he saw neither his wife nor children, but instead, an empty house full of dust and spider webs. All the tables and chairs were rotten. It was truly the definition of a desolate home. He ran around the house looking for his wife and searched for his children, yet, intuitively, he knew something terrible had happened to his family in his absence.

When the neighbors saw his return, they would come over to inform him,

"Your wife was ill and had passed away for over a year now, and your children went to live with their Sixth Aunt in Saigon."

world. Anyone who practices the Sûramgama Sutra and resides in the powers of the Sûramgama Samadhi will attain the true mind, the Buddha Nature, and will become a Buddha.

It is important to mention that during the remainder of his imprisonment, all of sudden, he no longer saw his wife and children come to visit as they had done so before. Not knowing what had happened to his family as the days and months passed left his heart burning with constant worry until the day of his release. The impact of the reality that had dawned on him was so devastating that anyone witnessing would also feel their heart and spirit crush as well.

After selling the house, he took the money to build a proper grave and tombstone for his wife. He wiped away his solemn tears and returned to Saigon in search of his children.

The reunion with my father was very short lived. Father was like a “rooster raising chicks” and had to promptly leave when he found a distant job in a rural province. I had to continue the role of my parents to my younger siblings.

When I turned nine years old, an elderly monk stopped by to visit Grand Aunt-Nun and saw me in the corner sewing clothes for my siblings. He called me over and told Grandma,

“This little girl has very good physical traits. Now give me your hands so I can read your palms.”

After inspection, he said, **“This child’s cultivated roots are very deep. She has cultivated before and has even reached the level of a temple’s abbot. However, her life expectancy is short and will die before 30 years old.”**

Upon hearing this, I responded,

“My brothers are still so young, my mother died at an early age, my father is working far away and only comes home once every six months. Master, I have no one to help me care for my younger brothers. Is there any way to help me from dying young?”

The Master smiled and said,

“You should recite the Quan Yin Maha- Bodhisattva sincerely, be charitable, make offerings, and do good deeds for the Triple Jewels, then you will not die prematurely but will live a long life. You are also still young. Just live happily, go to school, and follow your grandma to cultivate, engage in charitable deeds and always remember to recite the Quan Yin Maha-Bodhisattva.”

After that day, I cultivated even more diligently than before. I waited until midnight every night when everyone had gone to bed to bring a tray of incense and candles to the front yard of grandma’s shrine. Facing west, I recited the “Rescue from Suffering” mantra and Buddha’s name. I prayed to Amitabha Buddha and to Quan Yin Maha-Bodhisattva for their loving compassion to protect me so that everything “bad” will become “good.” I wished for all my prayers to come true.

It was not long after that Great Aunt-Nun passed away one afternoon.

Grandma's once small "shrine cottage" was renovated into a large house, and now we had a stepmother.

I recalled on one occasion, my stepmother had purchased several live crabs and instructed me to clean them for her so she could cook them. I saw that the crabs were tied with coconut strings and had no idea how to handle them, so I took a knife and cut away the strings that tie them down. Upon release, the crabs scurried away with each other and disappeared into the river. Consequently, I received a beating that kept my buttocks quite swollen for a while.

From childhood until now, I have always cultivated sincerely and have had little social interactions with friends because of my consciousness as an orphan and living in poverty. Instead, I have focused on learning diligently and tirelessly. Consequently, adults adored me and would teach me all the cleverness that an orphan must know and need to survive in this life.

There were many cold nights where I would develop a fever, while sleeping I would again see a woman wearing a flowing white dress with an extremely kind face sitting by my side stroking my hair to soothe and comfort me. When I woke up, I would feel better than I ever felt! From then on, I was rarely ill and this remains true till today. I matured, attended school, worked, bathed in sun and rain, but I am rarely sick and have never experienced "headaches" or "toothaches" (*thanks to the Bodhisattva's love and compassionate power for rubbing my head as I was a child*).

As I grew older, I went to school and worked part-time to help support the family. At the time, my family had 15 members, three adults and eleven children whom were young and innocent. Therefore, both my father and I had to work to support all of them.

I also did embroidery and made "buttonholes" for men's dress shirts for tailor shops. This is the reason I always had a little extra spending money.

My oldest brother was also the leader of the "Star Night" band in Saigon. He was extremely talented. He was able to speak seven foreign languages and was able to play just about every musical instrument. In addition, he had a great voice...the songs he wrote were performed by singer Trang Thanh-Lan each morning on the radio in Saigon. I also had a female cousin singer named Thương Hoài-Trang.

Whenever my brother came home from military leave, I would follow him and cousin Trang when they performed at the Trung Tâm Ba, Thủ-Đức Reserved Officers Training

Institute, Đà-Lạt Officer Candidate School, and other places. On certain occasions, I also sang with them for fun.

Whenever my brother came home from Bình-Long, he would write new songs. Those who served with him called him "Lieutenant with a Guitar". He would practice playing while I sang his newly composed songs. I have always been very close to my oldest brother from childhood. In the summer of 1972, one of his close friends from the "65th marine troop, Lieutenant Phan Bình Định, courageously risked his life in the battle field to retrieve my brother's corpse. Lieutenant Phan Bình Định was the sole survivor of the entire marine troop.

Once I found out my brother left this world empty handed, forsake everything to serve his country, three days later (*after his burial*), I received his letter sent from the "Bình-Long" battlefield. Holding the letter in my hands, tears started pouring down my face before I was aware of it.

- A letter to my "baby sister" from "Soldier Brother Tàu-Ô, Bình Long Herro".

My brother wrote the following final instructions:

"I leave my wife and two innocent children for you to take my place to care and raise them for me. I will be eternally grateful for this. Do you realize the battle being fought right now is extremely fierce? My institution tells me it will be difficult to escape death this time, so if I die, you will be the oldest child in the family. In my absence, you must find courage to quit school and find work to help father raise our little brothers. Please remember to practice Buddha Recitation and chant sutra to pray for my spirit after I die."

My brother permanently came home together with a Yellow Flag "three red stripes" covering his corpse.

I have never felt the pain I felt that week when I had to go claim his corpse at the "Biên-Hòa Military Cemetery".

I walked into the morgue with a pair of pure and innocent eyes in order to identify my brother's body. Thus, regardless of whether I wanted to or not, I had to look at all of the soldiers' corpses lying everywhere (*some decapitated, some missing arms, legs, and some with just a mid-section without head, arms, or legs*).

The stench of thousands of deteriorating corpses that have been washed stacked on top of one another was nauseating, and there was little room to walk in-between them. I had to lift up my white "áo-dài" high above to "step over" each corpse... In the life of an innocent girl, I have never seen something so "absolutely terrifying" as that! Naturally, I started to feel faint and nauseated as tears poured down my face. I felt my legs were giving out under

me, but, fortunately, a friend's younger brother saw me and ran toward me to hold me up ...otherwise, I would have fallen over and lied on top of the decapitated corpses!

I was devastated for all the corpses without any family members to claim their bodies. I was also filled with self-pity for my situation as well as having the horrible images of such violent deaths haunt me that I was sick for several weeks thereafter.

In two weeks, I had attended two funerals (*my brother and my fiancée*)

At that point, I began to realize the impermanence of a human's life and how short and transient it really is; here one moment, gone the next. And yet, why do people continue to try to kill one another and battle with each other similar to a group of children playing the game of "*cocks fighting*" to decide which side will remain or vanish? Which side is strong or weak, which side will win or lose while demonstrating no human virtues whatsoever... I thought to myself:

Such people may have a human body but, in truth, there is not a bit of humanity in them.

The Buddha taught in the Sutra:

"From eons ago until now, sentient beings continue to revolve, changing faces and appearances, changing names to become each others' relatives, yet they do know or remember one another (*completely oblivious*)."

Therefore, if we expand on this Sutra's teaching, it is possible for the people in this world to be our fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, husbands, and wives from our past lives. Yet in this life, we compete to destroy and murder our family and relatives (*from past lives*), and consequently get condemned into the cycle of rebirths or "*revolved*," perpetually in the three wicked paths (*hell, hungry-ghost, animal*) without ever finding liberation.

Therefore, from then on I truly detest politics, competition, war, and never wanted to read any news about wars, murder or, any political analysis and debates. I did not want to follow the daily news and war stories where people are killing each other senselessly. Needless to say, I never participated in any sort of demonstrations either because of it!

On the 22nd day of April, 1975, I packed my belongings to immigrate to America, leaving behind everyone I loved; my ten young, innocent siblings, my cousins, and my parents' beloved homeland.

After I immigrated to the United States, I continued to "*cultivate*" and pray as I always have, even during the cold Colorado nights, in a land that was foreign to me.

During this period, there were no Buddhist Temples nearby, no Vietnamese people, and naturally no one knew how to cultivate Buddhism. However, I always have Buddha and Quan Yin Bodhisattva in my heart and mind.

I did not have the Eastern (*Chinese*) Lunar Calendar, but whenever I saw a full moon, I knew it was time for the “*full moon ritual*.” During this period, I would practice vegetarianism and recite Buddha’s name.

That time, I didn’t have any picture or statue of Buddha, so every time I prayed I would think of Buddha’s face...At midnight during the full moon, I would also light up 100 small candles to bring out the front yard. Although the snow kept falling and it was extremely cold, I would sit, bundled in a blanket and “*chant Buddha’s name*” until all the candles burned out. I stayed in Boulder, Colorado for only a year, and to avoid the cold and the snow, I decided to move to Tucson, Arizona.

In the summer of 1985, in Tucson, Arizona, during the month of Buddhist’s Mother’s Day, my strong faith and destiny with Buddhism, that I have harbored from many lifetimes, have come to fruition. It was destiny that caused me to meet my Master, who was also my past life guru, Venerable THÍCH HẢI QUANG. He was a righteous, kind, and virtuous monk.

Since then Great Master HẢI QUANG guided me to cultivate. My road to cultivation became more diligent and improved exponentially day by day. From the standpoint of spiritual and mental guidance and encouragement from Master, I, as head student BẢO ĐĂNG, stand forth doing Buddha’s work. In 1985, I started the construction and built the first Buddhist Temple in Tucson. That became the DHARMA FLOWER BUDDHIST TEMPLE, PURELAND ESOTERIC STUDY CENTER that is known today.

Because my Master permanently cultivated far away in hidden isolation for 20 years, in the rural countryside of Nebraska, the United State’s heartland, he would return to temple only four times per year (*staying for two weeks with each visit*) during times of large celebrations: Lunar New Year, Buddha’s Birthday, Buddhist’s Mother’s Day, and the 10th Lunar Month Celebration. From the knowledge I’ve gained of Buddhist Dharma that I have learned from my Master and from my sincere diligent cultivation, I, as head student, use my kind heart and goodwill, to make all decisions involving Buddha’s works inside and outside of the temple by myself. Through this, I have endured many hardships, sufferings, and patience to make sure all temple activities go smoothly and well for the past 40 years.

In 1993, I wrote and published the first biography book:

-Pureland Great Master VÔ-NHẤT THÍCH THIỀN TÂM

Since then, I have also wrote and published 3 more books:

-THE BIOGRAPHY OF ESOTERIC-PURELAND (*4 books series, each book is over 500 pages*)

Published books:

1. The Biography of *Pureland Grand late Master Vo-Nhat Thich Thien Tam*
2. *Hồi Ký Phật Sự Của Chùa Pháp Hoa*. This book title is translated as “*The Biography of Dharma Flower Temple*” (translated into English). This is an autobiography of my childhood to my younger years, my cultivation, and my Buddha Work for the past 20 years. This book was published in 2008.
3. *Hồi Ký Niệm Phật Tăng Sa Môn Thích Hải Quang AKA Vô Niệm Đại Sư* (2012) This book title is translated as “*The Biography of the Chanting Buddha Monk, late Great Master Thich Hai Quang, aka Vô Niệm*” (not yet translated into English)

Book not yet Published:

4. *Hồi Ký “Hoá Giải 4 Ngàn Năm Oán Nghiệp Và Cứu Độ Vô Số Vong Linh Oan Gia, Vất Vưởng Khắp Nơi Trên Thế Giới”* This book title is translated as “*The Biography Solving 4 Thousand Years of Resentful Karma and Saving Numerous of Resentful Souls of Past Lives and The Wandering Souls Throughout the World*”. These were situations that I, myself have resolved and have liberated the wandering souls. This book will be published in the near future. Please wait and see, also have video and audio.

Requested by many Buddhist followers, these books have been republished numerous times. I have also been compiling many valuable Buddhist lectures, teaching about Esoteric-Pureland Buddhism weekly, teaching cultivation techniques to our Dharma family members and to those who seek to learn. I gave many valuable dharma lectures, answering all questions (*also written in the Stories and Questions & Answer Letters with Buddhist Followers*) to benefit my students. My purpose is to help Buddhist followers to have a righteous heart, mind, wisdom, beliefs, and dharma to cultivate and encourage a strong belief in their faith toward Buddhism.

Outside of writing *Question & Answer Letters with Buddhist Followers* and mailing these letters out to Buddhist Followers near and far, I also dedicated time to creating audio recordings of the letters and publishing them on the temple’s website.

In 2017, I published the book *Cause and Effect Sutra* with color pictures and dual translation of Vietnamese and English. The purpose of this is to help the younger generation, the children who could not read or comprehend Vietnamese, so they could understand and learn to be a good person in their family and society.

In addition, I have published many other Dharma books and especially published “*The Twelve Buddha’s Names, A Repentance Ceremony to Eliminate Sins*”. This book has been

republished almost yearly.

In 2020, with the COVID-19 pandemic spreading fast, numerous people have passed away and the entire world shut down. Including: *all airports, businesses, factories large and small, schools, malls, restaurants, churches and temples, every home closed their doors tightly, people distancing themselves, and empty roads making cities look abandoned.*

By requests from many dedicated Buddhist followers near and far, especially in our dharma family with the dharma name starting with “**Đặng.....**”, they were afraid that the separation could cause them to waiver or forget their daily practices that late Grandmaster ĐÀI-NINH and late Great Master HẢI-QUANG taught.

Therefore; as head nun, I, Bảo-Đặng, open classes teaching ESOTERIC-PURELAND on ZOOM every Saturday evening start at 4pm to 9pm. So followers from everywhere could come together to pray, cultivate, and receive lectures on the exact teachings from late Grand Master Đài-Ninh and late Great Master Hải-Quang have passed down to me as Headmaster of the Dharma Flower Buddhist Temple.

*40 years of religiously searching,
United heart and mind, diligently practicing.
Tis' Buddha's heart appeared brightly.
Determine to return to the West, leaving the Earthly realm.
Years of arduous practices in the cultivated path,
Numerous materialistic desires, and evil ghosts enticing.
If not knowing how to use the “cultivated wisdom”,
Entire life of cultivation is for nothing!*

Boddhisattva Bảo-Đặng

