

**Celebrating the Life of the Vidyadhara, Chögyam Trungpa Rinpoche,  
the Dorje Dradül of Mukpo Dong**

It is with great tenderness and joy that I write to all of you on this very special day when we, as a Shambhala community, are celebrating the life, accomplishment, and vision of my father. It is hard to believe that it has been thirty years since his passing. In the conventional world, that time represents a generation, and clearly much has changed in the world and in our community. However, today is not simply a day of reflecting on the past and mourning his passing. Rather it is a day to truly gaze at my father's marvelous accomplishment and to celebrate his magnificent life. In so doing, we are gazing into the future. And as a community, we are making great aspirations for how to continue what he began and to truly make it glorious.

For me, the Dorje Dradül is beyond time. He simultaneously represents the past, the present, and the future, even though he was also very human. In fact, I can still feel his breath and him holding my hand, expressing many times how much he loved us all. At the same time, he was an enigmatic figure. He was a truly realized being with the most supreme mind and the greatest heart. In his youth, these qualities were recognized, so his teachers—some of the most eminent spiritual masters in Tibet at that time—poured their wisdom into him. He became like a time capsule of wisdom, which he would eventually bring to the West. Therefore he represented continuity of tradition, for he held many powerful lineages.

He was also a pioneer—breaking new ground, taming new minds, and exploring new lands while planting the dharma. But he wasn't just planting

vestiges of the past. He was fostering something new—something modern and current—something practical, and also essential. In his own inimitable way he was planning how genuine wisdom could not only continue, but also expand into the future. Every fiber of his being represented tremendous courage, daringness, and audacity.

He hailed from the pastureland valleys of eastern Tibet and went on to forge a new society based on dignity, cheerfulness, and bravery. To me, this is what we are celebrating here today. If the Dorje Dradül had not turned out to be who he was, then we would not be here today. Therefore we are all descendants of his warriorship.

More than anything, the Dorje Dradül spoke about the impermanence of life itself, and how it is important to appreciate each moment—to truly live in each moment. He felt that the gift of Shambhala dharma is that we can celebrate life. And as warriors, we are able to appreciate the sadness, the tenderness, and the glory.

Whether we met him personally or not, as we reflect on who he was, we are tremendously aware that he began something very powerful. In a sense, we have yet to discover the full extent of this magic.

Therefore, to me we are celebrating the beginning of something rather than the end of something. And that beginning did not only begin thirty years ago; it is currently starting now, in this very moment.

It is up to all of us to continue that spirit of freshness where we appreciate the dawn of morning in every moment as a true ode to and celebration of the Dorje Dradül's life. For in order to celebrate his life, we must live life ourselves. Personally, I feel that sense of life and living in my children—his grandchildren.

This family lineage of nowness that he began exists not only in my children, but in all the youth in our community. Therefore, as we mark this occasion, we are marking the birth of future children who will continue this tremendous gift of life, bravery, and love.

Please join me in the fearless warrior's cry, which is beyond time. And as we do this, arouse great aspirations of how you will take this vision into the future. Let your intention arouse the dralas of the past, present, and future— attracting them into this very moment—truly celebrating the glory and life force of Shambhala.

*(Reader reads; assembly can join in warrior's cry)*

KI KI SO SO ASHE LHA GYAL LO TAK SENG KHYUNG DRUK DI YAR KYE

With love and blessings,

The Kongma Sakyong, Jampal Trinley Dradül of Mukpo Dong