

*My understanding of Buddhism  
and my personal practice are  
undiminished in their intensity  
and I can see there is great meaning  
in "non-doing" and "un-doing",  
where I can find refuge in  
watching life unfold all around  
me, with deep gratitude.*

*- Louis Van Loon*



LOUIS VAN LOON

1935 • 2024



A CELEBRATION

16TH APRIL 2024

BUDDHIST RETREAT CENTRE

IXOPO

## ORDER OF SERVICE

10:30

### MORNING TEA

IN THE STUDIO

11:00

### TRIBUTES

Ajahn Sucitto · Antony Osler  
Stephen Coan · Sue Cooper

AT THE ZENDO

12:00

### MEMORIAL

Circumambulation · Chanting  
Meditation · Prayers

AT THE BUDDHA RUPA

12:30 · 14:00

### LUNCH

## MAN IN A MIST SWIRL

DORIAN HAARHOFF · APRIL 2024

some 366 full moons ago  
I *metta* mensch who stepped  
blind into a mist, all seeing,  
to buy land midst hills lovely  
beyond their singing and setting.  
your mind clear as a gong,  
a tingsha chime, a blue swallow,  
imagined then created such a space.

stories, lining each fold in your robe,  
told of monks who gathered rags  
off corpses, sewn and saffron dyed.  
we sat in ritual, silent alongside them.  
beneath the monkey-swung trees  
you spoke of a chatter-mind monk,  
sent to fetch a brimful bowl of water  
and tend it till waves subsided.

light of frame, large of heart,  
you inscribed an oxide signature  
on the raku fired pots, then  
sent kites dip-diving through the air.  
your arms stretched out  
to a community, current in the valley  
and to ancient sages,  
as in the ten ox-herding plates  
hosting the 12th century dharma,

adorning your feng shui abode.  
when asked if a resident  
guru graced this place,  
your constant rejoiner?  
*Ah Yes, the weather.*

from you I learnt words  
beneath the Bodhi Tree  
a – z resonant in simplicity.  
as you spun the Dharma Wheel  
*anatman bardo mudita zazen*  
whirled off your tongue.

your rondavel heart,  
lined with thatched volumes,  
still speaks to us.  
in a ‘last words’ book  
I read of a dying mystic,  
when brought his favourite  
layered ‘last wish’ cake.  
novices leaned in to listen  
to wise whispered words  
that recall our *Cake the Buddha Ate –*  
*my, but this cake is delicious.*

your intention presence poise,  
nowhere everywhere,  
rakes the zen garden,  
barefoots the labyrinth,  
circles the Stupa and the dam.

at my ever first ‘94 retreat,  
where you invited me to BRC teach,  
emerged the first of many poems,  
offered here once more to you  
in your double helix faithfulness  
as you dearest man step from our midst,  
back awhile into the *metta* mist.