

Lady Lila Rich: Anthony has a poem he wants to offer.

I was in South Carolina on the beach, and the rest of the family had not woken up yet, and I went out and I sat on the front porch in a rocking chair, and everything became very still, very quiet. And I reflected on the gift, the gift of my father, since this is the parinirvana, and we're here at the stupa. And this poem came up, and it's called "The Gift."

The gift of my father is inexhaustible.

It is not made up of parts.

Always available for those who remember.

Thank you for showing me the source of no problem.

May I never try to keep that to myself,
to make some cozy bed where I don't have to hear the call of the moment.

The gift of my father is not for me alone.

It is for everyone and everything.

Fortunate, son, thank you.