

# Memorial Gathering

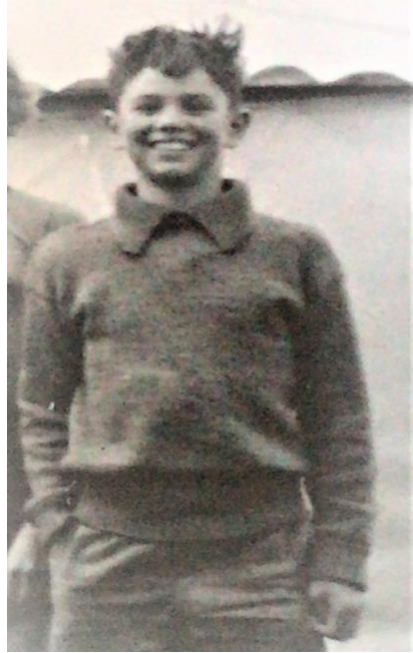
for John Martin Rowley

25<sup>th</sup> April, 1944 – 28<sup>th</sup> January, 2021



**2.30pm - 6pm on Saturday 2<sup>nd</sup> October 2021**

**Golders Green Unitarians, 31½ Hoop Lane,  
London NW11 8BS**



John was educated at Wycliffe College and read Psychology at Edinburgh University in the early 60's. His further studies at the London Business School gave him an entry into alternative community projects that began to surface in the 70's in East London: the Anti-University, R D Laing's work with psychotic patients, at Centreprise Community Collective he ran a bookshop, and co-founded the Rio Community Arts Cinema. He then worked as a business consultant introducing flexi-time and 'job satisfaction' for, among others, the Cabinet Office. In the 80's he espoused Tibetan Buddhism and organised conferences that addressed self-determination for Tibet and international recognition of HH Dalai Lama. He was a Trustee of the Blake Society, the Gandhi Foundation and the Buddhist Association, having co-founded the Buddhist Christian Dialogue Group. He was an impulsive enthusiastic emotional man, aiming for the stars and hoping the mundane would fall into place. His mind ever active, he loved new ideas, books, beauty and more. He wanted so much to make a difference to society, principally through conflict resolution and non-violent protest. However he felt so strongly that he could provoke the very conflict he worked hard to eradicate. His life contained '*joy and woe woven fine*'.\* His constant joy was engaging with Poppy and Alex.

\**William Blake*





“TSUNDOKU”  
is the Japanese word for books that  
are bought and then just piled up.

You know each book is a unique conceptual universe  
and see how it gains yet further meaning by its neighbours.

Tsundoku reminds you that collecting books is a polytheistic  
religion:

gods live within each  
and they must be venerated.  
These deities bring good luck to a home  
And thrive best with regular handling.

Even gazing at a volume from afar is an act of worship  
like the two-way gaze you seek with your Thangka.  
Recollecting the glorious power of the deities within  
is an act of prayer.

The disciple’s memory of each is a mirror of  
what has been understood and when,  
what he has become and is becoming.  
Meditating upon these gods of beauty hastens self-realisation.

And, remember,  
all of them come even more alive  
when passed with reverent ritual  
to new hearts, new minds,  
new disciples.

*John Rowley*



*“Be Astonished “ by John Dyus*



### **For John Rowley**

John gone?

No!

John long beyond gone.

A leaf of pure gold

Blown out of our lives

On that profoundly astonishing wind

To who knows where?

Meanwhile loving friends

Linger a while

Patiently waiting

For that wind to return

And blow us one-by-one in his wake.

Perhaps to meet, all of us

In joyous reunion there

But who knows when

Or where?

*Dave Tomlin*



*The desire of the moth for the star, Of the night for the  
morrow, The devotion to something afar From the  
sphere of our sorrow.*

*Percy Bysshe Shelley*



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