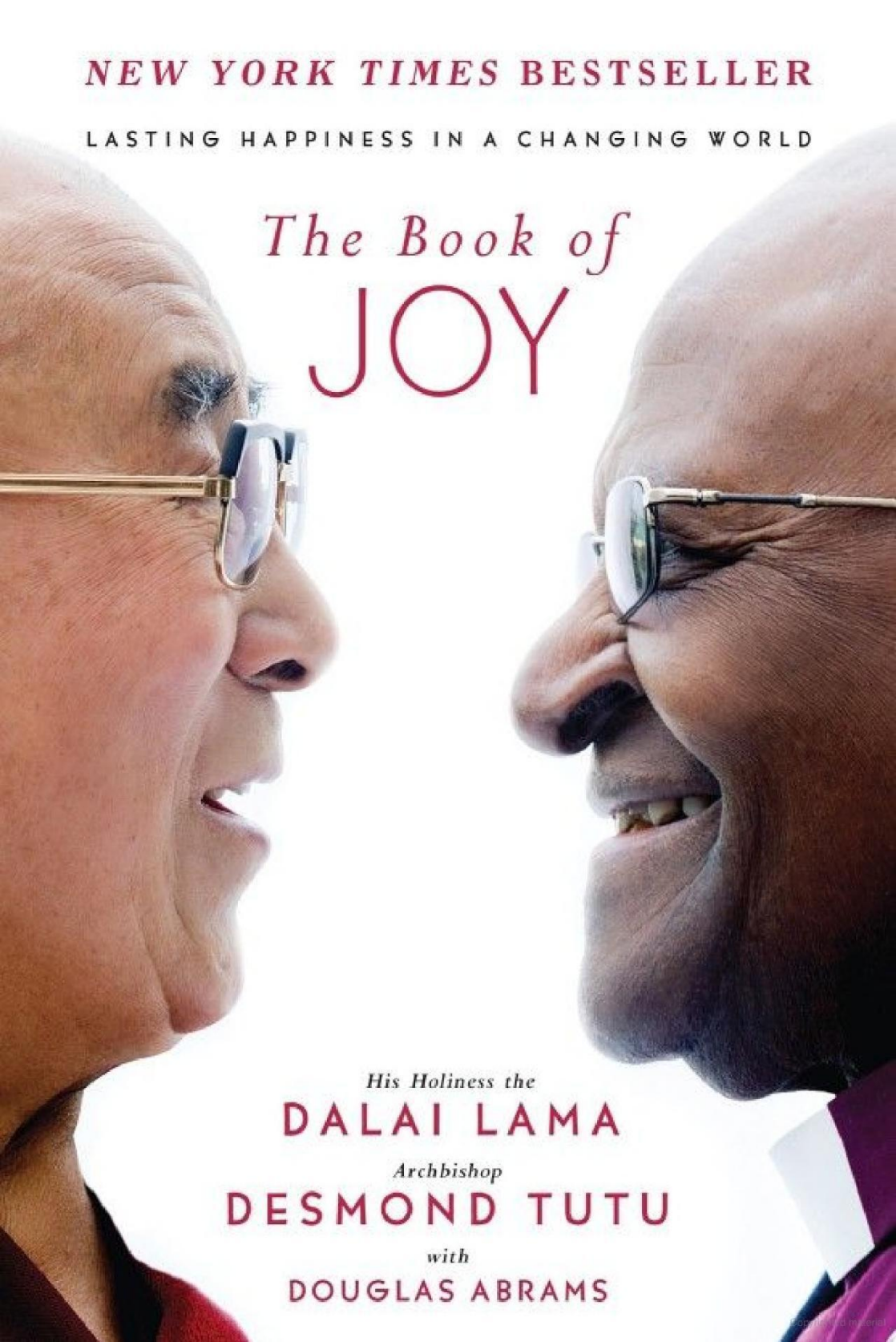


NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER

LASTING HAPPINESS IN A CHANGING WORLD

*The Book of*  
**JOY**



*His Holiness the*  
**DALAI LAMA**  
*Archbishop*  
**DESMOND TUTU**  
*with*  
**DOUGLAS ABRAMS**



penguinrandomhouse.com  
New York, New York 10014



Copyright © 2016 by The Dalai Lama Trust, Desmond Tutu, and Douglas Abrams  
Penguin supports copyright. Copyright fuels creativity, encourages diverse voices, promotes free speech, and creates a vibrant culture. Thank you for buying an authorized edition of this book and for complying with copyright laws by not reproducing, scanning, or distributing any part of it in any form without permission. You are supporting writers and allowing Penguin to continue to publish books for every reader.

Cover photograph and photographs here, here, and here copyright © Miranda Penn Turin. Photographs here, here, here, here, here, here, and here copyright © Tenzin Choejor.

Most Avery books are available at special quantity discounts for bulk purchase for sales promotions, premiums, fund-raising, and educational needs. Special books or book excerpts also can be created to fit specific needs. For details, write [SpecialMarkets@penguinrandomhouse.com](mailto:SpecialMarkets@penguinrandomhouse.com).

eBook ISBN: 9780399185069

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Names: Bstan-<sup>o</sup>dzin-rgya-mtsho, Dalai Lama XIV, date. | Tutu, Desmond, author.

Title: The book of joy : lasting happiness in a changing world / His Holiness the Dalai Lama and Archbishop Desmond Tutu, with Douglas Abrams.

Description: New York : Avery, 2016.

Identifiers: LCCN 2016026669 | ISBN 9780399185045

Subjects: LCSH: Happiness—Religious aspects. | Joy—Religious aspects.

Classification: LCC BL65.H36 B78 2016 | DDC 294.3/444—dc23

LC record available at <https://lccn.loc.gov/2016026669>

p. cm.

Version\_5

# CONTENTS

TITLE PAGE

COPYRIGHT

THE INVITATION TO JOY

INTRODUCTION

*Arrival: We Are Fragile Creatures*

DAY 1

## The Nature of True Joy

Why Are You Not Morose?

Nothing Beautiful Comes Without Some Suffering

Have You Renounced Pleasure?

Our Greatest Joy

*Lunch: The Meeting of Two Mischievous People Is Wonderful*

DAYS 2 & 3

## The Obstacles to Joy

You Are a Masterpiece in the Making

Fear, Stress, and Anxiety: I Would Be Very Nervous

Frustration and Anger: I Would Shout

Sadness and Grief: The Hard Times Knit Us More Closely Together

Despair: The World Is in Such Turmoil

Loneliness: No Need for Introduction

Envy: That Guy Goes Past Yet Again in His Mercedes-Benz

Suffering and Adversity: Passing through Difficulties

Illness and Fear of Death: I Prefer to Go to Hell

Meditation: Now I'll Tell You a Secret Thing

## DAYS 4 & 5

# **The Eight Pillars of Joy**

1. Perspective: There Are Many Different Angles

2. Humility: I Tried to Look Humble and Modest

3. Humor: Laughter, Joking Is Much Better

4. Acceptance: The Only Place Where Change Can Begin

5. Forgiveness: Freeing Ourselves from the Past

6. Gratitude: I Am Fortunate to Be Alive

7. Compassion: Something We Want to Become

8. Generosity: We Are Filled with Joy

Celebration: Dancing in the Streets of Tibet

Departure: A Final Goodbye

Joy Practices

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

AUTHOR BIOS

READERS GUIDE



# The Invitation to Joy

To celebrate one of our special birthdays, we met for a week in Dharamsala to enjoy our friendship and to create something that we hope will be a birthday gift for others. There is perhaps nothing more joyous than birth, and yet so much of life is spent in sadness, stress, and suffering. We hope this small book will be an invitation to more joy and more happiness.

No dark fate determines the future. We do. Each day and each moment, we are able to create and re-create our lives and the very quality of human life on our planet. This is the power we wield.

Lasting happiness cannot be found in pursuit of any goal or achievement. It does not reside in fortune or fame. It resides only in the human mind and heart, and it is here that we hope you will find it.

Our cowriter, Douglas Abrams, has kindly agreed to assist us in this project and interviewed us over the course of a week in Dharamsala. We have asked him to weave our voices together and offer his own as our narrator so that we can share not only our views and our experience but also what scientists and others have found to be the wellsprings of joy.

You don't need to believe us. Indeed, nothing we say should be taken as an article of faith. We are sharing what two friends, from very different worlds, have witnessed and

learned in our long lives. We hope you will discover whether what is included here is true by applying it in your own life.

Every day is a new opportunity to begin again. Every day is your birthday.

May this book be a blessing for all sentient beings, and for all of God's children—including you.

TENZIN GYATSO,  
HIS HOLINESS THE DALAI LAMA

DESMOND TUTU,  
ARCHBISHOP EMERITUS OF SOUTHERN AFRICA





## INTRODUCTION

*By Douglas Abrams*

**A**s we stepped off the plane at the small airport, the howl of the jet engines deafening and the snowcapped foothills of the Himalayas looming behind us, two old friends embraced. The Archbishop touched the Dalai Lama's cheeks tenderly, and the Dalai Lama pursed his lips as if blowing the Archbishop a kiss. It was a moment of enormous affection and friendship. In the yearlong preparations for this visit, we were quite aware of what the meeting might mean for the world, but we never realized what a week together might mean for the two of them.

It has been a profound privilege and a daunting responsibility to convey the remarkable week of dialogues that took place in Dharamsala, India, at the Dalai Lama's residence in exile. In this book I have tried to share with you their intimate conversations, which were filled with seemingly endless laughter and punctuated by many poignant moments of recalling love and loss.

Although they had met only half a dozen times, the men shared a bond that transcended these brief visits, and each considered the other his "mischievous spiritual brother." Never before, or likely after, would they have a chance to spend so much time in each other's company, reveling in the joy of their friendship.

The heavy footsteps of mortality were never far from our conversations. Our trip itinerary had to be reworked twice so that the Archbishop could attend funerals for his peers. As health and global politics have conspired to keep them apart, we recognized that this might be their last time together.

For a week we sat in a pool of soft light, arranged carefully to avoid hurting the Dalai Lama's sensitive eyes, as five video cameras filmed around us. During our quest to understand joy, we explored many of the most profound subjects in life. We were in search of true joy that was not dependent on the vicissitudes of circumstance. We knew that we would need to tackle the obstacles that can so often make joy elusive. During the dialogues they outlined eight pillars of joy—four pillars of the mind and four pillars of the heart. These two great leaders agreed on the most important principles, and offered illuminating differences, as we attempted to gather insights that might help readers to find lasting happiness in an ever-changing, and often aching, world.

We had an opportunity each day to sip warm Darjeeling tea and to break bread—Tibetan flat bread. All who were working on filming the interviews were invited to join these daily teas and lunches. One exceptional morning, the Dalai Lama even introduced the Archbishop to his meditation practice in his private residence, and the Archbishop gave the Dalai Lama communion, a rite generally reserved for those who are within the Christian faith.

Finally, at the end of the week, we celebrated the Dalai Lama's birthday at the Tibetan Children's Village, one of the boarding schools for children who have fled Tibet, where the Chinese authorities have prevented them from receiving an

education based on Tibetan culture and language. The children are sent by their parents over the mountain passes with guides who promise to deliver them to one of the Dalai Lama's schools. It is hard to imagine the heartbreak of parents sending their children away, knowing that they will not see them again for more than a decade, if ever.

In the midst of this traumatized school, more than two thousand students and their teachers cheered as the Dalai Lama, who is prohibited by his monastic vows from dancing, took his first tentative shimmy encouraged by the Archbishop's irrepressible boogie.

. . .

**T**he Dalai Lama and the Archbishop are two of the great spiritual masters of our time, but they are also moral leaders who transcend their own traditions and speak always from a concern for humanity as a whole. Their courage and resilience and dogged hope in humanity inspire millions as they refuse to give in to the fashionable cynicism that risks engulfing us. Their joy is clearly not easy or superficial but one burnished by the fire of adversity, oppression, and struggle. The Dalai Lama and the Archbishop remind us that joy is in fact our birthright and even more fundamental than happiness.

“Joy,” as the Archbishop said during the week, “is much bigger than happiness. While happiness is often seen as being dependent on external circumstances, joy is not.” This state of mind—and heart—is much closer to both the Dalai Lama's and the Archbishop's understanding of what animates our

lives and what ultimately leads to a life of satisfaction and meaning.

The dialogues were about what the Dalai Lama has called the very “purpose of life”—the goal of avoiding suffering and discovering happiness. They shared their hard-won wisdom of how to live with joy in the face of life’s inevitable sorrows. Together they explored how we can transform joy from an ephemeral *state* into an enduring *trait*, from a fleeting feeling into a lasting way of being.

• • •

**F**rom the beginning this book was envisioned as a three-layer birthday cake.

The first layer is the Dalai Lama’s and Archbishop Tutu’s *teachings* on joy: Is it really possible to be joyful even in the face of our daily troubles—from frustration with morning traffic to fears of not being able to provide for our families, from anger at those who have wronged us to grief at the loss of those we love, from the ravages of illness to the abyss of death? How do we embrace the reality of our lives, deny nothing, but transcend the pain and suffering that is inescapable? And even when our lives are good, how do we live in joy when so many others are suffering: when crushing poverty robs people of their future, when violence and terror fill our streets, and when ecological devastation endangers the very possibility of life on our planet? This book is an attempt to answer these questions and many more.

The second layer is made up of the latest *science* on joy and also on all the other qualities that they believe are essential for enduring happiness. With new discoveries in brain science

and experimental psychology, there are now many profound insights into human flourishing. Two months before the trip I had lunch with neuroscientist Richard Davidson, a pioneer researching happiness. He has studied meditators in his lab and found that meditation confers measurable benefits for the brain. We sat at an outdoor table at a Vietnamese restaurant in San Francisco, the ever-present wind blowing the gray-black locks of his boyish haircut. As we ate spring rolls, Davidson said that the Dalai Lama had once confessed to him that he found the science on meditation inspiring, especially when getting out of bed to sit in the early morning. If the science helps the Dalai Lama, it can help the rest of us even more.

Too often we see spirituality and science as antagonistic forces, each with its hand at the other's throat. Yet Archbishop Tutu has expressed his belief in the importance of what he calls "self-corroborating truth"—when many different fields of knowledge point to the same conclusion. Similarly, the Dalai Lama was adamant about the importance of making sure that this was not a Buddhist or Christian book, but a universal book supported not only by opinion or tradition but also by science. (Full disclosure: I am Jewish, although I also identify as secular—it sounds a little like a joke: A Buddhist, a Christian, and a Jew walk into a bar . . .)

The third layer of the birthday cake is the *stories* of being in Dharamsala with the Dalai Lama and the Archbishop throughout the week. These up-close and personal chapters are meant to allow the reader to join the journey from the first embrace to the final goodbye.

We have also included a selection of joy practices at the end of the book. Both teachers shared with us their daily practices, the anchors of their own emotional and spiritual lives. The goal here is not to create a recipe for a joyful life but to offer some of the techniques and traditions that have served the Dalai Lama and the Archbishop and countless others over the millennia in their respective traditions. These practical exercises will hopefully help you take the teachings, the science, and the stories and incorporate them into your daily life.

. . .

I have had the privilege of working with many of the great spiritual teachers and scientific pioneers of our time, helping them convey their insights about health and happiness for others. (Many of these scientists have generously contributed their research to this book.) I am sure that my fascination—okay, obsession—with joy began while growing up in a loving home that was shadowed by the black dog of depression. Having witnessed and experienced such pain from a very young age, I know that so much of human suffering occurs within our own head and heart. The week in Dharamsala felt like an extraordinary and challenging peak in this lifelong journey to understand both joy and suffering.

As the people's ambassador, I sat there for five days of interviews, staring into the eyes of two of the most compassionate people on the planet. I am very skeptical about the magical sensations that some attribute to being in the presence of spiritual teachers, but from the very first day I found my head starting to tingle. It was startling, but

perhaps it was simply an example of how my mirror neurons, those special empathic brain cells, were internalizing what I was witnessing in the eyes of these two extremely loving men.

Fortunately, I was not alone in the daunting task of distilling their wisdom. Thupten Jinpa, the Dalai Lama's principal translator for more than thirty years and a Buddhist scholar, accompanied me from start to finish. For many years he was a Buddhist monk, but he gave up his robes for a life of marriage and family in Canada, making him the perfect partner for translating between worlds as well as languages. We sat together during the dialogues, but Jinpa also helped me to prepare the questions and interpret the answers. He has become a trusted collaborator and a dear friend.

The questions were not ours alone. We invited the world to ask their questions about joy, and although it turned out we had only three days to collect them, we received more than a thousand. It was fascinating that the most asked question was not about how we could discover our own joy but how we could possibly live with joy in a world filled with so much suffering.

. . .

**D**uring the week their fingers were often wagging at each other teasingly, moments before their hands were clasped together affectionately. During our first lunch the Archbishop told the story of a talk they were giving together. As they were getting ready to walk on stage, the Dalai Lama—the world's icon of compassion and peace—pretended to choke his spiritual older brother. The Archbishop turned to

the Dalai Lama and said, “Hey, the cameras are on us, act like a *holy man*.”

These two men remind us that how we choose to act each day is what matters. Even holy men have to act like holy men. But how we think holy men act, serious and severe, pious and reserved, is hardly how these two greet the world, or each other.

The Archbishop has never claimed sainthood and the Dalai Lama considers himself a simple monk. They offer us the reflection of real lives filled with pain and turmoil in the midst of which they have been able to discover a level of peace, of courage, of joy that we can aspire to in our own lives. Their desire for this book is not just to convey their wisdom but their humanity as well. Suffering is inevitable, they said, but how we respond to that suffering is our choice. Not even oppression or occupation can take away this freedom to choose our response.

Right until the very last minute we did not know if the Archbishop’s doctors would allow him to travel. The prostate cancer had returned and was slow, this time, to respond to treatment. The Archbishop is now on an experimental protocol to see if it will hold the cancer at bay. As we were landing in Dharamsala, what surprised me most was the excitement, anticipation, and perhaps a touch of concern, on the Archbishop’s face that could be seen in his wide grin and twinkling blue-gray eyes.





# Arrival: We Are Fragile Creatures

**W**e are fragile creatures, and it is from this weakness, not despite it, that we discover the possibility of true joy,” the Archbishop said as I handed him his sleek black cane with the silver handle shaped like a greyhound. “Life is filled with challenges and adversity,” the Archbishop continued. “Fear is inevitable, as is pain and eventually death. Take the return of the prostate cancer—well, it does focus the mind.”

One of the side effects of the medicine the Archbishop was taking is fatigue, and he had slept for most of the flight to India, a beige blanket pulled up over his head. We had planned to talk on the flight, but sleep was most important, and now he was trying to share his thoughts quickly as we approached Dharamsala.

We had stopped off in Amritsar for the night so he could rest and because the airport in Dharamsala was open for only a couple of hours a day. This morning we had visited the famed Harmandir Sahib, the Sikh religion’s holiest site. The upper stories are clad in gold, resulting in its popular name, the Golden Temple. There are four doors to get into the *gurdwara*, which symbolizes the tradition’s openness toward all people and all religions. This seemed like an appropriate place to pay our respects, as we were embarking on an interfaith meeting that would bring two of the world’s great religions, Christianity and Buddhism, into deep dialogue.

As we were swallowed into a throng of the temple's one hundred thousand daily visitors, we got the call. The Dalai Lama had decided to meet the Archbishop at the airport, a rare honor that he bestows on very few of the endless stream of visiting dignitaries. We were told that he was already on his way. We raced to get out of the temple and back to the airport as we pushed the Archbishop in his wheelchair, his bald head covered by an orange handkerchief, a required sign of respect at the temple, which made him look like a Day-Glo pirate.

The van tried to inch its way through the traffic-choked streets of Amritsar as a symphony of car horns played, the mass of cars, pedestrians, bicycles, scooters, and animals all jostling for position. Concrete buildings lined the roads, their rebar sticking out in an always unfinished state of expansion. We finally made it to the airport and onto the plane. We wished that the twenty-minute flight would go even faster, concerned now that the Dalai Lama would be waiting on the tarmac.

“Discovering more joy does not, I’m sorry to say,” the Archbishop added, as we began our descent, “save us from the inevitability of hardship and heartbreak. In fact, we may cry more easily, but we will laugh more easily, too. Perhaps we are just more alive. Yet as we discover more joy, we can face suffering in a way that ennobles rather than embitters. We have hardship without becoming hard. We have heartbreak without being broken.”

I had witnessed both the Archbishop's tears and his laughter so many times. Well, more his laughter than his tears, in truth, but he does cry easily and often, for that

which is not yet redeemed, for that which is not yet whole. It all matters to him, it all affects him deeply. His prayers, in which I have been enveloped, reach around the world to all who are in need and suffering. One of his book editors had a grandson who was ill and on the Archbishop's very long daily prayer list. Several years later, the editor asked if he would once again pray for his grandson, because the child's illness had returned. The Archbishop replied that he had never stopped praying for the boy.

From the plane, we could see the snow-covered mountains that are the postcard backdrop to the Dalai Lama's home in exile. After the Chinese invasion of Tibet, the Dalai Lama and a hundred thousand other Tibetans fled to India. These refugees were temporarily settled in the lowlands of India, where the heat and mosquitos led a great many to become ill. Eventually the government of India established the Dalai Lama's residence in Dharamsala, and the Dalai Lama was very grateful for the higher altitude and the cooler weather. Over time many Tibetans came to settle here as well, as if the community was heartsick for the mountainous landscape and high altitude of their home. And of course most of all, they wanted to be close to their spiritual and political leader.

Dharamsala is in the north Indian state of Himachal Pradesh, and the British, when they ruled India, also used to come here to escape the relentless heat of the Indian summer. As we approached this former British hill station, we could see the green carpet of pine trees and agricultural fields below. Dense storm clouds and fog often close the small airport, as it did on my last visit. But today the sky was blue,

the wisps of clouds held at bay by the mountains. We descended for the steep landing.

. . .

One great question underlies our existence,” the Dalai Lama had said before the trip. “What is the purpose of life? After much consideration, I believe that the purpose of life is to find happiness.

“It does not matter whether one is a Buddhist like me, or a Christian like the Archbishop, or any other religion, or no religion at all. From the moment of birth, every human being wants to discover happiness and avoid suffering. No differences in our culture or our education or our religion affect this. From the very core of our being, we simply desire joy and contentment. But so often these feelings are fleeting and hard to find, like a butterfly that lands on us and then flutters away.

“The ultimate source of happiness is within us. Not money, not power, not status. Some of my friends are billionaires, but they are very unhappy people. Power and money fail to bring inner peace. Outward attainment will not bring real inner joyfulness. We must look inside.

“Sadly, many of the things that undermine our joy and happiness we create ourselves. Often it comes from the negative tendencies of the mind, emotional reactivity, or from our inability to appreciate and utilize the resources that exist within us. The suffering from a natural disaster we cannot control, but the suffering from our daily disasters we can. We create most of our suffering, so it should be logical that we also have the ability to create more joy. It simply

depends on the attitudes, the perspectives, and the reactions we bring to situations and to our relationships with other people. When it comes to personal happiness there is a lot that we as individuals can do.”

. . .

**W**e lurched forward as the brakes seized the tires, and then the plane rumbled and shook, stopping quickly on the short runway. Out the window of the airplane we could see the Dalai Lama standing on the tarmac, a large yellow umbrella held over his head to protect him from the bright Indian sun. He was wearing his maroon robe and red shawl, although we could see a small patch of saffron yellow on his sleeveless vest. An entourage of office staff and airport officials in suits flanked him. Indian soldiers in khaki uniforms were providing security.

The media had been kept outside of the airport. This was going to be an intimate reunion with only the Dalai Lama’s personal photographer taking pictures. As the Archbishop hobbled down the steep stairs in his blue blazer and signature fisherman’s cap, the Dalai Lama approached.

The Dalai Lama was smiling, his eyes sparkling behind his large square-framed glasses. He bowed low and then the Archbishop spread his arms out, and they embraced. They separated and held each other’s shoulders, gazing into each other’s eyes, as if trying to convince themselves that they were really together again.

“I haven’t seen you in a long while,” Archbishop Tutu said as he touched the Dalai Lama’s cheek tenderly with the tips of his fingers and inspected him closely. “You look very good.”

The Dalai Lama, still holding the Archbishop's small shoulders, puckered as if to blow him a kiss. The Archbishop raised his left hand, gold wedding ring shining, and clasped the Dalai Lama's chin as one might do to one's precious grandchild. Then the Archbishop went in for a kiss on the cheek. The Dalai Lama, not used to kisses from anyone, flinched but also laughed with delight, which was quickly accompanied by the Archbishop's high-pitched cackle.

"You don't like a kiss," the Archbishop said, and gave him another on the other cheek. I wondered how many kisses the Dalai Lama had received in his whole life, taken from his parents at age two and raised in a rarefied realm far away from kisses.

They stopped for the formal presentation of *khata* (a white scarf), a Tibetan custom of greeting and respect. The Dalai Lama bowed with hands pressed together at his heart, the gesture of welcome that recognizes our oneness. The Archbishop took off his fisherman's cap and bowed in return. The Dalai Lama then draped the long white silk scarf around the Archbishop's neck. They whispered into each other's ears, trying to talk over the noise of the jet still droning in the background. The Dalai Lama took the Archbishop's hand, and then they were more eight than eighty, laughing and making jokes together as they strolled toward the terminal, yellow umbrella sheltering above them.

Even though the Archbishop's white scarf was bunched around his neck, it still hung all the way down his small body. The size of the *khata* one gives is a sign of the esteem that one holds for the recipient, high lamas receiving the longest ones. This *khata* was the longest one I had ever seen. The

Archbishop joked throughout the week, as khata after khata was draped around his neck, that he felt like a human coat rack.

We were ushered into a small room with a couple of brown couches set aside for the Dalai Lama to await his often delayed or canceled flights out of Dharamsala. We could see the media gathered outside the airport, lining the glass wall waiting for a chance to snap a photograph or ask a question. It was only then that I recalled how newsworthy and even historic this trip was. It had been so easy to get lost in the logistics and to forget that their time together was an important event for the world.

In the lounge, the Archbishop relaxed into a couch while the Dalai Lama was perched in a large chair beside him. Next to the Archbishop sat his daughter Mpho, who was dressed in a brilliant green and red African print dress, her head wrapped with a matching fabric. The youngest of four children, she followed her father into the ministry and was now the executive director of the Desmond and Leah Tutu Legacy Foundation. During our trip Mpho would get down on bended knee and propose to her girlfriend, Marceline van Furth. The trip was only a couple months before the U.S. Supreme Court made its landmark ruling legalizing gay marriage, but the Archbishop had supported gay rights for decades. He famously had said that he would refuse to go to a “homophobic” heaven. What many forget—especially those who find themselves on the receiving end of his moral censure—is that the Archbishop decries any form of oppression or discrimination, wherever he might find it. Shortly after the marriage, Mpho was stripped of her



ministry because the South African Anglican Church does not recognize gay marriage.

“I was really looking forward to coming to your birthday,” the Dalai Lama said, “but your government had some difficulties. At that time you expressed some very strong words,” the Dalai Lama said as he put his hand on the Archbishop’s forearm. “And I appreciated it.” *Strong words* was an understatement.

The week in Dharamsala to celebrate the Dalai Lama’s birthday had its origins four years earlier, when Archbishop Tutu celebrated his own eightieth birthday in Cape Town, South Africa. The Dalai Lama had been invited to be the guest of honor, but the South African government bowed to pressure from the Chinese government and was unwilling to issue the Dalai Lama a visa. China is one of the major buyers of South African minerals and raw materials.

The Archbishop was daily on the front page of the South African newspapers leading up to the celebration, railing against the government for their perfidy and duplicity. He even compared the ruling African National Congress—the party whose members he fought for decades to help bring out of exile and imprisonment—to the long-hated apartheid government. He said they were actually worse, because at least in the case of the apartheid government the villainy was overt.

“I always try to avoid any inconvenience,” the Dalai Lama said with a grin, and then pointed to the Archbishop, “but I was happy someone else was willing to be an inconvenience. I was very happy.”

“I know,” the Archbishop said. “You use me. That’s the trouble. You use me, and I don’t learn.”

The Archbishop then put out his hand and took the Dalai Lama’s tenderly.

“When the South Africans refused to let you come for my eightieth birthday, it made the whole event all the more spectacular, because we had Google hosting our conversation, and there was a lot more press interest than there might have otherwise been. But never mind—wherever you are, there is a lot of interest. I’m not jealous.

“You know, I remember when we were in Seattle, they were looking for a venue that would be large enough for the people who wanted to come to see you, and it ended up that they found a football stadium. There were seventy thousand people who wanted to come hear this man, and he can’t even speak English properly.”

The Dalai Lama let out a big belly laugh.

“It’s really not nice,” the Archbishop continued. “You really need to pray that I become a little more popular like you.”

To tease someone is a sign of intimacy and friendship, to know that there is a reservoir of affection from which we all drink as funny and flawed humans. And yet their jokes were as much about themselves as about each other, never really putting the other down, but constantly reinforcing their bond and their friendship.

The Archbishop wanted to thank and introduce each of the people who had helped make the trip possible. He introduced his daughter Mpho, philanthropist and peace builder Pam Omidyar, and me, but the Dalai Lama said he

already knew all of us. Then he introduced my wife, Rachel, as his American doctor; Pat Christian, a colleague of Pam's from the Omidyar Group; and his daughter's soon-to-be fiancée, Marceline, a pediatrician and professor of epidemiology in Holland. He did not need to introduce the final member of our party, the Venerable Lama Tenzin Dhonden, who was a member of the Dalai Lama's own Namgyal Monastery.

Now the Dalai Lama was rubbing the Archbishop's hand warmly, as he would throughout the week. They were talking about the flight itinerary and our stopover in Amritsar. "This is very good. Necessary to rest," the Dalai Lama said. "I always sleep eight to nine hours a night."

"But you get up very early, don't you?" the Archbishop asked.

"That's right. Three o'clock."

"Three o'clock?"

"Always."

"And you pray five hours?" The Archbishop was holding up five fingers for emphasis.

"Yes."

The Archbishop looked upward and shook his head. "No, that's too much."

"Sometimes I do meditation on the nature of self using what is known as the 'sevenfold analysis,'" the Dalai Lama said. Jinpa later explained that this is a Buddhist contemplative practice in which one searches for the true nature of the self by analyzing the relationship between oneself and the physical and mental aspects of our body and mind. "For example," the Dalai Lama continued, "now when I look at you, and I analyze, I see that this is my dear, respected

friend Bishop Tutu. No, this is his body, not himself. This is his mind, but not himself.” The Dalai Lama leaned in to emphasize his point, presenting a paradoxical riddle as old as Buddhism. “Where is Bishop Tutu’s self? We can’t find it.” He slapped the Archbishop’s forearm playfully.

The Archbishop looked a little mystified and a little bemused. “*Really?*”

“So now,” the Dalai Lama concluded, “in quantum physics, they also have a similar view. Any objective thing does not really exist. There is nothing ultimately we can find. This is similar to analytical meditation.”

The Archbishop put his hands over his face in bewilderment. “I couldn’t do that.” The Dalai Lama may have been arguing against there being an essential Bishop Tutu, but at the same time there was a person, a friend that was special to him in a way that, despite his friendliness to all, was unique and clearly important to him. Jinpa and I discussed what it was about this relationship that probably meant so much. For both of them, it was rare to have a true friend. There are, after all, not many members of the moral leaders club. Their lives are filled with people who relate to them as icons. It must be a relief to find someone who is not looking for a photo op. Certainly, they also share values at a place where the core of all religions meet, and of course they share a fantastic sense of humor. I was beginning to see how central friendship, and relationship more generally, was in our experience of joy. This was a theme that would arise many times in our week together.

“I tell people,” said the Archbishop, “that one of the greatest things about you is your serenity, and I say, ‘Well,

you know every day he spends those five hours in the morning meditating,' and it shows in how you respond to things that are agonizing—the pain of your country, and the pain of the world. As I say, I try, but five hours is too much.” The Archbishop, characteristically humble and self-effacing, was dismissing his own three or four hours of prayer a day. It is true, he sleeps in . . . until four.

What is it, I wondered, about spiritual leaders that they are always getting up early to pray and meditate? It clearly makes a great difference in how they approach their day. When I first heard that the Dalai Lama got up at 3:00 a.m., I thought I was going to hear another story of superhuman devotion and learn that he slept only two or three hours a night. I was relieved to hear that he simply went to bed very early, typically by 7:00 p.m. (Not exactly practical for a householder who has children to feed and get to bed, I thought, but perhaps getting to bed an hour earlier and up an hour earlier was possible. Would it lead to more spiritual growth? Would it lead to more joy?)

The Dalai Lama held the Archbishop’s hand up to his cheek. “So now we go to my home.”

. . .

**A**s we walked out of the airport, the media crowded around the two leaders and shouted questions about the Archbishop’s trip. The Archbishop stopped to answer, and to use the attention of the media to shine a spotlight on injustice. He spoke as the clicks of cameras peppered his comments. “I am so glad to be with my dear friend. Often things and people try to keep us apart, but the love that we

shifting and jostling with each other in a vibrant and sometimes uneasy display of devotion and identity.

The Tibetan Buddhist hilltop town of McLeod Ganj, known also as Upper Dharamsala, is one more sedimentary level on top of the Indian Hindu city. Dharamsala, or Dharamshala, as it is pronounced in Hindi, means “spiritual dwelling,” combining the word *dharma*, or spiritual teaching, with *shala*, which is a dwelling, and the whole name means “pilgrim’s lodge or rest house.” It is a fitting name for a city that is the site of so much pilgrimage today.

We hurried through the simple metal gates of the Dalai Lama’s complex, where his offices and private residence are located. We arrived at a semicircular driveway surrounding a bed bursting with spring flowers. I had visited Dharamsala in January to meet with the Dalai Lama’s office to plan this trip. At the time, the whole town was shrouded in clouds and freezing cold, but now the sun was shining brightly, the flowers all the more eager to bloom, as they always seem to be in the brief growing season at higher altitudes, their lives cut short, every day seemingly more urgent and appreciated.

As the beginning of the dialogues grew closer, I realized I was becoming increasingly nervous, but I also knew that I was not the only one. On one of our planning calls for the trip, I had been touched by the Archbishop’s honest expression of concern about crossing wits with the Dalai Lama. “He is much more cerebral,” he had said, referring to the Dalai Lama’s great love of debate, intellectual inquiry, and scientific exploration. “I am more instinctual,” he had said, and I remembered him saying that deep visceral knowing and prayerful surrender had guided all of the major turning

points in his life and his mission in the struggle to end apartheid. I guess even great spiritual leaders get nervous when they are journeying into the unknown.

After a day of rest for the Archbishop, we would begin the dialogues on the nature of true joy.





*Day 1:*

# **The Nature of True Joy**

# Why Are You Not Morose?

To begin, I invited the Archbishop to offer a prayer, since, in his tradition, that is the way to open any important conversation.

“Yes, thank you,” the Archbishop began. “I always need all the help I can get.

“Let’s be still for a moment. Come, Holy Spirit. Fill the hearts of thy faithful people and kindle in them the fire of thy love. Send forth thy spirit and they shall be made new and thou shalt renew the face of the earth. Amen.”

“Amen,” the Dalai Lama added. I then asked the Dalai Lama to share his hopes for our time together. He sat back and rubbed his hands. “Now we are in the twenty-first century. We are improving on the innovations of the twentieth century and continuing to improve our material world. While of course there are still a lot of poor people who do not have adequate food, generally the world is now highly developed. The problem is that our world and our education remain focused exclusively on external, materialistic values. We are not concerned enough with our inner values. Those who grow up with this kind of education live a materialistic life and eventually the whole society becomes materialistic. But this culture is not sufficient to tackle our human problems. The real problem is *here*,” the Dalai Lama said, pointing to his head.

generosity, or compassion)  
**gratitude** (the appreciation of a selfless act of which one is  
the beneficiary)

In his book on happiness, Buddhist scholar and former scientist Matthieu Ricard has added three other more exalted states of joy:

**rejoicing** (in someone else's happiness, what Buddhists call  
*mudita*)  
**delight or enchantment** (a shining kind of contentment)  
**spiritual radiance** (a serene joy born from deep well-being  
and benevolence)

This helpful mapping of the kingdom of joy conveys its complexity and its subtlety. Joy can span from the pleasure of others' good fortune, what Buddhists call *mudita*, to the pleasure in others' misfortune, what the Germans call *schadenfreude*. Clearly what the Archbishop was describing was more than mere pleasure and closer to the relief, wonder, and ecstasy of birth. Joy certainly does embrace all of these human experiences, but lasting joy—joy as a way of being—that one witnesses in the Archbishop and the Dalai Lama is probably closest to the “shining contentment” or the “spiritual radiance” born from deep well-being and benevolence.

I knew this complex topography of joy was what we were here to discover. Research conducted at the Institute of Neuroscience and Psychology at the University of Glasgow suggests that there are really only four fundamental emotions, three of which are so-called negative emotions:

*image*

*not*

*available*

Dalai Lama meant that at the age of two, he was swept away from his rural home in the Amdo province of eastern Tibet to the one-thousand-room Potala Palace in the capital city of Lhasa. There he was raised in opulent isolation as the future spiritual and political leader of Tibet and as a godlike incarnation of the Bodhisattva of Compassion. After the Chinese invasion of Tibet in 1950, the Dalai Lama was thrust into politics. At the age of fifteen he found himself the ruler of six million people and facing an all-out and desperately unequal war. For nine years he tried to negotiate with Communist China for his people's welfare, and sought political solutions as the country came to be annexed. In 1959, during an uprising that risked resulting in a massacre, the Dalai Lama decided, with a heavy heart, to go into exile.

The odds of successfully escaping to India were frighteningly small, but to avoid a confrontation and a bloodbath, he left in the night dressed as a palace guard. He had to take off his recognizable glasses, and his blurred vision must have heightened his sense of fear and uncertainty as the escape party snuck by garrisons of the People's Liberation Army. They endured sandstorms and snowstorms as they summited nineteen-thousand-foot mountain peaks during their three-week escape.

“One of my practices comes from an ancient Indian teacher,” the Dalai Lama began answering the Archbishop's question. “He taught that when you experience some tragic situation, think about it. If there's no way to overcome the tragedy, then there is no use worrying too much. So I practice that.” The Dalai Lama was referring to the eighth-century Buddhist master Shantideva, who wrote, “If something can be

think I would just add to it by saying to our sisters and brothers out there: Anguish and sadness in many ways are things that you cannot control. They happen. Supposing somebody hits you. The pain causes an anguish in you and an anger, and you might want to retaliate. But as you grow in the spiritual life, whether as a Buddhist or a Christian or any other tradition, you are able to accept anything that happens to you. You accept it not as the result of your being sinful, that you are blameworthy because of what has happened—it's part of the warp and woof of life. It's going to happen whether you like it or not. There are going to be frustrations in life. The question is not: How do I escape? It is: How can I use this as something positive? Just as you, Your Holiness, have just described. Nothing, I think, can be more devastating in many ways than being turfed out of your own country. And a country is not just a country, I mean it is part of you. You are part of it in a way that is very difficult to describe to other people. By rights, the Dalai Lama should be a sourpuss."

The Dalai Lama asked Jinpa for a translation of *sourpuss*.

The Archbishop decided to explain it himself: "It's when you do that face." He was pointing at the Dalai Lama's quizzical expression and pursed lips, which did look a little like he had bitten into a lemon. "Just that face, just like that, you look like a real sourpuss."

The Dalai Lama was still trying to understand how one's puss could look sour, and Jinpa was still trying to translate.

"And then when you smile your face lights up. And it is because in a very large measure you have transmuted what would have been totally negative. You've transmuted it into goodness. Because, again, you have not said, 'Well how can I

# Nothing Beautiful Comes Without Some Suffering

**A**rchbishop, you were talking about how the Dalai Lama has experienced great suffering in his exile. During apartheid, you and your country experienced great suffering, too. And even in your personal life, you've dealt with prostate cancer—you're dealing with it now. Many people, when they get ill, don't feel very joyful. You've been able to maintain that joy in the face of suffering. How have you been able to do it?"

"Well, I have certainly been helped by many other people. One of the good things is realizing that you are not a solitary cell. You are part of a wonderful community. That's helped very greatly. As we were saying, if you are setting out to be joyful you are not going to end up being joyful. You're going to find yourself turned in on yourself. It's like a flower. You open, you blossom, really because of other people. And I think some suffering, maybe even intense suffering, is a necessary ingredient for life, certainly for developing compassion.

"You know, when Nelson Mandela went to jail he was young and, you could almost say, bloodthirsty. He was head of the armed wing of the African National Congress, his party. He spent twenty-seven years in jail, and many would say, Twenty-seven years, oh, what a waste. And I think people are

*image*

*not*

*available*



which is what compassion does, my own pain was much less intense. This is how compassion works even at the physical level.

“So as you rightly mentioned, a self-centered attitude is the source of the problem. We have to take care of ourselves without selfishly taking care of ourselves. If we don’t take care of ourselves, we cannot survive. We need to do that. We should have wise selfishness rather than foolish selfishness. Foolish selfishness means you just think only of yourself, don’t care about others, bully others, exploit others. In fact, taking care of others, helping others, ultimately is the way to discover your own joy and to have a happy life. So that is what I call wise selfishness.”

“You are wise,” the Archbishop said. “I wouldn’t just say wise selfish. You are wise.”

. . .

**T**he Buddhist practice of mind training, called *lojong* in Tibetan, is an important part of the Dalai Lama’s tradition. One of the fundamental messages in the original twelfth-century *lojong* text echoes what the Dalai Lama and the Archbishop were saying about looking away from oneself: “All dharma teachings agree on one point—lessening one’s self-absorption.”

The text clarifies that when we focus on our ourselves we are destined to be unhappy: “Contemplate that, as long as you are too focused on your self-importance and too caught up in thinking about how you are good or bad, you will experience suffering. Obsessing about getting what you want and avoiding what you don’t want does not result in happiness.”

to Lyubomirsky, the three factors that seem to have the greatest influence on increasing our happiness are our ability to reframe our situation more positively, our ability to experience gratitude, and our choice to be kind and generous. These were exactly the attitudes and actions that the Dalai Lama and the Archbishop had already mentioned and to which they would return as central pillars of joy.

*image*

*not*

*available*