# —Portobello Buddhist Priory—

A Temple of the Order of Buddhist Contemplatives

*Good use being made of the Protobello Prom bike library!*
*(with thanks to Jane Herbstritt)*

# *Newsletter*

## January-April 2026

**Portobello Buddhist Priory**
**27 Brighton Place, Portobello**
**Edinburgh, EH15 1LL**
***Telephone* (0131) 669 9622**
***website*: www.portobellobuddhist.org.uk**

# Newsletter

82nd edition
December 2025
(& 42nd e-edition)

**Please note:** the Priory website at **www.portobellobuddhist.org.uk** has an up to date schedule of events at the Priory. Group visits around Scotland will be arranged on a case by case basis by the Prior.

We'll continue coming together for meditation, dharma and ceremony on the Zoom platform each Wednesday evening. We also physically meet in the Priory on Sunday mornings.

Again, please consult the Priory website for the most up to date information.

## — *Prior's Notes* —

**As this turbulent year draws towards its end**, a year where the media has offered us a ceaseless stream of images—fires and floods, political fracture, violence, and the quieter but no less painful stories of loneliness and uncertainty. Such imagery shapes our sense of the world: making it appear harsh, unstable, even threatening. Yet in Zen language, these appearances are just that— appearances. They are real in their impact and we need to give a compassionate response, but they do not exhaust the nature of reality. They are waves on the surface of a far deeper ocean. And it is here that the Three Refuges—Buddha, Dharma, and Sangha—become not abstractions but steady ground beneath our feet.

Taking refuge in Buddha is not a matter of idealising a mythical or perfect being, but rather coming to trust the awakened nature that is already present within us. Amid news cycles that can seem designed to agitate, the Buddha refuge is the quiet recognition that something in us is not shaken. Even as the world displays its brokenness, there is within each of us an 'unborn, undying, uncreated' clarity that does not come or go with the headlines. This is not an escape from the world's suffering, but the very quality that allows us to face it

without becoming lost. Refuge in Buddha is the reminder that awareness itself—simple, steady, luminous—remains unstained by the images that pass through it.

Refuge in Dharma is the refuge of understanding: seeing that all phenomena, including the world's turmoil, arise through conditions and pass away through conditions. The disturbing images we encounter do not reveal a world doomed, but a world in process—complex, interdependent, and continually transforming. The Dharma teaches us to meet this flux with wisdom rather than fear, to recognise impermanence not as threat but as the fundamental rhythm of life.

And refuge in Sangha —community—grounds us in our shared humanity. In a time when the media often highlights division, Sangha reminds us that connection is our natural state, and that awakening is something we nurture together. In Buddha, Dharma, and Sangha, we discover a stable seat in the heart of change: not by denying impermanence, but by resting in the spaciousness that holds all things, the boundless field that Zen calls the unborn.


*(with thanks to Sylvie Fournel-Gigleux)*

## *The work that comes to us*

I **work at a bike library on Porty Prom**. We have acquired an old shipping container, that now has a colourful murel painted on to it and inside we keep a collection of electric cargo bikes (fits two 8 year olds or smaller in the front or the back), electric bikes, push bikes and bike paraphernalia for people to hire. We're a charity: people can hire the bikes for free if they like, or give a donation. It's a great job for being able to offer people a little bit of joy in their day – so many people are so appreciative of the family day out we've given them through the simple offering of a cargo bike to borrow. It's a great scheme to be a part of.

At the last online dharma evening, we were talking about offering merit to people. And Rev Favian told the story of how his new neighbours, a young couple, had a washing machine delivered but it was too heavy to move from the pavement, up the steps into their flat. A cyclist passing by had seen their dilemma and stopped. He helped the young couple and Rev Favian lift the washing machine into their new home. Job done, he went on his way.

This small offering of the man's time meant an awful lot, I imagine, to the couple, but for the man was probably just an ordinary thing to do. He didn't think, he just stopped and helped – doing what was good to do. Rev. Favian talked of compassion as being like a person reaching their hand out to adjust a pillow under their own head as they slept. It was just the universe doing what needed to be done.

Today I saw a similar thing happen at the bike library where I worked. I was personally so impressed by the effortless way that a problem was dealt with by a team of volunteers that I wanted to share it.

At about 8.30am this morning, one of the bike librarian volunteers and my fellow bike library coordinator arrived at the bike container to find that there had been an attempt to break into it. The intruders had got quite close to breaking into the container, cutting a good way into the protective box around the pad-

lock. Strong blades had been used (the neighbour said they had seen sparks) to try and break open the metal box surrounding the locked padlock.

I awoke to a message on the group whats app chat, with a photo of the damage and a discussion about what to do next. The padlock was bent, so the bike librarian banged it back into shape while the bike library coordinator reported the matter to the police. A neighbour from the flat next door came down to explain that she had awoken to noise at the bike library and saw sparks at 3.30am – but the intruders had scarpered.

9.30am As people figured out what to do next to make sure the bikes would be protected on Saturday night, three other bike librarians were quick to offer to house one of the cargo bikes in their house overnight if we thought it necessary.

10am The bike library coordinator sources a welder who can come later in the day to repair the damage. As the coordinator is in North Berwick for the day (I am ill in bed, and it is the summer worker's birthday day off) she asks if a volunteer could check the CCTV footage at Oscars takeaway in case it reveals the identities of the intruders.

Meanwhile hirers come to collect cargo bikes for the day, with different bike librarians greeting them and sorting out bikes for them. Bike librarians offer their time for free every day to keep the bike library running – we couldn't manage it without them.

10.40 Another bike librarian – Dan – brings an extension cable to the bike library as the welder will need to connect to a power source – hopefully Oscars will provide the power.

We think about how else we might protect the bike library – an alarm is suggested and the bike librarian who was first at the scene – Ian – uses one in his shed. He goes out to buy one.

11.30: A female bike librarian speaks to Oscars, and is given the number of the person with the footage. She shares it with us. A little later, the other bike coordinator announces on the whats app chat that the person with the CCTV footage has found evidence of the intruders at work - information we can pass on to the

police.

2pm The welder arrives. Ian and Dan turn up to help. It's a quick fix, and Ian puts the alarm into the container too, sharing the code with the whats app group.

And that's it – job done. As simple as reaching for a pillow in the middle of the night.

I was so impressed by the team work from our great volunteer bike librarians. But also what they didn't do. There was no hand-wringing about how awful it was that we were broken into, or what hooligans would do such a thing. No one looked for thanks either – although it was given. In fact, I think (although this is just a guess) that everyone enjoyed helping - doing what needed to be done.

The bike library has never been broken into before. There had not been any anticipation of this. We did not expect our Saturday morning to begin in this way - there was no guidebook we could follow. Yet people were still able to act. The situation arose and what was good to do next also arose - for the whole team.

Of course none of this is a big deal. It is just how any of us would like to think we will act. There is no great heroism. But it is still lovely to see people prepared to take time out of their day, to look beyond themselves and do what is good to do.

To me it was a perfect example of a problem arising, and the universe responding in a compassionate way. Like Avolokitisvara with a thousand hands, each with a different tool, the bike librarian team found the tools that were useful and got the job done seamlessly!

## *- Help with the Newsletter -*

Two requests, dear Sangha!

(1) This Newsletter is currently compiled using Microsoft Publisher software on a PC (rather than Apple Mac). This software is being phased out by Microsoft, with support ending from October 2026 onwards.

As editor of the Newsletter, I'm unsure what to do at that time. I'm considering whether Libre Office (which is free and open source software) might be a replacement, but am unfamiliar with it.

If anybody in the Sangha is knowledgeable about desktop publishing software (or knows someone who might be able to offer informed advice) I'd be grateful to hear from them. One requirement of whatever software is to be used, is that it permits the finished Newsletter to be converted into a PDF for ease of emailing round the Sangha.

I suspect that my capacity to master the ins & outs of new software at my age is becoming more limited, so the simpler the replacement software, the better! With gratitude for any help or advice that might be offered –

(2) I'd also be very grateful for a volunteer with keen eyes to be willing to occasionally read a draft of the Newsletter before it's sent out, to check for any typos or other inadvertent errors. There always are! John Preston has been undertaking this eagle-eyed task for many years, and it would be good to have a back-up for when he is on holiday or otherwise unavailable.

With warm thanks and a bow -

Willie

# *Allt a'Mharcaidh*

## Time is not linear

All the moments are here now
The wild camping trip, many visits with my children
Wooden boats made, then chased downstream
Unearthing the whittled sticks from inside the tree, remnants of an old boat
The tree still grows - green shoots, new branches, old lichens and moss
Still making a bridge across the burn
A bridge across time

*Karen Valentine*

## *My sitting place —*

Our bedroom is at the top of the house. It's a light and airy room with a splendid view over the Peebles rooftops looking south to the hills beyond. That's where I have been sitting for years (except in winter when it's very cold and I retreat downstairs to sit near the woodstove!) My late wife Sharon had been following various Buddhist sitting practices ever since I first met her, which finally led her to Throssel Hole in the 1990s where she eventually took the precepts in 1999. This was before I started my sitting practice in 2001, the year she was diagnosed with cancer. She seldom talked about her beliefs; but I observed her practice, and this was one of the inspirations that led me to begin sitting.

Over the years my sitting place has developed into something of a 'shrine'. I inherited some of the objects from Sharon. My sister had brought back a small statue from Japan of the Japanese Daibutsu from Kamakura. Previously on a five month stay in Japan, long before I had any interest in Buddhism, I had become fascinated and amazed by the physical size of the Daibutsu (Big Buddha')

and had made five trips to visit it. I made a shelf for it to sit on as a Christmas present for Sharon and more recently I made a modified version of Mount Sumaru for it to sit on. (Traditionally it should have had a pair of three steps). The water bowl and paper flower and its pot were Sharon's too. There is a minute bowl turned by me that contains about a dozen grains of rice, which were thrown at our wedding at Samye Lyng in 1985.

On the wall on the left I hang the Board of Merit.

About ten years ago I made a bookshelf for the Dharma books I inherited from Sharon and for the Throssel Journals. Above this is a table area for a small bodhi tree, my wagassa, a photo of a lotus and two bowls; one for a candle, the other for incense, both made by Sharon. I sometimes place other photos and reminders there. It currently has a copy of the Precepts, a photo of a dear friend who died in November and the four-word title of a video talk made by Rev Sanshin. WE PASS IT ON.

Formerly I would place a lot more things on this table area and it became rather cluttered. I later transferred much of this to a shelf in the corner of the room where I have a ceramic statue of Kanzeon, photos and several other objects that are significant for me.

*Julian Goodacre*

# *Spiritual maturity*

**Recently I was asked to read a passage from the Christian Bible** at a friend's funeral Mass in Ireland - It was a piece that St.Paul wrote to the Corinthians (1.13) sometime in the 1st century C.E. regarding Charity/Love. Apart from the excellent teaching, as I see it, on having unconditional and non-judgemental love for all beings, he spoke of spiritual maturity: 'When I was a child, I talked like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child, but when I became a man, I put the ways of childhood behind me.'

This felt particularly important in the context of a recent Lay Ministers discussion which was, in part, how the Sangha should be supported and possibly enlarged.

Whereas I'd love Buddhism to be more mainstream, I don't see it as an evangelical religion, but as a teaching that just IS – I feel it can be seen as 'Take it or leave it', but not in a judgemental way; rather that the teaching of Buddhism is available, and can be followed or not.

A community/Sangha is hugely valuable but isn't something that needs an advertising campaign or 'schmoozing' to achieve or enlarge - again, it just IS.

Maybe it's better to be something that is sought out, takes effort to find, rather than being presented to you on a plate?

These thoughts are a bit jumbled in my mind, but probably reflect my own struggles over the years to find the right path.

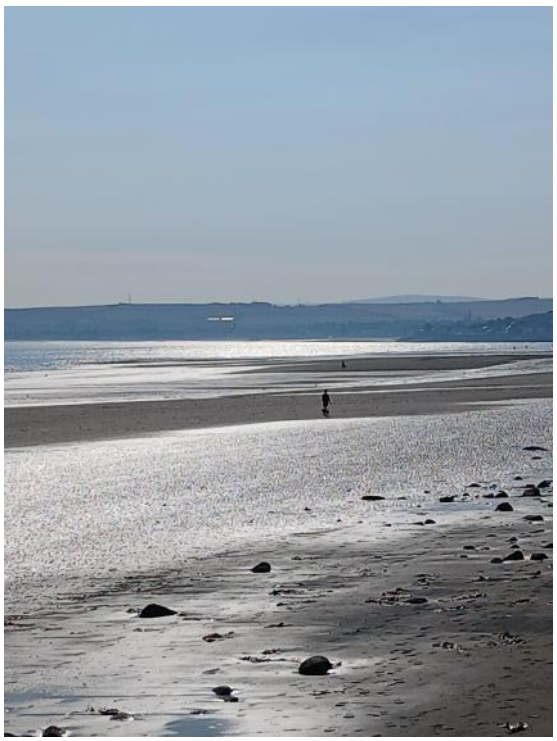
*Fedor Bunge*

*13 If I speak in the tongues of men or of angels, but do not have love, I am only a resounding gong or a clanging cymbal. 2 If I have the gift of prophecy and can fathom all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have a faith that can move mountains, but do not have love, I am nothing. 3 If I give all I possess to the poor and give over my body to hardship that I may boast, but do not have love, I gain nothing.*

*4 Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. 5 It does not dishonour others, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs. 6 Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth. 7 It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres.*

*Love never fails. But where there are prophecies, they will cease; where there are tongues, they will be stilled; where there is knowledge, it will pass away. [9] For we know in part and we prophesy in part, [10] but when completeness comes, what is in part disappears. [11] When I was a child, I talked like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child. When I became a man, I put the ways of childhood behind me. [12] For now we see only a reflection as in a mirror; then we shall see face to face. Now I know in part; then I shall know fully, even as I am fully known.*

*And now these three remain: faith, hope and love. But the greatest of these is love.*



*With thanks to Kathleen Campbell*

## *The Great Wheel*

Looking over this city built on hills,
arrhythmic, like my cardiogram in relief.

In the foreground villas are evident.
Soon they will be hidden, later revealed.

In the middle distance, a castle on a crag.
Beyond - a silver smear of sea,

before the distant Paps of Fife
give way to smoky skies.

Rolling on.

All those lives below, living
between the folds, breathing, in time.

I'll go down and join them
for a while, show some empathy.

Eventually, I'll leave, go back
to passing judgements, issuing edicts.

Rolling on.

*David Campbell*

## *Just make a start*

**Just make a start.** That is one of the things that can help us to move when we feel stuck. So last night at the regular zoom meeting we listened to a talk by RM Maiean. Autumn and the changing seasons.

Impermanence and joy and sorrow….loss. Gratitude. The light and the dark.

The following discussion was helpful and so reminded me of how we are training for self and other. Everyone wishing to let go of selfishness and help others.

The non separate nature of that bigger picture.

I find myself reflecting this morning on how much the I that I thought I was has changed. Feeling a very separate and confused being in the 1960s. A part of a cultural shift that called itself the Swinging Sixties when huge changes were occurring across the Western world. Unhappy love life and a proto hippy lifestyle…….

Travelling to West Africa and South America gave me some insight into how insular and greedy that lifestyle was. A big shift in understanding and the beginning of a spiritual looking within.

More confusion and change in my late twenties with a separation and divorce leading to a settled and deeply satisfying marriage which has lasted now for more than 42 years.

These major shifts can be mentioned and are true. However as RM Daishin says, they just skim the surface of what our complete beingness is. I could write a book of 'My Life' and still only skim that surface. Every day changes now at a pace and flow that are impossible to document.

I realise this often when doing the most basic things: making a pot of tea and some toast that I literally have NEVER done this exact way before. Although in a lifetime also I have done it thousands of times.

This particular moment is always new. So startling is the understanding of this that I stop and stare at bushes and red berries in the street gardens. Already on Regent Street are early flowering trees….almonds? Showing their delicate flowers against the blue winter sky.

I go down to the beach often and

whatever my mood on leaving the house I come back refreshed. Whatever my mood sitting down for formal meditation an inner shift allows for rising and bowing in gratitude.

I love the scriptures and the singing on Tuesday and Friday mornings with the Sangha. Arriving in the dark and coming out into the dawn light. Sunday morning Sangha group. Gratitude sings.

So grateful for the practice and the opportunity to train here in this place we call Portobello.

*Kathleen Campbell*

*With thanks to Sylvie Fournel-Gigleux for this beach scene watercolour*

# *- Images and Poems -*

*This was a collaboration between my artist friend Russell and myself. Russell provided the photo, and I wrote a poem in response, or vice versa. In the examples below, Russell took the photos and I wrote the poems.*

*Neil Rothwell*

Waiting is being.

Being is action.

Action is beyond time.

Moving slowly through the house,
I feel like crying,
in anguish,
in gratitude.

Two more
are in the bush,
all with trust
in the universe.

**In the last issue**, I was particularly struck by Kathleen's painting depicting the many waves and thoughts dissolving underneath the surface of the water with depth. That reminded me of a wee poem I'd written back in the summer of 2022, only weeks before I'd start practising Zen. Lake Orta is a very nice place near where I'm from – I'd highly recommend a visit if you're every around those parts! – which also offers respite from the unrelenting torrid heat of summer in the city. Like many, my family and I usually go there for a swim. I wrote this piece following a contemplative experience I had while being immersed in water by the mouth of a stream, where the water is even cooler than in the rest of the lake. With the body calmed, the mind can rest upon its sensory field with ease and take a deeper dive. Thoughts coming into being and subsiding in the mind like waves on the surface of a lake. I don't think it would be wrong to say that this was a motivating factor for me to start practising and coming to the Priory.

## *Upon Lake Orta*

Sunbeams dancing upon free-flowing hills,
The day's very last, setting their cool sides ablaze.
This time-immersed wavescape the mind in thought stills,
And dares question the soundness of this thought maze.

Thus, beneath the dusk-lit line I sink
Till I'm water-clothed, and the harmony's heard:
Have I longed for those notes, which the ego shrink!
Only in silence is the melody unblurred.

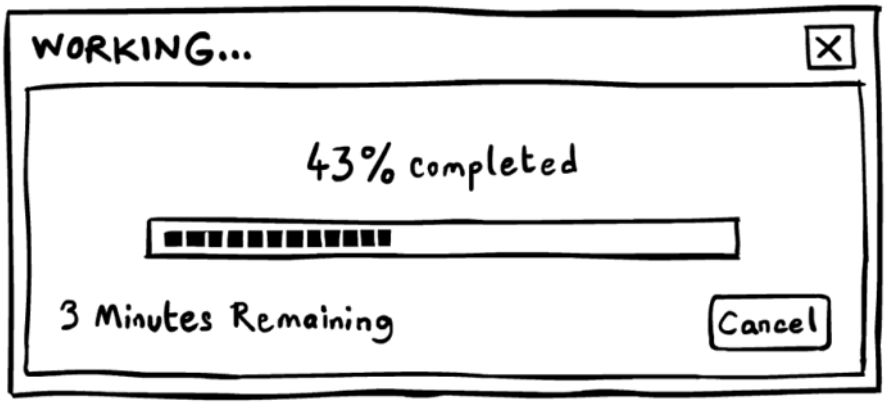
In this deep blackness the timeless pattern springs
Its creative tune of perfect synchrony,
And of the mother of understanding sings.
Ever deeper below, the mind glows in glee.

Breathing in the all-embracing symphony,
Now surrendering to what it is to be.

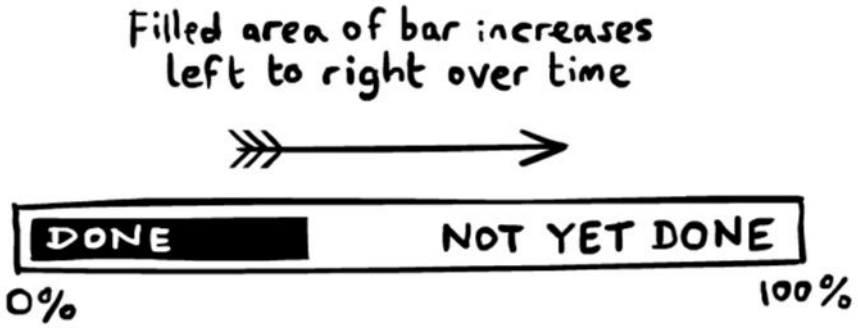
*Mattia Poli*

From the series, *Unicity* (2025)
*(with grateful thanks to David Williams)*

## *On Progress Bars*




**I'm haunted by progress bars**. By which I mean, the graphic analogies displayed on digital devices in order to let you know how much of the requested task has been achieved, how much is as yet unachieved, and a rough idea of how long the task's completion may be expected to take.

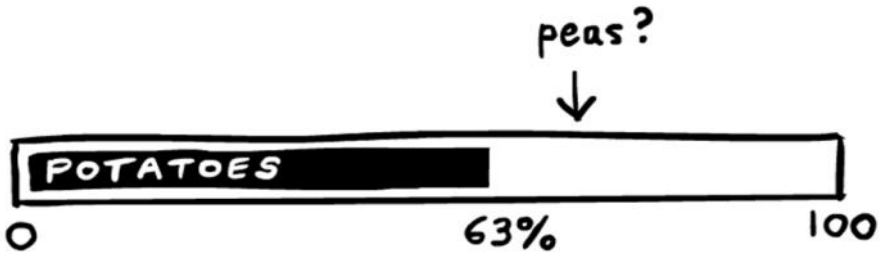



In my computer-based working life (and also in the increasing proportion of the rest of my life that has become tied to digital paraphernalia), I see at least a dozen of these every day. They give me handy information such as, for example, an indication of whether a file is likely to take so long to upload that I can

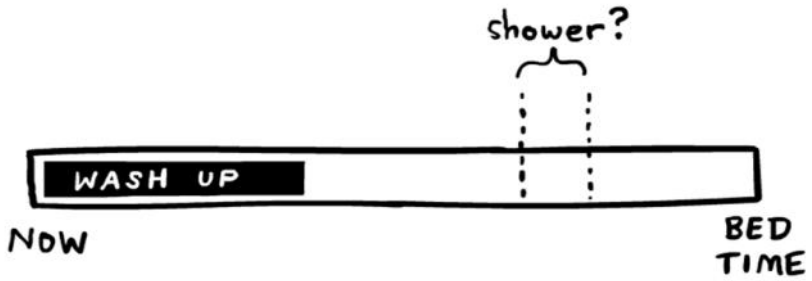
productively turn my attention to another, parallel task – or, conversely, whether the process will be quick enough that I might as well wait until the bar reaches 100% so that I can make sure the upload has been successful, and then turn my whole attention to the next item in my list of priorities. So far, so boring but useful.

Progress bars can get into the soul, however, which in my experience is not a good place for them to be. In the mind's eye one starts to see them everywhere, attached to all kinds of tasks, obligations and notions – sometimes several concurrently.

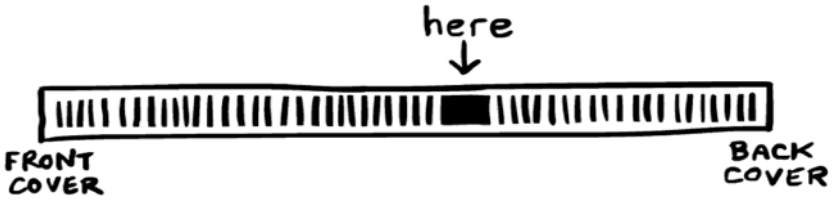
How long have the potatoes been cooking, and is it time to put the peas on yet?



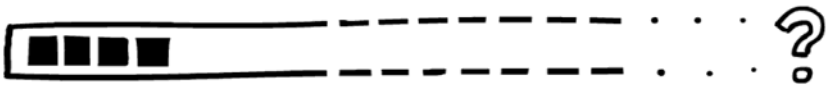

When can I complete the washing up and go to bed?



How far through this worthy but difficult book have I got?




What have I achieved in life?

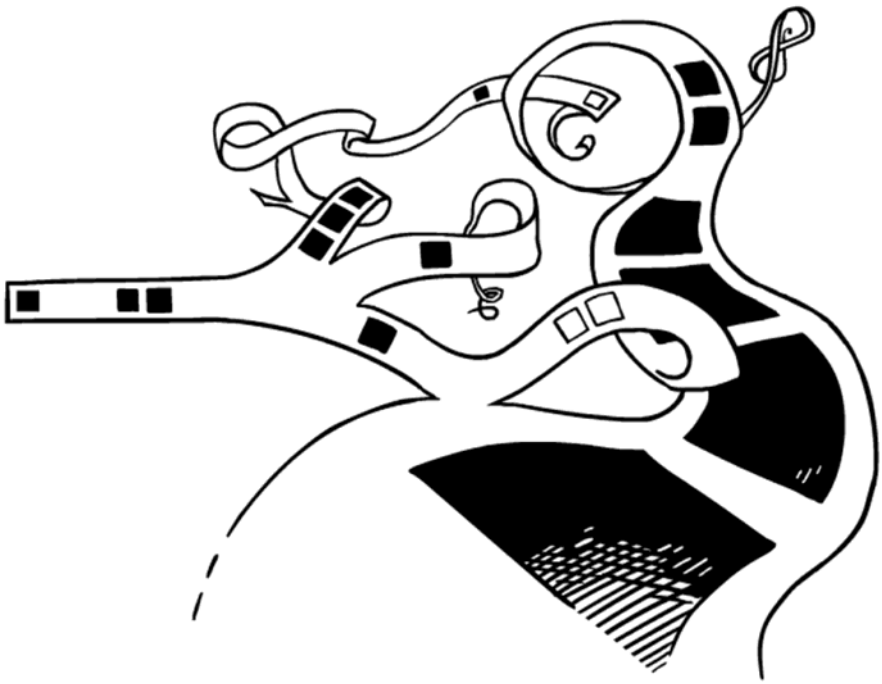


Dismayingly enough, such inner progress bars arise regularly for me in meditation practice too. How long have I been sitting? Have I achieved what I sat down for yet? Am I likely to do so before the bell rings, the bar marches to 100%, and I've missed my chance?

Thankfully Buddhism has helped me discover that unhelpful thoughts of this kind must be seen for what they are, to let them go. Thankfully I know I can remind myself that I sat down to achieve absolutely nothing, and that the 2D crawl of the bar – from left to right in time – has no power in the dimension of eternity.

The bar is full, the bar is empty. The bar is as long as time and space. It's spherical. It marches backwards, up, down and from side to side, joyfully exploding all sense of achievement and failure. Here and now, for an instant:

freedom.



*Harriet Buckley*

## *Agency & the solidifying of the self -*

**My father couldn't watch the comedy series 'Fawlty Towers' starring John Cleese as the hotel manager**, as he found his portrayal of neurosis too uncomfortable; 'too close to the bone', as he put it. By contrast, I found it deeply funny, and can remember being in helpless laughter at the iconic scene in which his car stalls and refuses to start, when he urgently needs to collect something on which his reputation depends; and he disappears off-screen, and reappears with a large tree-branch with which he starts to thrash the car, accusing it of wilfully defying him.

I probably found it funny as I could only too easily recognise myself in it. When younger, I would quite often lose my temper while doing DIY tasks when an object or a tool 'resisted' my attempts to get it to do what I wanted it to. I remember my wife watching bemusedly as I wrestled a self-return gate-spring with a pair of mole-grips, trying to wrench it into position with brute strength, panting with the effort & turning the air blue with choice language directed at the wilful spring. She just simply couldn't understand what my anger was about. (But then I've often remarked to her how she's a much better Buddhist than me, without even being a Buddhist.)

As human beings, we do seem to have a strong natural tendency to attribute agency — even to inanimate things. It seems to be a deep part of how our cognition evolved: we *over-detect* agency, and there may be a number of reasons for this. One leading contender is that, in our evolutionary past, the cost of failing to detect a real agent (say a predator) was much higher than the cost of over-detecting agency.

If the wind moves the grass and you think "Lion!" and run away, all you've lost is some energy. But if a lion moves the grass and you think "Oh, it's just the wind" you'll probably lose everything, including your genes to pass on. Natural selection favours a hyperactive agency detection system!

I was musing on this recently when I caught myself adding a 'please' to a question I was putting to ChatGPT, the artificial intelligence tool. And typing 'thank you' when it provided an answer. On one level I knew this made

no sense, as ChatGPT isn't a person. Arguably it's not even a 'thing', but some sort of algorithm, the nature of which I don't understand. But certainly not a little person inside my computer requiring politeness. Incidentally, I was amused to read that the head of the company responsible for ChatGPT recently asked people not to be polite, as the programme wastes unnecessary electrical energy replying in similarly polite terms, to the detriment of the planet. The head-scratching twists and turns of modernity –

———

But when John Cleese thrashes his car with a branch, or I swear at a gate spring, what exactly is going on? In the heat of the moment, we act as if there was something there **with intentions**, an uncooperative "you" thwarting "me". The "as if" is already carrying quite a lot of weight.

On the one hand, I am *inflating* the object — granting it a quasi-personhood it doesn't possess. And on the other hand, I am *solidifying* myself — taking for granted a fixed, separate "I" who is being opposed or frustrated. The same gesture that attributes agency outward simultaneously creates a solid self inward. The word 'reifying' is sometimes used – to turn something that's not really a 'thing' into a thing. My sense of "me" comes into sharper, harder focus precisely at the point of conflict: *I* am the one who is blocked; *that* is the thing blocking me.

The Buddhist insight of 'emptiness' (Sunyata) can have a rather cold, even nihilistic feel to it on first hearing; but its meaning is 'empty of self-nature'. To say that things are empty of self-nature is not just to say that the car or the spring lacks real agency. It is also to say that the "me" who shouts, and the "thing" at which the shouting is directed, are both being carved out of a fluid field of conditions and processes, then treated as if they were self-existing blocks. So emptiness, in this sense, is not a gloomy, nihilistic verdict on the world but a reminder that our neat partitions into agents and objects, things acting, and being acted on, are mind-generated conveniences rather than ultimate truths.

Who knows what the self really is; but one way of looking at it could be that it's a kind of interface our nervous system constructs in order to coordinate action. It's useful to have a stable point from which intentions seem to origi-

nate and upon which consequences seem to fall. But the price of that usefulness is a recurring temptation: to mistake the constructed interface for a real thing, a metaphysical core.

In other words, to treat "me" as a thing among other things. And thus we 'thingify' the world.

Seen this way, our habit of attributing agency to non-agents isn't a minor cognitive quirk, but a small window into a much larger style of seeing. The world is continuously read as composed of discrete, separate centres of will and resistance, or indeed attraction — selves, objects, systems, even abstract entities like "politics" or "climate change" or "AI" — each imagined as pushing and pulling on the others.

It feels that this picture isn't entirely false at the everyday level, but that when we forget (as we do) that it's constructed, we become trapped in it. We suffer because we take the roles of the actors in this inner theatre to be ultimately 'real'; what we and things actually are.

As I've been writing this, the words of an old children's tune have kept coming to mind:

'R*ow, row, row your boat*
*Gently down the stream*
*Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily*
*Life is but a dream*'

———

The boat still has to be rowed; but the rowing is done gently – and ideally with humility, with a lightness of spirit, as ultimately the stream is not under our control. It suggests we need to continue to exercise a certain degree of gentle care and effort; not abandoning agency, but holding it more lightly, rather than as a solid 'me' imposing its will on a stubborn world. We are, after all, being carried by the current; and the way we see things can indeed be dream-like, and even, on occasion, delusive.

For me, it leaves an image of the self, not as a tight, hard inner identity, nor as an illusion to be annihilated in a crude sense; but being recognised as a useful, shifting vantage-point in a field of relations within a deeper unity.

I don't know who composed the children's song, or what prompted it, but when I remember to hum it to myself as I feel myself stiffening into a fixed position about something or other, I feel like making an inner *gassho* to the composer.

*Willie Grieve*

# Gift Aid Declaration

To: **Portobello Buddhist Priory**

Your Name_____

Full Home address_____

_____

_____

_____

Postcode _____ Date _____

**Please reclaim tax on my donations as follows (delete as appropriate):**

*I want to Gift Aid any donations I make in the future or have made in the past 4 years.*

*I want to Gift Aid my donation of [amount] given on [date]*

You must pay at least as much income tax or capital gains tax as the amount of tax that we would reclaim
on your donations and remember to notify us if this changes.

If this declaration applies to future changes, you are entitled to notify us of the cancellation of your declaration
at any time.

Signed_____

Date_____