

Present

The Voices and Activities of Theravada Buddhist Women | Spring 2010

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"Creatio ex deo," 12x12. Encaustic and oil
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Buddhist Discrimination Against Women in Modern Burma

By Saccavadi Bricker

I present this information based on my experience as a female Burmese Buddhist mendicant nun in the Theravada tradition for twenty-two years, from 1986 to 2008. I ordained as a Buddhist nun in Sri Lanka in 2003. Upon my return to Burma in 2005 to visit my dying father, I was thrown into prison, in the capital city of Rangoon, for being ordained as a nun. I was detained in the prison for seventy-six days, from May 27 to August 10, 2005.

My release was based only upon my willingness to unconditionally apologize for ordaining as a female monk. After issuing a formal apology to my captors, I was released from prison, taken directly to Yangon Airport, and immediately sent back to Sri Lanka.

Today, at the age of forty-three, I see and understand the world and nature, life and death, religion and politics. I have the clarity to understand that the information I present here—my story—is an important part of the history of Burmese tilashins/silashins (Buddhist female monks). Even though going to prison was difficult, I now also recognize that Burmese Buddhists needed to see female monks to realize that Buddhism is a religion that allows equal rights and equal opportunities.

Neither Buddhism, a practice of transforming oneself with love, compassion, and wisdom, nor the Buddha, an ideal description of man enjoying life without harming oneself or others, helped me appeal to those monks who had the authority to imprison me. I came to know deeply that these monks did not truly understand that Buddhism is about the practice of love, compassion, and wisdom, even though they all said that they understood.

Who were they? They were mainly the State Executive Buddhist Monks of the Union of Burma (Myanmar), who served in the year 2002 to 2005—the forty-seven senior monks selected from the nationwide States and Divisions.

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Saccavadi at the home she shares with her husband in California, photographed on April 21, 2010.

Becoming a Mendicant

I was unaware that Buddhist discrimination against women existed in Burma until I became a Buddhist mendicant at the age of twenty-one years old.

I began going on retreats after mother passed away. During the retreats, I heard many stories about ancient Buddhist saints and their practices, and how they used their practice to overcome negative forces. Venerable Pannyajota, the monk who gave the dhamma talks at these retreats, was abbot of a monastery named Duta and ran a nunnery named Mani. The nunnery was located just over a mile away from the monastery, deep in the forests of southern Burma.

In his Dhamma talks, Venerable Pannyajota emphasized the goodness of living in robes not only for oneself, but also for

others, including deceased relatives! I felt guilty about not having much opportunity to care for my mother while she was ill, and believed that by becoming a nun it would help both of our future rebirths.

I decided to renounce just like the Buddha did, to live a life in robes and with bowl. I continued university for two more years in order to complete my B.A. degree. After my final exams, I took a train to get to Ven. Pannyajota's monastery, where he ordained me with the help of several of his thilashins. At the time I did not think to ask him why we were not fully ordained bhikkhunis like the bhikkhunis of ancient Buddhist stories, but I noticed immediately that discrimination against women was very entrenched within the male Buddhist mendicant society in Burma. I felt very sad about this, but wanted to ordain for the benefit and well-being of my mother, myself, and all beings.

After several weeks in robes, I joined three other new thilashins in following Ven. Pannyajota's on retreats to small towns and villages throughout the Irrawaddy Delta. After a couple of retreats, he dropped us off at a nunnery named Dipa, which stood next to a small monastery where the resident abbot was about fifty years old. The entire site was an ancient Buddhist ruin converted into a make-shift residence. The nunnery was a sequence of ramshackle wooden huts, with large gaps in the wall boards and thatched roofs that had been attached to the side of the monastery. The nuns lived together in one of the huts, even during the winter when cold and wind seeped through the walls and roof. It was here also that we were to learn the texts for chanting the daily prayers.

We told Ven. Pannyajota that we only wanted to meditate and did not wish to learn the texts. He replied that we would not enjoy meditating all the time and that there would soon come a time when we become bored with meditation. He stated that the Pali texts would help to cheer us up and motivate us, so we began to study the texts.

Daily Life at Dipa

We got up at 4 a.m. each morning and walked across a small field to get to the room where we—the abbot and twelve nuns—sat, prayed and meditated together.

Typically, breakfast was eaten at 5 a.m., and was followed by chores, studying texts, chanting and meditating. At 10:30 a.m. we had lunch together in the dining hall, one of the few brick buildings. With lunch, we had finished with our food for the day and would not eat again until dawn the next morning. The thilashins would drink only water after midday, and early on suffered greatly from hunger during the evening and at night. We were afraid that we'd experience this suffering for the rest of our lives, but after one month, the hunger did not trouble us anymore! I was amazed that my body could live with so little food. Meals for both breakfast and lunch were very simple, and usually included rice, fish sauce, and beans or vegetables.

There was no electricity, and water had to be fetched from a well for drinking, cooking, bathing, and for use in the outhouse. During retreats we did not need to busy ourselves with preparing and cooking food, but in the nunnery we had to take care of many daily duties, including cooking full meals for about fifteen thilashins. Our cooking duties included chopping and carrying wood for cooking, building the fire for cooking, carrying water from the well, and removing many small rocks from the raw rice. We cooked the rice in a big pot and took great care to make sure it didn't burn on the bottom. We cut veggies for use in curries, made our own fish sauce, and carried all the food to the dining hall to serve to the thilashins. Afterwards, the nuns washed all the serving platters, utensils and dishes.

We walked on alms rounds together, each nun carrying a large tray on her head with another small tray inside it. The farmers gave us raw rice and money which was received first in the small tray, then transferred to the larger tray. Very few new nuns had experience carrying a tray in this manner and more often than not, the trays fell off of our heads. We could only watch in dismay as the precious raw rice grains scattered across the ground, feeling saddened because this meant that we'd have less food that night, and also because we felt badly for the hard-working farmers who had shared their rice with us. During the rainy season, nearly everything collected on alms rounds became water-logged, or simply blew away in the heavy winds.

We were never taught about why Theravada Buddhist nuns had to keep the eight precepts, that is: (1) not killing, (2) not stealing, (3) not telling lies, (4) not having sex in any form, (5) not taking intoxicants, (6) not having meals after midday, (7) not dancing, not singing, not playing music, not watching entertainments, not using perfumes, cosmetics, lipsticks, not reciting idle charms and poems, and (8) not sitting on luxurious seats or beds. But we strictly followed these eight precepts without knowing why we were asked to do so. We prayed each day for the generous villagers and farmers, for our families and for our fellow sisters and brothers in Dhamma—and for everybody, every creature, to be well and happy.

Return to Mani

After about three months at Dipa nunnery, all of the thilashins were sent back to Mani nunnery. I lived and trained there for seven years, until I received the Dhamma-acariya (teacher of Dhamma) designation. We were taught the Pali Canon and Buddhist texts by the monks at the monastery. There were about eighty resident monks and novices at the monastery.

Mani nunnery was once an old monastery, too. Ven. Pannyajota inherited it from a monk who passed away, and converted it into a nunnery. Ven. Pannyajota's was a talented speaker, and excelled at giving public Dhamma talks. He gave talks to very large crowds during his retreats, with an emphasis on the

goodness of the Buddha, and the practices of ancient male and female Buddhist renunciates. He wanted to fill his new nunnery with young nuns from middle class families, and very soon there were approximately fifty young ladies in residence.

All of the nuns were virgins and most were very young, ranging in age from thirteen to thirty-two. We lived together in a long hall with no privacy. Each nun was assigned a two foot wide personal space along the wall of the hall, in which to put her small box of robes and books. We could store few books in such a small space and therefore borrowed most textbooks from our small library. The space was designated for both for sleeping and studying, and during the three months of the rainy season we lived in this space nearly continuously. In summer and winter, when the weather was more hospitable, most of the nuns studied and slept outside the hall under the trees.

Again there was no electricity, and water for drinking, cooking and other uses was hauled from an open well. Most of the nuns sat in the dark at night without kerosene lamps or candles, memorizing what they learned in the daytime. Some of the nuns had memorized long discourses from the Pali Canon, and took part in religious exams after the night prayer ended at 6 p.m.

Once a week, very early in the morning, we would leave the nunnery and walk to the village for alms rounds. We walked in procession with each nun holding a deep bowl into which the villagers would place rice, money, onions, garlic, and small packets of indigenous herbs. Some boys and men, usually relatives of the local nuns, helped us by carrying larger bags and baskets.

The diligent practice and strong beliefs about the goodness of living in mendicants' robes meant that the nuns rarely complained or commented upon the food, shelter, lack of medical care, and generally poor living conditions. During the first few years after becoming nuns, most of the women were still quite healthy, but after approximately six years, virtually every nun was weak and sometimes became ill.

Once a week during the three months of the rainy season, the villagers cooked curries and gave it to all Buddhist mendicants in the village—we were grateful for such nutritious treats, and saved as much curry as we could for the next several days; however, repeatedly reheating the curries often made us ill. Yet we continued to mindfully practice and serve, believing that we would receive a most fortunate rebirth if we kept the precepts, learned the Buddha-Dhamma, and carefully followed the instructions given to us by the monks.

The Deception

Ven. Pannyajota ordained us not as fully ordained bhikkhunis (the traditional female monastic form created by the Buddha), but as female mendicants of modern Burmese Buddhism—silashins or thilashins. After the nunnery had been



Photo © Brenda Batke-Hirschmann

filled with tilashins, the emphasis of Ven. Pannyajota's talks changed from the benefits of ordaining to subjects such as generosity and preserving the Buddha's teachings.

Every year after the rains retreat, a great ceremony was held at Duta monastery. During this gathering, all of the monks in the province came from neighboring villages to perform rites and rituals. The villagers attended the ceremony and brought offerings such as sandals, flowers, food, and robes.

Two large loud speakers were pointed towards the village. The villagers could hear the ceremony, which included a Dhamma talk and questions and answers from the monks. During the ceremony I heard these words: "Now is the time for all male monks to cleanse their own misdeeds by performing this ceremony." He then continued, "There are no female monks here today because their kind died out many centuries ago. The sangha of nuns can never be revived because women are unable to keep the precepts."

We, the nuns, had always diligently and gratefully kept our precepts. We had served the monks, each another, and the villagers with gratitude and with open hearts. We loved the Buddha, the Dhamma, the sangha with every cell in our being. We had meditated for years, memorized and studied many of the discourses, learned Pali, and embraced the Buddha-

Dhamma with sincerity and diligence. And on that day, we had brought flowers to the monastery; we had cleaned, swept, moped, and lovingly decorated the sima (the sacred building in which ceremonies were held).

We were shocked and confused when we heard the monks say that we did not exist. The villagers could also hear the words of the monks clearly. I was surprised by what I had heard, and immediately felt that something was terribly wrong with the ceremony because I knew that we, the nuns, were here, and that we were as capable as monks in keeping the precepts, as virtuous and dedicated Buddha-Dhamma practitioners, and as compassionate and loving beings.

Each year a small ceremony was held to give monks, novices, and nuns certificates for passing various Pali exams. All of the nuns at Mani and Dipa had studied hard and passed the nationwide exams in top positions. Our names were broadcast on radio and on television, and Ven. Pannyajota was very pleased, stating that his decision to convert the monastery to a nunnery was the right one.

We had heard stories about how Ven. Pannyajota encountered difficulties while establishing the nunnery because the head villagers strongly opposed the idea of female renunciates and had stopped giving him alms. Later, they apologized to him at the railway station when Ven. Pannyajota was about to leave the village for good. Ven. Pannyajota had vowed to become a Buddha in his final rebirth, and believed that all monks, novices and nuns would become arahats (non-returners). It was exciting for all of the monastics at his monastery to share in this belief, and it motivated us to practice diligently.

In our nunnery, there were about five devout elder nuns in the position of looking after the young nuns. But most of the elder nuns were ill much of the time, and wanted to do more meditation and fewer exams or Canon studies. The young nuns continued meditating and studying, and passing the exams every year. We were growing up, and our practices were maturing and deepening, too.

All nuns, including the elder nuns, were told by the monks that no matter their age or number of Vassas (rains retreats),

We were shocked and confused when we heard the monks say that we, the nuns, did not exist.

During the ceremony, the village men took care of handing out the certificates to the nuns, who usually received them before the monk received theirs. The man handing out the certificates called the name of the first nun without telling her where to sit in order to receive the document. The hall had a platform only slightly higher than the floor, and when the nun approached the platform, the man suddenly pulled away the only empty chair left on the stage. He then dragged out a thin, torn, dusty mat for the nun to sit upon. Fortunately, each nun always kept with her a small sitting cloth. The first nun peacefully laid her sitting cloth on the mat to receive her certificate for higher exams with honors, and the other nuns followed suit. I could see that the monks and novices were watching the nuns with compassion in their eyes. After the nuns received their certificates the villager brought the chair back out onto the stage for the novices and monks. He then called out the name of a ten year old novice, who sat on the chair to receive his certificate.

they were to always bow to any male monk even if he was a five year old novice in robes for less than a day. The male monks and novices were told never to bow to nuns under any circumstance. Further, the nuns were informed that they were not to perform rites and rituals during Vassa. Following the advice of the monks, young nuns were to bow to old nuns even if the old nuns had been only recently ordained.

Male monks of the Burmese Theravada tradition are adamant that “lay people and nuns should bow down to monks because monks undertake more precepts” (227 precepts). However, in the Bhikkhunī Pāṭimokkha (bhikkhuni monastic code) there are 311 precepts—84 more than those of male monks! By their own reasoning, then it seems that those male monks would have to bow to bhikkhunis for undertaking more precepts. However, since Theravada bhikkhunis are currently not recognized in Burma, the argument is unfortunately moot.

On the Mani property there was a big pineapple field and many fruit trees whose fruit, when sold, helped to raise money

for renovating the old nunnery. While the numbers of newly ordained elder nuns were rapidly increasing in our nunnery, the population of teacher monks was also increasing at the neighboring monastery, with approximately one hundred and twenty resident monks and seven teacher monks. Many of the elder nuns looking out for the young nuns were also very devoted to supporting male monks and novices. They would ask younger nuns to peel pineapples and cut them into small pieces, which were then given to the monks. We peeled them and cut them until our fingers were bleeding from the acid, then we put the pineapple pieces into large metal pots and carried them just over a mile to the neighboring monastery. There was never any pineapple offered to or leftover for the nuns.

speech and action, and past rebirths. They stated that because of the menstrual cycle, women were more emotional than men, were weak and carried very many corruptions, and were unable to undertake and keep monastic precepts. In short, women were deemed unfit for monastic life, while men were viewed as ideal candidates. It was publicly stated that female renunciates—the Bhikkhuni Sangha—disappeared not too long after the Buddha’s parinibbana because of “the problems of being women.” In their public talks, some monks also went as far as to add cruel anecdotes that denigrated women.

In 1980, the Burmese government instituted a Ministry of Religious Affairs, a Department of Religious Affairs, and a Director General was appointed to lead the two organizations, which consisted of a group of forty-seven monks selected from across the nation. These monks held the rank of State Executive Monk, and under them sub-groups of monks were assembled as State, Provincial, and Village Executive Monks. Their responsibilities included lesser duties such as dealing with disputes over ownership of monasteries, and larger duties such as translation and interpretation of the Pali Canon. At this time there were several renowned monks who were arrested for having many wives. Some were arrested for being drunk, others for gambling, and still others for engaging in sexual relations.

The ‘Practice of Rites’ (Repeated Ordinations) was highly popular by 1994 and renowned monks were often ordained many times within a one month period—basically whenever lay Buddhists were willing to sponsor the expense of an ordination. The ordinations were generally performed by six monks—sometimes more—and when the monks exited the sima (the sacred ceremony) building, lay people were standing in a long line outside to put money, gifts, herbs, and other offerings into their alms bowls. The monks proclaimed that the sima had cleansed away their misdeeds and made them arahats or Buddhist ‘saints’. Since it is believed that giving to arahats is of immense benefit to the one who is giving, the dana offering line-ups were long.

It is also critical to note that there were a number of sincere monks who refused government gifts including items such as money, rice, oil, candles, robes, umbrellas, and sandals. They refused this support because they were aware that the offerings were a result of corruption and wished no part of it. Many of the sincerely practising monks who refused government support were arrested for causing ‘disharmony’ with the (corrupt) Buddhist monks, subsequently receiving minimum three year sentences in remote prisons. One of the monks sentenced to jail was a highly respected and educated monk who had received the highest noble Buddhist title of Tipitakadharadhammabhadhagarika (‘Treasurer of the House of Dhamma’: one who has memorized nearly all three baskets of the Pali Canon). Other monks fled, travelling abroad and waiting things out until it felt safe enough to return to Burma. During this intense period of

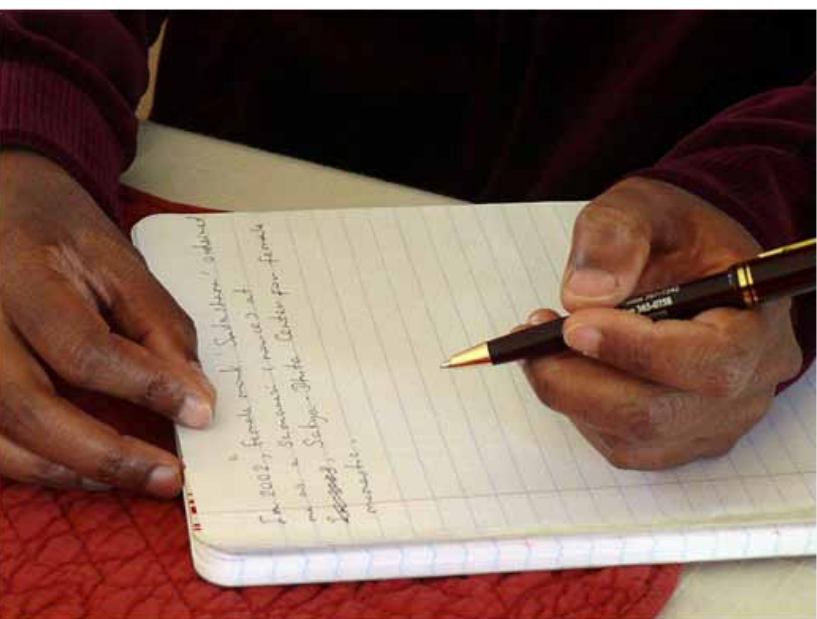


Photo © Brenda Batke-Hirschmann

Saccavadi documents her experience as a Theravada bhikkhuni. Photographed on April 21, 2010.

Corrupt Burmese Buddhism

In Burma, Buddhism has survived even through the many generations who have suffered wars between ancient Burmese kings, ethnic wars between various tribes, and world wars. After Burma’s independence from the British, the Burmese government adopted Buddhist laws in an effort to protect and sustain the Theravada Buddhist tradition. While these laws helped to protect sincere monks and nuns as they went on alms rounds, by ensuring that they weren’t arrested as beggars, essentially these laws were created to prevent corrupt monks and nuns from degrading the robes.

Abject poverty has shaped Buddhism in Burma, especially during the 1980’s. In Burma, Buddhism also became a religion that fully discriminates against women. In the 80’s and 90’s, the majority of monks gave public Dhamma talks stating that the female body is born as the result of bad kamma, thought,



The beautiful altar on Saccavadi's front porch welcomes visitors.

corruption, both Buddhist mendicants and lay people were equally vulnerable to the Ministry of Religious Affairs, and it was difficult for them to help or support each other.

In this same time frame, a renowned monk of an ethnic Burmese people called the Paohh tribe had lived in a cave and meditated there in isolation for many years. His name was Samannya (Thamannya) Sayadaw, and he had ordained approximately one hundred male novices at the same time. They were ordained for no more than three days when the Ministry of Religious Affairs heard about it, and requested that the Director General of the Department of Religious Affairs send a delegation to request that Samannya Sayadaw not do this again. Samannya Sayadaw was forced to sign a statement admitting that his ordination procedure was invalid. He signed it, and did not do it again.

While many monks lived simple lives, contented and satisfied with little, keeping their precepts, going on alms rounds each day, meditating and studying the Pali Canon, other monks were trying to achieve fame and fortune by vastly expanding their monasteries and filling them with luxuries. There was an enormous gap between rich and poor Buddhist monks and nuns. In the mid-90's, there were ca. 500,000 Buddhist monks and novices and ca. 45,000 Buddhist tilashin nuns in Burma. Many lay Buddhists were extremely poor while many monks were extremely wealthy and living in luxury.

The State Executive Monks were not rich themselves, and seemed unaware that there was a growing demand for change; at the time many Buddhists voiced a preference for both the simplicity of traditional Buddhist practice and for traditional Buddhist bhikkhuni ordination. The lower status of Buddhist nuns had had a harmful effect on lay women in Burma in general. There had been a failed attempt to revive the Burmese Theravada Bhikkhuni Sangha in the 1930's. The Buddhist monk Adiccavamsa had written a book entitled '*Bhikkhuni Sasano Padesa*' ('The Criteria for Ordaining Bhikkhunis'). This book outraged Burmese Buddhists and led to Adiccavamsa's expulsion from the sangha. Adiccavamsa again attempted to bring a discussion about bhikkhuni ordination into the public view by publishing a new book entitled *Bhikkhuni Ayeypun: Buddhist Problems in Reviving the Bhikkhuni Sangha*. However, Adiccavamsa was again unable to convince the Burmese Buddhists that this was not wrong view and soon after publishing the second book, he disrobed. There were no further attempts at reviving the Burmese Bhikkhuni Sangha until the year 2002.

Arrest and Imprisonment

I had been living in Sri Lanka, as a tilashin, since the end of 1998. In 2001, I was informed about the ordination of the first Thai samaneri (female novice), a dedicated Theravada

practitioner who ordained in Sri Lanka. In 2002, I learned about an upcoming ordination opportunity that might give me the chance to ordained as a Theravada bhikkhuni. I consulted with the elder Burmese monks living in a Burmese monastery in Sri Lanka, called Makutarama Monastery, asking them if they knew anything about these upcoming ordinations. The elder monks told me, “You are an enemy of Theravada Buddhism. You have wrong view. You won’t be accepted as a samaneri or bhikkhuni, and you will only become a hermit of other religions because you have wrong view. It would be better if you got married and had five children rather than ordain.” The elder monks then travelled immediately to the Burmese Embassy in Sri Lanka and attempted to prevent the ordination from taking place. They also sent a letter to the State Executive Monks of Burma via the embassy, telling them of “my plan to ordain,” instead of the fact that I had only discussed with them what might be happening in Sri Lanka with the other planned ordinations.

The Consul General of the Burmese Embassy phoned me and informed me that he wished to see me at the embassy. I was astonished when I realized that the elder monks at Makutarama had informed the State Executive Monks and embassy officials. Immediately concerned that I would be ordered back to Burma, I decided to ordain instead as a samaneri, which would be far less threatening to the monks than a fully ordained bhikkhuni. Yet there remained a longing to wear bhikkhuni robes, this being the only vehicle for female renunciates that had been created by the Buddha himself. Knowing this, the robes of the Burmese tilashin/silashin that I had been wearing for sixteen years made me feel less confident in the legitimacy of my ordination.

And thus my file was opened with the State Executive Monks in Burma in 2002. I informed them of my decision to ordain as a samaneri and waited for their reaction. To my surprise, the Ministry of Religious Affairs did not strongly oppose samaneri ordination. This, in turn, helped encourage me to proceed with full ordination as a bhikkhuni in 2003. However, after my ordination in Sri Lanka, I was informed that the State Executive Monks wished to arrest me and had police standing by at the Rangoon airport. Fortunately, an opportunity arose to travel to Malaysia instead of returning to Burma.

Towards the end of 2004, I spoke with my father—who had by then ordained as a monk—by phone. He told me that he was terminally ill and that he wished to see me. I took the decision to return to Burma to be with him and to care for him. It seemed like an opportune time to visit my father, since the Department of Religious Affairs was engaged planning for the International Buddhist Conference, to be held in Rangoon in early 2005. There existed also the hope that this conference might help to open the door to re-establishing the Bhikkhuni Sangha in Burma. So I returned to the country of my birth—my home—and shortly after the death of my father was

imprisoned in capital city of Rangoon for being a bhikkhuni. I was detained in prison for seventy-six days, from May 27 to August 10, 2005. Further information about my arrest and imprisonment are currently [available online](#), and will soon be available in an upcoming article entitled ‘*Living as a Buddhist Monk/Nun*’. Subsequent to my arrest, the Burmese government published two books on the case, and the Ministry of Religious Affairs enacted laws making Burmese bhikkhunis illegal. These books are currently being translated into English.ⁱ

Photo © Brenda Batke-Hirschmann



In the desert near Yucca Valley, California. Photographed on April 21, 2010.

Last Words

Religion is man-made: wise and loving beings make Buddhist ideology useful in life, but ignorant people make it treacherous. No being shall have another chance to abuse me in the name of religion. I shall enjoy my life, appreciating the finest qualities of Buddhism, and I shall die knowing that no being has the right to abuse or punish another by appointing themselves the proprietor or adjudicator of Buddha-Dhamma. ❖

Saccavadi was born in Burma in 1965. She received a BA in Burmese Literature at Rangoon University in 1986 and in the same year was ordained as a tilashin. After earning an MA in Buddhism at Kelaniya University in 2000, she ordained as a samaneri in Sri Lanka in 2002. In 2003, Saccavadi and Ven. Gunasari Bhikkhuni became the first two Burmese women in the modern era to receive the dual higher ordination (*bhikkhuni upasampada*) in Sri Lanka.



ⁱ “Bhikkhuni Vinicchaya, Decision that Female Burmese Monks of Theravada Buddhism in Modern Burma are Illegal”, first published in 2004, Publications of The Department of Religious Affairs, Kabha Aye Street, Yangon, Myanmar, by U Nyont Maung, Director of the Department of Religious Affairs, Ministry of Religious Affairs, Ministry of Religious Affairs, Union of Myanmar; and “Bhikkhuni bhava abhava vinicchaya, Decision that Female Burmese Monks of Theravada Buddhism in Modern Myanmar are Criminals,” first published in 2006, Publications of The Department of Religious Affairs, Kabha Aye Street, Yangon, Myanmar, by U Zar Ni Win, Director of the Department of Religious Affairs, Ministry of Religious Affairs, Ministry of Religious Affairs, Union of Myanmar.

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Once, while Mahánāga was begging alms at Nakulanagara, he saw a nun and offered her a meal. As she had no bowl, he gave her his, with the food ready in it. After she had eaten and washed the bowl, she gave it back to him saying, “Henceforth there will be no fatigue for you when begging for alms.” Thereafter the Elder was never given alms worth less than a kahāpana. The nun was an arahant.

DhSA.399