

**My BOOK- REFERY OF
“25 YEARS WITH LOBSANG RAMPA”
of Sheelagh Rouse, 2005
isbn 978-1-4116-7432-5**

About life of Rampa’s ‘adopted daughter’ who served as his secretary/ typewriter.

Sheelagh writes in the first part of the book of her life before she met Rampa, or “DrKu-an” – as was his legal name in the first time after the body-change-over in 1949. She was seemingly from a very rich family, and came into contact with Dr.K as she lived in the same part of London in those days in 1955, where she was married and had 2 children. And as mentioned- she was of a rich family, and was also married to a rel.rich husband, and they had money to have a house-keeper, Mrs.Wood, that also looked after the children. Sheelagh’s hobby was painting with water-colors.



An intellectual, Charles, was also a friend of her, who worked as a kind of boss at a “dry” museum, and it was Sheelaghs husband, John, who wrote a good suggestion-letter that Rampa, or DrKu-an, who was very poor at the time, then brought to Charles at the museum, hoping to get a job there. Well – it was the wife, Sheelagh, who had told her husband to write that letter in an attempt to help Rampa to get this job. And some time before this museum visit, she had as an impulse at a meeting, given him a gift of 500pounds, which was a good sum of money at the time. He was very underprivileged, so he accepted it as a loan, but said he intended to give back the money at a later time.

At the job-searching meeting in the museum, he worked, this Charles became interested to hear more, when he heard of Rampas life in Tibet, and among other things, their experimenting with man-lifting-kites in their land. That was also because Charles had been writing a book on just airplanes, or gliders at that time.

And it was just then, that just Charles urged Rampa/ DrKu-an, to write a book of his adventurous life, as a way to earn some money, because they both knew it was almost impossible for a stranger or foreigner to get a job at that time. Especially for a man not

longer young and vigorous, as Rampa or DrKu now was. *But at first he only rejected the proposal of book -writing.*

But he had no other option, so when Charles invited him to join him at a meeting with a publisher, he should just have a meeting with - regarding his own book, and Rampa or DrKu-an went with him.

The first meeting with the publisher, mr.Banks went well, as this publisher was very eager in getting out a book written by a Tibetan lama, about life in Tibet, a land the world knew very little about, though researchers worldwide were curious about it.

But he had much to do, as he was reading incoming book- manuscripts, and when Rampa some few weeks later gave him his first writings, Rampa only gave him relative shot time to look them thru. So under this pressure, this 'book man', mr. Cecil Banks, immediately started to read the writings of this Tibetan, and *was at once taken by its contents.*

It was Rampa himself who later told Sheelagh about this meeting, and she had also an invitation to a café-talk with 'mrs **DrKu-an**' about at this time, where she was invited to visit them in their poor surroundings in Queensway part of London.

DrKu-an himself was some time later, on visit to John and Sheelagh in their house just north of Kesington Gardens with this first chapter and he wanted them to look thru it, as he himself was a foreigner. Sheelagh writes she couldn't understand how he was able to concentrate and write under those noisy circumstances in which he lived, where they and the poor neighbours in every direction, heard every sound or noise from all else, including the clattering on the old typewriter of Rampa. This last made them knock in his walls, and from below – thru his floor at all times. But he could seemingly hold it outside of his mind, and went on writing. This she saw at her first visit by them.

Well – she should read thru it – and did not beforehand know what it said, but was immediately taken by its content when she started the reading. As she lived only 15 min walk from Rampa and wife, she sometimes visited them in their poor and noisy living conditions. She at first was shocked to find *such a poor quarter* so near to her own home! Yes, *how* could he find peace and concentration to write under such conditions?! The smell of mould was everywhere, and worn out paint. But inside *their room*, the nice smell of incense was making a rather different atmosphere. But this was not the normal situation; only because of her visit had they burnt it – their one and only incense. Yes - they *were* very poor. Some net-pictures of this region in London, near Queensway, acc.to net-search for this timeperiode:





Some time later Sheelagh was feeling sick, and though she did not tell Mr.Rampa this, he just felt it and expressed so. And he also asked to make an astrological study of her, which was done, when she had got the right time of birth from her mother.

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The book came out and almost immediately became a success. At this time Sheelagh moved out of the house of her spouse, John, as she had need of more time for herself for a period. The children was placed by her mother, and she stayed most of her time by the Rampas, which by now at this time had become their official name – at least for him.

Time went and soon his books had been published in some years and made much commotion and interest worldwide.

At this time Sheelagh also gave birth to her 3'd child - a boy. But the mother-instinct could not have been very strong, as she continued to stay away from her husband and the 2 other children, but seemingly she had frequent contact to them. But she had, one can see in the aftertime - a very important role in this mission to bring the eastern/Tibetan knowledge, wisdom into the west. Yes, in this way thru the Rampa-books, so her 'dharma' or life-task was evidently her secretary- role in this.

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In the timeline, they now all – including Sheelagh - moved to a furnished flat in Dublin, Ireland. It was one of the best time-periods in R's writing she mentions. And here she partly use many words to describe uninteresting, insignificant, things in this book, as I evaluate it.

*

About simultaneous he began more into the aura investigation, but they thought it was difficult to get new people to test it on. Preferably nude and young girls, as they have *much brighter* auras, acc.to book. - But not so. The exposures on aura- photographing, was on long

time-settings she mentions, but they had problems getting sensitized film. The cameras back then, were not automatic, and Rampa was keen to get Sheelagh to learn how to operate them.

By this point in time, he dictated the books into a tape-recorder, and *she* was typing them later. He dictated very clearly she writes in the book.

Sometimes they were told to not to speak for some minutes, when he received telepathic messages.

And he often repeated to them, *“the middle way is the only way. If you are too good, you can’t remain here (on earth), and it is never a good idea to be too bad, it catches up on you!”*

They sometimes rented a car and drove out to Wicklow Mountains, picture below, or to the coast.



She also talk about the jealousy between the 2 ladies “in the Rampa-family” in this book, and the sometimes sarcastic commentaries from the old one of them. One occasion mentioned in this connection, was when he gave an old gold-watch to the young of them.

The lived in Nassau Street in Dublin by this time she writes. See picture down from this timeperiode, but people here are not connected with the book.



Nassau Street in Dublin

At a time – after some quarrel/down-time with rampa-wife, she went out and accidental socalled, met an old acquaintance from London, who after some talk tried to speak her away from her connection with the Rampas. But she rejected his invitation to leave them.

*

She also talks on his hobby on building ship models and model-railroads, where-to he also built....

From page 127:

....signals, buildings, towns, mountains, trees, animals, people, a mininature world in fact. We would have two or three trains running at a time, the trick being to keep them all on their respective tracks and to stop the cats from derailing them.

“On the way to Dublin we would often drive on a sandy stretch of beach, Clontarf it was called, and as frequently got into trouble with quick sands. Mercifully and amazingly, we never completely lost the car, although we came near once or twice! Chen had a boyish, daredevil streak which made life amusing and nerve-wracking by turn. I have distinct memories of seeing the minute vehicle visibly sinking while we struggled with shovels, or am I dreaming? Life was never dull.



*now the Rampas had some money to have a simple car – such a Heinkel – for 2 passengers – here placed at the beach they often visited acc.to book. Here such a car placed on the sand-beach – from/on a picture found on net, but remark this was **not just their particular** car, which probably was of a different colour.. They also had a row-boat by their rented house near the sea at their time there, she writes.(illustration not from book).*

“It must have been on the sands at Clontarf, this one particular day that comes to mind. We were photographing model ships that day, something we did for a time, making them realistic on film by arranging small locks, placing the models in pools of water simulating the ocean, everything to size. We must have been resting. I can see in my mind's eye a far off image of Chen idly scooping up a handful of sand and letting it trickle through his hand. He had started to call me Buttercup. It amused him to give nicknames, I was to have several during the years we lived together.

"See these tiny grains of sand, Buttercup? Our lives are no more than that, no more significant or important when seen in the real scale of things, and a life is over in the wink of an eye. But - without each tiny insignificant grain of sand there would be no beach."

He dipped his hand in the pool, and let the water run through, drop by drop.

*"When you come to the end of life you'll see it as it is, as no more than a drop in the ocean. When you come to the end you'll see before you in a flash all your life. Perhaps we could call that hell, because we are seldom proud of what we see. We are had judges, you know, when it comes to judging ourselves, and we do judge our selves, we are not judged by a God, as some religions teach. There is no God waiting for you like a benevolent or strict old gentleman, no host of angels, unless it is delusionary, because your religious belief demands such a delusion for a time after death until you are ready for truth. **Your own Overself is your God, the one to whom you pray, and you return to that entity — to your Higher Self or Overself — at***

death, taking back the experience you have gained while living on Earth. You leave your physical body behind just like an old suit of clothes. It served your purpose for that particular life, you have no more need of it."

He sighed, and paused before continuing. "I maintain that life on earth is too hard, it's so hard that it often teaches nothing. Do you realise that a huge proportion of humanity exists in appalling conditions, they long for death, how can they understand that it all has a purpose?" He fell silent, gazing into the distance. I was aware of a surge of concern and empathy emanating from him, but not hopelessness. For him there was always hope. I said nothing. The small boat we had been photographing bobbed and turned in the shallow pool, and I watched it as I tried to assimilate what he had just said. I recall that it was hard then to understand concepts which now are completely obvious. When you can look back and remember, it is only then that you grasp the reason for a long life, the time given to you to progress and find your own truth. Some may reach that point sooner than others, but it seems there is always a little more just beyond one's comprehension. It brings to mind lines by the Argentinian poet, Alejandra Pizarnik...

end extract of this direct from book.

At one time there, Sheelagh came back from a bicycle ride, when a lot of people were gathered outside their house, but she soon found out they were press-men who were seeking more to write on - spinning rumors on the family. She bought a news-paper and read the wild invented things they wrote on them, and then she took a plane to London – intending to clear things up, but soon found out it was little she could do in the situation then.

She also writes that the constant attacks from the press, meant that he could not write 'with heart' after this, -so that only 3.eyeye actually was 'from the heart'.



picture- they also lived near this bridge;
AMBASSADOR BRIDGE – at a time.

She also writes that the constant attacks from the press made him in continuous defence-position, and not able to write from 'the heart' after 3.eyeye was published. They discussed the need to write a book of the process of transmigration or the body-change-over, and in this book from Sheelagh, she writes that the old lady in the house ment the world would not understand this thing. But as we now know, the book (-s) on this *was* written. ([The Rampa-story](#) and '[as it was](#)' /all)

Regarding the books – here also says that only the first 4 was printed in hardcovers, and the rest in soft-covers or paper-backs as also called. And that they all had very good connections to that interested and then, new publisher.

At a time, the house they rented was to be sold, and then they decided to move to Canada. That move happened Christmas 1959, when they moved to Windsor, a small city, Tecumseh, by the lake St. Claire. A man they knew from the time in London, 'Paul' - had found this house for them there. They stayed in that house for only some few months, before they moved to Windsor. Picture below from 1960



They moved a lot, and was a time at Fort Erie. At that time a boy in England made suicide, and a book of Rampa was found by his bed, and when that came out, the press used this to 'blacken him' and his books, which they saw as pure imagination. But this ill writing on him, made the book income to decrease and they had to live on much less money, and result also in similar more cheap and bad food.



Here also mentions a 'temporay' livingplace near the brige leading to Buffalo (see picture below). That living near this border-bridge, made the police often suspected them for helping smugglers and some police-razziaes in their house happened. They sometimes came into the house and harassed them, and took things they had not toll-declarings on. Also the aura-investigation things of Rampa was taken.



Buffalo bridge

She writes that a lot of the books, sold excellent in south- America, as they were all translated into Spanish, (and Portuguese) but 'the Rampa-family' missed any royalties from the book-sale from there. That was probably one of the reasons they accepted an invitation to visit (and move) -to that continent.



Map left; Techumseh where they also lived a short time – it is by the red dot right>

They went by cargo-ship, that also took 12passengers, as they had had bad exp.with taking the cats on plane when they moved to Canada. That happened when the Cuba-crisis went on, and therefore, they were the only passengers on that cargoship.

They were 3 weeks on the voyage, and Rampa dictated a book under this time, but the rec.machine and the tapes was stolen while at a harbour in south-Am.

By Christmas 1961 they came to Buenos-Aires in Argentina, down left. Later to Montevideo, which were planned as their home, below right. Shelagh liked the life there.



There was made a form of studygroup around Rampa there, but it never really fit his/the Rampa's wishes and the situation else. He wrote a book while being there, but he seemingly never felt quite at home there, as just Shelagh did. So after some time/years, they returned to

Canada, in spite of hers resistance. On the return voyage they all 3 had many, good metaphysical talks book mention.

It was when they came back to Canada that he began to use a wheelchair is said in this book. The hotel they stayed in first at coming back, was called Prescott, at Niagara Highway. Next livingstop was in New Brunswick, St.John, a hilly fishing town, before later moving to Montreal, which happened in -68 or in -69. She seemed to be unsure of the exact time for this move. But she remembers they rented a house built for the 1967 World-expo, which was empty when they moved into it.

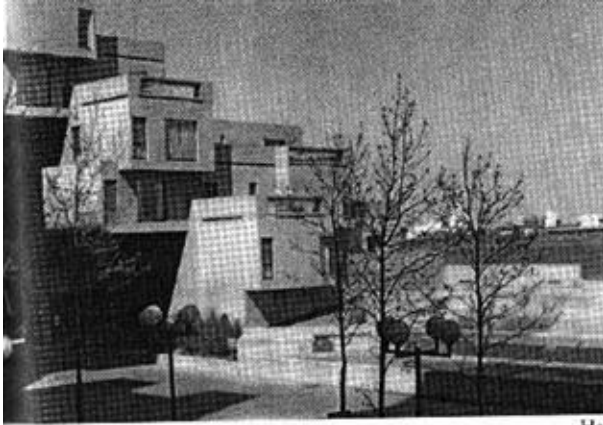


Their flat by the waterway was trafficed by a lot of ships, and R.had a map of shipsigns he compared to those he saw on the ships flags, and thus could see their origin. They all had a good and in some way luxury lifetime there at the Expo67 flats, where he could wheelchair in closed and in winter, warmed pavements. Shelagh accompaied him on his partly long travels in this el-wheelchair she writes – she sometimes on bike. He liked to talk to common people they met. The name of those flats were 'the habitat'.



One of the last moving for the family happened some years later – then to Vancouver and the hotel 'West End' – overlooking the 'english bay'. He had much spinal problems which hold them there for long. When he became some better they moved to Calgary in Alberta, but this time not near the water.

Last in the book she writes on the breaking up of their connection. It happened when Rampa himself suggested she should stay with his wife also after his own death. Shelagh knew this to be impossible for her, as those two women were so different and only by his presence; could it have continued so long.



Hal

This book also say that Lobsang was ‘aries’ - astological. That was the first time I've red any mention on that, and was just a thing I had thought about, but have understood that those initiated – as Rampa was – had a good balance of all the astrological types.

Picture down- above his bed he had this map of the ship-flags, he could compare to what he saw on the passing, sailing ships outside.

Books to read online:

<https://www.lobsangrampa.org/research-material.html>

[listen or download in mp3](#)

