

SPEECH GIVEN BY DON-LI MEI AT THE MEMORIAL SERVICE 24th January 2014

Firstly I would like to thank Master Chung, Lian Yi Fa Shi, Lian Chung Fa Shi and Hon San for travelling from all over the UK and from Germany to offer my father their blessings. As a family we truly appreciate their kindness, devotion and spiritual presence here today.

Realising a man's greatness when that man is your father is not so easy. It reveals itself in fleeting moments of perspective when you are able to step back and see him as a man and not just Dad. You see it reflected in the reaction of people who are captivated by his presence, you hear it in his words when you take away the familiarity of his voice and truly listen, you understand it when you look back at his achievements and positive influence on the world, you feel it when you allow yourself a mindful moment to appreciate his dedicated love and the strength that he has given you. It's strange that I mostly realised my father's greatness when I was not in his presence, when I was talking about him to my friends or when I found myself wanting to imitate him, or during moments of quiet when I could dwell and reflect on our latest discussions. During those moments of realisation I have been filled with an incredible, overflowing warmth of fortune and pride that this great man is my loving and wonderful father.

Ever since that fateful day when my father passed away that powerful warmth has never left my body and I feel as if I literally cannot contain myself with pride and thanks to the universe for giving me such an amazing father. It is a feeling whose brightness casts away the shadow of deep sadness of our loss and I know will be within me always.

My father often lectured on the dialectical nature of truth, that truth lives in contradictions and that reality is never simply one way. He applied it to the concepts of health and medicine and incorporated it into his theories of the link between quantum mechanics and Chinese concepts of duality such as Yin and Yang. He was fascinated and truly a believer in the idea that the only truthful way to look at the world was to accept that there was no singular way, that we exist in a multiverse of mutually dependent contradictions that together created the unarguably beautiful condition that we call life.

I realise that a part of my father's greatness was that he instinctively followed this natural path to harmonious living. He was a man of wonderful contradictions. A man who passionately loved the structured ideas of the Western mind but equally valued the fluidity of Eastern concepts. A shrewd and instinctive businessman who also understood the trappings and ultimate unimportance of wealth. A flamboyant, social extrovert with his colourful cravats and booming voice who also truly revelled in days of pure solitude flicking through books and sipping tea. A man unafraid of informing anyone of his achievements but presenting them with a spirit of openness and inclusivity so as to involve and encourage everyone. A man who cared intensely and compassionately for others but also recognised the fundamental importance of self-fulfilment.

This dualistic nature made my father an unforgettably rich character who could effortlessly thrive and stand out in any situation and within any social circle. It meant that those who met him even for the briefest moment were left with an indelible impression and warm memories of a man like no other who was truly comfortable with himself and who lived in harmony with life.

As a child growing up and educated in the West I would try to pin my father down to singular truth. It became a theme in our relationship throughout our lives together. He would challenge me and sometimes infuriate me by dancing between two seemingly opposite points of view and with a childlike laughter simply say that both are true. We used to engage in this battle of wits on a regular basis and it formed the warmest bond between father and son. It is something that I will greatly miss.

My father was an expansionist, he loved the idea of pushing boundaries, breaking down preconceptions and presenting positive ideas and concepts to as many people as possible. Nothing was more valuable to him than to be inspired and to inspire others. I was privileged enough to work closely alongside my father for the past 17 years and everyday he would always amaze me with his desire to continuously expand the scope of his vision to include more people. To be honest, it was sometimes overwhelming. A typical meeting between us would involve me trying to pull my father back to our agenda of current business but inevitably he would unshackle himself and talk about new plans and fresh ideas. He would call me late at night with his latest

eureka moment, his voice bubbling over with excitement and passion or just pop by my home to discuss ideas over tea. I will forever long for another one of those conversations.

Since my father passed away, I have received hundreds of messages of condolences and the underlying feeling of shock in all these messages is palpable. I think that the shock comes not just from the fact that his death was sudden or that he died far too young, but because my father had such an indomitable strength of character and spirit that it almost seems impossible that he could die. His power as a person was one that was born out of pure positivity and I think everyone that was close to him felt that his energy and vitality was unstoppable and stronger than any weaknesses of the physical body. Perhaps it was simply too much for his body to contain and it has now been set free to influence the world in greater ways.

About 6 months ago, I spoke to my father about his thoughts about death and the afterlife and he said that he simply believed in consciousness - that essential part of the human experience and life in general that science has yet to really explain. He believed that even when the physical body had reached its end, consciousness could never be extinguished and would instead be set free into the multiverse. So I say farewell to my beautiful and loving father and wish him inspiring travels into consciousness. I will forever miss him. I know that his spirit lives on amongst us all and that his vision for a better world is unstoppable because it is a vision of nature and truth with all its contradictions existing in pure, symphonic harmony.