

The Anthology Of Sifu
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The Word Patience?

I'm now the age 12 years old? It meant that I could learn from that day on and it opened my eyes for the first time. I mentioned previously, about my older brother who taught me about boxing. In my mind that was what I wanted to learn and to become good at it.

My uncle asked me "Do you realize that your brother devoted his time and patience for you to learn this skill"? I wondered about this and replied "no". My uncle said "your greed was stronger than your consideration for your own brother's thoughts, did you expect him to teach you there and then"? "Yes" I replied. My uncle continued "So what have you learnt from your brother, boxing? and what have you learnt from you uncle, nothing?" My uncle walked away from me. I went back to punching the bag in the shed. While I was doing this, my brother came into my mind as if to say that I only thought of him when I was hitting the bag. Was my uncle trying to tell me this? I wondered. I stopped hitting the bag and went inside the house to spend time with my mother and uncle. I did not stay inside very long as something told me that they wanted to talk in private.

Did I understand what was being said? It was a very hot day, in the middle of summer. They just wanted to relax and talk to each other, so I went back to hitting the bag. I heard the back door open and my uncle asked if I would like to go with him to see some friends to which I said yes. He did not drive and preferred to walk or catch a train. It was quite peaceful that day with not many cars around. I started to run in front of him and he asked me to slow down as there was no rush and that I must have patience. He would have said this about 5 times during that walk. He was laughing to himself while walking and I could see he was shaking his head. We must have been out for at least 2 hours that afternoon and I was pleased to be with my uncle and I am sure he must have enjoyed my company. He found time to

talk to me again and asked after my brother and if I had heard from him and also asked “how much do you miss him”? Something told me that he was about to ask the same questions as he had asked once before. My reply this time was to be truthful to myself and to my uncle, so I told him that the only time I thought of my brother was when I was hitting the bag and maybe it was very selfish of me to think of my brother only at this time. My uncle smiled as if he was pleased to hear these words from me. Then came the question again “have you learnt anything from you uncle”? I replied “yes”. I also told him that my greed had become my weakness and I had to learn from this, listen and care for people and have patience to show my feelings towards others. My uncle smiled and said “I am pleased to hear these words, it will always remain with you for the rest of your life, it gives meaning as you start your life with wisdom, use this knowledge. I will always remember my uncle’s smile and the special word which meant so much to him Patience.

Within Oneself?

My uncle and I became even closer, spending more time together and not once did I ask him questions about fighting arts. We would talk about anything that came to mind. This was something I had to find out for myself. If he knew about any of the fighting arts, I should not ask, but have the patience to wait until he tells me something about it. One day he was watching me hitting the bag and came up to me and said “you really want to know don’t you”? He knew I did, but he also knew I had learnt to be truthful at all times. I replied “yes’. He then asked if I had read many books on ancient fighting arts throughout China and Japan. I answered that I had read a little but it was more western boxing, from bare fist days to some of the heavyweights. I also mentioned to him a few of the greatest fights of all time, their style, the difference in each fighter, their balance, timing, who I admired, etc etc. Then my uncle said “what about yourself”? I told him without doubt that I liked boxing. To my amazement my uncle said “what about fighting arts of Asia”? I told my uncle that I had read some of these books but with not much interest. He asked me why I was not interested in the forms of Asian fighting and said that I must remember that some of these ancient arts have been around before western civilization and people have died in order to prove themselves as great warriors, having

anticipated and known their own death beforehand when matched against the opponent.

My uncle also told me that when he was a lot younger than myself he was like me, asking questions. His father must have been very wise! My uncle said his father taught him about patience and to listen to someone who is older and much wiser. From that day, I would listen to every word with intensity! I did not even think of the lives of the warriors and how they died so long ago. However, I still wanted to know more about my uncle's background and to hear more about his father. But then again, was this WITHIN ONESELF?, to ask so many questions from my uncle?

WHO ARE YOU?

I was about to find out how important this was for me. In order to learn from my uncle's teachings, I asked my uncle how old he was when his father began teaching him. My uncle said he was a lot younger than me. His father told him about being in touch with mother earth and the harmony of god's creatures and to understand how all forms of martial arts became the learning tools. He spoke so openly about his father.. I can now understand what it meant to my uncle to speak about his father. It opened my eyes to read more books on all forms of Asian fighting throughout the world. I started to notice a change in myself over the years. In 1965, at 15 years of age, I began to find out for myself the question...WHO ARE YOU? my uncle was no longer with us I stayed home looked after my mother and sister.

I grew up fast after my uncle's passing... always in fights helping others there where a lot of gangs in street fighting
If you did not become part of a gang in those days you could'nt live in that street... I never became part this.
I was challenged to fight the leader... they never bothered me again... and I thought for a moment in time.
And looked up to the sky and thought of my uncle....

My Philosophy in life: The Wandering Mind?

Meaning: Nothing is permanent in this life while you can think !

This journey has taken me on this path to wisdom and understanding.

It is for all of you to travel this path while you are young, be honest with others as you would be with yourselves.

-----To all Parents and Students -----

My Dedication to my Uncle & Brother

This will be my last brief entry to this article which I have written here. It has been important for me to do this, some will understand others will not. I have been asked to write a book on my life but it has been too painful for me. I think back to my uncle and his teachings and his support in helping my mother throughout his years. I look back sometimes and listen to his voice in my head. Something tells me he would be proud of me and the knowledge I have given to others throughout my philosophy on life itself. As for my brother, I cannot answer for his actions. My uncle has been at peace for a long time now. God Bless Him. If there comes a time in my life to ever write this book, I will hear from my uncle again.

***All Take Care....
Sifu... Colin Dunn.***