



# Plum Mountain News

Dear members and friends,

It has been an incredible journey since I last wrote this column. I made my [second trip to Poland](#) investigating the nature of holocausts and delving into the deepest shadows of the human condition. This quarter I've felt emotionally distressed by a couple events related to old Zen history. Moreover, two weekends ago, I spent a couple intense days further exploring my own early abuse history. I continue to be severely disappointed by many of my [Zen teacher compatriots](#) who seem to me to have their [heads in the sand](#). I've been saddened by the death of two teachers, [Myogen Steve Stucky](#) and [Susan Jion Postal](#), who represented the best of what Zen training can offer. I've led two Rohatsu Sesshins, one at Camp Indianola and the other in Allentown Pennsylvania. I talked with Governor Inslee about [abolishing this state's death penalty](#). I've had the great pleasure of passing on many of my apartment manger duties to our new Zen residents Daitetsu and Kojun. I've worked many hours with MRJ, our wonderful zendo contractors, to discern and solve what's behind the floorboards separating in the zendo and the recurrent flooding near the laundry room during heavy rains. Thankfully, at this point in time, it looks as though both issues have been resolved. As I write, the snow is melting and the ice is dissolving; where will our practice be in five years? I sense a great flowering is upon us.

Rohatsu at Camp Indianola was small in numbers but incredibly powerful. It renewed my faith in our form of intense Rinzai Zen training. Scott Ishin Stolnack was our Dai Tenzo (Chief Cook) and sacrificed much to serve all of us. John Daikan Green served as Shika (host/manager), and I always



WA Rohatsu Sesshin Participants

knew everything that needed to be done would be done in a timely fashion. Rev. Daitetsu Hull was our Jikijitsu (Time Keeper). Ralph Muzan Leach and Mark Rinzan Pechovnik served as Jisha (Tea Servers) and kept us all well nurtured. Carolyn Josen Stevens was the Densu (Chant Leader) and Tom Shodo DeGroot was my Inji (abbot attendant), both received Brown Rakusos' and were named "Sensei" at the end of Rohatsu for their long dedication and service to this practice and sangha. With leadership like this serving in all the posts, it is not surprising at all that collectively we could delve deeply into our true nature. Some of my own insights are shared later in this issue through the transcription of Rohatsu's fifth day Teisho; I hope you find it a good read.



PA Rohatsu Sesshin Participants

My second Rohatsu was with Rev. Joriki Baker and his crew at [Blue Mountain Zendo](#). Rev. Zoho Wilson served as Dai Tenzo. Several Dharma/Aikido friends joined us. It was cold outside. One morning we did before dawn kinhin (walking meditation) in the snow with the temperature in single digits. At the conclusion of sesshin, I [affirmed Joriki as an Osho](#) (full temple priest) in our lineage. Joriki long trained at the Zen Studies Society with several teachers,

and it is a kind of coming home for both of us to join together forming a broad combined sangha that spans this nation.

Just after Chobo-Ji's Rohatsu our sangha once again hosted Rev. Claude Anshin Thomas and his colleague Kenshin. Anshin is a Vietnam vet who has made it his life work



to transform arms into plowshares, and our inner violence against others and ourselves into peace and reconciliation. I love sharing time with them both and will be going to Kenshin's ordination in Florida this spring. Our New Year's day celebration and potluck was once more a lovely time to chant, ring in the new year and share in the joy and richness of our sangha members; so too at our Toya party (day to break rules – this year held Jan. 4th), where we got to explore the comic talents of our sangha. I am blessed to be

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Shinke Demonstrates Zen Sailing

practicing with such talented, diverse, joyous heart/minds.

We have lots of great offerings coming up soon. I'll be teaching at Zen West (Victoria, BC) next weekend, Feb. 14-16. There will be a Post Training workshop open to everyone here in Seattle this Saturday, after morning zazen, Feb. 15<sup>th</sup>. We will celebrate Genki Roshi's 1<sup>st</sup> anniversary memorial at a special Sunday morning service Feb. 23<sup>rd</sup>. Long time sangha member, John Daikan Green will be sharing his association with Zen practice Sunday March 2<sup>nd</sup>. Roshi Bernie Glassman, head of the Zen Peacemakers, will be here in Seattle, March 7-9. He will have time to share an informal tea with us beginning at about 4:15PM in



the lounge. Bernie will be giving a workshop, "Living a Life that Matters," March 8<sup>th</sup>, at Seattle First Baptist. When purchasing [tickets](#) be sure to use the promotion code SRZT so that Chobo-Ji will receive its share of the proceeds. Chobo-Ji's Spring Training Intensive starts with our mini-sesshin March 9<sup>th</sup>. Spring Sesshin runs from March 21-28. And looking a bit further ahead, Carolyn and I will be going to a Bearing Witness Retreat in Rwanda, April 11-20, and our next three-day Odayaka Sesshin will be held May 23-29. That's a lot; these and other events will be announced regularly through our weekly

email bulletin. Please let me know if you are not already on this list and want to be.

In this issue we are sharing a slew of great offerings. Zenka gives us a summary of our Second Anniversary Council, held last October, examining the future of practice at Chobo-Ji. She also shares with us her experience exploring the practice of Lojong from a Zen perspective. Seishun gives us a board update with an announcement about our upcoming Annual Meeting to elect the Board. Genko Ni-Osho shares her column on Practice. Sangha member Larry Palmer shares with us his thoughts about the passing of a dear friend; and, long time Chobo-Ji supporter, William Wittmann shares a piece on "Zen Stories." You also will find a flyer about our extended eight-week Intro to Zen practice series, and a listing of new temple post assignments that start March 1<sup>st</sup>. May these offerings cultivate awareness of your own deep nature. Midwinter is past; soon spring will be upon us.

With gassho,

Genjo

## Board Report

**Finances:** The Board is pleased to report that Chobo-Ji finished the year with the budget passed in April 2013. At our January meeting, we passed a budget for 2014 which includes budgets for each of our committees (Building, Program and Practice, Sangha Relations and Ethics and Reconciliation) to carry out their work.

As part of our budget discussions, we also decided to continue supporting Genki's widow at the current monthly amount indefinitely into the future, depending on her needs and assuming our continuing positive financial condition.

Finally, we voted to move the Abbot's retirement account from TIAA-CREF to Charles Schwab and to allow Genjo Osho and his wife Josen to be signers on the account. This move allows Genjo and Josen to tend actively to their retirement funds.

**Committee Work:** As is summarized in this issue, the Sangha Relations Committee shepherded an all-Sangha dialogue in October. The Committee has forwarded to the Board a set of recommendations to support Sangha members more effectively, based on the results of this dialogue (and follow-up survey).

The Program and Practice Committee continues to experiment with innovations to our Zazen and Services offerings. Saturday Zazen's new starting time (7 a.m.) seems to be working well. We will be holding our second Sunday service from 9 a.m. – noon on February 23, 2014.

The Board selected a Nominating Committee at its November meeting (Scott Ishin Stolnack, Steve Ganko Hansen, and Dee Seishun Endelman) to find candidates to step into the Board spot that will be vacated in April by Tom Shodo DeGroot. We thank Shodo for his great efforts over the years; we'll miss his wisdom at the Board meetings; and he can count on being called often for advice and assistance ☺.

**Annual Meeting:** There will be an Annual Meeting on April 6, 2014, after Mini Sesshin and a 11:30 Sangha Potluck. We urge all Sangha members to attend at least the first part of this meeting to elect the Board for April 2014-April 2015.

## Training in Compassion

by Sally Zenka Metcalf

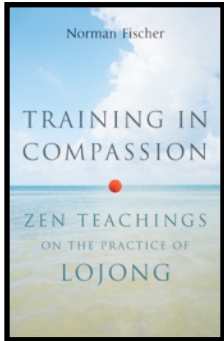
As you've read in past newsletter reports from your Sangha Relations Committee (SRC), we're putting into motion ways to support sangha members in need. We've borrowed a lot from the Quaker Membership Committee, such as forming Care Committees to help members facing major illnesses. If you need assistance, please let us know.

As a member of our SRC, I feel unsettled about my limited skill with assisting people who face challenges. In the Fall, Genko Ni Osho gave one of her great Sunday night dharma talks about Lojong, the Tibetan system of fostering mature compassion. This training allows us to become truly



helpful to each other, rather than acting from ego entanglement when we attempt to assist.

One book Osho referred to in her talk was *Training in Compassion: Zen Teaching on the Practice of Lojong* by Norman Fischer.



It covers the fifty-nine slogans a student meditates upon, and practices in daily life, to cultivate compassion. To my delight this book was the reading assignment for Chobo-Ji's Autumn Intensive. On fire about making the most of this study, I

asked Genjo Osho if he and I could temporarily set aside the Hekiganroku in dokusan and use the Lojong slogans, koan-style. This focus has kindled fresh awakenings.

Lojong begins with the directive, Train in the Preliminaries. This "is the process of looking honestly at your life and making a firm decision to embark on a disciplined spiritual path" such as zazen. In the Tibetan tradition, this involves deeply considering four key reflections: 1) The rarity and preciousness of human life, 2) the inevitability of death, 3) the awesome and indelible power of our actions, and finally 4) the inescapability of suffering.

In our rousing Fall book group discussion on *Training in Compassion*, I mentioned growing up with two alcoholics and the concomitant craziness of our family. This subject was up for me because zazen practice unerringly seats me on the deeply-piled kindling of my inner craziness, and relentlessly tosses in lit matches until the craziness ignites and thoroughly combusts. Lojong practice with Genjo Osho turned out to have this same incendiary effect.

In my youth and early adult life, family-of-origin dysfunction hung like a heavy smokescreen over my mind. In the ensuing forty-five years, a lot of good inner work has lightened the haze considerably, but do we ever completely clear? Even at my sixty-five years of age a disparaging internal parental voice will zap through my nervous

system, as potent and toxic as second-hand smoke.

Children develop questionable coping mechanisms to protect themselves from suffering in dysfunctional families. One of mine was invisibility. It wasn't a conscious choice, but rather a subliminal discovery, fraught with hope, that to be largely unseen by my parents was safer, saner, happier. There are two sides to every coping mechanism. Parents who aren't sober are self-absorbed and therefore fairly blind to others, especially their children. So, over time, my childhood invisibility became more like an identity than a safety tool. Identifying it as me obscured it from me until recent years, when good friends pointed out that I sometimes don't answer emails or phone calls; and they demanded to know why. Honestly, I didn't think anyone would notice!

Now we arrive at the slogan: *The awesome and indelible power of our actions*. Unconsciously living behind the smokescreen of invisibility flies in the face of that admonition.

I'm beginning to return calls more consistently and I'm learning to catch myself when slipping into a self-obscuring haze. As is so often the case with koans, moments from my past are revealed more clearly and woven into present healing.

Some years ago I lived on a quiet island waterfront. On summer afternoons, breezes ceased and the still water perfectly reflected fir trees, clouds, and birds. I stood sunning myself on the shore one day, tempted by the silken water. Lifting my skirts a bit, I carefully slipped my toes through the surface so as not to disturb. My feet settled into warm sand. Silt fountained between toes to settle on sensitive skin.

For some time I stood, deeply breathing in beauty. Then, I noticed tiny ripples about fifty feet away. Was it a fish or an otter beneath the surface? I watched expectantly, but the ripples moved outward in a slow arc with me at the center. My feet quietly slipping into the water were the cause.

Then, it was as if I became those subtle ripples, languidly traveling along the harbor and out into the Sound, all the way to the

Straits and out to sea, slowly crossing the vast Pacific, then passing from ocean to ocean, all around the Earth! How far-reaching even the subtlest footstep is! This is the imprint of the awesome and indelible power of our actions. Then, I heard a quiet voice within say, "So, mind your steps, Sal, and follow me."

## Spring Intensive

Two outstanding Chobo-Ji offerings few people are take advantage of are the Spring and Fall Intensives. An intensive covers roughly the same time frame of the traditional temple kessei period, beginning with the first sesshin for that season and ending with the second. It's a time for concentrated study and practice. Chobo-Ji participants receive dokusan twice weekly between sesshins. Zenka says, "I'm deeply grateful for how supportive regularly doing the intensives are to my practice and highly recommend them."

Chobo-Ji's Spring Intensive will start March 9<sup>th</sup> with mini-sesshin, and conclude on June 27<sup>th</sup>. The purpose of the intensive is to give students the maximum opportunity to release entanglements by giving one's self to the Dharma.

To participate one must commit to:

- 1) ZAZEN: Five hours of zazen per week, most, if not all, mini-sesshins, and attend two weeklong sesshins full-time (or nearly full-time) during the intensive. This is the most important ingredient of the intensive.
- 2) Do a minimum of five hours of samu (working meditation - gardening or cleaning) per week. Most of these hours can be in your own home, garden or community, but at least one should be at the temple.
- 3) Read [\*Training in Compassion: Zen Teachings on the Practice of Lojong\*](#). Also, attend the one scheduled session of the Book Study Group on June 7<sup>th</sup>, 9-11AM.
- 4) Come to Dokusan at least once a week, or if travel interferes, try and schedule a Skype video call with Genjo Osho.

# Anniversary Council

## Summary

by Sally Zenka Metcalf

**T**wenty-plus sangha members gave responses to six questions about community in a Council held during Chobo-Ji's Second Anniversary Celebration on September 6<sup>th</sup>, 2013. The following is a summary of the responses and resulting recommendations to Chobo-Ji's Board of Directors.

### Sangha Support at Chobo-Ji

It was felt that Chobo-Ji needs to do a little of everything on the continuum from support of our members, to support for sangha families, to offering support to the larger sangha of our community and the world. To do this, we must keep zazen at the heart of our community. When we do, we sit in the unconditional, so that when we help each other and help the world, we feel more whole and interact with everyone in our lives in a more positive way.

Our membership now embraces people from across the state and the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. Let's make room for all these practitioners to support Chobo-Ji in their own way. Those who sit here hold the space for those who can't show up that day. We're sitting for everyone. The hope is that whatever zazen brings to each of us will manifest in whatever service to the community seems natural.

### Families and Children

For the parents among us, it was strongly felt that our children are our practice. Children live in the space that we are trying to get to in zazen. They have much to offer us, as well as what we offer them.

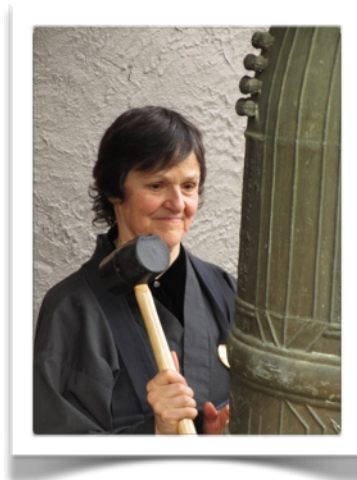
Could Chobo-Ji offer childcare for potlucks, and perhaps sats, so parents can attend? Could we schedule sats more conveniently for childcare? Perhaps childcare could be sesshin samu. Might children like to do samu here along with their parents? Could the temple offer family activities that embrace children such as: Movie nights, speakers, camp outs, youth programs, speakers. Or could we offer

a service such as a homework club to neighborhood children, or introduce children to sitting? Could we investigate what other zen groups are doing for their families and children, and even partner with nearby groups? Could we work together with other sanghas to create family programs? Separately, we may not have the numbers to support a program, but together we might.

Could we offer meditation and/or mindfulness training to children in schools? Mindfulness training in public schools in other parts of the country has proven to be very helpful to children, teachers, and the schools.

### Socially-engaged Buddhism

Already sangha members are active as individuals in socially-engaged Buddhism. They feel it has fulfilled and enriched their practice. They volunteer



at Bailey-Bouchet House, do prison outreach; they're building a neighborhood emergency-preparedness group, and helping homeless teens complete their GED so they can go on to college, and more. We need a framework for socially-engaged action. It would be good for the board to wrestle with to what degree we support individual/group efforts in this arena. For example, does Chobo-Ji want to adopt a signature project; if so, what, why, and how?

With all the activities listed above, it's important to let the sangha know what's going on through our newsletters and website so they can be part of the

initiatives that speak to them. Let's leave room for new initiatives, too.

It's crucial that our central mission of making Zen practice available not be diluted. Taking on socially-engaged projects needs to be done with care and consideration.

A risk of talking about doing something "outside" the zendo is we aren't thinking of it in the correct context. It's essential not to let this outreach activity become what we are. It's the practice that we do and are. Everything else follows from it.

## New Posts

Beginning March 1st

Steve Ganko Hanson:  
**Shika** (Host - Manager)

Dee Seishun Endelman:  
**Dai-Tenzo** (Chief Cook for Sesshins)

Mike Daiun Urban:  
**Jikijitsu** (Timekeeper)

Scott Ishin Stalnack:  
**Jikijitsu Assistant**

Daitetsu Hull:  
**Densu** (Chant Leader)

Edwin Kyosei Beatty:  
**Densu Assistant**

Lynn Hernandez:  
**Jisha** (Serves tea and takes care of zendo)

Mark Rinzan Pechovnik:  
**Jisha Assistant**

John Daikan Green:  
**Inji** (Abbot Assistant)

Carolyn Josen Stevens:  
**Fusu** (Accountant)

Tobin Fudo Youngs &  
Steve Ganko Hanson &  
Sally Zenka Metcalf &  
Rick Muken Proctor:  
**Introductory Zazen**

# The Book of Rinzai

## Anroku Chapter 22

Fifth Day Rohatsu Sesshin, 2013

The Master's name was Gigen. He was from Naka of So State in China. As a child, he was extremely bright. When he grew older, he was famous for his filial piety. After shaving his head and receiving the full precepts, he stayed at the monasteries of the sutra study school, and he studied the Vinaya (precepts) and the shastras (commentaries) deeply and extensively. One day he said with a sigh, "These are merely prescriptions of medicine to treat the world. They are not the principles of direct transmission outside the scriptures." He then changed his robe and began his pilgrimage. First, he practiced under Obaku's guidance. Then, he visited Daigu. The words uttered during these encounters have been recorded in Anroku (Record of Pilgrimages).

After receiving transmission from Obaku, the Master went to the southeast corner of the walled capital of Chin State in Kahoku (north of the river) and became the abbot of a small temple on the bank of the Koda River. The name of the temple, Rinzaï (Overlooking the Ford) refers to this geographical location. By the time Rinzaï arrived, Fuke was already there. Fuke, who pretended to be a lunatic, was well received by the townspeople. No one could discern whether he was a sage or an ordinary man. When the Master got there, Fuke supported his Dharma activities. When the Master's teaching flourished, Fuke vanished, body and all. This was in accord with the predictions made by Kyozan, "the little Shakya".

A war began. The Master relinquished his temple. The Great Marshal Moku Kun Wa, who had a house inside the wall, donated it and made it into a temple, continuing to use the name "Rinzaï". He then invited the Master to stay there. With a flourish of his robe, the Master went south to Ka Prefecture. The Governor of the Prefecture, O Jo Ji, welcomed him as his own master. After staying there for a short while, the Master went to Koke temple in Daimin Prefecture and lived in the eastern hall.

One day, he adjusted his robe and sat regally. Although he was not ill, after his dialogue with Sansho was over, he quietly

departed. It was on the tenth day of the first month of Spring, in the eighth year of Kantzu—the Year of the Boar—in the Tang Dynasty (867 CE).

After Rinzaï studied with the Sutra School he realized that, "These are merely prescriptions of medicine to treat the world. They are not the principles of direct transmission outside the scriptures." He later goes on to explain that "direct transmission" comes through "true insight;" these terms are nearly synonymous. When we have insight arising from the depths of our true nature, it's a direct transmission of the wisdom that transcends schools, methods, Buddhas and sages, cultures, gender, age, egos, even species identity. The Rinzaï School of Zen is known as the school of true insight. As I see it, our school concentrates on investigating "What is this?" and "Who's asking?", bringing whatever insight is gained into our daily life through direct, mindful, compassionate actions. Our practice also makes a habit of transforming our own difficult personal history, shortcomings, limitations, regrets, delusions, and attachments into fertile compost. In other words, we tend to spend a lot of time on the cushion composting our shit. Therefore, I think of our Zen practice as the school of composting and true insight. In fact, compost is great soil from which true insight can spring. The better the compost, the more likely there is to be deep insight.



If we liken Buddhism to a university system, then perhaps we could think of Mahayana Buddhism as the College of Arts and Sciences. Because I so like physics, let's think of Zen as the Department of Physics. Within the physics department, there are sub-departments of Quantum Physics and Astrophysics, let's say these correspond to the Compost and True Insight sub-departments of Rinzaï Zen. However, American Zen practice is waking up to the fact that there are some serious disadvantages to being a subspecialty within a department within a school. Zen practice, as it has come down to us, hasn't

been very good at providing a well-rounded liberal arts education in Buddhism. This doesn't mean that I don't think our subspecialty has a lot to offer. And this Rohatsu Sesshin has given me restored faith in this fact!

There are a number of people in this room who are doing really good composting. The frame set by Rohatsu Sesshin is a great place to compost. And there are others — not necessarily the same — who are having some deep insights and breakthroughs, seeing their own nature much more clearly. One person, for example, said that last night's Rohatsu Exhortation really clicked for some reason. Not that this practitioner hadn't heard similar things many times before but Hakuin Ekaku Zenji's Rohatsu Exhortations —which are part of the form of this practice— somehow got through in a new way and became a catalyst for deep samadhi (harmony with our surroundings and activities). And I loved that in Dokusan this person told me that finding deep samadhi was a little like learning how to ride a bike. He remembered as a little kid he had felt such freedom when he found his balance. We're riding up and down the street, going faster than we ever did before, and it's almost like flying! Quickly our confidence builds and soon we are ready to take off and fly all over the place! A whole new world opens up, and it's so exciting! That kind of enthusiasm was coming up for this person and I totally could identify with it. Of course, anyone who has encountered deep samadhi can totally identify with this feeling. One has to find it for themselves, nobody can *teach* it to us. The "teacher" and the form can create a safe frame in which we can learn to ride, but no one can teach you how to ride, you must find your own balance and rootedness. We can say, "Hold your posture like this. Alright, pedal, sit, breathe and listen, okay." We can hold on to the back of your bike a little while (laughter) but soon a good teacher will let go, knowing nobody can actually teach you how to ride the cushion, let alone how to ride this life and death journey. We all have to learn it for ourselves.

Zazen samadhi *has* to start on your zafu, it has to start right where we are; it can't be found someplace else. We need to find the balance, rhythm and the groove right here in this room until we feel seamless with the

*Continued on next page...*



floor, ceiling and walls. In samadhi we feel joined without barriers to the other people in the room and realize that we are all plugged in together whether we are aware of it or not! Where we are is where samadhi has to start. It can't start anywhere else. The same person who said to me they had just learned how to ride the cushion said, "As I became seamless it was as if the walls of the room fell away and my mind expanded down *into* Puget Sound!" Oh, that's great! I love it! That I can have some part of holding the frame where someone became so seamless with their extended surroundings that they go down *into* Puget Sound leaves me absolutely tickled and delighted. This person's mind not only expanded down to the shore, but also was able to swim with the blue heron, orcas and octopus. This practitioner went on to say, "I got a little scared, so I sat in just the zendo again." That's a really good idea! No sense expanding beyond your confidence level, but, on the other hand, do stretch your samadhi to allow your awareness to include larger and larger geography and dimensions. When we're just learning how infinitely large "our" mind really is, it's important to keep directing our mind's eye back to the zendo and the here and now. If we don't feel rooted in the here and now, we are lost in a dream. On the other hand, when we do feel totally rooted in the zendo then we are free to allow *this* mind to roam over the entire universe and beyond! If you want to spend time in Puget Sound, or flying around Mars, enjoy! Once in a while I get a glimpse of the whole flowering of this universe, and I imagine seeing some sort of tree or funnel of multi-universes, but I have no idea who or where the observer is or what it is or all means. From this view all these questions melt away and become nearly superfluous. The limit to how far we can fly is equal to our imagination.

Does the capacity to fly this far out make us a better people? Nope. Does it make us a freer person? It does, because it gives us the freedom to know that we are not limited to our conceptual sense of a self. There's nothing wrong with having a conceptual sense of self, in fact not to have an idea of self can be very disturbing and even lead to a psychotic break. On the other hand, to be stuck in our conceptual sense of self can be a real hell realm. This ability to fly over or swim under Puget Sound, doesn't make us a better person, but it does allow us to realize how free we all really are. We do feel more light-hearted, and much less frightened

about our human condition, and therefore more magnanimous towards others as we begin to comprehend that everyone and everything is an extension of our deepest "self." It is unquestionably freeing not to be bounded by our thoughts, feelings, sensations and sense of personal identity.

The same person said to me, "I didn't fully realize that I was not my thoughts, feelings and sensations. My concept of self said that my thoughts, feelings and sensations were me. But when I entered deep samadhi, I realized that by letting go of my thoughts, feelings and sensations as they came up, that there was something—or someone—who was observing *this*, and it was a little scary. Who the hell was *that*?" And indeed the koan is who is *that*? The Rinzhai School says that it is the True Person Beyond Rank (or post or attachment) to ego identity. This True Person is at the depth of every one of us. When we realize that we are so much more than our thoughts, feelings and sensations, then we have our first glimpse of "Big Mind," which is synonymous with "Boundless Mind" or "No Mind."

I said to this person, "Now that you know this much, you will soon realize that there are limits to how far your mind can fly. The limits are as follows: you can fly all the way to the depth where it's black beyond black, and bottomless. There's no way to penetrate this infinite depth, we can only say it's unknowable. Going the other direction, you can fly so far out in space that you can embrace this whole Universe; I call this the Tathagata's view. But that's also a limit because all of a sudden, you're in, well, where the hell is that? No knowing, infinite beyond infinite. And everything in between is *This*." When we're in deep samadhi, we can find the freedom to fly to these two poles, and we come to that same vastness that has no beginning, no end, no bottom, no knowing. When we learned how to ride a bike, we felt freer in the world. When we learned how to drive a car, we felt freer. When I learned how to fly an airplane, I felt freer. However, there's nothing to compare to how free I feel when flying out to these poles. Nothing compares! Is the Zen school the only way to get at this experience? Absolutely not. Is it one way to get at it? Yes. Does it make you a better person? Not really, but because we feel freer, we are ready to give of ourselves freely.

Our Rinzhai School of Zen is wondrous, but also has become limited and narrow. It's a fantastic graduate program for composting our karma and cultivating true insight through deep samadhi. It does give rise to a wide transcendent view and a great sense of freedom. Moreover, it is our intention to extend samadhi mind to activities outside this room. However, we mustn't forget that our school is only a sub-department of Physics inside the School of Arts and Sciences (Buddhism) and, unless we are able to utilize our efforts to actualize our Great Bodhisattva Vow into daily life and social engagement, we will become an insular ineffectual, limited, narrow club of zenists.

For example, to the extent that I learn to be in samadhi in my practice as a psychotherapist, which is how I make my living, and not burn out while listening to my clients, then I am bringing my practice out of the clubhouse. I imagine that when Shodo, who is a bus driver, brings his samadhi practice into his work, that's very good for him and his riders. If you're a gardener and you bring samadhi into gardening, great! Are you able to bring your samadhi and broad perspective into your vocation? Are you able to bring the fruits of practice into family life, social encounters and the political arena? Our current form of Zen practice doesn't have any postgraduate education. We just send you out and hope you implement what you have discovered. At the end of Rohatsu Sesshin we say, "Good bye, see you next year." We do offer small booster shots, in the form of our daily zazen offerings. I think daily zazen is a little like taking a daily dose of baby aspirin, a sesshin like Rohatsu is more like major surgery on our karmic baggage and ego attachments.

Our practice is all about composting our karmic baggage and ego attachments, while at the same time learning how to fly beyond our narrow sense of self through deep samadhi. As I have said, at the moment, our practice doesn't have any sort of postgraduate studies. In this light, we have been bouncing around the idea of what kind of postgraduate study Chobo-Ji might offer. For example, there's this new organization forming called [Patacara Community Services](#), where I'm participating as a Board member, that is trying to organize direct service to disenfranchised neighbors based on Buddhist principles. I'm participating for

my own health and wellbeing, to cultivate yet another way to bring the gifts of this practice out into the real world. Does that mean that I think everyone should join in this work? No, but it might be interesting for our temple to be associated in some way, so that we can put forth one possible “postgraduate” offering directly implementing our Great Vow. Sangha members can join in or not, but this would allow the temple to offer at least one neighborhood service outside of the zendo. There’s another group called the [Faith Action Network](#) that does social action, such as supporting mandatory background checks for firearm sales and efforts to stop human trafficking. Social action could be another kind of postgraduate education that would also fulfill our Great Vow outside of the clubhouse of the zendo. No one need join these outside endeavors, but don’t you think it is good to have a couple of example offerings? American Zen practice today, for the most part, does not offer “postgraduate studies.” I think it should. We need to offer some examples of how we can bring our Great Vow off the cushion and into the wider community.

There is a much bigger lack in American Zen that I’m aware of. It concerns the lack of organized study of the basics. Rinzhai studied long and hard at the Sutra Study School before he was able to lay it down and let it go. Zen practice today is a little like going to graduate school before undergraduate school! For the most part, we barely give lip service to undergraduate basics of Buddhism. Mostly today’s Zen practice represents one or two sub-departments in a graduate school. Where do we study the Four Noble Truths or the Precepts? I did study these subjects in one undergraduate course at UCLA, which admittedly isn’t much, but where do Chobo-Ji sangha members study these subjects? Even though we take the Precepts in Jukai (Precept Ceremony) and we repeat them from time to time, there’s little opportunity to study and digest them! Genko Ni-Osho recently gave a offering on the Precepts in our study book group. By the way, I think of Genko Ni-Osho as an Associate Professor, and she has been helping us as a group by picking books that give us some undergraduate education in Buddhism. Zen is only a sub-department of Buddhism; Buddhism has much more to offer.

Even here at Rohatsu we’re not studying the Four Great Vows, though we say them several times each day. And we barely mention the Four Noble Truths, but only to negate them on an absolute level, each time we chant the Heart Sutra. On the other hand, with sufficient study there’s nothing wrong with getting to exactly the same place as Rinzhai when he says, “These are merely prescriptions for medicine to treat the world”—right! But before he transcended these instructions, he fully investigated and digested them. At least in Japanese Zen training, it is my understanding that all monks must have at least two years of undergraduate education in Buddhism. Here in America Zen practice doesn’t offer an undergraduate education.

Currently, we have no way to transcend the Precepts, Great Vows and Four Noble Truths because we’ve barely tasted them! This is a great shortcoming, in my opinion, but that’s not all. For example, professors are subject to rules of conduct and serve at the pleasure of a Board of Trustees. Chobo-Ji has a pretty good Board of Trustees, but in many ways they are still learning how to take responsibility for the collective health of the sangha. More often, boards of trustees in Zen centers have been more like an alumni group or boosters club. The board of the Zen Studies Society was, for most of the life of the organization, just like this. They took responsibility for raising some money, praising the school, and teacher, and that’s about it. The Chobo-Ji board is doing much better than this, and I think is making great progress but more work needs to be done. Ishin, our Tenzo (Chief Cook), is also Vice President of our Board and will likely soon be President; I know he will do a great job. The board must not only manage the finances, but also be responsible for the overall health and well-being of the sangha. It must be clear to everyone that the Chobo-Ji board is not *my* board. I and other Chobo-Ji ordained serve the sangha at the pleasure of the Board and are accountable to standards of behavior set by the board.

As we well know, even in strong school systems people get in serious ethical trouble. Just recall the scandal around coach Jerry Sandusky at Pennsylvania State. Well-established Boards of Trustees have trouble with their professors, and have demonstrated they can’t hold them in check, even when they know they’re going astray.

This is especially true when the coach or professor is particularly popular or successful. In other words, a Board of Trustees is not enough! And that’s where Daitetsu comes in! Daitetsu and others are working towards a National Certifying Board of Ethical Standards for a soon to be launched pan-Buddhists organization. Organizations or teachers associated with the new association will be held accountable to agreed upon standards of behavior and when necessary accept appropriate redemptive steps. This new national organization will act as a kind of clearing house, much as regional Accreditation Boards today oversee colleges.

I do feel hopeful. Genko Ni-Osho is working on undergraduate offerings, Ishin, Seishun and others are working at the Board level, and DT and others are working on national accreditation. Will these efforts solve all our problems? No, but it will help! It will help a lot!

In addition, Chobo-Ji has some new Adjunct Professors with Brown Rakus! By the way, this educational metaphor just came to me in our last sit! (laughter) Daiki was our first Adjunct Professor (Brown Rakusu – Sensei) who has led Introductory Zen, teaches, “Leave no Trace” and specializes in Genki-ology. He’s not on the priest/tenure track, but nonetheless he’s a big asset to our small department. Both Shodo and Josen will be given their Brown Rakusu at the conclusion of this sesshin. I will purchase and gift any Chobo-Ji sangha member who has done at least 40 weeklong sesshins a Brown Rakusu and certificate that proclaims you to be a Sensei (lay teacher). It may seem a bit nepotistic for me to give Josen, my spouse, a Brown Rakusu, but she’s done over 80 sesshins and has

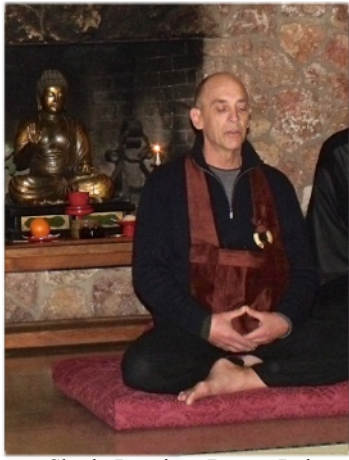


Josen Receives Brown Rakusu

*Continued on next page...*



long served our community as our adjunct professor of Finances. And I think of Shodo, as our adjunct professor of Social Communion. The reason we go to coffee every morning is because of Shodo's



Shodo Receives Brown Rakusu

powerful spell. He's an introvert like I am, so I'm not sure how he manages this magic, but he's the social glue that somehow holds our group together. This spring Rinzan is going to be ordained as an *unsui* (Zen priest in training), so right now he's a Teaching Assistant! Eshu who's got his own students and monks has just recently been named a tenured professor (Osho – Full Temple Priest), and early next year Joriki will also be named Osho. As head of this sub-department on this Seattle campus, I guess this makes me the sub-department Chair, and when Genki Roshi was still alive this time last year, he was our Professor Emeritus.

Chobo-Ji is great example of a very functional sub-department, but we can and will extend our offerings to connect us in a more well-rounded way to the University of Buddhism. I believe that our temple will help lead the way to a broader, safer, saner way to train and practice in our world and culture, with significant checks and balances. Will checks do away with all problems? Absolutely not! Will our efforts allow our graduate school of Buddhist education to excel? I hope so. Is there a lot more work to be done? Yes. In fact, there is the remainder of this Rohatsu Sesshin to compost and to learn how to fly.

With gassho,

Genjo

## Closing Incense Poem

Seattle Rohatsu Sesshin, 2013

*Dawn reveals the Shining Path.*

*Two eagles circle over Puget Sound.*

*Who feels the clear Hara spring?*

*The good earth is witness.*

## Thoughts on Practice

by Genko Ni-Osho

Since Taishin and I just returned from Cambodia, I'm still basking in memories of hot, humid sunny days, and the pungency of heavy tropical flowers and fruits mixed with ripening garbage, motorbike fumes, and spices. How wonderful to look out through the bamboo shading our window at orange-robed monks collecting alms while we ate our breakfast! There are temples everywhere in Cambodia, and it is a joy to be in an environment that is so deeply Buddhist, to be greeted by everyone with hands in gassho.

Cambodia is a very poor country still, strikingly so. There are many opportunities to offer assistance to the Cambodian people, so many that it can seem overwhelming at times. The orphanage that Taishin has been visiting for three years now is an example. Many of the children who end up in Cambodian orphanages are not true orphans, but are abandoned or sent away by families unable to care for them, due to extreme poverty, disease – AIDS is a major problem – or, increasingly, divorce and the plunge into poverty it causes. This is one of many, many such orphanages throughout the country. And there are many more children not lucky enough to live in one, but to be sold into household or sex slavery.

The children at the orphanage care for one another in ways hard to imagine. Over and over again we saw children who were studying in the library get up and find a book for a younger child, or share a treat with the next person to walk past them, even though that treat may have been hard-earned or bought with precious change.

There is not even a hint in these actions of doing something good for someone. Their generosity with each other simply seems to be the default mode, a basic way of being.

This same generosity is visible when navigating the crazy traffic in Phnom Penh. The motorbikes, tuk-tuk open cabs, cars, and bicycles all are being piloted toward their various destinations, but there is no sense that anyone has more right than anyone else to get where they are going. If one gets stuck in traffic, one gets stuck; tempers do not flare. There is a generosity of spirit in recognizing that everyone must share the road.

In relating my experiences to one of the prison Buddhist groups this week, one inmate from a Southeast Asian country stated that the most important Buddhist teaching for him, the most basic one learned from early childhood, is that of generosity. When the monks would come by the house asking for donations, his grandmother would put a small bill for the monks into the hand of each child, to allow them to share in the act of generosity. This is not something done a few times a year, like donating food for Thanksgiving, but a daily act of generosity and support for the monks and their practice. In coming back to Buddhism in prison, the absolute need to practice generosity came back to this inmate full force – to donate incense for group practice, to offer prostrations at the altar, to offer his own understanding of the Dharma in English – a language so difficult for him.

The sutras speak of the joy that comes from generosity, from learning that we do not have to hang onto anything, or expect anything in return, in order to be happy. Simple, regular acts of generosity pave the way for a deeper and deeper understanding of what it means to let go.

I'm so grateful for our Cambodian adventure and the opportunity to experience the richness of the practice of generosity in so many ways, and appreciate how fundamental it is to our Buddhist life.





## Zen Stories

I love stories. Stories illuminate possibilities of how I could choose to live my life. Most of the important life changes I have made came from listening to stories told by writers, colleagues, clients, friends, or mentors.

Back in the 60's, my brother, John, introduced me to Zen. Then I found [Zen Flesh Zen Bones](#) either from his guidance or from **The Whole Earth Catalog**. Naturally, the koans in the book puzzled me, but I loved the 101 Zen stories Paul Reps told.

Preparing for a total hip replacement surgery, I was hungering for more Zen stories and found this lovely book, [Zen Masters Of China](#) by Richard Bryan McDaniel. Bryan has collected stories from Buddhism's first entry of into China with Bodhidharma through to the Japanese era.

Think of sitting in a coffee shop with your old friend, Bryan, who has just returned from a spiritual journey to China. Bryan tells you stories of the people he met, some of whom you have read about, some of whom you have worked with for months. Bryan gives you some background, some historical perspective about these masters he met, but he mostly tells you sweet and engagingly useful stories.

I found the stories comforting, which is what I was really seeking. (My surgery went well.)

I have been working with koans for 20 years now, so it was fun to see the koans in context within their timeline and their lineage. It's like catching up with old friends... filling in parts of the story that were missing.

Recently, I was reporting to Genjo, "Currently, I am watching and feeling the breezes. Even when I'm indoors, I look out enjoying the wind moving through the trees bending the ornamental grasses across the street. It helps me come back to the moment."

Genjo then told me that the amazing Joshu used the wind in one of his koans.

I found the story in [Zen Masters Of China](#) –

Another monk posed this somber question: "After the body has died and has been reduced to its constituent elements and scattered, is there anything that remains, eternal, non-material."

"The wind is brisk today," Joshu (Zhaozhou) replied.

Way cool, yes? Imagine my relationship with the wind now. And with Genjo and Joshu.

McDaniel's next book in the series of three books stepping east, [Zen Masters of Japan](#), is out now. Bryan is working on book three which will deal with American Zen masters. He posted a wonderful piece about his lovely [conversation with Genjo](#): <http://rickmdaniel.blogspot.com/2013/10/1018-genjo-marinello.html?spref=fb>

May you walk in beauty,

*William*

William Wittmann has been a friend of this Sangha for years. He's has written a number of short books (<http://amzn.to/vXKNbC>) and practices BodyTherapy and Life Coaching in Seattle. <http://VitalArts.net>. 206.328.2073

## Osho Ceremony for Rev. Joriki Baker

On January 22<sup>nd</sup>, 2014 Genjo Osho affirmed Joriki Baker, Abbot of Blue Mountain Zendo - Koryu-Ji in Allentown, PA, as Osho. Osho is the Japanese Zen word for temple priest, so this ceremony acknowledges and affirms Joriki as a temple priest and Dharma Teacher. This is not the same as Dharma Transmission which may come after years of additional training. As an acknowledged temple priest, Joriki will have the authority to give Dharma talks, do one-on-one Dharma interviews and ordain priests in training (*unsui* in Japanese). Joriki

has been acting in this capacity already, so this ceremony was more of a celebration and acknowledgment of this fact.

Genjo Osho led Joriki and the assembly to embrace repentance, the three treasures, the ten precepts, the Rinzaï/Hakuin lineage, and the four bodhisattva vows. When it came time to give Joriki an extension to his dharma name, the new name of Ryuun (竜雲), 'Dragon Cloud' So his full Dharma name becomes Ryuun Joriki (Dragon Cloud - Heart/Mind Energy). Dragon is often used as a symbol of our inner master that arises above the clouds of delusions. Joriki then gave a dharma talk on Ordinary Mind is Tao.



## Meditations on Mortality by Larry Palmer

*Prologue*

I live in south Seattle, a crowded but colorful urban environment which-- for the most part-- is my pleasant patch of earth. But sometimes when urban sprawl grows claustrophobic or clogged freeways get too much or yet another urban shooting takes place near my home--3 shootings this New Year's Eve alone-- I call up my old friend Ted Gudith.

Before he retired Ted was a mover and shaker who made widgets with flair; at the height of his climb up the corporate beanstalk he employed 65 fellow widget

*Continued on next page...*

makers. When the bottom fell out (through no fault of his own) instead of declaring bankruptcy he went to work for Microsoft, paid off his creditors, eventually earning back just enough to purchase 100 acres of rustic paradise in Montana and fly the coop of suburbia.

**T**ed retired and lives the Spartan life of a modern hermit hunkered at the edge of the grid of our age. Imagine a diminutive version of Buffalo Bill Cody, replace the sly showmanship of old Bill with merry eyes and a hearty laugh that billows up for no particular reason and you get a sense of the man. At age 69 Ted is a perfect physical specimen whose goal (obsession?) is to live a bucolic St. Frances of Assisi existence. When I call he waxes rhapsodic about feeding chipmunks and rabbits, squirrels and flocks of wild turkeys. Once a mountain lion slipped nearly invisible through his lower field, flanks glazed in morning mist.

**H**is sense of personal responsibility is acute. A professional gunsmith and award-winning marksman Ted stalks and kills one deer a year for food. He talks about Deer Gods and hunts with a single shot Maser. His ritual spot and stalk method takes days. He never misses.

**I** called just after deer season. Ted sounded down. "What's up?" I asked. "I missed my deer this year" he said, "wounded him, searched the better part of a day but lost the blood trail." "You can't be perfect," I said. "When I take life I have always tried to be impeccable. I wounded a deer. That deer is my brother. I hurt my brother, missed my shot. My shots are all lung shots; it's likely I hit the brisket, but how? The air was still, clear, the hairs of the scope spot on. It's impossible I missed him, but I did. I'm sick about it. Then last week two deer showed up on my property and took residence in an upper coulee. One had an old wound in his brisket. That's not coincidence--it's a sign. The deer gods are angry."

**N**othing would console him. I hung up. I understand the honesty of killing your own food. I understand the importance of ritual. Urban folks buy dead meat in plastic wrap; food channels teach us how to prepare such feasts and call it culinary art. Is killing and eating your brother art, ritual or triumph of the fittest? It's easy to say death is a natural part of life until it's your turn in the cross hairs. When we feel the hot breath and

drooze [drugs and booze] forbearance of that which stalks us do we face the beast or live in terror of the inevitable?

**W**hat does Ted's story have to do with the following narrative? -- I can't dope it out: blood spoor from eternity tracked but never understood?

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**1:** About a year and a half ago a man named Vito rented a basement apartment from friends. He was a man of wealth with ALS and for court records needed a place to legally die. In the State of Washington you have that right. From time to time I heard about his peregrinations around the globe with his lover Bruno, but thought little more about it. I turned 65. Life went on. Then my old pard Mac died, my irreverent fishing pal with potty mouth and pickerel leer who scraped barnacles off the bottom of my moodiness on most occasions. Our black humor was a dead match, thrust and parry banter meant to stay the beasts in the rail yards. Our cackle about the inhumane nature of the world irritated everyone but made us drunk with boyish delight. Mac beat drugs and alcohol and lung cancer and a host of other afflictions. Near the end he walked wobbly and halt but his grin grew daily bigger, a gyroscopically challenged unrepentant saint. When I received the news that he tumbled down a flight of stairs and died instantly I didn't have words to match my grief.

**W**e floated the Yakima on his last fishing trip. I thought most people couldn't wrap their minds around a corporate attorney of merit whose passions included painting endless pastel portraits of trout and rocking deformed babies in pools of warm water each Friday when no one was looking. I was wrong. Friends from all walks of life filled the largest Catholic Church in Seattle to overflowing. Hundreds grieved his profane love of what is scathingly human but unashamed.

**T**o offset my black mood I began sitting with some regularity at the Chobo-Ji Zen Center on South Horton Street. At 5:30am most mornings we drank bitter salt plum tea, chanted and sat cross-legged at dawn. At first nothing really happened, but then a quiet came sometimes, deep stillness in rare moments and later, balls of light dashed around the room. My cushion looked opposite the wall where a Zen calligraphy

masterpiece hung. It is a marvelous rendering-- a bold zephyr obscura seemingly astride the wind of creation, a zephyr with wings at rest in the middle of golden air like a hummingbird in spring suspended above a flower blossom before the plunge. Rookie Buddhist I was careless about dress. While adepts filed in dressed in black robes and assumed perfect postures of the Buddha I wore red or green t-shirts and old ratty sweats, paint stained, once black but washed grey as dead fish. I couldn't even manage a half lotus position; my big foot stuck out, a recalcitrant bony appendage refusing symmetry.

**2:** I finally met Vito and his lover Bruno. Vito was a blond European aristocrat with a quick mind. He was tall and lithe, sculpted like a lean god, Bruno a hair colorist of international reputation. They had money. They had a house in the Hamptons. What's ALS I wondered?—"Lou Gehrig's disease" a friend said. "The cruel disease. You lose all muscle control. In the end you can't walk or talk or breathe without fear of suffocation, but the mind stays clear, painfully aware of the body's disintegration." The man and the disease didn't seem to match, but I chain smoked to and from the Zendo, thinking a little more about my health.

**S**ummer came and went. Then came a sulfurous flush of sickness and heartache rising up all around me. My fiancé of 19 years and counting contracted breast cancer. The doctor was candid. "It's a tiny growth, maybe 2 centimeters. You caught it early, but it's lobular. It could spread. We need more tests. When we do the operation we'll take sentinel nodes for biopsy as well. Surgeons think they're rock stars, but none of us are smarter than cancer."

**M**y sister called. "Mom's falling all the time," she said. "She was trying to weed the garden and hit the ground hard. No one found her for hours. You need to come up more. Can you send a crew up here to take care of the garden?" That same day my daughter calls in tears. She and her new husband are getting a divorce. Could she come for a visit--maybe stay for awhile? That's impossible I think-- I was at the wedding-- those kids are joined at the hip. What in the hell is going on?

**3:** I kept going to the zendo but started resenting somber figures shrouded in black



with perfect posture. The Salt plum tea? -- disgusting, The Sanskrit chanting? -- gobbledygook. The smell of Zen began to bother me, the Zen calligraphy on the far wall just a brown blob on rice paper. "What's the deal with black?" I asked Genjo, the abbot of Chobo-Ji. "All this shit is coming down in my life, all this suffering. Can't anyone crack a smile?" "You're right Palmer!" --Genjo shouted.... "That's it!-- a roomful of silly figures dressed in black waiting for death!" He cackled like a crazy man.

I stopped going to the zendo, remaining in bed until the last possible moment. I couldn't stop strange dreams. In one dream my Muse sends me the equivalent of a Dear John letter in a text "Loo" she says, "You don't seem to be doing the work so I had to defrag my hard drive; much of our correspondence has been lost in the I-Cloud. Sorry about that!" I see her fleeting visage vanish into grey clouds. Awake in a cold sweat. I'm a writer. A writer without inspiration is a nobody south of nowhere. I race down to my office and sit in front of the computer screen, terrified, checking my files. Everything is there! I begin to write. Nothing. Weeks pass. Nothing comes at all.

4: The next time I see Vito I recoil in shock. We are sitting in the sun on a warm fall morning overlooking Lake Washington. His body is stooped. He talks like he's drunk. Little remains of his aristocratic bearing but sweeping gestures from elongated fingers, his words following like halt dogs on a leash. We talk for a long while about his life and loves. I recite poetry. He smiles and grabs my hand. A dialogue established? -- Vito seems a good and kind man but I feel empty, my words sound hollow, shallow. When they leave I jump in my car and head up through Maple Valley, flashing past Black Diamond, Enumclaw, and wind up through the foothills, the peddle down hard, racing the sun in a blurry jumble of thought, whipping through the curves of the White River until I stop on a turnout at Chinook Pass and stare backward as the sun disappears over horizon.

*For the rest of this great story see:*

<http://chobojiseattle.files.wordpress.com/2014/02/meditations-on-mortality.pdf>

## Spring Sesshin - March 21<sup>st</sup> to March 28<sup>th</sup>

Please help us get an accurate count by sending a *deposit and application* by **March 9**, earlier if you want to guarantee a reserved spot. Make your deposit check, \$50 or more, to Chobo-Ji and leave it the bowl by the zendo entrance or mail it to...

Attention: Carolyn Stevens  
Chobo-Ji  
1733 S. Horton St. #7  
Seattle, WA 98144

The cost of sesshin is \$250 (less dues). Sesshin will start Friday evening, 3/21, 5:30PM with informal supper, introductions and orientation. Sesshin from Saturday to the following Friday starts at 5AM. Structured program ends each evening at 10PM. Sesshin ends 11AM, the morning of Friday, 3/28. We provide sleeping accommodations for those traveling from out of town (**an additional \$10 per night**), please bring a sleeping bag, toiletries, sitting clothes, work clothes and a towel.

### Intro to Zen and Buddhism

4 Weeks on Zen Basics  
Tuesdays 7:30-9:00 pm

April 15	Zazen
April 22	Meditation in Motion
April 29	Zen Eating and Cooking
May 6	Rinzai Koans w/ Genjo Osho

**Sunday, May 11 Mini Sesshin  
Half-day Retreat, 5-11:30am**

4 Weeks on Buddhist Basics  
Tuesdays 7:30-9:00 pm

May 13	Four Noble Truths
May 20	Noble Eightfold Path
May 27	Ten Precepts
June 3	Four Great Vows

\$80 suggested donation for the entire series and mini-sesshin. Each class can be taken as a stand-alone (\$10).

### Spring Odayaka Sesshin

May 23- 25<sup>th</sup>

Friday	7am-8pm	
Saturday	7am-8pm	
Sunday	7am-4pm	Zen

**Odayaka** means peaceful and this Sesshin is a little less arduous with more dialogue than our weeklong Sesshins. It is especially suited for Dharma Dragons (practitioners over 60) and others looking for a more spacious daily schedule.

A vegetarian breakfast, lunch and dinner will be served each day with zazen, kinhin (walking meditation) dokusan (private interviews with the Abbot), teisho (dharma talk), chanting, qigong, dialogue and personal time for reflection and integration.

Cost is \$100. To hold a spot please send a deposit of at least \$25 by May 11th. For questions email: [zen@choboji.org](mailto:zen@choboji.org).

## Important Dates to Remember

Daily zazen: M-F, 5:30-6:30 AM; Sat. 7-8:30 AM; M & W, 7:30-8:30 PM; Sun. 6:30-7:30 PM

Dharma Talks, Sundays: 2/16, 3/2, 3/16, 3/30, 4/13, 4/27, 5/4, 5/18, 6/1, 6/15

Zen Intro: Tuesdays, 7:30-9PM, Except 3/25 & 6/25

**Sunday Morning Practice (Genki Roshi Memorial) ...**

**Sunday Morning Practice (Talk by John Daikan Green) ...**

**Tea with Roshi Bernie Glassman ...**

**Workshop with Roshi Bernie Glassman ...**

**Mini-Sesshin with meal, Dokusan and Dharma Talk ...**

**Spring Dai Sesshin ...**

**Mini-Sesshin with meal, Dokusan and Dharma Talk ...**

**All Sangha Potluck ...**

**Annual Meeting to elect the Board (quorum needed) ...**

**Sunday Morning Practice (Talk to be announced) ...**

**Mini-Sesshin with meal, Dokusan and Dharma Talk ...**

**Spring Odayaka Sesshin ...**

**Sunday Morning Practice (Talk to be announced) ...**

**Mini-Sesshin with meal, Dokusan and Dharma Talk ...**

**Summer Dai Sesshin ...**

**Feb. 23rd, 9am - noon**

**March 2nd, 9am - noon**

**March 7th, 4:15pm**

**March 8th, 10am - 5pm**

**March 9th, 5am - 11:30am**

**March 21st - 28th**

**April 6th, 5am - 11:15am**

**April 6th, 11:30am - 12:30pm**

**April 6th, 12:30pm - 2:30pm**

**April 20th, 9am - noon**

**May 11th, 5am - 11:30am**

**May 23rd - May 25th**

**June 1st, 9am - noon**

**June 8th, 5am - 11:30am**

**June 20th - 27th**



*Dai Bai Zan Cho Ba Zen Ji*

Plum Mountain News  
1733 S. Horton St., unit 7  
Seattle, WA 98144