



Plum Mountain News

Dear members and friends,

It is a bright, sunny, cold autumn day in the Pacific Northwest. Yesterday at Saturday morning zazen there were four residents distantly spaced in the zendo and twenty people joining on Zoom. While most were from Seattle, others joined from as far away as Kansas, Vancouver Island and Oregon. Sometimes we have people joining from Germany, Florida, Arizona, California and other locations around Washington state. I never thought that I would participate in Zoom zazen with others. Yet, here we are in the middle of the COVID-19 pandemic, and I'm ever so grateful that 21st Century technology has allowed our Sangha to continue to practice together. Sitting together, even at some distance from each other, I can feel the gravity wells of our heart-minds mingling and dancing with each other, radiating mutual appreciation and support.

Well over 90 million people have voted so far in the U.S. presidential election at this writing. Carolyn and I already sent in our mail-in ballots, and received confirmation that they have been received and tallied. If you are reading this and eligible to vote in the U.S., please do so as early as your state allows.

Our September 25-27, Odayaka Sesshin went very smoothly. Collectively I think we are starting to get the hang of how to be together while apart during the pandemic. There were about five residents socially distanced in the zendo with another 15 or so attending via Zoom. I certainly miss being together in a more physical way, especially around meal time. Even the residents do not share meals or tea together in order to stay appropriately distant. It is still hard for me to imagine doing anything longer than a three-day Odayaka during the pandemic; therefore, it is not likely we will be able to hold a seven-day in-



person sesshin together before next Autumn.

As most everyone reading this already knows, we recently lost a dear Dharma friend and companion. Longtime Chobo-Ji Sangha member Myoshin Virginia Dunthorne dropped her physical body on September 2nd. She died of natural causes; she was 92 years old. Virginia started training at Chobo-Ji about 20 years ago and was a faithful and much-loved participant in zazen and sesshin. She was in her 70s when she began Zen practice while carrying the heavy responsibility of caring for her disabled husband Steve who had post-polio syndrome. Virginia had a remarkable ability to live her life with warmheartedness and joy while clearly acknowledging suffering. She loved her family and friends and showered us with her generosity and kindness. In her mid-80s, Virginia moved to La Conner to be near to her son Pete, and sangha members trekked north for periodic visits. In 2015, we invited her back to

Chobo-Ji to deliver a Follower of the Way dharma talk, which I highly commend to you. It can be heard at <https://genjo.libsyn.com> by searching for "Virginia." Here at the temple we have chanted the Dai Segaki for Myoshin (Bright Mind) twice and her picture sat under Kwan Yin bodhisattva in the zendo for 49 days. She will always reside in my kokoro (heart-mind).

During this pandemic Chobo-Ji has endeavored to make Zoom offerings beyond daily zazen including, a Zen Intro Series, Precept Classes, Chobo-Ji Conversations, Saturday Council, Sunday evening Dharma Talks, Wednesday evening Dokusan, monthly Zazenkai and at least quarterly three-day Odayaka sesshins. In this issue of Plum Mountain News, you will find announcements for Rohatsu Odayaka, Toya, and our upcoming holiday schedule. Also, in this issue you will find a transcription of one of my Autumn Odayaka Teishos, an essay by Rev. Seifu, "Zen and Common Sense," a poem by Sonja deWit titled, "With or Without

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Zoom,” a verse from Felix Pekar, a new Sangha member, and short piece by Sally Zenka Metcalf, Sensei.

Please work to stay safe by wearing masks and keeping appropriate social distancing. As you may have heard, we had a couple from Chicago staying in our AirBnB unit who both came down with COVID-19 after attending an outdoor birthday party for their grandson. Evidently the grandson was a non-symptomatic carrier, as many people at the party came down with COVID-19. Fortunately, our guests quarantined and recovered. It behooves us all to be careful even out of doors.

With gassho,

Genjo

Myoshin

Dedication by Tobin Fudo Youngs

I am writing this in a kind of hollow, stunned, grief. Virginia Myoshin Dunthorne passed away on Sep. 2nd. She had a large heart-event on the morning of the 2nd and was found sitting in her love chair, cup of tea on the table, in the middle of writing her son Peter a birthday card for the following week. It was indicative of how she spent much of her time: for others.

I came to know Myoshin at spring sesshin at the Capitol Hill Zendo when I was 16. I sat next to her and we were “tea partners.” From that first cup, our movements flowed perfectly together, in beautiful, mind-less alignment. After that retreat, we would become very close friends, the 60-year age difference becoming mostly an afterthought.

I enjoyed countless hours of lunch and walks, chats and silence, her thoughts on ayahuasca realms, her encounters of makyo, her koan insights, her history, her heart. Often you would hear her howling with laughter in the dokusan room with Genjo or maybe see tears dropping down her cheeks during zazen. She would serve tea, weed in the garden and put on her robes with the sangha well into her 80’s. And it was a joy to her.

Later she would move to La Conner to simplify her life and enjoy the Skagit



Valley where she spent a lot of time in her earlier life. She continued to read the New Yorker, knit, finish crossword puzzles, savor classical music, keep a keen eye on politics and generally rest in her own pleasant presence. She spent the last few years in Anacortes, never failing to amaze me with her willingness to flow with changing circumstances and meet the vagaries of aging with equanimity and most importantly, humor.

I can easily and honestly say I have never met someone like Myoshin. Ginny. She was at once so simple- like a Taoist hermit, an uncarved block, chopping wood and carrying water with a smile on her face. And in the same breath, she could penetrate to the depths of a most profound silence. It was not uncommon for her to be overcome with tears at the sight of a painting or a section of a favorite symphony. She was Love. And her heart was pouring open, constantly giving: time, attention, a card, a letter, a phone call, a meal, a gift, donations, art... she just gave.

Her wonderful son Peter made a great point about her last morning in this realm. She passed away with her typical Leo-energy; if you ever had the chance to chat with her on the phone for 15 or 20 minutes, when you least expected it she would sweetly say, “Okay! Bye-bye!” And she’d be gone. There was no suffering in her final moments, she simply, sweetly said, okay, bye-bye to the pandemic.

Zen and Common Sense

by Rev. Seifu Singh-Molares

Determined sitting helps clarify all manner of things, by boiling them down to their essence. Since meditation is the heart of our practice, we might therefore say that Zen helps crystallize our focus, that we may distill the truly essential in every aspect of our lives. As we do, we will hopefully find ourselves more mindful, more loving, more equanimous, more free of trauma, anger and addictions, and more attuned to the ebbs and flows of the Universe. And the more we sit, the sharper we are likely to get.

With that said, and with awareness of the numerous benefits of Zen practice, the stripping away of nonsense in favor of what we usually refer to as “common” sense (which is of course spectacularly uncommon) ranks among the principal ones.

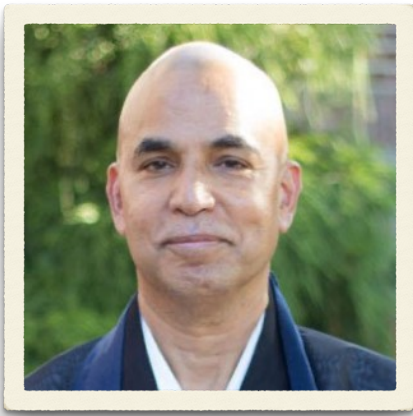
Simple answers are the hardest. Because the truth is that left to our own devices we overthink everything, spinning round and round in circles, and spiraling further and deeper into holes of our own making, when the answer is always right in front of us.

In Rinzai Zen, we can use Koans as devices to cut through to the core of things. As we play with multiple perspectives to figure out the appropriate response, it always turns out to be quite straightforward, even obvious in retrospect. But oh how we labour to get there! How our minds spin around the vortex of complexity. “It can’t possibly be that simple,” we think.

Well yes, it can. And is.

Simple and direct. And as we practice, we find that simplicity and directness can be rediscovered, cultivated, and nurtured. We re-emerge into it, as we remember our “beginner’s mind,” that feeling of awe and beauty that children experience when, say, they first experience snow, or a day at the beach.

And yet, simple doesn’t mean dumb or unsophisticated. On the contrary, it implies hitting the bulls eye repeatedly and effortlessly, something that mature Zen



With or Without Zoom

a poem by Sonja deWit

*There must be many times
in the history of Zen
when because of repression, famine,
pandemic, war,
the Sangha had to practice alone
cut off from most of the community
regretting the Zendo they once took for granted,
supporting the fighters, caring for the sick
or pulling weeds from cabbage beds,
doing their prostrations before a makeshift
Butsudan
and maybe phone or computer that shows
the near-empty meditation hall.
Keeping the practice going in the dark times
when we need it most.*

practitioners can do seemingly at will, with unstudied and unrehearsed responses to every situation, startling for their clearness, and their ability to cut right through to the essence. When we hear them, we are often struck by how elementary they sound. How commonsensical they are. And in hindsight, so entirely obvious and accurate a child could have spoken them.

Beautiful aspirations, you might say, but how do we get there? Of course, there's a simple answer for that too: sit, sit, and sit some more. Which naturally polishes and refines us, growing our honesty, fearlessness, reverence and awe.

With time and diligence, the remembered common sense that ensues will become second nature, such that we can apply it in all situations, encompassing easy and "ordinary" ones, and highly consequential matters of life and death, and terrible heartbreaks. With equanimity, poise, and calm in any instance, especially stressful and conflictive ones. Steady and reliable, but also, sharp, decisive and accurate. And free of the peaks and valleys that come to characterize most of our frenetic lives, in favor of far more soothing and level waves.

Common sense is Tao! Always there.

We have but to look.



A woman trudged by, head down, shoulders ruminating. A small voice inside me said, *Sal, don't keep this to yourself!* So, I said, *Look! Look!* Pointing to the little boat afloat on brilliance. She lifted her eyes, and saw, and laughed into the sky.

A little girl and her father came from the library to their car, right beside me. They looked, too. I said, *Wish I had a camera!* The little girl said, definitively, *My Daddy has a camera.* Her daddy, without a word, promptly opened the car, brought out his camera, and began shooting pictures.

The laughing woman, now stopping a passing car, told the astonished driver, *Look! Look!*

In awe, I said, *The boat is sailing on a sea of gold!* The girl plumped her fists on her hips and replied, *A Sea of Fire!*

Sitting by a Lake

a verse by Felix Pekar

Sitting by a lake shore in the Selkirks. A Grebe out on the water. I challenge the grebe to a sit. I'll sit zazen till it flies or dives. Time dissolves in a beautiful silence. Suddenly a Raven calls. Frog answers. Squirrel alarms. Elk bugle. Grebe dives. Utter perfection. Sole heir to the universe.

Sea of Fire

by Sally Zenka Metcalf, Sensei

Feeling rather drab a couple of Autumns ago, I took a fresh evening walk to the library to return a book. It was right before sunset. Right above my head, a vast swath of pure gold light shone straight East from the Olympics. From the dusk wrapped round my body, I reached up my hand into the light! Then I turned the corner onto the library street.

In a row stood five golden maples, brilliant with light, billowing in a Westerly breeze. Atop rolling waves of maple gold sailed a little boat in the sky! That boat stands, slowly turning, high on a pole above the Beacon Hill Library entrance. But, for all the world, it looked borne along on a gilded sea. Being metallic, it was lustrous with setting sunlight. I stopped, stunned. The last of my drabness breezed away. Then I laughed.



Rohatsu Odayaka

Dec. 4th - 6th

Unfortunately, given the dangers of COVID-19 we will not be able to hold a weeklong Rohatsu Sesshin, but we have reserved Gwinwood Retreat Center for next year, Dec. 4-12, 2021. On Friday and Saturday of Rohatsu Odayaka the beginning time will be either 5:30 (optional) or 7:00 a.m., and we'll close after the Closing Sutras at 8:30 p.m. On Sunday we'll begin at 5:00 a.m. and close at noon, following a closing Council.

Registration is required for each day separately. The Zoom invitations and registration links are below. Requested donations are \$40 for Friday, \$40 for Saturday, and \$20 for Sunday. Please note that if you are registering for all three days, you may make a single payment of \$100. You can send your donations to [PayPal](#). (Please indicate the purpose of your donation in the note/memo field.)

Day 1 – Friday, December 4, 7:00 a.m.

Register in advance for this meeting using [this link](#).

Day 2 – Saturday, December 5, 5:30 a.m.

Register in advance for this meeting using [this link](#).

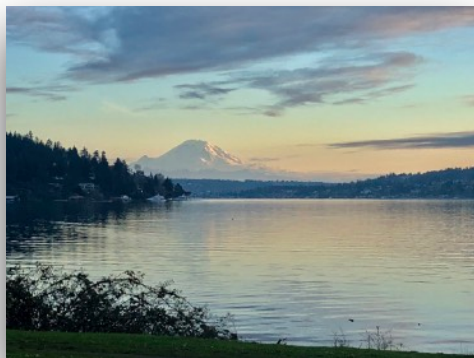
Day 3 – Sunday, December 6, 5:00 a.m.

Register in advance for this meeting using [this link](#).

After registering, you will receive a confirmation email containing information about joining the meeting.

[Friday - Saturday schedule](#)

[Sunday schedule](#)



The Book of Equanimity

Autumn Odayaka - Case 93

"Roso's Not Understanding"

Preface to the Assembly

Jade thrown at magpies and gold held in the mouths of old rats: its worth is unrecognized and its use is unknown. Isn't there someone who suddenly perceives the jewel in the clothes?

Main Case

Attention! Roso asked Master Nansen, "A person doesn't know the wish-fulfilling *mani* jewel. It is set down intimately in the Tathagata's storehouse. What is this storehouse? Nansen said, "It is the give-and-take of you and me." Roso said, "What about no give-and-take?" Nansen said, "That's also the storehouse." Roso asked, "What about the jewel?" Nansen called his name and Roso answered. Then Nansen said, "Leave. You don't understand what I'm saying."

Appreciatory Verse

*Separating right and wrong,
illuminating gain and loss,
responding to this in one's heart,
pointing to this in one's palms.
Give-and-take and no give-and-take
are both the storehouse.
King O awarded it
for those who had competence,
Emperor Ko obtained it from Mosho.
Turning the hub utilizing one's abilities.
We clear-eyed students mustn't be negligent.*

"Jade thrown at magpies and gold held in the mouths of old rats: its worth is unrecognized and its use is unknown."

We're all carrying a treasure, a jewel of Dharma. We're all vessels and voices of the Dharma, but we don't often recognize it. And even when we do, we may not be mature enough to make good use of it. Like the magpies or the rats, that may have jade or gold in their mouths, they have no idea about what the jewel is. There's a parable in the *Lotus Sutra* that you're probably aware of, about the jewel that is sewn by a rich person into the clothes of a poor person who doesn't realize they have it. Often, we feel

poor, but all along we are rich beyond measure. We often feel poor in spirit and don't realize just how rich in spirit we all are. This truth brings us to sesshin. Here we become less like the magpies and rats, and learn to recognize the jewel sewn in our coat. We come to sesshin, or Odayaka, to discover or rediscover the jewel that we already possess and always have.

In this case, Roso was asking and maybe pleading with Nansen about the wish-fulfilling *mani* jewel. For most of the time it feels like it is set down at the bottom of the sea in the Tathagata's storehouse. The Dharma often feels either hidden or far away. Roso begins asking Nansen – who as we recall was Zen Master Joshu's teacher – what is this storehouse? I think Roso is hoping for some hint about how to find the jewel. Even if we may know enough to claim that we already have it, it either feels lost or we don't realize how to make use of it. The storehouse of the Tathagata is vast, wide and deep. Nansen replies, the storehouse is the give-and-take of you and me. In other words, Nansen says, "This conversation we're having right now, this exchange, this dialogue. is already it." I suspect Roso was not terribly satisfied with this answer. For him the jewel feels like it's buried deep in a vast storehouse, and he doesn't know how to find it, and Nansen is saying, it's already out, visible and in use. Roso goes on to ask, what about when there's no give-and-take? What if we're not having this dialogue? What if I'm not here before a Zen master, where is it then? Nansen said, that is also the storehouse. You don't need the sutras, the buddha, a Zen master or even dialogue to experience fully the Tathagata's storehouse. Everything seen and unseen is the storehouse already revealed. The Tathagata's storehouse is reality itself, how can it not already be revealed? Roso then asked, what about the jewel? Maybe reality is the storehouse, but reality is vast – what about the jewel? We would all love to find the treasure, the wonderful jewel core of Dharma. Nansen called his name, Roso! Roso probably answered, "Yes?" Nansen then got tired of the conversation, and told Roso to leave. You don't understand what I'm saying, you're not catching my meaning. I suspect Roso was quite dumbfounded and disappointed, and yet Nansen was completely clear, and very kindly answered all his questions succinctly.

This morning we did the Dai Segaki chanting for Myoshin – “Bright Heart-Mind.” Virginia was 92 and died in her chair in Anacortes while sipping tea and writing a birthday card to her son. She had a massive heart failure, and dropped her body, passing on. This was a few weeks ago, and perhaps her body has already been cremated and her atoms scattered to the wind. Today at Chobo-Ji we have had wind and rain. Where is Myoshin now? This is a little like asking, “Where’s the jewel?” We’re always exchanging with one another. You all have masks on; because of COVID-19 we’re trying to exchange a little less. However, in truth there’s no way to avoid the fact that we’re constantly exchanging atoms with each other and the planet all the time. We have a discrete and often separate sense of self, but in fact there’s no fixed boundary or fence between self and other. We’re constantly exchanging, on a physical level, and on a psychic or mind level. This conversation is a kind of mind-to-mind exchange. As I’m sitting here working to speak from my heart, and you’re listening from the heart, there’s a heart-mind to heart-mind exchange, a communion of flowing minds. Myosin’s physical body may at this point be fully dissolved and dispersed; therefore, the jewel or essence of our dearly departed Myoshin, no longer restrained in an aggregate physical form, is now even more fluid than ever before. I suspect everyone who knew Myoshin and is aware of her passing is feeling her quite intimately, I know I am. After learning of her passing, I suddenly and naturally felt much closer to her.

In our tradition we don’t believe in a discrete soul or spirit, because in our view nothing can really be separate from anything else. Yet, the essence of Myoshin is flowing all around this room, both physically and psychically. This will be more easily recognized by those who have known her, but even those just now learning of her in this conversation are being showered with her essence. Her soulfulness is freer than when it was bundled up in a physical form of a 92-year-old body. When we drop our bodies, both our atoms and soulfulness are set free to flow and disperse. I hope we all realize that we are sharing our soulfulness with each other right now. By sharing in this discourse and sesshin together we’re actively sharing each other’s heart-minds. When we drop our somewhat discrete bodies, that which has been shared and internalized with others close to us is still alive in them, though at first, some may

not realize this. In some ways Myoshin is now more alive because our internalization of her is no longer so bounded by our own idea of her discrete physical being. The soulfulness of the deceased, the internalization of her inside of us, is freer to flow and even flower, in the same way as her atoms are freer to flow and flower, perhaps as flowers in Siberia. Even now some of our atoms are free to be flowers in Siberia. I read somewhere that we lose and gain about an arm’s worth of atoms each year. The atoms we lose this year will end up by next year all over the place. Likewise, our soulfulness in this moment is being exchanged with each other and even now is influencing the planet by how we live our lives.



The jewel of our essence can’t go anywhere, so too for the jewel of Dharma. Our essence from time to time may be more or less lively and may after a few years, centuries or millennia fade away, but nothing of our essence is lost. However, over time our essence and all our atoms are recycled. As this biosphere dies off, it becomes part of the new next-generation biosphere, this is a constant process. Everything that has form is recycled, nothing is lost. This is a flowering expanding universe; therefore, everything that constitutes us continues to flow and flower. For those who know Myoshin, she will continue to flower within us. For those who know Nansen, Joshu or Rinzai they

continue to flower in us. If we study Dogen, Dogen continues to flower in us. If we study Jesus, Jesus continues to flower in us.

So, what about the quintessence of this *Smani* jewel? We all have it, but it can’t be grasped. Zen Master Rinzai often asked the gathered assembly, “Who is listening to this discourse?” In fact, that’s the name of our temple: Cho - Bo - Zen Ji – Listening to the Dharma Zen Temple. This is like asking, who now is bearing the Dharma jewel? After posing the question, Rinzai would sometimes answer himself and say, “the true person beyond rank and post is listening to the Dharma.” In other words, the one true person now listening to today’s discourse is beyond getting ahead and falling behind, beyond self-deprecation and grandiosity, beyond an idealization of self, beyond any ego attachment. That One is here right now in this room, sitting in these human lumps of clay listening to the Dharma. Rinzai further said, that One is going in and out of our faces all the time. In other words, sometimes you see it sometimes you don’t.

Roso asked, what about no give-and-take, and Nansen said, that’s also the storehouse. Even if you extract all give-and-take, not just the give-and-take of the verbal exchange – subtract every motion, at every level, and approximate the stillness and void of the Absolute. This void of motion, form and even time is incomparably profound and minutely subtle, and infinite beyond any possibility of comprehension. In Zen we vocalize the ineffable as Muuuuuu – which gives rise to the multiverse.

What about the jewel? I can’t tell you what it is, or where it comes from. I can’t hold it, or grasp it, and no one can attain it. But we all can feel it, and this truth brings us into the zendo. Our various forms of practice act as so many different catalysts that help us feel the quiet power, pregnant silence, and the intimate working jewel that’s all around and through us, shouting at us from every corner.

Nansen calls, “Roso!” At this calling Roso may have a great awakening, then again maybe not. If he has a breakthrough or has repeatedly experienced what Nansen is pointing at, Roso will respond, “Yes!” or from our Japanese lineage, “Hai!” A calling one, an answering one, are they different? If we realize directly

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that they are one, then indeed we know the jewel is already revealed. It looks like from the text that Roso responded “Yes?” – which is the same thing. Even that inquisitive “yes” reveals the Jewel but Nansen sees that Roso doesn’t recognize this and sort of rings the dokusan bell to conclude the exchange. In other words, Nansen is saying to Roso you missed it. Transcending right and wrong, and gain and loss, are we able to respond, directly, from our depth? Do we realize the jewel is already stitched in our clothes, or held in our palm, and revealed in every give-and-take, and lack of give-and-take. If so, we know *it’s* already revealed.

The appreciatory verse says Emperor Ko obtained it from Mosho. I read about this, it’s an interesting story, and I’ll share it with you. It is said that Emperor Ko lost his jewel, a priceless treasure, and he couldn’t find it. So, he sent one of his advisors, whose name was Knowledge, to find it. Knowledge could not find the jewel, because the rational mind cannot find the jewel. Wrong tool. So Emperor Ko sent another fellow whose name was “Free From Stupidity” to find the jewel, free from ignorance and delusion. But “Free From Stupidity” couldn’t find it either. It’s not enough to just be free from ignorance and delusion.

Thinking of today’s situation, it’s not enough for a politician to be free from stupidity. Unfortunately, throughout time I fear most politicians have operated from a foundation of ignorance, arrogance and delusion, and only a rare few have been free from stupidity. Maybe it’s just my idealization, but considering what I have seen and read about Robert Kennedy and his travels in the South, it is my view that he woke up to his own white privilege and realized in his heart the devastating impact on our society of poverty and racial discrimination. For me Robert Kennedy is the best example of a “not stupid” politician in my lifetime.

Back to the story, Emperor Ko was still looking for his jewel, so he sent another advisor. This one was named Eating Shame. Maybe Eating Shame could find the jewel. But even this advisor, who could digest his own karma and eat shame, couldn’t find it. In that case, even Robert Kennedy wouldn’t have been able to find it. Finally, Emperor Ko sent Mosho, and his name means “Subtle Form,” or “No Form.” No-form could and did find the jewel for

Emperor Ko. In order to briefly find the jewel that is always present but not always seen, one must for a time drop all pretense, all ego attachment, all right and wrong thinking, all shame, all stupidity, and all fixation on knowledge. When we drop it all, when we briefly die on the cushion, the ever-present jewel is clearly seen.

Zen Master Hakuin in his Rohatsu Exhortation says that when we cut our life’s root we drop so deeply while sitting on the cushion that we dissolve all attachment to ego identity and form. If we drop all attachment to form and to life, when we’re ready to die, then we may for a time dissolve in the vast intimate infinite of Muuuu. When we pop or breakthrough, in such a moment, we see with the same eyes, and hear with the same ears as the historical Buddha – but even beyond this, we share the heart-mind of the Tathagata. At such times, we temporarily dissolve or transcend all attachments, repulsions, meaning and desire. The Tathagata’s words as revealed in the *Diamond Sutra*, become our own ...

*Who sees Me by Form,
Who seeks Me by Sound,
Wrongly turned are their footsteps
on the Way.*

The Tathagata is not absent from form or sound, but always remains ungraspable. When we cut our life’s root for even a microsecond, then we realize in our heart of hearts this truth as stated so succinctly in the *Diamond Sutra*:

*All composite things
Are like a dream, a fantasy,
a bubble and a shadow,
Are like a dewdrop
and a flash of lightning.*

In other words,

*Think in this way
of all this fleeting world:
As a star at dawn,
a bubble in a stream,
A dewdrop, a flash of lightning
in a summer cloud,
A flickering lamp, a phantom, and a dream.*

This bright realization or heart-mind can’t go anywhere. It’s always here, but we are not always aware of it. Whenever we release ourselves from all attachment to life and form, we can’t help but have a caring heart towards all beings, great and small, animate and inanimate.

Election Night Vigil

Tuesday, November 3

8:00 - 10:00 p.m.

Please drop by to celebrate/ commiserate/ join in not knowing???

All are welcome.

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/85911798182>

Chobo-Ji BIPOC Sitting Group

Chobo-Ji is happy to announce the formation of a weekly BIPOC (Black, Indigenous, People of Color) sitting group, which is limited to BIPOC individuals. The group is being led by Rev. Seifu (Anil) Singh-Molares, a priest-in-training (Unsui) at Chobo-Ji. The format includes seated meditation (Zazen), along with an opportunity at each session to briefly engage with issues of race and privilege as they relate to Zen practice. All BIPOC are welcome to this group. No experience is required or assumed. **Meetings are held via Zoom most Sundays, 9 - 10 a.m.** See below for a Zoom link and ID. Please contact Seifu at anil@echomundi.com if you have any questions.

Zoom ID: 826 0522 5871

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/82605225871>

Holiday Notes...

**No zazen during the holidays
Dec. 25 - Jan. 1st**

**Toya (Winter Solstice party to
“break all rules”) Sunday,
Dec. 19th, 10:30 AM, via Zoom
<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/86150477941>**

**New Year’s Day Celebration
via Zoom, 10 - 11:30 AM
<https://us04web.zoom.us/j/182867490>**



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

BIPOC Sitting Group: Most Sundays 9-10 AM

Dharma Council, Most Saturdays at 8:30 AM – Dharma Dialogue, Most Sundays at 7:30 PM
(See Google Calendar at <https://choboji.org/schedule/> for more detail and Zoom links.)

Zazenkai (1/2 day sit) with zazen, Dokusan and Dharma Talk ...

Board Meeting ...

Precept Class 2...

Faith Action Network Virtual Annual Gala ...

<https://fanwa.ourpowerbase.net/civicrm/mailling/url?u=17623&qid=2326593>

Rohatsu Odayaka (three-day Zen intensive) ...

Follower of the Way Dharma Talk (Carole Muchikyo Folsom-Hill) ...

Zendo CLOSED during Holidays ...

New Year's Day Celebration ...

Zazenkai (1/2 day sit) with zazen, Dokusan and Dharma Talk ...

Board Meeting ...

Winter Odayaka Sesshin with Genjo Osho ...

Nov. 8, 5am - 11:15am

Nov. 8, 11:30am - 1:30pm

Nov. 12, 7:00pm - 8:30pm

Nov. 15, 5pm - 6:30pm

Dec. 4 (7:00am) - Dec. 6 (noon)

Dec. 13, 7:30pm - 8:30pm

Dec. 25 - evening Jan. 1st

Jan. 1, 10am - 11:30am

Jan. 10, 5am - 11:15am

Jan. 10, 11:30am - 1:30pm

Jan. 22 - Jan. 24



Dai Bai Zan Cho Ba Zen Ji

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