



Plum Mountain News

New Year's Day Ceremony

Dear members and friends,

2020 has concluded and it was a rough year! Over 350,000 people in this country died of COVID-19. The underside of our nation's belly was fully exposed revealing the systemic racism infecting all levels of our society. So many small businesses have failed or are struggling, homelessness has dramatically increased, and many more people are finding it hard to put food on the table. The temple shut its doors to all in-person members, except for our Zen practice residents. I suspect many members of our temple are acutely feeling their good fortune and privilege, I know this is true for Carolyn and me. Carolyn is comfortably retired; I can work from home and we live in a cozy apartment in the Chobo-Ji practice center with our new dog Charlie. Living together, without children in school to worry about, we realize how fortunate we are to share physical human contact, warm cuddles with Charlie, and occasional visits to my adult daughter's house less than ten miles distant.

In 2021 most of us will either join the more than 20 million Americans who have contracted COVID-19 or receive one of the new vaccines. There is good reason to believe that much better national management of the pandemic is coming; however, I fear the dismal degradation of our democracy will not recover any time soon. As I write this, Western Washington is inundated with rain showers, causing flooding in many areas. Symbolically, it feels like the new year is getting a good wash. I think that we are all feeling we need a fresh start.

Joyously, because of access to the internet and Zoom (password:), we have been able to continue to do zazen together. We offer nine Zoom offerings a week to sit together. Our Saturday morning councils after zazen have felt like a lifesaver to many, allowing us to not only sit in communion, but to hear



and see each other. At our recent December Odayaka, six residents were able to sit in the zendo and another 25 sangha members joined us on Zoom, from the Seattle area, and as far away as Arizona, California, British Columbia, and Kansas. All year I've been assisted by Rev. Sendo Anne Howells in the Densu (Chant Leader) post. Recently, as the pandemic in King County has worsened, she has had to chant alone, which is no easy task. When able, other residents have helped open and close the zendo and manage the Zoom dedicated computers. Often in the mornings, Sam (KoU) Tullman, has been available to hit the Han (wooden temple striking board). We had a small but fabulous Zoom Toya (year-end party) on Dec. 19th. Most impressively on New Year's Day, 25

people gathered in person outdoors, properly distanced and masked, to ring the temple's Kansho bell 108 times, with others in attendance on Zoom. Earlier in that ceremony, Carolyn and I were able to blast out the Heart Sutra a dozen times with our masks off in an otherwise empty zendo.

In this issue, you will find some wonderful offerings including two from

Rev. Sendo, a transcript of one of her Dharma Talks and a review of Norman Fischer's book *The World Could Be Otherwise*. I've included a transcript of my Teisho from middle day of December Odayaka. Zenka Sensei shares a beautiful story called "The Landscape of Love." You will also find offerings from Felix Pekar, Sonja deWit, and an essay by Coryl Keicho Crane titled "Birth, Death and the In-between." Please take note of announcements for our upcoming Winter Odayaka, Spring Zen Intro Series and Spring Intensive. I'm sorry to announce that because of the pandemic we will not be having Spring Sesshin, but we will be having a Spring Odayaka instead, March 26-28. Stay safe and warm as we continue to maintain social distancing. Hopefully we will be able to have a weeklong sesshin together later this year.

On January 6, we all watched in horror as a mob overran the Capital. I talk about the impact of this event in the Teisho I gave during our January Zazenkaï. How do we move forward in the midst of such turmoil? This Teisho is now a podcast: [Rinzai Roku Jodo Chapter 3](#). It can be accessed from www.choboji.org under the Instruction menu – Choboji Podcasts.

With gassho,

Genjo



The Gift of Fearlessness

Dharma Talk given by Rev. Sendo Anne
Howells on Oct. 18, 2020



Tonight I want to explore fearlessness as a form of generosity.

Traditionally in Mahayana Buddhism, generosity is one of six practices that define the Bodhisattva path. These practices are known as the “Six Paramitas” – “perfections,” in a rough translation – all interwoven with each other, and making up the Bodhisattva ideal. The six: Generosity, Ethical Conduct, Patience, Joyful Effort, Meditation, and Understanding. This Bodhisattva path is the subject of a recent book by Norman Fischer, *The World Could Be Otherwise: Imagination and the Bodhisattva Path* (2019).

Generosity is traditionally thought of as the gateway to the path, and it’s interesting to think about why that might be. In traditional Buddhist discussions of generosity, three kinds of gifts are mentioned. The first is material gifts, such as food, clothing, shelter, money, medicine. These are given by laypeople to monastics, who don’t have these things, but they can and should be given to others as well – charitable gifts, presents.

The second traditional gift is spiritual teaching and inspiration. This would be the gift of the monastics, the priests, to the laypeople (and presumably to each other). This is what Shakyamuni Buddha gave over his forty-five years of teaching.

The third traditional gift is the gift of fearlessness.

In our own Zen Buddhist practice, the gift-giving distinction between laypeople and priests has fallen away: we all make the Bodhisattva vows, we all aim to practice both material and spiritual generosity. And when it comes to the gift of fearlessness, apparently even in the traditional discussion, the lay-monastic distinction falls away: this is something all are called to give.

I first read Fischer’s book during fall, 2019, pre-pandemic. The singling out of fearlessness intrigued me. How, I wondered,

can you give fearlessness, how is it something that one person can give to another? Why would the traditional teaching have put so much emphasis on it, as a key element of Bodhisattva practice? And then, where do I find fearlessness in my own life? How might I cultivate this particular form of generosity? What stands in my way?

I continued working with Fischer’s book during the spring intensive study period, 2020, as I stumbled through the early months of the Covid-19 pandemic. Fearlessness assumed a new importance! I have to say, life during the pandemic, with all its amplification of our society’s craziness, and its amplification of our society’s social injustice, and the way multiplying natural disasters are making it increasingly difficult to evade facing the crisis of climate change – all of this has made it totally obvious to me how important the gift of fearlessness can be.

A capacity for fearlessness now often feels at the top of the list of what I need to get through the day. Anyone who can give me this gift, I will gratefully accept. When I can give it to myself, as a generous form of self-care, I gratefully accept that too! This has turned out to be a frequent practice, really a necessity. And we’re all in this together, I feel called to pass it on.

So, how can we understand “fearlessness”? And how do we give and receive it? I’ll throw out some thoughts.

One place to start is with the observation that fear is contagious. We all know

this. Can fearlessness also be contagious? I think it can. When I’m with someone who tends to be fearless, I’m more likely to feel and act this way too. I may find myself gravitating towards people like this. I think the gift of fearlessness, its transmission to others, can be this smooth, this ordinary.

I have to interject here that rashness or foolhardiness or bravado may also be contagious, but they’re quite different from what is conveyed with the Bodhisattva gift of fearlessness, as we have been seeing all too clearly during the Trump era.

Going further, giving fearlessness is not just a matter of modeling. Respecting and loving others is a way of helping them to the self-confidence that underlies fearlessness, and more deeply, of rooting both oneself and the other in a faith in the power of caring and love. Parents who can help their children feel safe and loved can instill self-confidence and fearlessness.

Recognizing this, we can also understand how fearlessness can be a gift of privilege, passed on intergenerationally. I certainly sense this in my own life.

Fearlessness’s opposite is fear, which takes many forms: anxiety, uneasiness, defensiveness, despair, gloom, passivity. Where do these states of mind come from? They’re all forms of dukkha, the suffering which is the First Noble Truth about our lives. They all stem from our egoistic aversions and attachments, the difficulty we have letting go of our longing for permanence. They’re all part of our complicated karmic baggage.

Of course fear is also both instinctual and a rational response to genuine threats. Maybe the greatest, closest-to-ideal Bodhisattva wouldn’t ever feel afraid, but I doubt it. An aspect of fearlessness for most of us is that you feel fear, naturally, it’s built into us biologically, but you can move ahead anyway, and even let go of your fears.

Fearlessness can also be a rational response to genuine threats. Of course I am fearful about the compounding effects of climate change, but facing these fears and taking some positive action is a much more sensible response, and by far the more caring response, than is giving up and hiding.

And here's another thought, about the relationship of fearlessness to the larger Paramita of Generosity: even an intermittent sense of fearlessness can help me act generously in other ways as well.

And finally, what can I draw on to help me feel, on balance, more fearless than fearful, to give myself and others this gift? Fischer's answer is that we can draw on the faith that arises from our Zen practice. I'll conclude by reading a passage from Fischer's book that I think gets to the heart of this:

“To be capable of giving fearlessness to others, you must have genuine confidence that there really is nothing to fear because love actually is built into the order of reality. It's not just a good idea: you feel it in your bones; it comes forth in you from your practice. Knowing that reality is inherently generous and loving certainly doesn't mean bad things can't happen. But when you are fearless, bad things can be okay. You can accept them. Shame, loss, physical pain, and even death are part of life; they are folded into the bodhisattva's imaginative vision of the path ahead. Bodhisattva fearlessness doesn't deny catastrophe. It recognizes its inevitability. Everything that exists will one day not exist – this is how existence works; this is its beauty and the source of its bounty. So bodhisattva fearlessness is very solid, very tough, very large. When you feel it, it's easy to give the gift of fearlessness. You will give it all the time.” (pp. 32-3)

Here Fischer is of course describing the bodhisattva ideal – the possibility we sense on the horizon. But we can recognize moments of experiencing bodhisattva fearlessness in ourselves and others in our world. We can cultivate these moments, and know that they will recur, and that we can summon them up.



Landscape of Love

by Sally Zenka Metcalf, Sensei

“Pay attention to all leaves, flowers, birds and dew drops. If you can stop and look deeply, you will be able to recognize your loved one who manifests... again and again in different forms. You will embrace the joy of life again.” ~Thich Nhat Hanh

The winter after my precious man John died, I often bundled up and sat out on his beach, grieving or meditating. The beach was a low, grassy verge. During deep tides tugged high by the moon, it partly sank beneath salt water. A magical path led there, bordered by pale pink wild roses and arching Japanese plums running wild in a tangled grove. Across the harbor stood Douglas Fir giants, providing nesting for osprey and perch for bald eagles.



Meditations at the beach were unlike temple zazen. Rather, I'd sit on a creaking, silvery cedar chair beside the water and watch with every cell of my being, with ears and skin and toes, and ever-widening eyes. All the while asking, *What is this? What is this?* – intensely watching, so as not to miss an answer.

Ducks called
Cormorants flashed by
What is this?
Kingfishers chattered
Steelhead leapt
What is this?
Across the bay a shout

A door slammed
Always returning to the determined question
What is this?

It gradually happened that the world, so intensely watched, turned soft and silvery along its edges – like Alice's looking glass. Then everything transformed, as if falling through the cloudy glass of perception into a teeming landscape of vivid and knowing Life.

It was the very same place: the harbor, the beach, the chair. But now dark green fir boughs – every needle alive and stirring – reached out to me. Tiny blades of grass lifted toward me. Sky. Clouds. Water. Creatures. Stones. All greeted me, sweetly whispering. Reaching. Communing.

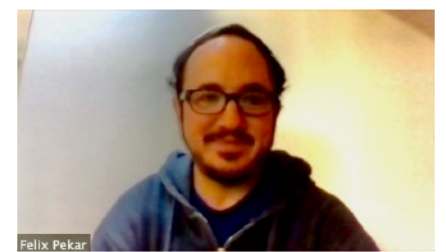
How abidingly close the landscape of Love is – just waiting for us to open our eyes.

Practice

by Felix Pekar

What strikes me is to let all of practice just be practice and that all of life is practice. Not hoping for something to happen or not happen as a result of practice. Learning to trust the waiting.

I've fallen in love with the clapper and the bell. In the silence of the forest a twig crisply snaps. Awakened evolutionary consciousness demands profound attention. Snap! Bear!? Here too in the Zoom Zendo. Clap! THIS!? Now, a ringing – silence. A river keeps its rushing sound deep inside itself. Hold this ringing like the river. Merge. A hefty pine cone falls. Nature's jikijitsu.



Out for a Hike

by Felix Pekar

Out for a hike through pasture land. Gorgeous sunset with an amber hue cast against navy winter clouds. Cattle out grazing. All look up at me intently, awaiting a speech from their esteemed guest. “Mmmmmooooooooo,” I offer. My profoundness is met with stares. Except for one cow, who has been rubbing its neck on a rock, obviously very content with itself. Raises its head, stares at me, “Mmmuuuuuuuuuu.” I erupt in laughter. This cow’s wakefulness cannot be described. Its eyes are clear.

Mystics and Zen Masters

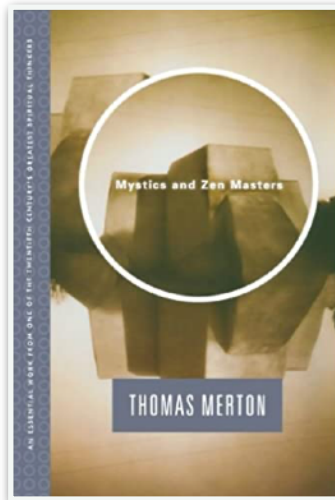
Review by Felix Pekar

This book cosmically thrust itself into my hands. Feeling within myself a genuine affinity for mystical paths, I wanted to explore more deeply what has driven others throughout the world and history to realize the transcendent, merge with God, or come into the presence that was never apart and the paths that guided them there.

Merton has compiled 16 essays addressing “the various ways in which men of different traditions have conceived the meaning and method of the way which leads to the highest levels of religious or metaphysical awareness.” Many of the essays are seemingly disparate, but uniting them all is a fervent drive for a radically beautiful union of “oneself” with God/love/reality as a pure entity, beyond any capacity of mental conception and so without definitive image or form. This God/love/reality and “oneself” are embodied differently depending on the faith tradition, but the mystical paths to realize this union all demand a fierce daily devotion, abandonment, sincerity and a peculiar sense of responsibility. Indeed, the mystical path is arduous and it is a marvel that anyone walks it.

Each of these essays warrants their own analysis, but for the purpose of this review, I will focus on “From Pilgrimage to Crusade,” in which Merton walks us through the historical development of the

Christian pilgrimage and the unique task the pilgrim must realize – the mystical spirit of their journey. Not to treat pilgrimage as a “synthetic happy-making vacation cruise,” or as a false penitential purging of sins, or perhaps at its worst, as a journey of combative conquering of paradise. Pilgrims must instead seek to enter, “profound relationship with an inner experience of continuity between the natural and the supernatural, between the sacred and the profane, between this world and the next: a continuity both in time and in space.” That is, they are tasked with walking a mystical path.



The bulk of the essay is spent tracking the evolution of pilgrimage from prehistory through the Crusades. Merton delineates five unique eras in the development of the concept of pilgrimage. First, prehistoric religions and the impulse of man to return to his roots in nature, to find his place of origin and/or meaning. Second, the Judeo-Christian shift of pilgrimage to a designated religious center, namely the Holy Land. Third, when the fall of Rome in the sixth century made pilgrimage to the Holy Land essentially inaccessible, Merton then reports on the rise of peregrinatio by the Celtic monks of Ireland, who once again were not setting out to a specific holy place, but rather were, “in search of solitude and exile...abandoning oneself to the Lord of the universe.” Fourth, over the sixth to tenth centuries pilgrimage morphed into a form of ecclesiastical penance, wherein, “the penitent pilgrim was driven forth as an outcast, dressed in rags or sackcloth, barefoot, perhaps even wearing a chain,” tasked with completing a pilgrimage to absolve an accumulation of various sins. Finally, pilgrimage in the form of the

Crusades, wherein one proved their sincere loyalty to Christ in a journey to vanquish the infidels.

At the heart of all these variations of pilgrimage are always the searing questions, to what extent does the pilgrimage, “represent a complete integration of the inner and outer life?” To what extent, “has one come to the end of pilgrimage and now sees that the stranger one meets is no other than oneself?” Namely, to what extent has the experience been mystical?

Of course, this is interior knowledge of the individual pilgrim that leaves us outside in a cloud of unknowing. I find it somewhat unfortunate that Merton did not pull from any writings of pilgrims specifically for this essay (perhaps they were too tired from walking to write); however, one can certainly obtain a fine sampling of mystical lives and quotations throughout the rest of the book. But still, what were the inner experiences of these early pilgrims?

Overall, this essay introduces pilgrimage as one of many paths to a mystical realization. As with any path or method there is the capacity for a pilgrimage to simply become a pilgrim dragging themselves from place to place instead of a pilgrim learning to soar from moment to moment lightened (literally for the sake of their feet) by the pure union with God/love/reality.

The World Could be Otherwise

Review by Rev. Sando Anne Howells

Entering the zendo, we often detour slightly to bow to the bodhisattva, Kannon/Avalokiteshvara, in the niche that’s almost hidden. We bow in gratitude and hope of emulating in a small way the bodhisattva’s endless loving-kindness, endless empathetic identification with endless suffering. We are probably not thinking about laughing in front of this deeply serious, saintly figure – except for the times when we’ve just emerged from the dokusan room with a big smile.

Go ahead and smile! As Norman Fischer tells us in his new book about the bodhisattva path, “humor and irony are essential ingredients of the bodhisattva attitude.” (188) Zen practice nudges us in this direction. When Emperor Wu asks Bodhidharma for “the highest meaning of the Holy Truths,” Bodhidharma points to emptiness, nothing holy, no knowing. A lesson of koan practice is “don’t take yourself so seriously!” The lesson is reinforced as we repeatedly trip and fall, laugh and get up again. Anyone on the bodhisattva path needs and develops skill in making mistakes, falling short, falling, getting back up again with a smile.

The bodhisattva path Fischer investigates arises from practice of Mahayana Buddhism’s six paramitas, six “perfections,” as the word is usually translated. They are a richly useful way of mapping the territory of spiritual practice. His book’s title, *The World Could Be Otherwise: Imagination and the Bodhisattva Path*, suggests his approach. “Perfections” are the ever-receding goals we set before us. As Fischer names the traditional categories, they are the Perfections of Generosity, Ethical Conduct, Patience, Joyful Effort, Meditation, and Understanding. By definition they don’t exist: our lived reality is at best imperfect generosity, ethical conduct, patience, joyful effort, meditation, and understanding. But the perfections do come into existence in our imaginations, and therefore they have an imaginary reality. I can imagine being more patient than I am, in a given situation, and as I imagine this there can be moments, if I focus and keep practicing it, when being more patient will shift from something imagined to something felt and acted. And as we collectively imagine – if we can imagine – the world to be otherwise, we can change it. “To go beyond the possible to the impossible,” Fischer says, “we need to imagine it.” (3)

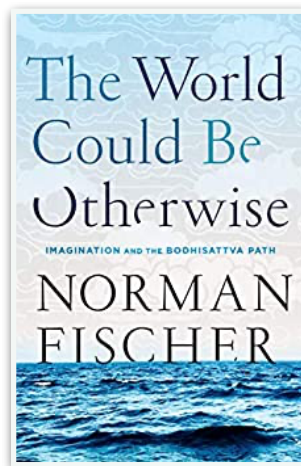
From a different angle, the world and we ourselves already are so much more than we perceive and know, and our acts of imagination can extend our perceptions and knowledge. For example, I have buddha nature. Really? Someone says this, and I can sort of imagine it, and then I can sort of feel it, feel myself acting from it, and it becomes a reality I glimpse more often.

Fischer gives each of the perfections a chapter, but his first chapter is “Imagination.” His core point is that imagination is both powerful and “essential

for our humanness.” Myths, ritual, religious texts, teishos, poems, plays, movies, anecdotes, koans, music, pictures, dreams, “all imaginative productions rise up from the unconscious to expand the soul, to help us feel who we really are and what the world really is. They help us move beyond the habitual one-dimensional perspective of our outer perceptions and fearful emotions.”

“Imagination” is just a word.

Furthermore, as a concept, it comes out of western thought, taking hold there in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. But the word so usefully points to the creativity of consciousness that Fischer is able to make it fairly seamlessly part of



his Buddhist framework. Imagination can of course be dark, deceptive, distorting, destructive. Fischer says, “Thanks to imagination we can crave what we can never have and so be constantly dissatisfied, even crazed.” (6) Thanks to imagination we make war and invent means of destroying our environment. But the imagination also constructs the figure of the bodhisattva, the entirely aware, compassionate, selfless understanding that care for others and care for self are indistinguishable. The impossibly perfect being, yet also a real potential we can cultivate. In Fischer’s language, “Imagination expands the heart, causing us to understand others as ourselves and ourselves as not belonging to us.” (14) Spiritual practice is the exercise of imagination. When imagination is weak, it’s impossible to feel deep connection. When it gains strength, our stories, and our understanding of each other’s stories, change.

Fischer opens up each of the paramitas using a range of perspectives. There’s the perspective of traditional Buddhism,

including both the early teachings of Shakyamuni and their development by Mahayana Buddhism, including, especially in the chapters on Meditation and Understanding, Zen’s distinctive approaches. Each chapter takes a look at what 13th century Zen master Dogen has to say. And Fischer turns near the end of each chapter to several other suggestive traditional texts: the 8th century Buddhist sage Santideva’s *Bodhicaryavarata*, the 13th century Tibetan Buddhist Tokme Zongpo’s *Thirty-Seven Practices of a Bodhisattva*, and, from the Prajnaparamita literature, the *Prajnaparamita Sutra in Eight Thousand Lines*. He investigates how each paramita is illuminated, expanded, and dissolved, by emptiness teachings (for example, how “generosity is empty of generosity”). Fischer himself is a Zen practitioner and teacher, a poet, and a longtime psychotherapist who shares insights on, for example, regret and repentance and forgiveness (Ethical Conduct chapter), anger (Patience chapter), discouragement and self-doubt and courage and hope (Joyful Effort chapter), meditation practices (Meditation chapter), and “truth” – is there such a thing? (Understanding chapter).

As one lives one’s life, stumbles and gets up again along the bodhisattva path, the paramitas can’t be separate practices. They’re all interrelated; each reinforces and informs the other in very practical ways. For example, practicing “as a bodhisattva in a realm of conflict, we will have to use everything we have: generosity, ethical conduct, patience, joyful effort, meditation, and especially understanding.” Nonetheless, naming and exploring them individually as Fischer does here is immensely valuable. And because we learn and grow spiritually, cultivating the paramitas in part by taking small conscious steps, Fischer ends most chapters with suggestions for exercises, both meditation practices and what he calls “everyday life practices” which we might helpfully set aside bits of time for.

Taking the paramitas one at a time, Fischer begins with Generosity (Sanskrit *dana*), traditionally the gateway to the bodhisattva path. Before reading Fischer I tended to think of generosity – being giving, loving, compassionate – as the defining characteristic of a bodhisattva, expressed in the first of our Great Vows: to care for all beings. Of course all the other

Continued on next page ...

paramitas are one with generosity, but it's helpful to start there as a focus for practice, as generosity arises only with the fundamental shift in attitude which is the opening heart-mind's movement from my needs, my suffering, to our needs, our suffering. Fischer is helpful on ways to notice the thoughts and feelings which block this opening, and that's only the beginning of his expansive discussion.

Ethical Conduct (Sanskrit *sila*) is traditionally listed second, but Fischer, though placing it there, simultaneously says "it's not second in importance or chronological order." (55) The perfection (Bodhisattva ideal) of ethical conduct is "ethical conduct beyond ethical conduct," and is "both the entry gate to the path and the path's ultimate fruition." In Zen, its practice is described by the sixteen bodhisattva precepts which we study before taking Jukai. We are likely to perceive these precepts initially as rules, especially those printed in our sutra books as "The Ten Precepts." They are "ethical guidelines" which you follow "to clean up your act, straighten out your behavior, be a decent and good person." (56) Bodhisattvas practice like this too, Fischer says, "and when they mess up, as they sometimes do, they pay attention and make corrections." Yet, he continues, "the perfection of ethical conduct, like an eagle in flight, soars far beyond conventional ethics into the empty blue skies of love and delight." (56)

From one angle, the perfections of generosity and ethical conduct form a pair: generosity figures in the precepts, all of ethical conduct can be subsumed in generosity. Similarly the practices of the next two perfections, Patience (Sanskrit *kshanti paramita*) and Joyful Effort (*virya paramita*), are readily experienced as reinforcing each other. "Patience," Fischer says, "is the most important of all the bodhisattva practices because without it all the others will eventually fail." The reader begins to notice how each of the perfections is the most important. And Fischer is right: "It is easy enough to practice meditation, generosity, ethical conduct, and other wonderful practices when things are going smoothly. But when things fall apart – as they inevitably do from time to time – we revert to old patterns." It only takes one or two sesshins before we see what a wonderful laboratory sesshin is for the practice of patience. The Sanskrit for this paramita is also often translated as "tolerance" or "forbearance," but Fischer

chooses "patience" to move away from connotations of passivity. Patience is an active virtue, it "transforms difficult circumstances from misfortunes or disasters into spiritual benefit," and it is more needed than ever in our impatient time. (83)

For me, for whom patience can be especially challenging, it comes as a relief to get to Joyful Effort. The Sanskrit is more commonly translated as "energy" or "zest"; Fischer's "joyful effort" encompasses both, with the added connotations of "joy," a feeling which I think is always experienced as a release from ego. Bodhisattvas need endless energy. They are "Energizer Bunnies"! And "you can't have lots of energy without limitedness love for what you do." (113) This chapter has good advice about the self-care, physical and emotional and spiritual, we require to maintain a high level of energy. Plenty of "effort" is demanded by this practice, but when you get going "joyful effort is almost no effort at all. It's effortless effort . . . " In Zen we call this Bu Ji, action that is No (Mu) Action. We are in the flow, without strain or pressure, "just doing something for the doing of it," in itself an expression of joy.

With the fifth and sixth perfections, Meditation (*dhyana paramita*) and Understanding (*prajna paramita*), we "enter a new realm. The previous four perfections are built on relatively commonplace virtues – nothing esoteric or special about them." Their practice "exists, more or less, in any culture, in any conscious tradition of character cultivation, whether religious or not, and do not require extraordinary skill or knowledge. But the fifth and sixth perfections are different . . . They involve a more mystical or spiritual frame of reference and require an effort beyond what we would commonly make in the normal course of our daily lives." (141)

We can say that meditation (itself a bodhisattva practice) supports bodhisattva practices. We get off the cushion and move into the world on the bodhisattva path of generosity, ethical conduct, and so on. But for Zen practitioners, there's a somewhat different way of seeing this. Zen is the "meditation school" of Buddhism, and, in Fischer's words, "Zen is called Zen because of its insistence that meditation is more than formal meditation practice. In Zen all practice is collapsed into meditation; there is nothing other than meditation." (156) One

of the stories about Joshu: "A monk asks Joshu, 'What is meditation?' Joshu says, 'Nonmeditation.' 'How can meditation be nonmeditation?' the monk asks. Joshu's final words: 'It's alive.'" (166) Or, connecting with Fischer's exploration of "imagination," we can understand meditation as the practice of imagination: "For bodhisattvas, meditation practice is the most direct way to cultivate imagination, to open up a big space in the middle of their lives, a space always there but usually unnoticed, in which anything can happen." (163) And, circling back to the whole of Fischer's chapter on this, Buddhist and Zen Buddhist traditions offer a wealth of insight about techniques and meanings of meditation as a spiritual practice.

Going even deeper, we come to the sixth paramita, prajnaparamita, the Perfection of Wisdom or Understanding. This is the paramita we hear about in Zen, giving voice to it as we chant the Heart Sutra (the distillation of prajnaparamita's scriptures) at every service. The perfection of understanding "is the basic practice of Mahayana Buddhism and the keystone of the bodhisattva path." Without it, "nothing in the bodhisattva life holds up." There's a problem for anyone who tries to talk about it, though: it lies beyond words, words can only point to it. It "doesn't have any characteristics of its own," it is not something we can "have," and there is no way to practice it, in itself, though "to practice generosity, ethical conduct, patience, joyful effort, and meditation as perfections, rather than as conventional practices, is essentially to practice the perfection of understanding." (199)

Most often the (inadequate) English translation we use for this paramita is "wisdom." Fischer suggests the (also inadequate) name "understanding," which he thinks works better than "wisdom" for the portrait he's painting of the imaginative bodhisattva. Etymologically, to understand is "to stand with." The "under" part of the word doesn't mean "beneath"; it "comes from a proto-Indo-European root that means 'among, or between.'" So "'understanding' means to be close to, to be with. And we take it like that. An understanding person, we feel, is compassionate, considerate, empathetic . . . exactly the spirit of prajna in the bodhisattva path." So "the perfection of understanding includes both sides of what is meant by the English understanding: to understand deeply how things are – to know, to see, how elusive and shimmering

this life is and, at the same time, with and through this seeing, to be understanding of life, to care for it, to stand with it in empathy, love, and compassion.” (175) This is how the emptiness teachings connect with the bodhisattva heart of Avalokiteshvara in the Heart Sutra.

Pervading the other five perfections, understanding/wisdom “is the great gift of Mahayana Buddhist thought.” And, for Fischer, it is “the source and fruit of imagination.” (24) But, as the Zen version of Mahayana thought reminds us, don’t take it too seriously! Don’t get stuck in pondering it. The “essential bodhisattva way of life” – and this is the core argument of Fischer’s generous, optimistic, encouraging book – is “the open, flexible, improvisational, ironic vision of this world, and the ability to move in it to benefit others, no matter how weird or difficult it gets.” (197)

The Book of Equanimity

December Odayaka - Case 100

“Roya’s Mountains and Rivers”

Preface to the Assembly

One word can make the country prosper; one word can make the country perish. This medicine can both kill or can save lives. Seeing this, a person of virtue sees it as virtue and a person of wisdom sees it as wisdom. Tell me: Where is the profit or loss to be found?

Main Case

A monk asked Kaku Osho of Roya, “If the original state is clean and pure, then why suddenly do rivers, mountains, and the great earth arise?” Kaku replied, “If the original state is clean and pure, then why suddenly do the mountains, rivers, and great earth arise!”

Appreciatory Verse

*Seeing existence, don't take it as existence.
Turning the hand up,
turning the hand down,
the man in Mount Roya –
he does not fall behind Gautama.*

Not much is known about Kaku Osho, but he lived sometime in the tenth century in China. Yet, the monks who compiled The Book of Equanimity thought highly enough of him to include this case as the last and final case of their collection. And the appreciatory verse certainly gives him high praise, saying, the man in Mount Roya, where Kaku resided, does not fall behind Gautama (the historical Buddha).

I know, from working with my Zen mentors, that it can be aggravating to wait for fellow followers of the Way to have a breakthrough. Zen masters wait for each composite lump of clay or stardust sitting with us to have their own true insight, and discover internally, their own innate wisdom and the open-hearted compassion that flows from this. The one thing that you really must have in a person sitting in my role is the confidence that we have broken through repeatedly to our own deep nature. This is important, because sitting in this role, I’m asking you to do the same. I’m asking all of you to face your inner shadow, trials, tribulations, sorrows, griefs, shortcomings and karmic baggage. Furthermore, I’m asking each of you to sit with your pain, fatigue, fantasy, hopes, fears and desires, long enough to combust some of it, and transcend all of it from time to time. Only this can give rise to genuine insight into your deep nature, which is nothing less than the very nature of the universe and beyond. Therefore, you want someone in my role to have already done a lot of this work themselves. As we all know this kind of work is simple enough, but not easy and requires a lot of patience.

Anyone in my role is tempted to explain more, give more hints, and move everyone along faster through the koan curriculum. However, it is important to resist this temptation. It is much more powerful to breakthrough on our own, without anyone holding our hand. The best encouragement is to have faith that each one of us is capable of true insight. It is important to find our way through our own brambles. In reality no one can do the work for us. Therefore, my job is to hold the line by repeating the turning questions. Often, I will reword the question, but always I will ring you out of dokusan with the instruction to sit once again with the question, having the faith that each person will find their own insight. I could tell you all the traditional responses to all the koans and at best you would learn to imitate the way of the ancient masters. The best teachers are

skilled in whatever discipline they are trying to teach, while at the same time continually learning from new insights. To properly teach any discipline one need only to extend multiple invitations to explore and investigate the matters in question. The invitation initiates learning that leads to discoveries that may well go beyond the teacher’s.

The teacher sets up the environment for learning. This zendo, or wherever you happen to be sitting, is a laboratory. Here in this laboratory, we examine self, and the artificial barriers between self and other. This exploration leads us to deep insights about reality and the nature of the universe. What we intuit about the nature of ourselves and the universe helps us develop hypotheses that we then test heuristically and experimentally in our lives and world.

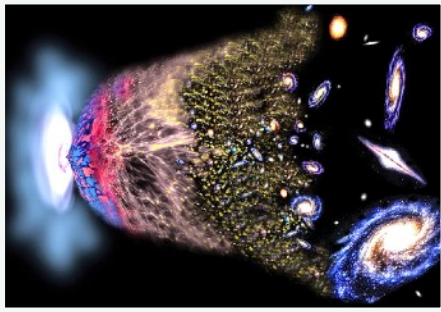
“One word can make the country prosper; one word can make the country perish.” The medicine of koan work can both kill and save lives. If our teachers give us too many hints, they’re not saving our life. If they give us too little, they’re also not saving our life. Teachers invite us to realize the strength of our own investigation and insight. They prod us to find our own wisdom, to discover the source of open-heartedness, compassion, creativity, spontaneity and loving kindness. A lot rests on what the teacher offers and doesn’t offer. Do we say too little? Do we say too much? I think teachers often say way too much. If I’m ringing the bell in the dokusan room too quickly, I’m killing you. If I don’t appropriately acknowledge some advance, I’m killing you. And if I ring at just the right time in negation or affirmation, I will be saving your life. If I advance you too soon, not only am I harming you, but I’m killing the tradition and all that it has to offer. And vice versa, if I wait too long, I’m killing the desire to explore. Yuck!

It’s an interesting role. We have nothing to teach, but when we ask or repeat a question, or ring the bell concluding the exchange, a lot is going on. Just how much affirmation or medicine I give is important, likewise is the amount of negation. In general, the Zen tradition favors negation over affirmation, because negation tends to spur more investigation. It is important to always be beginning from where we are. It’s not easy to discern, I’m always just making my best guess as to what is appropriate.

Continued on next page ...

Everybody's different, everybody's going through their own karmic mess. Everybody wants approval and everybody wants to learn. What's just the right catalyst, at the right moment? Sometimes, the medicine needs to be sweet, or it won't go down. On the other hand, at times medicine needs to be sour or sharp. In general, earlier on in the process, teachers need to be sweeter. Later in the process, Zen teachers become curt, and may just ring the bell at the first offering.

A monk asked Kaku Osho of Roya, "If the original state is clean and pure, then why suddenly do mountains, rivers, and the great earth arise?" This is a wonderful question. How did the original state, before the universe, space and time were born, a pure speck of concentrated multidimensional nothing, much smaller than a pinprick, give rise to a visible universe, 60 billion light years across, fourteen and a half billion years old, expanding faster than light,



with hundreds of billions of galaxies, each with hundreds of billions of stars, each with trillions of planets and moons? On a tiny fraction of these planets and moons life arises, and on some much smaller fraction life evolves that can listen to the Dharma and speak the Dharma. How weird and wondrous is that? How is that possible?

The questioner is asking, how is it that the original state, a concentrated, pure speck of multidimensional nothing, suddenly jumps out and gives rise to mountains, rivers and the great earth? Please say something, give a turning word! And Kaku replied, and repeats, yes, how do mountains, rivers, and great earth arise? Really, no help here. Other than to acknowledge, this beautiful question. Kaku bounces the ball right back to the

monk! Now how is the monk going to respond? It doesn't even say. Probably, the ball Kaku hit back ached right past him. Ring ring ring ring ring!

Of course, with a bit of insight, we understand that no answer is a perfectly good answer. And how is that? I dare not say more. However, I will say that with enough Zen training, we can all find a response that easily satisfies any Zen master.

Now I'm going to give you a more difficult question. If the original state is clean and pure, how does it give rise to genocide, dictators, bullies, rape, incest, and everything awful you can imagine? How does something so extraordinarily pure that it gives rise to matter, energy, space-time, life on this beautiful earth, also give rise to wonderfully ingenious and intelligent lumps of clay who do such horrific things to each other? How can earthlings do such terrible things to fellow earthlings, and mother earth?

I've long struggled with this koan. Anyone examining this koan encounters a very heavy heart. What insight can resolve this question? We get a hint in the Xin Xin Ming, Verses on the Faith Mind. There's a line that says, when doubt arises, simply say, "not two." And goes on to say, "In this 'not two' nothing is separate, nothing is excluded. No matter when or where enlightenment means entering this truth." Another way to say it is, "this, too." As in t - o - o - a world of global warming, systemic racism, pandemic, and narcissistic bullies ruining democracies around the world. Just simply say, when doubt arises, "This too." How are all these troubling expressions also expressions of Muuuuuuuuuuu - pure, infinite, intimate multidimensional nothing? How would the Buddha explain it? What does your inner sage say?

“Seeing existence, don't take it as existence.” “Turning the hand up, turning the hand down.” Some of it we like, some of it we dislike. So much of it is glorious to our heart-minds. And yet so much of it is tragic, sad, heavy, troubling, fearful, burdensome, torturous.

There's a wonderful verse in the Bible about Job, who's complaining to God, who asks something like, "You know, I thought I was doing everything right, so what the hell is going on?" And there's some verse, where God pulls back the veil, and implies, "Don't you know, that I'm also Lord of all of the hell realms?"

Hopefully our practice gives us sufficient groundedness and equanimity to meet and traverse, what we call heaven, and what we call hell, because they're both right here right now. We really do need a practice that allows us to see heaven in this very moment of eternity. We also need a practice that right here and now allows us to walk through hell together. If this practice only gave us one side of the equation, it wouldn't be worth its salt. If we're able to walk through hell together, then we might collectively serve as a catalyst for our species to grow up and survive its adolescence. The planet's four and a half billion years old, life has been on the planet for about three billion years, there will be life on this planet for another billion years. In that long space of past, present, and future, humanity's been here for two hundred thousand years - a short slice of the overall picture of this blue planet. Together we may well help this species grow beyond its tribalism, selfishness, greed and nationalism, and false sense of species superiority. Let's be part of the equation that allows this species to survive and prosper beyond its adolescence.

Winter Odayaka

Jan. 22nd - 24th

Odayaka means "peaceful," and these sesshins are a little less arduous with more dialogue than our weeklong sesshins. On Friday and Saturday 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, Jan. 22, 7:00 am

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

Day 2 – Saturday, Jan. 23, 5:30 am

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

Day 3 – Sunday, Jan. 24, 5:00 am

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

Spring Temple Posts

Given the continued restrictions necessitated by the pandemic this is a very curtailed list with a few Chobo-Ji residents filling all posts.

Sally Zenka Metcalf, Sensei
Sam Koû Tullman
Shika (Host - Manager)

N/A
Tenzo (Cook)

Genjo Marinello, Osho
Sally Zenka Metcalf, Sensei
Jikijitsu (Timekeepers)

Rev. Sendo Howells
Sam Koû Tullman
Densu (Chant Leaders)

N/A
Jisha (Tea Servers and zendo care)

Charles Porter
Inji (Abbot Assistant)

Carolyn Josen Stevens Sensei
Fusu (Temple Accountant)

Eddie Daichi Salazar,
Elijah Seigan Zupancic,
Akesha Taishin Baron
Sam Koû Tullman
Intro Instruction

Rev. Seifu Singh-Molares
Eddie Daichi Salazar
Carolyn Josen Stevens, Sensei
Diversity Committee

Eddie Daichi Salazar
Polly Trout
Jonathan Kaicho Swift
Restorative Practices Council

Spring Intensive

An intensive covers roughly the same time frame as the traditional temple kessei period, beginning with the first zazenkai for that season (March 14) ending with Summer Sesshin (or in this case probably a late June Odayaka). It's a time for concentrated study and practice. *Please let [Genjo](#) know if you plan to participate before March 14.* Chobo-Ji participants receive dokusan once weekly on Wednesday evenings. *All unsui are strongly encouraged to participate fully.*

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, zazenkai, and full-time attendance at weeklong sesshins and Odayaka. 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. These hours can be in your own home, garden or community.

3) Read one book of your choosing from Chobo-Ji's [Zen Bibliography page](#) (or consult with Genjo about an alternative selection) and write a review of what you have read.

4) Keep a journal about your practice, at least one paragraph per week, and email a minimum of one paragraph per week each Friday to Genjo Osho on how the intensive is working on you.

5) Attend Dokusan Wednesdays in person or via Zoom at 8:30PM, or if this is impossible arrange a Zoom call with Genjo Osho. Zoom calls can be short, 5 minutes maximum per week, or up to 15 minutes every two weeks, or 30 minutes once a month.

6) Be of service to this sangha or the wider community through some direct manifestation of our Great Vow.

Spring Odayaka

March 26th - 28th

Odayaka means "peaceful," and these sesshins are a little less arduous with more dialogue than our weeklong sesshins. On Friday and Saturday 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, March 26, 7:00 am

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

Day 2 – Saturday, March 27, 5:30 am

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

Day 3 – Sunday, March 28 5:00 am

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



Waiting for Dokusan in a Breakout Room

by Sonja deWit

*Break out of the breakout room,
maybe break in to the breakout room
or break away from the breakup —
breakdown in the break....
Rehearse my koan. Stare at
my dumb face on the monitor
Back to the koan. Me still there.
Me, myself, and oops — lost
the I. ('nother koan)
"Thou shalt break them in pieces"
sings the bass
in one of my favorite solos
in the Messiah.
Our god doesn't break anyone
don't even have a god.
less drama that way
but less breakage too.
Did anyone have a breakthrough
waiting in a breakout room, ever?
"Thou shalt..."
Oh, good morning Genjo!*

Sounds of Silence

by Chris Howard

[Walla Walla Dharma Sangha](#)

*The sounds of silence are winding like
invisible ocean currents
between the luminous rays
of morning sunlight and
the liquid notes
of jubilant meadowlarks cascade
like a gently flowing stream
through the waves
of consciousness, reminding me
of the beauty
and goodness
of my inherent earthly nature.
The squawks of the pheasants
and the caws of the crows
punctuate the silence
bidding me to return
to the magic of this present moment
which has gone adrift somewhere
in the remembrance of the past
and the fantasies of the future.
Re-taking my seat
at the symphony of now
I am slowly dissolving
into the silence of space*



*only to be brought back
to bodily awareness
by the reverberations of reality
in the sound of the gong.*

Birth, Death and the In-between

by Coryl Keicho Crane
(first published in Brooklyn Aikikai
Newsletter - Oct. 2020)

*One life
First breath
Thousands upon thousands upon
thousands of breaths
One last breath*

I was very young, no more than two years old, and slept in a small bed in my parents' room. As soon as I closed my eyes I would be floating, suspended by the pressure of an atmosphere that I couldn't resist. It encased my body and kept me from moving. It was dark but not black. I was on the edge of being afraid but was not. I did not know where I was going, or whether I would return to my bed. But when I opened my eyes, my mother would be smiling down at me. It would be morning.

Looking back on a long life as I reflect on the idea of rebirth, I start with this earliest memory because I see myself now as having been pulled back into a layer of existence between death and life. A matrix of energy surrounded me, holding on to me, drawing me away

and then releasing me to my bed. Was this part of the thread of reincarnation? Or was it a buffer to the deeper unknown beyond, a layer of energy we must pass through on the way out and on the way in? I can only surmise!

Much later in my life, I was with my husband, Allan, when he passed. That experience, along with giving birth to our son, Bram, are the two most treasured moments of my life: being a conduit for a new life coming into this world and sharing the moment of passing with a loved one who was leaving it. During the last months of Allan's life he withdrew into himself and was very quiet. I asked him once if he was thinking about dying and he came out of himself for a moment and said in a loud voice, "NO!" He was a Buddhist in practice, and I believe he lived in the moment until he left. With his last breath his spirit fled his body, like a genie released from a bottle. It was a palpable energy, one that I both saw and felt. Only his body remained, all tension gone, an empty shell left behind. He was gone. Our dog, Sparky, who had slept in his room, stood on his hind legs with his nose at the edge of the bed and walked around it sniffing. He left when he was satisfied that Allan was no longer there.

But where had Allan gone and in what form? Months later I awoke in the middle of the night to the sound of his voice urgently calling to me: "Coryl, Coryl". This was not a voice in a dream it came from outside of me and I sat up abruptly, responding to his fear and calling out, assuring him: "Don't worry,

it will be alright.” I heard from him again one more time after that but it was in a dream, a beautiful, reassuring dream in which we were joined as one energy in our love for each other, and I knew that he was passing on to a deeper place.

In 1998, my mother passed away in England and I was left with a feeling of guilt having moved from my home country in my early twenties, and was not able to be there for her in her later years. On a blustery April day on her birthday, I took her ashes and went down to Torrey Pines Beach to scatter them into the ocean. The tide was high, and the wind skimmed the water, pushing the waves toward the pebbled shore. As I walked along I took a handful of the ashes and threw them into the waves asking my mother for forgiveness. The wind blew them back at me. I continued until the last handful, which I threw hard into the waves along with my final mea culpa! A wave broke at my feet pushing me back on the pebbles. I looked down and there was a large, smooth stone in the shape of a heart. As I picked it up my mother’s voice called out to me saying: “Darling, don’t take it all so seriously!” My mother had a wonderful sense of humor and didn’t let things get her down, despite having had a hard life. What a gift to hear that she wanted the same for me.

There are also moments in life that are like mini-rebirths. They take us out of ourselves to experience more profoundly who we are: the deeper layers of ourselves, our potential selves, and maybe the selves that we have been in past lives. They are usually fleeting moments. You can’t hold on to them, but still you reach for them. They keep you going because you now know they are possible. And afterward, you are never quite the same again.

I trusted my sensei fully, and his teaching opened my awareness to a whole life waiting to be explored outside of who I had come to believe I should be. In one class, a powerful *jyo* thrust from him stopped between my eyes, so close to my skin that I felt the fine hair there tremble! I got a burst of adrenaline and every cell in my body was on alert. It was the ultimate wake-up call.

Another time, he threw me into the air, and as I fell, I felt something primal was activated — our dormant instinct to survive maybe. I was utterly on my own in that moment and solely responsible, and I managed my landing with full consciousness.

I had another indelible experience once while my sensei lifted me across his shoulders in kata *garumi* (shoulder throw). As he walked across the mat, I felt only the powerful energy that surged up through him and channeled through my horizontal body. It was a timeless moment. I was weightless and had no awareness of my physical being. We were one entity of pure energy. Coming down to earth and to the mat, in a break fall, from that height, was a rude awakening! But I understood this to be



the universal *ki*, that which threads through our cycle of life and death and through the entire universe. I never did ask Sensei what his experience had been. But this was certainly mine!

I love the memory of this next moment. I was sitting on the edge of the mat one day after an exhausting workout, *keiko-gi* soaked, hair stuck to my head, not conscious of how I looked, only how I felt: every cell vibrant, no attachment to anything, stripped bare and feeling beautiful. There was a realization in this moment that I was beautiful—that this is what beauty is—being alive from the inside out. I had

never thought of myself as beautiful before.

Another shaft of realization hit me one day when training with someone who triggered in me a moment of fury... I knew that I had it in me to kill him. The memory was in my body, and I knew I had killed in a past life. What a stunning awareness for the good Buddhist that I was who wouldn’t even tread on an ant!

The first time I held and unsheathed my sword, I again felt a connectedness to past lives and a chill ran down my back. It was an experience totally foreign to my life and culture until then. I was humbled and felt very young in the presence of my sword. I also felt an attachment - in the sense not of ownership but of connection to the many lives that had carried it since it had been first forged. What a responsibility. The blade was over 600 years old and was now in my care.

The final rebirth moment I’ll share happened outside of Aikido, when I was in Paris for an art event. I was at a party one evening in a three-story home overlooking the Seine. It was a tall, narrow building, and there was art work everywhere, even on the stairwells. I made my way up to a room on the first floor, filled with people chatting, drinking and eating. As I entered the room, I was confronted by two identical, life-size Buddha statues. They stood, facing each other with their arms and hands extended in front of them, fingers up and palms facing out and almost touching. I was entranced and stayed with them for some time wondering at the symbolism. Eventually, I moved on to explore all the floors - it was a house full of art with so much to enjoy. Then I slowly retraced my steps. I walked again into the room with the Buddha sculptures, my attention was immediately drawn to a woman walking toward me. We looked directly into each other’s eyes and I saw a person I dearly wanted to meet. As we got closer I was struck by the realization that the whole wall was a mirror. I was looking at, and into, my- self.

Only one buddha after all ... in us all!

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

Intro to Zazen Most Saturdays 10-11:15AM, 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.)

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

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

Follower of the Way Dharma Talk (Sharon Meho Petit-Hill) ...

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

Board Meeting ...

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

Start of Six Week Zen Intro Series ...

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

Annual Meeting ...

Precept Class 1 with Rev. Anne Sendo Howells ...

Precept Class 2 with Rev. Anne Sendo Howells ...

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

Board Meeting ...

Follower of the Way Dharma Talk (George Kyoki Gibbs) ...

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

Jan. 22 - Jan. 24

Feb. 14, 5am - 11:15am

March 7, 7:30pm - 8:30pm

March 14, 5am - 11:15am

March 14, 11:30am - 1:00pm

March 26 (7:00am) - March 28 (noon)

April 10, 10am - 11:15am

April 11, 5am - 11:15am

April 11, 11:30am - 1:30pm

April 22, 7pm - 8:15pm

May 6, 7pm - 8:15pm

May 9, 5am - 11:15am

May 9, 11:30am - 1:00pm

June 6, 7:30pm - 8:30pm

June 13, 5am - 11:15am



Dai Bai Zan Cho Ba Zen Ji

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

