



Plum Mountain News

Dear members and friends,

Our spring so far has been a wild mix of wind and rain, sun and blossoms, warmth and chill. As I write this there will soon be a potluck here at the temple, organized by Randal Daigetsu Tanabe, and I'm not sure if we will be eating outside or inside, depending on the weather. This morning Sister Lucy Kurien, from India, the founder and director of MAHER – A home (currently 68 homes) for abused, traumatized,

destitute women, men, and children sat with us for zazen and attended our Saturday morning council. We were all in awe of her inspiring compassionate action in our world of samsara. MAHER provides a home where all people of every faith can belong, find nourishment, acceptance, support, freedom and above all else

love. Our May Zazenkai is tomorrow and she will attend. She told me she has done ten-day Vipassana retreats in the past, but her staff dreads her attendance because she comes back with so many insights and new ideas on how to better serve more people. I feel honored to have met and sat with her. Please consider donating to her organization (www.maherashram.org).

Our Spring Sesshin had 22 participants, with one attending full-time via Zoom. Once again Rev. Seifu Singh-Molares was our Shika (host/manager) and did a superb job getting us all set up and working smoothly throughout. Our Dai Tenzo (chief cook) was Elijah Seigan Zupancic who served up fabulous meals with a real Japanese temple flare. Felix



Wazan Pekar kept us all in line and on time as our Jikijitsu (time keeper). Michelle Muji LeSourd was our Jisha (principal tea server) and was backed up by Sensei Dee Seishun Endelman. They kept us tanked up with just the right amount of tea, coffee and snacks. Sensei Eddie Daichi Salazar really settled into the post of Densu (chant leader). Sensei Sally Zenka Metcalf and Ken Daien Iwata served as my Inji (abbot assistants) and made sure I had what I needed when I needed it and ably corralled the Dokusan (private interview) line. You will find two Teishos from Spring Sesshin transcribed in these pages. One was given on the third day by Rinzan Osho and one was given by me on the middle day of our weeklong sesshin. Two people did Jukai (Buddhist Precept and Naming Ceremony) on the final day, but more on that later in this issue. As usual, with all the care given by everyone during our Samu (work meditation) periods, the temple grounds, both inside and outside, sparkled.

Carolyn and I missed the



Buddha's Birthday celebration on April 8, which (from what I have heard) went off without a hitch in my absence. We were in Columbus, Ohio for a few days with family to see the total solar eclipse, which was fabulous. I've seen three total eclipses, but likely this will be my last in this lifetime. On



April 14, Chobo-Ji had its annual meeting to elect the Board and had a lively discussion on the function of hierarchy in our tradition. We examined both the advantages and dangers of any hierarchal structure, more on this later in the Board President's report. I traveled in late April to Walla Walla for my annual visit to meet with inmates at the penitentiary, lead a Zazenkai, and give a talk at Whitman College. Then from April 25 – May 1, Carolyn and I joined



Continued on next page ...

a slew of Zen Peacemakers from around the country to examine the origins and continuation of American racism. I don't think any country is exempt from racism of one form or another. Our collective inability to move beyond our idealization or vilification of "others" is perhaps our species' greatest weakness. For five days in Montgomery and Selma Alabama we explored with locals our history of slavery and prejudice, and our mutual fears of backsliding towards more discrimination and voter suppression. I had lunch with more than one "foot soldier" who stood together at great risk 59 years ago to dismantle voter suppression and Jim Crow



laws. Carolyn will be reporting more in this issue, but let me say that in this time of greater polarization, I will be visiting my friends again in Alabama next spring. I invite you now to consider coming with me to attend the 2025 Zen Peacemakers Bearing Witness plunge into historical and current racism. We need more than ever to stand with each other across the country, to resist backsliding further into more and more prejudice against all those not in our preferred or privileged group.

Twice in the last few months Chobo-Ji has rented our zendo to the Seattle Soto Zen group, and one of Chobo-Ji's former members, Rev. Genzen Cadman, helped coordinate this association. It is a pleasure to share our space with other devoted followers of the way. There have been a couple of very



rewarding Sangha hikes recently with more to come in the following months. We had a



wet but productive neighborhood cleanup samu gathering on May 5, and collected many bags of garbage. In this issue you will find announcements for our upcoming Summer Sesshin, (which I think will be very well attended, so be sure to register early to secure a space), updates on the No Rank Zendo in Portland and Stone Blossom Sangha in Wenatchee, an update on our 100 Sandwiches program for those who are hungry, and the release and review of a second book published by our own Plum Mountain Press. Please enjoy these and the other offerings in this issue. I hope to see you all soon in the zendo!

With gassho,
Genjo



Herons by the River Near Midnight is a new book available in the Zendo foyer by Sangha member Larry Lee Palmer. Larry has long been associated with our temple, as his construction company crew has twice

overhauled the exterior of our building. His book, published by our temple's *Plum Mountain Press*, is as beautiful as our building from the outside and the inside. Beyond being a contractor, Larry wrote a regular column for the *Seattle Post Intelligencer* called "View From the Rail," a take on American horse racing, with a dash of poetry. His book is an anthology of poems, short stories, horse racing columns, and reflections about Zen practice. It is a sampling from a lifetime of hard knocks, prodigious resilience and wondrous good fortune. Larry is a superb writer and storyteller who examines not only who he is but who we are in this infinite intimate universe we call reality. Larry tells us in his prologue that, "A poem is a song that uses words instead of notes." He is right on and goes on to make beautiful music. The actual printing cost for this gorgeous book with color photographs is over twice what we are asking for it. Because of Larry's generous donation to cover printing costs, the temple will receive 100% of any purchase made at the temple. The book is available for a donation of \$15 or more and I'm sure you will thoroughly be delighted.

A friend of mine, Charles McGlone wrote the following about Larry's new book...

*Across the skein of being
there exists a new book
that begs you read.*

*Wondrous wording,
verbose verbiage,
contagious commitment to being alive.*

*All is found in this lovely literate lagoon of
Brine-ful tales and bawdily beatific poems.*

*Words streaming expanse through the ether,
slipping gently
surrounding ear consciousness
reach out as water
over the rounded stream stones.*

Gently rippling heart minds

Ahhhh

What more can be said other than enjoy.

Get your copy in the zendo!

Genjo

Hekiganroku ~ Case 18

Emperor Shukuso Asks About the Style of the Pagoda

Rinzan Osho's Teisho,
3rd day of Spring Sesshin 2024

Main Subject: Emperor Shukuso asked Chū Kokushi, "When you are a hundred years old, what shall I do for you?" Kokushi answered, "Make a seamless pagoda for this old monk." The emperor said, "I should like to ask you, what style is it to be?" Kokushi remained silent for a while. And then he said, "Do you understand?" "No, I do not," said the emperor. "I have a disciple called Tange," said Kokushi, "who has the Dharma seal transmitted by me. He is well versed in this matter. Ask him, please. After Kokushi's death, the emperor sent for Tange and asked him about it. Tange said:

*South of Sho and north of Tan,
In between, gold abounds.
The ferry boat under the shadowless tree,
No holy one in the emerald palace you see.*

Setcho's Verse:

*A seamless pagoda,
it is difficult to describe;
The dragon does not thrive
in a placid lake.
Tier after tier, superbly
it casts its shadow;
Let it be admired for a thousand ages.*

When describing Zazen and Zen practice to people in my Sangha back in Portland, at No-Rank Zendo, I will often playfully say, "What we are doing while sitting on the cushion is dying – but this is not something we normally put on the website. 'Come, die on your cushion,' because it might discourage people, or it might seem grim: to die on our cushion."

Yet, the great wisdom of our practice reveals, as it has to me over and over again, that to do anything but to allow ourselves to die, is a form of grasping, and as such, it increases our suffering and the suffering of the world. If we sit on the cushion long enough, confronted by all our demons, our preoccupations with the past, with the future, with our present pains, we realize

that we can either continue to spin out about all these fears and concerns, or we can, as Genjo Roshi has said, "let go and let be" – which is, in a way, to die. To completely surrender. To die to what is.

It takes a courageous heart to die like this because all of our primitive instincts for survival are striving for the exact opposite, compelling us to hold on. Of course, these instincts are not wrong. They have a certain sanity to them. For instance, it's a wise instinct that says if you're in pain, get up and move. If you're burning up, get out of the sun. Go find some shade. If you're hungry, eat. But this practice asks us to slow down and to settle in and resist the temptation to exit. It asks us to accept the pain, the heat, the hunger and then to find out what is beyond the impulse to move or escape, even the impulse to stay alive. By doing so, invariably, we find more space, more room, more patience, tolerance, courage.

In the end, letting go, dying on the cushion, allows us to just fully be.

Our complicated minds, driven by the instinct to survive, want us to divide the world into like and dislike, have and have not, what we want and what we don't want, what is good and what is bad. The nature of our brain is such that it divides the world into these categories, and to some degree, some smaller degree than we think, it's helpful. But when we are captured by the belief that these dualities are true, we miss the experience of the larger reality. We do not see the great reality that transcends it all: like and dislike, want and don't want, have and have not, life and death.

Our most fundamental instinct is simply to stay alive. At a root level, that is what we are designed to do: keep on living as long as possible. We can see ramifications of this in all the little things that we do, whether it's to bond with our social group or to fret about the state of the environment, the ecological collapse that we are facing, our political future and the potential collapse of democracy, the collapse of economic institutions, all the things that we fear, you name it. All these are things that might very well prevent us from surviving, or at least surviving as we have become accustomed to. So is it wrong to fear those things? Maybe not wrong, but is it helpful to fear those things? Is it helpful?

Does worrying about it, sitting in fear about

it, ruminating about it get us anywhere? Does it change anything? Does it improve our own way of being in the world? If it does – great – keep at it. But if we decide that this pit of fear does no good, then we are left with nothing more sane to do than let go of each of these concerns and find what lies in their stead.

How do we let go?

We breathe.

We breathe with the whole body. Coming fully into the body. Coming fully here. Shifting from the state of consciousness that is narrow and constricted, closed off, sorting the world into yes and no, a representing of the world to us from our own mind into presence-ing.

For all of my fears or concerns, none of them are happening right now. So if I am thinking about them, my mind has created them. Everything that I'm fearing is an image in my mind that's scaring me like ghosts in dreams. It's not real. It's not present in any substantive sense. And our job is to let go of the represented world of thought and enter into the flow of presence. We let go of conceptions and fears, and we come into our full body, breath, ears, eyes, nose – the very feeling of the energy that flows within us.

Remarkably, this presence-ing, this being fully here, is dying. While it seems like it is coming to life (and in truth, it is), it is actually dying. To fully be here, we have to let go of all of our fears so that we can, as Mumon says in his commentary on Joshu's "Mu," live fearlessly, live full of joy. We have to be willing to let all our concerns die, which means that we have to let go of our fundamental concern for survival and just be. To learn to let go of preoccupations, the divisions of mind, to be here and to touch what is beyond conception, the greater reality, and to be present within it and to live within it is a kind of dying. And when we die like this – what then?

The emperor asks Chu Kokushi, the national teacher, meaning he's the teacher of the emperor, "When you are a hundred years old, what shall I do for you?"

In other words, "You're not going to make it to a hundred. So what am I going to do for you when you die? How can I make a

Continued on next page ...

memorial to you, you who mean so much to me, who have given me so much? How can I honor you? When I can no longer have you face to face, what shall I do for you?"

This is a good question. It is one that we can reflect upon to all that we are grateful for. To all our teachers, to all of our mentors, our guides, the books, how can we honor them? I would say this question, when held closely, transcends a concern about honoring even our particular teachers and those in our lives who have taken on that role to support us and help companion us and guide us into greater connection with all our teachers in the world.

These teachings are everywhere: ecological collapse, political disruption, political figures. There is something to learn from all of them.

And beyond the particular Dharma gates that painfully poke us into growth, the very earth is our teacher. It holds and supports us and informs us of being and presence-ing. The trees, mountains, and the rivers, the call of the crow are all teaching, all encouraging us to wake up.

Invariably, throughout a week of sesshin, as we drop our divisions, our attunement, our communing with them is more intense. The way we experience the world is more immediate, it's more present. Our heart opens, and we feel more connected to all these beings. And we could ask, "Whether you're gone or not, what shall I do?"

Perhaps Kokushi knows the Emperor's frame of mind, that the Emperor was in a narrower state of mind than the one I am pointing to. The emperor, perhaps, was simply asking, "What can I construct, what can I build? I'd like to get it planned right now because, you know, who knows when this could happen, and it'd be nice for it to happen in my own lifetime, to do something special for you."

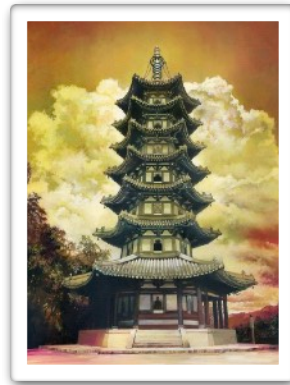
So Kokushi gives him a nudge, a prod. "Make a seamless pagoda for this humble old monk." The emperor did not understand that Kokushi was, in essence, saying, "Just as we have our humble old earth, just humbly keep going on. Let go, and let be, without division."

The emperor said, "I should like to ask you, what style is it to be?" This is the same as saying, "I suppose I could try and make a seamless pagoda, but can you give me more

information? Can you tell me how to do it?"

This is what our narrower mind is always looking at. There should be a way to understand it, to plan it and think it through. My teacher is supposed to lay it out for me, and then I could just do it or think it and then I'd be it. So give me the map.

I imagine you can pick up a magazine that on the cover says, "The Eight Easy Steps to Incomparable Satori and Infinite Bliss – just follow these steps. One through eight. You got it." Or there may be a weekend workshop that'll teach you the way. And if that didn't do it, well, I don't know what to say. Try these four others. But true to our tradition, true to the heart of true teaching, true to the way in which the great earth teaches us, Kokushi remained silent – and having let the Emperor soak that in, he asked, "Do you understand?"



The Emperor said, "No, I do not." Kokushi said, "I have a disciple called Tangen, who shares my heart-mind. He is well versed in this matter. Go ask him." After Kokushi's death, the Emperor sent for Tangen. Tangen could have said something didactic. He could have said, "Well let me tell you where the Kokushi was coming from."

This can be done. It can be explained. It's not that it can't be explained. The problem with an explanation is that it will not get us there. It will fall flat because it falls into that narrow gap of re-presenting. It becomes a thought-thing, rather than allowing one to touch it in actuality.

So what this koan asks of us, what our practice asks of us, what our sitting asks of us is to approach it in a different way than trying to think it through. We must step outside our narrow thinking, which divides and separates and organizes, which is great, for instance, if you're actually building a

pagoda, or renovating a temple, or building a beautiful arch on the garden grounds. It's helpful, but it's narrow.

Kokushi shared himself as he did, staying silent, to invite us into a way of being that's always available but that we don't access as often as we might. And because the entry point into this way of being is not through thought, Kokushi tells the emperor to go to Tangen, who gives him a poem.

When we can't access the great reality immediately, as Kokushi displayed it, we can get to it most directly through poetry, through myth, through the embodiment of play – all the ways of being that, in our adult living in our rational Western world, we seem to have forgotten and perpetually downplay as, somehow, being less than our thinking.

Play allows us to embody different ways of being. It reveals wisdom that we can't even speak to. That's exactly what koans invite us to do, is to play. And I can't tell you how many conflicts, wherein my wife and I feel divided and and we're butting heads and we can't figure it out, are resolved once we just start being playful with each other. One of the playful things we do when we're just really stuck and don't know what else to say, when we can't turn left and can't turn right, we become little bunnies, and we put our fingers above our heads like bunny ears, and we say, "You know – I'm just a little bunny –" Really.

And I've suggested that to clients in psychotherapy who are doing couples counseling, and they look at me like, "You gotta be kidding me. This is serious." Well, nothing is so serious that it can't be resolved by a cute little bunny. And the playfulness reminds us of our heart's gold. We don't want to be in conflict. This isn't what anyone wants. We're just frightened little bunnies. So – how do we stop being divided? Dare we enter these realms of play, of foolishness? Of intimacy, of taking off the masks? Be willing to stare into the dragon's eyes as a cute little bunny!

So a poem, similarly, invites us into a kind of being that is different from pursuing rational subject/object explication. It asks us not to be unreasonable, but to be non-rational. To use a part of our minds that bridges gaps and ends divides.

*South of Sho and north of Tan,
In between, gold abounds.*

*The ferry boat under the shadowless tree,
No holy one in the emerald palace you see.*

We might scratch our heads and wonder, “Now – what does that mean?” But we should not think these things. We should not try to decode the metaphors. We must feel these things – and soak.

Again, the thinking mind is fine. It’s good. I love it. I love thinking, but the thinking is only the experience of thoughts. We must feel beyond re-presentations and into the actual presence-ing and be present with the presence-ing universe. Be on that ferry boat with the shadowless tree. While the rational mind says, “That doesn’t make sense,” I say, “Good. So don’t let it make sense. Play with it.”

Setcho, in an inserted commentary on Tange’s poem, says “Clear is the river, calm is the sea.” Clear is the river – going straight on – Calm is the sea – beyond all of our fears and visions and pains and aching when you let go and let go and let go and be that calm deep sea. Feel that. So calm, so restorative. And when being that deep, calm sea, “no holy one in the emerald palace do you see.” Look into that. Is there rank, division, separation? Such is your seamless pagoda.

Setcho continues with his own verse, “A seamless pagoda, it is difficult to describe; The dragon does not thrive in a placid lake.” It cannot be described, this calm sea. And it is no placid lake. The dragon in each of us can swim forth vibrantly, joyfully, caringly, responsibly, out into this suffering world.

We ask, “When you’ve gone, what can I do for you?” “Become this seamless pagoda.” Any teacher, all of our teachers worth their words, are saying just that. Simply go forth and care for this world joyfully.

When I say “joyfully,” as I believe Mumon intends it when he says we can live a “joyful life,” it doesn’t necessarily mean in a chipper and happy way. It could be chipper and happy. If you feel chipper and happy, be chipper and happy. But what “joyfulness” really means is the fullness of being. Go out into the world fearlessly and joyfully and live fully.

We can only do that when not divided. And we can only be not divided when, like Kokushi, we are really willing to die into that great thunderous silence. We have one precious life that rises up from the calm sea

that is not placid. We tap into it and then spring forth from it to be amidst this living world seamlessly. “Doing just that. That’s how you could honor me.” Tier after tier, sit after sit, breath after breath, moment after moment ... show up. And show up. And show up.

This wonderful life casts itself forth from that place of clarity, from that place of open heartedness without division, without you versus me, without “What the hell’s wrong with you, we gotta stop you.” This is it. So from this place of clarity I will spring forth. More clearly. Open-heartedly. Lovingly.

My vow to honor what all my teachers have given me, this tradition, this practice, these forms, this earth, this very life, this heart that happens to care, is to honor it. I vow to end those divisions of my heart and to figure out some way, not thinking it through, but playing it through, like a little bunny hopping forward and saying to the dragon, “How can I be of more help?”

The earth will ask it of me. And if I’m ready, having done my work on the cushion, I’ll know how to respond. Let that be admired for a thousand ages: the one kind gesture in a time of hurt. The one cool head in a room of chaos. The one hand extended, saying, “Give me yours. We will work this out, my friend.”

Like that.

Being admired for a thousand ages.

Asan’s Dewdrop

Japan, Eighteenth Century

The Hidden Lamp

Spring Sesshin – Genjo’s Middle Day Teisho

Case: Asan was a lay student of the Soto master, Tetsumon, and was greatly enlightened. Later, she also met with Hakuin. In her old age, Asan became seriously ill and her sons and daughters gathered around her, seeking some last words.

Asan laughed and said, “In this world where not even a drop of dew on a leaf of a word remains, what sort of saying should I leave?” Then she serenely passed away.

Study Question: Asan didn’t need to leave anything behind her. Can you say the same?

By the middle day of a weeklong sesshin, surely everyone has had moments of inspiration, insight or realization, and moments of great doubt and frustration and angst. Sesshin is a rollercoaster of thoughts, feelings and sensations.

Because of my wife’s spinal cord injury two and a half years ago, Carolyn is much less able than she used to be. She gets exhausted easily and it takes her much longer to do anything. Her extremities are often in pain and using them takes a lot of energy. For example, when she’s a passenger in our car, it’s hard on her and on me to see that she must use both hands to lift her legs into the car.

On top of that, for more than a year, it was a year in January, she got a new medication regime, which – gratefully – reduced the amount of pain in her hands, but unfortunately has compromised her in many other ways. This on top of the spinal cord injury has had a big impact on her life, and indirectly on mine. For example, Carolyn really didn’t come to bed the last two nights, and is now upstairs soundly sleeping. As the day proceeds, she gets stuck on tilt and often will fall asleep at her desk, the kitchen table, or on our couch. By the end of the day she just doesn’t have the energy to get to bed. From my perspective her physical recovery has plateaued and now begun a slow decline. Carolyn and I both agree that some adjustment to her meds is needed, but so far we have both been frustrated by the slowness of her medical team to respond to this issue.

We would all like to be able to fix things for those who are closest to us. And time and time again, I have to use all of my Zen training to take a deep breath, step back and realize that it’s not for me to fix. Even though Carolyn’s health has a direct impact on me, it’s her journey and her body, and she has to find her own pace independent of my needs and my wants.

Probably much of the time we are dominated by our needs and wants. However, one of the blessings of Zen practice is that we can learn to let go and let

Continued on next page ...

be, which allows us to realize that life is not really all about me. Of course, I will always have needs, wants and preferences, but these are not the most important things in life. So then what is the most important thing about living this life? In regards to this question, I'm especially grateful to Bodhidharma when he answered Emperor Wu about the cardinal principle of the Buddha's teachings. Bodhidharma responded, as we all know, "emptiness, no holiness." Emperor Wu was flabbergasted, and thought that can't be the summation of the Buddha's teachings. What about the Four Noble Truths, and all the other innumerable teachings he had heard of? And Emperor Wu asked who are you to say that the cardinal principle of the Buddha's teaching is emptiness, no holiness? And immediately Bodhidharma said, "No knowing."

I think it's really important to remind ourselves, especially at the middle of a sesshin, that "no knowing" is the key to not being dominated by me, me, me, me, me. Even the great teachers that I've affiliated with over the years have often been dominated by me, me, me, me, me. This is the nature of being a human being, but this truth doesn't diminish our responsibility for the harm we may cause when dominated by our needs and wants. I do have faith that we don't have to be dominated by our own needs and wants, and the key is reminding ourselves of "no knowing."

When I look at myself, I find lots of composite parts. I can name many of them quite clearly, but if I look past the composite parts, I can't find the real me or core self. This is because the core self can't be found. It doesn't have a location, a body, a substance or even a personality. When upon investigation no real me is found, a door unlocks, behind which lies wisdom and compassion. Only then is this vessel able to respond in a deeply mindful and caring way to the world. I have no idea what the response will be in a given situation until I'm in that situation. When we realize or recall that there is no knowing who I am, who you are, or what this is, then we are truly ready to roll with the punches, the highs and the lows, and the joys and the sorrows, with a caring heart and loving action. No knowing is like the calm at the center of a hurricane, and loving appropriate action becomes as easy and flexible as a knife through warm butter.

It's very traditional in Zen parlance to have

a death poem. I've read many of them. They can often be quite beautiful. And if I have sufficient peace of mind near the end of my life, perhaps I will write one and maybe not. I don't want to write one so that I am well remembered or thought of.

Asan, who would have probably been seen as a great Zen master in her own right, had it not been for the cultural baggage of her time, was nonetheless admired by all for not being dominated by me, me, me, me, me, and much loved and respected for it. Therefore, when she became seriously ill, and her sons, daughters and neighbors had gathered around her, they prompted her for a death poem. She laughed and said, "In this world where not even a drop of dew on a leaf of a word remains, what sort of saying should I leave?"

Her laughter on her deathbed is gorgeous and is testimony to her maturity. She brushes off their request, and inadvertently composes a great death poem. She waves them off, implying 'leave me be, I've got some dying to do.' And then serenely passes away.

Her mature composure reminds me of the calligraphy scroll by Tomoko Shiraiwa just behind me, which Seigan helped translate. It's a reference to the first line from the 27th chapter of the Tao Te Ching. Perhaps the most literal translation might be, "A good walker leaves no tracks." However, a more colloquial translation might be, "Benevolent deeds leave no trace."

This calligraphy is placed prominently so that every time we leave the Zendo, we are passing this image and sentiment. If we keep this sentiment in mind when we go out to our daily lives, then perhaps more often our actions will leave no trace. When our actions come from flowing no knowing, we will naturally leave no trace of me, me, me. If we are meeting more circumstances mindfully with a caring open heart in a flowing free manner, then our Zen practice has served us well. Leaving no trace also means proceeding with loving action with no attachment to outcome, nor any attachment to making things better or getting things fixed to our liking. Instead,

we naturally work mindfully and with care to attend to what's right in front of us. I wish this for all of us, obviously myself included.

And doesn't Asan's laughing, brushing away her followers by saying something like, "Hey, let me die. I don't have a dew drop on a leaf of a word remaining to say," make a beautiful death poem? Her laughter while serenely passing away, brings tears and shivers.

This might be a good place to end this talk, but please bear with me, I have more to say.

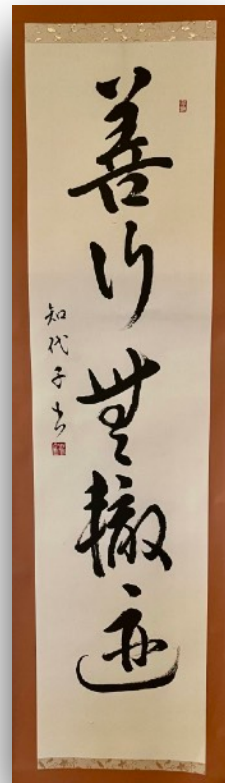
What about these composite needy parts of us that are constantly shouting and competing for attention? We do have to address them, otherwise they will become insatiable hungry ghosts. These needy parts really do need attention and care. Part of what's right in front of us, at all times, are our basic human needs for food, water, shelter and care.

Each one of us is a flower of the universe, and every flower has certain basic needs in order to bloom. Each flower sitting here on the cushion has taken billions of years for these elements to come together into these unique composite forms. From the rose-bush or root perspective, each flower is naturally nurtured through its life cycle. Therefore it is natural that we spend a good deal of time nurturing our own existence through our life cycle.

When our natural needs are not freely and naturally met, our composite parts begin to complain bitterly. If our composite needs are persistently not met, then our composite parts become hungry ghosts, and eventually addictive demons of one kind or another.

As many of you are aware, I have an abused little toddler that is one part of this composite form before you. This part is constantly seeking loving attention. It wants to be swaddled, petted, and loved. This inner abused toddler is a lot like my dog Charlie, who is forever asking for his belly to be rubbed by one and all.

In this composite form there is also an inner seven year old. We all have one! It is our



inner seven year old who will give anyone who knows how to listen the quickest transcendent response to most of the koans in our tradition. For example if you ask your inner seven year old what is the essence of a tree, an idea of an appropriate playful representation of a tree will immediately come to mind. Every seven year old wants to play, and play some more. For example my seven year old wants to ride his bike, so I regularly ride my bike down to Seward Park and back. He loves to try and ride around the park without holding on to the the handlebars.

And then there's the inner teenager, who is about 17 or 18. He wants to be sexual, and he wants to play the piano. So Carolyn and I work at maintaining physical intimacy and I'm taking piano lessons.

I remember in my dormitory at UCLA, that was originally run by Students for a Democratic Society, SDS, there was a tall atrium in the building, with hanging planters. All the kids threw pot seeds into the planters, so there was a lot of pot that was growing that was unreachable given the height of the multi-storied building. The dorm also had a small music room with an old broken upright piano. Nobody could play it because many of the keys didn't work and it was out of tune. I wanted to learn piano so I had to first take it apart and move some hammers from the high register and the low register to fix the middle broken ones. Then I needed to learn how to tune the piano and then teach myself how to play. I never took a lesson and never got very good, but good enough that I could make some sounds that were pleasing to me.

My 18 year old still wants to play the piano, which is why I'm now finally taking some lessons. I've hit a bit of a wall in that effort, but I will persevere, just as I did when I was much younger, and assuredly I will slowly make some progress.

There is an adult in this composite form that worries about the world, and our collective shadow of generational madness that often manifests as idealization or vilification of others. This is why George Floyd's picture is still here, under our icon of Kannon, and why I'm going to Alabama for a second time with Zen Peacemakers to continue to investigate the roots of our nagging collective structural racism. In truth, it seems to me, that every country I have ever visited has its own flavor of structural

racism. What's this about? What is inhibiting our collective reluctance to outgrow this shadow? I know it has something to do with feeling superior to others outside of our group or nation. Therefore, we feel we are great or need to be great again, and that others are less important or outright inferior. From here our population gets stuck on thinking that America is great or needs to be great again. And the same thing happens in Russia and elsewhere, and look at the mess that has gotten us into. Happily, investigating my personal and our collective shadow feeds my adult.

I'm sure all of you here listening to this talk are now considering your own composite parts, and how to feed them without being dominated by them. Each composite part of this human manifestation of the Tao needs nurturing attention. We cannot flow or have peace of mind in the midst of the storm of our own making without nurturing the growth of our own flowering. It is not being selfish when we care for our composite parts. Failing to do so leads to being dominated and consumed by our most primitive needs.

President's Corner

by Dr. Eddie Daichi Salazar

On April 14, the Sangha gathered for the Annual Meeting, a time to share a potluck meal, and to pause and discern Sangha leadership. An important aspect of annual meeting is to elect members of the Chobo-ji Board of Directors. Having established a quorum, the members present unanimously agreed to elect three Chobo-Ji Board members, whose terms were expiring, for another two-year term: Edward Daichi Salazar, Anil Seifu Singh-Molares, and Elijah Seigan Zupancic. They join continuing members: Anne Sendo Howells, Michelle Muji LeSourd, Felix Wazan Pekar, and Kathryn Zenpo Krane. After the election of board officers, all of those present engaged in a robust conversation regarding the role of the teacher, and hierarchy at Chobo-Ji. How does all this serve us? How do we feel about it and work with it? Does it get in our way at times? All acknowledged that it was a fruitful conversation and felt further edified in Rinzaï Zen practice! Our Sangha is vibrant and strong!

Renewal

by Rev. Gendo Testa

*Spring is emerging all around us.
Long dormant plants and trees awaken and
grow rapidly each day.
Our landscapes' colors change from muted
browns to warm greens.
We too can emerge from
the long winter.
We too can witness our
blossoming heart-minds.
And in so doing, we take our seats.
Together in the here and now.
Listening to the birds sing songs of
returning home.*

100 Sandwiches

Program

by Sally Zenka, Sensei

Your 100 Sandwiches program is transforming! Seishun Dee Endelman and I used to deliver sandwiches to Rainier Valley Food Bank until they closed for remodeling. Then we discovered Chobo-Ji's resident Marko's great sandwich-delivery action in the 12th Ave. S. and S. Jackson neighborhood – so in need of food for hungry folk! On his own, Marko has been making and delivering PB&Js weekly for months, and he was happy to take ours, too! Now, our turkey & cheese, and our classic PB&J are delivered there in person, along with Marko's PB&J, warm smile, and good wishes.



Marko takes sandwiches to encampments in the 12th and Jackson area on Tuesdays, and also shares them in the CID on Sunday mornings. We're so pleased to be part of feeding this nearby neighborhood, that we decided not to go back to Rainier Food Bank. No worries because, happily, Chobo-Ji's long-standing, monthly donation to them continues.

Recently, Marko, who's been personally financing his PB&Js, asked the Chobo-Ji Board for funding. The Board is delighted! So 100 Sandwiches will continue as is, with

Continued on next page ...

its monthly gathering, and Marko will also do his PB&Js the rest of the month. Some of us are already looking to help Marko.

What a thrill! And great Bodhisattva action!

Would you like to help fund 100 Sandwiches' transformation? For one-time donations see below. Or adopt a baker's dozen PB&Js with a monthly gift of \$20. You can write a check to Chobo-Ji and leave the check in the bowl at the Zendo entrance, or mail it (to Chobo-Ji, 1733 S. Horton St., Apt. 7, Seattle WA 98144), or use [PayPal](#). **If you choose PayPal, please make your donation to zen@choboji.org. Whichever payment method you use, please note that your donation is for 100 Sandwiches.** And accept our heartfelt thanks! Questions? Ask Dee or me at Saturday morning coffee, or email me at Metcalf.sally@gmail.com.

No-Rank Zendo News

by Rev. Rinzan Pechovnik

It is hard to imagine that it has been eight months since having purchased our new home. Time has flown, we have gotten a lot done, and the end of major construction is in sight.

Though we began sitting in the new space on New Year's Day, we had only just finished major work in the upstairs zendo and entranceway. There was still some finish work to do, but it has mostly gotten done and with the exception of a few



aesthetic touches, the Zendo, upstairs cloakroom, and bathroom are complete. We purchased a new Buddha for the altar, and an antique Kannon graces the back of the hall. This Kannon belonged to Genki

Takabayashi (Chobo-Ji's founding abbot) and survived over a century of turbulence in China before finding its way here through a purchase from his stepson. Though she shows her age and the effects of her arduous journey (she has water damage from being hidden in a cave during the cultural revolution and fire damage from some other mishap), such is the way of all composite things!

Having finished the upstairs, our attention turned to the downstairs fellowship space. We did a complete remodel of the kitchen, finished off small, closet-sized bathrooms, put closets into the main fellowship hall itself, and built a dokusan room.

We are now in the finishing stages with only trim work and painting remaining. We will have the floor carpeted and be up and running for our Summer Sesshin in July. The plan is to have an opening ceremony very shortly thereafter.

It has been a long and fulfilling journey with many of us spending hours and hours working on making this place not only a home for us, but an offering to the community as well. Already, neighbors and newcomers are starting to find their way here.

Please keep us in mind should you ever visit Portland. Even if just driving through, give me a holler and we can arrange a visit.

BIPOC Outreach

Rev. Seifu Singh-Molares keeps meeting regularly with various individuals who email him with interest in Chobo-Ji's BIPOC outreach. Over the last six or so months, he has met with nine folks, sometimes in person, and more often online. Regular sits have ensued, as well as conversations on Zen practice, meditation, and related topics, all in a BIPOC framework. On the occasions when Rev. Seifu holds meetings at the Zendo, they occur on Sunday mornings, so as not to conflict with any other zendo activities.

If you identify as BIPOC, and would like to be included, please contact Seifu: anil@echomundi.com.

Stone Blossom Sangha News

by Rick Muken Proctor

Sharon Meho Sensei and Todd Daiko Pettit, founders of *Stone Blossom Sangha* in Wenatchee are moving to Florida to be closer to family. We had a farewell potluck on May 22 where Meho Sensei gave her final Dharma talk. The inscription below in the exquisite book, *Painting Enlightenment, Healing Visions of the Heart Sutra*, given by the Sangha to them best expresses our feelings of appreciation...



Dear Meho and Daiko,

— all these many years —

A marker in time, a tribute, and deepest bow of gratitude for all you've upheld, manifested and inspired for the precious Buddha-Dharma to take root here in Wenatchee, WA.

Yours has been a great offering of dedication and love, to help other 'seekers of the way' find a door to the truth and discover who they truly are.

May your next journey along the path continue to light the way, and may we all return home to what we've always known.

A Spring Haiku

by Ansel Braidman

*I am a flower
tenderly meeting the day
wind blows, and birds chirp.*

Two Masters

by Sam Koû Tullman

After six years of training with Genjo Roshi and Rinzan Osho, I'm offering this Mumonkan Capping Poem to them ...

*From two masters to one master to no masters,
How did I get so lost?*

*48 questions in no answers,
And I know less than ever.*

*Two muddy footprints on the Buddha's body
Tell of a path walked only once*

*Off in the distance,
A body limps back to the charnel grounds.*

Muuuuuuu 無

Buddhist Spiritual Companionship

by Rev. Seifu Singh-Molares

The Upaddha Sutta, contained in the Tripitaka, tells us that one day as Ananda greeted the Buddha he shared this realization, "This is half of the holy life, lord: admirable friendship, admirable companionship, admirable camaraderie."

To which the Buddha responded "Don't say that, Ananda. Don't say that. Admirable friendship, admirable companionship, admirable camaraderie is actually the whole of the holy life. When monks have admirable people as friends, companions, & comrades, they can be expected to develop & pursue the noble eightfold path." [1] It's hard to overstate the case: if we want to lead the "whole of the holy life," the Buddha enjoins us to dedicate ourselves to being good companions to one another, above anything and everything else! Given that, it would certainly seem worth considering what this may mean for our practice.

As one instance, we might ponder the importance of being good role models, to each other, and to ourselves. Thankfully, our vows and the precepts provide an excellent road map to alignment, equanimity, balance, patience, forbearance, and compassion,

among other admirable qualities. These are aspirational and ongoing, and while perfection is not expected (nor achievable in any event), determination is required, as is the ability to recover from our inevitable pratfalls. Here too, our companions in the sangha are invaluable, as they support us through our journeys, and help us identify our shortcomings, much as we do for them.

This process is not always a graceful one, and can often be messy and conflicted, but our practice is thankfully quite effective in smoothing out the rough edges. Who of us has not started a sesshin with at least some, if not a considerable, degree of annoyance and irritation at our dharma siblings, only to have that discomfort transmuted into not just loving acceptance, but loving kindness, by the end of our training period?

Another rub is our tendency to pick and choose winners and losers for our largesse. This cover is much harder to pierce, as we tell ourselves, "look I am being kind to these folks," even as we are unkind to others. This may be the main obstacle: "yes for one, and no for the other. And the one excuses the other..." The Bodhisattva vows we all share, however, are quite clear that our intention should be to benefit all sentient beings, not just some!

Thankfully, the Upaddha Sutta also explains how we can break through our difficulties with our companions, by looking instead to their admirable qualities. As we do so, and commingled with contemplation, we "develop right view dependent on seclusion, dependent on dispassion, dependent on cessation, resulting in relinquishment. We develop right resolve... right speech... right action... right livelihood... right effort... right mindfulness... right concentration dependent on seclusion, dependent on dispassion, dependent on cessation, resulting in relinquishment. This is how [those of us] who have admirable people as friends, companions, & colleagues, develop & pursue the noble eightfold path.

"And through this line of reasoning one may know how admirable friendship, admirable companionship, admirable camaraderie is actually the whole of the holy life: It is in dependence on [all of us] as admirable friends that beings subject to birth have gained release from birth, that beings subject to aging have gained release from aging, that beings subject to death have gained release from death, that beings subject to sorrow, lamentation, pain,

distress, & despair have gained release from sorrow, lamentation, pain, distress, & despair. It is through this line of reasoning that one may know how admirable friendship, admirable companionship, admirable camaraderie is actually the whole of the holy life."

1. The Upaddha Sutta: Half (of the Holy Life), translated from the Pali by Thanissaro Bhikkhu, with some minor enhancements from Rev. SeiFu

From Selma to Montgomery

by Carolyn Josen Stevens, Sensei

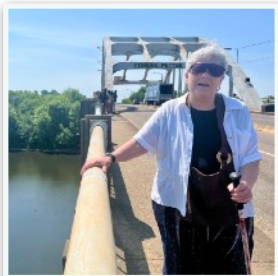
The founding principles of the Zen Peacemakers are 1) no knowing, 2) bearing witness, and 3) loving action. With that foundation at its heart, the organization has been visiting and holding retreats around the world since the 1990's at locations of deep trauma. Genjo has attended seven Bearing Witness retreats.

This was my third Bearing Witness retreat. I attended the 2014 one in Rwanda, and went with Genjo last summer to the Native American retreat in eastern Montana and Northwest Wyoming. I have been studying racism for some years now, so the trip to Alabama in April seemed like a good opportunity to dive deeper, and so it turned out to be. Our group consisted of 14 participants and three leaders. The leaders, known as spirit holders, were experienced Zen Peacemakers, two people of color and one white. The rest of us were white except for one black North African who has settled for now in the US and is a college professor in the Boston area.

Our days were quite structured, and our evenings free. We did a combination of presentations and discussion with local activists, and service projects. The service projects included weeding and clearing pathways at an abandoned Black cemetery, and planting a tree at a Selma park in memory of a three-year old toddler who was killed by gunfire at that location. In Selma we attended church services and ate lunch twice with members of the Tabernacle

Continued on next page ...

Baptist Church, a large congregation with a long history of civil rights and voting rights activism. Their motto is “At the Intersection of Christian Stewardship and Social Justice.” Selma is the location where the famous 1965 march for voting rights began. Our group hiked across the Edmund Pettus Bridge where marchers were met with police dogs and serious beatings. The bridge crosses the huge Alabama river, and we sat and meditated under the bridge for a while after we had crossed the span.



Every afternoon before dinner, we met in two small groups for Council practice. We are quite familiar with Council here at Chobo-Ji, and it was familiar to most but not all the participants. Every afternoon, one of the spirit holders would suggest an opening theme based on our work of the day, and we would share together. As you can imagine, the sharing deepened as the days went on.

After leaving Selma, we drove to Montgomery, the state capital. Montgomery is the headquarters of the Equal Justice Initiative (EJI), the civil rights law firm and nonprofit founded by Bryan Stevenson. Although we arrived on a Sunday, and museums are usually closed on Mondays, our organizers had made arrangements for us to visit two of EJI's three memorial sites on Monday. Quoting from their web site: “... [EJI] documents American slavery and Montgomery's prominent role in the domestic slave trade. ...EJI's project [is] focused on developing a more informed understanding of America's racial history and how it relates to contemporary challenges. EJI believes that reconciliation with our nation's difficult past cannot be achieved without truthfully confronting history and finding a way forward that is thoughtful and responsible.”

The sites we visited were the Legacy Museum and the National Memorial for Peace and Justice, a six-acre sculpture/monument to the 4,400 Black people killed in racial terror lynchings between 1877 and 1950. Their names are engraved on more than 800 corten steel monuments – one for each county where a racial terror lynching took place. The impact is devastating.

On the last morning for the retreat, we met with an activist from Birmingham, a brilliant, dedicated individual who has spent more than two decades doing grass roots organizing, nonprofit management and local political work to help her city. In 2015, she was part of the 50th anniversary reenactment of the Selma to Montgomery march. The group of 300 marchers spent four days marching, just as the original group had, and it was a deeply powerful experience to participate.

One thing that I particularly appreciate about Zen Peacemaker retreats is that the organizers work hard to cultivate a relationship with local activists that flows on from year to year. For this retreat, the local partner is the Tabernacle Baptist Church, and for the Native American retreat, it is the Lakota elders from South Dakota reservations. These relationships allow participants to make meaningful albeit brief contributions to be of service, and avoid the pitfalls of social justice travel voyeurism.

Jukai Ceremony

Jukai (受戒 – Precept Receiver) candidates need to petition in writing to the Abbot at least one month prior to the ceremony. Jukai candidates usually have attended regular zazen at Chobo-Ji, or an affiliated temple, for a minimum of six months (including at least two weeklong sesshins), taken our precept classes or completed a course of equivalent study, must be regular financial supporters of the temple, and feel ready to give themselves to the Three Treasures (Buddha, Dharma & Sangha), working to live our Great Vow to care for all beings great and small, animate and inanimate. At the ceremony, candidates take the [Precepts and Four Bodhisattva Vows](#), and receive a rakusu and a dharma name.

On the final day of Spring Sesshin, March 29, 2024, Sharon Buck and Ricardo Fernandez did Jukai. Before this sesshin Sharon first began sitting with Chobo-Ji in 2003, then took a ten year hiatus and started attending again by Zoom in 2022. She has since attended most sesshins since then, some via Zoom and some in person. What follows is a selection of what Sharon wrote me in her application for Jukai.

I've been on a journey with many twists and turns that have all led me to this day. My journey has been one of gradually leaving home and finding home. The journey has not been easy, but as I reflect on the person I was and the person I am now, I know that I am beginning to see more clearly. I have come to see that as I have done the difficult excavation work beneath the shadowy layers that buried it, my heart has always been there, urging me onward, and now I am feeling a little less fearful and a bit more grateful.

After almost a ten year hiatus from Chobo-Ji, when I saw that sesshins were being offered on Zoom, I jumped headfirst into my first sesshin! And I haven't looked back. I have attended nearly every sesshin in person or by Zoom since then. I was delighted to also discover the daily zazen opportunities on Zoom that kept me going in between sesshins. I've always felt like I was a closet monastic, feeling at home with the formality of liturgy and ritual and I loved the feeling of “falling into the arms of Zen.” I knew then that I had finally found “home!”

What I have learned on my journey thus far? I've learned that every day, every moment I can start anew – this gives me hope and motivates me to keep striving to be kinder to everyone and every living thing. I have focused more on my priorities and what is important to me – how I spend my time, nurturing myself, my relationships and supporting others in their journey as time is precious, and not to be wasted. I have learned that due to the lack I experienced growing up, I became a hungry ghost who tried to fill herself by wanting to be the center of attention. Facing this lack and the associated pain has opened me up to a humility that is the path of freedom. Letting go of preferences has been one of the hardest things I've had to learn during sesshin and it is something I continue to work on.

The Atta Dipa in the morning sesshin service is always powerful for me both in the chanting and in the meaning of the words – to rely on myself and not on others is something I keep coming back to and is now a mantra for my life. Samu has taught me to DO from a place of BEING – which has a very different feeling to it than the one I had learned. I now truly enjoy the many “ordinary” and mundane tasks. I also continue to learn and respect the power of words – to speak leanly, honestly, and with



kindness is something I continue to strive for.

I've learned that my deeds of caring for others and all living beings, give me a reason to exist and this is enough. I've learned that each moment is a new opportunity – that while I cannot rewrite the past, I always begin again and again. I have gained insight that my career as a musician has been a rehearsal for life – let go and “go with the flow” is infinitely more satisfying and exciting than trying to control the outcome. I am learning that in my attempts to control life, I am missing life in all its infinite beauty – living in nature and doing daily zazen helps me to come to terms with the natural ebb and flow of life. What I have discovered after doing so much sitting is that I have access to a deeper strength than I ever thought possible.

Why take Jukai at this time? For me, it is an acknowledgment of who I truly am and have always been, what is important to me and what I strive to do. It is a call for me to get out of my own way and to serve as I am able. I want to deepen my commitment to the Three Treasures and concretize the feeling that is beyond words of what it is to be truly alive and, in the moment, with every breath and every step I take. This is a time in my life where I feel ready to focus more on serving – to help make the world a better place as I am able with the time I have left.

I want a tangible reminder that I am anchored in something greater than myself, and connected to others who are also on this path of awakening, as well as to those dedicated followers who came before me. Now I know that the rock I have been

seeking is within me, and that I have the support of the Sangha to help me live into that every day.

Given these words, I gave her the Dharma Name: SenGan, “Sen” = River (川) – “Gan” = Rock (岩).

Ricardo in his Jukai letter to me in part wrote:

I would like to complete the Jukai ceremony to continue to develop and grow my practice with the Chobo-Ji Sangha. I have experienced a deepening of

my Zen practice since I attended my first sesshin at Chobo-Ji. It was a profoundly moving experience, which has only been reconfirmed and strengthened by the subsequent sesshins I've been able to attend.

The practice has been unlike any other practice I have undertaken in the past. There is an abiding joy, warmth, and compassion in every aspect of the practice. Even coming before an intractable obstacle in the mind or great pain in the body, there is strength and support all around you. The Chobo-Ji Sangha nurtures a courageous spirit inside me to break through my own limitations and weaknesses. I don't think I've ever before been able to plumb the depths of my true nature and walk the path to attaining true insight. Apart from the spiritual experience, it has also been very powerful to see you create a practice that encourages rigor and compassion, that is strong without being abusive or cruel. In physical and spiritual practices I have engaged in in the past I've just accepted that abuse is necessary to training. It is powerful to have a counterexample where there is no need for that.

The area from the precepts that most strongly affects me is the vow not to cause harm, not to be ruled by violence, and not to act in anger. I do not want to perpetuate abuse or violence as I've done in the past. I have to work consciously in my practice and in my life on the anger and breaking down and combusting that inside me. To do that work I know I need help and guidance so I can abide fully by the precepts and not be ruled by violence and anger, and not harm others. Practicing with the community of

Chobo-Ji is for me the path that will enable me to fulfill these precepts.

I have found in Zen practice at Chobo-Ji what I have been looking for without knowing it for many years. This is the way, the way to know myself, and the way to seek answers to the great questions of existence. To follow this way is the path I undertake for the rest of my life.

Considering Ricardo's efforts to be powerfully peaceful in this life, I gave him the Dharma Name: TaiGan, “Tai” = Peaceful (泰) – “Gan” = Rock (岩).

Closing Incense Poem Spring Sesshin 2024

*Garden rocks peacefully accept sun and rain.
River rocks are well rooted in the rapids.
Who cares for the Zen Garden?
Sharply focused No-Mind burns with love.*

Summer Sesshin June 21 – 28

This will be an in-person sesshin. Full attendance is expected, please speak to Genjo if this is not possible. If you are not able to attend in person or for all seven days you may attend by Zoom ([Zoom registration required](#)) for any portion that fits your schedule, but some attendance each day is expected. Please help us get an accurate count by sending an [application](#) by June 15, earlier if you want to guarantee a reserved spot. The cost of sesshin is **\$300** (less dues for this month). If attending by Zoom please make a donation that fits your budget and level of participation. Sesshin starts Friday evening, June 21, 5:30 p.m. with informal supper, introductions and orientation.

Sesshin (from Saturday to the following Thursday) runs from 5 a.m. to 10 p.m. We provide sleeping accommodations for those traveling from out of town (an additional \$10-\$20 per night); please bring a sleeping bag, toiletries, sitting clothes, work clothes and a towel. The final Friday begins at 5 a.m. and concludes around 11 a.m. We offer limited partial scholarships for sesshin. For more information please email: registration@choboji.org.

Important Dates to Remember

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

Intro to zazen most Tuesdays 7:30-8:45PM,

Dharma Council, most Saturdays at 8:30 AM – Dharma Dialogue, some Sundays at 7:30 PM

(See Google Calendar at <https://choboji.org/schedule/> for more detail and Zoom links.)

Zen Sangha Hike (location to be announced in Temple Happenings) ...	June 8, 10 a.m. - 4:30 p.m.
Zazenkai (1/2 day sit) with zazen, Dokusan and Dharma Talk ...	June 9, 5 - 11:15 a.m.
100 Sandwiches prep ...	June 15, 9:30 a.m. - 12:30 p.m.
Summer Sesshin (seven-day Zen intensive) ...	June 21 - 28
Zen Sangha Hike (location to be announced in Temple Happenings) ...	July 6, 10 a.m. - 4:30 p.m.
100 Sandwiches prep ...	July 20, 9:30 a.m. - 12:30 p.m.
Zazenkai (1/2 day sit) with zazen, Dokusan and Dharma Talk ...	July 21, 5 - 11:15 a.m.
Board Meeting ...	July 21, noon - 1:30 p.m.
Guest Teacher Dharma Talk (Lama Lekshay Sang) ...	Aug. 4, 8:30 - 9:30 p.m.
Zen Sangha Hike (location to be announced in Temple Happenings) ...	Aug. 10, 10 a.m. - 4:30 p.m.
Zazenkai (1/2 day sit) with zazen, Dokusan and Dharma Talk ...	Aug. 11, 5 - 11:15 a.m.
Summer Odayaka (three-day Zen intensive) ...	Aug. 16 - 18
100 Sandwiches prep ...	Aug. 24, 9:30 a.m. - 12:30 p.m.
Zen Sangha Hike (location to be announced in Temple Happenings) ...	Sep. 7, 10 a.m. - 4:30 p.m.
Zazenkai (1/2 day sit) with zazen, Dokusan and Dharma Talk ...	Sep. 8, 5 - 11:15 a.m.
Board Meeting ...	Sep. 8, noon - 1:30 p.m.
100 Sandwiches prep ...	Sep. 14, 9:30 a.m. - 12:30 p.m.



Dai Bai Zan Cho Ba Zen Ji

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

