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New York Zendo Shobo-ji 40th Anniversary

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Hekiganroku, The Blue Cliff Record

Case 97: The Diamond Sutra's "The Transgression is Wiped Out"

Eido Shimano Roshi

Enjo's Introduction:

If you take up one and let two go, you are not yet expert. To understand three corners when one is presented still goes against the essence of the teaching. Even if you can move heaven and earth at once, the four directions clash like thunder, flash like lightning, upset the ocean, overturn mountains and pour like a torrent . . . you still fall far short of it.

Is there anyone among you who can control the center of the heavens? An axle of the earth?

Main Subject:

The Diamond Sutra says, "Furthermore, if virtuous men and women who receive this teaching are downtrodden, their unfortunate destiny is the inevitable result of karma committed in their past mortal lives. By virtue of their present misfortune, the effect of their past will be worked out, and then they'll be in a position to realize supreme enlightenment."

Verse:

The clear jewel is in my palm.

*Whoever is accomplished
will be rewarded with it.*

When neither foreigner nor native comes,

It has utterly no abilities.

*Since it has no abilities,
the evil one loses the way.*

*Gautama, Gautama,
do you know me or not?*

'Completely exposed,' says Setcho again.

Today's teisho will be dedicated to Choro-An Nyogen Zenji Dai Osho, also known as Nyogen Senszaki.

We have just completed our seven-day sesshin at Dai Bosatsu Zendo to commemorate the 50th Anniversary of his departure. He died on May 7th, 1958. I assume many of you know a little bit about him. But, the main questions I would like to point out are: After all, who was Nyogen Senszaki? What did he do in America? And where did he go?

"Choro" literally means "Morning Dew," so Choro-An is "Hut of Morning Dew." "Nyogen" means "Like a Fantasy." It comes from the Diamond Sutra. At the very end, it says, "All composite things are like a dream, like a fantasy. Like a bubble and a shadow. Like a dewdrop and a flash of lightning. They are thus to be regarded."

At the end of sesshin, we normally have a cup of tea together in the ceremonial way, in silence, and I speak. This time, my extemporaneous remarks went something as follows: "Seven days have passed like a dream, like a fantasy." And, believe it or not, I still feel as though I am in that realm. Usually, we live in an "upside-down view" world, and it's hard for us to see things right-side-up. The Diamond Sutra verse is well-expressed – the "right-side-up view."

It is necessary for me to use everyday language to describe the life of Nyogen



Senzaki. He was born, it is said, in 1876, just one hundred years before the birth of Dai Bosatsu Zendo Kongo-ji. And he passed away on May 7th, 1958, just ten years before New York Zendo Shobo-ji was established.

This may be just coincidence . . . or, maybe not.

I'll tell you of two uncanny stories – they may give you hints as you look at his life.

The first: Last summer, when I was in Switzerland, a friend of mine said to me, "Roshi, is everything okay?" I said, "Yeah, everything is okay except . . ." And, I did not say anything. The following day he said: "Except what?"

"Well," I said, "our tatami mats in Dai Bosatsu Zendo are getting old – thirty-one years old." And he said, "Okay, I'll take care of that." So, I immediately got in touch with my friend in Japan, who had donated all of our tatami mats over thirty years ago. I said to him, "This time we'll pay; can you do it again?" And he replied, "It would be my honor."

That was in September. Naturally I asked him, "How long will it take?" He said, "At the latest, by January." I told him, "Fine, very good . . . please let us know the price."

I was thinking they would arrive in January, or at the latest, February. But there were lots of problems importing the tatami mats. Inspection at customs took many, many days and months. Also, we wanted to install tatami in the Dokusan room, so it needed some carpentry work. Finally, the tatami came and were installed in the Zendo and Dharma Hall. The carpentry in the Dokusan room was completed two days before sesshin began. In other words, all this was presented and prepared to welcome Nyogen Senszaki on the occasion of his 50th anniversary. In April, a few of us even took a pilgrimage to Los Angeles specifically to invite him and bring him back with us. We received our newly installed tatami in perfect timing. If they had come in January, it would not have been as dramatic as this. And none of us planned it this way . . . it just happened!

Here is the second uncanny story: As I said, Nyogen Senszaki's name is Choro-An, which means "Morning Dew". This spring, a young lady came to Dai Bosatsu Zendo intending to stay for a few days, but for some reason she extended her stay to one month. And she even wanted to stay for a kessei – not knowing anything about Nyogen Senszaki, not knowing anything about us having this 50th Anniversary sesshin. So she is now at DBZ. One day she told me, "Believe it or not, in Hebrew my name means 'Morning Dew.'" And she said that ever since she came, some unknown power or energy has been urging her to stay at

DBZ. “Now I understand the reason why I am here,” she said. “And I have a mission to stay here. My name is ‘Morning Dew.’”

Nyogen Senzaki became a Buddhist monk at the age of nineteen and practiced at Engaku-ji in Kamakura under Soyen Shaku Roshi. In 1905 he came to America.

I am going to read some of his newly discovered letters. This is only an excerpt written to his father and mother on May 18th, 1906. He said (of course, this was written in Japanese and I translated):

To state it briefly, there are three purposes for my coming to America. One is to raise funds for the operation of the Mentorgarten in Aomori prefecture. But because of the problems I have been having with my eyes, I was not allowed to be on the same boat as my teacher Soyen Shaku Roshi. This eye disease also caused an unexpected problem in obtaining the trust of the Russell Family.

Mrs. Russell was, in fact, the first American Zen student. Soyen Shaku stayed at her home for about a month or so, and the original arrangement was that Nyogen Senzaki was also going to stay there. But somehow, this eye disease caused some complications.

The second purpose is for my own study. Since my main vocation is the Buddha Dharma, I may not be able to pursue ordinary academic studies. However, I am now staying with a schoolteacher and she is teaching me rhetoric, and perhaps someday I can be a journalist for an American newspaper. But the main reason for my coming to America is to transmit Zen to this country. That’s why my teacher, Soyen Shaku,

used his own pocket money to pay for my travel expenses, though my teacher has now left San Francisco and we are apart from one another. What I am doing here now is enduring what is hard to endure. Doing what is difficult to do. I have been doing all kinds of work, including grooming horses. While working together with immigrants from Europe and Africa, I always tell myself that the land on which I now stand may someday become the land of Buddha Dharma. The person who punched me today may someday become a Buddha. The person who treated me with contempt may eventually become happy. I keep repeating this to myself. It’s just like the Bodhisattva who is mentioned in the Lotus Sutra, Jo Fukyo Bosatsu. He bowed to everyone he met saying, “You will become a Buddha.” People became angry because they thought he was making fun of them. They beat him with sticks and stones. He did not stop bowing to them, always repeating, “You will become a Buddha.”

The next letter was written to his friend Mr. Miyamoto in 1928:

I’m now sowing some inconspicuous Dharma seeds, and I will likewise end my life in this country inconspicuously. But I am convinced that fifty years from now, the seeds I have sown will sprout, and true Buddha Dharma will shine in America. I have made many sacrifices, but I am following my teacher Soyen Shaku’s will. And this is my main purpose for coming to America.

I just turned fifty-two years old. My hair has become white, and perhaps you may not recognize me. Essentially, what I am doing is tsuyubarai: cultivating the soil so the Buddha Dharma may successfully be transplanted to America.

This is another very uncanny happening:

This February I was in Japan, and I was asked to give a talk on Nyogen Senzaki, which I did. Upon my return from Japan to Dai Bosatsu Zendo, I found a package from someone and a letter saying, “These are the letters written by Nyogen Senzaki to his parents. Perhaps they will be useful for you.” And the letters, only parts of which I have read now, are from that package. Nyogen Senzaki did not expect his private letters to be sent back to America fifty years after his death. So, through these letters, we are able to know about his life in San Francisco.

There was some kind of anti-Japanese movement in the early 1930s, and persecution was all over – he had to carry a pistol whenever he went out, to protect himself. Passing through all these seemingly difficult days, he continued to work and study and sow the seed of Buddha Dharma in American soil.

This kind of everyday-language explanation is rather easy for you to understand, but that is not the main purpose of my talk tonight.

Who was Nyogen Senzaki? What did he do in America? Where did he go?

The Diamond Sutra says,

Furthermore, if virtuous men and women who receive this teaching are downtrodden, their unfortunate destiny is the inevitable result of karma committed in their past mortal lives. By virtue of their present misfortune, the effect of their past will be worked out, and then they will be in a position to realize supreme enlightenment.

The Diamond Sutra was written about four hundred years after Shakyamuni

Buddha’s entering Parinirvana. In other words, it did not come from Shakyamuni Buddha’s mouth like Atta Dipa, which is undoubtedly the direct teaching of Shakyamuni Buddha.

However, he had many awakened students and each student had another awakened student, and with the readiness of time, they got together and compiled the teachings of Shakyamuni Buddha. One of them was the Diamond Sutra. The essence of it is sunyata: “All composite things are like a dream, a fantasy, a bubble and a shadow. Like a dew drop and flash of lightning.” All these we can see, but we cannot grasp. As phenomena they exist, but as entities, they don’t. They are thus to be realized. They are thus to be regarded. This is the essence of the Diamond Sutra.

“Furthermore, if virtuous men and women who receive this teaching are downtrodden,” – oppressed or treated badly, like Nyogen Senzaki was in San Francisco – “their unfortunate destiny is the inevitable result of karma committed in their past mortal lives. By virtue of their present misfortune, the effect of their past will be worked out, and then they will be in a position to realize supreme enlightenment.” This is too rational; too logical. The real is not rational.

In order to understand the Diamond Sutra, we must realize our own true nature. To realize our own true nature means understanding that there is no such thing as the evil karma committed by our own past lives. Thus, there are no sins to be extinguished.

This is the real point. This is why we are doing zazen.

Dai Bosatsu Zendo Harvest Sesshin 2008

Day Five Teisho

Eido Shimano Roshi

This morning we heard wonderful news: that Senator Obama was elected our next President of the United States. I say that it is wonderful, because it seems to me that the United States of America became enlightened. I would like to say something about the karmic connection between Dai Bosatsu Zendo and this historical event.

I have noticed that this Sesshin we have so many people from foreign countries. Japan, China, Vietnam, Canada, Poland, Holland, France, Austria, and Switzerland. I believe most of you are quite familiar with the history of the United States, but I would like to convey something about the karmic connection between DBZ and the history of this country, as well as my personal karmic connection with President-elect Obama, though we have never met face-to-face.

In February of 1971, for the first time, I drove up to this Beecher Lake property. It was a beautiful cold day. There was no monastery of course, no gate house, no garage, and no woodshed. Only Beecher House. When I came to that bridge by Sangha Meadow (DBZ's cemetery), I thought "At last – we found the place for us to build the monastery." So I said to Mr. Johnston, "This is it." This was even before we negotiated with the property owner. At that time, I had no idea that this frozen place we had driven past was a lake called Beecher Lake. Later I found out that the name "Beecher" came from the Beecher family, and that one of the members of the Beecher family was Harriet Beecher Stowe, who wrote *Uncle*



Tom's Cabin. Those of you who have not yet read *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, by Harriet Beecher Stowe, please read it. This novel boldly criticizes slavery, and President Lincoln was immensely moved by it. As you all know, President Lincoln signed what is known as the "Emancipation Proclamation" in 1863. I will return to that subject in a moment.

On the last Thursday of November, we celebrate Thanksgiving Day. If my understanding is correct, Thanksgiving in America began in 1621. The Pilgrims from England left their country as a result of increasingly hostile religious persecution. The Protestants became *protestants*, really 'in protest.' So they came to this new continent, and were called 'Pilgrims.' From their point of view, it was a religious pilgrimage. But Native Americans were already here. This particular spot by Beecher Lake was one of the spots the Native Americans discovered and lived in. They had some special intuition that this place has *ki* (spiritual energy) and would be a good place for them to live. From their

We often say we have lots of accumulated evil karma. By chanting Purification, little by little, all these karmic defilements will be gone, and then someday, when we become completely pure, we'll all be enlightened. This is too rational, too logical. We are already enlightened anyway; we simply don't know it yet. We're too suspicious to accept this – it sounds too good to be true.

At the same time, perhaps all of you have tasted this much when your zazen is really good: No border between you and others. No border between you and the good earth. And when you exhale, the universe exhales . . . when you inhale the universe inhales.

As Nyogen Senszaki said in one of his poems, "America has Zen all the time. Why, my teacher, should I meddle?" Not only America – Africa has Zen all the time. Why should I meddle? Or, can I meddle? Can we meddle?

I'm going to make up a new word: unmeddleability. We think we are bumpkins. "Some day we'll be enlightened." No! You already are – always – enlightened. And none of you believe this. It sounds too good to be true.

The problem for our practice is not our pain, our drowsiness, or our thoughts, but simply our lack of faith in the Dharma. That's it!

Muslims face Mecca and do prostrations five times a day. They may have their own reasons, but we can learn a lot from their dedication. If we do, our hearts may become softer, less arrogant, and less suspicious.

To understand the Diamond Sutra, in short, is to understand our mind:

"All composite things are like a dream, a fantasy, bubble and a shadow. Like a dewdrop and flash of lightning . . ."

The greatest mistake we all make – which we don't even realize that we're making – is to think, "This body is my body." This is the biggest mistake.

So, to requite the beneficence which we received from the struggle of Nyogen Senszaki and various teachers who tried to transplant this tradition from East to West is to understand, experientially:

Who was Nyogen Senszaki? What did he do? Where did he go?

If you want to truly realize the essence of the Diamond Sutra, the answer is very simple: Who was Nyogen Senszaki? He was nobody. What did he do in America? He did nothing. Where did he go? He did not go anywhere.

This is really like a dream, like a fantasy. After fifty years, he is shining more than ever!

*Having bid farewell
to the far native country
Wind and moon are in harmony
Not despising utter poverty
You continued to live in true Zen
The hut of morning dew
is like a dream, like a fantasy
Fifty years have passed
since you departed ❖*



point of view, the Pilgrims were not welcome – it was an invasion. In the early days here, the Pilgrims struggled to survive, and when the first harvest took place, they thanked God by celebrating Thanksgiving Day. At any rate, because these pilgrims were from England, and because they were white, and Protestant – they are called WASPs – White Anglo-Saxon Protestants – and they became the most influential group of people in this country.

During the American Revolution, on July 4th, 1776, this nation declared her Independence. Two hundred years later, on July 4th, Dai Bosatsu Zendo Kongo-ji was dedicated.

The Civil War was between the northern part of the United States, such as our New York area, where industry and business were the essence of livelihood; and the southern part, like Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, where agriculture was the essence of livelihood. Unlike nowadays, use of machines was limited, so human energy and human power were indispensable. And this is how slavery came about. There are still such terms existing: “slave-trade” and “slave-ship.” In other words, human beings were purchased or traded from Africa and the West Indies. They were brought to the United States for agricultural labor. The Civil War, to state it briefly, was the disagreement between two parts of the United States – the North, where slavery was unnecessary, and the South, where slavery was considered essential. So they fought.

The Civil War lasted from 1861 to 1865. In 1863, Abraham Lincoln signed the

Emancipation Proclamation, and later that year in the Gettysburg Address, he said, “A government of the people, by the people, and for the people,” which still is considered the foundation of Democracy. Abraham Lincoln was assassinated in 1865.

1963 – exactly one hundred years after the signing of the Emancipation Proclamation – was a year which I shall never forget. Two important events took place. I was already in America, and the Civil Rights movement was quite active. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. was the head of that movement, and in August 1963 his well-known “I Have a Dream” speech was delivered in Alabama. Later that very year, in November, John F. Kennedy was assassinated. He was not a WASP. He was the first Catholic President of the United States; and he was also quite active in the Civil Rights movement.

The Martin Luther King speech, “I Have a Dream” is quite poetic, and of course, addresses lots of political and sociological issues, but some part is relevant for me to share with you now:

“Five score years ago, a great American, in whose symbolic shadow we stand today, signed the Emancipation Proclamation. This momentous decree came as a great beacon light of hope to millions of Negro slaves who had been seared in the flames of withering injustice. It came as a joyous daybreak to end the long night of their captivity.

But one hundred years later, the Negro still is not free. One hundred years later, the life of the Negro is still sadly crippled by the manacles of segregation and the chains of

discrimination. One hundred years later, the Negro lives on a lonely island of poverty in the midst of a vast ocean of material prosperity. One hundred years later, the Negro is still languishing in the corners of American society, and finds himself an exile in his own land. So we have to come here today to dramatize a shameful condition.”

Dr. King speaks about how black people were unhappy victims of discrimination, and he describes this very powerfully and accurately. Then he says to the audience:

“Go back to Mississippi, go back to Alabama, go back to South Carolina, go back to Georgia, go back to Louisiana, go back to the slums and ghettos of our northern cities, knowing that somehow this situation can and will be changed.

Let us not wallow in the valley of despair. I say to you today my friends – so even though we face the difficulties of today and tomorrow, I still have a dream. It is a dream deeply rooted in the American dream.

I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed: “We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal.”

I have a dream that one day on the red hills of Georgia the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slave owners will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood.

I have a dream that one day even the state of Mississippi, a state sweltering with the heat of injustice, sweltering with the heat of oppression, will be transformed into an oasis of freedom and justice.

I have a dream that my four little children

will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin but by the content of their character.”

And it goes on. It's a really wonderful speech.

Forty years ago, a few months before Shobo-ji was dedicated, the Buddhist Church in Chicago invited me to come and give a talk on Buddhism – on Buddha's birthday. So in April of 1968, I went to Chicago, and it was upon my return that I heard the news that Martin Luther King had been assassinated.

Later, while Dai Bosatsu Zendo was being built, it became clear in my heart that the dedication day for Dai Bosatsu Zendo *must* be on July 4th, 1976 – because each of us has our own slavery-conditioned heart. It does not have any color; it does not have any visual form, but we all know that our minds and our hearts are not yet emancipated. So, our own personal “emancipation proclamation” was declared on July 4th, 1976; because just two hundred years before that, America declared her independence, and a Buddhist monastery is a place where each participant strives for spiritual emancipation. That's why that particular date and that particular year were selected.

Actually, to say so is not quite right. Even though we wanted to open DBZ on July 4th, 1976, if the circumstances did not allow us – for example, if we lacked the building funds – nothing could have happened. But somehow the Mandala web connects all things; nothing is disconnected. The Mandala web made it possible for us to open on that day.

As you know very well, many people laugh at me and say, “You are like Don Quixote, why do you sing ‘The Impossible Dream’ again and again?” Because this is my “I Have a Dream.” Martin Luther King’s dream was what I have just read to you. And my “Impossible Dream” came from the Broadway musical, *Man of La Mancha*. There is a verse which goes:

*This is my quest, to follow that star
no matter how hopeless,
no matter how far;
to fight for the right,
without question or pause;
to be willing to march
into hell for a heavenly cause.*

This part is just like our zazen practice; our emancipation training.

*This is my quest.
No matter how hopeless . . .*
Sometimes you feel despair, as
Martin Luther King said.

No matter how far . . .
Ten years, twenty years, three lifetimes,
five lifetimes.

*To fight for the right
without question or pause;
To be willing to march
into hell for a heavenly cause
And I know if I’ll only be true
to this glorious quest . . .*

This is what *Man of La Mancha*’s “Impossible Dream” is telling us: this is the attitude for us to take in our practice. Not only people from Africa, but many Latinos and Asians also came into this country. The WASP is becoming a

minority. When Martin Luther King made his speech “I Have a Dream,” Senator Obama was two years old; he was just a baby! Forty-five years later, Martin Luther King’s dream is starting to come true. At last, citizens of the United States are truly enlightened, knowing that if we were to continue under the present circumstances for four more years, or eight more years, we’d be like hundreds of people crammed into a small room without oxygen. And so, we elected Obama.

Two days before the election – Nov. 2nd – his grandmother passed away in Hawaii; and when I heard that she passed away not knowing whether or not her beloved grandson will become the President of the United States, I thought “Obama will win.” Not because some sympathetic votes would go in his favor – in fact, her death was not widely publicized. Nevertheless, I heard it from someone, and I was convinced that her death is the birth of a new United States of America. For this reason I was really happy when I heard the news yesterday.

As all of you are quite aware, all those outstanding leaders – Abraham Lincoln, John F. Kennedy, Martin Luther King – were assassinated by someone who didn’t like change, and I sincerely hope that that won’t happen to Senator Obama, our President-elect. If that happens, ‘despair’ is really the only word I can think of. For some of you, despair becomes stimulation or encouragement for your practice; and some of you may simply lose hope and may give up your practice. This is the reason why such a . . . almost *messiah* . . . came to this nation at the most appropriate time, with such

charisma, virtue and intelligence. And I’m so glad that American citizens, or a substantial part of us, supported him – thus he will become our President on January 20th, 2009.

In his acceptance speech in Chicago, Obama said, “We made it. We shall overcome.” After nearly two years of campaigning: We made it. We shall overcome. And he was not only speaking to black people: “We” means all of us. We made it. We shall overcome.

So this is the connection between Dai Bosatsu Zendo and the “Emancipation Proclamation.” And we – not I – we have a dream. We *must* have a dream.

Dogen Zenji said,

*Setsu ni omou koto wa
Kanarazu toguru nari*

Which means: “Whatever it may be, if you think of something desperately, sooner or later it will become true.”

Martin Luther King’s dream took place forty-five years from the day he spoke it – nearly half a century has passed. But, “No matter how hopeless, no matter how far; to fight for the right without question or pause . . .” Though Barack Obama is not the descendant of slaves, through his dedication to break down racial barriers, he made Martin Luther King’s dream come true by becoming the President of the United States.

Now let me tell you my personal connection with President-elect Obama. I came to the University of Hawaii in August, 1960. That year, Barack Obama’s

father came from from Kenya to Honolulu to be a student of that university. His mother, originally from Kansas, moved to Seattle, Washington with her parents before moving to Honolulu. Seattle is the city where Nyogen Senzaki first landed in 1905. It is also the city where Chester Carlson was born that same year. After moving to Honolulu, Obama’s mother became a student at the University, and this is where she met Barack Obama Sr. They met on campus. The following year, on August 4th, 1961, Barack Obama Jr. was born in Hawaii. After finishing high school, he went to Occidental College near Pasadena, California. Because Pasadena and Mishima (where Ryutaku-ji is located) are sister cities, I had the opportunity to travel to Pasadena several times during the mid-’60s. Obama attended Columbia University in New York in the early ’80s. After graduation he moved to Chicago. This is the city where the World Parliament of Religions took place in 1893, where Soyen Shaku introduced Buddhism for the first time to the West. In my opinion, Barack Obama is part of the Dai Bosatsu Mandala web.

This nation was made by Native Americans, WASPs, Africans, Jews, Europeans, Latinos, and Asians. Now we are really becoming more and more diverse. I am so glad that Senator Obama was elected, and so glad that American people, with enlightened eyes, have chosen him to be the next leader of this nation. At last we realize the injustice of this unreasonable discrimination. Whether black, white, yellow or red, we all have two eyes that are horizontal and one nose that is vertical. ❖

The Eloquent Silence of Nyogen Senzaki

Shingeshitsu Roko Sherry Chayat

Compiling and editing *Eloquent Silence: Nyogen Senzaki's Gateless Gate and Other Previously Unpublished Teachings and Letters* was a profoundly moving experience, one through which I felt an ever-deepening in-nen with this pioneer of Zen in America.

Two years ago, knowing that the 50th anniversary of Nyogen Senzaki's passing would occur in 2008, we were thinking about ways of commemorating his inspiring life. In direct response, the Dai Bosatsu Mandala exerted its magic. In the fall of 2006 I received a telephone call from Josh Bartok, senior editor at Wisdom Publications. He said he had recently received a collection of Xeroxed pages of what appeared to be transcriptions of talks by Nyogen Senzaki, including commentaries on the *Gateless Gate*. Would I be interested in editing this material?

I immediately got in touch with Eido Roshi, and he agreed that this would indeed be a worthy project, one that would continue the work he had started with *Namu Dai Bosa: A Transmission of Zen Buddhism to America* and the two editions of *Like a Dream, Like a Fantasy* (the second edition of which I had worked on with him). In August 1960, when Eido Roshi (then Tai-san) was about to leave for the United States, Soen Roshi had given him three boxes containing Nyogen Senzaki's manuscripts, asking him to publish them as the opportunity arose. Before he passed away in 1984, Soen Roshi named Eido Roshi literary executor of all his work and holdings, including Nyogen Senzaki's writings.



Eido Roshi and I met to discuss the project just before the start of Rohatsu Sesshin 2006. We looked at the Xeroxed pages Josh had sent me. My excitement grew when Eido Roshi told me about letters from Nyogen Senzaki to his teacher, Soen Shaku Roshi. These included two written in the late 1800s and early 1900s, before Nyogen Senzaki came to the United States. Sharply critical of Japanese Buddhism, they were in old-style kanji, and would be very hard to translate, Roshi said. I began thinking of Japanese friends of a certain age who might still recognize those kanji.

Eido Roshi then showed me old, faded Xeroxes of Nyogen Senzaki's poetry, in his beautiful calligraphy, with his own English translations typed or hand-written on each page. Roshi remembered seeing the originals of these poems when visiting Duncan McCandless, a son of Ruth Strout McCandless, many years ago in California, and suggested I try to find him so that we might scan some of the originals for the proposed new book. The Internet came through: Duncan

McCandless had a website with his biography as an artist and photographs of some of his beautiful paintings. I got in touch with him, and we soon began a lively correspondence, in the course of which he reminisced about his mother's close discipleship under Nyogen Senzaki, and his own childhood friendship with the Zen teacher, who had stayed with the McCandless family in Pasadena for several months after being released from Heart Mountain Internment Camp. Duncan-san and I agreed that I would visit him that summer and see some of the Nyogen Senzaki materials from his mother's estate, including those poems.

To bring the book out in 2008 would require fast work, both on my part and on the part of Wisdom. I discussed it with Josh, and he said if we could have everything to him by September of 2007, it would be possible. I quickly read through the material that Josh had sent, and saw that it was in need of substantial editing. First, it had to be converted into computer files—a time-consuming process. With the kind help of speedy typists Kanro Christine Dowling, Kigetsu Jennifer Sampson, and Tetsunin Pat Yingst at Hoen-ji and Yobin Andrea Rook at Dai Bosatsu Zendo, the material started coming to me digitally, and I began editing in early 2007. On another visit to DBZ, Eido Roshi showed me some wonderful old photographs of Nyogen Senzaki alone, with Shubin and Jimmy Tanahashi, and with Soen Roshi, as well as several historic group images; these, Jokei scanned and sent to me.

I had to take a break in the spring for a pilgrimage that my dear friend Kazuaki

Tanahashi and I were leading, "Ancient Buddhism in Japan." We traveled to Nara, Koya-san, and Kyoto, and then my students and I met with Miyamoto Taiho Roshi, the Kancho at Soen Roshi's ordination temple, Kogaku-ji (founded by Bassui Tokujō Zenji), and climbed Mount Dai Bosatsu. After our return to the States, I re-immersed myself in the Nyogen Senzaki material, and in June, I went to California for the American Zen Teachers Conference, which was conveniently being held in San Francisco that year. I had arranged to meet with Duncan McCandless the very day I arrived.

Zenshin Richard Rudin picked me up at the airport and we drove into the hills and spent an unforgettable afternoon, first at Duncan-san's apartment having tea and talking, and then at his studio, where, from a large chest, he began bringing out treasure after treasure—the originals of the calligraphy poems that Eido Roshi remembered seeing, many photographs, and the robe, rakusu, and kesa that Nyogen Senzaki had given his dear student, Ruth Strout McCandless. We so strongly felt the presence of teacher and disciple, and their remarkable Dharma relationship. Duncan-san was kind enough to let me borrow a number of the calligraphies, which I carefully brought with me to San Francisco Zen Center; the next morning, before the conference started, my friend Sunyana Graef, who runs the Vermont Zen Center, went with me to an area copy shop and helped me scan everything. Then, equally carefully, Zenshin picked them up at San Francisco Zen Center and returned them to Duncan-san. I went back to the East Coast. Eido Roshi had given me an

untranslated poem that would become the frontispiece of the book, and two letters from Nyogen Senszaki to his teacher, Soyen Shaku Roshi. I needed to find someone who was of a generation to remember what those kanji meant. Luckily, here in Syracuse was Professor Tsutomu Nakatsugawa, who had visited Dai Bosatsu Zendo with his wife, Masako, and was a friend of Hoen-ji. With some trepidation, he agreed to take on the task, as long as I was willing to rewrite and polish his English. As he got more deeply into the work, he realized that he could not understand certain words and phrases; he asked a friend in Japan, Professor Mitsuo Ishida, for help, and they both spent many long hours and did a great deal of research, aided in Buddhist terms by a priest at a temple near Professor Ishida. The results of our collaboration can be seen in the first two letters in the Correspondence section of the book.

Working almost continuously except during sesshin at Hoen-ji, I completed a first draft that summer. Eido Roshi wrote an excellent Foreword. At some point during that time, the title for the book came to me: *Eloquent Silence*. The annual week that my husband, Andy Hassinger, and I spend on Wolfe Island, Canada, allowed for a blissful lack of interruptions, and I was able to write the Introduction. One more editing of the entire manuscript, and the September deadline was met. That December, I received the first page proofs, and the next few months were spent doing further editing. In February, the cover design arrived; I sent it digitally to Eido Roshi, who was in Japan, and he emailed back that he liked it very much. That same month, I received the edited page

proofs for further checking. By spring, the final pages came in for a last proofreading. In April, a few of us went to Los Angeles, at the kind invitation of Eido Roshi and Aiho-san. That Dai Bosatsu Mandala Day, Roshi conducted the full service at Nyogen Senszaki's grave in Evergreen Cemetery, and invited him to come to Dai Bosatsu Zendo the following month, to be with us for our Nyogen Senszaki Sesshin. We offered the finished manuscript at the grave, under the headstone inscribed with Nyogen Senszaki's words: "Friends in Dhamma, be satisfied with your own heads. Do not put on any false heads above your own. Then minute after minute, watch your steps closely. These are my last words to you." What a Mandala Day that was!

I had selected several excerpts from the book for a preview publication designed by Banko Randy Phillips to be given to participants at the forthcoming Nyogen Senszaki Sesshin, and during our stay in Los Angeles, many emails went back and forth to Banko so that the small booklet could be finished in time.

At that May 2008 commemorative sesshin, we strongly felt that Nyogen Senszaki had indeed joined us. On May 7, Eido Roshi offered him a Chinese poem he composed for the Fiftieth Anniversary Memorial Service. He dedicated his teisho to him, as I did my Dharma Talk. Earlier that year, in February, Eido Roshi had given a talk in Japan about this pioneer of Zen in the West; after he returned to the States, he received a packet of letters from someone who had heard his talk. Now he translated excerpts from three letters, reading them to us in his teisho, and they were truly remarkable depictions of

Nyogen Senszaki's early days in California. After sesshin, I got in touch with Josh. I knew final production was about to begin—but would it still be possible to include Eido Roshi's memorial poem and those excerpts in the book? He discussed it with the production department and said as long as the new material could be placed before and after what had already been set as numbered pages, it could work.

The wonderful openness, flexibility, and professionalism shown by Wisdom Publications toward this entire project—and, of course, the Dai Bosatsu Mandala—allowed this to take place.

Still, as mid-summer approached, we wondered—would the books really be ready for distribution so that they could be given to those who would attend the upcoming Fortieth Anniversary Sesshin at New York Zendo Shobo-ji? I kept in touch with the production department; everything was going smoothly. In June, we received the final cover text from Wisdom; with just a few editorial changes, it was approved. Amazingly enough, a full month ahead of schedule, on the eighth day of the eighth month of 2008—a mystical and powerfully auspicious date—the books arrived at Dai Bosatsu Zendo, New York Zendo, and the Zen Center of Syracuse.

With gratitude to Eido Roshi for the opportunity to "entangle my eyebrows" with Nyogen Senszaki, and for everyone's unstinting efforts to bring this book into existence, I offer profound bows.

Shingeshitsu Roko Sherry Chayat



Excerpts follow:
From the Introduction

Starting in 1922, three years after Soyen Shaku's death and exactly seventeen years (as mandated by his teacher) after his arrival in the United States, whenever he could save enough money, Nyogen Senszaki would hire a hall to present lectures on Buddhism. He called these meetings his "floating zendo." Gradually, people began asking to sit with him. "I at last established a zendo in 1928, which I have carried with me as a silkworm hides itself in its cocoon," he told a student. Now the adult Mentorgarten Sangha was born—a Sangha that had no divide between East and West, no connection with any religious organization or establishment, and very little of the hierarchy typical of Japanese Zen. In his talks, he addressed his students as "Bodhisattvas" or "Fellow Students," and noted, "The same spirit of Sangha found in my Mentorgarten movement may be found in early Buddhism—nay, not only in early Buddhism, but in both ancient and modern Buddhism as well. If there is true Buddhism, there is this Sangha spirit."

Nyogen Senzaki and Soen Nakagawa discovered in each other the values of moral integrity, resolve, and purity they both found gravely lacking in the Buddhist establishment in Japan. In his commentary on Case Twenty-two of the Gateless Gate, Nyogen Senzaki quoted a New Year's Day poem he had written:

*One hundred thousand bonzes
of Japan are intoxicated with sake
on this New Year's Day.
Alone, Brother Soen is sober—
nothing is able to tempt him.
I light a lamp on my windowsill, and
pine for him from this side of the ocean.
He must be very happy when the plum
blossoms herald the coming of spring!*

Then he added, "This monk is my discovery, being of the same name, by pronunciation, as my teacher Soen Shaku, but written differently in Chinese characters. He is in Mishima, Japan, these days. His full name is Soen Nakagawa. He will come to America in the future, gather the old assembly around him, and tear Kashyapa's preaching sign into rags."

Certain themes recur throughout Nyogen Senzaki's koan commentaries, talks, essays, poems, and letters: "Block the road of your thinking," he tells us again and again. That's all we need to do. "Give the uppercut to your own dualistic ideas." The simpler the better, he emphasizes; no word is best of all. We must continually strive to actualize the truth of Zen for ourselves, since realization "will not come to us by luck, as in a lottery" (Case Twenty-two of the Gateless Gate). If we are filled with "emotional pining" for something outside, for someone else's understanding,

we are cut off from our own inner wisdom. He notes that real Zen teachers never give anything; rather, they take away whatever their students are attached to.

Stressing that silence is the most eloquent vehicle for expressing Zen, in his commentary to Case Twenty of the Gateless Gate he says, "I appreciate your enthusiasm in copying my lectures and keeping them, but remember that I speak them with shame and tears. I do such a dirty job (this talking on Zen) because nobody else has done it here before me. Please do not show my lectures to any outsiders and say that they are a part of my Zen. I have no such funny business as preaching Zen. Whatever I say passes away before you record it. You only catch my yawns and coughs."

Nyogen Senzaki had no use for Buddhists who sought renown or used propaganda to attract students. "The teachings lose their richness when they have many followers" (Case Twenty-six of the Gateless Gate). Indeed, he held most of his contemporaries in the Zen Buddhist establishment in disregard, particularly in Japan, but in America as well, as is evident in this paragraph from Case Two of the Blue Rock Collection: "Here in America, many so-called spiritual teachers gather students who bring many questions; they then patiently try to entertain them with favorable answers." In the United States, Nyogen Senzaki lived as an ordinary citizen, not calling attention to himself in any way. He wore a suit and tie, placing his robe over them when engaged in zazen or giving a lecture; he did not shave his

head, but as the young monk Tai-san observed when Nyogen Senzaki visited Ryutaku-ji, had a beautiful silver crown of hair. "Those who digest Zen well should do their work in the world without displaying any trace of Zen," he says in "Amban's Addition" to the Gateless Gate, and in the same commentary he tells us, "Monks have no monopoly on Zen. Zen belongs to the world. Laymen and laywomen adherents should study Zen—even children in kindergarten should be trained in the Zen way. The shrubs and grasses around this humble house also study Zen. They show the color of Zen through their own natural green. . . . Zen monks are like street cleaners. They do their work so that others can go their different ways. . . . True monks who guard the lamp of Dharma are becoming fewer and fewer." The world—not just the Zen world, not just the Buddhist world—needs the cool-headed, compassionate, and incisive teachings of this true monk more today than ever. With palms together, in commemoration of his life of integrity, simplicity, wisdom, and unstinting loving-kindness, this book is offered to men, women, children, shrubs, grasses, and street cleaners!



From The Gateless Gate

CASE FORTY-SEVEN THE THREE BARRIERS OF TOSOTSU

Tosotsu erected three barriers and made the monks pass through them. The first is, in studying Zen, the aim is to see your own true nature. Now, where is your true nature? Secondly, when you realize your own true nature, you will be free from birth and death. Now, when the light is gone from your eyes and you become a corpse, how can you free yourself? Thirdly, when you free yourself from birth and death, you should know where you are. Now your body separates into the four elements. At this moment, where are you?

Bodhisattvas: All koans in the Gateless Gate deal with one's own true nature. They begin with Joshu's "Mu." Gutei's finger, Zuigan's inner master, the Sixth Patriarch's true self, and Bodhidharma's pacified mind—each leads the student directly into the region of buddha-nature. Anyone who has experienced turning inwardly can actualize the same, with ease, at any time. It is not confined in a thing; therefore, it will be discovered in everything. It is not excluded in a place; therefore it will be exposed at any place. The first barrier of Tosotsu is, "Now, where is your true nature?" At the moment of your hesitation, you are far away from it, ten thousand miles afar.

The second barrier of Tosotsu is, "When you realize your own true nature, you will be free from birth and death. Now, when the light is gone from your eyes and you become a corpse, how can you free yourself?" Kukai, a ninth-century Japanese Shingon monk, said, "When

death comes, I am not there. While I am here, death cannot claim me. Why should I be afraid of death?" The statement is quite logical. Dualistic consciousness and death have no opportunity to meet each other. People simply fear death due to their habit of dualistic thinking. In fact, they are threatened by the idea of death, not by death itself.

Dogen, a thirteenth-century Japanese Soto teacher, said, "In the region of buddha-nature, there is no birth, and accordingly, there is no death. Life never begins; therefore, it never ends. Birth and death are simply psychological demarcations." This is my free translation. In this koan of Tosotsu, to pass through the second barrier, you must eliminate not only the fear of death, but death itself, birth itself. Some of you come to sanzen and show me your own last moment, shutting your eyes and playing a corpse. You are dead, sure enough, but where is your buddha-nature? Until you can prove yourself in real freedom beyond birth and death, you are just a bad actor, after all.

The third barrier: "When you free yourself from birth and death, you should know where you are. Now your body separates into the four elements. At this moment, where are you?" Some of you stretch your arms and legs out on the floor. I never blame the manner in which you present your koan in sanzen, as long as you express Zen from the bottom of your heart. If you mean, however, to indicate the four elements—earth, water, fire, and air—by means of such acrobatic stunts, you simply make me laugh. To represent the elements of modern chemistry, your fingers and toes are not enough, in any case. Now what are you going to do? A good physician knows about the health of a patient's blood from a glance at the face, even before laboratory work is done. Now show me

the four elements, which move on as vividly as the ebb and surge of the sea of buddha-nature.

MUMON'S COMMENT

If you can pass these three barriers, you will be a master wherever you are. Whatever happens around you will be nothing but the essence of Zen. Otherwise, you will be living on poor food, and will not have enough of it to satisfy yourself.

Years ago, a Japanese woman worked on this koan. She worked hard, day and night. At the end of the third seclusion, she came to sanzen and expressed her Zen in silence, folding her hands, palm to palm. I said, "The first barrier is passed. How about the second barrier?" She kept herself in the same pose. I said, "Come on, now, tell me, when the light is gone from your eyes and you become a corpse, how can you free yourself?" She went on in the same pose, folding her hands palm to palm. I said, "You are quite stubborn. Never mind the second barrier. How about the third? Now your body separates into the four elements. Where are you?" She did not change her pose at all. I said, "Come on, come on, where are you?" She still stood, folding her hands palm to palm, without a word. I said, "Such monotonous Zen! What is the use of it? Get out." Before I rang the bell to call the next student, she bowed to me and got out of the last barrier gracefully. I know it is useless to bring up a canceled check here. I only wanted to suggest to you that the answer in Zen is not necessarily shown by gesture, or by words. When one can master oneself wherever one stands, one can turn whatever happens into true and living Zen. Of course I am not praising stubbornness or uniformity at all. ❖

Nen (Intense Thought)

Eido Shimano Roshi

Every year, after summer sesshin is over in Switzerland, I have two days of vacation time in Europe. This year, I went to Pisa in Italy with my students M., who usually accompanies me in Switzerland, and J., a nun from Dai Bosatsu Zendo.

In front of the famous Leaning Tower, there is an old Catholic cathedral, the Duomo di Pisa. Instead of climbing up into the tower, the three of us decided to go into the cathedral. Centuries of peoples' prayers help to create a unique and powerful atmosphere unlike anything I have experienced in American churches which are much more modern.

Attendant J. was raised Catholic before becoming a Buddhist nun. Therefore, she was emotionally overwhelmed and quite "drunk" by her pious feelings upon leaving the church. Afterwards, we spent some time seeing the other sights in the Piazza dei Miracoli ("Square of Miracles"), then finally started walking toward the car. We were all feeling quite elated. On the way to the car, M. said, "It is hot, I will run ahead and start the air conditioning, but please walk slowly and take your time."

As soon as M. left, a woman in her twenties accompanied by three young children approached J. and I in two teams. We had been warned about aggressive pickpockets and theft in this popular tourist area. Two girls came towards me, spreading a map in front of me shouting, "One Euro! One Euro!!!" The woman and the other girl did the same thing in front of J. I did not have any cash



with me, neither Euros nor dollars. So, we ignored them and tried to speed up, but they were blocking our way and we could barely move forward. Within a minute, a second attack came. Again, the kids spread the map in our faces, saying, "Mister, mister, one euro!!!" This time they came so close that our bodies touched.

All the way to the car, the same game was repeated four more times. When we finally reached the car and M. opened the door for us, two of the little girls ran up to J. holding a small brocade purse saying, "Miss, you dropped this, is it yours?" J.'s face went pale. I realized what had just happened—the woman and the girls were pickpockets. I quickly asked J., "Do you have your passport? Did they take anything else?" She checked and nothing was missing. By then, the whole team had fled.

We then went inside the car and locked the doors. I asked J., "May I see your purse?" Her passport, a twenty dollar bill and a string of prayer beads were still inside. I was amazed by the skill of the young thieves, using a couple of big maps

to hide what they were doing, and shouting “One Euro!” to divert our attention.

J’s beads are made of purple amethyst crystal. They come from her grandfather, who was a faithful Buddhist in True Pure Land (Jodo Shinshu) School. After his death, his wife gave these well-used beads to her daughter (J’s mother), and they were passed on to J. on the day of her ordination. J’s mother told her, “Keep these always with you, wherever you go.”

Why did the professional pickpockets return this purse to J.? I was puzzled. They were immigrants from a foreign country, and had no way of knowing we were Buddhist priests. After thinking it over, I realized that the power of Nen in the beads is what made the thieves

return the purse. J’s grandfather had used them for decades, praying and chanting with them. His spiritual energy saved J. from losing her passport in a foreign country.

In the Lotus Sutra there is a phrase that goes, “Sometimes you may be attacked by thieves, surrounded by them, and may face the chance to be killed. If you pray to Kanzeon Bodhisattva wholeheartedly, the thieves will not only stop their evil deed, but may also cultivate compassionate minds.”

This is exactly what happened with J’s beads. Decades ago, in the countryside of Japan, J’s grandfather prayed day and night, and his Nen finally had a chance to bloom this past summer in Italy.

Nen will never disappear and never die. What an awesome power! ❖

The article above was originally featured in Schole Magazine, a Japanese Buddhist periodical, earlier this year. We are pleased to include the Japanese text from the original article on the following pages.



「念」
嶋野榮道

毎年のこと乍ら、スイスでの接心が終わると二泊三日の旅に行くことになっている。今年
は、いつもスイスで同行してくれるMと大菩薩禅堂のJと一緒に、斜塔で名高いイタリア
のピサに行った。斜塔の前にはカトリックの古い教会、ピサ大聖堂がある。塔には登らず
3人で教会の中に入った。アメリカとは違う重厚さと、何世紀にも亘る人々の祈りがキリ
スト教独特の雰囲気を感じ出している。待者のJは、出家する前はカトリック教徒だった
ので、その空気に酔った様だった。しばらく斜塔の前のピアッツァ・デイ・ミラーコリ
(奇跡の広場)で過ごし、停めておいた車のある駐車場の方に満ち足りた気持ちで歩いて
行った。八月のイタリアは暑い。「先に行って車にクーラーを入れておきます」と言って
Mは急ぎ、私はJとゆっくり歩いていった。

その時である。二十代の女性一人と十歳位の女の子三人が、二人組で地図を開き、「ユー
ーロ、ユーロ！」と、安いから買ってくれとばかりに近付いて来た。一組はJの前でも

同じことをしていた。この辺りは拘摸が多いと注意されていたし、私は現金を一切持っていなかったもので、無視して車の方に向かう。一分と経たないうちに第二波がやって来た。「お腹がすいた。ミスター、1ユーロ！」と、また地図を広げて身体をぶつけてくる。車に辿り着くまで計四回、同じことが繰り返され、ようやくMが車のドアを開けた。すると、さっきと同じ女の子二人が来て、Jに向かって「これ落ちていました。貴方のもではありませんか？」とJのバッグを差し出すではないか。Jの顔が真っ青になった。私はJのバックが掏られたと思って、「パスポートはあるか調べろ！」と思わず大きな声を出した。二人はすでにいない。「全部無事です」と言うのでほっとして車に乗り、落としたものを見せて貰うと、パスポート、20ドルの現金、そして念珠が出て来た。それにしても見事な技である。本人が全く気付かないうちに地図で目隠しをし、もう一人が抜き取ったのであろう。

念珠は紫水晶の立派なものであった。聞くところによると、Jの母親の父が篤信な念仏者で、亡くなった後に母親が遺品として貰い、その母がJの得度式の日に来由を説明し「肌身離さず持っていなさい」と手渡してくれたものだそうである。

それにしても何故、物取りを生業なまわいとしている拘摸すりが掏ったものを返してくれたのだろう。

相手はイタリア国外からの難民である。我々が剃髪ていはつをして作務衣を着ていても仏教の修行僧であるとは知る由もない。あれを思い、これを考えた末、気付いたのは念珠の力である。何十年も唱えた念仏が、異国でパスポートを紛失するという最悪の事態を救ってくれたのだ。

観音経の中に次のような一節がある。「或いは盗賊に襲われ、周りを囲まれ、殺害されそうになっても、観世音菩薩を一心に念ずれば盗賊は殺害をやめるばかりではなく慈悲心を起こすであろう」。まさにその通りのが起こったのである。大正から昭和にかけての時代、日本の片田舎で唱えたJの祖父の念がイタリアで花ひらいたとでも言おうか。

念は決して消えない。そして死なない。

實けにも畏おそろしきは念の力である。

Profound Gratitude

From September 11th to 14th, 2008, New York Zendo Shobo-ji celebrated its 40th Anniversary with a special sesshin. It was a remarkably strong retreat with joyful Dharma energy, ending in a ceremony on Sunday afternoon, which was attended by 150 guests. I would like to express my profound gratitude to all the people who helped make this wonderful event possible. For about a year we had been meeting, planning and organizing for Shobo-ji's birthday. Great effort was involved, both behind the scenes and out front, in repairing and beautifying the temple and preparing for sesshin. Some of these projects included:

1. The front of New York Zendo's building was stripped and repainted.
2. The outside wooden entrance doors were re-sanded, stained, and sealed with polyurethane.
3. A brand new entrance door was installed, stained and sealed.
4. Six toilets were replaced.
5. The wooden deck in the garden zendo was replaced.
6. The garden zendo's roof and shingles were replaced.
7. A new bowing mat and purple zabuton for Eido Roshi were purchased.
8. A gratitude gift of a new robe for Eido Roshi was ordered and made in Japan.
9. New jihatsu wrapping cloths were made.
10. New chopsticks for the jihatsu sets were purchased.

I remember so vividly the beautiful autumn afternoon of September 15th,

1968. On this day, New York Zendo Shobo-ji was officially opened. Soen Roshi, Yasutani Roshi, Chester and Dorris Carlson, Bill and Milly Johnstone, and many other distinguished guests and sangha members who were involved in the creation of the temple were present. In those days, it was inconceivable that a Rinzai Zen Buddhist temple had opened in New York City. The newborn baby temple needed lots of care in daily affairs, zazen meetings and sesshin preparations. Eido Roshi's burning passion for the Dharma helped Shobo-ji grow and become strong. We both helped and encouraged each other throughout the years, with the mutual support of the sangha.

Now forty years have passed, and today, we just completed our Anniversary Sesshin and celebration. As Confucius said, "At the age of forty, I was no longer deluded." The Shobo-ji sangha is now firmly stabilized. This has given me a new energy and joy. I am truly grateful for the support I received from the Dharma. This is the most wonderful gift from the Dharma and from Shobo-ji. Indeed, "Dhamma Dipa, Dhamma Sarana." I can never thank you enough, Dharma. Even after eons, my gratitude to the Dharma will never disappear.

*Toki Oshimi Koto wo
Hagemishi Himo Sugite
Hô no Irie ni Yu wo Aminikeri*

The days where I begrudged every minute spent on accomplishing things are now gone, At last I can bathe leisurely in a Dharma pool!

Gassho,

Aiho Yasuko Shimano ❖

Lankavatara Sutra Revisted

by Shokan Undo Osho

When I was around 25 years old, toward the end of my hippie years, I discovered Buddhism and Zen. Maybe I should clarify: I discovered books about Buddhism and Zen. Deep inside myself I clearly felt that this is it! – especially Zen. So I read every book available on the topic of either Zen or Buddhism. And there were MANY. This was in the mid-seventies and the public interest in Zen and Buddhism was enormous. Besides all of the Beat Zen literature available, all of D. T. Suzuki's works had been translated into German, as well as uncountable other good, serious Zen books, which are nowadays considered classics. At that time I understood quite well that to study Zen without actually practicing is like a lifeless corpse. And I occasionally tried to do the real thing – sit cross legged – but was intimidated by my own failure; after five minutes I could not stand the pain anymore and stood up. It wasn't until a few years later, after a cutting crisis in my life, that I started to sit regularly on a daily basis, and was able to progressively increase the length of my sitting periods.

Some time before this happened I came across a book called Meditation Sutras of Mahayana Buddhism. It included the Heart Sutra, the Diamond Sutra, the Lankavatara Sutra and some others in an accurate translation into modern German. I thought that this was Buddha's original teaching and I was very eager to read and understand what he taught. I made it a kind of meditation to read this book. I sat on a chair at a table with my spine straight and read slowly and concentrated word by word. Some of the passages I was able to understand. Certainly not the Heart Sutra. And the Diamond Sutra did not make much sense to me, either. But I was very impressed

by the Lankavatara Sutra, although my own perception of reality was quite different from how Buddha explained it to be. Be that as it may, the reading experience itself was so calming and refreshing, with the gentle flow of the dialogue and the many repetitions, that I was deeply satisfied, whether I understood the meaning or not. Didn't Buddha repeatedly say in the Lankavatara Sutra that Bodhisattvas should patiently take on and get used to the view; that all manifestations, including ourselves, exist in the mind only? This "patiently take on and get used to" warmly touched my heart and strongly supported my wish to follow this path.

Recently, in a sudden impulse, I grabbed this book again and read the Lankavatara Sutra. More than thirty years had passed since I first read it. How different was my response this time, yet how much the same! As I started to read, I was transported back in time and felt exactly as if I were sitting at the table some thirty years ago; certainly due to my concentrated, upright and open-minded reading at that time. The next thing I noticed was how familiar this view of "not a single thing exists" was to me. Unlike decades ago, some of the theories and explanations of the Sutra were not only comprehensible, but accurate expressions of my own experiences. I could not help but feel grateful for the Rinzai Zen training I am undergoing, and once more I became clearly aware of the differences between Nyorai Zen (reading and studying the Sutras) and Soshi Zen (our actual Zen training, koan study and life experiences).

This time, once again, when reading the words "patiently take on and get used to," my heart was filled with feelings of faith and willingness. Although we usually say: "Practice thirty more years," I wish my practice will continue forever. ❖

Ichi Go Ichi E

Fujin Butsudo

Two years ago, I went to Shogen-ji in Japan to attend Rohatsu sesshin. After sesshin was over, Yamakawa Roshi took me to a hot spring hotel together with a group of non-Japanese monks. While the attendant monk was driving us, I heard Roshi tell him to go to a town called Tajimi, not far from Shogen-ji in Gifu. Afterward, I was supposed to meet a European friend of mine; so we spoke on the phone about where we could meet each other. When I told him I was going to Tajimi, he said, with an enthusiastic voice, "Oh! I know a potter there. Why don't we visit him!" After spending the night with Roshi and the group in the hot-spring hotel, I called up my friend, telling him where I thought I was. Roshi happened to hear my conversation and exclaimed, "We are not in Tajimi here, we are in Unuma!" I had misunderstood, but the appointment with the potter had been made, so it was decided that we would go anyway.

I had been told that Mizuno Sensei, the potter, was in his late seventies. Upon meeting him, I couldn't believe my eyes: he looked more like in his early sixties! We had lunch together, and then he took us to his kiln. Unfortunately, it was raining on that day, so we didn't spend much time looking at the kiln. He took us inside his studio, and from then on, the visit turned into a dream. Mizuno Sensei had met my friend several times, but they were certainly not intimate friends. As for myself, it was our first

encounter. As we were led around the studio admiring his work, time literally vanished. I cannot even tell for sure how long we stayed with him. It could have been two hours, it could have been four, but it felt no more than twenty minutes at the most. Though we used Japanese to communicate, my friend and I completely forgot the fact that we were talking in a foreign language. We could have been speaking in Russian or Chinese, and still would have understood each other perfectly. Mizuno Sensei spoke to us as if we were his own children. His voice, his gestures, his whole attitude was like a river, gently flowing downstream. He spoke of Tani Roshi and Eido Roshi's friendship with great fondness, showed us photos of them from years ago, when they visited his kiln. His wife was like the transparency of the mountain stream. She was present, in fact very attentive, sitting by the *irori* (the hearth), serving powdered tea, sweets, green tea, clementines, responding quickly and elegantly to whatever needs came up. At the end, Mizuno Sensei presented me with a black tea bowl, an incense burner, a *hana ire* (flower vase to be hung in a *tokonoma*) and a small sake cup. While talking to me, he wrote on a piece of rice paper with a brush which clay he had used to make them, and the story behind their shape and color. Within seconds, Mrs. Mizuno was next to me with packing material and bags so I could carry them safely.

It was only upon parting from Mizuno Sensei that I realized what had been offered to me: the gift of inexhaustible spirit. Freely offered to all, we trample it under our feet every single day, so carelessly! I made myself promise to remember that afternoon every single day of my life, until I am so saturated with it that I don't need to be reminded any more.

I read many times what ancient Japan was like, or ancient anywhere, when people were more inclined to allow themselves to dissolve completely into the moment, whatever they were

engaged in. But to experience first-hand meeting someone who had transcended time, cultures, age and race was an unforgettable inspiration. In Japan, there is a Zen saying, "Ichi Go, Ichi E" which means, "One opportunity, One meeting." It implies, "Unprecedented, unrepeatable encounter," in other words: a meeting that truly changes your life. I cherish very much the tea bowl and other gifts, which I received on that day. But more importantly, someday when serving tea, I hope to not merely quench the visitors' thirst, but like Mizuno Sensei did with us, to swallow with them Beecher Lake in one gulp. ❖



Eido Roshi writes calligraphy in Mizuno Sensei's studio February 2007

Nyogen Senzaki Memorial Pilgrimage to Los Angeles

Yayoi Karen Matsumoto

Of course! It was on Dai Bosatsu Mandala Day, April 21, 2008, that Roko Osho, Fujin and I were to meet Eido Roshi and Aiho-san in Los Angeles to begin our Nyogen Senzaki 50th anniversary memorial pilgrimage. (On the 21st of each month, monk Soen Nakagawa and monk Nyogen Senzaki would bow to each other from across the Pacific during the Second World War.) Fujin and I left New York Zendo before dawn. Following Seigan's directions, we walked to the subway, which connected with the AirTrain, which took us like a swift breeze to JFK Airport. There we met Roko Osho. The three of us flew out from JFK to LAX. Roshi and Aiho-san had already flown to Los Angeles the night before, of course on flight #21.

And so it was that we, along with many others, had been touched in the Dharma by Nyogen Senzaki, the karmic founder of Dai Bosatsu Zendo. Foremost was Roshi's and Aiho-san's Dai Bosatsu Mandala connection. I thought about how all of us who have ever studied with Roshi at the Zen Studies Society are beneficiaries of this inspired connection. Roko Osho was editor of the book *Eloquent Silence: Nyogen Senzaki's Gateless Gate and other Previously Unpublished Teachings and Letters*. Fujin was born on Nyogen Senzaki's memorial day, May 7th. And I was told by my mother that Nyogen Senzaki cared for me when I was a baby on a couple of occasions, while she taught tea ceremony.

My dad had been interned during the Second World War at Heart Mountain, Wyoming, the same place that Nyogen Senzaki was interned along with many



others of Japanese descent. According to my mother, in the early 1950's when Hounsai, the current retired grand tea master of the Urasenke Tea School, stayed at our home in Los Angeles, he went to Nyogen Senzaki's zendo to do zazen. Nyogen Senzaki would also come to our house from time to time with his Zen students who would study chado (the way of tea) with my mother, Sosei Matsumoto. She remembers the students: Henry Mittwer, now a Zen priest living in Japan; Robert Aitken, now a roshi in Hawaii; and two American women. On one of these visits when I was about 3 or 4, it was just Nyogen Senzaki and myself, while the others were in the tea room. Sitting on the dark green couch in our living room, he dug into his monk's bag, pulled out some candy and gave it to me. Then he showed me how to fold origami. On another visit, I wondered if he had candy in his bag again. And he did. Years later, I recalled Nyogen Senzaki's atmosphere of deep calm and kindness and thought that maybe it was the Zen. And so I began to practice.

The flight was a smooth one, and Roko, Fujin and I landed safely at LAX Airport. We were met by my cousin Etsuko Ota, who took us to the hotel in Little Tokyo, where we greeted Roshi and Aiho-san. Etsuko returned to my mother's house. She and Takako Osumi, my other cousin's wife, picked up the many items for the memorial service, while I strolled with the others through the hotel courtyard to a Japanese café for lunch. The weather was perfect: soft sun and mild temperatures.

The first bit of fun began with Aiho-san telling the young Japanese waiter that he looked like Sangen (a former jisha and resident at DBZ and son of Myoyo Tanaka). Of course the waiter had no idea who Sangen was. But he did look like Sangen. Roshi smiled, seemingly agreeing that the waiter looked like Sangen, but said that most people would not say so. In good humor he repeated to Aiho-san that most people would not say so. Aiho-san, also with good humor, kept on appreciating the resemblance, now calling the waiter directly, "Sangen." The waiter smiled.

After that, we quickly changed and were picked up by Etsuko and Takako to go to Evergreen Cemetery to visit Nyogen Senzaki's gravesite. Earlier at the hotel, Fujin and I made a call for Roshi to Reverend Inoue, a Nichiren Buddhist priest who had served in New York City and then relocated to L.A. Roshi was trying to arrange for us to visit with him. The priest was away, and we were unable to connect with him. Anyway, Takako knew nothing about all of this. She had said earlier that she could pick up some flowers along the way. I thought she had some florist in mind. Surprise! Surprise! Takako takes us to her Buddhist Temple of the Nichiren sect, which just happens to be the very temple whose head priest Roshi had tried to contact that morning! We went inside the temple. There were lots of flowers, still

fresh, leftover from a ceremony. Takako got these flowers for Nyogen Senzaki.

We then headed toward Evergreen Cemetery in East L.A., where I had gone so many times before with my Nishihongan-ji Pure Land Sunday school class in my childhood. We arrived, unloaded the cars, and set up the gravesite for the chanting ceremony with flowers, incense, and matcha (powdered green tea) and sweets. Sitting on goza straw mats on the grass, we chanted and poured clear water over the grave. A moment of silence, and a pine tree in the background reminded me of Nyogen Senzaki's being. Then Roshi led us to the Tanahashi family grave, where Jimmy Tanahashi, the karmic benefactor of DBZ, is buried. We chanted there and also at Takako's family grave. Evergreen Cemetery was getting ready to close its gates for the evening, and a joyful mood prevailed. The gravesite chanting and paying of respects for Nyogen Senzaki's fiftieth memorial at Evergreen had been accomplished.

Then, again with Roshi directing us, we went to Second Street, which was not far away. We greeted Alice Tanahashi, the daughter-in-law of Shubin Tanahashi, who was Jimmy's mother and also a student of Nyogen Senzaki. Directly across the street was Nyogen Senzaki's zendo, the left-side unit of a duplex. I never thought much of it before, but Second Street appears and disappears as it traverses L.A. Further uptown, my family home happens to be directly on one of the points where Second Street reappears. The house where the zendo used to be was unoccupied, and I imagined how it must have been. Looking through the book *Eloquent Silence*, a photo from Roshi's collection appears. It is a photo of that very house, still bright even two years after the passing of Nyogen Senzaki, with Soen Roshi and the L.A. Sangha standing in front of it.

After that, we rode around trying to find Turner Street, where Nyogen Sensaki had an apartment. We got out of the car to walk on N. Alameda Street; Roshi, Aiho-san, and Roko Osho going in one direction and Roshi sending Fujin and me in the other. We walked and walked and were not able to find Turner Street, and wondered what had happened to it. Back home, I looked at MapQuest, and found Turner Street marked. It intersects N. Alameda Street just south of E. Temple Street. It was just a block or two further!

We went back to the hotel for a break until we met again for dinner. We walked down East First Street in Little Tokyo and saw Fugetsudo, the Japanese confectionery store, in back of which Shubin Tanahashi used to have a laundry shop. It is also the store where my mother, Susie, and father, Eddie, met. For me, Fugetsudo was also where we got fresh Japanese manju ricecakes after Buddhist Sunday School, and where one caught the scent of warm sweet bean and rice flour in the air.

That evening after having a good dinner in the Japanese Village in Little Tokyo, we returned to the hotel and went our ways to our respective hotel rooms. Fujin and I shared a room. The room had an interior door which was neither a bathroom nor a closet. I thought it must be a safe, since the doorknob on it was different from the other doors, and said so to Fujin. I opened the door and then there was another door, just like a safe would have. I opened it, and . . . it opened into a room where an Asian family was staying, but what was most memorable was the sight of a man on the bed looking back at me, completely surprised! I was surprised, too. I gasped and ran away from the door, leaving it wide open! Then I had to inch my way back to the door to close

it and not look at him! Fujin was laughing through the whole thing. Maybe I was too! But it was probably more gasping than laughing.

The next morning, we were scheduled to go to Zenshu-ji Soto Mission on Hewitt Street in East Los Angeles. This was the first zendo where I sat zazen, years ago, before it was remodeled. Fujin and I walked on East First Street to Zenshu-ji ahead of Roshi, Aiho-san, and Roko Osho, who were waiting at the hotel to be picked up by Reverend Kojima. Fujin and I reached Zenshu-ji first and were greeted by a friendly American Zen minister. He then went to pick up Roshi, Aiho-san, and Roko Osho; and phoned Reverend Kojima to wake him up. We chanted, sat zazen together in the zendo, and Reverend Kojima kindly served us matcha and sweets.

Then we were picked up by Daishin of the Zen Center of Los Angeles. We were greeted by Roshi Egyoku. Egyoku, as I used to call her, used to take tea lessons from my mother at our house when she was a resident student at ZCLA with the late Taizan Maezumi Roshi. Although we did not necessarily speak about Zen, we still shared the moment together. I always think of her as my Dharma big sister. Nowadays, duties as abbot seem to keep her from tea class. Anyway, it was great to visit her and ZCLA, where we chanted, sat zazen together, and enjoyed tea and sweets with conversation. It was good to share Zen, L.A. Soto-style!

We went back to the hotel for lunch. Our next appointment was at my mother's house, and we were picked up by Etsuko and Mrs. Nogaki, a student of my mother's. It turns out that Mrs. Nogaki is an old childhood friend of Aiho-san! They were happy to see each other, chatted in

Japanese, and rode in the car together. We arrived and immediately did a service at my family altar, which has a photo of my dad, who passed away many years ago. I have been with Roshi and monks to chant in people's homes before, but this was a first. We walked toward the tea room. In the entry area was a calligraphy by Soen Roshi, appropriate to the new spring season and occasion. In the tea room alcove, was a simple flower arrangement of clematis in a Mexican clay vase given to my mother by Nyogen Sensaki. This was coupled with a striking calligraphy scroll by Roshi. It read, En Zan, "Distant Mountain," alluding to the phrase from the Hekiganroku, "Endlessly arising distant mountains, blue heaped upon blue." So my mom acted as host, assisted by Etsuko, Mrs. Koizumi, and Mrs. Nogaki, who acted as ceremonial host and whisked delicious tea. The day concluded with dinner with my mom and her students at a modern Japanese fusion-style restaurant in a renovated bank in Beverly Hills. We returned to our quarters in the hotel after a very rich day.

Regarding the scroll, Roshi told me to tell my mom to give it to me, as it would be appropriate for Endless Mountain Zendo where I live and practice with Genro. A few days later, when I brought it up, she remained silent. I guess it's just too good a calligraphy to give away.

The next morning at our closing breakfast together, guess who was breakfasting catty-corner to our table: Yes! Yes! It was the man on the bed! First I caught him in the corner of my eye, and nudged Fujin to look discreetly. Yes, it was he. I tried not to look and hoped that he wouldn't recognize me. He gave no indication that he did, and didn't smile either. Fujin and I were both again consumed by intense laughter, outwardly controlled, but not really successfully. What a perfect cap to our trip!

You should know that usually when Fujin and I are together, we are not necessarily laughing, but somehow when I am asked to write an article, there is hilarious material to write about! You may have read in an article in a previous newsletter about our laughter in Japan . . . and now in Los Angeles, California! I think of Nyogen Sensaki as a being with a dignified bearing, yet he was an element in the wonderful laughing connection with my friend Fujin. Just as it had helped to carry Roshi and Aiho-san to America, his quiet and steady influence was felt on the L.A. pilgrimage with all of its uncanny and joyous connections and moments of poignant reminiscence.



Although I expected to meet everyone back on the East coast, the Zen phrase often seen in tea rooms, *ichi go ichi e* – an unprecedented, unrepeatable encounter – describes the unprecedented, unrepeatable parting at LAX: we each went our own way. The pilgrimage concluded with feelings of fulfillment and gratefulness, ripples extending endlessly. ❖

What is THIS?

Adapted from a Dharma Talk
by Kōju Agung Hertanto

Ever since the Big Bang 13.7 billion years ago, the universe has been expanding. 400 billion observable galaxies – all containing anywhere from ten million to a trillion stars – have been flying apart at incomprehensible speeds since the beginning of time, space and matter. The cosmos is essentially an eternally growing balloon, and the galaxies are all dots on the surface of the balloon, flying farther and farther . . . out. What is this vast expanding nothing that fills the balloon? Is this nothing created out of something? Why is there so much energy out there apparently in the middle of nothing? What's on the other side of the balloon? Will the cosmos continue to expand until everything that's something is so far away that we see nothing in the night sky? Is the future nothing at all?

What is THIS?

If we look down instead of up, we find a lot more nothing, although it's a scientific question whether the subatomic void is the same nothing as the cosmological void. We do know that there's a lot of space down there between the atoms, not to mention quarks, neutrinos and the Higgs boson "god particles" that physicists may or may not find soon at the Large Hadron Collider in Switzerland. According to most theories, subatomic space and time are like sand grains floating in a void. We don't know what the void is, but we do know that it's most of everything that's something, including ourselves. And we know that "virtual" particles pop in and out of existence in the subatomic void. Thus, it seems to be impossible to have something without nothing, and nothing without something.

And here we are: something that is mostly nothing observing nothing that is continually giving birth to something.

What is THIS?

Unfortunately, the brain is an imperfect instrument for observing nothing or something or THIS. It is prone to delusion. It daydreams. It gets distracted. Even when the observer is paying full attention to the observed, the brain filters and compares the received image with data stored in the memory. If the image matches the data, we give the image a pre-existing label. If the image doesn't match the data, we invent a new label. Labels are unavoidably biased according to our emotional state, utilitarian considerations, and cultural conventions. Our genetic heritage dooms us to labeling. We are born with a capacity to speak, and as we learn to speak, we learn to label everything. We learn it so well that we can't stop.

Without the label, what is THIS?

Labeling is the wall between us and THIS. And there lies duality. On one side of the wall: us. On the other side of the wall: THIS. Our practice is to remove the wall – brick by brick, sit by sit – and perceive THIS. When we have carted away enough bricks, we create for ourselves a certain gateless gate through the wall that really wasn't there in the first place. As Hakuin Zenji says in *Zazen Wazan*, "The gate of the oneness of cause and effect is opened; the path of nonduality and non-trinity runs straight ahead." Zazen then becomes just sitting, just breathing, just observing . . . THIS.

Is THIS the same nothing as the cosmological void? For scientists, the question is hugely expensive. They must build the most complicated machines in the histo-

ry of the world to search for answers. In Buddhism, we already have the necessary technology: zafus. Yet we also need patience and perseverance, which can be as elusive as the Higgs boson.

There are many ways to practice and many traditions. Breath counting is very powerful, as Hakuin reminds us in the exhortations that we read during *Rohatsu*. Whether it is breath counting, or *Mu*, or *Kore nan zo*, or *shikantaza*, the focus is always our *tanden* or *hara* or *gut*. That is the place where we live, one breath at a time. In my tradition, Javanese, there is a spiritual exercise as told in the story of *Devaruci* which mentions that "Hara is the universe." We should cultivate our *hara* or *tanden* if we want to know the universe.

Practice is always going up and down, just like the *tanden* as you breathe. *Eido Roshi* has stated that there are three hindrances to practice: scattered mind, low self-esteem, and confusion. I've experienced all of them. The most obvious one is the scattered mind that jumps around like monkeys in the forest. If I don't engage their chatter, the monkeys usually go away by themselves. To overcome low self-esteem, I always remind myself that this journey is long, and it is OK to feel bad but not to give up. One more step . . . one more step . . . one more step – it's like trudging through a snowy field. As for confusion, the remedy is *Roshi*. We can ask anything related to our practice during *dokusan*. Talking to trusted, experienced friends can be helpful. So can reading sutras or the sayings of a Zen master. But we cannot just read books with our discriminating, dualistic, rational minds. We need practice to fathom the void.

Facing death is another aspect of my *zazen*. Almost every day I think about dying. This is not abstract, but a kind of

experience that strangles me. Surprisingly, it also seems to inspire mindfulness and compassion. I look at my beloved wife, friends, teachers and all sentient beings with gratitude, because I see the interconnection linking all of us. I am more grateful for the precious life that I have, and I pay more attention to all its aspects.

We are dying every day in our physical bodies, where the cells are constantly replaced. Most of the cells in our bodies are under 15 years old. And at the atomic level, 98 percent of the atoms comprising our body are replaced every year by atoms from our environment. In other words, we are always young. We are dying and being resurrected in every moment.

Practicing *Mu*, facing death, fathoming the void – THIS is not a hobby. It takes dedication, all the time and everywhere. A huge task. A doable task. We need only to observe our minds. Practice is like hammering a nail over and over, and little by little it penetrates the wood. Jesus said in the *Sermon on the Mount*, "Ask and it will be given to you; seek and you will find; knock and the door will be opened to you." We used to knock softly . . . knock . . . knock . . . knock. That is not the knock of Master *Rinzai's* student. We have to knock hard . . . KNOCK . . . KNOCK . . . KNOCK! We bang on the door! Kick the door! Shake the door! Shout with all our might! And the door will be opened to us.

So let us knock with *nen*, and let us continue our practice as Master *Bassui* instructed:

Look directly!
What is THIS?

Look in this manner
And you won't be fooled! ❖

New York Zendo Shobo-ji News

New York Zendo Celebrates its 40th Anniversary



New York Zendo Shobo-ji celebrated its 40-year anniversary with a special four-day weekend sesshin that concluded with a ceremony held on Sunday, September 14th. Over fifty Sangha members participated in the retreat, including Roko ni-Osho, Genjo Osho, and representatives from Dai Bosatsu Zendo, the Zen Center of Syracuse, Chobo-ji, Endless Mountain Zendo, Brooklyn Aikikai, Hollow Bones Zendo, and Wild Goose Zendo.

Each day, Eido Roshi told incredible stories about the opening of New York Zendo Shobo-ji, and about the efforts of Soen Roshi, Chester and Dorris Carlson, Aiho-san Yasuko Shimano, and the many known and unknown deceased Dharma brothers and sisters who have woven a strand in Shobo-ji's mandala web. He also expressed his gratitude to the Dharma for actualizing his Impossible Dream of an authentic Rinzaï Zen Buddhist temple in the middle of New York City.

As our sesshin concluded, fifty guests joined the Sangha in a celebration to mark the founding of our city temple. Roko ni-Osho acted as Master of Ceremonies and introduced special guest speaker Dr. Tenzin Robert Thurman, Professor of Buddhist Studies at Columbia University. Dr. Thurman gave a lively talk about the Dharma in the West, after which Ryugan Robert Savoca Sensei, Yuho Carl Baldini and students from Brooklyn Aikikai led a misogi purification ceremony in the main zendo. Next, sangha member Dr. Chi-in Lionel Party introduced and performed a harpsichord concert, featuring pieces by Domenico Scarlatti, J.S. Bach, Girolamo Frescobaldi, and François Couperin. Eido Roshi was asked to give closing remarks, and he spoke about how important it is for each of us to have a vow and a dream – to march on, no matter how difficult – and to trust in the Dharma.

Four cakes with ten candles each were presented to Roshi, Aiho-san, Roko ni-Osho, and the representatives of Brooklyn Aikikai to blow out. Then everyone gathered outside for a group photo, before moving upstairs for a champagne toast offered by Seigan Ed Glassing. To conclude the wondrous day, everyone in attendance sang "The Impossible Dream," followed by thunderous applause. Each participant received a gift bag, which included Nyogen Senzaki's new book, *Eloquent Silence*, introduced by Eido Roshi and edited by Roko ni-Osho.

Preparations, Renovations and Thanks

For most of this year New York Zendo has been preparing for the 40th Anniversary. We extend our special thanks to Aiho-san Yasuko Shimano and Seigan Ed Glassing for organizing the various jobs, upgrades, contractors and volunteers who helped make Shobo-ji ready for its celebration. Many people helped in the beautification of the building, while others helped behind the scenes.

Special acknowledgments go to the following: Mr. Shuji Bon Yagi donated six new Toto toilets to Shobo-ji, which were installed by Peter Lombardi with help from Tangen Bart Blank. Mrs. Myoyo Tanaka helped to order a brand new robe, which was the sangha's gift to Eido Roshi. She also arranged the printing of one of the gifts for all the participants – a shikishi of Gempo Roshi's calligraphy, "Fantasy." Additionally, she donated Japanese foods and tea for the sesshin, and ordered new chopsticks for Shobo-ji's jihat-su sets. We also extend our thanks to Dai Bosatsu Zendo for donating thirty handmade zafus, a purple zafu and zabuton for Eido Roshi, and a new bowing mat from Japan. Katsuro Anthony McKiernan donated four cakes, fruits, cookies, and bread for sesshin, and Shoteki Chris Phelan donated champagne for the celebration. Thank you to Seigan and Jeannie Joshi for designing the Shobo-ji t-shirts.

The outside of the building was repainted to match its opening colors from September 15th, 1968. Peter Lombardi, Seigan, Genkai Stefan Tessler, Curtis Gatz, and Kozan Piotr Roszczenko stripped, sanded, and restained the wooden double doors and completely replaced the outside front door. Peter also extensively renovated the garden zendo's deck, roof, and beams.

Finally, a deep bow to all who donated their time, ideas and work, and to all those who made special contributions to New York Zendo Shobo-ji.

Main Altar Buddha Restoration

At the conclusion of Shobo-ji's 40th anniversary sesshin, Eido Roshi gave a teisho, in which he mentioned the history of the Amida Buddha statue on the main zendo's altar. Amida means "Endless Dimension Universal Life." Our beautiful Amida Buddha statue was made in Korea and resided at Ryutaku-ji before Soen Nakagawa Roshi gave it to our sangha in 1968. Since then, it has been watching over us and practicing with us at New York Zendo Shobo-ji. During these past 40 years, however, the wooden statue has aged and has been in need of restoration for quite some time. Large cracks developed in the statue's surface, and its skin began to peel.

After the anniversary celebration, Roshi asked Togetsu Johanna Schwarzbeck, a professional gilder and art restorer, to investigate the condition of the statue. It turned out to be in far worse condition than we had originally suspected. Woodworms had completely invaded the statue. The back of the Buddha needed to be filled, re-gilded and antiqued, and the right hand and left toes needed to be re-attached.

Togetsu worked on the statue for almost two months and returned Amida Butsu to New York Zendo in the beginning of December. Now Amida Butsu looks breathtaking, having been restored to its original condition. Thank you to Togetsu for her outstanding and skillful job. Thanks also to the many Sangha members and anonymous donors who contributed money for the restoration.

Dai Bosatsu Zendo Kongo Ji News

Winter Interim 2007-2008

The colder, darker months of the year were enlivened this winter by the presence of three interim residents who joined us for sections of the winter interim period. Matthew Leavey spent two weeks practicing with us, sharing his baking skills and south-London accent. Jinen Nancy Woodard returned to DBZ this winter and made great strides to organize and catalog the original blueprints of the monastery building. Also, Talia Lucy visited DBZ for the first time, shared most of the interim period with us, and decided to return for the spring kessei.

Spring Kessei 2008

Spring kessei began on April 3rd with residents Fujin Butsudo, Jokei Kyodo, Shinkon Wado, Tenrai Gudo, Giun Kendo, Seizan Tomoaki Sasaki, Tange Bart Blank, Join Jocelyn Perry, and Peter Lombardi joined by returning kessei students Yobin Andrea Rook and Kozan Piotr Roszczenko. Talia Lucy participated in her first kessei, and Ciska Matthes joined for approximately three weeks. We were also pleased to have a visit from long-time Dharma friend Brother Bernard Klim, C.S.C., who traveled from Uganda to join us for Holy Days Sesshin.

Choro-An Nyogen Senzaki's 50th Memorial

2008 marked the 50th anniversary of Nyogen Senzaki's death, and several happenings this year helped us to remember and honor his immeasurable contribution to the Dharma in the West. Here at Dai Bosatsu Zendo, we held a well-attended Ven. Nyogen Senzaki 50th Memorial Sesshin, featuring several teishos and Dharma talks based upon Nyogen Senzaki's writings and lectures. The Nyogen Senzaki 50th Memorial Sesshin included a special tea offering by tea teacher Ms. Wako Umetsu and Ms. Yoshiko Goto – who is the grand-daughter of Eido Roshi's ordination teacher, Kengan Goto Osho. Also, in the weeks leading up to this sesshin, a huge shipment of new tatami mats arrived from Japan for the zendo, the Dharma hall, and the dokusan room. These were a generous donation by Omar Danial and Nigol Koulajian. Many thanks also to Rev. Genro Lee Milton, whose woodwork in the dokusan room allowed us to turn that space into a tatami room for the first time.

Nyogen Senzaki's 50th memorial was also honored by the publication of *Eloquent Silence*, a sizable collection of Nyogen Senzaki's previously unpublished lectures, essays, poems, calligraphy, and letters, including his complete commentary on *The Gateless Gate*. *Eloquent Silence* was translated and edited by Roko ni-Osho Sherry Chayat and features an introduction by Eido Roshi. Congratulations to Roko ni-Osho and Eido Roshi! Dai Bosatsu Zendo would also like to thank Rev. Daien George Burch, who sponsored the purchase of numerous copies of the book for use by DBZ and Shobo-ji.

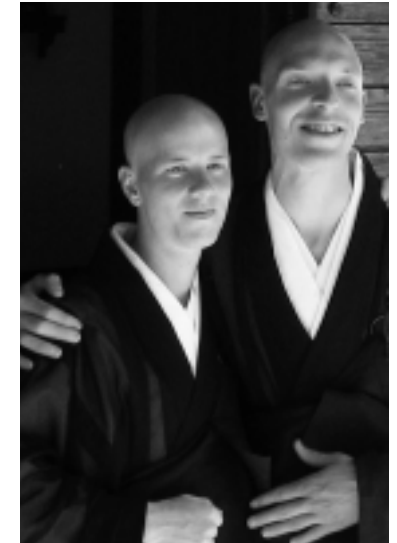
A Hearty Welcome to Fujin and Raijin

A pair of striking new figures appeared in the Dharma Hall this spring. Two painted wooden statues depicting Fujin and Raijin were donated just in time for the Nyogen Senzaki 50th Memorial Sesshin. Fujin and Raijin are the Japanese gods of the wind and

thunder, respectively. Fujin carries the wind on his back in a large sack, and Raijin holds a striker in each hand, which he uses to make rumbles of thunder on his drums. Together, they now preside over the two windows on either side of the Dharma Hall altar and lend their ki to our chanting services. Their images are featured on the front and back covers of this issue of the newsletter.

Ordinations

On Gempo Roshi's day, June 3rd, Tenrai Fred Forsythe and Stefan Streit were ordained as Zen Buddhist monks by Eido Roshi at Dai Bosatsu Zendo. Tenrai received the monk's name Gudo, which means "Quest." Stefan was given the Dharma name Giun, which means "Good Cloud" and the monk's name Kendo, which means "Unmistakable Way." The two new monks were heartily supported by spiritual guardians Fujin Butsudo and Karen Streit, Roko ni-Osho, Aiho-san and Seigan Fudo, family members, friends, DBZ residents, and numerous members of the DBZ and Shobo-ji sanghas.



Obaku Visit

Later in June, Dai Bosatsu Zendo received a somewhat unexpected visit from nine Obaku Zen priests and lay students. The trip was arranged by one Asano Osho, who had visited DBZ approximately 16 years ago, and the group was led by Nakamura Rodaishi of Tetsugen-ji in Japan. In addition to these two, the Obaku group was composed of two other temple priests – Takashima Osho and Miyazaki Osho, two shintos (first-year monks) – Yamamoto Zenji and Kunizaki Zenji, and three lay people – Mr. Fumihiko Hokyo, Mr. Makoto Nakamura, and Ms. Akane Kozu.

The group stayed with us for two days and shared with us some of the most well-known practices of the Obaku school of Zen. Perhaps the highlight of their stay was a traditional Obaku-school fucharyori meal, prepared for the DBZ residents by Asano Osho with help from Kozu-san. Taking more than a full day of work to prepare, this stunning meal incorporated more than 20 sublimely nuanced and artfully displayed courses. Truly, a treat rarely met with!

The Obaku group also presented for us their characteristic bombai chanting, in which we heard some familiar sutras and dharanis chanted in the classical Chinese pronunciation, with enchanting accompaniment by inkens and the hokku. Also, Ms. Akane Kozu performed for us a beautiful and expressive traditional Japanese dance to a classic melody called "Sakura."

Ichikukai Visit

Shortly before O-Bon this summer, Dai Bosatsu Zendo had the rare opportunity to host Hiruta Sensei and five other misogi practitioners from Ichikukai Dojo – the only active misogi dojo in Japan. Misogi is an ancient and energetic Shinto purification practice that combines different styles of breathing, chanting, and shouting that are all aimed

at completely expelling air from the lungs and stirring up a clarity and primal vitality in the practitioner. Hiruta Sensei, Abe-san, Ichikawa-san, Narita-san, Gen-san, and Anekouji-san traveled from Ichikukai and joined the DBZ residents, along with Ryugan Robert Savoca Sensei, Yuho Carl Baldini, Terri Rzezniak, Grace Rollins, Justin Coletti, Daiden Charles Young, Zenchu Simon Manzer, and Tom Worsnopp. Together, we performed harai (misogi) in the zendo and shared a festive meal before the Ichikukai contingent continued on to Hiruta Sensei's new dojo, the International Kei-Zen Center, in extreme upstate New York, near the Canadian border.

O-Bon

About 120 guests, work exchange students, and residents received the beneficence of beautiful weather, a starry sky, and a waxing moon for the 2008 O-Bon ceremony, as we chanted Dai Segaki for our deceased loved ones and floated painted lanterns on Beecher Lake. Aiho-san joined us from Shobo-ji and led the large tenzo team for the event, which included the skillful efforts of Seigan Fudo, Seizan Tomoaki Sasaki, Yusen Junko Fujii, Manu Sassoonian, Lann Ikeda, Shogo Wada, and Ryota Hikima. Again this year, Peter Lombardi led the zomu crew, which coordinated the beautiful outdoor lantern-and-torch lighting and treated us to a massive O-Bon fire.

Also, this year's ceremony was enhanced by newly-donated segaki cymbals and flags. Rev. Yusen Suzuki of Kokoku-ji temple generously coordinated both of these donations. The cymbals were made by Mr. Toshio Koide, and the segaki flags were lovingly and meticulously constructed by several members of the Kokoku-ji sangha: Ms. Kaori Suzuki, Ms. Kazuo Kessoku, Mr. Tomohiro Idie, Ms. Yukiko Maruyama, Ms. Mizue Wakai, and Ms. Hiroko Uenoyama. The spirits of the deceased and O-Bon's attendees also enjoyed a bountiful offering of homegrown vegetables from Mr. Kiyuu Yokoyama. Even though the event itself lasted less than 24 hours, it was a beautiful and moving experience for all who attended.

Summer Interim Residents and Work Exchange 2008

The summer of 2008 featured a particularly dense event calendar at Dai Bosatsu, with the monastery often hosting multiple groups or events on a given weekend, and almost weekly adding a center-line to the zendo to accommodate the large number of visitors and helpers. Especially considering the healthy attendance at most summer events, we are very grateful to the many people who contributed their efforts as interim residents and work exchange students this summer. This summer's work exchange participants were: Jinen Nancy Woodard, Yusen Junko Fujii, Manu Sassoonian, Freh Bekele, Thin-thin Lay, Nicholas Carbuto, Pascale Burkhardt, John Lynch, Lann Ikeno, Larry Gagler, Asher Evans, Bill Giordano, Christopher Botta, Ben Mayock, and Junko Kawakami.

The resident community was also fortunate to receive an extended visit from former resident Zenchu Simon Manzer, who has been studying at Shogen Junior College in Japan and spent 2 weeks of his summer break training at Dai Bosatsu Zendo. Two young Japanese men also stayed for a significant portion of the summer interim: Ryota Hikima, a



student at the University of Buffalo and a great-nephew of Eido Roshi, joined us for part of his summer break, and Shogo Wada spent his first few weeks in the United States as an interim resident at DBZ.

Samu Projects

This year saw the evolution of several notable projects, installations, and donations at Dai Bosatsu Zendo. A highly visible example is the new bridge over the outflow at the foot of Beecher Lake, which was completed in the waning days of summer by Peter Lombardi with assistance from Tangen Bart Blank and Shogo Wada. This spring and summer also presided over the construction of a new greenhouse and two new dry-stone planting beds behind the woodshed. The greenhouse was purchased with money donated earlier in the year by the DBZ resident community and constructed by Samu Weekend Participants. Alas, our busy schedule did not allow an opportunity to put the greenhouse together in time for this year's growing season, but the residents are excited about the modest first-fruits from the planting beds and eager to get an earlier start next year. Also, as if summoned by the construction of the new greenhouse, Mr. Kiyuu Yokoyama appeared in the late fall and spent several days with us, working diligently despite chilly weather to plant a myriad of vegetables and ornamentals in the greenhouse and in the vicinity of Sangha Meadow.



DBZ also gratefully received two major pieces of outdoor equipment this year. One was a new log splitter, the purchase of which was coordinated by Soun Joe Dowling and funded by donations from several frequent Samu Weekend volunteers. The other was a new riding lawn mower, donated by Jim Tisch and coordinated through the effort and initiative of Laura Last. Both of these highly useful gifts were put to immediate and enthusiastic use by our Zomu and the summer samu volunteers.

Finally, after quietly spreading its roots in the literal underground of Dai Bosatsu Zendo for the past couple of years, our cushion-making department bloomed this year into a bona fide cottage industry. Led by Tenrai Gudo, the "zafu-ryo" filled orders this year for 16 pairs of zafus and zabutons for Endless Mountain Zendo, a dozen support cushions for Hoen-ji, 10 pairs of cushions for Nakamura Roshi's zazenkai at Tetsugen-ji in Japan, 30 zafus for Shobo-ji, and countless smaller cushion orders for individuals. In this effort, we are very grateful to Ms. Hisako Sasaki, who donated her labor to make shells for 100 zafus. May these cushions gently but firmly support the practice of their present and future owners!

Fall Kessei 2008

Fall Kessei began on September 17th. Residents Fujin Butsudo, Jokei Kyodo, Shinkon Wado, Tenrai Gudo, Giun Kendo, Seizan Tomoaki Sasaki, Tangen Bart Blank, Join Jocelyn Perry, and Peter Lombardi were joined by returning kessei student Kozen Piotr Roszczenko. First-time DBZ kessei students included Myodo Matthew Perez and Seimu Tina Grant, hailing from Chobo-ji's sangha in Seattle, and Thierry Boudewyn, who came to us from Strasbourg, France. Also, Shogo Wada was so enthusiastic about his experiences at DBZ during the summer interim that he elected to return and attend his first kessei in the fall.

Harvest Jukai Sesshin 2008

Eido Roshi conducted a Jukai ceremony on November 8th, the final day of Harvest Sesshin. This year, 8 students took Jukai and received Dharma names, as a symbol of their commitment to zen practice and their new identity as Buddhists. Congratulations and good luck to this year's Jukai students!

Name	Dharma Name	Translation
Judy Chang	Hōkaku	Release the Crane
Larry Gagler	Gangyō	Vow and practice
John Lynch	Ryōju	Vulture peak / Spiritual Eagle
Yasuko Hara	Ryōun	Transcend the Clouds
Laura Jackson-Zaremba	Hōjun	Pure Treasury
Elzbieta Roszczenko	Karyō	Flower Hill
Piotr Roszczenko	Kōzan	Cultivate the Mountain
Johanna Schwarzbeck	Tōgetsu	Exhale the Moon



Interreligious Gathering with Pope Benedict XVI

Seigan Edwin Glassing

This April, Eido Roshi was one of ten religious leaders asked by the Vatican to meet personally with Pope Benedict XVI during his trip to Washington DC. The themes of the Pope's visit in the United States were peace and inter-religious dialogue, and his tour culminated in an April 17th meeting with representatives of Judaism, Islam, Buddhism, Hinduism, and Jainism in Washington, DC. Pope Benedict XVI delivered a special address to an audience of over two hundred dignitaries and officials. He spoke of the common bonds that the Vatican has had with other religions, a vision of hope, and his view of the future, in which he called upon all people to become artisans of peace: "I assure you that the Church wants to continue building bridges of friendship with the followers of all religions, in order to seek the true good of every person and of society as a whole."



Following the speech, two representatives of each religion were asked to share a few private minutes with His Holiness. Eido Roshi was one of the Buddhist representatives. After the Pope left the auditorium, the ten representatives were asked – to their surprise – to share their experiences with the rest of the audience. Eido Roshi, stepping up to the podium, shared what he told the Pope: "Although dialogue and words are

important, what is more essential is the power of Silence, which is shared by all religions. Silence and 'being silent' are the hallmark and wellspring of prayer itself." The audience gave him a standing ovation!

Eido Roshi Acknowledges Roko ni-Osho as a Roshi

Seigan Edwin Glassing

On October 12th, Eido Roshi traveled to the Zen Center of Syracuse Hoen-ji to conduct a Shitsugo Ceremony. This ceremony acknowledged Roko ni-Osho as a Roshi in the Hakuin-Torei-Gempo-Soen lineage of Rinzai Zen Buddhism. As a symbol of this acknowledgment, Eido Roshi gave her the name Shingeshitsu, "Room for your Heart to Bloom." Over 150 people attended the event, including sangha members from Hoen-ji and teachers from the Zen community.



From the very beginning, the entire sangha greeted Eido Roshi and Seigan in robes chanting Namu Dai Bosa. It was very touching to see their love for Roshi in this simple act. The ceremony was elegant and simple and Eido Roshi's words were uplifting. In his congratulatory address, Eido Roshi recounted to the sangha a recent conversation he had with Nikyu Robert Strickland. Nikyu said, "We have a temple. We have a teacher. We have a lineage." Roshi remarked that this simple statement encapsulates the essence of this event. There is a temple, Hoen-ji. There is a teacher, Shingeshitsu Roshi, and there is a lineage which is known as the Taku-ju school of Rinzai Zen Buddhism. This lineage runs through Eido Roshi's teacher, Soen Roshi, his teacher, Gempo Roshi, Gempo Roshi's teacher Sohan Roshi and continues back to Hakuin Zenji, Rinzai Gigen Zenji, Bodhidharma Daishi Dai Osho and Shakyamuni Buddha.

Eido Roshi concluded his remarks, saying, "So, Brothers and Sisters in Dharma, with great trust, I happily transmit this wonderful lineage with the name Shingeshitsu Roshi to Roko ni-Osho." Shingeshitsu Roshi then gave a teisho on Obaku's "Partakers of Brewers Grain," wherein Obaku Kiun Zenji states, "I do not say there is no Zen, but that there is no Zen teacher." Following the teisho were a musical performance, several speeches and a wonderful vegetarian feast made by the sangha.

There is a love at the heart of Hoen-ji that shines through in so many ways. The Hoen-ji sangha's devotion to their teacher and to the Dharma is reflected in their many kindnesses. This warmth is perfectly condensed in Shingeshitsu Roshi's new name, "Room for your Heart to Bloom." The Zen Studies Society extends its heartfelt congratulations to Shingeshitsu Roshi, and to the entire Hoen-ji sangha.

Genjo Osho Receives Dharma Transmission

Shinkon Peter Glynn

On May 21st, a beautiful spring day in Seattle, Eido Roshi conducted Shiho-shiki (Dharma Transmission) for Genjo Marinello Osho. Among those present for the ceremony were Genki Takabayashi Roshi (Genjo's ordination teacher and founding abbot of Chobo-ji), Roko ni-Osho Sherry Chayat from Hoen-ji, Meido Moore Roshi from Chicago, Eido Frances Carney of the Olympia Zen Center, Chozen Bays Roshi and Hogen Bays of Great Vow Monastery in Oregon, the Ven. Shen-Ling Rossi of Dragon Flower Ch'an Temple in Tacoma, and Urasenke Tea Instructor Bonnie Soshin Mitchell Sensei. Ninety guests attended the ceremony held at the University Friends (Quaker) Hall.



The traditional ceremony included challenges by 6 gatekeepers, including Eido Roshi and Genki Roshi. Once Genjo passed through the six gates, Eido Roshi forcefully pounded a staff on the floor and passed it to Genjo as the symbol of transmission. Then Genjo Osho offered a Dharma talk. A delicious lunch prepared by the Chobo-ji sangha provided an enjoyable conclusion to the memorable occasion.

Shokan Undo Acknowledged as Osho

Jokei Kyodo

This August, Eido Roshi traveled to Switzerland to conduct his annual sesshin at Stiftung-Felsentor retreat centre near beautiful Lake Lucerne. Although Roshi has been traveling to Switzerland to do sesshin for many years now, this year's retreat was quite special. On the last day of sesshin, Rev. Shokan Undo Marcel Urech was acknowledged as an Osho and received Eido Roshi's endorsement as leader and resident teacher of Shogen Dojo Zurich.

Shokan was first ordained in the Soto Zen tradition in 1986, before becoming a student of Eido Roshi in 1991. He lived and trained at Dai Bosatsu Zendo for six years before returning to Switzerland to lead the Shogen Dojo Zurich community. Over time, the sangha has grown and the mandala widened. In addition to his duties in Zurich, Shokan has also been invited to lead Zazen practice at various retreats and seminars across Europe combining Aikido and Zen. In recent years, a few students from DBZ have been fortunate enough to travel to Switzerland with Roshi to participate in sesshin with Shokan and the European sangha.



It was a rare and unique opportunity to be able to witness and take part in this very special occasion, for which I am deeply and inexpressably grateful. On behalf of the Zen Studies Society, I would like to extend our warmest congratulations to Shokan and to our European sangha brothers and sisters.

JAN	Dec 31-1 8	New Year's Eve Celebration Winter/Spring Training period starts Teisho by Eido Roshi
	10 31	Dokusan, Japanese Dharma class New Year of the Ox All Day Sit
FEB	14	Nirvana All Day Sit
MAR	20-22 28	Soen/Yasutani Roshi Weekend Sesshin Dokusan, Japanese Dharma class
APR	16 18 25	Teisho by Eido Roshi Dokusan, Japanese Dharma class Spring All Day Sit
MAY	14 16 23	Teisho by Eido Roshi Dokusan, Japanese Dharma class Nyogen Senzaki All Day Sit
JUN	5-7 20	Gempo Roshi, Kengan Osho Weekend Sesshin Japanese Dharma Class
JUL	3-4 11 15-16 22-23 29-30 31-Sept 2	Closed for Independence Day Segaki All Day Sit, Spring Training period ends Open for regular evening zazen Open for regular evening zazen Open for regular evening zazen Closed for Summer Interim
AUG	19-20 26-27	Open for regular evening zazen Open for regular evening zazen
SEP	3 5 18-20	Fall Training period starts, Teisho by Eido Roshi Morning Dokusan, Japanese Dharma Class Shobo-ji 41st Anniversary Weekend Sesshin
OCT	10 24	Bodhidharma All Day Sit Morning Dokusan, Japanese Dharma Class
NOV	14 20-22 25-28	Morning Dokusan, Japanese Dharma Class Soyen Shaku/Kogetsu Tani Weekend Sesshin Closed for Thanksgiving
DEC	1-8 12 13-Jan 5 31-Jan 1	Rohatsu Week: 1 sit added Fall Training Ending Teisho by Eido Roshi Winter Interim Zendo Closed New Year's Eve Celebration

DAI BOSATSU ZENDO KONGO - J I

SCHEDULE 2009

JAN	Dec 31-Jan 1 16-19	New Year's Eve Celebration with Eido Roshi Martin Luther King Jr. Weekend Sesshin
MAR	11-15	March—On 5-Day Sesshin
APR	3 4-12 17-19 24-26	Spring Kessei Begins Holy Days Sesshin Samu Weekend Intro to Zen Weekend
MAY	2-10 15-17 21-24 29-31	Ven. Nyogen Senzaki Memorial Sesshin Samu Weekend Intro to Zen Weekend Samu Weekend
JUN	19-21 27-Jul 5	Intro to Zen Weekend Anniversary Sesshin
JUL	7 31-Aug 5	Spring Kessei Ends Summer Samu 5-Day Sesshin
AUG	8-9	O-Bon
SEP	16 18-20 26-Oct 4	Fall Kessei Begins Intro to Zen Weekend Golden Wind Sesshin
OCT	9-11 15-18 31-Nov 8	Samu Weekend Intro to Zen Weekend Harvest Sesshin
NOV	13-15 26-27 30-Dec 8	Intro to Zen Weekend Thanksgiving Celebration Rohatsu Sesshin
DEC	10 31-Jan 1	Fall Kessei Ends New Year's Eve Celebration





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