

THE NEWSLETTER OF
THE ZEN STUDIES SOCIETY
WINTER / SPRING 2001





Soen Nakagawa Roshi, Gempo Yamamoto Roshi, Shubin Tanahashi, Ryutaku-ji Monastery, Japan, 1950s

T H E N E W S L E T T E R O F
T H E Z E N S T U D I E S S O C I E T Y
W I N T E R / S P R I N G 2 0 0 1

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Your Absence of Sorrow

Eido T. Shimano Roshi





THERE'S A SAYING in our tradition, "Practice 30 more years." It might imply that one could misinterpret one haiku for 30 years, for example. I would like to share with you a story that has something to do with Jimmy Tanahashi. The longer I stay in the United States, the more I appreciate the greatness of Venerable Nyogen Senzaki, the karmic founder of Dai Bosatsu Zendo and Jimmy Tanahashi, its karmic benefactor. One of the greatest things Nyogen Senzaki did was to chant "Shujo muhen seigando" to Jimmy, a retarded boy whom he looked after in Los Angeles. Jimmy's mother, Shubin Tanahashi, once told me "I don't understand what he [Nyogen Senzaki] meant when he said, 'Someday Jimmy and I will do some Dharma work in America.' Jimmy is in such a condition and Senzaki Sensei is so old. What can they do?"

At any rate the haiku which I am going to read is by Soen Roshi:

*Kanashimi no
Awaki ga Kanashi
Natsu Kodachi*

In the past, it was translated as follows:

*Your slightest sorrow.
How dense the summer grove.
My sorrow deepens.*

After nearly thirty years of admiring this haiku, recently I saw it in a different light. This past July, Aiho and I went to Los Angeles and as usual we visited Evergreen Cemetery where we offered incense and flowers and chanted for Nyogen Senzaki. The Tanahashi family also has a tombstone in the same cemetery. Jimmy's name is no longer engraved on it, in spite of the fact that his ashes are buried there. This is what the Tanahashi family decided to do. So last year I arranged to have a tombstone erected for Jimmy at Dai Bosatsu Zendo's Sangha Meadow.

That summer, after visiting the cemetery, we went to Little Tokyo. It used to be quite lively and full of energy as it must have been when Nyogen Senzaki took care of Jimmy Tanahashi in the 1930's. But now it's almost a ghost town.

There are still shops and restaurants, but almost nobody was walking on the street. It became late afternoon and I wanted to eat something there. The noodle shop where we stopped was not at all a good one, but I wanted to have something in that particular street. This was where Nyogen Senzaki chanted *Shujo muhen seigando*. *Shujo muhen seigando*. And this was where Jimmy finally mastered saying Sh-ei Gan Do.

Our waitress, obviously a fourth or fifth generation Japanese girl, cheerfully welcomed us. As soon as we stepped inside she exclaimed *Irasshai!* The meaning is just "Welcome," but the way it is said, *Irasshai!* is like Rinzai's *Kwatz!* or your *Mu!* There is vitality. I was shocked. This is when I started to doubt whether that haiku was correctly composed or not. This young waitress was full of happiness, totally alive. And when customers left, she sent them off with *Arigato gozaimashita!* "Thank you!" Not at all depressed.

While eating ramen, this haiku, "Your slightest sorrow" came to my mind. After paying the bill, I asked, "Could you please get a taxi for us?" She said, "There is a small hotel on the main street of Little Tokyo. There may be a taxi there. If you can't get one there, there is another big hotel not far from here. Aah, gee, what's the name of that—aah—aah?" Literally for one minute or so she was doing this, "Aah." Then, finally, "Oh yeah, New Otani, that's right!" she said. "If you go there you can get a taxi."

Then because of the almost ghost town appearance of Little Tokyo, I overlapped "your slightest sorrow" for Jimmy Tanahashi, and my sorrow for Little Tokyo. "Your slightest sorrow", no matter how slight—even 0.1%—this is called *slightest*. If Jimmy Tanahashi was aware that he was retarded and if he was so sad, there must be a slight sorrow. But I couldn't see even the slightest sorrow or sadness in the girls who were working in the noodle shop. Then I thought, "Well, did Jimmy Tanahashi feel even the slightest sorrow for his mental condition? Was he aware that he was retarded?" This question came to my mind for the first time. And for the first time I could see a slight arrogance in this haiku: *I am healthy but you are retarded*. This

young waitress who even forgot that huge and famous New Otani Hotel, which was only 5 minutes away from her work place, was not at all unhappy. There was not the slightest unhappiness, not the slightest depression, not the slightest self-pity, not the slightest envy. "Above the heavens, beneath the earth; I am the ramen waitress!" What's wrong? This truly impressed me. Thus came a new perspective of this haiku. It took me thirty years. I now translate it this way:

*Your absence of sorrow
makes my sorrow deepen.
How dense the summer grove.*

Your absence, not slightest. Absence. Not at all, none, zero. That makes my sorrow deepen. How dense. How intense the summer grove. Because of this zero sorrow—sorrowlessness—Jimmy's *Sh-ei Gan Do* becomes 100% positive energy that sustains DBZ. I don't mean this building. By DBZ, I mean sitting, or questioning *who* is this being, or chanting *Emmei Jukku Kannon Gyo, Namu Dai Bosa*, or shouting *Mu*, getting together for one week, for three months, for ten years. This Sangha Togetherness energy is very much supported by his *Sh-ei Gan Do*, and Nyogen Senzaki's *Shujo muhen*

seigando. They have never been here, but they are very much here. 100% positive *Sh-ei Gan Do*. Perhaps in a way, that is louder than someone's *MUUU!*

Towards the end of the Diamond Sutra, there is a verse which goes:

*Who sees me by form,
Who seeks me by sound,
Wrongly turned are
his footsteps on the way,
For he cannot perceive the Tathagata.*

We have a tendency to be deceived by appearance. Like when I saw the ghost town look of Little Tokyo, I was deceived by its appearance. With my presumptuous assumption, that people on this main street must be very depressed and unhappy, and with my arrogant sympathy, I went into that ramen noodle shop. It was also my assumption that Jimmy Tanahashi was sad. But his *Sh-ei Gan Do* is as alive as *Irasshai! Arigatogozaimashita!* Far more alive than our beautiful *Shujo Muhen Seigando, Bonno Mujin Seigan Dan*. He was not even aware that he should be sad. It's all other people's presumptuous assumption. Though it's not poetic at all, I changed the haiku to Jimmy Tanahashi:



Shubin and Jimmy Tanahashi, Los Angeles, 1950s.

*Your absence of sorrow utters
Sei Gan Do.
How dense the Dharma grove.*

—which is now growing all over the United States.

THE OTHER DAY, I went to give a talk at Hartwick College, in Oneonta, NY. When it was over, a lady approached me and said, "May I tell you an interesting story?" I said, "Yes, please."

She said, "Around the mid 1970's, my husband found an interesting article in *The New York Times* about a Zen Buddhist monastery being built in the Catskills. So we drove up to your place and met you." Evidently it was just before the opening. She continued, "We helped you carry the tatami mats which had just arrived from Kyoto. During dinner, you asked my husband, 'Do you like soy sauce? And he thought, 'Gee, what does he mean? What is the implication?'"

She and her husband, both in their 20's, were dining with me, and as I am addicted to soy sauce I asked him, "Do you like soy sauce?" Most likely, he had read a lot of Zen books and was one of these people who would say, "From the beginningless beginning, there is no soy sauce." And according to her, for 26 years, to this day, he is still wondering, "What did he mean?" So I laughed and told her, "Please tell your husband, I meant just soy sauce."

IN THE PAST, whenever kessei began I taught all the participants only one Japanese word. That is *Hai!* The power of *Hai!* cuts all kinds of confusion. It's not a mere "Yes." Like *Irasshai!* it has a mysterious esoteric energy, like a dharani or mantra. In a Rinzai Zen monastery if you can't say *Hai!*—get out of here! If you truly penetrate into this *Hai!* and if you can use it from the bottom of your guts in your daily life, your feet touch the ground all the time. Apart from *Hai!* there is no Buddha Dharma as such.

Let me say something about our so-called practice. Without oxygen, without water, without food, we can't practice. Without sangha support our practice will become weak. Without a cushion, we can't even do zazen. If we start to list all these things one by one, we may

be surprised at how many things we depend on. All these we take for granted and say, "I practice Zen." Practice doesn't mean to sit on the cushion and to be still, but to be grateful, *truly* grateful. Some of you may say, "Well I know that. But I want to have deep samadhi and deep enlightenment." Fine. But first be grateful.

If we understand that, the Dharma will not forsake us. It won't! This is not a matter of dogma, but a matter of faith in the Dharma, which is cultivated by many years of sitting, and profound thanks, gratitude. "My Dharma, my Dharma! Why have you forsaken me?" The only thing we need to learn is the fact that this Dharma won't forsake us. When it is practiced with excruciating pain, sweat and tears, endless tears, not only pain in the legs, but in the heart as well, which is even more painful, Dharma won't forsake us. Lots of sweat, lots of tears are needed. You haven't shed enough tears yet. It's too easy.

Most of you were born in this country. No language problem. No anything problem. When you make a telephone call to come to sesshin, it's all beautifully arranged—reservation, credit card, sitting cushion, chair, if necessary. Anyway, practice. Actually I don't like the English word, "practice." I hope that someday, like "meditation" became *zazen*, practice will become *shugyo*. Crying is ALSO *shugyo*. *Zazen* is ALSO *shugyo*. It's only one of the *shugyos*.

Well, no matter how much I scream, it won't change, perhaps. But at least I must say *shugyo!* If you do it, Dharma won't forsake you. If you don't, it will. Almost threatening, huh? But that's true, so true.

*Not knowing how near the truth is...
We are like a man who,
in the midst of water,
cries in thirst so imploringly...*

Don't think that it is someone else. You! are the one in the midst of water, who cries in thirst so imploringly. That water is not seawater. It's drinkable water. *Shugyo!* Concrete pain! Concrete tears!

There is a Sanskrit word, *dukkha*, which is translated as "Suffering." It is the first of the "Four Noble Truths."



Nyogen Senzaki and Jimmy Tanahashi, 1940's

Suffering is not only indispensable, it's inevitable, and perhaps we don't have enough yet. Years ago in the 1960's, I was asked to write an article on life in New York as a foreigner and as a Buddhist monk. I wrote without exaggeration exactly what I felt and experienced.

"Unless you cry and drop sufficient tears on the ground of Central Park, you cannot call yourself a New Yorker." you cannot understand the real beauty and taste of that Manhattan Island.

Atta Dipa. You are the light. Fine. Beautiful. Everybody loves it—*atta dipa* is all over, nowadays, even in Europe. I have nothing against *atta dipa*, but to truly understand that you are the light, you have to go through the excruciating and the unbearable.

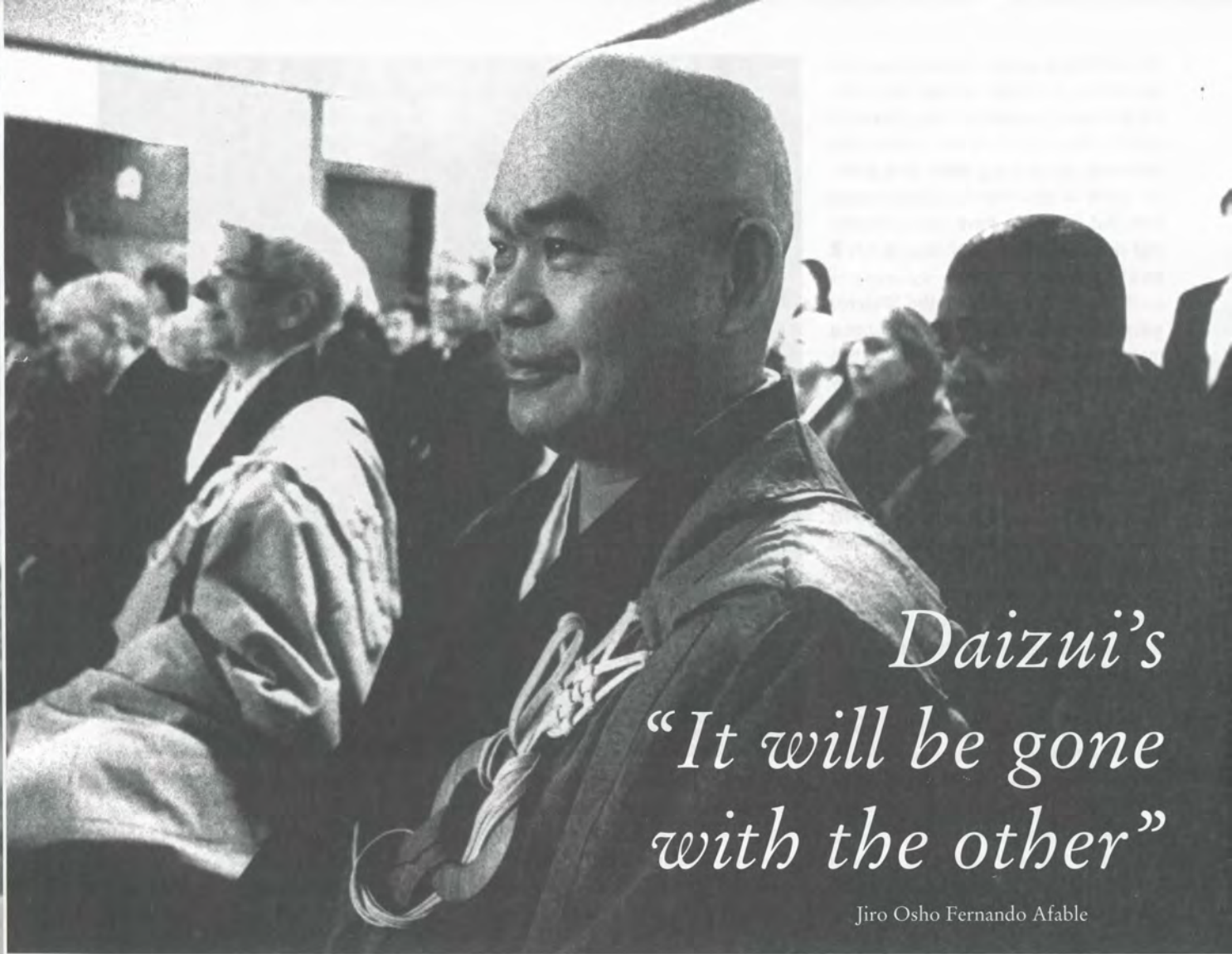
People say, "Unbearable pain! Difficult!" Too much complaining, yes? Stop it! Instead, do *Mu* and all goes well. You will not be forsaken. I'm convinced, really convinced of this, for which I am so grateful.

Atta dipa is a beautiful poem and declaration by Shakyamuni Buddha. But before we say *atta dipa*, we have to say *atta dukkha*. You are suffering. We are suffering. Within this *dukkha*, not apart

from it, we find *dipa*. This is the key point.

We have a tendency to not face *dukkha*, the suffering part, and seek for happiness and light somewhere else. But, *dukkha IS dipa*. Suffering *IS* light. Unless we can see it this way, emancipation will take forever. *Atta dukkha IS atta dipa*. This is so true. Pain. Tears. In concrete reality *atta dipa* reveals. Don't separate and say: "Atta dipa is sacred. Everyday life is secular." If you have that kind of understanding, you are one of these people who say, "From the beginning there is no soy sauce. Soy sauce is *sunyata*." Instead, why don't you just say, *Hail! Irasshai! Mu!* All these presumptuous assumptions are unnecessary. *Sh-Sh-ei Gan Do* is as powerful as *Hail!* That's why this *Dai Bosatsu Zendo* was born, and has been here a quarter of a century, and will be alive as long as someone understands what I have said. ♦





Daizui's "It will be gone with the other"

Jiro Osho Fernando Afable

Hekiganroku, Case 29

*A monk asked Master Daizui:
"When the great kalpa fire flares up,
will it perish or not perish?"*

"Yes, it will perish."

"Will it be gone with the other?"

"Yes, it will be gone with the other."

~

IN THE MYTHOLOGY OF INDIA, there comes a time, in a future so distant we cannot imagine it, when a great cosmic fire destroys everything. What happens then? Will everything be obliterated? This is the question of the monk. Master Daizui's answer is simple: "Yes."

Because we know people die, we can imagine our death. Because we can

imagine our death, we can imagine the death of the universe. We all wish that something of ourselves, some personal testimony to our existence, survives our death. We know that the body will perish, but what of that elusive "it"—call it soul or spirit—will it survive the great kalpa fire?

"Will 'it' perish, or will 'it' not perish," the monk asks.

Master Daizui's answer is clear: "It will perish."

Quite disappointed, the monk grasps at a straw:

"Then 'it' will be gone with the other [the body]"

"Yes, 'it' will be gone with the other."

Master Daizui thus delivers the finishing blow, the *coup de grâce*.

A similar pursuit of "ultimate questions" takes place in the *Majhima-Nikaya Sutra*, in a conversation between

Shakyamuni Buddha and a disciple, Malunkyaputta. The disciple expresses disappointment that the Buddha has not resolved any of his questions about metaphysics. The Buddha then replies:

"The religious life, Malunkyaputta, does not depend on the dogma that the world is eternal; nor does it depend on the dogma that the world is not eternal. Whether the dogma obtain, Malunkyaputta, that the world is eternal, or that the world is not eternal, there still remain birth, old age, death, sorrow, lamentation, grief and despair, for the extinction of which in the present life I am prescribing.

"Accordingly, Malunkyaputta, bear always in mind what I have not explained: I have not explained that the world is eternal; I have not explained that the world is not eternal; I have not explained that the world is finite; I have

not explained that the world is infinite;

"I have not explained that the soul and body are identical; I have not explained that the soul is one thing and the body another thing....

"What then, Malunkyaputta, have I explained? The origin of anguish I have explained;

"The cessation of anguish I have explained; the path leading to the cessation of anguish I have explained."

The Buddha and Master Daizui, bring us down to earth, into the realm of birth-and-death and here-and-now.

A YEAR AGO, as the year 2000 approached, there was some foreboding that terrible events would happen—not because a messiah was arriving, or that a great flood would come, but because our computers would crash and play havoc with our banks, our money, our subway schedules. There was talk of elevators stuck between floors, of airplanes in mid flight losing their bearings. A few people who came to Dai Bosatsu Zendo for the New Year's celebration said that they had left Manhattan for the Catskills "just in case something happened." Our local supermarket in Livingston Manor ran out of water, stove fuel and batteries.

By the time 2001 came along, the whole millenary fever had cooled off. At Dai Bosatsu Zendo, we took turns

sounding the big gong in our New Year's Eve celebration. In our winter coats and mufflers and boots, we circled the Bonsho tower, taking turns hitting the gong as we chanted *Enmei Jukku Kannon Gyo*. The sound of the gong moved through the leafless forest and could be heard two miles down the road. Afterwards, we felt we had truly rung out the old and rung in the new.

In our practice, we dream of a fresh start, a new lease on life, where the old is "rung out." We can read Daizui's "Yes, it will be gone," and view it as an expression of this wish:

When the great kalpa fire flares up, will it perish or not perish? [When I practice wholeheartedly and combust myself, will the mind perish?

Yes, it will perish. [Yes, the mind will perish.]

Will "it" be gone with the other? [Will the mind perish with the body?]

Yes, it will be gone with the other. [Yes, the mind will perish with the body.]

"Combust yourself!" we are admonished in the Zendo. "But combust only the bad parts!" our inner voice tells us. We want the best parts to remain, the

parts that bear the stamp of our uniqueness, our personality. We want closure, but selective closure. There are times, during Sesshin, or after a "good" period of Zazen, when we feel freed of our anxieties. But the buoyant feeling is temporary; life always catches up with us.

A more evenhanded view of practice recognizes how temporary are our states of mind, and how lacking in clarity our lives often are. I think there are periods when the issues in our lives are about as clear as the recent presidential elections. *Who is winning? Is the final count in yet?* Many of us feel we are waiting for the resolution, waiting for the count from Florida.

So we practice. We discover, after we do Zazen for months, then years, that practice "leads to the cessation of anguish" in ways that aren't quite so dramatic as we imagined when we started to practice. Every time we practice, we want less from the practice, and not to want is a liberating thing. During this "not wanting," the questioning stops, and who cares then whether "it will perish?" Practice really gives us back something intangible: the absence of preferences, the absence of wanting. The world has always been in front of us, but now it appears vividly in its full colors and sounds because it is freed of our preferences. ♦



The Bonsho tower at Dai Bosatsu Zendo's New Year's Eve Celebration

However Innumerable All Beings...

Genko Kathy Blackman

Seattle, Washington
December 2000

I LEFT THE MOUNTAIN TUESDAY, December 12, brought by my friend Entsu to the nearby town of Liberty, New York, to pick up a rental car and drive (for the first time in three months) to mid-town Manhattan, where I dropped Seiko off at the New York City zendo before heading to LaGuardia and home to Seattle. I was pretty focused—no problem driving, or putting together a series of flights west when I discovered my flight had been cancelled. Connections were tight; I ran from gate to gate at each airport - Dulles, Denver, and one other (Memphis?) - and slept easily on each plane, waking up as we descended to Seattle shortly after midnight, with Mt. Rainier aglow in the moonlight. How exciting to be home! That is, until I reached the terminal and discovered no one was waiting for me. Disappointment and upset rose up. A plaintive call to the house—no response. So I shuffled off to baggage claim by myself, only to find my entire family waiting for me there.

*However inexhaustible delusions are,
I vow to extinguish them all.*

How many times a day I have chanted this vow over the last eighteen years, and the chief thing I've learned is that delusions - opinions, perceptions, attachments, obsessions - are truly inexhaustible. After completing a three-month kessei training period at Dai Bosatsu Zendo monastery in the Catskills this fall, is there any change? Only more delusions to work on, and more practice at climbing out of the pits I persist in throwing myself into.

Fulfilling a commitment I made when I was ordained as a Rinzaï Zen Buddhist priest by Genki Takabayashi Roshi three years ago, I left Seattle the end of August for three months to study, along with a handful of other ordained and lay practitioners, with Eido Shimano Roshi at Dai Bosatsu Zendo, one of only two Rinzaï Zen monasteries in this country.

The monastery is on 1400 acres of forest land surrounding Beecher Lake, at the headwaters of the Beaverkill River in the southern Catskill Mountains. As I read over my journal entries and letters written to home and Sangha, I'm struck once again by the rare opportunity this presented and how grateful I am for the support of so many people - financially and emotionally - that enabled me to do this training. I'm also struck by how easy it was to sink into a lack of appreciation, time and time again.

The schedule most days was as follows:

5am

- 5am Kaijo (wake up)
- 5:20 Fast kinhin (walking zazen)
- 5:30 Choka (morning service)
- 6:30 Zazen;
- 7:15 Shukuza (breakfast)
- 7:45 Morning meeting
- 9:00 Samu (work, until noon)
- 12:30 Zazen
- 1pm Saiza (lunch)
- 2:30 Samu (until 4:30)
- 6:30 Chanting, zazen and dokusan (private interview with Roshi) until 9pm
- 9pm Kaichin (retire)



Genko Kathy Blackman



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NEW YORK ZENDO · SHOBO-JI
 2001 Calendar of Events

Schedule & fees subject to change; please call for current information.

Upcoming Events Winter / Spring 2001

Saturday, February 17
Nirvana All Day Sitting
 with Dharma Talk
 9am-5pm, reservations required

Saturdays, February 24, March 10, April 28, May 12
Japanese Dharma Class with Eido Shimano Roshi
 2-4pm, doors open 1:30

Friday-Sunday, March 2-4
Soen Roshi / Yasutani Roshi Weekend Sesshin
 Reservations required

Saturday, April 7 & Saturday, June 16
All Day Sitting
 9am-5pm, reservations required

April 18 & June 6
Wednesday Evening Teisho by Eido Shimano Roshi
 Doors open 6:15pm

Friday-Sunday, May 4-6
Gempo Roshi / Nyogen Senzaki / Kengan Goto Weekend Sesshin
 Reservations required

Sunday, July 15
Segaki All Day Sitting
 with
Teisho by Eido Shimano Roshi
 8am-5pm, reservations required

Weekly Zazen Schedule
 Subject to change; non-member entry fee \$15.00;
 Tuesday through Friday morning zazen \$5.00.

Day Doors Open
 Tuesday-Friday 6:45am 7-8 Morning Zazen
 Tuesday 1:30pm 2-4 Afternoon Zazen
 Wednesday 6:15pm 7-9 Members' Evening
 Thursday 6:15pm 7-9 Public Night
 Friday 6:15pm 7-9 Chanting & Zazen
 Saturday 9:30am 10-12:30 Chanting & Zazen

Month	Date	Event
JAN	4 Thu	Spring Training Begins, Evening Teisho by Eido Roshi
	13 Sat	Japanese Dharma Class
	20 Sat	All Day Sitting w/ Teisho by Eido Roshi
FEB	10 Sat	Japanese Dharma Class
	17 Sat	All Day Sitting w/ Dharma Talk
MAR	2-4	Soen Roshi / Yasutani Roshi Weekend Sesshin
	Fri-Sun	Japanese Dharma Class
	10 Sat	All Day Sitting w/ Dharma Talk
APR	7 Sat	Evening Teisho by Eido Roshi
	18 Wed	Japanese Dharma Class
	28 Sat	Gempo Roshi / Nyogen Senzaki / Kengan Goto Weekend Sesshin
MAY	4-6	Japanese Dharma Class
	Fri-Sun	Evening Teisho by Eido Roshi
JUN	6 Wed	All Day Sitting w/ Dharma Talk
	16 Sat	Zendo closed for Independence Day
JUL	3-5	Segaki All Day Sitting, Spring Training ends
	15 Sun	Zendo closed for Summer Interim
	14-Aug 13	Japanese Dharma Class
	28 Sat	Zendo reopens, afternoon zazen
AUG	14 Tue	All Day Sitting w/ Dharma Talk
	25 Sat	New York Zendo Shobo-ji 33rd Anniversary Weekend Sesshin
SEP	14-16	Japanese Dharma Class
	Fri-Sun	Evening Teisho by Eido Roshi
OCT	6 Sat	All Day Sitting w/ Dharma Talk
	10 Wed	Japanese Dharma Class
	20 Sat	Soen Shaku / Kaigen Weekend Sesshin
NOV	10 Sat	Zendo closed for Thanksgiving
	16-18	Rohatsu Week
	Fri-Sun	Fall Training Ends Teisho by Eido Roshi
DEC	1-8	Zendo Closed for Winter Interim
	13 Thu	New Years Eve Sitting & Celebration
	14-Jan 4	Zendo reopens, Morning Service, zazen
	31 Sun	Evening Teisho by Eido Roshi, Spring Training begins
JAN	5 Sat	
2002	9 Wed	

THE ZEN STUDIES SOCIETY

EIDO T. SHIMANO ROSHI, ABBOT



NEW YORK ZENDO · SHOBO-JI
DAI BOSATSU ZENDO · KONGO-JI
 2001 Programs and Events

My initial expectation was that as a kessei student rather than a long-term resident I would not be filling a "post," or officer position, at the monastery, but would simply be following this daily routine of zazen and work practice, with three week-long sesshins, or intensive periods of zazen, interspersed. However, shortly after arriving, I learned that I was needed for the post of assistant jisha, and would be responsible along with Genshin, the jisha, for much of the maintenance inside the monastery. This included laundry, sweeping, and cleaning all public areas and guest rooms, as well as rearranging the zendo seating as people came and went, putting out clean meal bowls and placing sutra books and name plates, and preparing and serving tea and coffee several times a day during sesshin. Until November we had guests, often 50 or 60 of them, each weekend, and coaxing clean sheets and towels out of three sometimes recalcitrant washing machines quickly became my primary occupation. The assistant jisha is also the last in line coming in and out of the zendo, Dharma hall, and dining room, adjusting lights. I spent weeks trying to master the mystery of which lights to turn on or off at what times, not aided in this task by enthusiastic but differing instructions from previous jishas, including Tendo and Zack. Then the heat pumps were added to the mix, as cold weather set in and the two wood burning furnaces were fired up. Two early kessei students, Sylvia and Kibutsu, left at the end of September, and jisha work became more concentrated without the extra help. Especially during sesshin, these duties left little time for study, or even for a shower or other moment of personal time.

*However innumerable all beings are,
I vow to save them all.*

Sometimes it seemed that this vow was the jisha's job description, especially on the second day or so of a sesshin, when so many sesshin participants were in the jisha's room feeling vulnerable and hoping for a different or extra cushion, cough drops, bandages, a cookie or leftover coffee. In fact, as Eido Roshi pointed out to us, this is really Buddha's vow,



arrogant for us to make on our own, although we each make this vow on Buddha's behalf. By the time Genshin and I were done helping people and setting up coffee and tea for the next morning's *sarei* (tea service), it would be 11 p.m. or later, and only then could I begin to study for the next day's doku-san with Roshi. It was often 1 a.m. before I fell asleep, only to wake up at 3:30 a.m. and begin another long day. Being barefoot and bald-headed, I was always cold. One time during Golden Wind sesshin in September while we were preparing *sarei*, Genshin poured coffee on my feet. My immediate and natural response to this was to place my palms together in a *gassho* of thanks - the hot liquid felt so good on my toes!

We were so busy so much of the time that the briefest of respites was simply wonderful - a cup of tea after folding laundry, receiving and reading a letter from outside, a short conversation with my friends Seppo and Entsu in the *tenzo* (kitchen). Fujin, Roshi's attendant, once took a five-minute nap on a bench outside on a warm day, reliving the delicious moment in conversation. The constant physical labor combined with several hours of zazen a day cleared my head and allowed me to appreciate these moments for themselves, not overriding them with thoughts of the

next task on my list.

Study was another matter. Shortly after I began kessei, Eido Roshi suggested that I join several of his senior students in the study of *jakugo*, or capping phrases. These are short classical Chinese sayings and poems that are memorized and chosen by the student to reflect his or her understanding of a particular koan, the puzzle-like Zen questions that form the basis of that student's work with a Rinzai Zen teacher. The *jakugo* collection we worked with contained well over a thousand of these sayings and poems. I had to read and familiarize myself with each of them, working back from the published English translation to crafting my own translation of the original Chinese characters, and then picking the most likely ones to memorize and recite in Japanese. This was my late night study, poring over the Chinese characters and reviving my rusty Japanese language skills.

Initially, I found myself somewhat resistant to this study. It certainly slowed down my koan work, as I spent hours reading, translating, and memorizing *jakugo*, only to have Roshi tell me to try again. Only when I decided to throw myself into it wholeheartedly did I find the rewards that waited for me. The language of the koans themselves became clearer, as I developed familiarity with

the literary references. Even more important, it became easier to express in words what had seemed inexpressible before, as the poetic language helped me to refine my understanding of the koans I had worked in the past. I can't thank Eido Roshi enough for making me persevere in this study, and for his gift of a Japanese language koan collection, the Mumonkan. I am also so grateful for his undivided attention during dokusan. His engagement with each student's work is total and very real.

*However immeasurable
Dharma teachings are,
I vow to master them all.*

Kessei brought major challenges for me as well. On October 8, my brother Bobby died suddenly and unexpectedly. I was able to visit my mother in Pennsylvania for two days after this event. Bobby's death was extremely painful for me; it was almost equally painful to return to the monastery after being back in the family home and small town in which I grew up. Everyone at Dai Bosatsu was so kind to me upon my return, and yet their kindness made me more aware of being away from family and long-time friends at this time. My sensitivity to the personal conflicts (inevitable in any setting) at the monastery increased, and it took some time to feel fully engaged again. Death of a loved one is certainly an important Dharma teaching to master, and it is a lifetime practice.

It was exciting to see Genjo and Daido at Harvest sesshin at the beginning of November, to share news of Seattle Sangha members with them, and to discuss with Genjo my time at the monastery so far. Genjo helped me greatly to put things into perspective by listening to me and by sharing his experiences at Ryutaku-ji in Japan. Gradually it became easier to work again with whatever came my way—the busyness of the daily routine, personal difficulties, the wonderful tea ceremony classes with Myoshin-san from Japan. Two additional kessei students—Shoju and Seiki—came for Harvest sesshin and stayed through the end of kessei, lending much-needed assistance.

When Harvest sesshin ended I was exhausted. Several days later I experienced chest pains that frightened me, and after some initial resistance, I went to the doctor to learn that my blood pressure, always on the low side in the past, had skyrocketed up for some reason. After medication and testing, and with constant monitoring, the doctor said I could stay and complete kessei. It was a humbling reminder of many things—my fragile body, my easy distractibility, my delusive belief that things should be a certain way. Once again, everyone at the monastery was more than kind to me. Jiro Osho shared his own experiences with high blood pressure, and helped me work through my options.

Thanksgiving brought more guests, and a delicious candlelight dinner prepared by Seppo, Seiko, and Entsu. Several of us helped out in the tenzo, chopping vegetables and washing dishes, and many wonderful Sangha members I had not met before came for the dinner, and brunch the next day. The day after Thanksgiving, Hossan, a Japanese priest and at 60 our oldest kessei participant, left the monastery to begin his journey back to his home temple in Japan.

*However endless the Buddha's way is,
I vow to attain it.*

We had no sooner cleaned up from Thanksgiving when Rohatsu, the last sesshin of the year, was upon us, with 65 people in attendance. All over the world Rohatsu is the most rigorous sesshin of the year, being the coldest and longest sesshin. Each day's sittings extend later than the previous day. This sesshin ended the morning of December 8, with Jodoe, the celebration of the historical Buddha's enlightenment. On that day we also celebrated the ordination of Reiju Bundo Zachary Browman, the youngest resident at the monastery. As usual, several of us were up most of the night preparing for the ceremony. At 3 a.m. I shaved my head again, although originally I hadn't planned to, as I would be returning to work so soon after. But suddenly it seemed the only possible thing to do, to join with Zack as he shaved his head for the first time, to renew my own vows.

With Rohatsu over, kessei quickly drew to a close. Kessei participants celebrated, rested, cleaned up, packed, and left the mountain. As I write this, only Kigen and Sally are left to keep the furnace fires lit until the other long-time residents return one by one for the new year, and kessei in the spring.

No description of my time and newfound friends at Dai Bosatsu, or pictures of Beecher Lake, the beautiful fall colors, and snow can possibly express what I have gained from my experience this past fall. Of all the jakugo I have read, one touches my heart in a way that hints at it:

*It helps you cross the waters
when the bridge is broken,
It accompanies you home
to your village on a moonless night.*

This "It" is the Buddha Way, and of course it is always with us and not separate from us, whether the bridge is broken or not, whether the moon lights our way or not, whether we realize or remember it or not. Our vow to attain this Buddha Way is already and always met; how can it be otherwise? But what a wonderful thing to practice so intensively with other people in this setting toward a more sustained understanding of this truth. In spite of physical and emotional struggles, I feel my practice very much broadened, deepened, and renewed.

Some of you have asked what it means to complete kessei in terms of my training as a Zen priest. I have made a ten-year commitment (three of which are past) to the Seattle Sangha as an unsui, or priest-in-training, including attendance at each of four sesshins a year and as many mini-sesshins and zazen periods as possible during that time, as well as at least one kessei at Dai Bosatsu. And so my formal training continues, for at least another seven years.

I am endlessly grateful to all of you who have helped me attend and complete this kessei. I can't pay you back; I can only pass it on.

With great gassho,

Genko

Middle Day

Banko Randy Phillips

I LIVE WITH A FAIR amount of daily pain caused by a chronic bad back. I entered the Jukai Harvest Sesshin in somewhat less than normal condition. In fact, if I had not planned on receiving Jukai, I probably would have canceled. On middle day of sesshin, even by sitting in a chair my back was getting worse and worse. I started to get numbness or shooting pains down the legs, which is an indication of possible nerve damage. This damage can be cumulative and irreversible. From previous experience the best remedy is for me to lie down on my back for several hours and I can usually get enough relief to get through the flair up.

So I informed Genshin that I wished to take off the last two sits during Dokusan that evening. He readily gave me permission but informed me that because of Sosan, it would really be good for me if I could be there for the last sit. I had no confidence that if I took off the first sit I could get back for the second. Too many bells would be ringing and I wasn't thinking straight. So I decided to sit both.

My energy was almost totally spent. The first Dokusan sit was the most painful I have ever experienced. It was not just the pain, but also the lingering fear of irreversible damage. Somehow I made it through. With never-experienced numbness, dizziness and nausea, I went downstairs and splashed water on my face. A very frightened person stared back from the mirror.

I tend to sit with some background themes. This sesshin I vowed never to give up my quest to sit with Mu. I kept at it and didn't give in to the distractions of daydreaming. Because of my new entry into hospice work, there was also the theme of dying, acceptance and "letting go."

The bell rang for the start of the last sit. Right away I knew I was in big trouble. I really had "hit the wall". A "rational" action would have simply been to get up and leave. But I had made a commitment to myself, Roshī, Genshin,



Banko Randy Phillips

Tendo, and the people around me to finish this sit.

Since I vowed to sit with Mu, simply wallowing in suffering was not an option. Tears of pain and frustration welled up in my eyes. Then I realized I was handed a great opportunity. If ever there was a time to "die on the cushion" this was it. So I started to go through my personal laundry list of remedies: check posture, empower tanden, breathe into hara—nothing. Roshī asks what do you say when adversity strikes? "Welcome!" Again no help. Panic was setting in. I then thought of the hospice work I committed to do, and of my own death. What a gift to bring to hospice work—knowing something of what it is like to experience death. And then what would I say to myself if I am dying of cancer? "I am in too much pain to make Mu work." As soon as I thought of helping other people, the "flood gates" opened. Mu poured in. The focus was now not escaping but exploring for a good purpose—for those I might be able to help and for my own understanding about what it means to die. As soon as I felt Mu, I made the decision not to move a single muscle till the end of the sit. It was here and I started to let go.

My lower body was already numb. Each breath added more to the feeling of sitting with Mu. The numbness started to go up my arms, into my chest, throat, lips and face. When I started to feel my fingers getting icy cold, I realized that what I was experiencing was *real*. The

cold hands were not a detail "I" would have thought of. Now, I was starting to get some real distance from my body and mind. Kigen was going around doing junkei. I watched with a detached point of view. My mind was acting more as a witness than as Randy. Loosing Mu or going to sleep were not even in the realm of possibility.

Suddenly, a tear from earlier ran onto the corner of my lips. My lips were cold and still. I used my tongue to taste the tear. It had a remarkable taste, salty and sweet at the same time. I thought, "How delicious his tear is," but not "my tear."

This was a revelation and a shock. I had asked to be shown what it is like to die. What was showing me now was that part of me that had died countless times. Randy was the dying person, letting go. But the "witness" to this whole event was not Randy. What was looking through my eyes and hearing the sounds of the room was not the entity Randy. It could taste his tears as tears of another, look at his body from the outside, move on and flow. It was what perceives the senses everyday. It just wasn't tied to the ego package Randy.

I continued to get distance from my body. There was an overwhelming sense of peace, wonder and awe. Because I was with Mu, there was a feeling of control and no fear at all. I knew I was witnessing a very special event. And I was in contact with that in me that was not born, which was timeless. It was fascinating. At some point I switched from "so

this is what it is like to die" to just following the deepening of the experience with the life force that I was allowed to unite with. There was a natural, gentle drifting feeling that was moving away from my body and mind, like a gentle wisp of incense traveling across and slightly upward through the Zendo.

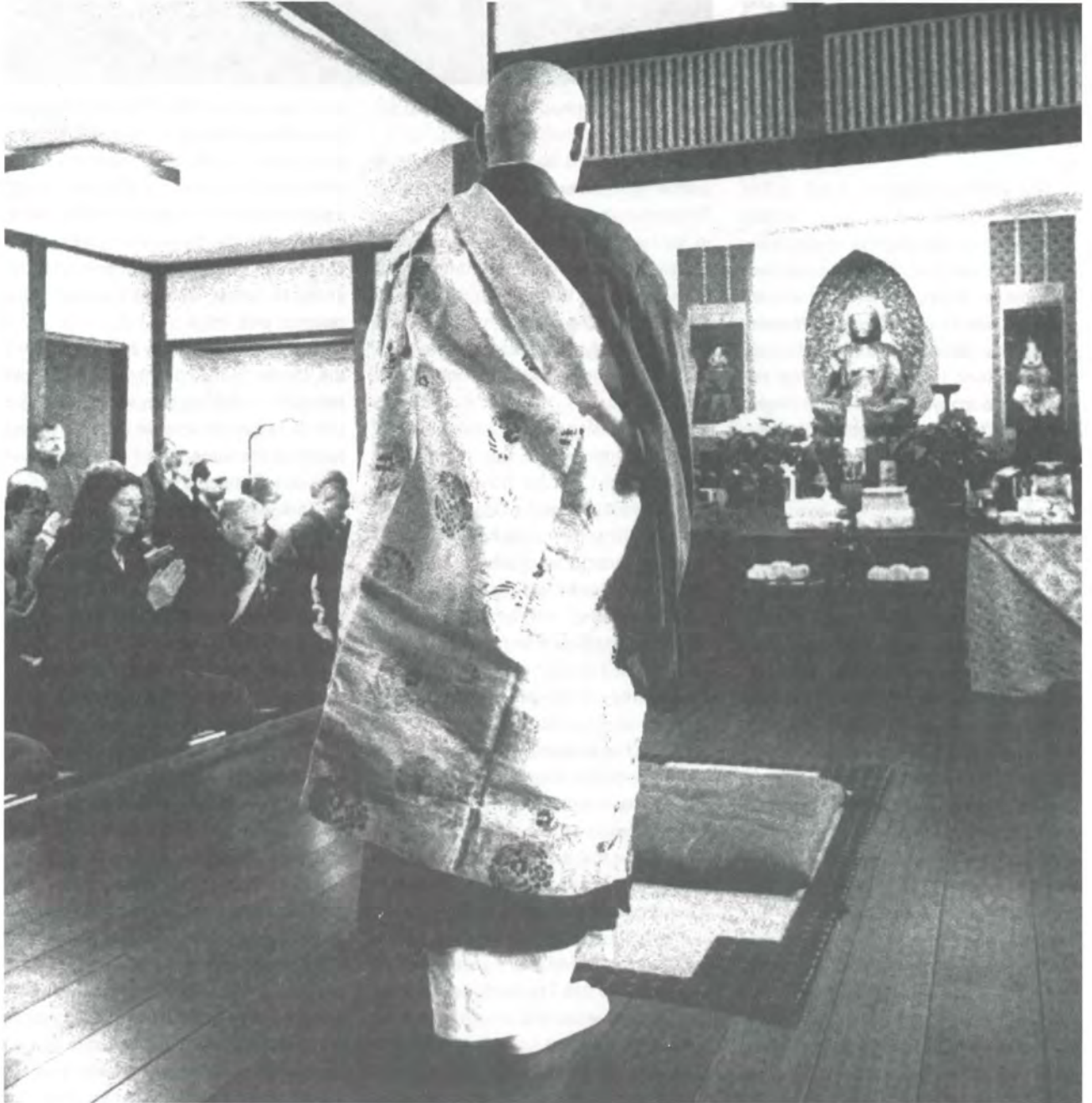
I closed my eyes and briefly visited a very personal landscape that I had seen once before. Suddenly, I realized I had no strength left. I started to collapse forward from the waist. Just then I heard the bell. I landed gently on the floor. It only took a few seconds for the feeling

to return to my body. But my hands felt ice cold. Then Roshi made his beautiful slow walk around the room, the rays of light from the lantern sweeping in turn over all the Zendo. I was so blessed to have been there to see it.

Not very much, if anything, died of Randy. But something changed slightly. I got a glimpse to the core of the essential aspect of life. I realized, by experience, that what perceives is not the ego entity. This event dealt with a very subjective view of my life. At the moment of death it was my universe I was dealing with. It might be connected to all others

but the focus was singular. When I opened up my heart to others, and became a bit tenderhearted, Mu entered me like never before. I also realized that without a sense of control (or a real fear of death), the same event could be frightening beyond belief.

Taking Jukai and having this experience was a blessing beyond anything I had hoped for. I feel renewed and a bit reborn. I have a deep sense of gratitude and feel more dedicated to Roshi and the Sangha. I also view my daily aches and pains a little differently now. "Welcome" indeed! ♦



New York Zendo · Shobo-ji News

Welcoming the New Century and the Year of the Snake There is a saying in Zen: *Ja To Natte Kusa Ni Iru*, which means "Transforming into a snake, slithering deep into the grass." The year of the Dragon 2000 is now over, and like a dragon landing from the heavens it is transforming into a snake. Another way of looking at it is that the energy of the dragon is being grounded on the earth. For our Zen practice this means that 2001 is a time to be grounded in our zazen, not philosophy, not mind chatter. It is a time to practice with our whole body, our whole skin and to bring this into our daily life. We all hope for sincerity and stability in our practice and to extend this spirit to the coming year and new century.

Shobo-ji's Rohatsu Traditionally from December 1 to the 8, most Zen monasteries and temples around the world celebrate Rohatsu sesshin. Joining Dai Bosatsu Zendo and this worldwide Sangha, additional sittings at New York Zendo were held each night and Hakuin Ekaku Zenji's *Rohatsu Exhortation* was read aloud. Many Shobo-ji members attended Dai Bosatsu Zendo's Rohatsu Sesshin this year and returned with mountain power.

New Years Eve All Day Sitting On December 31, Shobo-ji held its annual New Year's Eve All day sitting and celebration. The event began with afternoon chanting service and with strong zazen. Aiho-san prepared *Toshikoshi soba* and *Kuromame*, a delicious traditional Japanese year-end noodle dinner with black beans. Eido Roshi delivered a Teisho in the evening and over 75 people chanted *Enmei Jukku Kannon Gyo* (Ten-phrase Life Prolonging Sutra) accompanied by the ringing of the Zendo gong 108 times. In addition, everyone received a "Be Safe" card, which had been placed on the altar at Dai Bosatsu Zendo throughout its Rohatsu Sesshin. These cards were soaked with good *Nen* and with prayers for health, happiness, and safety; they are protections for the coming year. A wonderful party was held on the second floor. We wish to thank Rev. Kigen Ryudo for donating the champagne this year and to Aiho-san Yasuko Shimano for all her preparations and culinary gifts. Their thoughtfulness and care made a wonderful event joyous. Happy New Year 2001!

Jukai On November 11, 2000, the last day of Dai Bosatsu Zendo's Harvest-Jukai Sesshin, thirty-nine people took Jukai and became Buddhists. Twenty-five of them are practicing Sangha from New York Zendo. Each student took the Buddhist precepts under Eido Shimano Roshi and received Dharma names and Rakus as symbols of their inner commitment. Aiho-san Yasuko Shimano, Director of New York Zendo, also attended the ceremony. In her words to the Jukai participants she congratulated them saying: "As a lay Buddhist student, there is no need to master immediately Buddhist philosophy or to have a great religious experience. That may come, but rather gradually and steadfastly practice in your daily life in daily events. To have a warm sincere attitude is important, not lying to yourself, showing kindness to others, giving and no matter what, to try to be happy and delightful in the ups and downs of life."

Ordination On December 8, 2000, with the rising of the morning star, Reiju Zachary Browman became a Rinzaï Zen Buddhist monk under the guidance of Eido Roshi. Reiju began his practice two years ago at New York Zendo Shobo-ji, coming to New York from Canada. He was pursuing a career in singing and acting while attending nearly every zazen meeting held at Shobo-ji. On recommendation from Aiho-san, Reiju attended a Kessei training period at Dai Bosatsu Zendo. After nearly two years as a devoted Kessei student, he now is a monk named *Bundo*: "The Way of Literature." We are truly happy for this Dharma Harvest, and hope that his impossible dream will become true in his life.

Welcome and Thank You Rev. Daiho Hirose and Mrs. Myoyo Tanaka came from Japan to attend Rohatsu Sesshin at Dai Bosatsu Zendo. They stopped by Shobo-ji and offered gifts of incense and sweets before going to sesshin. We thank them for their effort spending time, energy and expenses coming all the way across the world for the Dharma. This is not an easy task and should be considered a great encouragement to western students. Their concern and support of Dharma in the west is most appreciated.

One year resident at Shobo-ji This Rohatsu marked a year that Rev. Seigan Fudo has been a resident at New York Zendo Shobo-ji. Aiho-san has been teaching and guiding him in the daily affairs of running a Zen temple, and together they make a great team. We hope that with the care and support of the Sangha he will continue to grow as a monk.

"Aiho-san asked me to write a few lines about my year being in New York. This year has gone by so fast, but first of all I want to thank individually Roshi-sama, Aiho-san, and the Sangha. I am very grateful to them for their support and encouragement in being able to practice at Shobo-ji. There is a different kind of shugyo being in the city. Unlike the monastery where we are totally focused and totally surrounded by practice, there is very little support in the city. That is what makes a place like Shobo-ji so special. To be able to come in from the busy street and a long day of work, to a place that is pristine, quiet and beautifully prepared



Aiho-san Y. Shimano

is really a blessing. And this makes our zazen even more precious. I hope to contribute in small ways to be able to keep Dharma alive and available to people seeking the Way. Gassho, Seigan"

Eido Roshi's Dharma Activities in Other Parts of the World

Besides Sesshin, Japanese Dharma classes and other lectures at Shobo-ji and Dai Bosatsu Zendo, Eido Roshi has a full schedule in other parts of the world. In January and February, Eido Roshi will travel to Japan giving lectures and teaching at Shogen Junior College. In August, he will be conducting sesshin in Europe. We are very grateful for Roshi's unending commitment to the Dharma and his guidance and hope that he will be able to rest well from these Dharma journeys.

Special Event at Dai Bosatsu Zendo Dai Bosatsu Zendo Kongo-ji will celebrate its 25th Anniversary with a seven day sesshin, Tuesday, June 26 to Tuesday, July 3. On July 4, Dai Bosatsu

Zendo will hold a special ceremony and celebration. New York Zendo members are encouraged to join the all day event. Bus service to and from Manhattan will be available, please arrange your reservations through Dai Bosatsu Zendo. Since many New York Zendo Sangha members will be attending sesshin, NYZ will be closed June 24 to July 10.

In Memoriam On January 23, 2001, Aiho-san's brother, Mr. Jingo Tsubota, passed away. We offer our deepest sympathy for Aiho-san, Mrs. Tsubota, and their entire family. Aiho-san attended the funeral in Japan January 27, while both Zendo's concurrently offered chanting services for Mr. Tsubota.

Dai Bosatsu Zendo·Kongo-ji News

Fall Kessei/Ango 2000

Joining Eido Roshi and Jiro Osho for Fall Kessei 2000 are Seiko Susan Morningstar, Open Space and Guest House Coordinator; Fujin Attale Formhals, Inji (Roshi's Attendant); Entsu Scott Rosecrans, Shikaryo (Head Monk); Seppo Edward Farrey, Te (Monk); Tendo Tim Lacy, Jikijitsu (Zendo Officer); Kigen Jim Frechter, Fuji (Business Manager); newly ordained Shundo Zachary Browman, Fuji (Student); visiting Kessei students include: Shosan Giho Shohata, Jokei (Assistant) of Nara, Japan; Genko Kazuo (Assistant), Assitant Jisha, from Seibo-ji; Shobo-ji's Genshin Richard Slechta, Jisha; our returning tea instructor Myoshin Michiko Matsumoto, also from Japan; and returning DBZ favorite Sally Carlsen. Part-time Kessei students include: Kibutsu Christine Colditz-Sack from Germany; Georgia's Shoju Mike Kenny, now residing in London; Shobo-ji's Seiki Spiro Theofilatos; and last but not least, Sylvia San Miguel, from Spain.



Fall Kessei, 2000

Welcoming the Mandala Century DBZ's year 2000 closed with the enthusiastic chanting and striking of the giant gong at our 2nd annual New Year's Eve Celebration, attended by nearly 40 people who braved the heavy snow storms to share in this auspicious Dharma event. Following zazen, guests enjoyed a delicious Japanese-style feast, and a New Years toast raised by Jiro Osho to ring in the 21st century. Happy New Year!

Ven. Nakamura Bunpo Roshi and 14 of his monks from Kokei-zan monastery in Japan, visited DBZ at the outset of our Fall Kessei, their first visit since 1993. Nakamura Roshi gave a Teisho, and the following morning every monk gave an informal presentation to the Sangha in English. Many thanks to Nakamura Roshi and his monks for the effort they've made, and the encouragement their visit has provided our practice.

Mr. Hisao Senzaki, the grandson of Nyogen Senzaki's brother, visited DBZ on the first day of Harvest Jukai Sesshin. Following a chanting ceremony at the Soen Roshi and Nyogen Senzaki stupa, Mr. Senzaki addressed the Sangha at a formal tea, conveying his deep gratitude for his ancestor, and for the work which Eido Roshi is continuing in America.



Eido Roshi with Nakamura Bunpo Roshi

Harvest Jukai Sesshin 2000 With capacity sesshin attendance of sixty, thirty-eight Dharma students took *Jukai* (Lay Precepts), thereby formally and publicly declaring themselves Buddhists, in a ceremony conducted by Eido Roshi on November 11. In addition two students took Jukai outside of sesshin: Dr. Lonel Party of New York Zendo, whose Dharma name is CHI-IN, meaning *Know the Sound*; and Ms. Kazuko Umetsu, of Japan, whose name is JAKU SHITSU WAKO, meaning *Harmonious Fragrance in the Room of Nirvana*. We congratulate all Jukai students for their resolve, and look forward to continuing our practice together.

Rohatsu Sesshin 2000 In a dramatic and again fully attended sesshin, Eido Roshi and Jiro Osho led the Sangha in the most strenuous and unstinting Dharma event of the year. On Day 1, Eido Roshi certified the completion of 1000 days of training as a Rinzai Zen monk by Entsu Jodo Scott Rosecrans. Entsu is now preparing for his departure to Shogen-ji monastery in Japan, to continue his training under Yamakawa Sogen Roshi. We congratulate Entsu on the completion of his first training requirement and wish him all the best in the difficult and strict practice at Shogen-ji.

Ordination Rohatsu Sesshin reached its denouement on the morning commemorating Shakyamuni Buddha's enlightenment, December 8, when Eido Roshi conducted the ordination ceremony of Reiju Bundo Zachary Browman, commencing his 1000 days as a monk in training. The ceremony was attended by sesshin Sangha, Bundo's family and friends from Toronto, and many supporters from New York Zendo. Congratulations, Bundo. Now, *March On!*



Mr. Hisao Senzaki

Seiko Susan Morningstar After more than ten years of practice at DBZ and Shobo-ji, and two and a half years at Shogen-ji in Japan, we offer Seiko our heart-felt thanks and best wishes for the future in New York City. Her personable manner and humor have helped make the practice *real* for many newcomers to Zen, and Seiko will be missed not only in our daily life, but by the many groups who have come to know DBZ through her welcoming hospitality. *Gassho.*

Doshin David Schubert; Shokan Marcel Urech This fall also saw the departures of Doshin and Shokan, who both joined the DBZ resident Sangha in 1994. Doshin has returned to Syracuse, where he is again active in the Hoen-ji Sangha, and at the Burnet Park Zoo. We will miss Doshin's wit, energy and positivity in our everyday practice, as well as special events. Shokan has returned to Switzerland, where he is now part of the Zürich Sangha. We appreciate very much Shokan's years of persistence, hard work, and presence in the zendo.



PROCLAMATION

On November 11, 2000, at

DAI BOSATSU ZENDO · KONGO-JI

In the presence of Buddha, Dharma and Sangha,

*the following Dharma students took Jukai, Lay Buddhist Precepts,
and have been given Dharma names as a testament to their commitment.*

GIVEN NAME	DHARMA NAME	MEANING	GIVEN NAME	DHARMA NAME	MEANING
Atsundo Aikawa	GENMYŌ	Wondrous Profundity	Richard Kixmiller	RIKI	Power, Energy
Yuka Aikawa	KŌSHIN	Shining Heart-Mind	Anna Klegon	JIMIN	Compassionate Mercy
Zachary Browman	REIJU	Spiritual Tree	Andrew Lagomarsino	SENJŌ	Ten Times Master Hyakujo
Paul Cooper	CHUGAI	Transcending Universe	Michiko Matsumoto	MYŌSHIN	Wondrous Heart-Mind
Eileen Danville	KŌGE	Fragrant Flower	Judith Molis	SHUNSHŌ	Shining Spring
John DeFilippo	CHŌREI	Transparent Spirituality	Angela Mortensen	HITEN	Buddhist Angel
Joseph Dowling	SŌUN	Soen & Hakuun	Krzysztoph Podejko	MUMON	Gateless Gate
Michaela Felber	SHINJŌ	True Purity	Tom Prescott	GYŌKI	Foundation of Action
Kristopher Fennie	SEKKEI	Snow Valley	Randall Phillips	BANKŌ	Everlasting
John Flaherty	BUNAN	No Difficulties	Ronald Rich	MYŌAN	Bright Hut
Daniel Foley	BENSEN	Be Diligent!	Christine Sack-Colditz	KIBUTSU	Christian Buddhist
Tadahiko Fujihira	SŌTEKI	Target of the Patriarchs	Midori Sato	SUIHŌ	Green Peak
Jennifer Gallagher	MYŌKI	Wondrous Joy	Robert Strong	ZENKI	Total Activity
William Georgiadis	DAI-IN	Hidden Greatness	Barbara Suter	SHŌWA	Auspicious Harmony
Atsumi Hara	SAIUN	Colorful Cloud	Spiro Theofilatos	SEIKI	Vital Energy
Jeffrey Hovden	TAMŌN	Northern Protecting Deity	Heizaburo Tsurushima	BANKEI	Ten Thousand Blessings
Sandra Jean-Pierre	HŌEN	Dharma Garden	Phil Ventura	TENRYŪ	Celestial Dragon
Eduardo Job	ZUIKI	Delightedly Follow	Shigeru Yamamoto	KEIZAN	Reverential Mountain
Michael Kenny	SHŌJU	True Acceptance	Charles M. Young	DAIDEN	Great Transmission

Ven Nyogen Senzaki





Dai Bosatsu Zendo·Kongo-ji

25th Anniversary Sesshin

Tuesday, June 26–Tuesday, July 3, 2001

25th Anniversary Celebration

Wednesday, July 4, 2001

Reservations (845) 439-4566

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