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New York Zendo • Shobo-ji

Dai Bosatsu Zendo • Kongo-ji



*Nyogen Senzaki, Jimmy and Shubin Tanahashi*

# Dai Bosatsu Mandala

A remembrance of Shubin Kin Tanahashi

by EIDO T. SHIMANO

**O**n August 31, 1993, an uncelebrated Japanese woman passed away in a nursing home in Los Angeles, California. Her name was Kin Tanahashi. She was ninety-six years old. Only a few people were at her death bed. The funeral service was not attended by hundreds of people. Her departure was quiet, some might say lonely. She is survived by only one of her four children, a son and his wife. Her family were not Zen Buddhists and were unaware that her life held great significance in the transmission of the Buddha Dharma from Japan to America.

As often happens, the quiet but dedicated roles of women are overlooked or forgotten when the history of important events is told. In this issue of the newsletter, I will tell the story of Mrs. Shubin Kin Tanahashi. She and her son, Jimmy Tanahashi, played a pivotal role in the manifestation of the Dai Bosatsu Mandala.



*Shubin Tanahashi*

*Continued on next page*



In this context, a mandala means that innumerable Buddhas, Bodhisattvas and ancestors, from both the East and West, played a role in the formation of a concrete Dharma phenomena in the land of liberty. There are at least four generations that I can name as part of this mandala. The first generation was Soyen Shaku and Gempo Roshi. The second includes Nyogen Senzaki, Soen Roshi, Shubin-san and Jimmy Tanahashi, Yasutani Roshi, Chester Carlson, and D.T. Suzuki. The third is my generation, and the fourth is today's Sangha. The full blossoming of this unique mandala flower will occur when the present Sangha's children are brought up in the Buddhist tradition. A sociologist has said that when a new tradition is introduced, two centuries are needed for it to be rooted in new soil.

Some people might call it just "karmic coincidence" that she met Nyogen Senzaki, however, their association led to Nyogen's encounter with a poem by Soen Nakagawa. These two Zen teachers' friendship, over many years and long distances, led me to America and the founding of New York Zendo Shobo-ji, New York City and Dai Bosatsu Zendo in the Catskill Mountains of New York. In memory of this inconceivable drama and to commemorate Nyogen Senzaki's anniversary on May seventh, I will tell Shubin Tanahashi's story, and how it affected Buddhism in the West. While parts of this history have appeared in the book, "Namu Dai Bosa," additional letters and photographs have come into my possession which I have used for this article.

Shubin, which means "Autumn Sky," is the Dharma name that was given to her by Nyogen Senzaki in 1932. Nyogen Senzaki loved Master Jakushitsu of Eigen-ji Temple, in Shiga prefecture, and all his students' Dharma names were chosen from the verses of Jakushitsu. The name "Shubin" came from the following verse:

White clouds drift across the mountain peaks  
The banks of the river are green with pines  
In an empty hut I sit until dawn  
A dewdrop washes the autumn sky  
As the moon rises  
I see my elder Dharma brothers bowing, bowing.

From my perspective today, I see coincidences in the "autumn sky" and how that autumn sky has become a boundless connection between East and West. Years ago, on December 5, 1937, when the young monk Soen Nakagawa visited Ryutaku Ji for the first time to pay his respects to Master Hakuin, he composed a haiku:

Endless is my vow,  
boundless the autumn sky  
Blue heaped upon blue.

Kin Sago, who later became Shubin Tanahashi, was born in Gifu prefecture in Japan in 1897. Her sister, Mrs. Fujii, was married and lived in Pasadena in California. Around 1912, Mrs. Fujii met Mr. Tanahashi at a gathering of Japanese expatriates from Gifu prefecture who were living in the Los Angeles area. Evidently, Mr. Tanahashi liked what he heard about Mrs. Fujii's sister and returned to Japan to

meet her. Back in the homeland, they were married. This is how she came to America when she was only seventeen years old. Together they ran a hand laundry shop in an area in Los Angeles known as Little Tokyo. Her first son, Kiyoshi, was born the following year in 1915, and is her only surviving child. A daughter passed away at birth, and her second son, Kei, was killed fighting for the Allies during World War II. In 1923 the last child was born; he was named Sumio, but people called him "Jimmy."

In 1924, after living for ten years in Los Angeles, Shubin-san went back to Japan with her three boys. During their visit, she began to notice that something was wrong with her youngest son Jimmy. She changed her plans and came back to Los Angeles, running away because of many cruel questions about her child.

Jimmy was severely retarded, unable to speak or walk, and he required far more attention and care than a normal child. Shubin-san's difficulties with her children and family life caused her much sorrow. The extra care of a handicapped child combined with trying to run the laundry business kept her constantly at work. During this period of time, there was much prejudice and persecution of Japanese immigrants in America. Her burden became heavier and heavier. She did her best to try to manage it all. In her heart, she suffered and was seeking guidance. It was these difficulties and trials, however, that led to her friendship with Nyogen Senzaki.

Nyogen Senzaki was born in Aomori prefecture in 1876. His real parents were unknown, but he was adopted by a carpenter. Ordained as a Soto Zen monk, he later practiced in the Rinzai school at Engaku-ji in Kamakura, training under the guidance of Soyen Shaku, the first Zen master to come to America. At Engaku-ji he practiced with a lay student who became a world famous scholar, Dr. D.T. Suzuki. After six years of monastery training, he went back to Aomori prefecture and taught Buddhism for young pre-school children. He called it the Mentorgarden or Butsu Gyo (Buddha Seedling) and acted as president, teacher, treasurer and janitor. I have a photograph that was taken around that time and another one of the Mentorgarden alumni that was taken fifty years later. To my surprise, the number of people in both photographs is almost identical. He must have had an unforgettable impact on the students, but because of the Japanese Russian War in 1904-05, the operation of the Mentorgarden became difficult. He wrote a fundraising letter fund-raising to Soyen Shaku, but it was unsuccessful.

In the meantime, Soyen Shaku made his second visit to the United States at the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Russell in San Francisco. His first visit was to attend the World Parliament of Religions in Chicago in 1893. D.T. Suzuki is often mentioned in Soyen Shaku's diary, "Journal of Unsui in Europe and America," as he worked closely as his translator and attendant. In that journal,



there are only a few words about Nyogen: "Senzaki Nyogen arrived from Seattle." I found another line which says, "Because the labor is too strenuous, Nyogen has left the Russell's house." This was the last meeting between teacher and student. Soyen Shaku's brevity regarding his student Senzaki seems very cool, but Nyogen Senzaki's feelings for his teacher remained quite passionate. Every year after Soyen Shaku's death in 1919, he wrote a poem and held a commemoration ceremony for his teacher until his own passing in 1958.

Nyogen Senzaki's zen life in America began when he left the Russells' house. Records of his everyday activities remain vague until he emerged from his self imposed solitude in the late 1920's. According to what I heard from different individuals, such as Senzaki's collaborator and poet, Paul Reys, Mrs. Ozaki in San Francisco or from a letter written to Japan, his life was eclectic. He worked as a dishwasher in a restaurant, a hotel manager, a social dancing instructor, and a contest judge for a canary show. Recently, I learned he had written to Soyen Shaku to ask permission to be married to a Mrs. Schroeder. All these events took place while he was still living in San Francisco.

In the late 1920s, he established a Zen group at a house on Bush Street, which he called Bushu (Buddha Seed Zendo). Around this time, his Dharma brother, Gyodo Furukawa, a Dharma heir of Soyen Shaku, came to stay at the Bushu Zendo, expressing his intention that "His ashes were to be buried in American soil." (He had needed to leave Japan for other reasons, however.) From Gyodo's point of view, Nyogen was not an authorized Zen teacher so he might need some authentic help. From Nyogen's point of view, Gyodo did not know anything about American culture and it was through his own efforts that the sangha had formed. Even though they had practiced together at Engaku-ji, their motivations were too different and many painful days followed. Finally, Nyogen wrote a most impressive letter to the sangha saying, "Please take care of my Dharma brother Gyodo but to have two heads in one temple does not work, so I will move south."

Thus he went to Los Angeles and moved into



*Nyogen Senzaki and Jimmy Tanahashi*

a tiny house at 411 Turner Street. In the spring of 1932, when Shubin-san was thirty-five years old, an exotic-looking Japanese man brought a dharma robe for dry cleaning to her laundry shop. He left his name and address but did not return to claim it. One day Shubin-san decided to deliver it herself to the address that he left at the shop. He was grateful and said to her, "Thank you. I am sorry I did not come to pick up my laundry, but I do not have any money." He told her that he was a Zen Buddhist monk had just moved from San Francisco to Los Angeles and had started a small Zen group called the Mentorgarten. Although Shubin-san was not familiar with Zen Buddhism, she knew she was in need of some spiritual support.

At that first meeting, Nyogen Senzaki told Shubin-san that if she was interested in writing waka poetry, he would help her to polish her work. Nyogen was talented in composing Chinese poetry and Japanese waka, which is a thirty-one syllable form. He had written innumerable poems. It is my guess that, living isolated in the desert both geographically and spiritually, the composition of poetry must have been an oasis. The following waka poems written around this time show his ability:

My beloved patriarchs did not dwell  
Anywhere that I can name.  
They float like clouds  
They run like water.



The unbearably hot days are gone.  
I think deeply of Bodhidharma-  
The golden wind is blowing.

Shubin-san became his waka student on that day. She visited him every day and gradually the two of them began to know each other. After some time had passed, she at last, spoke of her difficult situation with her child Jimmy. Nyogen immediately offered his help saying, "I will take care of Jimmy for you, and baby-sit for two or three hours a day." On the following day, she told me, he came to the shop and took Jimmy in the stroller. Although Jimmy was twelve years old, he could not walk unassisted.

With the readiness of time, Mrs. Tanahashi officially became his dharma student. Nyogen wrote an acknowledgment scroll quoting from an ancient Chinese poem (shown below):

In a thousand rivers  
water flows  
In a thousand rivers  
the moon glitters

For ten thousand miles  
Not a cloud in sight  
For ten thousand miles  
Vast heaven!

*For Shubin from Nyogen*  
1932

Thus Shubin (Autumn Sky) was born. An unbreakable bond between student and teacher began. Her life thereafter was devoted to the Dharma. It was Jimmy who gave her trouble, but it was Jimmy who saved her. Nyogen Sensaki came everyday and spent two or three hours with Jimmy. While walking up and down the main street of Little Tokyo with the boy, with one intense thought (NEN), Nyogen Sensaki would chant over and over, "Shu jo mu hen sei gan do." (However innumerable all beings are, I vow to save them all.) Jimmy had never learned to speak. After seven years with Nyogen, however, he was able to utter only the last part "Sei gan do." This is a living example how NEN power works.

Then one day, Nyogen Sensaki said to Shubin-san, "Recently I have been thinking about doing future Dharma work in America with Jimmy." Although she did not understand his meaning at the time, she told me, "I have forgotten many things, but this short statement,

stuck in my head." When I heard this from Shubin-san, it was in the early 1960s. Nobody could have imagined the present-day Zen activity all over the United States. Who would have ever thought of the birth of Dai Bosatsu Zendo? Nonetheless, that enigmatic statement stuck in my mind also.

Nyogen Sensaki's and Shubin-san's shared love of poetry led to another friendship that played an important part in the actualization of the Dai Bosatsu mandala. It was in November of 1934 that Shubin-san read in a magazine, called The Fujin Koron, a diary and poems by a young monk living alone in a hermitage on Dai Bosatsu Mountain in Japan. She was so impressed that she shared the magazine with her teacher. The poems had such an affect on Nyogen Sensaki that he wrote to the young monk Nakagawa Soen.

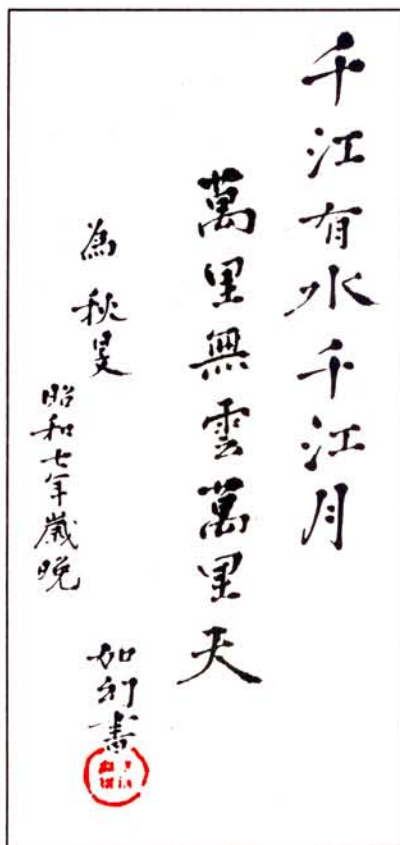
Soen had not yet met Gempo Roshi and was living in isolation from the Buddhist establishment in Japan. Having been inspired by the poetry and literary tradition of the wandering monk, he was practicing unconventionally by fasting, meditating and living in seclusion on a mountain near Mt. Fuji. It would seem that far across the Pacific ocean, there was a kindred spirit, someone who understood the true Way and was actually living and transmitting these ideals. The correspondence that began at that time continued throughout their lives.

In a letter from Soen to Nyogen dated Christmas Day, around the end of the 1930s, I found an interesting paragraph which goes:

"Every month, on the twenty-first day, at 8P.M. Japan time, let all Dharma seekers on the planet join in spiritual communication. Will you be good enough to chant "Namu Kara Tan No"(The Great Compassionate Dharani) at that time? I will ask my shakuhachi friends to join me in my Namu Kara Tan No chanting." Thus the two individuals who had never met face-to-face began to greet each other. On Mount Dai Bosatsu in Japan, the twenty-first is the day on which the mountain's deity is celebrated at the shrine.

Soen planned to visit his friend for the first time in 1941, but the outbreak of the war made this impossible. Being unable to meet in person, they continued on the twenty-first day of each month to put their palms together at the designated time and bow deeply. This is the origin of Dai Bosatsu Mandala Day at our monastery in the Catskill Mountains of New York.

The War between America and Japan began December 1941. Nyogen Sensaki was interned during World War II at a refuge camp on Hart Mountain in Wyoming from 1942-1945. On his way to Hart Mountain, Nyogen Sensaki composed the following waka poems:





It has been a long trip.  
At midnight  
About to enter Montana  
Not feeling at all well  
I break into a cold sweat!

I look out  
At the light of Venus  
As our train follows  
The seven stars  
of the Big Dipper—  
Keep on track!

Venus is not  
So far above the horizon  
At dawn our train  
Seems to be in a hurry.

The tracks  
Slice right through the mountain.  
At last our train arrives

At Butte Station  
Now waiting ten more hours  
For this endless journey to continue.

"No Japs Allowed"  
The sign says at the station.  
Sadness overwhelms me  
But the milk from the refreshment  
stand  
Tastes delicious!

At the mountain station  
With twilight approaching  
The autumn wind brings a chill.  
Pulling together some trash  
I build a little fire.

Shubin-san, her husband, and Jimmy were also sent to the Hart Mountain camp. She wrote many copies of the Kanzeon Sutra with ink, a brush, and NEN for the safety of her son, Kei, who was in the United States Army. He was killed in Italy on July 4, 1944. This period of her life must have been a sorrowful memory, for she never mentioned any details from her time in Wyoming. Nyogen ironically expresses the frustration, disappointment and deep sadness that must have been in many Japanese immigrants' hearts:

Hundred of children—  
Soldiers in the U.S. Army—  
Have died in the war, or are missing.  
Now at last their parents are allowed  
To leave the internment camps.

The temple of the cross  
Preaches love  
But all our treasures stored there  
Have been stolen, they say!

The war ended in August 1945. Real spiritual intimacy and mutual support between Nyogen Senzaki and Shubin-san developed when they returned to Los Angeles from Hart Mountain. Nyogen Senzaki had a Zendo in one of the rooms at a hotel in Little Tokyo (now the Sumitomo Bank Building). He resumed their regularly scheduled activities such as zazen, religious services, lectures and classes. Shubin-san supported the zendo with her effort and presence.

During the war, Soen intensified his formal Zen training under Yamamoto Gempo Roshi. Finally in 1949, Soen, Nyogen and Shubin-san were able to meet in America for the first time. Soen lived with Nyogen at the Miyako Hotel for about six months, and their friendship grew deeper as they lived and sat zazen together. Soen grew his hair long like Senzaki. Soen Roshi told me,

"When in Rome, do as the Romans do." Later he changed this proverb to, "Wherever you may be, shaving your head will protect you."

In the 1950s, Jimmy was still alive and living not too far away in an institution for the handicapped. Mr. Tanahashi was ready to retire from the laundry business. After forty-two years of living in California without returning to his native land, Mr. Tanahashi visited Gifu prefecture in Japan. Soen Roshi wrote a haiku on the occasion of his visit:

This is not a dream  
The green leaf of a persimmon  
After forty-two years.

(Yume narazu  
42 nen no  
Kaki Wakaba)

It was during this visit, on August 8, 1956, the first day of autumn in Japan, that Mr. Tanahashi died. Shubin-san became a widow and drew closer to Jimmy and Nyogen. Their dependency on each other increased, and they became more like a family. She moved Nyogen and the zendo from the hotel to a house across the street from her residence. There she was better able to care for him, as well as to manage the affairs of the zendo. The following are excerpts from letters written to Shubin by Nyogen while she visited Japan. His deep feeling for her is poignantly illustrated:

May 19, 1955

Dear Shubin,

I thank you for your letter regarding the visit to my teacher Soyen Shaku's grave. Soen-San (Nakagawa) also wrote to me about it. I can imagine the green shoots rising from my Dharma brother Zen-Chu's tombstone.

I appreciated hearing about your visit, and felt great nostalgia. I showed your letter to the Sangha and translated it for them. Now that I have heard from you, my only concern is for your well-being. . . .

September 5, 1957

Dear Shubin,

Although I am aware that you are away only temporarily, I can't help but feel deep loneliness. . . .

A waka from this letter:

Hearing that you have visited Mt. Koya  
My heart is stirred by thoughts of Koba Daishi.  
The stones must be covered with an ancient moss  
One by one revealing the founder's face

October 27, 1957

Dear Shubin,



Your long-awaited letter came the day before yesterday. I have read it again, again, and again. That evening, I translated it for the Sangha and showed it to Kiyoshi and his wife.

This old monk is fine. . .

November 28, 1957

Dear Shubin,

After all this time, at last you are coming back. It's getting colder and colder. Please don't catch cold on your way home.

The following poem speaks of Nyogen's feeling:

April 15, 1955

Forgetting you have gone to Japan  
Seeing the light in your window  
I peer in.  
Ah! It's the third night  
Since your departure  
(Wasurete wa mado no tomoshibi kaima minu  
Kimi tabitachite mikkame no yube)

Shubin-san's feelings for him were lifelong devotion and gratitude. I do not have her letters to Nyogen, but in the corner of an album with a photograph of Nyogen and Jimmy, she wrote, "Oh Sensei, Sensei because of you, Jimmy and I are able to survive."

In 1957, Soen Roshi asked me if I was interested in going to America to be Nyogen Sensaki's attendant monk. Sensaki was eighty-one years old at that time. I wrote to him in order to make the arrangements. He told me that his student, Mrs. Shubin Tanahashi, would soon come to Japan, and I should meet with her. She arrived, and Soen Roshi, Shubin-san and myself sat together in the Roshi's room. Because I knew she was Sensaki-sensei's most trusted advisor and had a great influence on him, I was very nervous, as if she were going to test me. She was in her sixties and quite introverted by nature, however her years in America made her much more social than other Japanese ladies. Soen Roshi made ceremonial tea. We shared one bowl. Then we took each other's hand. It was our silent wish that we might be able to meet again this way someday in America.

Six months after this meeting over a bowl of tea, Nyogen Sensaki passed away on May 7, 1958, and my plans to come to America to

help with his zendo did not materialize. As Soen Roshi wrote from Los Angeles that summer:

"Regarding the future of Nyogen Sensaki's Zendo: there are various opinions and hopes, but everybody feels that this particular place is not appropriate for the Zendo. Mrs. Tanahashi lives across the street, and she took care of Nyogen Sensaki for many years. In a way it was convenient for her and for him. But now, Mrs. Tanahashi feels that she would prefer to have some relaxed time. The future of this Zendo is unknown."

In the spring of 1974, Shubin-san came to the East Coast for the first time to visit Dai Bosatsu Zendo and New York Zendo. At the invitation of the Japanese ambassador, Soen Roshi and I took Shubin-san to Washington D.C. It was spring and the cherry blossoms were in full bloom. A soft rain fell. At the Japanese Embassy, there was a teahouse, surrounded by a stone garden. Cherry blossoms lay scattered among the pebbles. We spontaneously decided to make a bowl of tea on the verandah under the eaves of the roof. We collected rain drops and the powdered green tea was measured into the bowl for the three of us to share. The cherry-scented water was poured. No word was spoken, yet we all felt that the past seventeen years, since that first bowl together, had passed "like a dream and a phantasm." Soen Roshi whisked the tea and placed it at the edge of the garden with an offering gesture. We began to chant Namu Dai Bosa and we took each others' hands. I realized at that moment that our first circle of joined hands at Ryutaku-ji had been an intimation of the Dai Bosatsu Mandala, although none of us could have guessed what would later transpire.

I vividly recall my first meeting with Jimmy Tanahashi who was being cared for at the Pacific Colony, an institution for the handicapped. In 1961, when I was in Los Angeles with Shubin-san, she asked me if I would like to visit Jimmy. By that time, I knew all about Jimmy and the mysterious Dharma relationships that somehow clustered around him: Shubin-san's encounter with Nyogen Sensaki; Nyogen Sensaki's discovery of Nakagawa Soen; Soen Roshi's journeys to America; and then my coming

to America.

It was a hot California summer afternoon when we took a bus to the Pacific Colony. Shubin-san carried cookies and juice and looked very happy. The dark feelings of worry about Jimmy were no longer there. That day must have been the day that the families are allowed to visit. Everywhere on the green lawn, under the shade trees, people had gathered with their handicapped children. Frankly, at first the strange people and unreal quality of the scene were quite unsettling. An orderly took us to a shady tree, and Shubin-san ran and hugged Jimmy for a long time, forgetting that I was there. Then Jimmy was introduced and in that moment, he saw a Buddhist monk. He struggled and struggled to put his palms together crookedly in gassho. He was trying to speak. At last, very slowly and almost incoherently came the syllables "Sei gan do." I was overwhelmed by the gentle power of NEN. Never had I heard Shujo Mu Hen Seigan Do chanted in such an affecting manner. I was so moved by these three syllables, that although it has been more than thirty years since that day, I can clearly remember that moment. My six senses: eyes, ears, nose, tongue, body, and mind were one hundred percent present. It was the NEN transmission from Jimmy to me. For the first time I understood Soen Roshi's haiku:

For Jimmy Tanahashi

Your slightest sorrow—  
How dense the summer forest!—  
My sorrow deepens.  
  
(Kanashimi-no  
Awaki ga kanashi  
Natsu Kodachi)

It is inconceivable that without the living transmission of NEN that I could have continued going on and on for the past three decades to form a temple, a monastery and a sangha. It is not my doing, but NEN energy which does it. I do not know who started this NEN mandala. This story encompasses Soen Shaku, Nyogen Sensaki, Jimmy Tanahashi, Shubin Tanahashi, and Soen Roshi. So many individuals from different lineages and seemingly different paths have combined in this rich mandala. Their NEN has intermingled and manifested, but now we begin to see its importance. Whatever happens is a manifestation of NEN energy:

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unnecessary things are blown away by NEN wind. Unnecessary beings depart "all by itself" and a needed thing comes "all by itself." Therefore I do not worry. As prince Shotoku, a well-known Japanese Buddhist from the sixth century, said, "When the heads are in accord and the rest of the sangha are harmonious, it will be done all by itself."

This mandala of many Bodhisattvas carried NEN, sustained NEN, and now that NEN flower is blooming. Shubin-san's karmic mission was to come to America, to give birth to Jimmy, to meet Nyogen Senzaki, to read Soen Roshi's poems and bring them together. With her support, the last part of Nyogen Senzaki's life were the most stable and contented.

Her husband's death in 1956 and Nyogen Senzaki's death in 1958 left her very much alone. On August 8, 1966, Jimmy Tanahashi passed away at the age of forty-six. It was ten years exactly after his own father had died. She was bereft of those who meant so much to her, but as she would always say to me, "I was lucky." She meant:

"This Dharma incomparably profound and minutely subtle is hardly met with even in hundreds of thousands of millions of eons."

A few years ago her son, Kiyoshi, and his wife Alice moved her to a nursing home. Once I visited her there, and she immediately recognized me. When I asked her, "Shubin-san, how old are you now?" she said, "Wasureta!" which means, "I have forgotten." That was my last conversation with her. Agelessly, namelessly and quietly, she has left.

A substantial part of Nyogen Senzaki's belongings were moved to Dai Bosatsu Zendo from California. This year we plan to build a founders' altar where Soen Roshi and Nyogen Senzaki, Jimmy Tanahashi and Chester Carlson will be enshrined.

All the water of the river comes  
into one ocean.

The moon sets but never leaves  
the universe.

### Sesshins and Ango Anniversary Sesshin

June 25-July 3 commemorates the founding of Dai Bosatsu Zendo on July 4, 1976. This year we are celebrating our eighteenth birthday.

#### Five-Day Summer Sesshin

Please note, this sesshin will begin a day earlier than advertised, starting the evening of Aug 1 and continuing to Aug 6. It is the only Zen retreat scheduled during the summer months. This year Kokokuji Roshi and the monks from Shogen Ji Monastery in Gifu, Japan will join our sangha. The fee for this special sesshin will be \$250, (\$225 for NYZ members).

#### Fall Kessei/Ango 1994

Opening ceremony will take place on Thursday, September 8, with a teisho by Eido Roshi. Kessei/Ango is a time for students of Zen, whether newcomers or seniors, to come together to follow the Buddha's Way in a monastic training center. At Dai Bosatsu Zendo, we welcome all those who have a sincere desire to realize their true nature through dedicated zazen, work and study in the Rinzai Training tradition. There will be three seven-day sesshins, including a Jukai Ceremony/Sesshin.

Golden Wind: Sep 24-Oct 2

Harvest Jukai Sesshin Oct 29-Nov 6

Rohatsu Sesshin Nov 30- Dec 8

Daily dokusan with Eido Roshi is held outside of sesshin times when he is in

residence. Rinzai training uses koan study. Weekly Buddhist study classes or Dharma Talks by Roshi are scheduled.

### Spring Kessei

1994 Spring training period began on March 30th with a teisho by Eido Roshi and a special Jukai ceremony for Lynndal Daniels. He received the name Uteki which means, "the sound of raindrops." Uteki completed his one-year commitment and will stay as head tenzo at DBZ until August.

Full-time Kessei students include the monks and nuns: Seigan Ed Glassing, Banzan Iurek Szczepkowski, Jiun Ewa Tarasewicz, Seiko Susan Morningstar, and Fujin Attale Formhals. Genchu Osamu Sekine stayed for Holy Days Sesshin and departed in April for his home in Japan. Hossan Daiho Hirose, from Japan, a frequent resident and Obaku monk, joined spring Kessei for two months. He brought his friend and Obaku monk Yuko Hamada who will train at DBZ until Rohatsu 1994. Returning Kessei students and residents are: Chisho Fusaye Maas, Subaru Salvadore Chirvai, JG Powers, Andrew Gregory, Yugen Koen van Wijngaarden, Daijo Brian Cobb, Ejo Chris Cotsonis, and Jeff Latini. New Students are: Chikuzen Jerry Orzoff from San Jose, who sat with Nyogen Senzaki and studied with Dr. Platov, and Brian DeHaan, a high school student from Ohio. Jared Schreck, from Pennsylvania, joined us for one month. Akihiro Tanaka from Japan arrives in May and will stay through Rohatsu.

### New Fall Sesshin Rates

Due to increasing costs of maintaining the monastery and its grounds, a new fee schedule for full seven day sesshins will go into effect this fall. It will begin this Golden Wind. Prices for weekend sesshin will remain at \$175 (\$150 NYZ members)

**\$350 for seven day sesshin**

**\$325 for NYZ members**

A limited number of private rooms are available for additional \$50.00.

All seven-day sesshins, except Rohatsu, begin on Saturday evening with formal silent dinner, and closing ceremony takes place at 9 P.M. the following Saturday. Sesshin participants are asked to stay until Sunday morning and plan their departure after Sunday brunch around 11 A.M.