

# 大英後

VEN. EIDO SHIMANO ROSHI, ABBOT

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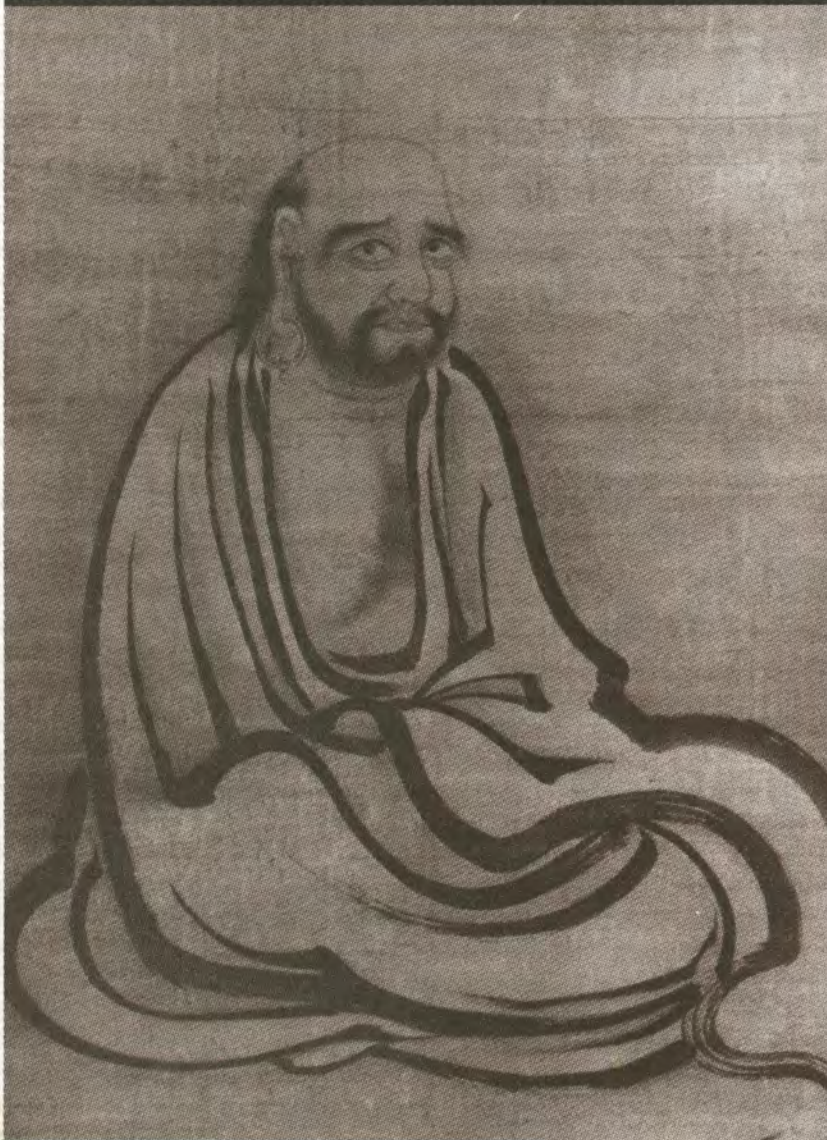
NEW YORK ZENDO·SHOBO·JI    DAI BOSATSU ZENDO·KONGO·JI

## BODHIDHARMA HAS COME TO THE WEST

by Ven. Eido Roshi

On July 4, 1996 we will celebrate the twentieth anniversary of the dedication of International Dai Bosatsu Zendo in the Catskill Mountains. Lately, I see that the birth of this zendo is just one of the karmic manifestations of a Dharma mandala that began many centuries ago in another country, on the other side of the world. When a mandala unfolds in time, events, people and objects that seem obscure and unrelated become clearly revealed as an essential part of a whole. The story I want to tell is part of the Dai Bosatsu Mandala history.

For the past several months, I have been working on a biographical introduction to a book of Soen Roshi's haiku, *Endless Vow: The Zen Path of Soen Nakagawa Roshi*. As the executor to his literary works and letters, I have read his words many times since his passing away twelve years ago. For some reason, while reading his correspondence and diaries again, many uncanny synchronicities and events have occurred. It is like when one stirs up ashes in a fireplace and suddenly a flame ignites and illuminates the darkness. What has been revealed has been a kind of blessing from the Dai Bosatsu Mandala deities. I think that perhaps Soen Roshi was a Dharma mandala prophet who had some



ability to see the future.

A mandala is usually described as a pictorial/diagrammatic representation of the cosmos of nature, man and the interaction of Buddhas, bodhisattvas, and other deities. It is a symbol of the universe. Sometimes in the Tibetan tradition, it is used as an aid in meditation. When I use the term Dai Bosatsu Mandala, I mean the interconnectedness of individuals whose karmic energy has combined and produced quite interesting Dharma dramas. In Japan the word mandala is often used to describe an event that cannot be explained rationally.

We could say that the Dai Bosatsu Mandala began back in the sixth century when a Japanese Buddhist monk, Gyoki Bosatsu, traveled all over Japan. At special locations where he sensed the place had a strong *ki* or energy, he carved a bodhisattva statue and buried it under the ground with the intense wish that the particular place would affect those who came. One of the magnetic spots he discovered was near Mount Fuji. Today it is called Mount Dai Bosatsu. He buried a statue of the deity, known as the Dai Bosatsu Daigongen. It seems that after Gyoki Bosatsu's departure, the villagers wanted to continue to spiritually connect and communicate with this holy person. They would gather on the twenty-first day of each month and hold a ceremonial festival to honor the deity of the mountain.



Centuries passed and so it happened that in 1931, a young monk named Soen Nakagawa was ordained nearby at Kogaku-ji, a temple founded by the great Zen master Bassui. After his ordination, Monk Soen spent many solitary days on retreat in a small hut on Dai Bosatsu Mountain. He heard the story of Gyoki Bosatsu, attended the local festival on the

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twenty-first day and began a practice of chanting a mantra, "Namu Dai Bosa," with intense *nen*. He dreamed of starting an international zendo and later, even attempted to prospect for gold in Siberia as a fund-raising venture.

In 1934, Monk Soen's first book of poetry was published and parts were reprinted in a ladies' magazine called "Fujin Koron." Shubin Tanahashi, a Japanese lady, living in Los Angeles, received this issue and showed it to her Zen teacher, Nyogen Senzaki. The Venerable Nyogen Senzaki had been living in the United States since 1905, teaching Buddhism in a very humble, quiet way. The young monk's poems touched his heart, and he wrote to

Monk Soen, who responded instantly. Thus a lifelong friendship, carried on mainly through long letters, began between an exiled Japanese monk living in Los Angeles, and an exiled hermit in Japan. They had much in common. Both of them were against the prevailing Zen establishment; both were romantic idealists; both were well-educated in western culture; both longed for the past days of the glorious flowering of Zen. Both were essential for the Dai Bosatsu Mandala to begin to unfold in America

Monk Soen met Gempo Roshi in 1935 and a year later became his student at Ryutaku-ji Monastery. He spent much of his time traveling with Gempo Roshi to Manchuria where Myoshin-ji was establishing a branch temple. Some of the most interesting and important correspondence between Monk Soen and Ven. Nyogen came from Shinkyō, then the capital of Manchuria.

It was in Monk Soen's letters from Shinkyō that I recently discovered the original Dai Bosatsu Mandala Day ceremony. As Soen Roshi described it to Nyogen,

*In Japan, on Mount Dai Bosatsu, the local deity festival was held on the twenty-first day of every month. Therefore, let us set this day as "Spiritual Inter-relationship Day." Those who are interested in seeking the Dharma, wherever they reside on this planet: start zazen at 8 p.m. local time, entering into samadhi, and from 8:10 listen to the spiritual broadcasting of the kenteki, the offering of the shakuhachi flute. Then chant the twenty-fifth chapter of the "Lotus Sutra," the "Great Compassionate Dharani" and "Namu Dai Bosa" and the dedication to the Dai Bosatsu deity. After that, at each place should be a joyous gathering. Is this not a Universal Bodhisattva occasion? What a joyous event! This Spiritual Inter-relationship Garden has no specific place; rather, the entire cosmos is the garden. The members of the Dai Bosatsu Group are all animate and inanimate beings. If some animate being wants to join, he can be a member instantly, all by himself. If five or six people want to be members, that is also fine. On the evening of the twenty-first of every month, we will go into the depths of form and non-form. For now, we call it Dai Bosatsu Deity, but fundamentally it is the sunyata-of-sunyata, or the profundity-of-profundity. What a liberated spirit!*



It was also in a letter from Shinkyō dated 1938 that I discovered Soen Roshi's prophetic listing of my birthplace on a mandala that he drew. I was only a six year old boy at the time, and we had never met. His writing "Nakano Arai" on the mandala was never explained. Seeing it there for the first time, I can gratefully say that I can accept my karma, whether I like it or not, and my part in the Dai Bosatsu Mandala. It was through these letters that the energy and direction of the mandala was clearly revealed. *Mei rekireki rodo do*, "Clearly revealed as it is." When we accept life as it comes, going beyond our judgemental mind and preferences, we see life clearly revealed as it is. This acceptance is the first step towards unshakable pacification. While I will perhaps never know why he wrote the name of my birthplace on his mandala, for some unknown reason now I can say I am pacified.

With uncanny appropriateness, it is from Shinkyō that another interesting *innen* or karmic history concerning a certain Bodhidharma originates. The story itself is quite complicated as it concerns many people, a time span of over half a century, and places all over the world. But please keep in mind that in the Dai Bosatsu Mandala there is just one stream: the stream of this Dharma lineage, and as long as this is clear, there will be no confusion.

About ten years ago, I met Mr. Junzo Ikegaki and his wife Kyoko when they visited Dai Bosatsu Monastery. Mr. Ikegaki was working at the Takenaka Corporation in New York. When I asked him how he had heard of Dai Bosatsu Zendo, he told me this uncanny *innen* story.

"In the late 1930's, my grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Hideo Kusama, were living in Shinkyō, Manchuria. As my grandmother was a haiku poet and my grandfather was interested in Zen, naturally they got to know Gempo Roshi and his attendant monk Soen, who were establishing a Myoshin-ji branch temple in Shinkyō."

I was surprised and quite intrigued to hear they had an intimate Dharma connection with my teacher and his teacher. Then I recalled seeing the name of Hideo Kusama in the letters from that time between Soen Roshi and Nyogen Senzaki. Soen Roshi often wrote, "Please send your next letter c/o Hideo Kusama, Shinkyō, Manchuria." Mr. Ikegaki told me that his

grandparents called their house *Hokaku-an* (Setting Free the Crane Hut). Then I clearly remembered that Soen Roshi often mentioned *Hokaku-an* in his letters. In Manchuria, when he was tired of community life with other monks, he would seclude himself at *Hokaku-an*. Once, when Mr. and Mrs. Kusama were in Japan, he stayed at their house for as long as a month.

After our first meeting, Mr. and Mrs. Ikegaki frequently came to see me at Dai Bosatsu Zendo or at Shobo-ji in New York City. As Mr. Ikegaki was busy with his work, Kyoko came more often. Each time that she visited me she would bring very precious gifts. I received an antique tea bowl, Gempo Roshi's calligraphy and some good kimono which Hideo Kusama had worn.

Once when I was in Tokyo, I met Mr. Ikegaki's mother, Ikuko Kusama (Ikegaki). After raising her three boys, she said, "Enough!" She left her home, went back to work and lived as an "office lady" in Tokyo. At that time people were shocked, but those who knew her well said, "After all, Ikuko is a modern girl. She goes her own way." She divorced her husband and went back to using her maiden name Kusama.

At that time, Ikuko invited me to a restaurant in a hotel. Ikuko is a strong drinker who truly loves Japanese sake, and most significantly, she drinks in a very appreciative way. That night at dinner she spoke to me of her memories of Gempo Roshi, Soen Roshi and her parents.

When Mr. and Mrs. Ikegaki were transferred to Los Angeles, I did not see them for a long time. Then one day I got a phone call from Kyoko, "My mother-in-law would like to visit Dai Bosatsu Zendo for a few days." The only time they could make it was during Golden Wind Sesshin. Usually I do not allow visitors during sesshin. However, because of their long *innen* association with my teacher and his teacher and taking into consideration that this would be Mrs. Kusama's only chance to come to America, I made the arrangements. They were so grateful and excited. When they arrived, they presented to the monastery an antique Chinese incense burner from Manchuria and a portrait of Ikkyū.

Kyoko and Ikuko stayed quietly at the guest house during the day. Every night after our closing chanting of "Namu Dai Bosa," I would visit them around 10:00 p.m. Ikuko insisted that we appreciate sake together.

As the nights passed, it was like a dream. The moon rose over Beecher Lake and became fuller and more brilliant. The evenings were hazy with mist and the leaves were changing from red to gold. These were indescribably beautiful September nights. Renji was my inji, and she helped to prepare and serve. But as the week went on, and the nights became later, Kyoko vividly remembers her saying, "Is she *that* important?"

After that unforgettable visit to Dai Bosatsu Zendo, Ikuko went back to Tokyo. A year later because of her age, she had to go into a nursing home in the suburbs of Tokyo. She eagerly wanted to see me, so I went to see her. There were many precious objects in her room. She asked me, "What would you like?" There was a magnificent scroll by Gempo Roshi which read, "Crane leaves from silver cage." About a year later, Kyoko brought it to me as a gift from Ikuko.

In the spring of 1995 when I was in Tokyo, Kyoko said she wanted to show me the last and most precious treasure of Mrs. Kusama. Many antique dealers wanted to buy it, but both she and her husband felt that Dai Bosatsu Zendo is where it should go. I was very curious. She brought a scroll to my hotel room. We carefully unrolled it. Though the paper and ink were peeling and almost disintegrated, with my first glance, I knew this was a masterpiece. It was a Bodhidharma painted by Mokkei, (Mu-chi) a Chinese artist who lived mid-thirteenth century. The Bodhidharma must be over seven hundred years old! I received the scroll with much gratitude.

Yet the restoration was a huge responsibility. As I was leaving for the United States in a couple of days, I had to find someone trustworthy to repair it. In my hotel, there was a small museum, and I happened to know the owner and thought he could give me some advice. After showing him the scroll, I asked him, "Do you know a conservation specialist?" He said, "Yes, Shunpodo-san," and gave me his telephone number. I called Shunpodo and he agreed to see me in an hour. I met him at the "museum." He saw the scroll, acknowledged that it was a great piece of art, but said that it would require a long time and much money to repair. He repeated this again and again, saying that it was a great piece and must be preserved. Each time he said something, in my mind the price went to about ten thousand dollars for the repair.





Left to right: Nakagawa Soen Roshi, Yamamoto Gempo Roshi and Nyogen Senzaki together at Ryutaku-ji, 1955.

Then I asked if he would like to see the box which had been authenticated by my teacher's teacher, Yamamoto Gempo Roshi. He was shocked and said, "Do you mean Gempo Roshi of Ryutaku-ji? My family is a member of the congregation at Ryutaku-ji." So I said, "What a coincidence, why didn't you tell me this earlier? What is your family name?" He gave me another card which read Morooka. When I asked if he was related to Waka Morooka, he said, "Yes, she is my grandmother." Now I was the one who was surprised, and told him, "When I was an *unsui* at Ryutaku-ji, she was so kind to us. When we went to the hot springs which she owned, we had many great times together." He said, "Now I know who you are. As you have trained at my family temple, Ryutaku-ji, and have come from Dai Bosatsu Zendo in New York, I would like to do the repairs without making a profit." Gempo Roshi often said, "When you are sixty years old, you are more effective than at fifty. Seventy is more useful than sixty, and after your corporeal body passes away, your real effectiveness begins." I cannot help but think how Gempo Roshi helped me with this "fund-raising" in bringing down the cost so drastically!

I told Mr. Morooka that I would be going back to New York in a few days, and asked if it would be possible to have the scroll back by October 5, which is Bodhidharma's Memorial Day. He said that it would be done. That evening I called Yoko Tanaka, Sangen's mother, describing the scroll and asking if she could pick it up from Mr. Morooka when it was ready. To my surprise Yoko said, "It is my pleasure and honor to be given such a responsibility, and I will carry it to New York and take care of all the expense." So with a pacified spirit I returned home.

The Dharma web is so interesting and the gift of the scroll and the gift of the restoration would be enough to be grateful for. Yet the history of this particular scroll was not quite complete. There was one more revelation and the synchronicity is almost "too much!"

As I mentioned before, I am working with Kaz Tanahashi and Roko Sherry Chayat on a book of Soen Roshi's diaries, haiku and letters to be published on July 4, 1996. This spring, after having

made the arrangements for the Bodhidharma scroll, I found an amazing paragraph in a letter from Soen Roshi to Nyogen Senzaki. The letter was written in December, 1940 and part of it reads:

*...Recently a friend of mind found an old scroll in his attic. When he opened the box, it was a painting of Bodhidharma by Mokkei and the verse was written by Gottan. [Both are mid-thirteenth century.] Unlike any other Bodhidharma I have seen, he has a compassionate face and a transparent lucidity in his appearance. The verse says,*

*Vast boundlessness,  
no knowing touched the heart of Emperor Wu.  
[He] obtained the second patriarch with one word,  
"pacification."  
If you want to know clearly  
the meaning of Bodhidharma's coming from the West,  
You must get rid of myriads of connections  
and ask your own heart.*

*---A humble monk, Gottan of Funei,  
burning incense, wrote this verse.*

[Note: Gottan was Chinese Zen master who came from China to Japan in the mid-thirteenth century and passed away in 1276 in Japan, exactly 700 years prior to the birth of Dai Bosatsu Zendo in the Catskills.]

*I borrowed this scroll and went to Ryutaku-ji where I showed it to Gempo Roshi. He liked it very much and immediately wrote the authentication on the lid of the box.*

Regarding this Bodhidharma, Soen Roshi continues:

*Indeed, the gentle light of his face pervades the whole world. When I go to America, I would like to carry this scroll with me across the Pacific Ocean to make a good Dharma connection between East and West, with a prayer that all mankind can live in peace.*

Amazing! To paraphrase one of my favorite quotes from Chapter 17 of the *Tao te Ching*: "The mandala doesn't talk, it acts. When its work is done the people say, 'Amazing: we did it all by ourselves!'" Amazing!

I called Mrs. Tanaka, but her brother-in-law had passed away and she could not bring the scroll to New York. Most unexpectedly however Jun-san, a young monk from Japan who just arrived for spring kessei, had to return to Japan for two weeks and brought the scroll back. Thus, after fifty-five years of waiting in Japan, at last, on July 25, 1995 this serene Bodhidharma came to the West. It is a treasure of Dharma in the West and must be kept forever. ▲





# JOURNEY TO JUKAI

by Yoshiaki Amakawa



I have been practicing zazen since September, 1988 and have just decided to apply for *jukai* (official ceremony where one unconditionally commits oneself to the practice of the Buddha-Dharma), next year. Although I was baptized as a Christian in 1961 in Japan, I have not felt uneasy about practicing zazen. On the contrary, the more I sit, the deeper my prayer seems to become and so does my understanding of the *Bible*, which in turn deepens my sitting. Chanting of the “Heart Sutra” and “Enmei Jukku Kannon Gyo,” and saying the “Lord’s Prayer” come to me naturally. Zazen to me is like unconditional silent prayer.

I have accepted this development as the convergence of two roads into a wider road. But I realize that after all, I have always been walking on one road all along and essentially unhindered. I have been helped and guided by countless threads of Dharma connections, through joy, sadness, pain, danger, difficulties, etc. I am immensely grateful to Dharma, the Sangha, everyone and everything I have encountered along the way. Thanks to the practice, I have begun to appreciate the Zen saying: “Every day is a good day.”

I am pleased to be given this opportunity to share with you my journey to *jukai* through some of the key events in my life that have led me to this point.

Just to give you a brief background about myself, I was born in Tokyo in 1942 and spent my first 18 years in Japan. Since I came to the U.S. as an exchange student in 1961, I have spent most of my time here studying, working and raising a family. There were several years spent in Japan in the late 1960’s to finish my undergraduate college education and another several years in the Caribbean to work for UNICEF (United Nations Children’s Fund) in the late 1970’s. I have been working for the United Nations since 1977 and am married with three children.

When I talk about how I started zazen, I feel that I have to go back almost to the beginning of my life. It was during World War II, toward the end of 1944 or early 1945, when I was less than three years old that I experienced air raids together with my grandmother, mother, and my infant sister. It was such a shock and horror to see my grandmother and mother who were my ultimate guardians and safety, trembling and totally helpless. I felt not only fear but sheer frightening aloneness (or desertion), and it was that very moment that I felt something like a “gaze” or sense of being watched from within me. From the hindsight of an adult rational mind, I can say that it was another me looking at the whole situation, and it was not distinguishable from the ordinary me, yet it seemed different. When my grandmother whispered, “It’s all right,” into my ear, embracing me tight, her words and the “gaze” seemed to merge and I believed her or I entrusted myself completely to her. Then I felt reassurance and safety.

When I reflect on my life, I feel that this aloneness and “gaze” or, the sense of being stared at while enveloped in silence, have always been with me—most of the time in the background, but very rarely overwhelmingly.

This old memory, which was uncovered a few years ago, strikes me even stronger now. When I sit, I soon notice two of me, one that is being looked at and the other that is looking. Then the two seem to merge as if they are one. So I now understand this incident to be the earliest experience that paved the way for zazen.

My earliest conscious effort to seek religion occurred when I was a junior high school student in 1957, in the middle of preparation for the high school entrance examination. It was at this time that Russia successfully launched the first man-made satellite (Sputnik) and the nightmare of global nuclear war by missile attack became a reality. With Japan being sandwiched between the two superpowers and nuclear testing going on in the South Pacific and Siberia, I could well imagine the world without a single human being alive as the result of a global nuclear war—not a single soul. It was a ghastly possibility and I seriously questioned the meaning of my effort to get into a good high school and a good university, to get a good job and professional recognition, to establish a family, and finally to be measured by the size of my tombstone. What if there was not a single soul even to look at it. A terrible feeling of helplessness and emptiness seized me and I desperately looked for an answer.



One day I happened to find a copy of the *New Testament* on my bookshelf which had been given to me by an American missionary almost eight years before, but which I had never read. So I started reading the *Gospels* (in Japanese). Although I was a total stranger to the *Bible*, I was deeply moved by two things: Forgiveness and Eternal Life. In the life of Jesus, I felt his unlimited capacity for forgiveness and acceptance, especially toward the downtrodden, despised and marginal people. Eternal Life seemed to me to mean the ultimate meaning and basis of our life.

During my high school days, I started going to a Japanese Protestant church and sometimes attended prayer meetings. In the prayer meetings I never felt comfortable since I believed that prayer should be between God and myself only. I often questioned the necessity of verbalizing our prayers if God is omniscient. So I often sat just in silence. I felt that by verbalizing my prayer, I was making sure that God heard me, which meant that I was not totally entrusting myself to God. In silent prayer, I felt complete aloneness, sometimes with the same aloneness and "gaze" as I had experienced during World War II. I could be totally myself without any cover or pretension and felt forgiveness, peace and love with gratitude. I started feeling much more grateful for things I used to take for granted. On December 25, 1960, at the age of eighteen, I was baptized at a small church in the suburbs of Tokyo.

Right before I was baptized, I was asked to give a confession of my faith in front of the congregation. I remember that I struggled for a couple of days to put down what I wanted to say. I wrote something quoting passages from well known books. I remember that I totally discarded the writing and rewrote it again in my own words which went like this: "In pursuit of Eternal Life, I have made a decision to follow Jesus who has boundless capacity for forgiveness. I am a weak person, much, much weaker than Disciple Peter who betrayed Jesus three times during one night. I may betray Jesus many more times, but I know that He will always walk with me and that I will be forgiven." Having said this, I felt relieved and free. I understood the baptism as making a decision or making my commitment to Eternal Life (God), or that which makes our life all possible.

When I was baptized, my mother, who is a devout believer in *Tenrikyo* (mixture of Shinto and Buddhism), heartily congratulated me, saying: "You are so blessed to be given a faith at such a young age. I know that we pray to the same God. I pray for you so that you may keep your faith the rest of your life." I strongly felt that I owed my religious pursuit to my mother. Ever since I could remember, she never failed to offer water, incense and candlelight to the family altar every day. As a child I understood that she was giving her devotion and gratitude to what makes our life possible.

I was so moved by my mother's statement that I went into my room to pray. I thanked God for the baptism and my mother's blessing and encouragement. I prayed from my heart that my mother, as well as everyone else, regardless of religion or no religion, be saved before me. Momentarily, I wondered if I was really saying this prayer. At that moment, I was filled with overwhelming joy, gratitude and love that I had never experienced before. I felt that love was embracing the whole earth and everyone on it as oneness and that it was within me. I sat in silent prayer full of tears for a long time. It was an unforgettable moment.

During the five years between 1961, when I came to the U.S. as a high school exchange student and 1966 to finish my undergraduate college education in Ohio, I gradually became an agnostic, having gone through doubts and disillusionment because of the exclusiveness of Christians I met and stopped going to church by the end of my stay. In 1966, I went back to Japan to get a Japanese college degree and in 1969 came back to the U.S. to do my graduate work in International Relations at Claremont Graduate School in California.

While I was a graduate student at Claremont in the early 1970's, I met a young Rinzai Zen monk named Gensho (now Keido Fukushima) who happened to be a close friend of Eido Roshi and is now Abbot of Tofuku-ji Temple in Kyoto. Gensho-san was staying there for one year as Visiting Scholar and conducting zazen classes, which I attended several times. This was my real first introduction to zazen. Unfortunately I did not pursue it after his departure, but did start reading books on Zen and was fascinated, particularly by the psychological

depth of Buddhism.

One of the things he said, that still echoes in my mind, is that when a Zen person sees a Christian praying to God from the bottom of his heart, he sees the worshipper and God as one, not separate. But the worshipper will still say that he is praying to God, separate from him. Gensho-san said that he understands that point of view perfectly. According to him, the Zen person and the Christian are talking about the same experience from different points of view. He told me to pay more attention to actual experiences than to theological arguments. This has stayed with me all this time and is clearer to me now.

In 1977, when I joined UNICEF to work in the Caribbean-based office in Kingston, Jamaica for two and a half years, several significant events took place, including some mysterious ones. The first event took place one month after I arrived in Jamaica in June, 1977. I was living alone, without my family, who were to join me a month later. One day I woke up in the middle of the night with my grandmother's voice calling me (with an unmistakable northern Japanese accent), and thought I saw a shadow crossing the wall. I did not see anyone after turning all the lights on. So, I went back to sleep. Surprisingly, the next morning, my sister called me from Japan to announce Grandmother's death. That night, very late, standing by the swimming pool alone and looking up at the crystal clear Caribbean sky, I cried for a long time, reminiscing about her, air raids and her devotion to helping Mother raise five children after the War. I felt that same aloneness and "gaze," with which Grandmother now seemed to have merged. Although it was a very mysterious experience, I accepted it as it was.

The second event occurred about a year and a half later. One of my colleagues at the UNICEF Kingston Office from Scotland, Ioni, died of lung cancer at the age of 30. Later I found out that she had struggled with the cancer for four years and that she had received treatment in Britain for six months and returned to Jamaica, prepared to die there. She worked virtually until the very day she died. She collapsed in the office into my arms literally. On the way to the hospital, she uttered only one short sentence in pain: "Pray for me." That was the last thing she said before she died early the next morning.



accompanied by only one friend of hers. Nobody knew she was that seriously ill, since she had never complained about her health.

Ioni's dedication to her work and unbelievable calmness before her death really taught me what faith is. At the funeral service, when the minister read the famous "Twenty-third Psalm," it reached my heart deeper than at any other time, together with Ioni's voice still whispering in my ears, "Pray for me,":

*The Lord is my shepherd;  
I shall not want.  
He makes me to lie down  
in green pastures;  
He leads me beside the still waters.  
He restores my soul. . .*

The third event happened soon after Ioni died and when my daughter was born in Kingston in March, 1979. Because of unsanitary conditions in the hospital where she was, she came down with severe staph infection. Her condition became so serious that my wife called me from the hospital one night to say that she might not make it. Hearing that, I almost fainted on the floor and tried to pray, but I just couldn't. Instead, totally unexpectedly, I started saying a Buddhist chant, "Namu Amidabutsu," whose meaning I did not know until seven years later. Somehow, just repeating the name of Amida Buddha comforted me. I wondered why I did that particular chanting. I thought that maybe it was the chanting I had heard during my grandfather's funeral and long mourning period, more than 30 years before. However, as my daughter got better, I easily forgot about it.

One thing I can say about these traumatic experiences is that they taught me about the precariousness and preciousness of life, before which everything else seemed trivial. I vividly remember holding, in the hospital, my tiny daughter (less than five pounds) who was then too weak to cry and was fed by a tube. I prayed in tears that I would be ready to give up anything to save her life and dedicate myself to a more spiritual life.

In September, 1979 I was transferred to UNICEF Headquarters in New York as my daughter's condition became serious again and required better medical treatment. Two years later, I joined the Secretariat and have

been working there ever since. (Fortunately, she quickly recovered her health and turned out to be the healthiest of the three children.)

Once at U.N. Headquarters, however, I was overwhelmed by the huge bureaucracy, and became more and more preoccupied with my work, promotion, and other mundane things, giving my spiritual need a second or third place. In 1983, a financial crisis hit my department at the U.N. and the posts were reduced substantially, resulting in the abolishment of the division I was in. For almost eight months I was on monthly contract. As the father of three young children, I became extremely anxious and depressed. Although I was reading books on Buddhism and Christianity, I found myself unable to pray, helpless and alone.

At the height of my depression and anxiety, my father passed away in October, 1985 and in March, 1986 my close Japanese colleague at work, died of stomach cancer at the age of 37. Having barely recovered from my father's death, my friend's death was devastating to me. In my severe depression and anxiety, one night I happened to pick up a thin Japanese paperback entitled *Tannisho* (Buddhist Pure Land Sect classic) which had been purchased some 13 years before but had never been read. As I skimmed through the book, I was awestruck when I found out that "Namu Amidabutsu" (original in Sanskrit) meant worship or



surrender to Amida Buddha (symbol of Eternal Life and Eternal Light, but not a historical figure)—the exact same symbol as Christ, to my understanding. Pure Landers believe in their rebirth in the *Jodo* or Pure Land by chanting the name of Amida Buddha. According to their teachings, when they have faith that rebirth into the Pure Land is attained and salvation granted through Amida Buddha's inconceivable

Primal Vow to save all sentient beings, we cannot help but call the name of Amida Buddha. If, therefore, we have faith in the vow, there is no need for any other merit, because there is nothing that can surpass chanting Amida's name. There is no need for fear of evil because there is no evil that obstructs the power of Amida's Vow. (To imagine the Pure Land, the world after death, believers of this sect imagine what lies beyond the sunset in the West.)

Now I finally realized for the first time that Christ had always been with me, and the next day I somehow went to St. Patrick's Cathedral on Fifth Avenue and just sat down and closed my eyes. I felt the images of Christ and Amida Buddha merging in me and numbness sweeping through my whole body. I could not move for a while. I felt tremendous gratitude with tears welling up and release deep within me.

Ever since this incident, the chanting of "Namu Amidabutsu" came naturally and almost automatically, especially when I saw sunrise and sunset. In chanting "Namu Amidabutsu," I felt such inexplicable, overwhelming compassion and gratitude that I surrendered myself like never before to Amidabutsu—Eternal Life and Eternal Light—that which sustains our life. My anxiety and depression started to subside fast. At the same time, I was made aware of how half-hearted my commitment had been to what makes our life possible for so long. Since this time, I started both chanting "Namu Amidabutsu" and saying the "Lord's Prayer."

In the summer of 1987, I went to Japan on home leave. Then I found out from my mother, for the first time, that her real father had been a Christian, that my family originally belonged to the Pure Land sect, and that my father's second cousin is a Pure Land sect priest. For the first time, I realized that I had been carrying the karma of my mother's family as well as my father's.

In October, 1987 a decisive event, in terms of pushing me to start zazen, took place. In short, I had a near-death experience from high altitude sickness in Bolivia in the Andes Mountains. I went there on a U.N. mission to inspect a U.N. financed geothermal energy project which was located at 5,100 meters above sea level or 17,000 feet high. (Actually I had a premonition of my own death.)

At the project site, I fell unconscious due



to high altitude sickness and lack of oxygen, a condition called pulmonary edema, whose effect is similar to drowning. In the first village clinic to which I was taken, I was immediately given oxygen, but did not gain consciousness during the overnight stay. However, for a brief moment, I recall that I had a strange experience. Somehow I felt I was in the darkness. It seemed that I was looking down at myself from a corner of the ceiling of the clinic room where I was. Then I felt I was floating in the dark universe with nothing around me except a dim cloud-like light next to me. Actually, the feeling was strikingly similar to what I experience during sesshins when Roshi and his attendant come around to us with a lantern in the darkness during sitting. At that moment, I had a strange feeling of "I was here, am here, will be here"—a kind of timelessness or eternity. I felt such contentment and peace that I had never experienced before in my life. Strange still, when I recall the incident, I realize "I" was absent or I was not thinking of anything at all—no job, no family, not even Buddha or God. Yet, I felt such sheer contentment and peace. Nor did I feel any pain or suffering whatsoever, although I was on the verge of death.

Two days later I was miraculously rescued by a Bolivian military helicopter and regained my consciousness the next morning. Before coming to consciousness, I felt that I was going through layers and layers of darkness like a dark night turning into a dawn and finally into a morning. But through it all, I felt something like crystal-clear consciousness or lucidity. I felt that I was that lucidity itself. (After starting zazen for a while, I realized that the lucidity was no other than that "gaze.")

I was hospitalized for a week in Bolivia and taken back home to New York to recuperate for another two months. The first month was the worst hell I had ever had, with constant unbearable headaches day after day. Nothing soothed me, including prayers or chanting. I simply groaned, "agh, agh, agh..." day after day. Going through this headache, I thought about people with constant pain, physical or mental. I felt very close to them. And I thought of Jesus crying out in the agony of his crucifixion: "Father, Father, why hast Thou forsaken me?" But then Jesus said, "In Thy hand!" But I couldn't say it, and instead just groaned: "Agh, agh, agh, . . . !" Now, after some

zazen, I realize that I surrendered myself to the groaning itself—breathing with pain. The groaning was no other than my whole body uttering, "In Thy hand!"

When I recovered six months later, I began to reflect on what had happened in Bolivia. I recalled the time when I was rescued by the helicopter. During the 30 minutes flight to the hospital, I was given oxygen and a doctor examined me by opening my eyelids. I clearly remember him saying "No bueno," ("No good" in Spanish). At that moment, not only did I see his face but also an indescribably beautiful sunset scenery of the Andes Mountains and fell unconscious again. When I gained consciousness, the next morning, I woke up with unbelievable calmness and peace, and saw the gentle sunrise through the hospital window. At that moment, I experienced incredible serenity and such an overwhelming sense of gratitude that I came to tears, although I did not know what had happened to me. This recalling gave me the following insight: sunrise and sunset are actually taking place at the same time every moment on this earth. New York's sunrise is some place's sunset. New York's sunset is some other place's sunrise, for example. But the sun itself does not have sunrise or sunset. It just shines. The sunrise and sunset are the earth's point of view of the sun. From the universe's point of view, the sun just shines. Birth and death are just like that. They are man's point of view of Life. From the universe's point of view, Life just "shines" as the sun does.

I came to believe that I had been given an opportunity to catch a glimpse of the depth of Eternal Life. It was around this time that I happened to be chanting the "Heart Sutra" and when I reached the following lines, I was deeply moved:

*... in Sunyata, no form, no feeling, no thought, no volition, no consciousness; no eyes, no ears, no nose, no tongue, no body, no mind; no seeing, no hearing, no smelling, no tasting, no touching, no thinking; no world of sight, no world of consciousness; no ignorance and no end to ignorance; no old age and death and no end to old age and death. No suffering, no craving, no extinction, no path; no wisdom, no attainment. The Bodhisattva relies on Prajna Paramita with no hindrance in the mind. No hindrance therefore, no fear. Far*

*beyond upside down views...It completely clears all suffering...*

Somehow it sounded familiar and deeply touched me. So in September, 1988 I decided to come to the zendo to find out about this teaching by practicing zazen.

So eagerly did I start my Zen practice that I went to Rohatsu Sesshin (the most rigorous 7-day zazen retreat) in early December, only two months after I joined New York Zendo. I went through enormous physical pains, anxiety, a test of patience and endurance, accompanied by an unbelievable sense of gratitude for what sustains our life. By going through pains and anxiety, I was made aware of my weaknesses, shortcomings, selfishness, contradictions, etc., which in turn made me realize that I was allowed to live or I was helped by so many people and things (*Ikasarteiru* in Japanese). I truly began to appreciate every breath I was taking, every grain of rice I was chewing, every sip of tea I was drinking, and in fact, everything I did, even putting down my sutra book in the right place, cleaning jihatsu bowls, cleaning a bathroom, etc. I was so saturated with sheer gratitude that everything I did seemed miraculous and precious. When the sesshin was over, everyone I saw looked like a Buddha and every place I passed by on the way home looked like "the Lotus Land of Purity." When trivial things dropped off me during the sesshin, I really began to see things as they were. In his book, "Golden Wind," Eido Roshi says: "Our vow to save all sentient beings on this earth means to give up trying to change other people's personalities, and rather accept them as they are."

Since then I have attended a 7-day sesshin every year and have been sitting regularly at New York Zendo and at home. Through all this practice, I have learned that zazen is like unconditional silent prayer with my back straight and that at the base of endurance in zazen is unfathomable deep compassion. This reminds me of the following passages from the Bible:

*Love is patient and kind; love is not jealous or boastful; it is not arrogant or rude. Love does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable or resentful; it does not rejoice at wrong, but rejoices in the right. Love bears all things, endures all things.*

*1 Corinthians 13:4-7*

*Continued on page 15*

Calligraphy: "Mu" by Ven. Eido Roshi



The following is one of a series of letters written by Seigan Ed Glassing, from Shogen-ji Monastery in Japan, addressed to his teacher, Eido Roshi.

Aug. 22, 1995

Dear Eido Roshi,

I hope that this letter finds you well and that you are resting from your trip to Switzerland. I trust the sesshin was deep and that O-Bon was not too hectic.

It is still extremely hot at Shogen-ji with everyday temperatures 38-40 degrees Celsius. It doesn't seem to be letting up either. It makes *takuhatsu* [practice of walking, chanting and receiving alms] nearly unbearable, especially when we are carrying a lot of rice.

A few *takuhatsu*'s ago, our small group of three stopped at a beautiful temple dedicated to Kannon Bodhisattva on our way back to the monastery. Her energy must have been there because we managed to escape the heat by sitting underneath a bridge and dipping our feet in

## LETTERS FROM SEIGAN AN AMERICAN UNSUI IN JAPAN

the stream. A boy spotted us and after he reported to his parents what he had seen, they brought us *o-cha* [tea] and canned soda to drink. Before they left the little boy said, "Bye, bye..." waved and smiled. It was very moving.

When *unsui* stop for a *sarei* [tea time] during *takuhatsu*, it is done rather secretly. We will find a Shinto shrine and sit in the backyard or under its porch, sneak under a bridge, an alleyway, in the back of train and bus stations, junkyards and cemeteries.

Together with the fact that our feet are bandaged and dirty, our *waragi* [straw sandals] are ragged, our *koromo*'s [robes] are dusty, our skin is sweaty and (at least nowadays) we all have stubble and whiskers on our faces and heads and we probably smell, and it is all a rather good lesson in humility. I am one in a pack of stray dogs!

Children love to tease monks, at least the ones who are brave enough. Some are absolutely terrified while others are very curious.

The last time we went out to *takuhatsu* I heard two children yelling at me from a window. "Obosan [monk]! Hey obosan..." and then laughing as they ducked when I turned to look. They would hide, then peek out of the window and shout again, "Obosan!" I was laughing just as hard as they were.

Most children try to peek underneath our hats to see our faces. When they see mine they will say in English, "Good-bye," or "bye bye," as the boy did. They don't seem to be shocked that a *gaijin* [foreigner] is at their door. Their innocence is infectious.

Shogenji is very empty since most of the monks have gone home for their two week *zanka*. There are only five of us out of thirty, three of them being *yakui* [officers]. It feels like a vast museum after closing time. Beautiful buildings, stone gardens, altars, shrines, fish ponds, bonsai trees, shrub gardens all accompanied not by people but by the sounds of thousands of locusts. Of the monks who remain, each day they are sent out to a nearby city to do *tanagyo* [practice of offering memorial chanting, going house to house]. I stay to cook lunch and to work in the garden.

Oo-san left for Los Angeles a few weeks ago, so the new *fusan* [treasurer] is Monsan and the new *shikaryo* [monastery director] is Kansan. Four *unsui* "graduated" and moved on, one of them being Kansan. He told me to tell you hello. And Tensan has just returned to Japan.

Aug. 31

I just received word from Japanese immigration that a one year cultural visa has been granted to me, effective from Aug. 28, '95 to Aug. 28, '96. They originally told me it would need one month and then two months to make a decision, so the news coming so soon is very surprising. Thank you for your faxes. I will need to go to the Japanese Embassy while I'm in New York to get final permission.

It is raining today, the first rain that we've had since the beginning of the month. Thunderstorms and torrential *ame*.

My stepfather's father passed away. He was an old hermit kind of man. He and my stepfather had an up and down relationship for many years. He was an eccentric recluse who lived alone, but I think he was a genius. He composed music for *full orchestras* on his computers. When we would meet on holidays we would talk about Zen - since he was a student and lived in a community of Gurdieff followers, a philosophy and spiritual path which has many parallels with Zen Buddhism. Although we were not close, I still feel a loss. Perhaps grief feels more acute when you are at a distance from it... ironic.

I will close this letter since I'd like to mail it today.

The monks are looking forward to Golden Wind Sesshin, as am I.

Please take care of yourself and I wish the best to everyone at Shobo-ji and Dai Bosatsu. May the training period at NYZ and Kessei at DBZ by a strong, deep, and intense one.

Sincerely,  
Seigan





# WAKING UP

by Christopher Pallm

*Upon leaving the evening sanzen, a monk cried out, "Goodnight, Master!" The Master replied, "Good Morning."*

Sleep is, in a way, like our zazen practice. We human beings go to bed not really knowing to what we will awaken, or when, or what will do the waking. Will you wake with a start, fleeing in fear, be roused by arousal, or sit up silently sober, having gone cold with the night and covering yourself? It could be five minutes after you've gone where? Or after five hours of what? And you may find you wake up five times in one night. What will it be? The tensile tick of the clock hands 'round the face or the urgency of the alarm; a tremendous CRASHCLAP of lightning or an unbelievable scream; the wending of the wind, a caress by the light lash of the moon? We think we know how, when, and where, but do we? Not to mention, *Who* is sleeping? Believing you've already awoken, it dawns you're still dreaming. Yet, when you go to sleep one thing seems almost certain: you will have to wake up sometime, somehow. Unless you die in your sleep.

According to a Catskill legend, not far from here near the Hudson River, Rip Van Winkle fell asleep in the forest for twenty years.... Sitting in that same forest, a Diamond temple will be twenty years strong next year, having been born on the 200th anniversary of this nation. Buddha Shakyamuni sits under a tree in India, waking up on Dai Bosatsu Mountain.

Shinreimonkinshodenshogong!!!! I have been waking up now on this mountain with my Dharma brothers and sisters for one year. Early on it was a struggle for me to get up, let alone sit the schedule; I being mastered by the bell. It was hard to adopt the regimented ritual, especially due to my cultural notions of freedom; I continued to fight the form. Then one day I became a wooden fish and found I was the master of the ringing, that there is freedom in the form. In this way I learned sengyo, "to keep the fish and forget the weir."

The practice at DBZ is daily: disciplined, direct, simple. We sit zazen. We do work practice.

The practice here is year round, kaleidoscoping from winter's wane to intensely busy interims into traditional training periods, imploding in sesshin.

I have shared the cycle of the four seasons here with at least ten of the residents of DBZ. That such a devoted group of Dharma seekers have gathered from 'round the globe to do this practice on American soil is simply amazing. I can only tell you from my experience on this magic mountain that the ancient stories are not ancient; they are not just history. They are not just parables.

Our teacher also gets up with us, chants the morning service with us, takes meals with us, works with us, sits with us. He faithfully holds wake over our karmic corpses. Eido Roshi is a man who teaches "a day of no work is a day of no eating" by example and by explanation. He works hard for the Dharma.

It is only because of this Sangha's special practice of every day zazen that with this autumn, for the first time in my life, I see the leaves turning the Wheel of Dharma, the falling stars shedding body and mind.

Perhaps you have already realized this perspective in your practice. We become more alert physically and mentally; we need less sleep; we think more clearly; we get things done, it seems we have more time. We become more attentive to what we are doing, yet we somehow are more acutely aware of our surroundings. We are more sensitive, enlightened by all things. We are fully alive.

I think my teacher would say, that these are by-products of our zazen. His incessant wake up call is for us to open our eyes, in his words, to the Mandala-point-of-view.

*To my amazement,  
I saw the glittering light  
In all existences  
Revealing as my Mind*

I could tell you of so many miraculous events in my first year of practice. I could choose to tell of how Jizo Bodhisattva saved us from "being dragged by a rope." I could tell you the story of the diamond in the lake, or the day of diamond hail. Or, of the planting of a pine. But now I choose to tell you this:

How many of you remember February's full moon? With no teacher and no teaching the residents of Kongo-ji gathered in gratitude to sit Zen all day on the day of Buddha Shakyamuni's Parinirvana. I cannot

describe the silent beauty of the day, glittering like a jewel in the snow. I cannot even write the wonder I still feel for those people, and that day. In the evening, continuing a hard day of practice into the white night, I truly witnessed the Sangha's full MU becoming Parinirvana's full moon. MUUUOOON.

This is our practice at International Dai Bosatsu Zendo.

It is with the foolishness of someone with only one year of practice that I have no shame in asking that we all continue our practice with full MU. I sincerely ask that we all do zazen in the Mahayana spirit. I hope when you read a poet's offering to Master Bassui you realize, "When True Dharma is almost disappearing..."

LET TRUE DHARMA CONTINUE with NEN!

Let's bury the stone statue.

Today, why not let the sun strike the han? Mandalamandalamorning.

September, 1995



## Kessei/Ango

April 2 to July 7, 1996

We invite those who are sincere in their desire to deepen their practice to join us for the ninety-five days of Spring Kessei/Ango 1996. Living at Dai Bosatsu Zendo monastery for an extended period of time, allows for the opportunity to see the Self and world as-it-is, and to integrate vital understanding with everyday life.

Residencies can range from the full-three months of the training period, which includes three seven-day sesshins, to one day. When Eido Roshi is in residence, daily dokusan is held in the evenings. The daily schedule from 5 a.m. to 9 p.m., challenges us to drop self-centeredness through zazen and *samu* (dedicated work for the well-being of others and for the monastery). To request an application, please call the office at 914-439-4566.

Cost: Fulltime/\$2500. Monthly/\$1000.



## DBZ NEWS

HCR 1 Box 171 • Livingston Manor, NY 12758 • Tel 914-439-4566 Fax 914-439-3119

## 1995 Fall Kessei/Ango

■ Kessei/Ango formally began on September 7, with a Teisho by Eido Roshi on the *Rinzai Roku* and *signing-in* of the participants. The ordained Kessei participants are: Jiro-san Andy Afbale, Seiko Susan Morningstar, Fujin Attale Formhals, Doshin David Schubert, Shokan Marcel Urech and Shojun (Jun-san) Ogasawara. Returning Kessei participants are Yugen Koen van Wijngaarden, Chisho Fusaye Maas, Subaru Salvatore Chirvai, Andrew Gregory, Sangen Hiro Tanaka, Ed Farrey, Christopher Pallm, Shoshanna Susanna Triner, Sayoko Matsuda, Yayoi Karen Matsumoto and Ippo Marc Hendler. From New York Zendo, we welcome Tendo Tim Lacy. We welcome back Hokai Jeff Webster, who will join us for one month. Dunja Lingwood returns for the 7-day sesshins as yoga instructor and assistant tenzo.

■ On September 19, Eido Roshi formally acknowledged Seiko Kido Susan Morningstar as having completed her 1000 days of training as a Rinzai Zen Buddhist nun. During the ceremony, Aiho-san, Seiko's spiritual guardian, gave words of caution and encouragement. As an expression of her gratitude, Seiko donated copies of the Diamond Sutra in English. She began another period of training in mid-October, at Shogen-ji Monastery in Japan. Congratulations, thank you and supportive *Nen* to Seiko in her continued training!

■ Yayoi Karen Matsumoto will be ordained as a Rinzai Zen nun on Buddha's Enlightenment Day, Dec. 8. Congratulations!

## Shogen-Kongo Dharma Relationship

*The Diamond True Dharma eye  
Glitters in the boundless cosmos.*

Sogen Yamakawa Roshi, the Dharma heir of Tani Kogetsu Roshi and Abbot of Shogen-ji Monastery, joined us for Golden Wind Sesshin. He arrived on September 22 with 10 monks, 1 nun and 2 lay practitioners from Japan. One of the visiting monks from Japan

was Seigan Ed Glassing. Although our visitors have a beautiful monastery, they nevertheless flew across the Pacific to do sesshin at DBZ. Through this East-West Dharma exchange, we shared our practice with each other. We thank them for traveling so far and for their participation in this sesshin. "It was Golden Wind when we arrived, it was Golden Wind during sesshin, and it is Golden Wind as we leave," remarked Sogen Roshi upon departure from Dai Bosatsu Zendo.

Through the strong Dharma connection between Shogen-ji and Dai Bosatsu Zendo Kongo-ji, and the close friendship of 40 years between Kogetsu Roshi and Eido Roshi, a training-exchange program is well on its way. Prior to Kogetsu Roshi's death, he, Sogen Roshi and Eido Roshi had discussed the matter of a DBZ monk training at Shogen-ji. Thus, Seigan and Seiko are there now. In 1996 a Shogen-ji monk will join us at DBZ for a year's training. Sogen Roshi continues the seven year-old tradition, which was initiated by Kogetsu Roshi and Eido Roshi: bringing the Shogen-ji monks to participate in a yearly sesshin at DBZ. Also, Eido Roshi has been teaching once a year at Shogen-ji Junior College since 1989. Both Eido Roshi and Sogen Roshi feel it is important to keep an active connection between the two monasteries for the *gradual* transmission of Japanese Rinzai Zen Buddhism to the West.

Dai Bosatsu Zendo is the only American Zen training center with a solid East-West exchange program with an authentic Japanese Rinzai Zen monastery. Through Nyogen Senzaki, D.T. Suzuki, and their teacher Soyen Shaku, we have a long Dharma connection to the early pioneering efforts of Zen in America.

## Eido Roshi's Pilgrimage

This summer Eido Roshi traveled to Switzerland to conduct a Five-day Sesshin for the European Sangha. He also went to

Italy where he led a Zen workshop.

In November, Eido Roshi will make a pilgrimage to Japan for about ten days. First he will go to Tokugen-ji in Nagoya where Jun-san practiced, then to Shogen-ji Monastery in Gifu for the one year memorial service for Kogetsu Tani Roshi, and on the same day, to Ryutaku-ji for the 13th anniversary memorial service for Soen Roshi. He will make a pilgrimage to Kogaku-ji, Bassui's temple, where Soen Roshi was ordained, and pay his respects to Mount Dai Bosatsu. He will be accompanied by Jun-san. Eido Roshi will return to the United States to complete Kessei at Dai Bosatsu Zendo and Dharma activities at New York Zendo. In February, Eido Roshi will go to Shogen-ji Junior College for his annual teaching commitment.

## Jukai Ceremony 1996

Eido Roshi has said, "Jukai is the turning point in your life where as a lay-student, you unconditionally commit yourself to the practice of Buddha-Dharma. We take the precepts in the knowledge that we are committing to an endless path of transformation, a path that requires our constant and vigilant awareness. In a larger sense, you are committing your life to the realization of your True Nature."

The next opportunity to participate in the Jukai ceremony will be at the Harvest Jukai Sesshin 1996, October 26 - November 2. Prerequisite to taking Jukai is: completion of two 7-day sesshins with Eido Roshi at DBZ or regular membership at NYZ. Those wishing to participate, must write a letter requesting Jukai, addressed to Eido Roshi at Dai Bosatsu Zendo by August 1, 1996. Responses with further details will be sent by mail. It is mandatory for all applicants to attend the Harvest Jukai Sesshin.

## Anniversary Repairs

To spearhead the effort to make needed repairs as Dai Bosatsu Zendo nears its twentieth anniversary, Eido Roshi and Aiho-san are generously donating new tatami mats for the entire Dharma Hall. After twenty years of zazen, dokusan, morning services, teishos, Dharma talks and special services, the tatami mats which were donated for Dai Bosatsu Zendo's opening on July 4, 1976 are in need of replacement. The mats in the



## Anniversary Repairs Cont'd

Dharma Hall, especially on lakeside, have become quite worn. Thank you Eido Roshi and Aiho-san.

Since July 4, 1976 the infrastructure of the monastery has served Kessei after Kessei, sesshin after sesshin, as a support for the practice and training here. Now there are many areas which need repair as well as replacement. The main project is the monastery's shingled roof which needs major work, if not replacement. Moss, expanding ice, and other elements have left many of the shingles split and disintegrated. These need attention *before* leakage begins. Dai Bosatsu Zendo depends on the kind support of its Sangha to carry out these important projects.

## Spring/Summer News

### ■ 1000 Days

In a formal ceremony during Memorial Day Sesshin in May, Shokan Undo Marcel Urech of Switzerland, was accepted as a Rinzaï Zen Buddhist monk and began his 1000 days of training. Congratulations!

### ■ Obon

One of the most powerful and beautiful weekends of the summer was shared by over 100 people. An amazing opening feast was prepared almost single-handedly by Aiho-san Yasuko Shimano, Director of NYZ. The rain stopped just in time for the silent procession with candlelit memorial lanterns to Beecher Lake. Set free in the middle of the lake, the lanterns began to dance to Taizo Robert Greene and David Gillet's shakuhachi flute music flowing over the water as the moon teased us from behind the dark clouds. Inexplicably, during our "Namu Dai Bosa" chanting, all the lanterns returned from both sides of the lake to circle the dock where Eido Roshi stood, coming to rest on the shore.

## Training Programs

Students come from all over the world to sit at this mountain monastery. For authentic Rinzaï Zen training, there is no place comparable to Dai Bosatsu Zendo. DBZ is a rare American Zen training center in its active relationship with a Japanese Rinzaï Zen monastery, Shogen-ji, and its long established connection to the early pioneering efforts of Zen in America. The

Abbot, Venerable Eido Shimano Roshi, is the spiritual leader of Dai Bosatsu Zendo. He has preserved the original Japanese form, yet has adapted it to make it accessible to Western students.

## Introduction to Zen Workshops

**Feb. 16-18; Mar. 29-31; May 3-5;  
June 21-23; Oct. 4-6; Nov. 15-17**

For students of the Way who have read about Zen and now want to directly experience it, this introductory workshop is highly recommended. The weekend is structured for newcomers to Zen practice as well as others who are curious about residential training in a Rinzaï Zen Buddhist monastery.

During the weekend, the DBZ staff will cover the basics of Zen training from the correct zazen postures, morning service chanting, formal *jihatsu* (meal bowl) etiquette and zendo procedures. During the mornings, the participants will join the residents in their daily schedule and work projects. Afternoons are free to enjoy the natural beauty of Beecher Lake and the many trails that run through 1400 acres of wilderness. There is an informal lunch on Sunday before departure.

Cost: \$150. NYZ members: \$125.

## Sesshins

- **HOLY DAYS SESSHIN**  
April 6-13
- **MEMORIAL DAY SESSHIN**  
May 25 - June 1
- **20th ANNIVERSARY SESSHIN**  
June 26 - July 3, 1996
- **SUMMER FIVE-DAY SESSHIN**  
August 1-6  
(Cost: \$375. NYZ members: \$350.)
- **GOLDEN WIND SESSHIN**  
Sept. 21-28
- **HARVEST JUKAI SESSHIN**  
Oct. 26 - Nov. 2
- **ROHATSU SESSHIN**  
Nov. 30 - Dec. 8  
(Cost: \$600. NYZ members: \$575.)

Sesshins are silent week-long zazen intensives. They are an opportunity to deepen one's understanding and to receive personal guidance from Eido Roshi in *dokusan*

(private interview) and to attend his *Teishos* (Zen presentation). Eido Roshi's Teisho text for 1996 will be *The Hekiganroku (The Blue Cliff Record)*. He recommends that sesshin students bring their own copy of Sekida's *Two Zen Classics* which has been recently re-published.

DBZ sesshins are a full seven days and eight nights. They begin on a Saturday afternoon with instruction and orientation for newcomers, followed by a silent supper. In the evening, there is *sozarei*, the formal opening with tea and exhortations by the Abbot and officers. Everyday thereafter, we wake before dawn and sit zazen until late in the night. Sesshin ends on the following Saturday evening at 9:30 p.m. Departure is after an informal brunch on Sunday morning. Cost: \$500. NYZ members: \$475.

## Weekend Sesshins

- **MARCH-ON SESSHIN**  
March 7-10
- **PINE PLANTING SESSHIN**  
April 25-28

Weekend sesshins begin on Thursday evenings at 5 p.m. with orientation, and end on Sunday with lunch.

Cost: \$225. NYZ members: \$200.

## Private Retreats Spaces

O-An Cottage, a one-room log cabin, and the Gatehouse Apartment, an efficiency studio, are available as private retreat spaces.

## Reservations, please.

Reservations are required for all DBZ activities and visits. There is limited space, so we encourage you to register early. There are many behind-the-scene preparations prior to events, such as the purchasing of food. Please help us to avoid waste by calling one week ahead for both registration or necessary cancellations.

Use a VISA or Mastercard and include the expiration date. By mail, please include a deposit of half the cost of the program. Deposits are non-refundable but transferable to other programs or to the Monastery Store. Reservations are not complete until we have received your deposit. So please call us at (914) 439-4566 or fax (914) 439-3119.



## Open Space Program

The Open Space Program encourages independent, holistically oriented groups to hold workshops and programs on the monastery grounds, with the option of participating in our Zen practice.

### A Sampling:

#### **Find A Quiet Corner:**

**March 22-24; June 21-23; Oct. 4-6**

Myochi Nancy O'Hara, author of *Find a Quiet Corner: A Simple Guide to Self-peace*, leads this workshop which will show how to introduce and integrate quiet time into one's everyday life, and to discover how to bring the peace and serenity of Dai Bosatsu Zendo into one's home. Yoga and outdoor activities will be offered. Contact: Myochi Nancy O'Hara at 212-866-0730.

#### **Beginners' Shakuhachi Intensive:**

**Aug. 30 - Sept. 1**

#### **Shakuhachi Retreat: July 12-14**

The Shakuhachi is a Japanese bamboo flute and has been associated with Zen Buddhism for centuries. Master Nyogetsu Seldin will instruct beginners on *Kyorei*, the oldest known piece of music in the Zen repertoire. Seldin is the head of Ki-Sui-An Shakuhachi Dojo, the largest and most active of its kind outside of Japan. Contact: Ki-Sui-An Shakuhachi Dojo at 212-818-0897.

#### **Healing & Wellness Retreat and HIV O-Bon Ceremony: Aug. 16-19**

This retreat offers HIV+ people a tranquil setting and rejuvenating peace. The weekend will include instruction in zazen, individual bodywork such as shiatsu and reiki massage, and vegetarian meals. The special O-Bon Ceremony is a time of remembrance, dedicated to friends and family who have died of AIDS. Contact: James Wentzy at 212-226-8147.

#### **12-Step Weekend for A.A. Members:**

**May 10-12; June 14-16; July 12-14;**

**Aug. 30 - Sept. 2; Oct. 11-13**

The program teaches the integration of the 12-Step program with zazen meditation. There is the option to join in the monastery practice schedule and time to enjoy the mountain. Contact: Boun Nancy Berg at 212-582-7554. ▲

# THE WILDLIFE ON DAI BOSATSU MOUNTAIN

by Doshin David Schubert

Dai Bosatsu Zendo rests in the heart of the Catskill Mountains. This is a very special place, where humankind and nature reunite. Many animals share this sacred mountain haven with us. Anyone visiting Dai Bosatsu Zendo has probably seen some of the mammals that live within this forest sanctuary.

One of the most common mammals is the chipmunk. Foraging chipmunks often visit the zendo looking for food, as students sit in zazen. They collect leftovers offered to them outside the *tenzo* (kitchen) area and fill their cheek pouches. Chipmunks dig complex burrows underground and make rooms for food, sleeping, and rearing young. The tunnels go well below the frost line, thus allowing this small squirrel to hibernate through harsh mountain winters.

Another true hibernator is the small brown bat, which can be seen at dusk catching insects over Beecher Lake. Occasionally bats swoop through the Dharma Hall during Morning Service, but easily maneuver back out through the doors using their keen sonar. Bats can live longer than 20 years and have the ability of varying the rate of their metabolism, thereby conserving energy.

Perhaps the most beloved mammal on the mountain is the white-tailed deer. This ungulate (hoofed-mammal) has little difficulty negotiating the steep forest terrain. Like cows, deer are ruminants and possess a chambered stomach which allows them to digest their diet of foliage, grass or *tenzo* scraps. Deer give birth to as many as four fawns in May. The fawns leave after one year. This year two does, each with one fawn frequented the forest near the zendo. They were seen in the early morning feeding on wild pea flowers near the *bonsho* (gong struck at dawn and dusk). Bucks stay by themselves, until mating season in late winter.

At the north end of Beecher Lake, beavers make their home. They are the largest rodent in North America, averaging 40 pounds. Their hind-feet are webbed and adapted for swimming. The beaver's

flattened tail is used to control direction when swimming, not to pat down mud on dams, as is popularly believed. Beavers have chisel-shaped incisor teeth which they use to fell trees. They feed on the soft inner bark and use the trunks and branches to dam streams, thereby creating ponds to live in. On the pond a lodge is built where the beaver family sleeps and spends the winter. Branches stuck into the mud on the pond floor are used for food when ice forms. Next to humans, beavers have the greatest ability to change the environment by flooding areas and creating rich wetlands.

Two species of canids, the coyote and red fox have been seen and heard during the summer interim at DBZ. Coyotes howling during evening zazen sent a powerful energy through the zendo. They travel in packs, composed of family units, and hunt small mammals like rabbits or feed on carrion. This misunderstood predator was virtually wiped out east of the Mississippi River, but has recently begun repopulating the northeast. The coyote here weigh 50 pounds and seem to thrive even near civilization. They make their dens in abandoned ground-log burrows, where they raise litters of four to seven pups.

The red fox also lives in old burrows. Kits are born in March and remain in the den until they are four weeks old. The parents bring them fresh kills or carrion, especially muskrats and rabbits. They hunt together as a family until late summer when the maturing young move on to establish their own territory.

One of the most primitive and interesting mammals on the mountain is the porcupine. These nocturnal mammals are active year round and can be seen even during winter storms huddling in pine trees. They eat the bark of these trees, occasionally girdling and killing them. Bobcats and man are their only enemies, but each porcupine is well protected by over 30,000 barbed quills. These quills detach only when the animal is contacted, they can't be ejected. At DBZ porcupines can be seen, at night, at the wood shed taking a meal of bark from our firewood.

Dai Bosatsu Mountain supports our Rinzaï Zen Buddhist practice and is home to a great variety of plants, birds and mammals. This unique ecosystem is a wonderful example of how humankind and nature can exist as one. As it is, in the Tao. ■



# NYZ NEWS

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Shobo-ji altar on Segaki Afternoon. Photo by Kei Orihara

## Segaki Afternoon

by Tendo Tim Lacy

On Saturday July 15, as the temperature in Manhattan reached 107 degrees, Sangha members gathered at Shobo-ji to celebrate Segaki with zazen and dinner. Although the outside heat was outrageous, inside Shobo-ji a calm, cool, and lucid Segaki atmosphere prevailed. After zazen, fragrant incense was offered. Rev. Fujin from DBZ played "Itsuki no Komoriuta" on the flute, a beautiful Japanese folk melody. Also we listened to a newly released CD of "Please Call My Name," a poem by Tatsuji Miyoshi.

Segaki and O-Bon are often described as commemorative events. As Eido Roshi said in his Dharma talk, this is true and not true. We give our zazen energy to "all known and unknown deceased Dharma brothers and sisters." Actually, we give our zazen energy to all known and unknown *living* Dharma brothers and sisters as well. Thus, Segaki and O-Bon are a matter of life and death. For life we celebrate, for death we commemorate.

Later I heard a poem by Kokin's mother, which stays in my mind even now:

*...Sometimes, I've felt that  
I was on the wrong train —*

*As I was when I arrived  
That snowy night —  
Far in the county,*

*No blur of storm-shunned houses,  
No warm station,  
No people,  
Nothing but darkness —*

*No trains with faithful lights,  
Just a glass booth where I phoned,  
My hands shaking,  
And someone came and took me home.*

*But where am I going now?  
I've never heard the place described,  
I've never seen it on a map;  
I'm coming to the end of things.*

*I have no ticket,  
No date of departure, no gate  
And no address when I arrive.*

*But it's a common journey,  
And I go alone.*

Though the outward emphasis varies with the circumstance, one aspect of zazen practice seems to stay the same: *offering*. At Segaki, Eido Roshi offered his intense teaching *nen*; Aiho-san offered her hard work, cooking and organizing to create a marvelous Segaki spirit. And Sangha members offered food, flowers, chanting, and their presence of energy and mind.

With this Segaki celebration, Shobo-ji's Spring Training Period safely and successfully ended. Thanks to the shared concerns and efforts of our Sangha, long-time and recent members, True Dharma continues amid the heat and tumult of New York City.

In gratitude I bow my head low again and again. This autumn I will do Kessei, 90 days training at Dai Bosatsu Mountain. Though I intend to return, I feel both New York Zendo Shobo-ji and Dai Bosatsu Zendo Kongo-ji are merging in my heart.

### 1995 Upcoming Events

**Nov. 23-28: Thanksgiving Weekend**  
No zendo activities.

**Dec. 13, Wed.: Last Teisho of 1995**  
*Rinzai Roku* by Ven. Eido Roshi.

**Dec. 31: New Year's Eve Celebration**

**Dec. 14 - Jan. 9: Winter Interim**

**Jan. 4, 1996, Wed.: Spring Training Period Begins.** Teisho by Ven. Eido Roshi on *Rinzai Roku*.



## 1996 Upcoming Events

### SESSHINS

SOEN/YASUTANI ROSHI SESSHIN  
Mar. 22-24

NYOGEN/GEMPO ROSHI SESSHIN  
May 3-5

SHOBO-JI 28th ANNIVERS. SESSHIN  
Oct. 4-6

SOYEN SHAKU KAIGEN SESSHIN  
Nov. 8-10

### All-Day Sittings

- Jan. 27 Dharma Talk by Aiho-san  
Apr. 20 Teisho by Ven. Eido Roshi  
Jun. 15 Dharma Talk by Eshin  
July 20 Segaki All-Day Sitting  
Teisho by Ven. Eido Roshi  
Sept. 14 All-Day Sitting  
Dec. 14 Rohatsu All-Day Sitting  
Teisho by Ven. Eido Roshi

The schedule for each All-Day Sitting will be posted at Shobo-ji.

### "Zen & Psychology" Classes

Dr. Brenda Lukeman, Eshin, will continue to teach the "Zen & Psychology" classes, which will be scheduled for a Thursday night, once a month. Exact dates will be posted at Shobo-ji on the Monthly Schedule.

## Fall Training News

### 27th Shobo-ji Anniversary Sesshin

Rev. Shokan Marcel Urech and Rev. Seiko Susan Morningstar from Dai Bosatsu Zendo, attended and helped at this sesshin which was held Sept. 15-17. We hung Mr. Chester Carlson's photo and feel great appreciation toward his Dharma contribution to Shobo-ji.

<i>America no</i>	Cleared-up
<i>Nippon bare to</i>	Fine sky of Japan
<i>Nari ni keru</i>	Now in America!

--Soen Roshi

### 1000 Days

Rev. Seiko Susan Morningstar, have a wonderful practice at Shogen-ji Monastery in Japan. Upon her completion of 1000 days of training. Seiko donated chrysanthemums for the garden and printed copies of the the English translation of the Diamond Sutra. Her feeling of gratitude will remain and

penetrate our daily practice at Shobo-ji. We sincerely wish her a happy life as a nun and a safe trip to Japan.

### Shobo-ji Visitors

■ On Oct. 1, at 11 a.m., 13 Shogen-ji monks visited Shobo-ji after Golden Wind Sesshin was completed at Dai Bosatsu Zendo. As this day was also Eido Roshi's birthday, we welcomed them and celebrated with a wonderful luncheon together in the Dharma Hall with 13 of our Sangha and the help of Rev. Fujin Attale Formhals, Sangen Hiro Tanaka and Sayoko Matsuda from DBZ.

■ As a summer vacation from Dai Bosatsu Zendo, Fujin, Jun-san (Rev. Shojun Ogasawara), Sangen and Sayoko spent one week at Shobo-ji. They worked hard at summer activities at DBZ. They enjoyed city life very much.

## Thank You

### Thank you for your inconspicuous work:

■ During the summer, while Fujin stayed at Shobo-ji, she painted the garden roof and porch. It now has a fresh feeling.

■ The second floor's roof space, where many many things had been accumulating for a long time, was cleaned by Katsuro and Fujin during the hot summer.

■ As if enjoying the last days of summer, a morning glory has been blooming in our garden. She came from Dai Bosatsu Zendo nursery through Sangen. In New York City, it is a rare sight to see.

■ The outside door to the furnace room was replaced with a new door by Rev. Kobutsu Kevin Malone. Now we feel so safe. He also repaired the outside sidewalk with cement.

■ Each sesshin, we have been nourished by Dai Bosatsu Zendo's vegetables and special breads.

■ Mr. Christopher Grady-Troia donated a new Brother electric typewriter.

■ On Sept. 25, all the carpeting from the entrance to the third floor was changed. The new carpet color is called Autumn Rose. It gives a very bright, elegant and warm feeling. Much thanks to Aiho-san's effort and Katsuro's help. ▲

*Journey to Jukai. Continued from page 7.*

When I attended this year's Memorial Day Sesshin, from the start, I was determined to just sit with the chanting of Mu in my mind, without going to dokusan. Strangely enough, as if to confirm my determination, in his Teisho two days later, Eido Roshi said that it would be far better for us to just sit with Mu or Thank-You than to come to dokusan or pass koans. He admonished us to just sit with Mu. So during the whole one week, I just sat with Mu, without going to dokusan at all, which I had never done before. I came to a realization that sitting with Mu is indeed no other than unconditional prayer for me and that Mu is no other than compassion. At that moment, I was just overcome by a tremendous sense of gratitude with joyful tears running down my face. I understood the meaning of "God is love," Christ's endurance on the cross, His forgiveness of those who crucified Him, and His last uttering, "In Thy hand!"

Then the next day, at the end of the last morning service, I heard the gong in a way I had never heard before. It was a crystal clear, gentle sound spreading and spreading to the far corners of the universe endlessly, and echoing and resounding in the whole universe. I felt that the gong sound enveloped the whole universe gently, and then I was filled with sheer oneness, compassion and gratitude. *Shujo Muhen Seigando*, ("However innumerable all beings are, I vow to save them all,") came to my mouth naturally. At that moment, I remembered that almost thirty-five years ago, I had felt and said the same thing in my prayer right after baptism. I was also reminded of how half-hearted I had been for all these years in my commitment to what makes our life possible—whatever we call it: Eternal Life, Tao, God, Dharma, Buddha, Mu, Endless Dimension Universal Life, etc. Then I decided to renew my commitment to that which is unnamable and sustains our life and the whole universe, in a Buddhist way.

Before closing, I would like to express my heart-felt gratitude to Eido Roshi and Aiho-san for their complete devotion to their students and to the Sangha for their generous support. Last but not least, I would like to thank my wife and children for their support and understanding as well as misunderstanding. ■

GASSHO.



# 1996 CALENDAR

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## NEW YORK ZENDO

## DAI BOSATSU ZENDO

JAN.	4	Spring Training Period Begins Teisho by Ven. Eido Roshi	1-31	Winter Interim
	6	Japanese Dharma Class		
	27	Nirvana All-Day Sitting, Dharma Talk		
FEB.	28	Teisho	16-18	Introduction to Zen Weekend
MAR.	2	Japanese Dharma Class	7-10	<b>March-On Weekend Sesshin</b>
	20	Teisho	29-31	Introduction to Zen Weekend
	22-24	<b>Soen/Yasutani Roshi Weekend Sesshin</b>		
	30	Japanese Dharma Class		
APR.	20	All-Day Sitting, Teisho	2	Spring Kessei/Ango Begins
			6-13	<b>Holy Days Sesshin</b>
MAY	3-5	<b>Nyogen/Gempo Roshi Weekend Sesshin</b>	3-5	Introduction to Zen Weekend
	11	Japanese Dharma Class	10-12	12-Step Weekend
	25-28	Zendo Closed for Memorial Day Weekend	18	Dharma Talk by Ven. Eido Roshi
			25-6/1	<b>Memorial Day Sesshin</b>
JUN.	5	Teisho	14-16	12-Step Weekend
	8	Japanese Dharma Class	21-23	Introduction to Zen Weekend
	15	All-Day Sitting, Dharma Talk	26-7/3	<b>20th Anniversary Sesshin</b>
	25-7/5	Zendo Closed to Join DBZ Anniv. Sesshin		
			4	<b>20th Anniversary Celebration</b>
JUL.	17	Teisho	7	Spring Kessei/Ango Ends
	20	Segaki All-Day Sitting, Teisho Spring Training Period Ends	12-14	12-Step Weekend
	21-9/3	Zendo Closed for Summer Interim		
AUG.	1-31	Summer Interim	1-6	<b>Summer Five-Day Sesshin</b>
			10-11	O-Bon
			16-19	Healing & Wellness Retreat
			30-9/2	12-Step Weekend
SEP.	4	Fall Training Period Begins Teisho by Ven. Eido Roshi	7	Fall Kessei/Ango Begins
	14	All-Day Sitting	21-28	<b>Golden Wind Sesshin</b>
OCT.	4-6	<b>Shobo-ji 28th Anniversary Weekend Sesshin</b>	4-6	Introduction to Zen Weekend
			11-13	12-Step Weekend
			26-11/2	<b>Harvest Jukai Sesshin</b>
NOV.	8-10	<b>Soyen Shaku Kaigen Weekend Sesshin</b>	15-17	Introduction to Zen Weekend
	13	Teisho	28-29	Thanksgiving Celebration
	16	Japanese Dharma Class	30	<b>Rohatsu Sesshin Eve</b>
	27-30	Zendo Closed for Thanksgiving Weekend		
DEC.	14	Rohatsu All-Day Sitting, Teisho Fall Training Period Ends	1-8	<b>Rohatsu Sesshin</b>
	15-1/7	Zendo Closed for Winter Interim	10	Fall Kessei/Ango Ends
	31	New Year's Eve Celebration		

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