

# Wind Bell



The sound that issues from the striking  
of emptiness is an endless and wonderful  
voice that resounds before and after  
the fall of the hammer.

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# *The Gift of Zazen*

*Shunryu Suzuki Roshi*

*December 14, 1967—Los Altos, California*

I AM STILL STUDYING to find out what our way is. Recently I reached the conclusion that there is no Buddhism or Zen or anything. When I was preparing for the evening lecture in San Francisco yesterday, I tried to find something to talk about, but I couldn't; then I thought of the story I was told in Obun Festival when I was young. The story is about water and the people in Hell.

Although they have water, the people in hell cannot drink it because the water burns like fire or it looks like blood, so they cannot drink it. For the celestial beings, water is a jewel, and for fish it is their home, and for the human being it is water. If you think "water is water" that is a human understanding. Although water is like fire or looks like blood for those in hell, or like a jewel for the celestial beings, or a home for fish, you may think that that is not real water, as you may think that zazen practice is real practice and the rest of the everyday activities are the application of zazen. Zazen is fundamental practice. But Dogen Zenji amazingly said, "Water is not water." If you think water is water your understanding of water is not much different from a fish's, a hungry ghost's or an angel's understanding of water. There is not much difference between our understanding and their understanding.

Then, what is our zazen? Or what is water? And if zazen is not zazen, what is it that we are practicing everyday? That is the next question. Dogen Zenji says, "This is Buddha's activity," some activity which was given to you. Tentatively, the water is not water actually; it is something which was given to you. Our practice is not something you can understand, because it is something which is given to you. You didn't make it; you did not invent it; the reason you can practice it is just because it was something which was given to you. This practice is possible because Buddha gave this practice to us. We do not know what it is, but because it was given to us we have to receive it, we have to accept it. That is why we practice zazen.

Now, if you understand our way in this way whatever you do that is the gift for you, something which was given to you and something you should accept. Because you cannot accept everything and you cannot choose everything, you have no chance to accept something when it is given to you. Even though there are various treasures, if they are not given to you, you cannot accept them. And the way to accept it is to accept it when it is given to you. You cannot say, "I will accept it tomorrow." You

cannot say, "I can accept it yesterday." The only way is to accept it right now, when it was given to you, then tomorrow something new will be given to you. So, day by day, we practice our way, as a gift. And we accept it when it is given to us. The Buddha gives everything according to the people and the situation. When they are in hell the gift will be fire. For celestial beings the gift will be the jewel. For fish the gift will be their home. And there may be many kinds of gifts from Buddha, according to the nature of people. When you understand this there is no problem. This is how to practice our way. This is the real gift from Buddha.

Not only water, but a mountain is also a gift. A mountain is not always a mountain. To us it is a mountain, but to a bird it is home. Fuyo Dokai Zenji says, "The east mountain flowing, and the river stays." Water stays and mountain flows. We think a mountain is something which is always staying in some certain place, but there may be some person who sees the mountain flowing and water staying. A gift is not just something we see. It looks like a mountain, or water, or cake, or something else; it looks so. But we don't know exactly what it is. So before we understand what it is, the only way is to accept it and to practice it. That is actually true practice, or else you cannot practice our way. Even though you have built a zendo you cannot practice.

At Tassajara for almost one year we have been trying to practice our way very seriously, and the more we make our effort to practice our way, the more we are involved in big problems. There are more than forty people and they each have their own understanding of Zen, more or less. "This is Zen!" "This is Zen!" That is the trouble. Because you practice zazen you cannot practice; you cannot have Tassajara. Even though they are there they cannot do it. Why? Because they practice zazen. So I think the best way is not to practice zazen [laughter] but just to live in Tassajara, like a bird. Then you can practice zazen. Birds or badgers know what is zazen better than students in Tassajara. This happens, actually. Because we understand water is something to drink, we think water is not something to live in; this kind of one-sided understanding of our way creates many problems. So, at Tassajara, there is Tassajara's way; here in Los Altos there is your own way; as a gift. And the only way to practice it is to receive it, just to receive it when it is given to you. This is a very important point.

Even though I say this, to make our effort to find out what is real practice is not in vain, and I am so grateful for students in Tassajara, and the students who practice in Los Altos, in the Bay Area, and recently in Mill Valley, too. They are making a big effort. We are finding out the real meaning of our practice. After making a big effort to find out what is zazen, we are almost finding out what is true zazen and why we should practice our way in this cross-legged position—finding out the understanding of our practice which was given to us by Buddha.



Without intending to, Dan Welch has become a pioneer in the field of Zen painting in the U.S. As a young seeker of dharma, Dan practiced in Japan from 1962–64 at Ryutaku-ji, a Rinzai monastery founded in the 18th century by Zen Master Hakuin. After returning to the U.S., Dan went to art school for awhile, but soon realized that the life of a professional artist was not his path. In 1967 he moved to Tassajara to help establish a Zen monastic practice center there, and in 1970 he received the Tokudo Bodhisattva Precepts as a disciple of Suzuki-roshi. A serious and dedicated practitioner, Dan put aside his quest for artistic expression to engage in the intense practice of zazen and to fully immerse himself in monastic life. Yet, on certain occasions he would do a painting as a gift for a friend as a way of supporting their dharma practice. Recently Zen Center had an art show of a number of these paintings on loan from the recipients of his gifts, and a few of them are reproduced in this issue of Wind Bell.

# Like Water

Sojun Mel Weitsman

Someone asked me:  
what is the practice of a Zen Student?  
I said:  
like water.

Water always seeks the lowest place  
It goes with gravity  
It takes the shape of whatever boundaries it meets  
Sometimes it looks like a cup or an ocean  
The sweat on your hands  
the snot in your nose  
clouds  
raindrops  
lifeblood  
Constantly flowing  
in and out of  
your body

We meet it with plumbing.  
Strong pipes with tight joints.  
Water is truth  
Plumbing must be honest  
Water can't be fooled  
Water makes everything truthful  
That is its pure activity  
Sometimes it appears as slime  
or poison  
or tears  
it goes through infinite transformations  
When it dries out it appears somewhere else  
It is never lost  
or gone  
It is purified by coursing through rocks and boulders

Water is drawn to the rarified realms by the sun  
Gravity pulls it to earth  
It has the qualities of spirit and matter

*Water becomes vapor  
becomes cloud  
retreats from earth  
loses its shapes  
lets go  
returns to the dusty realms  
to nourish all beings  
as drops  
mud  
hailstones  
snow  
dew*

*The monk is called "unsui"  
"clouds and water"  
The unsui sits upright,  
Doesn't lean right or left backward or forward  
Gravity pulling down with all its force  
Spirit rising with all its strength  
Mind open, vast as space  
The life force blooming like a flower  
Equilibrium of all the forces and powers  
The unconditioned realm in the midst of  
All conditions*

*The lowest place is the highest place.  
The shape of the cloud and water person  
is determined by the direction of the wind  
Water has no special shape or form  
It responds to prayers  
Its love pervades everywhere and is not limited by  
self interest*

*Eno says, That One, is like the sun  
Shining its light in all directions  
Illuminating the way  
Facing challenges  
not turning away from difficulties  
with purity  
Like a lotus in muddy water*

# Norman Fischer Revisited

Michael Wenger interviewing Norman Fischer

**MW:** I'm talking on February 4, 2002 with Norman Fischer. Norman, what have you been up to?

**NF:** Well, I'm continuing a lot of the things I began doing while I was abbot of Zen Center. I'm doing regular retreats and seminars and classes here in the Bay Area. I have a little studio in Mill Valley where I do a weekly dharma seminar; and once a month at the Headlands Institute in Marin I do a one day retreat. I'm continuing with a little more focus on my other groups in the Pacific Northwest and in Mexico. I'm spending a lot more time writing, both poetry and dharma writing. I'm continuing with all my sort of outreach programs, like the business retreats that I started while I was abbot of Zen Center. Rabbi Alan Lew and I opened up a Jewish meditation center in January of 2000 near his synagogue on 14th and Clement, Beth Shalom. We've been doing nine-month Jewish meditation practice periods. I still am connected to the Hospice. They also have an ongoing one-year training program on being a counselor for the dying and I'm one of the faculty members. I started a small foundation that's the umbrella for all this called the Everyday Zen Foundation. And the basic concept of the Everyday Zen Foundation is to try to bring dharma out into the world through a variety of formats.

**MW:** How can our readership get on the mailing list?

**NF:** Well, the website is a big part of my plan. It's [www.everydayzen.org](http://www.everydayzen.org). The website has my schedule, and all the information and how to get on the mailing list. The website's important because I work with a lot of people on a far-flung basis.

**MW:** Tell me about your different book projects.

**NF:** I can't help myself, you know; I keep writing. Every time I get well into a new book project I start another one. So, the psalms book, *Opening to You: Zen Inspired Translations of the Psalms*, came out, or will come out on February 18, 2002. And the mentoring book, which is tentatively called *Taking Our Places: the Inner Work of Mentoring*, is a Harper-San Francisco book and I'm not sure when that'll be out, but sometime in 2003, I think. And then I've got at least two other projects going: one a book about how





*Teacup  
Dragon  
by  
Dan Welch*

to do committed Zen practice working with a teacher without being in or connected to a dharma center. And I'm also doing a series of essays on *Mumonkan*, on Zen koan in a little bit different way. So those are two writing projects. And then there's various talks that are being transcribed. One of those is a series of lectures I gave where I used the *Odyssey* as an image for sesshin, for Zen journey. I've also got two poetry manuscripts that I've just completed that are circulating for publication. I pretty much write every day now.

**MW:** What do you miss most about not being at Zen Center every day?

**NF:** Well, it's funny, you know. I can't say that I miss it in the sense that I have nostalgic feelings or that I think about it much. I still feel very connected. I see the people and I go to the Zen Center locations with the exception of Tassajara regularly. But I guess I miss being in the zendo. Now I sit at home every day and I really enjoy that, but it's a beautiful thing to go into one of the zendos, offering incense and be with people in the zendo.

**MW:** And what do you enjoy most about not being at Zen Center?

**NF:** Well, I think it's the fact that I now have a schedule that enables me to write most of the day. I am enjoying sitting by myself. It's so quiet, you know, without the ritual. It's really peaceful. And doing that I'm able to see my wife every morning. When I was at Zen Center I would leave early in the morning and I wouldn't see her till the end of the day.

**MW:** What do you feel about the big picture about Buddhism in America, the direction it's going?

**NF:** I think that Buddhism really is becoming a part of American culture, not only here in the Bay Area, but all over the country. It's been great to see Zen Center become more of an institution that's a resource for a lot of people in a lot of different ways. I think it's always been that way; but even more so in the last ten years. I don't think people appreciate what a tremendous explosion of activity there's been in terms of other groups, and the public outreach of Zen Center. Not only Zen Center, but all the Buddhist groups are becoming that way. I think our hope always was that Buddhism could humanize America a little bit. And could make America a little more tame, a little more gentle. And even though when you read the major media you might not think that's true, I think underneath there's a tremendous change going on and Buddhism is a huge part of that.

**MW:** Is there any last word or anything else you'd like to say?

**NF:** Well, the message that I find myself returning to over and over again these days is that with September 11 it's become really clear that we all have work to do, so we need to take care of our practice and take care of ourselves with the spirit of benefiting others, creating peace and harmony, not only in our sanghas and in our personal lives, but spreading it all over the place. So I hope we can all do that.



## *Interview with Annie Somerville, Executive Chef of Greens*

*Michael Wenger*

**MW:** When did you come to Zen Center?

**AS:** I came to Zen Center in 1973. Jay Simoneaux and I had been living up in Arcata, California; I was going to Humboldt State and sitting with a group of people who did Zen practice. Jay came down to San Francisco Zen Center and called me up and said, "It's really great down here. I think you should come." So I came and for the first year lived in the 300 Page neighborhood. The second year we moved into the City Center. And then I went to Tassajara from 1975 to 1978.

**MW:** What did you learn?

**AS:** I learned to get up in the morning for meditation; learned to structure my life around going to the zendo whether I felt like it or not. Being part of a community also was a very important thing.

**MW:** Were you *tenzo* [head cook] at Tassajara?

**AS:** My first year at Tassajara was basically a year of learning monastic stability. My first guest season I worked in the kitchen as a crewmember. My second year I was a guest cook. It was the summer of the Los Padres forest fire. The following year I was *tenzo* during the flood. We went from the total quiet of monastic life to all the wild things that happened.

**MW:** I remember you working in the kitchen a lot and you also worked in Alaya Stitchery.

AS: Before I went to Tassajara, I worked at Alaya Stitchery. That's when Lynn Hesslebart was managing it in the City Center building. When I came back from Tassajara the guesthouse had been purchased and I was asked to be the guest house manager. So I did that for a very short period of time. Then I went to work at Alaya and that was when Joan Larkey was managing the Stitchery. After she left I became the manager of Alaya for a couple of years.

MW: When did you start at Greens?

AS: I started at Greens on July 5th, 1981, pretty much on Greens' second birthday. At that point everyone who worked at Greens was part of Zen Center. Deborah Madison was there cooking and planning menus and Jim Phelan as well. I was asked to rotate in because Elaine Maisner, the assistant lunch chef, was going to Tassajara. I think you were hosting and were scheduler. You had a whole bunch of jobs. We had lots of people coming in doing guest dish washing shifts. Ed Brown was there bussing tables and training the floor workers.

MW: As I remember, in those early years a couple times you almost left. Or maybe you did leave.

AS: Well, let's put it this way: it wasn't an easy decision for me to go to Greens. I left what had been a job I really enjoyed, managing Alaya, working with fabric and textiles and ordering and buying and running a small store to the kind of wild chaos and intensity of Greens. So it was hard. I left briefly in 1984 to open a restaurant with David Cohen and then chose not to do that. I didn't expect to go back to Greens. In fact, when I left Tassajara, having done a lot of cooking, I said, "That's it. That's the end of kitchen life for me."

MW: So you've basically been at Greens for twenty years.

AS: People ask me "Were you one of the founders of Greens?" And I say no; that's probably why I'm still there today. Because usually everyone who starts with a restaurant is gone within a certain period of time 'cause it's just too rough. Greens has changed and yet in so many ways stayed true to so many of the things the restaurant started with in terms of how we work together.

I came in '81; I believe in 1984 we opened for brunch and we began doing special parties on Sunday nights. 1985 was when we opened for the a la carte meals. That was on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday nights. The restaurant was completely closed on Mondays for maintenance and rest. We



PETER WHITELEY SUNSET MAGAZINE

*Dining at Greens*

were doing the prix fixe meal, two different menus, on Friday and Saturday nights. And I wrote, *Fields of Greens* which was published in 1993. When I came back from working on the book we restructured the way we ran the kitchen. At that point J Kenyon became one of the leaders at Greens.

I came in July of '81 and J came in August of 1981. J also was actually intending to be there for a very brief time. I think he started by washing dishes and doing pots. Then we got going on Greens to Go and then at some point we opened the restaurant for dinner on Monday nights. So it's been like a little add-on every year or two something new and different.

**MW:** You're a very successful author of *Fields of Greens* and you're working on a new book called *Everyday Greens*. When is it expected out?

**AS:** Spring of 2003. So how does a working chef write a cookbook is a very good question. If I had to organize it and think about doing it, I would have done it differently. I would have organized it the way I do my work at Greens which is to get a lot more help than I've gotten. But I've been working with Chris Leashman very closely and it's been great. And I also have the good fortune of Fran McCullough, a fantastic editor, author and food person And of course, Michael Katz who's orchestrating the book. And you, who first encouraged me to do it.

**MW:** Who are your mentors? Or have been?

**AS:** Well, I think we can say, there's an obvious handful. We have Suzuki Roshi to thank for planting the seed of Buddhism here. And certainly Deborah Madison who got Greens off to the start. I learned an aesthetic and a style of cooking and a way of thinking about food with appreciation of the ingredients for what they are. Even though I've never worked directly at Chez Panisse, Alice Waters has been this incredible moving force, dynamic person, and visionary for what, just the way for all of us to think about food and getting fresh food to the table. And then of course all the people I've worked with at Green Gulch: Wendy Johnson, Peter Rudnick, and now Liz Milazzo, Sukey Parmalee and the growers and purveyors I work with and meet at the market.

Then there is Ed Brown. Ed was strongly responsible for getting me to Zen Center because of the *Tassajara Bread Book*. I think that many, many people were attracted to Zen Center by that incredible book. Another person who was a great inspiring cook was Bruce McAllister, who's still working at Greens.

Working side by side with J Kenyon all these years! He's an incredibly creative person with a great gift for organization and love of work. We're like the odd couple—we couldn't be more different, but our styles are highly complimentary.

**MW:** What about your years of practice—what have you learned from them?

**AS:** Well, I think that Zen practice is excellent preparation for working in a restaurant. It's the understanding that everything is constantly changing. Nothing will be what you expect it to be. You really have to enjoy every moment of it. People say, "You seem so cheerful" and I say, "Well, what are my choices? I could either be smiling about this or I could be crying." I think it's really just that acceptance that people are who they are, they do what they do. It's an opportunity to develop character everyday. I often think of rising mind.

The food part is the easy part. It's organizing the work and people's expectations, both the public and the people inside. That's probably the most complicated part of doing what I do. Not that the cooking is easy. But in a certain sense, that's the least complicated thing we do at the restaurant.

**MW:** What would you like to tell the *Wind Bell* readership?

**AS:** I think Greens is an incredible place. People ask me, "How long have you been there?" And I'd say, "It's coming up on twenty years. And either

that's really good or that's really bad." But I think Greens is an amazing place with an incredible staff. We're very fortunate to have this connection to Zen Center and to have the ability to be out there in the public working as a business, and yet have the ability to support the Zen Center, maintain the relationship with Green Gulch and to do what we do. It's a gift to be in Fort Mason, in the park, and have all the different kinds of people that come in the door come to us. So I think we're very fortunate. We've worked very hard, not always knowing what we're doing, but worked to keep the restaurant a vigorous place. And I think a lot of people have a very deep affection for the restaurant and we want to keep it that way.

**MW:** And what do you think Greens offers to the public?

**AS:** Well, you said it recently and it's something I think about the restaurant. I think Greens is an egalitarian place with an attention to detail. I think that we offer an open dining environment. Anybody can walk in the door of the restaurant and feel comfortable. We don't just cater to people who are glued to cell phones and wear only black.

Greens is a very public place. And that's what we want it to be. We want to be a place where people love to come in, have a great meal, very friendly service, feel invited. It's a warm, beautiful place. It's open and it's not terribly specialized even though we are a vegetarian restaurant. It's a place where any kind of person can come in, for a sandwich at Greens to Go or a casual lunch or a fancier dinner on Saturday night.

Greens is a very dynamic environment—filled with light and fresh air. I always say it has a life of its own. I'd like to think Greens is on course for the next 100 years.

*The City Center roof*



JEREMY STETTER

## *Practice on and off the Cushion: Ino*

*Anna Thorn*

The theme for the May–June 2002 practice period at City Center was “Practice on and off the Cushion.” As part of that theme, each of the temple officers gave a talk about how they see their practice in the positions they hold. Anna Thorn gave the first talk, on being ino or director of the meditation hall. Anna has held this position for about a year and her work and dedication are deeply appreciated.—Michael Wenger

WHEN I WAS SIX YEARS OLD, I learned to write on a blackboard making a scratching sound with something called griffel which still gives me goose bumps when I hear it in my memory. The process was a formal drill of taming my body, my hand into making even circling movements that didn’t come easy. My tears dropping on the board spoiled what little success I had. This picture—long forgotten—came up during some encounters between ino and doan-in-training when I was at Tassajara. A gate, a hint, helping me to see my fear to fail behind my anger. This is one of the many ingredients of this particular ino.

Many different inos have formed my idea of what an ino is like. One ino was always in the zendo sitting more than anyone else. One ino created beautiful rooms and altars. One ino was a diligent trainer of doans. One ino wrote the most organized and comprehensive instructions for all kinds of ceremonies. One ino was enormously kind and helpful in introducing new students to the practice. They all inspired me and they all taught me that there are as many different possibilities of ino as there are people taking on this role.

Our residents’ handbook describes the ino as follows: “The Ino works with the Tanto and is responsible for the everyday details of practice in the temple. The Ino is the heart of formal practice in the zendo and Buddha Hall, supervising, attending, and assigning staffing for all sesshins and ceremonies.”

There is one expression in this quote that makes me want to leave right now: “HEART OF FORMAL PRACTICE.” I can imagine being responsible for the details of practice—meticulous attention to details—wonderful . . . Or supervising, attending, organizing sesshins and ceremonies—fine; planning the future is one of my favorites . . . But the heart, the vital center of formal practice—me, no—I have no heart. This is not me. My reaction and fascination confronting this expression circulates around “being present, being no



self, is most difficult." Being completely open to what unfolds around me is rare.

I will return to this dharma gate of self-imagination.

Dogen's description of the ino in his "Pure Standards for the Temple Administrators" is even more scary to me: "The ino . . . is called *yuezhong* [giver of joy to the assembly]. Generally [the ino] supervises all the affairs of monks. . . . The ino job is called the delight of the assembly in China. . . . So this is called (the ino's) regarding with love all who arrive and compassionately nourishing monks, so that the assembly's heart becomes the [ino's] own heart and the mindfulness of the Way becomes the [ino's] own mindfulness." (From *Dogen's Pure Standards for the Zen Community* translated by Taigen Daniel Leighton and Shohaku Okumura.)

Giver of joy, delight of the assembly, compassionately nourishing monks . . . I feel embarrassed. I feel like retreating to the shuso statement: "Through the abbes's support and all of you, I have been ino. And I am deeply grateful for your help. But I have not been worthy of it. Please forgive me my mistakes; they fill heaven and earth, leaving me no place to hide . . ." What vanity brought me to say yes to this job?

Since I've been put into the position of ino, I've been trying to understand this dharma position. Of course there is no end to this searching, never getting to a place where I could stay; instead ongoing waves moving between feeling overwhelmed by the amount of details that need to be taken care of or the never ceasing reactions of my judging mind and then the sudden blink of a perfect harmony when there is one heartbeat and no assembly and no ino.

Dharma gates are boundless. Let's look at this one:

Self—self imagination—identification with the ino position.

Of course I wanted to be ino. Supporting formal practice as the center of my effort seems to be the best job to take on. Completely following the forms, completely renouncing my own agenda, completely serving the sangha sounds like ideal priest training. No separation between practice and work. All these concepts sounded attractive to me like nice little traps to get caught in, which happens again and again.

There is not someone to be. There is not a center point or something to hold on to called practice. There is not a form that is not changing every moment. There is not a sangha there and a somebody (me) here to serve the sangha.

In innumerable smaller or larger incidents I get to know the pain of identification with being the ino, of grasping the ino. For example, in the morning at the end of the second roll-down a student appears at the zendo entrance and I give them a sign not to enter the zendo now—they ignore the sign and enter—I start to get involved in an enormous story about how outrageous this behavior is. If "they" don't accept my instruction, I cannot take care of the forms. It's a battlefield . . . stop. Breathe . . .

The other day I asked a woman who was about to enter the zendo after the second roll-down: "Could you please wait?" She turned around, running out of the Laguna door, shouting: "Forget it!" As you can see, I still haven't forgotten.

Or in the afternoon: People enter in all kinds of ways and I'm still jumping off my seat, when someone crosses in front of the altar, it's unbearable. It's still close to a physical reaction. And it is a conflict: I'm responsible that the forms are observed and starting with an instruction seems to be not welcoming . . .

Forms and ceremonies.

I was raised Catholic and made my first confession when I was five years old. This was the preparation of my first communion, which happened before I entered school. It happened in a nunnery with my uncle being the officiating priest. It happened without the usual dress-up in a white lace dress and a flower ribbon around my head, without the ceremonial form that it was usually done with. My parents didn't want me to be distracted by glimmer and glory. There was a mistrust in the forms of the church. A kind of modernism, or purism. My mistrust in the ceremonial show later grew into a deep skepticism towards the whole ritual and the content of the liturgy and at some point I left the church.

And I found out that there is no social life without ceremonies and rituals. They express our understanding of life. And they have some impact or imprint on us that is not completely captured by our usual story telling.

As a little girl I would throw flower petals at Fronleichnam which I only can translate as "happy corpse"—a procession through the village and fields when the priest in gold brocade carried a golden monstrance (*monstrare* is "to show") which meant carrying God around to bless everything and everyone. We were not supposed to look at it, but to kneel down and bow deeply and everybody was silent, only bells and clouds of incense . . .

My feeling connected to this memory has a German name Ehrfurcht, a very old fashioned feeling: respect, reverence, awe—says the dictionary.

One of our most important or regularly used forms at Zen Center is bowing. We bow to each other. We bow when we use the bathroom. We bow when we pick up the striker to sound the bell.

I quote Suzuki Roshi: "After zazen we bow to the floor nine times. By bowing we are giving up ourselves. Usually to bow means to pay our respect



to something which is more worthy of respect than ourselves. But when you bow to Buddha you should have no idea of Buddha, you just become one with Buddha, you are already Buddha himself. When you become one with Buddha, one with everything that exists, you find the true meaning of being." What happens when we bow? Can we just be bowing? With no idea of Buddha?

Forms and rituals give us a structure. They give us space to make no choices. They simplify our life. For example oryoki: We receive the food that is offered in a ceremonial way that supports our presence with what we are doing. In a monastic setting like Tassajara during the winter, with a schedule for three months we can adjust to only do what is right in front of us. My experience is that life intensifies.

I was at Tassajara for five practice periods and during two practice periods I was doan and head doan. That is actually the most important part of my training for this job. I went through several stages of doan practice and I'm just starting over again.

Reb Anderson describes working with the forms as follows: "It is not the intention of the Buddha ancestors that these forms and ceremonies be used as programs to control ourselves or others. Rather, they provide support, like a trellis, upon which the profuse and abundant forms of the Buddha way can bloom and proliferate. They are freely given by our tradition and are meant as offerings of clear and gentle guidance and support, not as shackles to bind us. Nonattachment is the essence of the practice of embracing and sustaining forms and ceremonies. Finding the perfect balance between observing the forms and letting go of them, you realize the liberating potential of this first Pure Precept (Embrace and sustain forms and ceremonies)." (From *Being Upright* by Reb Anderson.)

For example working with the schedule, the timing: And shouldn't I be in charge of the time? Falling into the absurd idea of control: Mine is the schedule and the schedule is me. "You are not on time"—I sometimes say these words to someone. And sometimes they come from some upright impulse and sometimes they come from a deluded self-righteousness, the schedule being me. What is time?

This is just the beginning of a discussion of the practice opportunities of the temple officers as examples for practice on and off the cushion and I hope this is helpful not only in the frame of temple life.

For me it is helpful to go back to Dogen's original concept of each temple officer to understand the practice implications of each field of work in a monastic community, but also in a lay community with monastic characteristics such as City Center.

Thank you for listening to these unfinished thoughts . . .

## The World Is Vast and Wide

Gretel Ehrlich  
Tassajara 2002

THE OTHER DAY I asked Michael Wenger what I should talk about and he said, "Unmen's 'The world is vast and wide. Why do we put on our robe and do zazen when the bell rings?'"

The myth of freedom is that we are on a journey. That by going we are making progress. Wildness is implicit everywhere. Inside is out and outside is in, and every construct is fashioned from wild elements: vines, thoughts, vegetables, shoelace, sound. It is at the heart of everything. It is the path with the rug pulled out. Path and goal exploded.

The Inuit of Greenland have a myth about the big world. Two young people set out to see the whole world. Greenland is flat, so they could see to the horizon which they thought was the limit of the world. Many years later they returned to their village. They were very old and many of the villagers had died or no longer remembered them. They concluded the world was bigger than they thought.

The Inuit have a word: *sila*. It means weather—the power of nature and consciousness. Internal weather and the busy mind of a glacier. The implication in its myriad uses is a sense of what the sea ice, polar bear, glacier, mountain, rock knows about you. What it will teach you. How you will learn. The word *sila* is conjoined with a longer word meaning "seeking to obtain wisdom." Its source, implicitly, is in and of the natural world, of which one's consciousness is a part.

And so zafu or dogsled, monastery wall or sea ice, robes or bearskins—what difference does it make? Going out is always going in, and going in is to illuminate—every wild sound and place in the cosmos.

When I was young I walked in my sleep. I unscrewed the screen from the window and walked to the stable, lying down in a shed with our old kindly stallion, and slept on the straw.

My daily chore was to "exercise horses"—what I was really doing was riding into the foothills to be away from people, to be quiet, to look at things.

Wild places—i.e., the natural world—lured me, sang to me like a Siren's song. But once there, I lapsed into passivity. I liked to hang around in one place, or walk to the same pond or stream or glacier, or rock ledge over and over again.

This became a lifetime habit; later, when writing, it was the way I came to know something. Last summer I followed an Arctic explorer to an unexplored peninsula at the top of Greenland. One week, in the middle of



*Tassajara*

extremely arduous trudging and climbing, river fording, glacier sliding, we came to a “field of erratics”—a place where a glacier had carried huge boulders down a mountain and left them there as it began to recede. The glacier’s snout was the wall behind this rock garden. Rivulets of water, pooling up and releasing everywhere. Boulders the size of a house were tipped sideways. Nothing in the world of human-made art in any century or kingdom duplicates the beauty and complexity of this place. We couldn’t stay, but had to trudge on. The next day, following the same river, we came to a wide floor with a single boulder, and erratic, tipped sideways and cracked in half. All by itself. The two places were complementary and expressed the hall and the wall, the bell and the busy mind.

When I took refuge and Bodhisattva vows I did so nervously, laughing all the way to the ceremony. I was a classic wall jumper. I’d thrust myself into a three-and-a-half-month-long monastic practice period, then spend the first month trying to escape: I’d sign up for twice the amount of kitchen duty allowed. Then Pema Chodron would drag me out and send me to the meditation hall. Mistakenly, I was trying to create space with velocity, when in fact, it’s generated by inactive activity on the cushion. Creating a gap, swimming in the bardo, developing humor.

By month two, my wall battles subsided and I melted into sensuous, pleasure-filled, heart-opening, pond-watching mode. By month three, something new happened. I saw for the first time, not simply the wholeness, connectedness, warm, mushy, sexual, open-horizoned love and light nature of things, but also the sharp distinctions between. I began to see the

implicit order of things, how the interweaving loosens to reveal the extraordinary quality of each element. One blade of grass, one burr, one horse hoof, one toenail growing out of flesh. At least for a moment. Then the whole miasma churned and I'd go blind, go dumb, get angry, grow greedy all over again.

When I sit I'm a tube of noise; a chimney funneling confusion upward. "Please stop polluting," Trungpa Rimpoche, my old teacher used to say. When I lived in his house he'd look into my room: "Still camping?" he'd ask. I'd look into his room where he liked to sit naked on his bed. "Still naked?" I'd ask.

When my heart stopped after being hit by lightning and started again by itself, I saw how insignificant my one life was, how beautiful the grasses and sage and mountains around me were, how gray and boring the bardo is, how unimportant it was whether I lived or died.

When hit by lightning, ingesting ten million volts of electricity in one gulp, the natural world's wildness transmitted through me, my heart stopped. And started. And stopped—twice more. I had a second and third and fourth chance.

For a long time I swam in the bardo—with brain stem injury, I swam in the synaptic gap. I was often lost. The discipline of sitting practice had taught me about gaps, the pause between heartbeats—pure bardo with no reference points. At first panic; then, accommodation; the stringing together of disparate elements on the same thread. Having been almost dead I became acquainted with my corpse.

The wildness is not just outside and not just inside, it is flowing through every orifice—a continuous stream—all the time.

Every tongue of a Greenland glacier is moving and static, melting and accumulating, carrying a whole mountain down on its roof, and at the same time, rising up—a mountain of ice and debris.

Yesterday in the Tassajara bathtub I watched clouds: before me unfolded the enactment of western painting, of living and becoming a skeleton: we're always trying to shield ourselves from our insubstantiality. With the walls of our houses, our costumes, our music, our bickering, our money-counting. But the clouds told me everything I needed to know.

Everyday is like this too. In those moments when we stop grasping and reacting, we see that space is humor, humor is space. Always doing laps with me is the self-destructive situation of ego. Its web of stagnation. In its absence, one can, I'm told, one might experience the living aspect of each emotion, each strand, leaf, shadow, bud. The recumbent trunks of 200 year old oak trees.

We're always trying to shield ourselves from insubstantiality.

Two years ago I was asked by *The New York Times* to write a piece about St. Francis, about whom I knew almost nothing. I was to walk from Assisi

to Gubbio where he fled after renouncing his father and family and ordinary life. He took all his clothes off in the piazza and walked naked out the north gate alone. To walk is to unbalance oneself. Between one step and the next we become lost. Balance is regained as the foot touches earth; then goes as the foot lifts.

What I learned about this man was how outrageous he was, that walking around the mountains of central Italy with his followers was not a "pilgrim's progress." There was no journey and no ground. No spiritual progress, no leap from bon vivant to mendicant-teacher. No teaching. No walking. When stigmata appeared on his hands and feet, it made perfect sense. Why not suffering made visible, after all? He was healer and healed, he was made of suffering . . .

We sit, we walk, we ring bells, we strip off robes, clothe ourselves in silence, wall ourselves with noise, grasp at straws, desire, let go, forget and remember. When the weather changes the horses get fiery and thoughts fly like sparks that turn to snow and pour down on everything.

Everyday is like this too. In those few moments when we stop grasping and reacting, we see that space is humor, sparks, a form of snow.

The first photograph I took was of blue sky. Not even a cloud. I was about three. Hadn't begun talking yet. That photo was my first empty frame, page, canvas, movie screen. The rest of my life has been spent filling and emptying those spaces. Behind it, inside it is the mandala of unconditional being. No duality resides there. It is empty and total. It is unexplored and all known, and for a short time, we wander its byways.

*Falling snow and the Tassajara zendo*



JUDY BUNCE

# STUDY HALL



*This brush drawing of study hall at Tassajara was done by PHILIP WHALEN, ZENSHIN RYUFU (ZEN HEART/MIND, DRAGON WIND), who died on June 26 as we were going to press. A Zen teacher and Beat poet, he lived at Zen Center for 12 years. There will be more on Zenshin in the next issue.*

*Some look like Iota a Slave White*



# Projections on an Empty Screen

Michael Dai Ryu Wenger

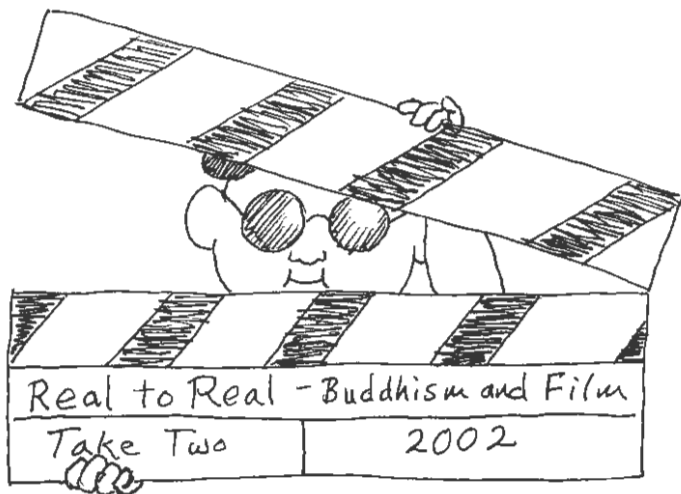
WHEN I WAS EIGHT OR NINE YEARS OLD, I went with my parents to a big Manhattan movie theater (we lived in Brooklyn) to see *Moby Dick*. It revealed to me a world that included Manhattan, the Atlantic Ocean, Gregory Peck, big black spearmen, peg-legged madmen and even other species: great whales, white and otherwise. I drew pictures of whales after that which my mom still has. The backdrop of the oceans and whales evoked a vastness that remains with me to this day.

When I was eighteen I saw *Blowup*. I think I went alone (something I don't do often) and came in a few minutes after the film had begun. It was a mysterious movie made more so by my late start. The white-faced tennis players without a ball stunned me. As did the finding of worlds within worlds within a photograph. I left the movie charged with a new way of experiencing the world. I've seen the movie recently and while it is dated, it still evokes a mystery behind events.

Somewhere in the next six years public television showed without commercials film (or maybe they called it cinema) classics. While I was moved by many of the films, Polanski's *Knife in the Water*, Kurosawa's *Yojimbo* (with the opening scene of a dog with a severed hand between its teeth), and two others impressed me greatly. Bergman's *The Magician* spoke to me about art, magic and human psychology in a way in which each was related to the other but not reduced to the other. I remember feeling that my perception had once again been widened. The other film that touched my religious sensibility was Bunuel's *Nazarin*. It showed the zenith and nadir of religious practice: the wide heart and faith of a simple priest facing hardships in his life and the narrow priggishness of his dogma and judgment of others using his religious tenets. The film showed me (who came from a non-religious family background) a wider context to experience religion and understand its strengths and foibles.

Of course, many films have had a great effect on me: the perceptive humor of the post-World War II English comedies of Alec Guinness, Terry Thomas, Peter Sellers, Margaret Rutherford, etc., the American *Thin Man* series with the playful banter of William Powell and Myrna Loy.

When I began to teach classes at Zen Center in the late 1980s I taught "The Big Picture: Film and the Religious Experience." I would alternate screenings of films or videos with discussion. Besides some of the films previously mentioned I showed: Kurosawa's powerful films *Rashomon*, *Ikiru* and many others. *The Burmese Harp*, *Tender Mercies*, *Ground Hog Day*, *Ghandi*, *Day*



September 20-22 at the Castro Theatre there will be a film festival sponsored by Zen Center, Real to Real: Buddhism and Film. Among the films shown will be *Rashoman*, *Twelve Angry Men*, *The Cup*, *The Saltmen of Tibet*, and *Divided We Fall*. Speakers will include Peter Coyote and Gretel Ehrlich. For information call 415-255-6534.

*for Night*, *Brother from Another Planet*, *A River Runs Through It*, *Blue*, *Smoke Signals* and *Muriel's Wedding*.

I have found the film class to be exciting and profound. Religious texts often scare people off from engaging in them. Some people feel the texts are too unfathomable for them. Others dismiss them as old-fashioned or not worthy so they don't seriously come to grips with them.

Everyone feels permission to project onto the empty film screen. We get to see each other as individuals and as a group trying to understand and be helpful in a world which is often baffling. To give a few examples: Truffaut's *Day for Night*, which is about the making of a film, brings up the topic of sangha or community; *Tender Mercies* and *Blue* address suffering and how to deal with it; *Ground Hog Day* investigates karma and the nature of cause and effect; *Smoke Signals* and *Himalaya* examine the passing of culture from generation to generation; and *Muriel's Wedding* can be seen as a meditation on the nature of taking refuge. Most of these films are not overtly Buddhist, but they nevertheless raise themes that are.

Movies are flashing images of light and dark. They allow us to examine and empathize with the human condition. But what is perhaps most important is to acknowledge the empty screen on which the film is projected. Form and emptiness relate to each other like the blank page and the words that are written on it. The empty mind can hold it all.

## *Sangha-e!*

IN APRIL 2002, Zen Center launched its first-ever, free monthly email newsletter, titled *sangha-e!* featuring information on programs and events at Zen Center, excerpts from dharma talks, short articles from Zen Center teachers and other short topics of interest to the wider Zen Center sangha.

*Sangha-e!* is the result of conversations we've been having about how we can more regularly and effectively communicate with the wider Zen Center sangha—a by now rather far-flung group of people numbering in the thousands who came to Zen practice at some point in the last thirty years and still look to Zen Center for support and friendship in the dharma.

The *sangha-e!* project was started by inviting Zen Center members and those people who have participated in Zen Center activities in the past to subscribe. In the three months since this initial invitation over 1200 people have signed up to receive the first two issues of *sangha-e!* and its “dharma news you can use.” In addition to letting you know about upcoming practice periods and workshops, each issue has included a wide range of short but interesting articles. For example, Issue #2 contained an update on Zen Center's prison meditation program, “Freedom Behind Bars;” a report from Tassajara, “One Big Family,” letting us in on the wonderful feeling of a practice period that included Zen Center families; as well as a letter inviting all members of the sangha to take part in the currently ongoing Zen Center-wide vision and 5-year planning project. Many of the articles included links to the Zen Center website and/or other websites for more detailed information or easy registration for events.

We've purposely started out small with *sangha-e!*, but eventually we hope to use the email format for more two-way communication—for instance, maybe an email dharma study group can be formed, or maybe *sangha-e!* will be the way for you to provide feedback to Zen Center, actually sign up for sesshins, or get the answers to those questions you've been wanting to ask. It might also prove to be an effective way for Zen Center's affiliated sanghas to stay connected. For right now, in addition to *sangha-e!*, it is also possible to receive periodic email announcements of Zen Center special events. You can easily become a *sangha-e!* or Zen Center announcement subscriber by registering through our website at [www.sfzc.org](http://www.sfzc.org).

To all of you who have signed up to receive *sangha-e!* we thank you for your support. The vitality of Zen Center is enlivened with the active participation of all members of the community, new and long-term, near and far. Our hope is that in this new way we can reach out to you and continue to support your practice and your participation in dharma activities which help us all to live our lives with compassion and clarity.

## *Through a Glass, Darkly: Towards a Buddhist Perspective on Israel and Palestine*



*Alan Senauke  
April 2002*

**E**ACH TIME I SPEAK about the conflict in Israel and Palestine I seem to get it wrong. And silence will not do either. This is what Zen Buddhist practitioners call a koan. The challenge of a koan is to embody and present one's truth in a way that is neither self-centered nor dualistic, even in the face of ambiguity. No koan could be more urgent than the mutual destruction we are called on to witness daily in the Holy Land.

An old Chinese Buddhist commentary says, "If you create an understanding of holiness, you will succumb to all errors." Our Buddhist understanding is that all the world is a holy land, and all the people in it. I and all beings include each other. Elevating one place, one people, or one practice as holy splits the world and plants seeds of "us and them." From such seeds war and hatred grow. The soil of the Holy Land has been baptized in blood countless times in the name of what is holy. Holiness can be a cover for hatred and hunger for power. Great volumes of blood have been spilled, hardening our hearts rather than sanctifying them. So we ask ourselves what truly is the holy life?

In his First Letter to the Corinthians, Paul writes: "For now we see as through a glass, darkly." As a Buddhist, born a Jew, I tend to accept wisdom from all available spiritual sources. Our limited view, our self-centered attachment to views is the root of suffering. Self-centeredness causes us to live at the expense of others. That becomes a kind of cultural or national self-centeredness, with individual suffering manifesting as distorted policies. People and nations find ourselves out of harmony with the Buddha's first grave precept and the Bible's sixth commandment—do not kill. We pray that our brother and sister Israelis and Palestinians will widen their views and forsake violence in all forms—military, paramilitary, and suicide bombing. Violent reaction is not surprising from people scarred by greed, hatred, and delusion, who then create national entities poisoned by these hungers and fears. Buddhist social analyst David Loy suggests we see this conflict

" . . . not as a holy war between good and evil, but as a tragic cycle of reciprocal violence and hatred fuelled by a vicious cycle of escalating fear on both sides. Israelis fear that they will never be able to live at peace, believing that Palestinians are determined to destroy them. Palestinians, impoverished by Israeli control over their own communities and dominated by its U.S.-supplied military, strike back in the only way they can."

An apocalyptic myth has taken hold in Israel/Palestine. It promises mutual destruction and threatens to set the whole world on fire. My friend Eve Marko, a Zen teacher with roots in Israel writes, "Conventional rational presentations won't do the trick. This is where spiritually-based activism can really contribute—with a different vision of human possibilities."

As Buddhists here in the West, we need first to understand how our own sight is clouded. The U.S. media is distorted, compromised by its own corporate interests and its complicity with the U.S. government. We will have to look elsewhere—to independent and European press for better information about daily events and about the lives of ordinary Palestinians and Israelis.

We can try to put ourselves in the place of Israelis and Palestinians. Even though it is an impossible task, we must try to imagine ourselves in their conditions. It seems we are so many miles away, and yet our lives and the fate of Israelis and Palestinians are connected, in ways that go beyond violence, armed struggle, and the oxy-moronic "War on Terrorism."

In Buddhist practice we try to understand the subtle workings of cause and effect—karma and its fruits. When one sees the workings of karma, the natural response is one of repentance, vow, and renewal. The Mahayana liturgy of repentance goes like this.

All my ancient twisted karma  
From beginningless greed, hatred, and delusion  
Born of body, speech, and mind,  
I now fully avow.

We can trace these troubles back across the walls of time. Ishmael and Isaac vied for the affections of the Patriarch Abraham. Greeks and Romans occupied Jerusalem and Palestine at the apex of their empires. Palestine was the elusive prize sought in bloody Crusades that served as a crucible for European and Islamic identities. A succession of empires—Ottoman, British, French, and others—ruled with a heavy hand, often suppressing local cultures. And yet there is also a history of Jews and Muslims living as neighbors, in harmony. Conflict is not the only flavor. Then we come to the last six decades, an age of Holocaust, ethnic hatred, oil politics, and neo-colonialism.

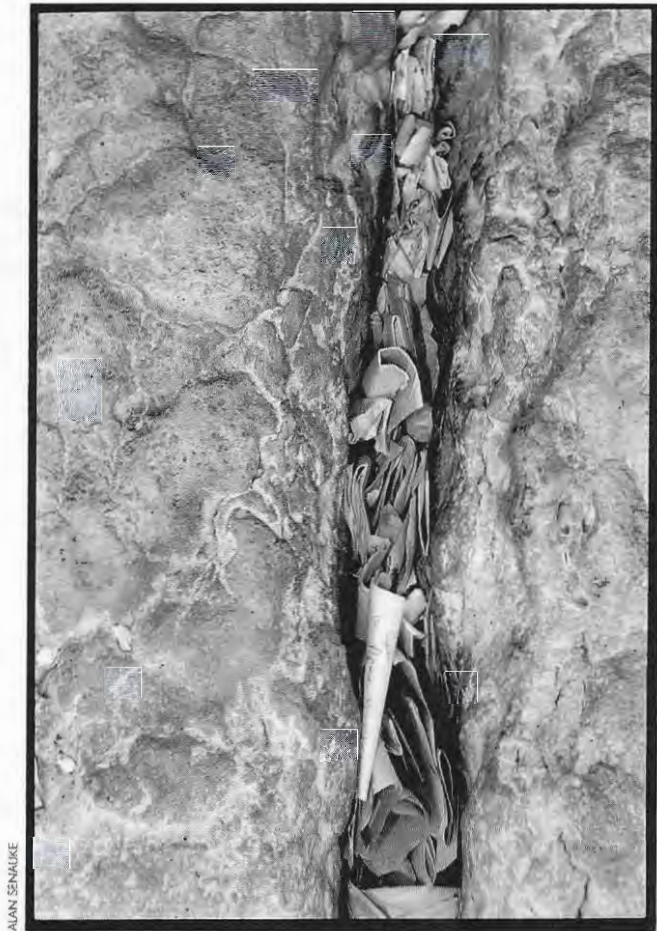
Karma is rooted in beginningless greed, hatred, and delusion. The notion of social or national karma and fruit, cause and effect, is controversial, not the least because it is often used to blame victims for their own oppression. Our investigation of karma begins at home. Though we cannot see all the causes that create our own lives, we try to see each strand of action, what we as Americans have created, inherited, and continue to create.

In our own memory and in the memory of our parents, the U.S. turned away potential European victims of the holocaust, sending them back to perish. Allied Forces failed to bomb railroad tracks leading to the death camps. These were anti-Semitic acts, policies that put little value on Jewish lives. U.S. support for the creation of Israel at the expense of indigenous Palestinians, who were uprooted from their land in 1948, then again in 1967, was motivated not by kindness, but by politics that were an extension of these same anti-Semitic policies. Anti-Semitism is not simply anti-Jewishness. Many in the Middle East have a Semitic root, traced back to Shem, the son of Noah. International politics have turned two peoples of one Semitic root against each other. Our continuing support, helping Israel to build the region's dominant military force has also created a client state for the implementation of U.S. policy.

There are surely people of good will on the American diplomatic team, but I fear the United States is compromised historically and too self-interested to play the leading role in peacemaking or keeping. Although the U.S. bills itself as the one remaining superpower, our leaders fail to understand that economic and military power is not equivalent to moral authority. In fact, power tends to undermine such authority in even the most principled men and women. Only when our government can openly acknowledge its own complicity with violence will it have the moral authority to convince rather than coerce others.

The history above is, of course, highly condensed and un-nuanced. The effect of such history is to create a mind of victimization. Every side can point to ancient and recent wounds as justification for present acts. This is much like the dynamic of an abusive family, where wounds are nurtured and transmitted from generation to generation, forging chains of suffering out of fear and anger. Verses 3-5 of the Dhammapada speak to this.

He insulted me, hit me, beat me, robbed me  
—for those who brood on this, hostility isn't stilled.  
He insulted me, hit me, beat me, robbed me  
—for those who don't brood on this, hostility is stilled.  
Hostilities are not stilled through hostilities, regardless.  
Hostilities are stilled through non-hostility:  
This, an unending truth.



ALAN SENAUIKE

*Prayers in the Western Wall*

I offer this perspective as no more than a partial truth. But I encourage you to do your own investigation of history and karma. Each of us must take responsibility for our actions and those done by our nation in our name. We take up the age-old practice of repentance and renewal, and learn not to see ourselves as victims.



We see through a glass, darkly, but there are rays of hope. They shine apart from the flash of bombs and the flare of burning homes. Many ordinary and extraordinary people in Israel and Palestine, and in Europe and the U.S., believe in the work of inner disarmament, bringing their faith and

courage forward for the sake of peace. This work—begun in the quiet space of introspection—is very hard. It means setting aside our sense of righteousness and the notion of “my” pain that must be avenged blow for blow.

➤ Each Friday for 18 months now, a small group of Israelis and Palestinians, Jews, Muslims, and Christians have been meeting in a narrow Jerusalem courtyard overlooking the Western Wall and Al-Aqsa mosque. They sit in a circle, practicing peace. Before them are the Temple Mount and the great mosques. Around them are young women and men of the Israeli border police, tough but not entirely unfriendly, and on guard, with their automatic rifles at ready. I sat in this circle among friends last year, when the Intifada was intensifying. It was astonishing to be so close to the conflict, so close to holy places, literally surrounded by weapons. Our vigil seemed at once ordinary, powerful, and not enough. One wishes this circle might magically grow and link hands around all of Jerusalem. A friend, Eliyahu, writes: “In a time when many in our circle feel deeply challenged to do something positive, silence and shared prayer seems to be the most powerful contributions we can offer at this most unforgiving time.”

➤ More than 430 Israeli Army “refuseniks” ([www.couragetorefuse.org](http://www.couragetorefuse.org)) have vowed not to continue to serve in the occupation. 40 of them have been imprisoned. Their petition reads in part:

... We, combat officers and soldiers who have served the State of Israel for long weeks every year, in spite of the dear cost to our personal lives, have been on reserve duty all over the Occupied Territories, and were issued commands and directives that had nothing to do with the security of our country, and that had the sole purpose of perpetuating our control over the Palestinian people. We, whose eyes have seen the bloody toll this Occupation exacts from both sides. We, who sensed how the commands issued to us in the Territories, destroy all the values we had absorbed while growing up in this country. We, who understand now that the price of Occupation is the loss of IDF's (Israeli Defense Force's) human character and the corruption of the entire Israeli society. We, who know that the Territories are not Israel, and that all settlements are bound to be evacuated in the end.

We hereby declare that we shall not continue to fight this War of the Settlements. We shall not continue to fight beyond the 1967 borders in order to dominate, expel, starve and humiliate an entire people. We hereby declare that we shall continue serving in the Israel Defense Forces in any mission that serves Israel's defense. The missions of occupation and oppression do not serve this purpose, and we shall take no part in them.

➤ At least forty peace activists—French, German, Italian, Canadian,



American, as well as Israeli and Palestinian—walked into Arafat's compound while it was under attack. They remain there, bearing witness, protecting life, risking their lives for the sake of peace. Other nonviolent activists have quietly taken up residence in the principal towns of the West Bank and in Jenin, Aida and Al-Azza, besieged Palestinian Refugee Camps.

➤ In the U.S., Women in Black and Communities in Black regularly sit in silent witness to the destruction and loss of life on both sides. This loose-knit network of nonviolent activists ([www.womeninblack.net](http://www.womeninblack.net)) was started in Israel in 1988 by women seeking peace between Israel and Palestine and an end to Israeli occupation of the West Bank and Gaza. It also has roots in groups such as Mothers of the Disappeared in Argentina, Black Sash in South Africa and the Women in Black movements in the former Yugoslavia. This movement has become worldwide, including women and families caught in many wars and conflicts. In their mission statement, Women in Black write:

Our silence is visible. We invite women to stand with us, reflect about themselves and women who have been raped, tortured or killed in concentration camps, women who have disappeared, whose loved ones have disappeared or have been killed, whose homes have been demolished. We wear black as a symbol to mourn for all victims of war, to mourn the destruction of people, nature and the fabric of life.

These are a few models for bearing witness and healing. They are not the solution to the Israeli-Palestinian conflict. Solutions are varied and difficult to enact, and we must find our own way, with a willingness to make mistakes. We must speak to our leaders and say what we think. We can engage in dialogue with Muslim and Jewish friends, keeping heart and mind open to all points of view, seeing the particular sufferings that move us all.

There are numerous obstacles and approaches to peace. We study, talk, and argue about peace until the small hours of many nights. I am willing to say that I believe in a two-state solution that recognizes autonomous states of Israel and Palestine within the pre-1967 boundaries, with nonviolent protocols for the resolution of political, economic, and religious conflicts. But it is really those two peoples themselves who must find their own path to peace and justice. I hope that the peoples of the region can themselves find a way to communicate directly and leave their duplicitous and demagogic leaders behind them. These leaders—Sharon and Arafat at this point in time—have done little more than bring death and grief to each other's people and to themselves. My heart sinks each time I see them posturing for the cameras.

Recent demonstrations in San Francisco and Washington are also a ray of hope. These events were large, diverse, and expressive of complex understandings of the Middle East situation and U.S. policy. After so many months of media propaganda that offers nothing but support for George Bush's "war on terrorism," it was refreshing to see so many people, including Palestinians, Jews, African Americans, anti-globalization activists, and more, able to show publicly that there are other points of view. While we may not agree with all these perspectives, and we question the usefulness of positions that advocate meeting violence with violence, just to see families, working people, and youth in the streets is a good sign.

And we must go beyond that, as international peace activists have done when they protect life and place themselves in harm's way. This kind of activity is the work of Bodhisattvas practicing "identity-action." Again, Eve Marko writes:

... another step needs to be taken. We need to face those faceless tanks and feel what it's like when that turret moves around to point at you, all its guns aimed right at you. At that moment you don't remember that they shouldn't be shooting at Americans or at journalists—they did—all you can think of are those guns pointed right at you, that life has come to this. Till peacemakers are ready to stand in that place, in the place where soldiers stand, feel their fear and panic, I don't believe that peacemaking will have the trust, respect, and legitimacy needed to be really effective. We'll be seen as playing things too safe, without coming up with real alternatives to violence.



Whatever we do as Buddhist activists should be infused with generosity—*dana paramita*. When we address our own political leaders and those in the Middle East, we should do so with respect for their human strengths, understanding their frailties, and hoping for their innate wisdom. Even when we speak strongly to them, we practice generosity, as we would to ourselves. The practice of generosity has three aspects: giving material good, truth, and fearlessness. With these principles in mind, we can begin to see how to help ordinary people near and far.



We seek peace and justice for Israel and Palestine. We return to our koan. Conventionally, peace is understood as the cessation of armed violence. Conventionally, justice is identified with punishment. Such an understanding of peace and justice pulls in two directions. The peace and justice we speak of here is one thing, one direction. As I said earlier, it is

simply not living at the expense of another. It might, in fact, mean laying down one's life for another.

"For now we see as through a glass, darkly." As long as we live in this suffering world we must try to see each other. Take away the glass itself and look at your brother or sister eye to eye. We can do this in silence, without words or actions. When we sit this way, face to face, it is very difficult to depersonalize our opponent, to reduce him or her to a bitter rhetorical flourish. There is simply no way to avoid the clear fact of our shared humanity. By virtue of causes and conditions, past wounds and present fear, there will always be people who will not accept peace. Dogen Zenji wrote, "The mind of a sentient being is difficult to change." Still we practice to be the peace we envision. This is Buddha's peace and God's peace. This is something we can do, irrespective of Sharon, Arafat, Bush, and others. This may be our most precious offering. From there we can proceed to words and actions.

Comments and critical reading by these friends were helpful in the thinking, writing, and rewriting of this piece: Robert Aitken, Kyogen Carlson, Ken Kraft, David Loy, Eve Marko, Susan Moon, Hilton Obenzinger, Santikaro Bhikkhu, Sibylle Scholz, Laurie Senauke, Allan Solomonow, Terry Stein, Jon Watts, and Michael Wenger.

Alan Senauke was Executive Director of Buddhist Peace Fellowship from 1991–2001. He has been a Zen priest since 1989, living at Berkeley Zen Center with his family.

*A new walk-in refrigerator is being constructed at Tassajara.*



JUDITH KEENAN

# *An Appropriate Response*

*Abbess Linda Ruth Cutts*

*September 23, 2001, Green Gulch Farm*

Editors' Note: This lecture was presented less than two weeks after the September 11 incident involving the crashing of aircraft into the World Trade Towers in New York City which resulted in the collapse of the buildings and the deaths of thousands of people. The U.S. had not yet begun any responsive military action or bombing in the Middle East.

**G**OOD MORNING. Thank you all very much for coming out to Green Gulch this morning. This talk has been scheduled for a long time, to be followed by a meeting of the Zen Center members, and a celebratory day was planned. And here we are, and how are we feeling? How am I feeling?

Yesterday was the autumnal equinox, where the light and dark are in balance. Yet, we may feel completely out of balance. Where is the balance? How are we to find our balance in this time of grief, with our hearts split open, wide open? What is an appropriate response? There is a Zen koan in which a monk asked Yun Men, "What are the teachings of a whole lifetime?" Yun Men said, "An appropriate response." What is an appropriate response? This is not an idle question. This is the coreless core of our practice—an appropriate response.

There have been so many words spoken, so many powerful words and comforting words and words of condolence and words of praise, as well as words that are horrible to hear and also wonderful to hear, everything is there. And I feel very humble, with my small offering of words today. Humble, meaning close to the ground. Maybe I should be sitting on the ground, but then you wouldn't be able to see me. So I offer these words today. Please let them come in, and fall upon your ears, in whatever way they do.

I too have a story to tell about September 11, my brief brush with September 11, because I was there in New York, in Manhattan. I was set to leave from the New York harbor on September 10 in a ship with my mother and my sisters, to view fall leaves up the Atlantic coast. Due to various causes and conditions, the plane to New York was canceled and a group of passengers bound for the ship and I were stranded when the ship left without us. We finally got a flight into New York and were put up overnight in midtown Manhattan. On the morning of the 11th we gathered at our chartered bus on, as you all heard, a beautiful, brilliant autumn day of blue sky—to meet up with the ship in Newport, Rhode Island, about a three-hour drive

or so from Manhattan. At about 8:30 we set off. From the windows of the bus we could see downtown Manhattan and after we had been driving for a while we saw black smoke pouring out of the first tower. Someone called "Turn on the radio"—there was a radio in the bus—and we began to listen to the eyewitness reports of what was happening. Very soon after that the traffic stopped completely because the bridges and the tunnels were all closed. This strange group of people, who didn't know each other, sat together on this bus, somewhere, stuck in the middle of a thick mass of traffic, listening, listening, listening. And it sounded to me like the old broadcasts I had heard of the Hindenberg disaster. It was the same feeling from the eyewitness account of the newscasters at the scene. It was all live and we were so close.

So I was sitting with the people on the bus for several hours, not knowing, really not knowing, what was next. It crossed my mind that the bus driver might not feel any commitment to this bunch of people and might say, "Okay, folks, everybody for themselves," in which case I thought, "Well, I'll just start walking, heading west and eventually I'll get back to San Francisco." These were the kind of thoughts that were going through my mind, how to be reunited with sangha and community and friends and family.

Finally traffic began to move and as our bus driver found some way out of town we could see from afar, on the horizon, what looked like a huge brown mushroom shaped cloud.

After many hours of driving we were reunited with the other passengers at the ship. The strange juxtaposition of holiday and catastrophe, the surreal quality of being onboard the ship with planned activities of napkin folding and ice sculpture, while this tragedy unfolded, were disorienting. But I have no doubt that you felt the same way going about your daily routines. I think we were all literally in the same boat. And we are in the same boat now.

I did feel a longing for sangha relations during this time. The word sangha is harmony and it is also the community of those who practice the truth realized by the Buddha, or the awakened one. Included in sangha is the vow of the release of beings from suffering and bondage to samsara or the world of birth and death. This is all included in sangha. And so we take refuge in this harmony, this community of beings who have vowed to practice as best they can, forever, this way and to include all beings and release all beings from suffering. All beings.

One of the things I noticed being on this ship those ten days, was the strong effect on me of the causes and conditions. There was an interdenominational service on board conducted by the captain. There were words spoken and hymns sung, and patriotic songs and hymns. I found myself experiencing strong feelings, emotional and physical, upon hearing certain



Abbess Linda Ruth Cutts, center, led the Spring 2002 Practice Period at Tassajara. With her are her jisha, Ben Gustin, and her anja, Tova Green. All are wearing medallion necklaces which were given to each practice period participant who bathed the baby Buddha during a ceremony commemorating Buddha's birthday.

melodies and lyrics, old melodies that I hadn't sung for a long time with words like "amber waves of grain," and "purple mountains' majesty." These words reverberated in me very deeply, in a very old way, and yet I question being swept away by these emotional feelings. Is this the appropriate response? I accept that this is a response and I want to look at this extremely carefully and with full awareness and eyes open. Is this appropriate, is this helpful, is this all-inclusive, is this the release of suffering of all beings?

And while inquiring into this I was experiencing tears and rushes of fervor. Fervor means "to boil," the boiling over of passion. I am not so sure this is the response that is the appropriate response. And when the ship's bugler played "Taps" I knew that this was very strong stuff, and it is very difficult to let it just go in and let it go out. And we know that this human tendency can be exploited, these songs and music and pageantry and so forth can be manipulated. It reminded me of a story that Nancy Wilson Ross once told me. Nancy Wilson Ross, the author of *Buddhism: A Way of Life and Thought*, and many other books, was a good friend to Zen Center; and I had the privilege of living and working with her. She told me about some friends of hers who lived in Germany in the 1930s. They were very cultured, loved music and art, and had close German friends who were also educated and shared their interests. One day Nancy's friends were at home and another couple came by to visit. They were very excited. "We saw him,

we saw him, the Fuhrer, we saw him!" They had been completely taken over by these emotional states of fervor. Nancy's friends thought, "If this can happen to these people, our friends who we know so well, then we must leave." And they left the next day, leaving everything behind. Let us not forget the power of these emotional states and the power of words and music and form and color. How do we stand upright without being swayed and pulled and thrown about by emotional states? How do we find our way? What is the appropriate response? This is my question. This is my vow: what is an appropriate response? And the pain and the grief is all mingled with this. I have been longing to hear the Dharma: What does the Dharma say about an appropriate response? What about anger and hatred and the Buddha Way?

I just wanted to say a few words about anger and hateful thoughts. There is a tradition of including wrathful beings as protectors of the Dharma. In the Buddha Hall in the City we have wrathful figures whose faces are very strong and frightening-making. These scary faces are not generated by hatred. Hatred has nothing to do with it. These faces are motivated by compassion and protection. The angry form is taken at certain times out of compassion. But hatred is different. Hatred does not have compassion as its base, whereas anger can. Hateful thoughts often come up when we are hurt, when we feel we have been injured, when we feel we have been treated unfairly, accused wrongly, and when we have expected to be taken care of well and with respect, and have been treated otherwise. At times like these hateful thoughts may arise. What is important to remember is the teaching that when these hateful thoughts come they appear in the guise of a friend and protector. We experience these hateful and angry thoughts in a confused way, as being our true protector. We think they will protect us and help us in our battle and in our taking revenge. This is a very basic confusion and delusion and it is very harmful to ourselves and to others. What is the response when we have been hurt, when we have been treated unfairly, when we have been accused wrongly, when we have been injured horribly? What is the response, the appropriate response?

The teachings on the practice of patience are essential at this time. This patience is not to be confused with an attitude of, "Anything goes. Walk all over me, it doesn't matter. Do anything you want, I guess that's the way it's got to be . . ." or some such thought. This patience or tolerance is the practice of the Bodhisattva, and is in support of the perfection of patience. It takes enormous energy and courage and uprightness. Within the practice of patience and tolerance with a situation may also be found some kind of countermeasure. What is the countermeasure, what is the appropriate response? Now it is extremely important that the countermeasure is not generated from thoughts of hatred and anger, but out of compassion. A person who is filled with anger and hatred is transformed and, as the Dalai

Lama teaches, the brain is actually incapable of doing what it is usually so beautifully able to do; which is to discriminate wholesome and unwholesome action. We lose that ability. When we are filled with anger and hatred we do many things to hurt ourselves and those we love, destroying our own well being and the well being of those around us.

The person who is filled with hatred is transformed and is then not able to carry out their vows of releasing all beings, living in harmony, practicing the Buddha Way. It is very difficult to follow the precepts at this time. So how do we find a way to manifest the appropriate response without hatred? Hatred cannot be at the root of an appropriate response. Our task is to find the countermeasure or right action without hatred. One traditional way to work with this is to meditate carefully on the situation. And one can see that those very people who are the perpetrators, who are doing things that you consider terribly harmful, have themselves planted the seeds of enormous suffering for themselves and others. They will receive the consequences of their actions. Meditating in this way compassion arises, because it is clear how much harm the person is causing. Based on this compassion we have the appropriate response or the countermeasure. Whatever that might be. For each person it may be different but we have to speak our truth even in the midst of enormous, swirling emotional waves.

Sometimes we feel drawn to retaliation against those who have hurt us. The word retaliate means to return like for like, especially to return evil for evil or to pay back a punishment in kind. It has to do with balance and support with derivatives referring to scales and measured weights. H.H. the Dalai Lama teaches about refraining from retaliation against those who have harmed us. The practice is to realize that we do have the capacity to retaliate, we are not helpless—we could and we choose not to. This is the practice of patience and refraining from hatred. In *Healing Anger*, His Holiness says, "There is also a very close connection between humility and patience. Because what I mean by generating humility is that although one has the capacity to retaliate, one has decided not to do so. One has the capacity if one wishes to take a more confrontational or aggressive stance, and although one has this capacity, one deliberately decides not to do so. This is what I would call a genuine humility."

Tolerance is the same thing. It requires self-discipline because one could actually act differently, but one chooses to have patience, deliberately chooses. It is not that you are forced to treat someone a certain way or acquiesce, but you willingly choose to adopt a certain attitude. The Dalai Lama says this is the Tibetan's attitude towards the Chinese.

We know the truth of karmic action creating more karmic action. We know that often what looks like the solution for one situation or problem becomes part of the circumstances that create a new problem and the increase of difficulties—this is called a vicious circle.



I want to say something about the word reconcile. To reconcile means to reestablish friendship between people, to settle or resolve, as in a dispute. "Conciliate" is to overcome distrust or animosity, to win over, placate and soothe. And the root of that word means to shout, to roar, to call, to call together or summon; a meeting or a gathering, a calling together or a council. So I feel at this time that we are longing to come together, we are summoned to come together. This Zendo is packed, and it was packed last week as well. We want to come together to council, to counsel each other and also to make friends again, with ourselves, with our world. We are summoned to do this with a shout.

Tonight there will be a Bodhisattva Initiation ceremony and six people will be receiving Buddha's precepts. This is the practice of non-harming,

*The Spring 2002 Practice Period at Tassajara included three families: Daniel Leonard and Nancy Petrin with daughter Olivia (at left below), Rick and Iva Slone and Jacob Slone (middle) and Michael and Leslie Thiele and son Lucas (at right below). Rick Slone was shuso for the practice period.*



nonviolence. Reconciliation. Appropriate response. This is the thorough way to practice, where inner and outer vow are publicly made one. This benefits and reaches all beings.

The enemies that we have to look at and meditate on are ignorance and fixed views. Our ancestor Dongshan says that holding onto defiled or fixed views, we fall into a poisonous sea. Holding on, clinging to our ideas of self-righteousness or hate we can drop into fundamentalism or any ism—we are susceptible to this. This is what I want to watch with my heart and mind and I need help. I think we all need help and counsel not to fall into fixed views because they are not an appropriate response. Appropriate response arises, dependently co-arises in each moment. There is no fixed way. So we need to help each other; we need to hear each other and be heard.

There is a story about Suzuki-roshi during the Vietnam War that I want to read in closing. Many of you have read this in Suzuki-roshi's biography *Crooked Cucumber*, by David Chadwick, or heard it told. I have heard it many times and consider it a part of the Zen Center lore, one of the important teaching stories of Zen Center, and it is a koan. You cannot necessarily reconcile Suzuki-roshi's actions or know what happened for the persons involved. Please just let the story reverberate in you. This is how I have let the story teach me.

Suzuki-roshi was back in town from Tassajara. People in the City missed him, and attendance was high for his Saturday lecture at Sokoji. A young man named John Steiner who had studied with Suzuki-roshi for two years was among those who sat near the front on goza mats. John had been involved in some of the original protests against the war at UC Berkeley two years earlier and, like a number of people at the lecture, was planning to attend the protest march that day. Minds buzzed with thoughts of life and death, peace and horror, helplessness and hope.

After his talk, Suzuki asked if there were any questions.

A woman said, "What is war?"

Suzuki pointed to the goza mats. They are about three by six feet, big enough for two cushions. He said that sometimes there are ripples on the rows of straw, and people put their hands down to push the ripples out after they sit down. This works okay on the sides, but when there's a ripple between two people, it won't smooth out; it just moves toward the other person. Without noticing it, people sometimes push these ripples back and forth towards each other. "That is the cause of war. Karma starts with small things, then it accelerates. You should know how to deal with those small difficulties."

A fellow in the back spoke up with irritation in his voice. "How come we're meeting here when there's a war going on out there?"

Suzuki didn't understand him. John repeated the young man's question more slowly and clearly: "He said, 'Roshi, how come we're meeting here when there's a war going on out there?'" Suzuki smiled. John smiled.

Then, as fast as a cat leaping on its prey, Suzuki jumped off the altar platform and was behind John with the stick on his shoulders, loudly saying, "Gassho!" [That means putting palms together.] He started hitting him over and over shouting, "You fools! You fools! You're wasting your time!" He continued to hit him until John fell forward on the floor. "Dreamer! Dreamer! What are you dreaming about?"

He got back on the platform and faced the totally stunned audience, most of whom had never heard him raise his voice. The normally tannish skin of his face was white, as he said unconvincingly in a barely audible voice, "I'm not angry." He caught his breath and continued. "How can you expect to do anything in the world when you can't even tie your own shoes?"

After the lecture everyone was fairly quiet. Boh Halpern came up to John and said, "Roshi told you to gassho. You didn't gassho when he hit you."

Being hit with a stick isn't a punishment; it's a particular form of communication, and part of the formality is to bow when one receives the stick. To gassho shows respect, expresses the unity of shoulder, stick, and hand, and puts the person in the best position to receive the stick. John had been so shocked he hadn't done his part in this exchange, even though Suzuki had yelled at him to gassho.

John went to Suzuki in his office to apologize for not gasshoing. Suzuki in return apologized to John very sweetly for being so fierce. John had not expected anything from Suzuki. He saw what had happened only in terms of his teacher trying to enlighten him.

"The reason I got so . . ." Suzuki said, his sentence trailing off, "is that I was reminded of what I went through in Japan during the war. It brought up that old frustration." John saw in his teacher's eyes a glint of pain. Then Suzuki put his hand on John's shoulder, an unusual gesture for him. The wide sleeves of Suzuki's robe exposed loose skin hanging down from his thin arm. John was struck with Suzuki's age and fragility, and could feel his teacher's compassion and suffering.

Please let us manifest sangha in the widest, widest way possible and help each other, help everyone we come in contact with, help to protect beings whenever we can, and let us raise a shout of reconciliation together and manifest the appropriate response every moment, each moment.

Thank you very much.



JUDITH KESMANI

*Wall of the old zendo near the creek at Tassajara*

# *Treasurer's Report on Fiscal Year 2002*

## *May 2001—April 2002*

*Kokai Roberts*  
*Zen Center Treasurer*

### **Change in Unrestricted Cash**

This last fiscal year our change in unrestricted cash from the beginning of FY02 to the end shows a loss of \$291,265. One reason is the receivable from Everyday rose \$160,538 during that time, which indicates that we were not able to collect this amount from Everyday as compared to last year.<sup>1</sup> This is money owed to us and therefore it is not to our advantage to have this figure increase. During FY02 we also needed to pay back the Green Gulch Housing Fund for infrastructure costs incurred in the construction of the first house. The amount of \$111,105 was transferred from our operating income to the Green Gulch Housing Restricted Fund; this transaction was also a major contributing factor to our loss of unrestricted cash in FY02.

We have budgeted in FY03 to receive less money from the Everyday Receivable and we do not anticipate needing to transfer funds from operating to restricted accounts in FY03. Nevertheless, I am deeply concerned about our diminished cash reserves which now stand at about \$70,000.

### **Operating Revenues and Expenses**

I believe we should be concerned about the loss of revenue in FY02 compared to FY01. While we did experience a drop in revenue from Greens, we also did not perform as well in-house this year as last (a drop in revenues of \$161,000). This too contributed to our need to spend down our cash reserve during the year. The good news is that we did increase revenues in several areas (but not enough to offset our loss). Those areas are guest students, ZMC guest workshops, Conference Center fees at CC and GGF, membership and the year-end letter.

Expenses rose in FY02, mainly in areas where we have little control: medical insurance, workers compensation, and our property/general liability insurance. This fiscal year (FY03) we have worked to lower our insurance costs, but medical and workers comp continue to rise. One area of concern during FY02 was the kitchen expenses. We have been working with the tenors and directors to lower these costs and we have frozen the kitchen budgets in FY03 to FY02 levels in an attempt to cut the yearly increase in costs from this area. Everyone is working to lower these costs and we are beginning to see results in this area.

In summary, I feel confident that the Board and the Officers and

Directors are aware of our short and long term financial needs. We are exploring various avenues and we are participating in a vision/strategic planning process (TDC) study. The TDC study has recently been expanded to include a review of our financial situation and its integration into the implementation of the Zen Center Strategic Plan. While I look forward to seeing the result of TDC's investigation of our financial situation, I am still concerned about our immediate financial health and will continue to remind everyone throughout the year that we need to tighten our belts in order to stay on budget.

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<sup>1</sup> We should not lose sight of the fact that while we got less money from Greens, we did collect over \$400,000 from that source last year. I think it is important to acknowledge the work and dedication of the managers at Greens. They are acutely aware of our shortfall and are working diligently and wholeheartedly to fix the problem.



*Samantabhadra  
by Dan Welch*

# *Income and Expense Report FY02*

## **Revenues**

Guest programs	\$1,335,695
Everyday, Inc. and Third Way, Inc.	500,985
Donations and membership	303,078
Resident student fees	292,332
Workshops, classes and sittings	259,415
Rental income	147,192
Investment and other income	31,667
Bookstores income	126,134
Farm and garden income	125,018
Book royalties	27,394
Conference and event programs	338,366
Miscellaneous income	58,992
<b>Total income</b>	<b>\$3,546,268</b>

## **Expenses**

Personnel costs	\$1,465,454
Total ZC food/kitchen costs	421,454
Abbots costs	114,269
Development costs	43,186
Outreach (mainly supported by grants)	50
Publishing/Mountain Gate Study Center	23,720
President, Board and administration expense	64,636
Administration regular expense	178,513
City Center regular expenses	327,057
ZMC regular expenses	271,338
GGF regular expenses	299,416
<b>Total expenses</b>	<b>\$3,209,093</b>

<b>Total income</b>	<b>\$3,546,268</b>
<b>Total expenses</b>	<b>- 3,209,093</b>
<b>Net "cash" operating income (loss)</b>	<b>\$337,175</b>
<b>Other sources/uses of cash</b>	<b>(\$628,440)</b>
<b>Loss in unrestricted cash FY02</b>	<b>(\$291,265)</b>

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Zen Center is comprised of three practice places: the City Center, Green Gulch Farm, and Tassajara Zen Mountain Center. The City Center and Green Gulch Farm offer a regular schedule of public sittings, lectures and classes, as well as one-day to seven-day sittings and practice periods of three weeks to three months. Guest student programs are also available.

Information may be obtained from the City Center, 300 Page Street, San Francisco CA 94102, 415-863-3136, or from Green Gulch Farm, 1601 Shoreline Highway, Sausalito CA 94965, 415-383-3134.

Tassajara Zen Mountain Center usually offers two three-month practice periods each year: September to December and January to April, when the center is closed to visitors. During the guest season in the summer months, visitors may come as guests or as students. For more information on the opportunities available, please contact the City Center office.

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**PLANNED GIVING:** We are deeply grateful for donations of life insurance, retirement benefits, or other gifts through a will, trust, or other bequests. These and other financial plans are ways to create a legacy of long-term support and security for the sangha, while also providing tangible tax benefits to you and to your estate. Please consider our Buddhist community, when making estate plans, in furtherance of Suzuki-roshi's compassionate way.

**MEMBERSHIP APPLICATIONS** are available from the Zen Center office or online at [www.sfzc.org](http://www.sfzc.org). For assistance with estate questions, please contact the Development Office at 415-865-3790.

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