Wind Bell

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LETTER FROM DEPARTING PRESIDENT VICTORIA AUSTIN: BOARD NAMES NEW PRESIDENT

August 5, 2005

Dear Sangha,

I am delighted to be able to let you know about two leadership transitions that are coming up soon. First, the Board of Directors has selected the current City Center Director, Robert Thomas, to serve as the next President of San Francisco Zen Center. As you may have experienced during his terms on Senior Staff at Tassajara and City Center, Robert brings great dedication, enthusiasm, and intelligence to this role. Robert and I will train together for the month of September, and he will formally begin his term October 1, 2005.

Wendy Lewis will serve as the City Center Director; she will begin training immediately. Besides leadership experience at all three practice centers, Wendy brings a year of recent chaplain training, developing the eye and ear of compassion.

Congratulations and best wishes to Robert and Wendy on their transitions. I have great confidence in both of them, and am looking forward to getting to know them in these new roles.

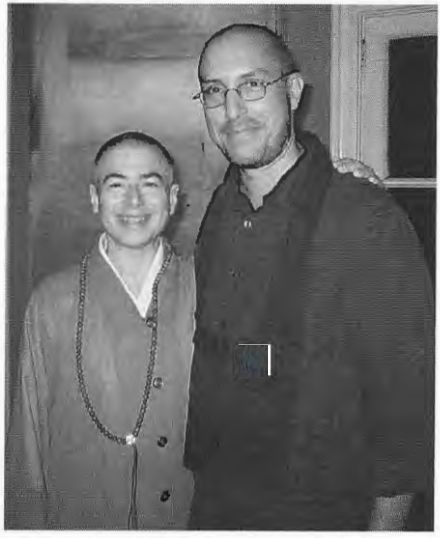


PHOTO: TANYA TAKACS

Outgoing President Victoria Austin and incoming President Robert Thomas

Victoria Austin

PHOTO BY DAVID HAYE

ON *GENJO-KOAN*

Lecture by Shunryu Suzuki Roshi
August 20, 1967
Tassajara Zen Mountain Center

There are four ways of understanding the relationship of form and emptiness: form is emptiness, emptiness is form, form is form, and emptiness is emptiness. "Form is emptiness" may not be so difficult to understand, but it will be misunderstood by some advanced, hasty people. "Yes, form is emptiness. There is no need for us to attach to some particular thing. Form is emptiness." This looks very clear, and this view of life is better than attaching to some particular form or color, because in it there are actually many, many views of life. This view of non-existence is deeper than the view of seeing many things which actually look permanent and look like they have self-nature. But as we explained already, there is no special self-nature for anything, and everything is changing. As long as everything is changing, nothing is permanent. So this may be a more advanced view of life.

But "emptiness is form" is rather difficult to understand. The emptiness which is the absolute goal we will attain, which is enlightenment itself, is form. So whatever you do is enlightenment itself. This is rather difficult to understand and to accept, because you think emptiness is some unusual thing. Something unusual is very common. This is difficult to understand, especially when you practice zazen. Even though your practice is not perfect, that is enlightenment. This statement is very difficult to accept. "No, my practice is not perfect." But when we understand form is emptiness, and emptiness is form, back and forth in

this way—and form is form, and emptiness is emptiness—when emptiness comes, everything is emptiness. And when form comes, form is form. We accept things as it is.

So when we come to the understanding of "form is form and emptiness is emptiness," there is no problem. This is what Dogen-zenji means by "When the moon is in the water, the water will not be broken, nor will the moon be wet." Moon is moon, and water is water. This is "form is form, emptiness is emptiness." But here there is the possibility of the misunderstanding that there is no need to practice Zen. "If this is true, why do we practice zazen?" You will have this kind of misunderstanding. But each of the four statements also includes the other three, so there are four ways of understanding each statement. If it is not so, it is not true understanding. So all four statements are actually the same. Whether you say form is form or emptiness is emptiness, or emptiness is form, one statement is enough for you. This is the true understanding of *Prajnaparamita* [Perfection of Wisdom].

Dogen-zenji refers to the koan of Zen Master Hotetsu of Mount Myoho fanning himself. He was a disciple of the famous Hyakujo-zenji and he was a very good Zen master.

"Hotetsu-zenji of Mount Myoho was fanning himself. A monk approached and said, 'Sir, the nature of wind is permanent, and there is no place it does not reach. Why then must you fan yourself?'" If the nature of wind is everywhere, why do you fan yourself? Do you understand? If everyone has Buddha nature and form is emptiness and emptiness form, then why must you fan yourself?

"'Although you understand that the nature of wind is permaneut, you do not understand the meaning of its reaching everywhere,' the master replied." Even though you understand form is emptiness, you do not understand that emptiness is form, in other words.

"'What is the meaning?' asked the monk. The master just fanned himself." He did not answer, just fanned himself. There is a very great difference between a man who fans himself and one who does not fan himself. One will be very hot, one will be very cool, even though wind is everywhere. "The master just fanned himself. The monk bowed with great respect."

This is an experience of the correct transmission of Buddhism. Dogen-zenji said, "Those who say we should not use a fan because there is wind know neither permanency nor the nature of wind. The natnre of wind is permanent. The wind of Buddhism actualizes the gold of the earth and ripens the cheese of the Long River."

"Ripens the cheese of the Long River"—this is a quotation from the *Gandavyuha Sutra*. The water of the Long River is supposed to be pure milk. But

even though the water of the Long River is pure milk, if it doesn't go through the right process, it cannot become cheese. Milk is milk and cheese is cheese. So if you want to ripen cheese, you should work on it. Even though there is wind, if you do not use your fan, it will not make you cool. Even though there is a lot of gold on the earth, if you do not pick it up, you cannot get gold. This is a very important point.

People may think Zen is a wonderful teaching. "If you study Zen, you will acquire complete freedom. Whatever you do, if you are in a Zen Buddhist robe, it is alright. We have that much freedom in our teaching." This kind of understanding looks like observing the teaching that form is emptiness, but what I mean by "form is emptiness" is quite different. Back and forth we practice, we train our mind and our emotions and our body. And after that process, you will acquire the perfect freedom.

And perfect freedom will only be acquired under some limitation. When you are in one position, realization of the truth will be there. But if you do not work on any position, wandering about from one place to another without knowing where you are, without knowing the place on which you work, there will be no chance to realize your true nature. Even though you use something to make yourself cool—a Japanese round fan, a Chinese fan and a big electric fan—if you are always changing from one to the other, you will spend your time just changing your equipment. And you will have no time to appreciate the cool wind. That is what most people are doing. Reality will be experienced only when you

One of the Tassajara Fall 2005 serving crews: Will Sherwin, Richard Salzberg, Judith Randall, Lucy Xiao, Tim O'Connor Fraser, and Wes Rossacher

are in some particular condition. That is why we say emptiness is form. Emptiness will be very good, but it can only be appreciated in some form or color or under some limitation.

But we cannot be attached to it. You should appreciate, moment after moment, what you are doing right now. First, you must know under which condition you actually are. If you are a teacher, you should behave like a teacher. When you are a student, you should behave like a student. So first of all you should know what your position is, or realization of the truth will not happen to you. This is how we should understand our way. To realize our position and find ourselves is the way.

In this koan, he says, "Even though you know the nature of wind is permanent"—but, strictly speaking, this is rhetoric. Actually, the monk doesn't know the nature of wind or what is meant by permanence. "Although you understand that the nature of wind is permanent, you do not understand the meaning of its reaching everywhere." How the wind reaches everywhere, what is everywhere, and what reaching is—he has no idea. He doesn't know anything. When the nature of the wind is permanent, is when the wind works in some certain direction, in some spirit, under some condition. Then the nature of wind will appear. You see?

"Reaching everywhere" means that the activity of the cool wind, which is blowing in a certain direction, in some spirit, covers everything. At that moment, the movement of the wind is the whole world, and the independent activity of

Suzuki Roshi in 1966.

PHOTO: TIMOTHY O'CONNOR FRASER

In June, Abbot Paul Haller led a ceremony to bless the solar panels installed on the roof of City Center.

the wind. Nothing can be compared with the wind under this condition. Ash is ash, having its own past and future; and firewood is firewood, having its own past and future. Firewood and ash are thoroughly independent. So is the wind. This is how wind reaches everywhere, and this activity is beyond the idea of time.

When we attain enlightenment, all the patriarchs attain enlightenment at the same time. You cannot say Buddha is before and we are after. When you understand enlightenment, you are independent from everything; you have your own past and future, as Buddha has his own past and future. And his position is independent, as your position is independent. If so, this realization is beyond time and space. In this way, the wind reaches everywhere. Do you understand? You cannot say Buddha is before and we are after, like ashes are after and firewood is before. In this way, you should understand that the wind reaches everywhere. In this way, you should realize the nature of wind, which is permanent. The monk did not have any understanding of this kind. For Hotetsu-zenji, it was impossible to explain this direct experience of reality, so he just fanned himself, appreciating the cool wind.

This is a very famous statement: "The wind of Buddhism actualizes the gold of the earth and ripens the cheese of the Long River." Only by your practice, when you practice zazen in this way, aiming at this kind of goal, will you have a chance to attain true enlightenment.

Thank you very much.

PHOTO BY TANYA TAKACS

In December, Meiya Wender assisted at Christina Lehnherr's dharma transmission.

BUDDHA'S ROBE

Lecture by Tanto Meiya Wender
Green Gulch Farm
May 15, 2005

Today I would like to talk about an aspect of our daily life here—Buddha's robe or the okesa as it's called in Japanese, or kashaya in Sanskrit. I want to express my appreciation for the robe and gratitude for being able to wear it.

Recently I have been thinking how important it is to express our gratitude and appreciation to our parents for having been born. None of us had to be here; it happened due to various causes and conditions including the willingness of our parents to have a child. It feels quite wonderful to realize and express such gratitude. I feel similarly about the okesa. Being given this robe to wear, receiving it, and wearing it is also like being born. To receive the robe is to enter into a new life, to receive the support of one's teacher and community to clarify and plunge deeply into one's life.

Every morning here at Green Gulch we put the robe on our head and chant:

> Great robe of liberation
> Field far beyond form and emptiness
> Wearing the tathagatha's teaching
> Saving all beings.

It's something that we do here every day, so for us it's quite ordinary and we don't actually talk much about it. But I wonder if it seems like a strange thing to do. To take this piece of cloth, put it on your head, and put your palms together and recite a verse of respect. Does that seem like something strange? ["Yes," "Yeah" from audience]. Okay, good, now we've got that out there. So this is a place where we do strange things.

Obviously, everything else that you've tried in your life hasn't really worked. [laughter] Otherwise, why would you be here? I mean, there are other things you could be doing on a Sunday morning. So we're really fortunate that we have this practice that's been transmitted over a couple of thousand years to us that we can rely on. We have this very unusual thing we do and we can have some faith in it, in the power of it, even though we don't know exactly how it works, we kind of get it, that there's something there.

First you put the robe on your head and then you put it on and once you're wearing it, you have to take care of it. So it takes care of you, but you also have to take care of it, because it tends to fall off, though it does have some ties which help. But it's not like a pair of pants or a shirt or something that you can just put on and basically forget about. You really do have to take care of it. The form of wearing it is part of the transformation—you move differently when you're wearing a robe. You have to treat it in a way that it doesn't get dirty and you can only wear it certain times and not at others and so forth.

The robe has been transmitted for 2000 years, since the time of Buddha. Dogen Zenji, in "The Merit of the Okesa," says that when Shakyamuni Buddha transmitted the dharma to his successor, Mahakasyapa, he gave him an okesa that

PHOTO BY MARIA MATSUKAWA

Participants in City Center's Summer Intensive journey out to a rally in commemoration of the bombings at Hiroshima 60 years ago.

PHOTO BY MASON SMITH

had been transmitted to *him* from Kasyapa Buddha. He places the origin of the robe not just with the historical Shakyamuni Buddha, but with an earlier mythological Buddha outside the realm of history. This essay by Dogen is a combination of very practical instructions—what kind of fabric to use and how to wash the okesa and what color it should be—together with statements such as that the first okesa came from this trans-historical Buddha, from whom it was transmitted to every ancestor, all the way down to us. You may have seen the lineage chart that's on the wall in Cloud Hall of all of our ancestors. They all wore this robe and passed it down. That expresses our understanding of Buddha's teaching being passed down from generation to generation of living Buddhas.

The instructions that Dogen gives in this essay are about the robe and the color of the robe, but they're also instructions about how to practice, how to live our lives. Not just about how to make something out of cloth, but how through using this cloth, we actually create our lives and practice with the precepts. For example, he brings up the question of how one deals with anger and quotes a sutra about becoming angry by seeing a person who acts purely but speaks impurely or by someone who acts impurely, but speaks purely. Seeing this, one gets angry. According to the sutra, the way to dispel the anger is by following the example of a forest monk who picks up discarded rags to make a robe. He says, "Like the monk, if he finds cloth soiled with excreta, urine, nasal mucus or anything else impure, he should pick it up with his left hand and stretching it out with his right hand, tear off the soiled and hole-less parts." This comes from the custom of using discarded, cast-off pieces of fabric to sew a robe. He's describing how when you find this cloth you should take the part that's good and throw away the rest. When I first

read this, I thought it was kind of a strange practice and I wasn't really sure that I wanted to do it. But when I thought about it, I realized that actually it does work. Just as in picking up this cloth, even though part of it is a mess and you don't really want it, there's part of it that is perfectly good. In the same way our anger is often because we have some idea about why someone is doing something and of course it's much easier to focus on what's wrong with them than on seeing their virtue. Just as you take only the good part of the cloth, it actually works pretty well to see someone's virtue and just drop the rest; you don't need to pick it up. The okesa is made up of small and large pieces, so even if only a very tiny part of the cloth is unsoiled, it can still be used. You may be able to see only a glimpse of a person's beauty or virtue, but that little bit is enough; just drop the rest.

Dogen talks about the different types of fabric that are suitable to be used for an okesa and basically it's fabric that has been discarded for some reason, such as that excrement has touched it or it has been chewed by an animal or part of it has been burned or it was used as a menstrual cloth or soiled in childbirth or left at a shrine or left at a graveyard. These are not types of cloth that we are likely to come across these days. When was the last time you were at a graveyard and found a piece of cloth that had been used as a shroud? When was the last time that you found an old piece of fabric that a court official had discarded when he was promoted to another rank and didn't need it anymore? This probably didn't even happen in Japan. The interesting thing is that after giving all these specifications about the type of cloth that can be used, Dogen says that actually okesa fabric transcends any of these descriptions. It doesn't need to be pure or impure, used or new, cotton or silk; the okesa has nothing to do with any particular category. As

PHOTO BY RENSHIN JUDY BUNCE

In August, Jane Lazar, Cathy Early, and Catherine Gammon were ordained by Tenshin Reb Anderson.

PHOTO BY TIMOTHY O'CONNOR FRASER

Work leader Linda Galijan surveys ditches dug this Fall at Tassajara. Linda and her husband Greg Fain moved to City Center in December. Linda is the City Center shika and Greg Treasurer/CFO.

an example he tells the story of our sixth ancestor, Hui-neng, who was asked by a monk, "Should we understand the okesa that you received in the middle of the night on Mount Huang-mei as cotton or as silk, as what kind of material should we see it?" According to Dogen, Hui-neng answered, "It is neither cotton nor silk." It didn't depend on the particular type of material that it happened to be made of.

The third ancestor, Shonawashu, was born already wearing a robe. While he was a layman, his robe was considered a secular garment, but when he left home, it turned into okesa. There is also the case of a nun, Sukra, who was born with a robe, but the day that she met Shakyamuni Buddha and left home, the secular robe which she had worn since birth changed instantly into okesa.

"So clearly," Dogen says, "the okesa is beyond silk, cotton and so forth. Moreover, the fact that the virtue of the Buddhadharma can transform body and mind and all dharmas is as in these examples. The truth is evident that when we leave home and receive the precepts, body and mind, object and subject, change at once. It is only because we are stupid that we don't know."

Both of these examples bring up not only the point that the fabric isn't important, but that the robe itself is transformative, that when we put the robe on, our life is changed.

The robe is often referred to as a religious vestment, a cloth that goes on on top of actual clothing. But it's origin in India was completely practical. The story of Shakyamuni is that he was known as Gautama, the son of a ruler of a clan. His journey began when he left home for the first time, when he left his wealthy, protected upbringing for the first time and saw the four messengers—an old person,

a sick person, a corpse and then a religious seeker. Perhaps this is the first instance of the importance of the robe or of the transformative power of the clothing. Seeing a mendicant wearing a robe, Gautama was inspired to leave his own home life and become a monk. How did he know that this person was a monk? He knew because of his serenity and his behavior, and also because of what he was wearing. I've read it described as a white robe and in another place as yellow, so I'm not sure what color it was, but it was an ordinary robe at that time in India of someone who had left home and was a wandering mendicant.

In the next scene of his story, we see Gautama leaving home on horseback and wearing his princely clothing. He goes off into the forest and then after sending back his attendant, he cuts off his hair. Soon he comes across a deer hunter and asks if he can trade clothes with him. In most stories it simply says he changes clothes with this hunter. In one story I read, the hunter is clothed in the yellow robe of an ascetic which he was wearing in order to trick animals. They would think that he was a monk and not run away from him and then he could kill them. So when Gautama trades clothes with him, not only is he getting the clothes he wants, but he's doing the hunter a double favor. He is giving him his own clothes, which are worth a lot of money, and also relieving him of a deceitful existence of tricking animals in order to kill them. Gautama's first renunciation of home life and entry onto his path is to cut off his hair and change his clothing. Now he has the clothes of a monk and can go off and begin his search which culminates in his becoming the Awakened One, the Buddha.

This was the earliest form of the robe—simply a garment. In some descriptions, there was a set of three rectangular pieces of cloth, which were wrapped around the body for modesty and for some protection. Basically everyone wore the same thing. Eventually there was a request from a local ruler, a lay follower of the Buddha, that his monks have a distinctive type of garment. He wanted to know who they were so that he could express his respect for them. It's interesting that the idea for a specifically Buddhist garment came from a layperson. This question is something that is still with us, of whether a monk should be different from or the same as everyone else. Should they blend in or should they have a different appearance, should they be distinguished in some way? So if I shave my head and wear different clothes, I'm different from others and feel separate. But in this story the separation is what makes it possible to have contact. I don't know how you all feel about this. I know that this is something that comes up a lot for people who wear robes. Some Green Gulch priests say, "If I go to Mill Valley dressed like a monk then I'm separate from everyone. If I go to my child's school with a shaved head, then the kids will treat my child as someone who's got weird parents." So this kind of question has come up for quite a while. But I found it interesting that

in this first story the idea of having a distinction in robes was so that the laypeople would know who the monks were, who Buddha's followers were and could actually join them, to pay respect to them.

The legend about the design of the robe is that the Buddha noticed a rice field and asked Ananda, one of his foremost disciples, to design a robe based on this shape. Rice was the most basic source of sustenance in India, so the pattern in which it was cultivated seems an appropriate model for the garment of those who dedicated their lives to awakening to that life. Rice fields are made up of both small and large areas, divided into sections with footpaths in between. The robe is made from small and large rectangles of fabric joined by narrow strips. When monks looked for rags to sew with, if they found a large piece, they could use a large piece; if they found a small piece, they could use a small piece. The robe is put together from both those sizes. In some cases the large piece is on top and in some cases the large piece is on the bottom. There's no distinction, there's no better or worse, or important or less important. The short piece is simply short; the small piece is simply small.

One teacher described the pattern of overlapping—each section overlaps the one below it—just as water flows down in a rice paddy, the teaching flows down and nourishes the intention and the vows of the practitioner. I don't know if that was the original nnderstanding or was read into it later, but each element of the robe is connected with some part of the teaching in that way.

As Buddhism spread from India to other countries and the teaching changed and developed, the robe was transformed as it went to other countries. Today the color is different in different countries. In Southeast Asia, robes are golden or yellow, in Tibet they are often maroon. In China, the climate is much colder than in India. So the biggest change was that it became something that was worn on top of regular clothing, rather than being the clothing itself. There was greater

PHOTO BY KEITH BARKETT

Matt Vivrett, Aria Bettinger, and their twin toddlers Tara and Thalia recently moved to Green Gulch. Matt will be head of the fields and Aria will be responsible for the kitchen garden.

emphasis on seeing the okesa not as clothing but as the carrier of the teaching, as the body and mind of the Buddha, the symbol of the transmission. Perhaps the most famous story is that of the sixth ancestor, Hui-neng, who, even though he was still a layperson at the time, received dharma transmission from his teacher and received the robe and the begging bowl as a symbol of that transmission of the teaching. When he left the monastery, other monks chased after him, angry that he, a newcomer, had received the inheritance of their teacher. They attempted to steal the robe and the bowl, bnt couldn't. Hui-neng placed the robe on a rock and the monk coming after him couldn't lift it. In awe at this inexplicable event, the monk finally understood, and expressed gratitude to Hui-neng as his teacher. In this story Hui-neng's own power is projected onto the robe. It shows that the teaching is not available until you actually understand it, until it's actually yours. It can be given but it can't be taken.

The teaching of the robe originally came to Japan with the monks who first bronght Buddhism. Dogen talks about having seen the okesa; it was already in Japan in the 13th century. But in a famous passage in this essay, *Kesa Kudoku,* he says that when he went to China, he saw the monks in the zendo put the okesa on their head and recite the robe chant. He says that this practice had been lost in Japan, and he was so grateful at seeing how it was done that he cried. He took that teaching back with him to Japan, but again, after Dogen's time, to some extent teachings about the tobe were lost.

We don't really even know now exactly what Dogen's robe looked like. Tbere is a temple in Japan that has a robe that purportedly was Dogen's, but most scholars don't think that it actually is the original robe. There is a painting of Dogen Zenji wearing a robe which at least gives an accurate idea of what people thought that it looked like at the time that it was painted. But we don't really know for sure what people wore in the 13th century. It's thought that it was probably a bluish-black which

PHOTO BY DONNA CARTER

Fall Shuso at City Center Jana Draaka attends to Zenkei Blanche Hartman's robes.

Participants in City Center's Summer Intensive

is unusual in the Buddhist world. Japan may be the only country where monks wear a lot of black, and this may simply be because black fabric was available. Sumi (charcoal) was used for dying and at one time samurai wore black as mourning clothes, so there was a lot of black fabric available. I think that people basically use whatever dyes they have. The dyes available in Japan must have been different from the natural dyes, the roots and plants that would have grown in India. We don't know whether or not Dogen's okesa had a ring. My okesa has a tie, but it's thought that at one time there was a ring that was used together with a tie to hold the okesa together. Today some okesas use a ring like that and also you often see a ring on the rakusu, the small version of the okesa.

We don't know for sure the origin of the rakusu. What I have heard is that at Dogen's time there was a five-panel robe that was the size of the okesa, and gradually it shrank. Dogen transmitted the sixteen Bodhisattva precepts to his disciples; he didn't transmit the longer Vinaya precepts which had proscriptions against work. So starting from Dogen's time, there were fewer restrictions on monks and they gradually became more involved in physical work than monks had earlier. In India monks were proscribed from work, especially work like farming, so they wouldn't have needed a smaller robe. But gradually after Dogen's time with monks more involved in physical work, they needed a smaller, informal robe. So the okesa devolved into a small version that could be worn on less formal occasions. That is one theory about the origin of the rakusu.

It seems that after Dogen's time the teaching about the okesa to some extent died out. Then in the Edo period there was a revival of interest and the question

Pictured here is Yoshida Roshi, one of Zen Center's earliest sewing instructors.

came up, "What is the real okesa? What is the true okesa that was transmitted by the Buddha?" Some scholars, particularly a Shingon priest by the name of Jiun Sonja, researched into old texts and came up with some idea of what they thought this garment looked like. And then more recently, in the last century, Kishizawa Ian Roshi, Hashimoto Eko Roshi, and Sawaki Kodo Roshi, went back to this old research and revived the practice of sewing okesa. This was interesting for me to find this out because having begun my practice of Zen here at Zen Center, where the teaching of sewing was readily available, I had assumed that all Zen students sewed Buddha's robe. But I found that this isn't the case. In Japan today there are two versions of Soto Zen robes; there's a store-bought version, which is the official robe as described by Soto Shu regulations and there's a hand-sewn style—called Nyoho-e—which is constructed quite differently. At the major training temples today in Japan this type of robe is not allowed for monk trainees. Monks in training must have the regular store-bought one. because the Nyoho-e is considered too special, too different, too fancy.

As far as I know, when Suzuki Roshi first came to the United States, he wore the official version of the okesa. I don't know that he had a hand-sewn robe of his own at that time. He didn't immediately begin the practice of sewing at Zen Center; that was not the first thing that he taught. Perhaps he was a little hesitant to bring it up as a practice.

It was towards the end of his life that Suzuki Roshi *did* decide to introduce the practice of sewing to this community. When he did, he completely supported it and he invited Eshun Yoshida Roshi, a Japanese priest, a woman who taught sewing and who had studied with Hashimoto Roshi and Sawaki Kodo Roshi. Suzuki

PHOTO BY RENSHIN JUDY BUNCE

In June 2005, Teah Strozer offered lay initiation to Amy Buzick, Jefrey Cantu, Lisa Dunseth, Josh Fitzgerald, David Hyry, Earthlyn Manuel, Carolyn Reyes, Aileen Rodriguez, and Don Wiepert.

Roshi did not know them personally. He said he had met Hashimoto Roshi only once, but he felt connected to him because he had been a friend of Suzuki Roshi's teacher, Kishizawa Ian Roshi and of his master, Gyokujun Soun Roshi. Yoshida Roshi came and held an okesa sewing sesshin at City Center in June 1971, and at that time Suzuki Roshi gave a number of lectures about the okesa.

In one of these talks he said, "In some way your practice is very luxurious. You are children who were born in a rich family. Whatever you want to do, you can do it. So maybe that is the reason I couldn't support okesa sewing in the practice so much before—it is too luxurious a practice. In the Heian period in Japan only people who were born into noble families could do this. Buddhists were lost in their practice, because it was too aristocratic practice. Even though you gather old material and spend a lot of time in each stitch, when they made one stitch they bow many times and took up the needle and sew *okesa* stitch by stitch in that way. That was good practice, they thought, but because of that, Buddhists were lost. This is still an issue for us. I think to sew a rakusu or okesa only for oneself is very luxurious, very aristocratic. We should understand sewing as 'studying the self.' Studying the self to drop the self and be awakened with and for the benefit of all beings." He also said, "Our okesa is not just a *symbol* of our teaching, but it is actually Dharma itself. The proper understanding of zazen is at the same time proper understanding of rakusu. So unless you have real experience of zazen, rakusu is not actually rakusu; it is just something which you wear. It is not dharma itself."

Actually Buddha's robe is beyond our understanding. It's a wonderful practice to sew and wear something that we can't quite pin down with our rational mind. As long as we think that zazen should be a particular way, we are limited. As long as we think that we should be a particular way, we are limited. The practice of zazen and the practice of making and wearing the okesa are the same practice. Suzuki Roshi encouraged stndents to concentrate on each stitch of sewing the okesa in the same way as they concentrated on following their breath in zazen. But he said, "The point is not that you concentrate on each stitch. The point is that you are actually one with each stitch."

We have the practice here when we sew a rakusu or okesa, of reciting with each stitch, "Namu kie butsu" or "I take refuge in Bnddha." Senior Dharma Teacher Blanche Hartman, the person most responsible for teaching and transmitting the practice of robe sewing at Zen Center, told me that this practice of taking refuge with each stitch was transmitted to her by Yoshida Roshi. I don't know whether this practice still exists in Japan. At Zuioji, one of the few temples where the monks do sew the okesa, they do not take refuge with each stitch, and I have read that some lay sewing groups recite the phrase, "Stitch by stitch, sew with heart." My experience is that our practice of taking refuge with Buddha in each stitch is very powerful. It is available to both priests and lay people and can extend throughont our entire life. I wonder sometimes if Suzuki Roshi hadn't encouraged this practice, what our practice would in fact look like today. How else could we possibly stitch our sangha together? I wonder if we would even have this kind of practice place today if we didn't have the robe and the practice of sewing it.

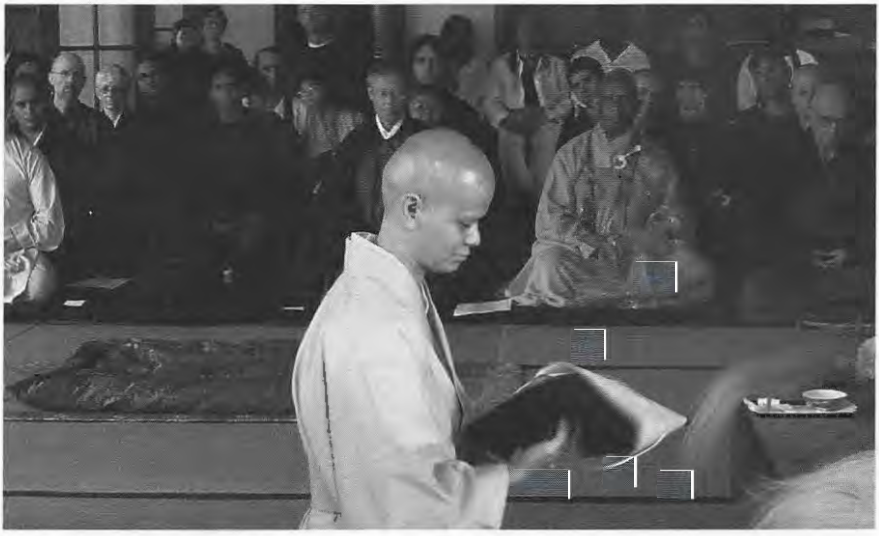


PHOTO BY CHRIS RUSEY

Lien Shutt was ordained at City Center in September.

PHOTO BY MICK SOPKO

Zen is not a revealed teaching; it's an understanding that comes from hearing the teaching, taking it in, studying it, working with it and expressing it together with someone else. It's the same with the robe. We don't design it or choose the color according to our own preferences, but rather we learn how to make it from our teachers, who learned from their teachers. And then even after hours and hours of sewing, the robe doesn't belong to us. It is Buddha's robe and you receive it in a ceremony where you have the opportunity to publicly express your deepest intention to live as Buddha's disciple. I think that this is the foundation of our practice here.

Thank you very much.

MILENARIO ÁRBOL DE CEREZO...

by Cecilia Rodrigo
(Translated by Rita Cummings)
September 2005

Milenario árbol de cerezo del cual florece
Una sola flor in primavera

Anciano,
El aire y los pájaros que antaño cobijaras
Ahora te circundan.

Permaneces
Sin nada mas que el tierno brote de tu corazón.

Tronco,
Donde la luz se engalana en mariposa
Frágil belleza nacarinda
Sometida al tiempo
Bates inocente tus alas.

Piedra y lluvia,
Recorrida por hormigas
Inmóvil en ti
El movimiento es devenir perfecto.

Floreces pensativo
Cubriendo con tus ramas lo que ves.
Se diría que suenas con la muerte
Como antes sonaste con el mundo.

Los niños del pueblo
En rondíñelas te cantan.
Como mándalas al viento
Solitaros pajaraos migratorios,
En corrientes invisibles te siguen.

Corceles las nubes, las nubes,
Los querubines, los Ángeles aplauden.
Y tú,
Pronto a ser piedra,
De este planeta azul, partes,
Estas partiendo.

ILLUSTRATIONS: HELEN DUNHAM

Thousand-year old cherry tree
Blossoming with only a single flower in Spring

Ancient one,
the air and birds
you once sheltered
now surround you.
And there is nothing more
than this tender blossom of your heart.

Trunk,
where light flitters – dressed as a butterfly.
Fragile beauty, *nacarinda**
subdued by time – wings beat innocently.
Rocks, rain pass through
the stillness within –
a movement of perfect becoming.

Pensive blossoms
cover your branches with what you see.

Some say you dream with death,
when once you dreamed with the world.

The children of the village
sing to you in *rondinelas***.

Like mandalas in the wind,
solitary migrating birds
follow in invisible currents.

Clouds, clouds like wild horses,
angels and cherubim sing praises.

And you,
soon to become stone in this blue planet –
you are parting,
giving birth.

* Resembles mother of pearl.

** In rounds.

Touching the Earth

ZEN CENTER'S 2006 LECTURE AND WORKSHOP SERIES

San Francisco Zen Center's Touching the Earth Lecture Series is currently underway. Events earlier this year included lectures with Gretel Ehrlich, Yvon Chouinard, David Whyte, Canyon Sam, Thomas Lewis, and Huston Smith and workshops with Marc Lesser, Canyon Sam, Thomas Lewis and Marsha Angus. Upcoming events also include Linda Ruth Cutts & Wendy Johnson, Doris Dörrie

DANIEL ELLSBERG

Friday, May 5, 7:30 p.m.

Lecture: ***Whistleblowing: Risk Taking and Right Speech***

Reception: 6:30 p.m. with a musical performance by Jason Parmar on the tabla and Eliyahu Sills on the bansuri flute. By donation, free for Zen Center members.

Unitarian Universalist Center, in San Francisco

Dr. Ellsberg earned his Ph.D. in Economics at Harvard, and later served in the Defense and State Departments during the Vietnam era. He gained notoriety for giving the 7,000-page Pentagon Papers study to the New York Times and other newspapers two years after presenting it the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. His subsequent trial, was dismissed on grounds of governmental misconduct, leading to convictions of White Honse aides. Since then he has been a lecturer, writer, and activist.

ALAN SENAUKE

Saturday, May 6, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Workshop: ***Speaking Truth to Power, Speaking Truth in Power: The Zen Practice of Right Speech***

Wheelwright Center, Green Gulch Farm Zen Center, Marin County

Right Speech is often the hardest precept to keep. Meditation practitioners are intimate with silence, but when it comes time to say something, how do we see this as a Bodhisattva's practice, including principles of compassion, wisdom, and our common human circumstance? It is not always easy to know what to say, how, and when. This workshop, using traditional and modern materials, meditation, and group discussions, will help develop new skills and hone the skills we have.

Hozan Alan Senauke, a Soto Zen priest, serves as head of practice at Berkeley Zen Center, and served as Executive Director of the Buddhist Peace Fellowship for eleven years.

PHOTO BY ELIZABETH SHARE

GRACE DAMMANN RECEIVES AWARD FROM HIS HOLINESS THE DALAI LAMA

On November 7, 2005, in San Francisco, His Holiness the Dalai Lama presented "Unsung Heroes of Compassion" awards. One of the four recipients was Grace Dammann, a long-time resident at Zen Center's Green Gulch Farm in Marin.

Though many of Zen Center's residents know Grace and some have known her for many years, not everyone is aware of the impressive work she has done and continues to offer through her skills as a doctor and as a dedicated Buddhist practitioner.

Although Grace may choose to keep a low profile, the *Wind Bell,* on behalf of all of Zen Center, would like to honor her with this acknowledgment of her accomplishments and open-heartedness that led to this award.

See our website at *www.sfzc.org/news* for more details of Grace's background and of the contributions and actions that brought her to the attention of those who presented the award.

PHOTO BY MICK SOPKO

Sabrina, Grace Dammann, and Furyu Nancy Schroeder at Green Gulch.

Austin Zen Center

PHOTO BY JANE AMSCHWAND

THOUGHTS ON TEACHING

by Barbara Kohn
2005

San Francisco Zen Center asked me for my thoughts about what a teacher needs when leaving SFZC to go teach at a new center. What follows comes out of that personal search.

I was lucky when I came to Austin that I had a good deal of administrative know-how: how to plan a budget, fundraising basics, project management, how to write a personnel policy, etc. At SFZC (GGF, CC, Tassajara) I had been on the Board for many years, had been *ino* twice, *tenzo* once, *fukuten* three times, *shika* twice, director of Tassajara, and president of SFZC . In other words, I left with knowledge of forms, roles and the general way to run a Zen Center. While this might not apply to everyone who leaves to begin a center, given SFZC's job rotation policies, I expect that most people who leave to teach on their own have had similarly broad experiences.

I also had offered practice discussion to many different people, both at SFZC and at various places where I taught and offered weekend sesshins. I had lectured and taught classes enough to be comfortable in that role. I'd learned something about when a group is ready for more "form" and when to keep it simple and was somewhat willing to compromise my own agendas in this area.

I also lacked understanding about the people who had invited me here, how much *they didn't know* what to expect from me. I assumed that they wanted me to make a mini-San Francisco Zen Center with lots of bells and bows and chants, oodles of sittings, classes and special events. I also thought that the

people who invited me wanted to give over their lives as much as possible to Austin Zen Center. In other words the model of the SFZC residential program was deeply ingrained in me. While I understood that householders had families and jobs to be attended to, I thought that they would focus the rest of their time and focus their family and social lives around the Zen Center. This was not the case. So when I encountered people who seemed to want to become full time Zen students I was enchanted and greedy for them to become residents, priests, companions on the path. In general, they didn't know what some of my unspoken expectations were, nor did they know how to understand some of my spoken ones. I learned, "don't assume, find out."

So how is it to be "*the* Teacher" in a Zen Center? And what is it to ordain someone as a priest or take someone on as a "Zen student"? At the American Zen Teachers' meeting two years ago teachers tended to agree on certain qualities that they look for in students they ordain as priests: mental stability, honesty, commitment to dharma work, accountability to the teacher and sangha, some interpersonal skills, insight into their reactivity and a growing ability not to *act out*. At the Soto Zen Buddhist Association there was wide agreement that being a Zen priest is a profession, that the ordained person gives up another way of life (renounces, leaves home). If they earn money outside the monastery or temple it is primarily to support their training and practice and take care of karmic responsibilities (family). Most teachers who had experienced significant monastic living felt *that* experience was of primary importance for becoming

PHOTO BY TIMOTHY O'CONNOR FRASER

Tassajara Fall 2005 practice period students assemble for work meeting.

a Zen teacher and for receiving dharma transmission. But none of this really addresses what it is like to be in this role, alone with students and practitioners who have various and deeply held ideas about what a Zen Teacher is.

In looking back I know that my hidden agendas were ambitious and therefore problematic. I didn't require a person to be *my student* in order to sew a rakusu, nor was it a requirement for working with me or having dokusan or committing to practice. Still, I know I wanted people to *want* to be my student. Even though I encouraged students to see other teachers, I am sure they felt an underlying message that I wanted them to be *my students*. As a teacher I was charmed by the apparently *quick progress* that some students made in their practice. I *liked* having a group around me that seemed to gain something from my teaching. I *loved* sharing dreams about building a residential training center. This ambition seemed in the realm of possibility; encouraged by the speed with which we attained a lovely building and the fact that for the first couple of years we also had access to a country retreat center where we could bring guest visitors, have a summer intensive, live, practice and work together. I have subsequently understood that by having such a strong agenda, I *needed* dedicated students to fulfill my vision. The gestalt was internally flawed and I didn't realize it. Because I was attached to the outcome, I was not free to encourage and guide people to find their own directions. I became subject to rationalizing what was good for them based on my personal preferences.

I fell romantically in love with the project of creating the center, with

PHOTO BY DAVID HAYE

Zenkei Blanche Hartman and Christina Lehnherr preparing for an ordination ceremony.

seeing students develop in the model we were using. I loved the idea of us all in this dream together. I expected students would go off to work with other teachers and then return here to help run the center. I hoped they would help me develop the kind of community I have always wanted. I got caught in trying to *make* it happen. There was too much *"I,"* causing tension to achieve, rather than openness to what happens. I didn't remember lessons learned from past experiences. For instance, I would explain things to folks, hoping the explanations would bypass the need to experience their own mistakes (a rushing attitude). I forgot that there are not short cuts to maturity.

For a while it all seemed to go along swimmingly. I apparently had handled various rumblings. The air would clear and we'd continue to be charmed by our project and our interconnected using of one another. And then a confluence of situations and events spotlighted the whole and all of its troubles. I was forced to look deeply into my own motives and failings, while continuing to serve the center and students the best way I could.

I had the background and even the experience to know about transference, counter-transference, jealousies and projections. But when I found myself without peers I ended up ignoring the power imbalance between the students and myself. I pretended that they were friends or colleagues which interfered with the rhythm of their development. At first they were flattered. In the long run, I went from being the "good mother" to being the "bad mother" and they went

PHOTO BY TANYA TAKACS

Teah Strozer with Barbara Wenger and Wendy Lewis on a panel on the Path of Service at October's Members' Meeting.

PHOTO BY TIMOTHY O'CONNOR FRASER

John Grimes was shuso at Tassajara's Fall 2005 Practice Period.

from being my "buddies" to being my severest critics. Every mistake I had made came back to haunt me. My closest students pulled away from me as they sought to form relationships with each other that were stronger than those with me. They needed room to find their own way in this complex process of deepening their lives. As a result I understood how isolated I was. In the ensuing months I learned a great deal about myself and found ways to connect with my peers, even at a distance. It was painful, inevitable, and valuable.

I understand that I must keep open to my curiosity, excitement and caring while being ready and willing to let go of plans, to change directions. I must be

PHOTO BY TANYA TAKACS

Sukey Parmelee (far right) with Green Gulch Farm produce at City Center: Members' Meetings were held at both practice centers for the first time this year.

honest, not hide behind the role, be sincere and circumspect in my utterances. I must not rush or encourage rushing. Simultaneously I must be ready to encourage, push and cajole when a student's fear stands in the way of his or her growth. To know which is when means easing off of my own agendas.

When we go out to teach we can be aware of the pitfalls, but as Bateson said, "The map is not the territory." Until you walk the terrain and get lost you won't really know what wrong turnings you will take. Teachers have to be free to make mistakes and to be willing to be targets of group rage. We must learn to accept criticism, defend and explain when appropriate and know the difference between defending and being defensive. While remaining open and interested we must be accepting of the unexpected, not counting on anyone else to fulfill our fantasies. We must not be afraid to love our students. We must be carefnl how we express that caring. We should not exhibit all of our emotional states with new students. But we must not be afraid to be seen for who we are. We must not use students as confidants until they have come close to going beyond us in their practice. This is hard because often we are comfortable with these people and in other circumstances they would be our friends and peers. It is hard to keep a separation in a small center especially if there are no others doing what we are doing. Residents, students, and teacher work together daily. There is an intimacy seldom experienced in a larger center. We need each other to get the work done, to sit zazen together and to study together. A teacher who holds herself too aloof won't be doing her job. So there is a tight rope to be walked with balance and grace.

PHOTO BY TANYA TAKACS

Michael Wenger with shuso Jamie Howell from Spring 2005 Practice Period at City Center.

Abbess Jiko Linda Cutts with Ryumon Gutierrez-Baldoquin following Ryumon's shuso ceremony at the end of the Fall 2005 Green Gulch Farm practice period.

As I continue there are some things that seem helpful to me. I endeavor not to ask people to fulfill my dreams. As I release my grasping hold I find that my heart opens with many fewer expectations. I have no idea what Austin Zen Center will become or ought to become. Fools rush into roles like this and I am glad that I did.

Arlene Lueck and Myphon Hunt received dharma transmission from Zoketsu Norman Fischer in November. Daigan Lueck and Lee deBarros assisted.

PHOTO BY MICK SOPKO

THE HOUSE OF MIRACLES

Lecture by Abbot Ryushin Paul Haller
November 17, 2004
City Center

For over forty years after his awakening, Shakyamuni Buddha walked around northern India visiting those places whose names we now chant—Lumbini, Magada, Kushinagara, and many others. It occurred to me recently that he spent most of his time on pilgrimage, sleeping in the open, meditating under trees, exposed to the elements. Outside of the monsoon season (the rainy season) he just walked mindfully from place to place, experiencing the golden wind of each day's happenings. Thinking about Shakyamuni's walking practice brought up this story from my own life.

Almost exactly three months ago, I was walking along a dirt path beside a river called Ulajamba, in Peru, carrying a four-year-old girl. Let's call her Maria. She was fast asleep, but every now and then her eyes would half open and she would give me a very drowsy look before falling back against my body and resuming her deep sleep. Even when I shifted her from arm to arm she still didn't wake up. At first she felt easy to carry, but as we continued her weight seemed to increase. The further we walked the heavier she got, and the heavier she became the greater my effort. My intention was just to walk as if we were never going to get anywhere. As if walking would just go on forever. As if this activity didn't have a beginning or an end, just a middle. That walking was just walking. We were a group of ten children and three adults walking together on this endless journey along the riverbank. Maria was the youngest; the other children were five, six and seven, and a couple of them were thirteen.

PHOTO BY BETTY BRACHMAN

We had a specific reason for walking. We were going to the town of Calca, which was about two miles away. I had thought that perhaps one of the other adults with me, Kia, would have arranged a taxi, as there was no bus service nearby. When I asked, "How are we going to get there?" she said, "Walk." I thought, "It's going to take forever for five-year-olds to walk two miles."

When you feel like you can get to where you want to be quickly it's as if you can hold your breath until you arrive. You don't have to give yourself to where you are or what you're doing; just focus on where you want to be, so you don't really have to be here in this situation, with its demands and limitations. Is this how to relate to the journey of life? Life's only destination is death, and we'll get there soon enough. So when Kia said, "We're going to walk the two miles," I thought, "Okay, this will take a dedicated effort. This journey will be a substantial event, necessitating that I set aside fixation on the destination and just walk."

That's what it's like when we make our vow to follow the Buddha way. Something in us realizes that each circumstance is completely itself, beyond our desire for it to be different, and that practice is about settling into the journey through ever-changing circumstances.

When we began our walk, we had only progressed some thirty yards when I saw that Maria was so drowsy that she was unable to walk. So I decided to carry her. In a way it felt like a privilege to carry her because she was a remarkable person. Maybe it was remarkable that she was alive, that she survived what she had to live through. For strange and tragic reasons, for the first two years of her life she had been kept in a box. Seldom was she spoken to or touched. She was given just enough food to keep her alive. Somehow she survived in this desolate environment. When Kia came across Maria, she was in a diseased and filthy state, unable to relate in even the most rudimentary ways. Can you imagine what it would be like to never be hugged or kissed or caressed? To never learn to crawl or walk?

Mama Kia at Casa de Milagros

The doctor had told Kia, "You can take her and care for her, but she's not going to live." She was infested with parasites both inside and outside.

When we see suffering, when we see some part of ourselves that is being cut off and unattended to, quite naturally we feel distressed. To become aware of that which we've neglected or turned away from or suppressed is a painful and difficult process. Our defenses against doing so are activated to lessen our suffering. But there comes a point through our practice of awareness when we can begin to acknowledge what has been neglected, unloved or unnourished. Patiently we meet this suffering with compassionate attention, and try to find a way to initiate healing contact.

Kia gave this two-year-old girl herbal remedies to clean out the intestinal

Casa de Milagros in Cusco, Peru. (www.chandlersky.org)

PHOTO BY MARIA MATSUKAWA

Abbot Paul Haller at the send-off for City Center resident Keigaku Muchu on a 1,600 mile pilgrimage to the Trinity Test Site in New Mexico, site of the first atomic bomb detonation.

parasites, and was amazed by the size and quantity of them that streamed out of her body. Cleaning off the topical parasites and shaving all her infested hair off wasn't so difficult. Cleansing enables renewal. Because of her history of neglect, Maria needed twenty-four-hour-a-day care. This is our practice—to go beyond the consequences of past actions and to continually pay attention to and try to contact that from which we have long been separated. To discover how to nurture that which has not been nurtured, and to reveal in each one their original beauty.

Somehow Maria didn't die. She started at age two what most of us start at day one—contact with other humans. When Kia first took her into her care, she initially displayed autistic symptoms. She couldn't make contact with others. If someone tried to hold her she couldn't bear it—it was too alien, it was too intense. Now, two years later, as I carried her in my arms and felt her allowing herself to melt against my body, even though she got awfully heavy, somehow my heart was singing with joy that she could do such a simple human thing. She learned to touch and be touched, to care and be cared for. It was a slow process, interspersed with nightmares, fits of rage and inconsolable sadness. That part of us that has been cut off, that has been neglected, takes time to come forth. It takes time to open, to make contact, to trust and let in tenderness and support. After two years Maria hadn't quite learned to talk. Maybe she never will. Modern neuro-anatomy says that many emotional and linguistic patterns are

laid down remarkably young, within the first six to twelve months. She does make noises, and she uses facial expressions to communicate within a limited range. When we make contact with that which has been neglected we start a learning process, something we might call learning to be fully alive, something about how to receive the precious gift that has already been given.

Mama Kia lives with the children in a place called the Casa de Milagros, the House of Miracles. To this place she has brought all the children she has rescued from neglect and poverty. Her magic is a mix of kindness and recklessness. She doesn't seem to know what's impossible. Even after a doctor told her that Maria was going to die, Kia made every effort she could to heal her. As if anything is possible, and as if the sacredness of every life left her no option.

Shakyamuni left his palace, left a very secure environment and went off on a journey. Without knowing what was possible or where that journey was going, he dedicated himself to whatever requested his efforts. Who hasn't been presented with the challenge of leaving the secure and predictable and responding to the request of the unknown? What is the working of our heart, of our being, that enables us to give over to something larger than our insecurities, our concerns—something more reckless than safety, something kinder than self-centeredness and selfishness? What is it to give over in this way? What is it to enter the House of Miracles?

So we set out with the children on our long journey because we had a specific destination in mind. Even though the walk took forever, it was an enjoyable

PHOTO BY MARIA MATSUKAWA

A flame kindled 60 years ago from the embers of the Hiroshima's bombing was returned to the Trinity Test Site by a group of Buddhist monks.

adventure. Of course, once your heart is filled with the joy of pilgrimage, what else really matters? Just watching how a group of children can find the world an endless adventure even though it's just a dusty gray path beside a river is a great lesson. Eventually we came to the town of Calca, where the festival of Santa Rosa was being celebrated with dancing, singing and drinking. I was watching the children looking at the people, noticing their innocent wonder as they looked at this beautiful spectacle, this amazing celebration of the sacredness of being alive. It's traditional in that area to drink a very potent corn liquor—it seems to be an integral part of having a festival. They were drinking this strong brew, and many people were very drunk. Up on a bandstand one group after another from the nearby areas would come out with their local band and perform the dances indigenous to their area. The children watched amazed and delighted, just accepting it exactly the way it was. The older girls were swaying their hips to the music, but the younger children just stood in stilled fascination right in front of the bandstand with its blaring speakers, in this great square filled with three or four hundred people.

The journey of practice isn't really going anywhere, but of course we arrive somewhere all the time. Can we be there, can we take it in, and can we marvel at what it is to live on this planet, to watch ourselves be ourselves? What will we bring with us from the House of Miracles? What have we learned walking the journey that goes on forever? How will we be in the world?

So we watched. After a while the kids got tired, maybe the adults got tired. We decided to go home, back to the House of Miracles, and resumed our journey along the riverbank in the fading light of the late afternoon. Our lives are just like that: we're born, we go for a walk, and then we die. In some ways very simple; in other ways so filled with amazing stories, extraordinary things that human beings can do—things sometimes extraordinarily stupid, sometimes extraordinarily

PHOTO BY BARBARA WENGER

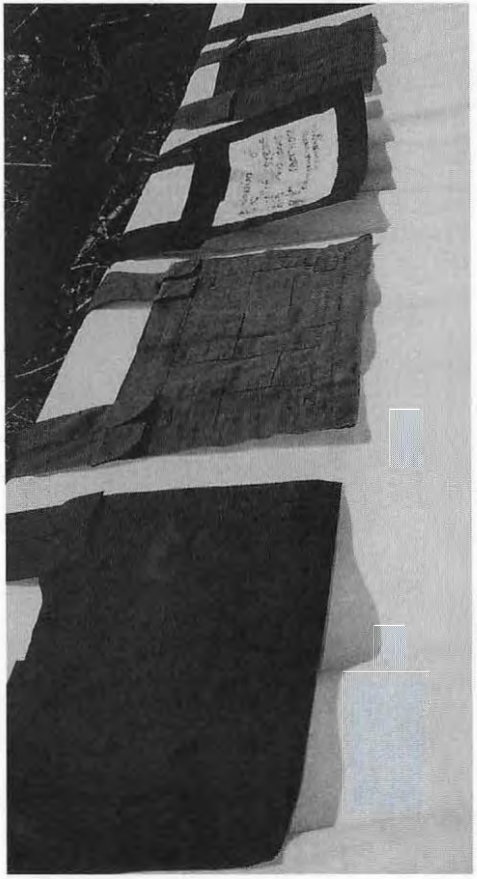
Zen Center's Outreach Department hosted families from a nearby transitional home for a holiday party this December at City Center.

PHOTO BY MEIYA WENDER

kind—sometimes courageous, sometimes fearful, sometimes selfless, sometimes consumed by selfishness.

So Shakyamuni awakened and walked into the world. It says in the sutras that in the process of awakening, all the ways that human beings can be became apparent to him. He saw them all being exactly what they are and he walked into that world. One day he lay down and he died. There must have been something about how he walked, because we're still learning from it. Each life is a precious gem, a Buddha walking. How could we possibly comprehend that this precious gift has come from the House of Miracles and creates the House of Miracles? How could we possibly wish to control and make it something other than exactly what it is? Why would we want to waste our time obsessing about where we're going to end up and miss where we are? Maybe this is Shakyamuni's Dharma.

PHOTO BY TOVA GREEN



RELATED ZEN CENTERS AND GROUPS

Buddhism is often likened to a lotus plant. One of the characteristics of the lotus is that it throws off many seeds from which new plants grow. A number of Zen centers have formed which have a close relationship with San Francisco Zen Center. A partial list of these follows:

Offering Daily Meditation: California

Arcata Zen Group
Arcata CA
Contact: 707.826.1701;
www.arcatazengroup.org

Beginner's Mind Zen Center (Northridge)
9325 Lasaine Ave.
Northridge CA 91325
Contact: 818.349.7708;
beginnersmindzencenter.org

Berkeley Zen Center
Berkeley CA
Contact: 510.845.2403;
www.berkeleyzencenter.org

Dharma Eye Zen Center
San Rafael CA
Contact: 707.793.7986; www.dharmaeye.org

Hartford Street Zen Center
San Francisco CA
Contact: 415.863.2507;
www.hartfordstreetzen.com

Jikoji
Santa Cruz Mountains near Saratoga
Contact: 408.741.9562; www.jikoji.org

Kannon Do Zen Center
Mountain View CA
Contact: 650.903.1935; www.kannondo.org

Santa Cruz Zen Center
Santa Cruz CA
Contact: 831.457.0206; www.sczc.org

Sonoma Mountain Zen Center
Santa Rosa CA
Contact: 707.545.8105; www.smzc.net

Offering Daily Meditation: Beyond California

Austin Zen Center
Austin TX
Contact: 512.452.5777;
www.austinzencenter.org

Bellingham Zen Practice Group
Bellingham WA
Contact: 360.398.7008; www.bellinghamzen.org

Chapel Hill Zen Center
Chapel Hill NC
Contact: 919.967.0861; www.intrex.net/chzg

Hoko-ji
Taos NM
Contact: 505.776.9733

Houston Zen Center
Houston, TX
Contact: 713.869.1952; www.houstonzen.org

Minnesota Zen Meditation Center
Minneapolis MN
Contact: 612.822.5313; www.mnzenctr.com

Nebraska Zen Center
Omaha NE
Contact: 402.551.9035; www.prairiewind.org

One Pine Hall Zazen Group
Seattle WA
Contact: 206.720.1953

PHOTO BY JUDITH KEENAN

Gunther Illner in Felsentor, Switzerland

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San Quentin, CA
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Corte Madera/Larkspur Zendo
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www.emptynestzendo.org

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www.groups.yahoo.com/group/floatingzendozazén

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www.bozemanzengroup.org

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(Click on "Community.")

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Silver City NM
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