

Plum Mountain News

Dear members and friends,

Our founding Abbot, Genki Roshi, died at his home on February 24th, and this issue of Plum Mountain News is dedicated to him. I wish to give special thanks to Josie Seishin



Backhouse who worked tirelessly for several weeks before Genki's bodily departure to accommodate Genki's wishes and keep us all informed here in Seattle. Several Chobo-Ji students traveled to Montana to be at his graveside service on March 4th, hosted beautifully by Genki's wife Leslie Genei Gannon with the support of her son Brian, who also provided critical support



sixty people from six states, including Genki's wife, Leslie, and three priests whom Genki ordained. The day began with meditation at 5AM, service at 10:30AM and a lunch at noon. David Kure hung some beautiful photo collages of Genki for the ceremony, and Rev. Genchoku began the service with Shakuhachi flute. The celebration included chanting of the Heart Sutra, Ryo Gon Shu, Great Compassionate Dharani and the Four



further in this issue. Rev. Genko Blackman and Rev. Genchoku Johnson, Becky Ross, my daughter Adrienne Pasta along with others who knew Genki also said a few words about their long association with him. In addition, chanting was done at more than a dozen Zen temples around the country for Genki, including Dai Bosatsu (DBZ) monastery in New York, where former Chobo-Ji student Rev. Zuiho Matthew Perez reported, "I felt like the chanting for Genki Roshi was some of the most powerful and beautiful I've ever had the honor to be part of."



during Genki's last days. Chobo-Ji had dedication services every seven days until the 49th Day Memorial Celebration, which was held here at Chobo-Ji Sunday, April 14th. This event attracted somewhere between fifty and

Great Vows. The service also offered ceremonial incense, light, flowers, fruit, sweets and whisked powdered green tea, provided by Genko Ni-Osho, to Genki. A slightly expanded reprise of my remarks at this service can be found

The founding abbot of DBZ, Eido Shimano Roshi, wrote to Genki posthumously and sent me the text to be read at his grave side service: "The first news I got at JFK [after returning from Japan] was your departure. As the news was so shocking, I could not find any appropriate words to express my inner feelings. It was totally impossible to share my sadness, neither in Japanese nor in English. It was simply sad. As you recall, 58 years ago,

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in 1955, there was a big ceremony at Shogen-Ji and a huge sesshin was held to express Dharma gratitude to Kanzan Egen Zenji, the founder of Shogen-Ji. Many unsui monks came from all Rinzai monasteries of Japan. Unlike nowadays, each monastery had at least 20-30 unsuis. Therefore, only 2 from each monastery were sent to Shogen-Ji. You were chosen to be one of the representatives from Daitoku-Ji. I was chosen from Ryutaku-Ji. This selection was the beginning of our Karmic encounter. If the Roshi or Shikaryo chose someone else, not you or me, we never would have known each other. Not only were we chosen, but also the Dharma arranged to have us sit next to each other on the tanto line of Shogen-ji Zendo. This was the beginning of the second step of our Karmic relationship. At that time, who would have ever thought that both of us would come to the United States to teach? You settled in the West Coast and I settled in the East Coast. Not only that, many of your students came to DBZ to study and practice. Whenever I think of you, I cannot help but to think about that sesshin at Shogen-Ji 58 years ago. This must be really deep, strong, inseparable Karmic relationship far beyond our rational comprehension. You came to Dai Bosatsu a few times and gave me many tea bowls which you made. Even though we didn't speak with each other over the phone every month or write so often, there was strong support knowing that there was another Japanese Rinzaï teacher who gave his life for the transmission of Buddha Dharma to the West. ... 'Where are you from? And where will you go?' These two are the most fundamental questions for all human beings. May your transmigration journey go smoothly without much disturbances. And, someday I will join you on your pilgrimage."

The weekend I was visiting Rev. Eshu Martin, his family and the Victoria Zen

Center, Feb. 22-24, was the weekend that Genki died. It was a wonderful visit, very stormy weather part of the time. The center has figured out how to blend Zen practice with family life better than any other center I've observed. I feel Chobo-Ji might learn a lot from our association.

At our mini-sesshin March 10th I found myself giving a Teisho mostly about my relationship with Genki Roshi. I've posted this teisho, titled "Ordinary Genki" as a podcast and it can be downloaded at: <http://genjo.libsyn.com/>. The following weekend I was in San Diego to lead the annual three-day sesshin there. Leslie Senko Cohen coordinated the sesshin and it ran smoothly. There too I found myself steeped in memories of Genki Roshi, which came out in my Teishos. I also got to train with Kathryn Zenpo Krane and meet her infant son Ben. Coryl Crane who introduced Genki Roshi to Chiba Sensei represented the San Diego Aikido sangha at Genki Roshi's Memorial.

In many ways, Chobo-Ji's Spring Sesshin, March 22nd -29th, was our time to prepare the temple for Genki's 49th Day Memorial Celebration. Our Dai Tenzo (Chief Cook)



was Emily HoU Ross. Unfortunately, she got sick early on and the post was divided between Tom Shodo DeGroot, Rev. Daitetsu Hall, Tobin Fudo Youngs was our primary Jikijitsu, timekeeper. Peter Shinke Ilgenfritz served as our chief Shika (Host/Manager). Mike DaiUn Urban was our Jisha (tea specialist) for sesshin and the Memorial, he was ably assisted by Randal Daigetsu Tanabe. Our current Board President, Dee Seishun Endelman, principally filled the Densu (Chant Leader) post, and Sally Zenka Metcalf was my Inji (assistant). As is our custom, if someone was absent a senior student seamlessly stepped in. There were 21 people at sesshin,

but usually not all at the same time, as this is a city practice and many locals can only attend part-time. We did have five ordained Zen priests in attendance, which is unusually high for us. This sesshin most days after *Banka* (afternoon sutra chanting) we had Qi Gong practice directed by Rev. Wu Wei Lin. Qi Gong is a wonderful complimentary practice to zazen and I hope we augment our training similarly at future sesshins. Genko Ni-Osho gave two Dharma Talks at sesshin.

Genko was the chief coordinator for the 49th Day Memorial Celebration. Choko Cabaniss-Ballard was her principle assistant. Shodo and Daigetsu were the principle cooks. Daigetsu also made major contributions to land upkeep and improvements and did a major share of the clean up. Fudo worked up the memorial brochure and many others helped immeasurably. I have very deep gratitude for everyone who helped with preparations and clean up.

My second-to-last visit with Genki Roshi at his home in Montana was on New Year's Eve. I was with him for the last time one week before his passing. I talk about this encounter in my Teisho transcribed for this issue from the sixth day of Spring Sesshin. Both Genko and Genchoku also had important visits with Genki at this time.

Just before and after Genki's 49th Day Memorial, I received several letters and emails concerning people's remembrances. Not all of them were wholly positive; Genki was a complicated man with many shortcomings that on occasion caused harm. Here are a few selections from old friends of mine:

Mickey Jison Olson wrote, "Though I left Seattle Zen Center with great sadness at the time that it broke apart [partly due to Genki's obstinate behavior], I have never forgotten Genki Roshi's kindness to me and my children. If it were not for him I would not be practicing today."

Abby Mushin Terris wrote, "I had a rather confusing and difficult parting of the ways with Genki years ago. At the time it was devastating, but the experience did shine a light on my early childhood abuse and their consequent limiting effects on my

development. After what happened with Genki, I began the long process of confronting and healing those wounds, which has been a great blessing in my life. So in the long run the experience I had with Genki, both his earnest Dharma teaching and his inappropriate behavior while inebriated, both, contributed to my own Dharma development and unfolding awakening. After all is said and done, I feel gratitude for all of it.



Mushin

When I think of Genki, the image of the kitchen in one of the early Zen houses in the CD comes to mind, with buckets of onionskins for dyeing cloth lined up. And also a basin with ashes from the fireplace and bracken fiddleheads soaking for a delicious early spring tonic salad. He always had projects underway. He was a terrific cook, and I was so moved by the joy he expressed in cooking for the sangha. He provided a wonderful example in that way. Whenever I am engaged in that activity I think of Genki and the recipes he taught us to make, the joy in serving and sharing the Dharma Way.”

Lance Shodo Hilt wrote, “I am glad he was able to die at home. Yes, one of a kind, never met anyone else like him and I doubt I ever will. He was a life changer for me, a tremendous positive force. I was very fortunate to know and practice with him. To this day I cannot step into a Zendo or practice zazen without images of him arising, his resolute posture, the quick firm gait, his playful manners and speech. Farewell Master Genki, you will be long loved and remembered.”

Bruce Daimon Williamson wrote, “I am a student from Chobo-Ji from 15 years ago. I studied with Genki for a few months before his retirement from Seattle, and then with Genjo for about 2 or 3 years. First, I want to send my fond memories of Genki, and to say his memory has always and will

continue to stay with me as I continue my journey in life. A beautiful soul has passed through the world. I also write because for many years I have not returned to Chobo-Ji, and yet my experience there has never left me.”

John Tokugan Sundsten wrote, “I attended Genki's memorial at Genjo's new Zendo ... a very nice setting with strong vibes... The whole thing a bit swift and cold maybe (Zen-like perhaps), but then most people there didn't have that much contact with Genki other than indirectly. His wife was there which was nice, and of course Genjo's



John Sundsten & Bill Koogler

sangha. Genjo spoke well of Genki including his “human” side. A few others also spoke, and the tone was quite down to earth with sincere personal comments or appreciation for Genki and respect for his enthusiasm and directness. Genjo's daughter spoke movingly of him. And sake with snacks after was appreciated! Driving to the site from Hood Canal that morning I was wondering if I might say something... and what it would be. Oddly, as I swung off I5 onto Columbia going up to Beacon Hill, out of nowhere came: ‘Plop!’ The old Matsuo Basho's frog. So I was prepared to add something at the memorial, but as the time for comments came to a close I never did get to say it. My own shyness with being outside looking in, or just paralysis of the will. Anyway, perhaps this note is my chance. I was going to say that I remember Genki as Basho's frog leaping into the pond. Or dropping onto the Seattle Zen Center. Just plop! With many ripples though... and one of the ripples being the present Zendo and Sangha. My personal R.I.P. to him.”

Also included in this issue are pieces by Edward Daiki Cadman, “Genki's Gift” and Carolyn Josen Stevens, “A Cracked Bowl.” I am not including, but I hope everyone has either read or will read my Dharma brother's Rev. Kankan Kurt Spellmeyer

piece, “My Lost Teacher,” which can be found at: <http://sweepingzen.com/my-lost-teacher/>. An overview of Genki's life with us would not be complete without a review of Rev. Kagan Glenn Webb, who founded the Seattle Zen Center and invited Genki to become the resident teacher, public words (http://www.ravallirepublic.com/lifestyles/blife/article_f29fdbfa-93fb-11e2-b994-001a4bcf887a.html) and more private thoughts, (http://www.shimanoarchive.com/PDFs/20100816_Takabayashi.pdf).

With the help of many photographers I put together a photomontage of Genki's life in the USA that includes some short videos and can be accessed from [Chobo-Ji's](#) web site under the “About Us” pull down menu. You can also see photos of the graveside service and 49th Day Memorial at: <http://choboji.org/history/recent-sangha-photos/>.

I had a wonderful visit with the Walla Walla Sangha April 26-28. I got to sit with inmates at the Walla Walla penitentiary, have pizza with students at Whitman College, sat a day with a very diverse sangha from construction laborers to physicists from Hanford, and gave a public talk on “Zen and the Art of Relationships.” As usual Kathy Janaki Howard and her husband Chris were wonderful hosts and organizers.

Soon I will be doing a lot of traveling, a sesshin in the UK, a meeting of the American Zen Teachers Association in TX, back here for Summer Sesshin (June 21 – 28), up to Alaska to do a wedding, out to CT for another sesshin with Robert Heiwa Burns in July, a half day sit with the Ellensburg sangha (7/20) and Upaya in August. Of course I will be here for the August three day Odayaka Sesshin, designed especially for newcomers and Silver Dragons (anyone over 60). It is not too soon to put this sesshin down in your calendar; we need 10 or more reservation deposits to make it go.

Believe it or not there are few more offerings in this issue besides the ones already mentioned above; please enjoy these and the mix of warm and wild spring weather.

With gassho,

Genjo

Genki's Gift

Lyrics by Daiki Edward Cadman
to a tune by Chip Jasmin

*GLAZE FROM MOUNTAIN SAND
BOWL FROM STREAM-BED CLAY
SHAPED BY MY HAND
TO DRINK FROM EVERY DAY*

*DO YOU HAVE A WHISK?
DO YOU HAVE SOME TEA?
CAN YOU TAKE THE TIME
TO DRINK FROM ETERNITY?*

*I MADE IT TWENTY YEARS AGO
I USE IT EVERY DAY
I GLAZED THIS BOWL WITH
MOUNTAIN SAND
THIS BOWL I GIVE AWAY*

*DO YOU HAVE A WHISK?
DO YOU HAVE SOME TEA?
CAN YOU TAKE THE TIME
TO DRINK FROM ETERNITY?*

*THIS BOWL I GIVE TO YOU
MY STUDENT ON THE WAY
EVERY TIME YOU WHISK THE TEA
PLEASE REMEMBER ME AND SAY*

*YES I HAVE A WHISK,
YES I HAVE SOME TEA
AND EVERY DAY I USE YOUR GIFT
TO DRINK FROM ETERNITY*



A Cracked Bowl

by Josen Carolyn Stevens

Muho Genki Takabayashi Roshi departed this life on Sunday, February 24th, 2013. He was 81 years old [by Japanese reckoning] and died from the complications of an automobile accident and congestive heart failure. He lived in retirement in Victor, Montana and is survived by his wife, Genei Leslie Gannon.

Genki Roshi was my first Zen teacher. He was the founder of Dai Bai Zan Cho Bo Zen temple in Seattle and dharma father to the first generation of Chobo-Ji students. He was a profoundly enlightened and deeply flawed human being, and I loved him dearly. This reminiscence is raw, he has only been gone a few hours, but it feels right to put some initial thoughts on paper.

The first day I met Genki, he and the zendo were moving from one rental house to another. In the early days, the Chobo-Ji sangha met in Genki's living room, wherever that was, and I have the impression that it was a bit of a movable circus. Stability was not one of Genki's characteristics. He made a precarious living as a landscape gardener supplemented by dues payments from the small sangha. His English was poor; his capacity to earn a living and put down roots problematic at best. As an orphan raised in a Japanese monastery, he knew Zen intimately, but very little about the world at large, especially the United States where he found himself living, somewhat unexpectedly, in early middle age.

In contrast to life in the secular world, his life in the zendo was rock-solid. Once Chobo-Ji was established, he set a schedule of daily practice and periodic sesshins and kept it up, year in and year out. He usually rose between 3 and 4 am, sat with his students 5 mornings a week for an hour and a half, cooked and ate a formal breakfast, and then went out to earn a living, create wonderful art, and live his ordinary life. He

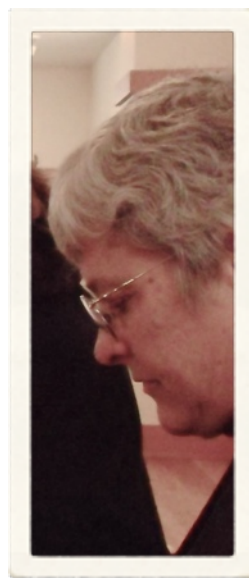
led 4 week-long sesshins per year, offered dokusan, gave lively teishos, and shared his stunningly simple and profound Zen aesthetic with every student who came to sit.

Under Genki's leadership, Chobo-Ji stayed small. In general, most people who try Zen practice don't stick with it, but Genki's poor spoken English and worldly limitations turned off most seekers. Those of us who stuck around did so because we fell in love with his example, his commitment to practice, and his multi-faceted artistry. He sat, he cooked delicious food, he made pottery and calligraphy, served tea, and arranged flowers. He overdrew his bank account, forgot to pay his insurance premiums, fell flat on his face and went straight on, always with a commitment to "just now, beginning."

Like most Zen masters, he generally presented an inscrutable face. Yet he also shared emotion, often spontaneous and explosive. It was always fresh and instructive. I remember seeing him be really, really angry a handful of times. One time, a resident student slept in and skipped zazen. When she finally emerged, he made her bow down numerous times before the main altar. We were all a bit stunned. Another time a senior

student left sesshin in a huff. Genki stood up before the altar and yelled a "Katsu!" the memory or which still brings shivers to my spine. But as quickly as the emotion swelled up, it blew through him and was gone without a trace, utterly spent. Once our sangha submitted a proposal to steward a vacant farm. It was an unusual situation where a non-profit board essentially decided to give the farm away. The farm was an hour from Seattle, and Genki loved it at first sight. He walked the land and dreamed about where he could live and where to put the zendo. When we weren't selected, he was crushed. The sadness welled up and through him, and he withdrew to his private residence for two days incommunicado. When he reappeared it was over, the sadness gone, no regrets, no looking back.

He was often funny, charming, and entertaining. One sesshin, he spoke during



every teisho about Soen Roshi, sharing stories of times they'd shared. Every day it was something quirky about this gifted and eccentric Zen master. As the stories piled up, we realized the wonderful gift we were receiving, and were filled with gratitude for our teacher and his "older" dharma brother.

One by one, he taught us how to cook. He was fast and sure, and entirely intuitive in his method. At one point, I was learning how to cook miso soup. First my soup was too salty, then too bland. Finally, in frustration, Genki said, "each bowl, one *umo* plum," by which he meant use the size of one *umeboshi* plum as the measure per serving. It was the perfect instruction. He taught us to finely chop the scallions and drop them in the soup just before serving without stirring. He said, when your teacher lifts the lid and looks in, he'll know your level of attainment by the fineness of the onions. We used to sit side by side and make sushi rice balls. His were quickly made, smooth, perfect. Mine slow, lumpy. It was easy to see the lesson.

One of my favorite memories is of dyeing silk together. He was going to make Genjo and Gentei Oshos, and I volunteered to sew a *kesa* for Genjo. Genki and I bought white silk together, and then he dyed it gold with natural pigments in a washtub on the zendo lawn. Just hanging around to watch was a revelation to me; he was clearly feeling his way and yet worked with steady intention. The result was a lovely and one of a kind. His was a Zen life, simple and direct, often imperfect and yet perfectly lived.

With deepest gratitude and love,

Josen

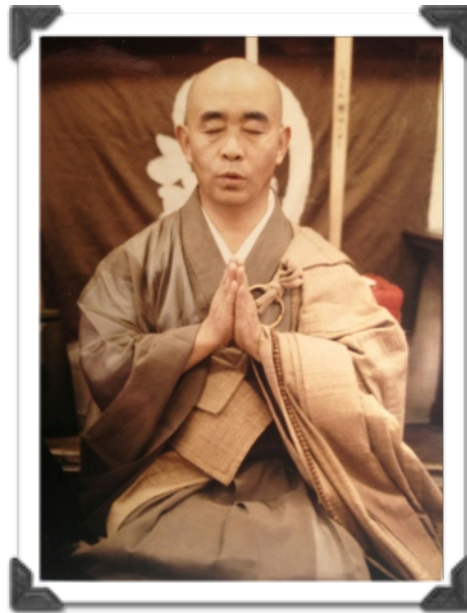
Extended Eulogy

Genki Takabayashi died, Feb. 24th, at his home in Victor Montana, with his wife Leslie Gannon at his side. He had just turned 80 (81 by Japanese reckoning). He was born in Gifu Prefecture in Japan and was given up for adoption at age 11 to a Rinzaï Zen priest, Genpo Takabayashi, abbot of Seitai-Ji. His adoptive father eventually ordained Genki. As a young adult he left for Daitoku-Ji, one of the two principle Rinzaï training temples in Kyoto

Japan. For a time he became abbot of a temple in Kamakura Japan.

After twenty years of Zen training, Genki was a rising star within the Daitoku-Ji ranks. However, because of troubles arising from his own poor behavior, he lost favor with the hierarchy, and no longer had much of a future within Japanese Rinzaï Zen. Therefore, he was amenable to overtures from Dr. Glenn Webb, then an Art History professor at the UW and head of the Seattle Zen Center (the progenitor of Chobo-Ji), to consider immigrating to Seattle to become our temple priest.

He arrived in Seattle in the autumn of 1977, and I was one of a few students to



greet him at the airport. After a long flight he was hungry, so we offered him an airport breakfast of oatmeal, and I became fearful he might just take the next flight home. In fact, Genki wasn't sure he would stay; he thought he was coming just to check us out. However, he was delighted to find that Seattle students were sincere, and he found our spirit and commitment strong and refreshing. Dr. Webb was able to assist with getting a "green card" for Genki to stay in the USA as a "missionary." Eventually, he went on to become a US citizen.

I ended up apprenticing with Genki *Roshi* (Senior Priest), as we soon came to call him, for twenty years until his retirement in 1997. Over the course of my long

association with him, I learned three profound lessons.

The first thing Genki showed me about the human condition is that it is possible to transcend our likes and dislikes, preferences and opinions. During the 1980 summer *sesshin* (weeklong meditation intensive) with him, which was held at Dry Falls State Camp, the temperatures were in the nineties and the meditation hall was full of mosquitoes and flies. In addition, Mount St. Helens had a secondary eruption, flooding the air with gritty ash. To say that our meditation periods were hellish was not an understatement. During this retreat twice a day students would visit Genki Roshi in the *Dokusan* Room where Dharma Interviews were held. It was a small room with little ventilation, and we all concluded some animal had died and was rotting somewhere under the floorboards. In the meditation hall and *Dokusan* Room, Genki sat serenely unmoving in full-lotus, with a beneficent countenance, seemingly impervious to adversity. However, he often related that at his first Daitoku-Ji *sesshin*, after three days he thought he would die from pain and exhaustion, and hoped there would be an earthquake to bring the roof down to end his suffering. Yet, by the conclusion of the seven-day retreat there had been some kind of shift where he became confident that if an earthquake brought the roof down that somehow he would remain seated in the midst of the rubble.

The Autumn *Sesshin* of the following year was held on the Seattle Zen Center's newly acquired property at about 5,000 ft on the crest of a ridge between Cle Elum and Ellensburg, WA. It began to snow during our retreat and our newly built meditation hall did not yet have windows installed. One *Dokusan* period I was waiting in line to visit Genki Roshi and snow was coming through the vacant window and piling up on the frame of my eyeglasses. When I opened the flap of the outdoor camping tent that was serving as the *Dokusan* Room, I could hear the crackle of ice snapping. In front of me Genki was once again sitting serenely in full lotus surrounded by icicles hanging from the walls of the tent. When I left the next month to train at Ryutaku-Ji, an affiliate monastery in Japan, these images of Genki Roshi sitting untroubled by conditions and circumstances allowed me to

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face the uncertainty and trials of such a journey with a measure of equanimity, and I am forever grateful.

The second gift I received from Genki Roshi was the opportunity to soak up his actualization that an “enlightened” life is an “ordinary” life. In everything he approached he demonstrated that living life fully with “everyday openhearted activity” was paramount. No matter if it was sitting *zazen* (seated meditation), cooking, calligraphy, gardening, landscaping, cleaning, pottery, giving *Teisho* (formal Dharma Talk), making a bowl of whisked green tea or writing fiction, Genki was fully present to the activity at hand, operating with joy, unending enthusiasm and energy. He taught us that *samu* (work meditation) was more important to our training than *zazen*, sutra recitation or *koan* (Zen parable) study.

The third lesson learned, the hardest to accept and perhaps the most important, is that all of us are fully human! That is to say, that though Genki amply demonstrated that we can be and are all vessels of the Dharma, we are also limited, and from time to time stubbornly primitive. There will always be tension between our base instincts and true insight. When Genki left Japan he abandoned a relationship and a child. He never understood credit or money well and often found himself in debt. Early on during his time in Seattle we had to warn female participants that there was a good chance he would make a pass at them. We are all a blend of Buddha and bumpkin, with all the training in the world we will never arrive. In other words, from wherever we are we are always just beginning. I often tell the story of how at least once a year Genki would give a *Teisho* where he would exclaim, “I now just beginning to understand, just now beginning to see.”

Everyone has limitations and shortcomings that arise from wounds in our history. There are three options for dealing with them. One is to do the very difficult work of combusting, digesting and integrating these wounds. Second is to contain them so that they don’t cause harm to others. Third is to skip over them with spiritual bypassing, which can be easily done, but usually comes back to haunt us. Like most of us, Genki made use of all three.

Genki Roshi proved time and again that he could be an inspirational catalyst for those training with him. He probed and prompted us to investigate and experience the depth of our true nature, a bottomless vastness without form that gives rise to everything. He taught mainly by example how to live fully and passionately, with an attentive caring attitude, beyond any attachment to rank, position, preference or opinion. He became a surrogate father to me, and I will be forever grateful for his continued presence in my life. May the flower of his inspiration continue to bloom for generations to come.

With gassho,
Genjo

The Book of Rinzai

Kamben Chapter 24

March 28th, 2013

Case

One day, Fuke went into the streets and asked people for a one-piece robe. Everybody offered one, but Fuke declined them all. The Master ordered the administrator of the temple to buy a coffin. Fuke came back. The Master said, “I have prepared a one-piece robe for you.” Fuke put the coffin on his shoulders and circumambulated the streets, saying, “Rinzai found a one-piece robe for me. Now I will go to the East Gate and depart from this world.” The townspeople rushed to the gate to watch him. Fuke said, “I am not ready today. Tomorrow, I will depart from the South Gate.” He repeated the same thing for three days. Nobody believed him anymore. On the fourth day, no one followed him to watch. He went outside the town wall all by himself, got into the coffin, and asked a passerby to nail it shut. The news spread immediately. The townspeople rushed there to see. When the coffin was opened, Fuke had vanished, body and all. Only the sound of his hand bell could be heard fading away in the sky, fainter and fainter.”

Today is Maundy Thursday. That’s the night that Jesus is in Gethsemane and

everybody falls asleep round him. The next day he’s brought before Pontius Pilate. Imagine the struggle Jesus had that evening with everybody falling asleep around him, his mind in turmoil, sitting all night alone and facing life and death. We can’t be sure but I imagine, that he must have entered deep Samadhi that night. From his behavior the following day, the gospels portray him as being calm and clear in the trials and the tribulations that followed. I’m sure it was a rather dark night, not one that anyone would wish to face. Jesus faced it, entered a deep Samadhi and his realization and example is celebrated to this day.

Through Zen training we learn that each of us has the capacity to enter deep samadhi or harmony with our surroundings, where the artificial walls of life and death, self and other, fall away and there’s a harmonious blending with everything and nothing. In Christianity, this blending might be described as union with “The Divine”, the “unnamable mystery”, or ecstatic merger with the Father’s “Holy Spirit.” But whether it’s called Great Father, Great Mother, Unnamable Mystery, Dharma, Tao or Mu, there is a unifying alive reality, a vibrant multidimensional nothing that miraculously gives rise to All of This. It’s totally understandable why it is referred to as “Divine.”

To truly face death with the clear knowledge that we will lose everything, realizing in our heart of hearts that everything is fleeting, we fully come to terms with that fact that everything that has form, including your own life, is forfeit. In such a circumstance, if our faith is strong enough, practice will bring us to a deep samadhi and we may have a penetrating breakthrough or realization.

Genki Roshi would sometimes say that we are here to find our “Blue Sky Mind,” a mind that is vast and boundless as the great blue sky, like the Big Skies of Montana. He’d also refer to this as “Vacation Mind.” *Sesshin* helps us cultivate and realize “Vacation Mind” where, no matter what the circumstances, it feels like we’re on vacation, even when facing our own death and the annihilation of everybody we love most dearly and most deeply value. To be able to open to Vacation Mind, the kind that we have when we’re lying on the beach in Hawaii, in the midst of adversity and loss is our birthright. When we fully let in that

death is imminent and that everything we value and love is temporary, and we're able to enter Big Sky Mind or deep samadhi, we call this capacity "enlightenment."

However, as I've said before and will say many more times, enlightenment does not equal maturity. Even if we are able to freely enter deep samadhi on the worst night of our life, this capacity does not equal maturity. On the other hand, it's a great foundation from which to work on maturity. Alternatively, we can use this capacity as a springboard to spiritual bypassing and say to ourselves, "Well, yes, I'm crazy, base and rough, but I accept everything about me. It's all perfect and therefore there is no need to change or grow." Spiritual bypassing is regrettable and a waste of perfectly good enlightenment. There are lots of figures who have broken through past the fact that we will lose all that we hold dear and our life, and go straight on, putting one foot in front of the other. The reality of impermanence no longer scares them. That's all fine and good but, as Mumon said in Case 19 of the Mumonkan, please allow for another few decades to work on maturity. If one doesn't work on maturity, there won't be any because it takes a lot of work!

I have no doubt that Genki Roshi, Eido Roshi and Joshu Sasaki Roshi all realized the deep abiding freedom to lose everything, while maintaining the ability to go straight on, harmoniously, strong and clear. Genki Roshi demonstrated this when he was asked through a translator, about two weeks before he died, whether or not he wanted to live, as he wasn't being very cooperative with eating or doing physical therapy. According to the doctor, there was nothing that would have intrinsically prevented Genki from living several more years. To the question asked, Genki shouted back, "Of course I want to live!" The doctor said, "Well, if that's your intention, you're going to have to start eating regularly and work hard with the physical therapist." Genki responded, "*Hai!*" and made a renewed effort to eat and do physical therapy.

However, in a course of a week it became clear not much progress was being made and his physical health continued to decline. About this time, I arrived for a visit and Genki said, "I can't eat any of the food here. It's just terrible! Go to the local Japanese

restaurant and bring me some decent food." So I brought him just what he wanted, but he could eat only a little. At the time Genki's wife, Leslie, was upset that I was giving Genki rich, salt laden food when he could hardly keep anything down. The nurses tried to convince her, "Let him eat anything he wants, as long as he's eating, it's fine. That's a start." Nevertheless, there came a moment where everything changed. I bought him some udon noodle tempura and he tried to eat but coughed it up. It was a little scary for him and sad to watch. But then I saw something come over him. He decided that not only was it okay to die, it was time to die. When Leslie came into the room, he shouted, "Goodbye!" That seemed rather odd to her and she said, "I just got here!" But that isn't what he was talking about. He wasn't saying, "You've just arrived, I'm sending you away." He was saying goodbye.

I left him that weekend knowing that he was perfectly resolved to die and wouldn't be eating anything. Before I left, he asked me to make him whisked green tea. This was only the second time that he'd asked me to make him bowl; nearly always he made it for me. Every time I visited him in Montana and throughout my Zen training with him, he always was the host, but the last two times we shared *matcha*, he'd asked me to be the host. Fortunately, Genko Ni-Osho has shown me many times how to whisk a bowl of green tea and I did not do too badly. This past New Year's, I whisked Genki a bowl of *matcha* and he drank it completely and seemed to be satisfied. It was a very cherished moment where no words needed to be said; sharing tea was a potent kind of intimacy. We had no need to talk about our many years together or all of the trials, tribulations and craziness we had faced. This last time, he barely had three small sips and some was not going down. He choked on it a little bit. He said, "Thank you, thank you. Enough" and pushed the bowl away. I sat down just to be with him and we both went into meditation posture. After a time he put his head back on the raised bed and dozed off. Ten minutes later, he awoke enough to see that I was still sitting with him. He knew I was driving home sometime that morning, but I wasn't in any hurry. Yet, when he awoke and saw me sitting there, he thoroughly dismissed me with a wave of a hand, as in "It's okay to go. Thank you. It's time for you to go." I felt his love for me and felt his assurance that he no longer needed my care and

attention. His mind was made up; he would be departing this body soon. I said a few words of recognition and gratitude for all the time we had together over these many years, bowed and departed. That was the



last time I saw him. One week later, having followed through on his commitment not to revive in some way, he insisted that he return to his home in Victor. He took his last breath only hours after his arrival.

At various times, Genki showed a complete freedom about life and death and, at other times, he was a frightened child. All of us have a range from a primitive lizard brain to a sage beyond our years and everything in between. All of these slices were quite open in Genki Roshi. We never knew what slice would next have dominance, which made training with him interesting. Was the infant up, the teenager, the Sage beyond one's years? I am pleased to say, that in the last week of his life, the Adult/Sage had reign. He wasn't panicked. He was quite confident and clear that it was time to let go of this physical form. Moreover he was ready.

Fuke, Zen Master Rinzai's sidekick, was a Crazy Wisdom kind of fellow. Crazy Wisdom manifests where a person who you think of as a Sage does things that you don't think are very Sage-like, very upside down behavior, irreverent behavior, unexpected behavior, sometimes very bad behavior! Crazy Wisdom is the dynamic blend of a seven-year-old and a sage beyond one's years. The behavior is often deliberately confusing, yet also very clear, bright and playful if you know what you are looking at. The Holy Fool is said to demonstrate Crazy Wisdom. Fuke was Rinzai's Holy Fool.

Continued on next page...

It's interesting to see people operating from this place, but it gets old after a while, especially if the behavior is causing harm because not everybody is going to be able play at the same level and this often ends up hurting people. And, frankly, I think so-called Crazy Wisdom is often, but not always, a cover for immature behavior. "Well, I'm feeling so free, I can just be crazy and wild!" I get it and I don't buy it.

Fuke sparred with Rinzai throughout Rinzai's emergence as an independent Master. At this time, Rinzai was no longer under Obaku's watchful eye, and began demonstrating his skills as a Zen Master. We can examine many of these demonstrations in the *Kamben* section of the "The Record of Rinzai." We get to watch Rinzai hone his skills. Fuke often played the foil in Rinzai's investigations. For a time, Rinzai himself was not quite sure if Fuke was just crazy and rude, or a rude, dynamic blend of child and Sage. Fuke is one of those few that demonstrate that Crazy Wisdom has a place, and can be done to good effect even though it's messy. Fuke lived up to the Zen ideal of a Holy Fool. I've seen many teachers try this, and even good ones fail miserably.

Fuke throughout his life was quite eccentric. Towards the end of his life he went around asking for a "one-piece robe" and everybody offered him one. I'm not sure of what a "one-piece robe" would be, a *kesa* perhaps; that's a patchwork cloth that represents the rectangular robe the historical Buddha wore. This gold outer robe of mine is a ceremonial *kesa* that my wife Carolyn sewed for me, Genki Roshi bought and dyed the cloth. Together the patchwork pieces make one large rectangle which, when tied and draped over the left shoulder can cover a person. A one-piece robe of this kind is probably what everyone thought Fuke was asking for. However, he turned down everything that was offered; hearing of this Rinzai had the smart idea to offer him a coffin as a one-piece robe. Rinzai was playing with Fuke, but Fuke said, "Oh, the perfect one-piece robe! Just what I was looking for!" and he carried it away on his shoulders, circumambulating the streets, saying, "I'm going to the East Gate and depart from this world." Fuke like many people at the end of their lives had a keen awareness that his time was near. There is nothing miraculous about this kind of awareness. Recently both Genki Roshi and

my mother-in-law clearly came to understand that it was time to let go of this life, nothing miraculous.

Even if we realize it's our time to go, we don't quite know on what day we'll be going. We can say, "Okay, it's time to go and I'm going on this day." And then we get to that day and we say, "Well, maybe tomorrow." I think death is a lot like this. If we get to the point where we know death is imminent and we're ready to go, the process of dying still may take days or weeks to fully manifest. I think people are often ready before their bodies are ready to let go.

Fuke said, "I'm going to the East Gate and depart from this world." Yet, it didn't happen on that day so he went to another gate and said, "I'm going to drop my body" and it still didn't happen. Soon people stop following him around. For three days in a row he made this announcement, but hadn't died yet. After three days, no one believed him anymore and no one bothered to follow him. This is when, in my mind, he made a trap door in the back of the coffin! (laughter) Next he probably had a passerby nail him in the front of the coffin. After the passerby went into town to tell them Fuke asked him to nail him in a coffin, Fuke snuck out the back, and everyone found the coffin empty. The townspeople hear his little bell, "ching, ching, ching" as he was laughing his way up the hill next to the town, and thought to themselves, "Oh, my god, there he goes up to heaven!" (laughter) Meanwhile, a few days later, somebody found a body naked and scraggly up in the woods. I bet Rinzai heard about it and buried him quietly.

Now this is all a story; you will never find this in a Zen text! (laughter) It's just totally made up in my mind but it's much more plausible than vanishing from the damned coffin! However, don't think I don't believe in miracles. I recently heard a cosmologist say, "Give us one miracle and we can explain the rest!" Of course, the miracle he was referring to is

called "The Big Bang," where out of Nothing [claps hands] comes this expansive space-time that gives rise to all the stars and galaxies and vessels of consciousness. How amazing is that! Some infinitesimal speck of multidimensional nothing gives rise to all of This! That's a miracle! Physicists have long understood the physical laws that govern the known universe. These laws are so delicately and precariously balanced that shift some of the constants by a fraction and the fundamental forces that rule the universe would not hold together to produce what we think of as form and matter. Just shift these constants a teeny bit and the principal forces that govern matter would never organize into stars, galaxies, planets and life. It is a miracle that nothing gives rise to everything, but scientists hate miracles so they hypothesize that there must be hundreds of thousands of universes, and postulate that most of them are duds, and that our universe is the one in a million that randomly lucked out and arose with the laws of nature in balance sufficiently to allow for matter and eventually life. Knowing that scientists have suggested this scenario, I once heard a theist say, "What's more plausible, that there are hundreds of thousands of universes so that this one stands out or my idea that God created the universe this way? I suggest that my hypothesis is better than yours!" Indeed, I'm much more happy thinking that it's a Divine Truth, rather than a random event that the Natural laws allow for the development of matter and ultimately life that recognizes Mind. However, I also believe that the cosmologists are probably right that there are hundreds of thousands of universes; I just intuit that most of them are balanced as we are, but there are probably a few duds! (laughter)

And I feel very confident of my imaginings (laughter). Of course I don't know anything, but that's my guess (laughter). Likewise it is my guess that Fuke made a trap door in the back of the coffin and died in the woods. It was his time to go and he was ready to go, but it wasn't on the schedule of his choosing. Being a good dramatist he managed to trick everyone, knowing that for eternity we would be wondering where the sound of his bell was coming from as he secretly walked up the mountain path. This, to me, would be Fuke.

There have been two recent deaths in my life, my mother-in-law and Genki Roshi.



My mother-in-law who was 97, said, when the last of her close friends died, “Okay, that’s it. I’m done. I’ve seen my kids and my grandkids and my great-grandkids come into the world and grow. My husband’s been dead for nearly 20 years and we always hoped that we would go out together around the same time and now I’ve been keeping him waiting. I’m 97 and still living on my own and all of my close friends are dead; I have no peers. My children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren are not my peers. I love them dearly, but I’ve done enough.”

I remember them saying, “Mom, you can’t be done”, “Grandma, you can’t be done” and she said, “It no use, it is my time to go.” So she laid down in bed, refused to eat or get up. We asked, “Will you at least get up to go to the doctor?” She said, “No, I’m done.” She could be very stubborn when she wanted to be. But then you’d see her get up to go to the bathroom just fine. Or we would say, “We don’t know where such and such paper is.” And she’d jump up, “Well, you have to look here.” (laughter) And then she’d go back to bed: “I can’t get up. I’m done.” And she was. It took several



Florence Stevens

weeks because she couldn’t predict the day. She wanted to be done that day but it took a while. We snuck her anti-depressants. We tried to convince her that her wanting to die would pass. But eventually, the doctor agreed to put her into hospice. I was there when the hospice nurse came over, and the hospice nurse said, “Will you please turn over this way?” Florence didn’t understand that the nurse just wanted her to turn on her side; instead she turned over all the way

around and ended up where she started. The nurse was a bit amazed and asked us, “Why am I here?” (laughter). The nurse called the doctor and said, “Are you sure she’s supposed to be in hospice? There’s nothing wrong with her!” Other than she was done. It took a couple of weeks; obviously there was sadness around her bodily departure. However, she certainly lived a full life.

I would visit her about twice a year. Often when I arrived, I would find her sweeping her driveway, or working in her garden. She’d usually get me to join in by asking me to sweep her roof. Almost every visit we would drive out to the Anza-Borrego Desert to see if we could spot some wild flowers. It was always delightful to be alone with my mother-in-law. She was just amazing. We had a gay old time until she was done. And when she was done, she was done.

A few months back I became reacquainted with a woman who had come to zazen more than twenty-five years ago. I met her at an introductory zazen class at my house when I lived on N. 50th Street. One time she says I gave her a ride home from the class. She sought me out because she had advanced cancer and she thought soon she would be dead. Initially her doctor had said, “You have month or two at the most.” When she contacted me it was already two years later, but her condition was rapidly deteriorating. We went on long walks together and talked about death. We talked about her fears and went over her preparedness for this eventuality that we all must face. All her affairs were in order and she said, “I’m not ready to let go of life as long as I can continue to go for walks.” She was using a walker but still went on long walks here on North Beacon Hill.

Eventually, she got to the place where she could no longer go for walks and couldn’t even hold her head up on her own. She said, “that’s it; time to let go of this life.” Since Washington along with Oregon are the two Death with Dignity states, she called me one day and said, “I’m calling the hospice nurse. Please come over today and be with me for this journey.” Just like my mother-in-law said, “I’m done!” just like Genki said, “Goodbye!” Only it didn’t happen on that day. She was ready but I was not. I said, “I really can’t get away today. How about tomorrow?” (laughter) As it was Friday she said, “Okay, Saturday.”

On Saturday, her family, friends and the hospice nurse gathered in her home. When I arrived, I felt like the dark priest of death. The hospice nurse said, “Drink this and lie down” and she did. It was supposed to be relatively quick, but it wasn’t. I did zazen by her side for 3 hours. After about 20 minutes she passed into a coma, she was peaceful throughout. After 3 hours, her heart was still beating strong, but her breath had become a bit sporadic. The hospice nurse who left hours ago was called and said she was amazed. At this point there was only one other person in the room; we were both sitting by her side. I was doing zazen, holding her hand, feeling her pulse from time to time. Eventually, it got humid in the little bedroom and I said, “Can we open the window?” The other person opened the window. As a waft of fresh air came in along with the sounds of children playing outside, she took her last breath. We both could sense her essence depart.

With each of these three deaths, I haven’t shed much more than a tear. Each of these three were clear, and welcomed death. Each demonstrated a deep harmony with their surroundings and their journey of life and death. This is enlightenment - Peace of mind in the face of death.

The rigor of Zen training brings us to the brink of life and death. If we can calmly and serenely face death and sink into deep samadhi, imagine how much more harmonious we will feel when not at the brink of life and death. When we have lost the fear of losing everything, we immediately realize a great amount of freedom in this life. If we use this deep sense of freedom and power at the more difficult task of working through our own inner demons, craziness and shortcomings, our practice can lead to great maturity. Only great maturity can manifest as an outstanding sage. Only with great maturity do we develop the capacity to truly fulfill our great vow to risk everything for the betterment of all.

With gassho,

Genjo



Five Hindrances

Dharma Talk by Genko Ni-Osho
2nd Day Spring Sesshin 2013
See: www.choboj.org - [literature](#)

This talk is so helpful it has been added to the permanent offerings on Chobo-Ji's web site under the Literature menu - Articles on Zen practice. Everyone reading this will hopefully read this piece before each weeklong sesshin to remind ourselves of the Five Hindrances and their remedies.

Jukai

Buddhist Precept Ceremony

On the morning of March 29th, the closing day of Spring Sesshin 2013, Dr. Robin Capwell formally accepted the Buddhist precepts. This was Robin's third weeklong sesshin.

Robin wrote in his Jukai application letter that, "I feel very at home at Chobo-Ji and have found everyone warm and welcoming, helpful and friendly and no one on a 'power trip.' I feel ready to make the next step. I look forward to more involvement and service with this sangha. As far as a Dharma name, my sailboat is named 'Ineffable' and I would like a name that implies that which is nameless and beyond words." Taking this into account, Genjo Osho gave Robin the Dharma Name *FuJi* which means Un-Known.



Fuji Receives Rakusu



Jukai candidates need to petition in writing at least one month prior to the ceremony. Jukai candidates usually have attended regular zazen at Chobo-Ji for a minimum of six months (including at least two week-long sesshins), must be regular financial supporters of the temple, and feel ready to give themselves to the Three Treasures (Buddha, Dharma & Sangha).

Closing Incense Poem

Spring Sesshin, 2013

*A breakthrough, into the ineffable
is but the seed of maturity.*

*Always just beginning,
no one ever arrives.*

*Who sees the sun set behind towering
clouds over Puget Sound?*

*The moon rises with orange hues
amid wisps of mist.*

Annual Meeting

On Sunday, April 14, 2013, the Chobo-Ji Sangha held its Annual Meeting. At the meeting, Sangha members approved the following members remaining on the Chobo-Ji Board:

Dee Seishun Endelman
Scott Ishin Stolnack
Tom Shodo DeGroot
John Daikan Green
Emily HoU Ross
Steve Ganko Hansen

Jonathan Zengyoku Swartz and Carolyn Josen Stevens left the Board as of the April 14th meeting. We thanked both of them for their service. Josen can no longer be a voting member of the Board due to the changes we made to our by-laws, disallowing relatives of the Abbot from voting membership. Josen will remain our accountant, thankfully!

The following new members were elected to the Board:

Sally Zenka Metcalf
Bob Daigan Timmer
Justin Myozan Wadland

The Board voted also voted on officers: Seishun will remain Board President for one more year; Ishin will remain Vice President; and Ganko will remain secretary. Daikan was voted in as Treasurer.

In other matters, the Board voted on a 2013 Budget prepared by the Finance Committee. We also voted to develop a Sangha Relations Committee whose preliminary members will be Seishun, Zenka and Edwin Beatty. The Sangha Relations Committee's purpose is to help Sangha members and the community as a whole by reaching out to members to offer support and following through on efforts to sustain a healthy Sangha.

Finally, the Board voted to increase its meetings from four to six each year. The next Board meeting will be on June 9th, 2013, after mini-Sesshin.

Seishun

Financial Report

For the past several years, I've started this report by saying it's been an unusual year financially for Chobo-Ji. I had been thinking that 2012 would reverse the trend since we've been in our Beacon Hill building for a while. But no, once again and in a very positive way, 2012 was an unusual year. In August, we received a transformational gift that pushed our net income for the year to \$786,817. That gift set into motion a series of discussions and decisions by the board of directors that started with extensive work on the building last fall. All of you who came to sit during that time know that we spent several weeks under blue tarps as Larry Palmer and his crew tuck-pointed, painted, and in all other ways fully restored the exterior of the building. We also finished installing new windows, and this spring got our new fence. Other board decisions led to an increase by \$150,000 of our retirement investments and the establishment of board reserves for future maintenance. Finally, we paid down \$200,000 on our mortgage, and just last week closed on a refinance that lowers our interest rate and monthly payments.

Please don't take this to mean that we no longer need your dues and support! The board's decisions about the use and savings from this gift give us a solid foundation, both physically and financially, but we still need to meet our monthly expenses from regular payments of dues, rent, and sesshin fees. Fortunately, ongoing expenses are relatively modest and in 2012 totaled \$154,302 for the building (including mortgage interest), support for Genki Roshi, sesshin costs, the newsletter, supplies, and miscellaneous.

Finally, I'd like to thank the 18 donors who contributed \$5,800 on May 15 during the Seattle Foundation's GiveBIG Day. We don't yet know how much our match from the Seattle Foundation will be, but will pass along the news when we get it. It was fun to see the emails coming in throughout the day, and I felt deep gratitude for being part of such a generous sangha.

Nine bows,

Josen

Let your friends or acquaintances know...

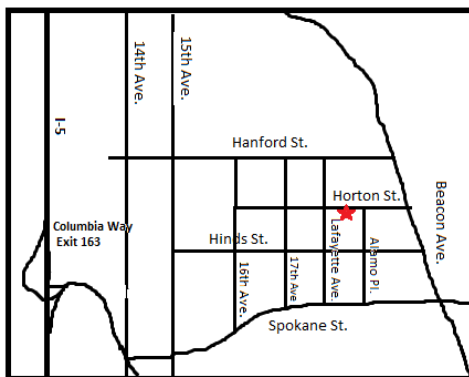
Zen

A Four Week Series at
Dai Bai Zan Cho Bo Zen Temple

Tuesday Evenings 7:30-8:30

- 7-16 **Zazen: seated meditation**
- 7-23 **Meditation in Motion: walking, chanting, bowing, working**
- 7-30 **Zen Meals: eating and preparing food mindfully**
- 8-6 **Roots of Rinzai Zen: koans and the Zen master**
With Rev. Genjo Marinello-Osho

(Sun.) 8-11 Half-day Mini-Sesshin (intensive zazen retreat) 5:00-11:30 am



**\$20 Donation Requested
\$40 for Series and Mini-Sesshin**

**Located on North Beacon Hill at:
1733 S. Horton Street
Seattle, WA 98144**

**For questions contact Muken Rick
Proctor at
206 817 4410 · zen@choboji.org**

www.ChoBoJi.org



Summer Sesshin - June 21st to June 28th

Please help us get an accurate count by sending a *deposit by June 16th*, earlier if you want to guarantee a reserved spot. Make your deposit check, \$50 or more, to Chobo-Ji and leave it the bowl by the zendo entrance or mail it to...

Attention: Carolyn Stevens
Chobo-Ji
1733 S. Horton St. #7
Seattle, WA 98144

The cost of sesshin is \$250 (less dues). Sesshin will start Friday evening, 6/21, 5:30PM with informal supper, introductions and orientation. Sesshin from Saturday to the following Friday starts at 5AM. Structured program ends each evening at 10PM. Sesshin ends 11AM, the morning of Friday, 6/28. We provide sleeping accommodations for those traveling from out of town, please bring a sleeping bag, toiletries, sitting clothes, work clothes and a towel.

Important Dates to Remember

Daily zazen, M-F, 5:30 AM; Sat. 6:30 AM; M & W, 7:30 PM, Sun. 6:30 PM

Dharma Talks, Sundays: 5/26, 6/2, 6/16, 7/7, 7/21, 8/4, 8/18 - 7:30 PM

Next Intro to Zen Series, Tuesdays, 7:30-8:30pm, July 16 - Aug. 8

Zen Book Club (Zen Radicals: Nyogen Senzaki) ...	May 23rd, 7 - 8:30pm
Zen Book Club (Zen Radicals: Soen) ...	May 30th, 7 - 8:30pm
Ellensburg mini-sesshin with Genko Ni-Osho ...	June 1st, 9am - 3pm
Zen Book Club (Zen Radicals: Epilogue) ...	June 6th, 7 - 8:30pm
Mini-sesshin (half-day Zen retreat) ...	June 9th, 5 - 11:30am
Board Meeting ...	June 9th, 11:30am - 1:30pm
Summer Sesshin ...	June 21st - 28th
Dharma Interview with Genjo Osho ...	June 30th, 8 - 8:30pm
Mini-sesshin (half-day Zen retreat) ...	July 14th, 5am - 2pm
Ellensburg mini-sesshin with Genjo Osho ...	July 20th, 9am - 3pm
Dharma Interview with Genjo Osho ...	July 21st, 8 - 8:30pm
Mini-sesshin (half-day Zen retreat) ...	Aug. 11th, 5 - 11:30am
Board Meeting ...	Aug. 11th, 11:30am - 1:30pm
Ellensburg mini-sesshin with Genko Ni-Osho ...	Aug. 17th, 9am - 3pm
Three Day Odayaka Sesshin ...	Aug. 23rd - 25th

(Odayaka Sesshin is especially for new comers, Silver Dragons or anyone wanting a more relaxed pace)



Dai Bai Zan Cho Ba Zen Ji

Plum Mountain News
1733 S. Horton St., unit 7
Seattle, WA 98144