Dear members and friends,

After our initial heat wave, Seattle has been having a stunning, warm, dry, blue-sky summer. The smoke from the many fires both south and east of here has drifted east, which means that so far, we’ve been spared the nearly unbreathable air from a couple of summers ago. The Delta variant of COVID-19 is running rampant throughout the world and King County health officials are asking that we all wear masks again in indoor public spaces. Unfortunately, because Chobo-Ji has numerous silver-dragon and otherwise immunocompromised sangha members, we must once again limit our gatherings to fully-vaccinated individuals who have sent a photo of their vaccination card to zen@choboji.org. We ask that anyone with any cold-like symptoms stay home and get tested. Sangha members attending in person are encouraged to wear a mask. We will continue to do hybrid Zoom and in-person daily zazen, zazen kai and Odayaka sessions, but our weeklong quarterly sesshins, which we are planning to resume this fall, will only be in-person events.

I know of at least four Chobo-Ji Sangha members who have chosen to remain unvaccinated and understand that one or more may have been told by their primary physician that they should not. However, for anyone reading this who can be vaccinated and has chosen not to, I am asking you to reconsider. The Delta variant hot spots arise where a wider swath of the population has not been vaccinated, demonstrating the efficacy of especially the mRNA vaccines. I know well the mRNA efficacy of especially the mRNA vaccines, we would have seen it by now. Everyone I know who has taken the vaccine has done well with one exception, and undoubtedly there are others I don’t know. Anything we do has risks, crossing the street has risks, we all weigh the risks and take some, otherwise we will end up with a very narrow life, and life is short. Yes, breakthrough infections will happen, and are more common than we once thought. The mRNA vaccines are far from perfect, but in my view the benefits far outweigh the risks. It seems foolhardy to me that in our privileged situation where the vaccines are readily available, we don’t have over 80% of our population already vaccinated. Until the world population has better access and more of our own population volunteers to take this risk together to care for each other, I don’t see this pandemic ending anytime soon and millions of more lives will be lost because we have not collectively done better to subdue it.

Our abbreviated hybrid Zoom and in-person Summer Sesshin at the end of June had a total of 28 participants with about two-thirds attending in-person. It was the first time in more than a year and a half that we could prepare and share meals together and our Tenzo (chief cook), George Kyoki Gibbs did a great job. I wasn’t even sure if I would remember how to open and close the jihastsu bowls, but we all did reasonably well and were very quiet to boot. Sally Zenka Sensei served as our Shika (host/manager), Rev. Seifu Singh-Molares served as our Jikijitsu (time keeper) and Rev. Sendo Anne Howells continued as our Densu (chant leader). Elijah Seigan Zupancic and Felix Pekar served as our principal Jisha (tea servers) and Charles Porter served as my Inji (attendant). We all pulled together, those with posts and those without formal posts, to make a brief but strong sesshin.

Like most of us, I have not done a lot of traveling. It has been a long time since I have made a trip to Portland, Pennsylvania, Vancouver Island, San Diego, Wenatchee, Walla Walla, or Bonn, Germany, where I have often led short sesshins. This spring I did lead a one day Zoom retreat for the Walla Walla Sangha. I plan to go to Portland this November and Bonn in January of next year. Carolyn and I will be celebrating our thirtieth wedding anniversary by spending a week in Hawaii in early September.

From the end of August to the beginning of Autumn Sesshin, Larry Palmer and associates will be giving the exterior of our building a facelift and paint job. Sam Berger and associates will likely begin work on a temple gate between the parking area and the garden. We hope that during Autumn Sesshin samu (work) periods that much of the gate work can be completed. Also, before Autumn Sesshin we hope to have all the cement pathways and front porch steps resealed now that they have been deeply power washed by Chobo-Ji resident Charles Porter. I’m sure everyone who has come by and all our neighbors have come to deeply appreciate the splendor of our temple gardens which are so carefully groomed and cared for by Randal Daigetsu Tanabe and other Zen residents.

Our book group, which is currently exploring Black & Buddhist: What Buddhism Can Teach Us About Race, Resilience, Transformation & Freedom, edited by Pamela Ayo Yetunde & Cheryl A.

Continued on next page ...
Giles, has been attended by a small but steady group of sangha members. I have gained a lot from the examination of one chapter each week. Please see our weekly email bulletin, Temple Happenings, for the current chapter we are reading. Any who has read this week’s chapter is welcome to join by Zoom or in-person (if fully vaccinated). We meet on Thursday evenings at 7PM in the Chobo-Ji lounge; our last meeting will be August 12. After a break of some length, I’m sure a new title will be chosen.

In this issue you will find a great many offerings, including a transcription of my Teisho on “Zuigan Calls Master,” some verse from Larry Palmer, a poem of Kyoki’s, a book review by Felix, stories offered by Suihei and Zenka, announcements for August Odayaka, Autumn Sesshin, a Post Workshop and a list of Fall post assignments. May we all enjoy this summer to the fullest, without losing awareness and the sense of urgency needed to address the environmental and social perils of our times.

With gassho,

Genjo

__________

A snippet from:

A Souffle of Words

by Larry Palmer

When my fifteen seconds of fame came, I was a columnist for a major newspaper and thought very highly of myself, the editor would remind me between clenched teeth that yes, I was a very creative fellow, but if the column wasn’t on her desk by 6 PM I was fired.

I was the deadline I think that forced me to push on with things and stayed my course and eventually meld the many iterations of human faces until we blend together into us.

Death is a deadline of sorts. For some it comes like a cop with a nightstick, for others it patters down our hall at midnight like cat feet. And since there are only so many shopping days until Christmas, I stay up late some nights thinking what can I do in my little time left to stay in the empty knocking of the planets? What remains to be uttered before the all too human plunge into the infinite?

“Us” the voice says, and it rolls over the hills inside me like the sound of distant thunder. I heard it in the Patagonia plunging down the cataract of the Colon Cura, the sound that swollen river made in flood, a natural word for us. The mewing coos and chirps of nesting osprey who have taken up residence in a high tree just outside my office door. Us. The wings of the thrush in shrubbery and the low thrum of the appendages of hummingbirds jockeying for position at the top of the garden fountain. Us. Why, even standing underneath 1-5 as the gush and roar of cars pass overhead, I hear it too.

Us. All the birds and trees and honking cars. Us.

For Zen Buddhists the word Mu is the infinite sound of us. It forces the student of Zen to step outside the self and confront the certainty that there is no self. There is no self? Only Mu? That’s right Bucko – a reminder that we are leaves on the tree, but not the tree. The sound of wind through the branches of that tree an aerial pandemonium flush of names for us, but without words.

Voices of nameless generations and my ancestors. Footsteps slow, breath gentle and delicate. Solid and free, my homecoming. The trees embrace past generations offering deep listening, hearing witness to the suffering voices of silent multitudes.

Most at home in the long cold nights of December, raven caws from a high branch. The forest, once again calls me to a place long ago forgotten. It was from this fog that memory first emerged, and to this place I shall return. The forest will hold my memory in silence long after my name is forgotten.

Solid and free, I return to a familiar landscape lending life to place, specificity to location, The forested geography of my homeland. Wandering deeply within the shelter of the woods Respiration rising to merge with transpiration in seamless unity. My breath is the breath of the cosmos. All beings present with me now as I walk this path, a path that leads nowhere. Yet, I have arrived, most at home.

To Kiss the Sky

by Matthew Suihei Jomei

Inspired by Reginald A. Ray

An Eagle is in the mouth of a cave on a cliff, caged, with elegant features covered over by heavy clothing. We dream of drinking in the Sky, touching the Sun, smelling the Moon, and holding the Stars, but other dressed-up birds in the cage tell us how foolish we are for entertaining such impossible longings — that we’re better off just appreciating the cage and the clothes that keep us feeling safe and comfortable. Listening to them, we feel stupid and ungrateful… but the deeper feeling of suffocation remains.

One day, to the surprise of everyone, a naked songbird lands on the handle on the outside of the cage’s door. Holding on to the door and flapping its bright wings, the door swings open as the bird flies off singing, revealing the door hadn’t been locked. All the other birds in the cage back away from the open door in fear — except
us. We step closer... fearful, but unable to ignore the irresistible call of the Sky beyond... With great trepidation, we throw off our clothes and move to the open doorway. We feel utterly exposed to the Sky and to the anxious ridicule of the huddled birds behind us, but the rush of our beating heart quickly drowns them out.

Nearly paralyzed by the fear of dying if we jump, with thoughts swirling that we’re insane for leaving behind the safety and comfort of life in the cage, we jump anyway... Our wings spread magnificently wide for the first time, waiting for a dreadfully-long second with no ground below... until we finally feel an updraft of warm wind support and lift us higher, as we fly further and further into the infinite Sky. We feel the tears of heavy clouds, the golden warmth of the Sun, the freedom of boundless space, the loving embrace of the Universe, and bittersweet joy in our Heart. For the first time we can recall, we don’t know who we are... and we finally remember the why — to fly and Kiss the Sky... and, perhaps, open a few doors along the Way.

The clothes, the cage, the ridicule — they all fell away, never having been any more real than the dream that set us free....

A Glimpse of Nothingness
review by Felix Pekar

"Three thousand million people live on a ball. The ball is suspended in nothing. What are these three thousand million people doing on the ball? And why, Mr. Zen Student, do you want to know? You don’t know the answer to that either."

Janwillem van de Wetering was in his 20’s when he was first driven by such questions to leave Amsterdam to train at a Japanese Zen monastery, which he recounts in the first book of this trilogy, “The Empty Mirror.” The second book, “A Glimpse of Nothingness,” picks up his journey of inquiry ten years later, when having grown dissatisfied with his bourgeois existence of family, home and job, he again finds himself traveling abroad, this time to an American Zen community, where he once again, desires to find something and a master who knows the way to whatever he is looking for.

Plunging into his first day at the American Zen community, at five to three in the morning, he finds himself walking in below zero temperatures to the Zendo. He has arrived in the middle of a meditation intensive, during which, “you meditate for ten plus hours a day and keep it up for seven days. The exercise sounds terrible.” This is only the beginning of the rigor he will experience during his multi-month stay. But the rigor is well matched with the tangible sense of his being afire with a longing, “for a heroic meeting with the High, or the Deep.” It is this clashing together of a strict environmental rigor with a passionate longing that flavors the whole book with a sense of absurd Zen madness - a crazy man fishing in a bathtub.

Janwillem keeps pondering the great Zen questions, only to be told, “Don’t ask so much, don’t you know that all the answers are in yourself?” Go meditate. For hours and hours. Every day. Insight is caused by long sitting. Through meditation he slowly begins to learn, along with the reader, that this perceived absurdness of fishing in a bathtub, is not that absurd, it just appears so to his ego, which is accustomed to working within a structure of reason or reasonableness. If the ego is released, he moves from saying, “Finding this something is not possible,” to, “a desperate certainty that this something already is.” Apparently, he caught a fish long ago, cooked it, ate it and didn’t even know it. And now what???

Janwillem sits with such questions day in and day out, finally finishing his time at the Zen community. He thinks to himself, “You have other things to do besides sit still in a Zendo.” He returns to Amsterdam, where people ask, “What did you learn?” He struggles with this answer, much like the reader might struggle to answer, “What did you learn from this book?” This difficulty is the thrust of Zen. And the fact that it is difficult to answer in writing is even more appropriate, because Zen is meant to be experiential. So, as Janwillem sensed, as well as the reader, it is time to surrender the use of language. Leave behind the control that words afford. Go fishing in your bathtub. Experience this something directly. Glimpse this nothingness.

The Path
by Sally Zenka Metcalf Sensei

Our Chobo-Ji garden is blossoming with summer glory. Daily, neighbors stroll through, eyes shining. Humming birds bathe in the shimmering fountain. Golden lilies dance breezily on magnificent stems. Crows feed noisy fledglings in the ancient maple, as it leans dreamily — dappling our path with light.

During silent retreats, many of us spend samu in the sunshine, grateful for loosening zazen kinks as we weed. One

Continued on next page...
sesshin, a young woman and her friend visited, hoping to enjoy a few minutes in our garden. Welcomed, she and her friend sat quietly on the wall beside the small red bell. Everyone worked peacefully around them.

The young woman shared her story with me before departing. A year earlier, she’d been troubled. Our garden became her saving grace. Whenever her mind darkened, she left her next-door apartment to sit among nodding grasses and buoyant colors – gathering strength, and healing.

It is said that the Buddha regularly took his followers into woodlands for forest bathing. Perhaps this was her garden bathing – pain washed away, dewdrop by dewdrop.

Since then, she’d moved away. Her new life suited and satisfied her. The day we met, she’d come to share the garden with her friend, as if to pass on its blessing.

Suffering is vast. Every day we labor, longing to be helpful all the while. And yet, we may be wholly unaware when the garden trail we cleared, once again, becomes someone’s pathway out of darkness.

The Mumonkan
Zuigan Calls “Master”
Case 12 - Teisho Summer Sesshin

Koan:

Every day Master Zuigan Shigen used to call out to himself, “Oh, Master!” and would answer himself, “Yes?” “Are you awake?” he would ask, and would answer, “Yes, I am.” “Never be deceived by others, any day, any time.” “No, I will not.”

Mumon’s Commentary:

Old Zuigan himself sells and himself buys. He has a lot of masks of goblins and demons to play with. Why? Nii! A calling one, an answering one, an awake one, and one who will not be deceived by others. If you take these different appearances as really existing, you are altogether mistaken. If, however, you would imitate Zuigan, your understanding is that of a fox.

Mumon’s Poem:

Those who search for the Way do not realize the Truth,
They only know their old discriminating consciousness.
This is the cause of the endless cycle of birth and death,
Yet ignorant people take it for the Original Person of No Rank.

Mumon says of Zuigan Shigen – “He has a lot of masks of goblins and demons to play with.” That is true of all of us. In time we work to stitch them together, so that all the puzzle pieces find their place, and there are no gaping holes in the puzzle of who we are. In actuality, none of the pieces are missing, and if we are both patient and persistent, they will eventually all fit together. Not a single piece can ever be lost or discarded. On the other hand, during our complicated normal development, it is likely that some pieces are frayed, cracked and dislodged, and it may feel as though pieces are missing. However, please be assured, they’re not. Reintegration is appropriate, necessary, and possible.

When certain needs natural to the human condition are frustrated long enough, they become like dislodged pieces of a puzzle. If the pieces are separated from the puzzle for an extended period, then these missing but not lost pieces can create some big gaps. These gaps become our demons and goblins to play with or that end up playing with us. Frustrated needs and wants may first arise as hungry ghosts, and appear in one’s life as an addiction. If enough pieces are dislodged for long enough these gaps will evolve from hungry ghosts to demons, and then the symptoms become much more problematic, perhaps even homicidal, suicidal, or worse.

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The Mumon says of Zuigan Shigen – “He has a lot of masks of goblins and demons to play with.” That is true of all of us. In time we work to stitch them together, so that all the puzzle pieces find their place, and there are no gaping holes in the puzzle of who we are. In actuality, none of the pieces are missing, and if we are both patient and persistent, they will eventually all fit together. Not a single piece can ever be lost or discarded. On the other hand, during our complicated normal development, it is likely that some pieces are frayed, cracked and dislodged, and it may feel as though pieces are missing. However, please be assured, they’re not. Reintegration is appropriate, necessary, and possible.
puzzle pieces. Zuigan used the device of calling out to his deep sage self every morning. As I see it, this device, which affirms that we are made of many pieces, warned him that his dislodged pieces could be like so many goblins or demons to tempt, delude and hinder his access to his deep nature. With this daily reminder and device, Zuigan worked to smooth out his rough edges and direct his life towards the process of reintegration. Mumon recognizes all this when he aptly says, “Zuigan himself sells himself and buys himself. He has a lot of masks of goblins and demons to play with.” So do we all. In this case, a calling one, an answering one, an awake one, and one who is deceived by others and one who is not deceived by others. These are just a few of the pieces.

Every day Master Zuigan Shigen used to call out to himself, “Oh, Master!” Now what kind of master is he referring to? Is he talking about our central dominant ego state? Is he talking about God? Is he talking about that one shining alone? The true person of no rank? I think, it’s not too hard to guess, the latter. The true person of no rank, or in Mumon’s poem, translated here as “the Original Man,” is always with us. All the puzzle pieces, including this one, are always there. Can any be lost? No. Can they be displaced? Yes. Can they be temporarily missing from the full picture of who we are. Yes. Are all the puzzle pieces recoverable? Yes. Never is a single atom missing from the universe. It may transform, but fundamentally nothing is created or destroyed.

When we see the big picture, it’s much easier to be in touch with our own inner sage. Sometimes I hear followers of the Way and clients refer to themselves in the third person. I’ve often heard Zenka say, “Sal! Don’t you know, such and such? Couldn’t you approach it this way?” That’s Zenka talking to Sally. Are there really two different people, Zenka and Sally? No. Zenka and Sally are seamless with each other, though they represent different frequencies in the spectrum of self. I’ve often heard my inner voice speak to me in a similar tone – and there’s such wise wisdom down there. This subtle but profound inner wisdom voice is there all the time, but I may not always hear it. When our deep voice speaks to us, we really ought to listen! However, this subtle, profound inner voice is often drowned out by our often dominant egocentric mind. Our meditation practice gives us a grounded foundation and sufficient spaciousness to hear our inner wisdom from time to time. Unfortunately, even when we hear it, we don’t always listen, which is such a shame!

Zuigan calls out to himself, “Oh Master!” In my case it might be more like, “Genjo! “What?” (laughter) In the case of Zuigan, his small self is calling out to bigger self, and answers himself, “YES,” as in “what do you need, I’m always here for you.” If we are confident that this inner sage is already there, then this device may well work to call it forth. Our inner sage just snaps into place when we confidently call it forth. A big part of this koan asks us to find the same confidence that Zuigan demonstrates. Does your inner sage snap into awareness when called? When you call your inner sage, how does it respond? Are you now more fully present and awake? How is that “Yes” said?

Never be deceived by others, any day, any time.” What others is Zuigan speaking of? When I first read this, I naturally thought of the many people out there who are actively trying to deceive me. I get emails and phone calls and texts and all the time from people wanting to deceive me. Therefore, certainly I think Zuigan on one level is referring to this kind of deception. But what others might deceive us? This is another part of the koan.

We all have many different pieces that fit together to form our composite self. In this koan we examine the calling one (ego-centric self), the answering one (inner sage), the unintegrated, the integrated, and the inner seven-year-old. We are made up of many more puzzle pieces that, when put together, constitute “self.” However, we must remember that in truth we have no beginning and no end. If we look carefully enough, we realize that we are seamless with the whole universe and beyond.

Today is a new national holiday, Juneteenth. And here in the zendo, underneath Kannon, is a picture of George Floyd, representing the millions of people who have been oppressed by systemic racism. It doesn’t matter what country you go to, somebody’s seen as a minority or a foreigner or less than, and this one picture of George Floyd, who was murdered by police officers, represents everyone everywhere who has been seen as foreign, less than, or inferior. I hope whatever extraterrestrials are out there don’t see all of us as inferior scum. We would be in real trouble if they have the same kind of prejudice that we have towards each other. If we have light colored skin, i.e., Caucasian of European ancestry, then know we are the global minority. And yet, in the USA, we’re part of a system that’s frightened of losing its sense of majority, its sense of superiority. You can ask anyone’s inner sage if systemic racism is real, and I think you’ll get a resounding, “Yes!” Of course, if you ask if race is a delusion, your inner sage, is sure to respond, “Yes!” Yet, it is also true that systemic racism has infected all institutions.

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and levels of society and not just in this country.

Two and a half years after the Emancipation Proclamation, the word finally reached slaves in Texas, who happened to be many varieties of people of color including indigenous people, that they were “free.” As we know, this didn’t sit too well with the defeated Confederacy. Ever since Juneteenth, white people all over have been devising different forms of slavery. Even our constitution says that if you’re a prisoner it’s OK to be a slave. Numerically, I’ve read there are more slaves today in the world than there have ever been.

It’s so sad that some parts of ourselves see other parts of ourselves, as inferior. This is for me one of the craziest things about our human condition. I do understand the survival value in seeing anyone outside of our club or tribe as other. It’s much easier to protect the club or the tribe if we view the other as less than we are. Our survival instincts generate fear of the other and drive us to protect the family, the club, the tribe. We will never outgrow our survival instincts which prod us to have enough and then more. Our instincts are not wrong, any more than our ability to feel pain is wrong. On the other hand, if we don’t let our more sophisticated brain functions rule our lives, we will continue to collectively shoot ourselves in the foot, just as we have been. We must learn to become bigger than these old instincts, and all the power that they wield over us. We must learn to compensate for these instincts of survival with true insight about ourselves and our place in the world. Part of this work will be to weed out systemic racism wherever we find it. If we don’t do this, we won’t survive our adolescence as a species. We need to call out to our inner sage – it can be done. Then we need to listen, and act accordingly for the benefit of all beings great and small, animate and inanimate.

Mumon’s poem says, “Those who search for the Way do not realize the Truth, they only know their old discriminating consciousness.” Well, searching for the Way seems like a good thing, maybe that’s what we think we’re coming here to do, to find our inner sage. However, if we already possess it, searching for it is a big mistake. It’s not outside of ourselves. All we need do is take the blinders off, see the big picture and then act from that perspective rather than from our narrow instinctual response to the world.

We must shift gears, personally and collectively. When Zenka says “Sall,” she’s already there.

Our narrow egoistic perspective produces endless cycles of generational madness. Generation after generation we are getting caught and controlled by our instincts of survival. In our search for Truth outside of ourselves, for example looking for a leader or system to save us, time and time again we miss the opportunity to listen to and follow our inner sage. Even our Zen practice can fail victim to this pattern when the Zendo becomes like a clubhouse or the roshi is viewed as a guru. We must be vigilant not to mistake this practice, me as a teacher, or this lineage, as the true person without rank. That’s something we already have, and we have no special claim to it as Zen practitioners. It’s not ours to keep or ours to proselytize. “Never be deceived by others, any day, any time – ‘No, I will not.’” May it be so.

If we were not having an abbreviated Summer Sesshin because of COVID-19, we’d be studying the Diamond Sutra, which we normally do every summer. In the Diamond Sutra we read where Subhuti acknowledges that the Tathagata cannot be perceived by the thirty-two characteristics of a great man. And boy, do we make this mistake repeatedly. The Tathagata is not some external guru but is our own inner sage! The Tathagata goes on to say,

Who seeks Me by Form,  
Who seeks Me by Sound,  
Wrongly turned are their footsteps on the Way,  
For they cannot perceive the Tathagata.

Our inner sage really can direct our lives! All our pieces and ego states can rest in the lap of our inner sage. Nothing needs to be rejected, every part of us needs to be accepted, and all the puzzle pieces need to find their place. Our inner sage will help with that. The Tathagata continues, “So I tell you:

All composite things  
Are like a dream, a fantasy,  
a bubble and a shadow,  
Are like a dewdrop and a flash of lightning.

They are thus to be regarded — and so you should

Think in this way of all this fleeting world:  
As a star at dawn, a bubble in the stream,  
A dewdrop, a flash of lightning  
in a summer cloud,  
A flickering lamp, a phantom, and a dream.

Registration for Zoom attendance is required for each day. The Zoom invitations and registration links are below. Requested donations are $50 for Friday, $50 for Saturday, and $30 for Sunday. Please note that if you are attending all three days, you may make a single payment of $130. You can send your donations to PayPal.

Please indicate the purpose of your donation in the note/memo field.

Day 1 – Friday, August 20, 7:00 am  
Register in advance for this meeting using this link.

Day 2 – Saturday, August 21, 5:30 am  
Register in advance for this meeting using this link.

Day 3 – Sunday, August 22, 5:00 am  
Register in advance for this meeting using this link.

Temple Posts  
beginning Sept. 18, 2021

Elijah Seigan Zupancic  
Rev. Sendo Howells

Shika (Host - Manager)

Rev. Gendo Testa  
George Kyoki Gibbs  
Tenzo (Cook)

Rev. Seifu Singh-Molares 
Randal Daigetsu Tanabe  
Jikijitsu (Timekeepers)
Zen Intro Series

Six week exploration starting Oct. 7, 7-8:30 PM

Please come and join us for a 6-week exploration of Rinzai Zen practice. Thursdays - 7:30 to 9:00 pm, beginning Oct. 7 and concluding Nov. 11. This series repeats each Autumn and Spring and supplants our usual weekly zazen introduction. As of this printing, only those who have been fully vaccinated and have sent a photo of their vaccinated card to zen@choboji.org may attend in person.

A $40 donation is suggested for the series, but any amount you care to give is accepted. No one will be turned away because of lack of funds.

Each class can be taken as a stand-alone. No prior experience with meditation practice is required and old-timers are also welcome to attend and share their thoughts and questions.

As a bonus with the full fee, you may attend either the Oct. or Nov. Zazenkai (half-day sit) at no additional cost.

Oct. 7 will concentrate on zazen (seated meditation) instruction.

Oct. 14 will explore the seven practice modalities of Zen practice at Chobo-Ji.

Oct. 21 will explore the Four Noble Truths.

Oct. 28 will explore the Eight Fold Path.

Nov. 4 will explore the use of koans in Rinzai Zen training.

Nov. 11 will explore the Four Great Vows.

Dai Bai Zan Cho Bo Zen Temple

Introduction to zazen

Online ONLY, Saturdays, 10:00 to 11:15 AM through Sept. 4.

In person Thursdays, beginning Sept. 7 - 8:15 PM.

intro@choboji.org  Zoom link: https://us02web.zoom.us/j/81210517303

After Sept. 4, Intro zazen instruction will be available on Saturdays at 10:00 by appointment. Send requests to intro@choboji.org
## Important Dates to Remember

**Daily zazen:** M-F, 5:30-6:30 AM; Sat. 7-8:30 AM; M & W, 7:30-8:30 PM; Sun. 6:30-7:30 PM

Intro to zazen most **Thursdays** 7-8:15PM, beginning Sept. 9

Dharma Council, most Saturdays at 8:30 AM – Dharma Dialogue, most 1st & 3rd Sundays at 7:30 PM

(See Google Calendar at [https://choboji.org/schedule/](https://choboji.org/schedule/) for more detail and Zoom links.)

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<th>Event</th>
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<td>Zazenkai (1/2 day sit) with zazen, Dokusan and Dharma Talk</td>
<td>August 8, 5am - 11:15am</td>
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<td>Summer Odayaka (three-day Zen intensive)</td>
<td>August 20 - August 22</td>
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<td>Post Workshop (come and learn about all of our temple posts)</td>
<td>Sept. 18, 10am - noon</td>
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<tr>
<td>Zazenkai (1/2 day sit) with zazen, Dokusan and Dharma Talk</td>
<td>Sept. 19, 5am - 11:15am</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Board Meeting</td>
<td>Sept. 19, noon - 1:30pm</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Autumn Sesshin (seven-day Zen intensive)</td>
<td>Sept. 24 - Oct. 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Start of six week Zen Intro Series, Thursdays</td>
<td>Oct. 7, 7:30 - 9:00pm</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Zazenkai (1/2 day sit) with zazen, Dokusan and Dharma Talk</td>
<td>Oct. 10, 5am - 11:15am</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Zazenkai (1/2 day sit) with zazen, Dokusan and Dharma Talk</td>
<td>Nov. 14, 5am - 11:15am</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Board Meeting</td>
<td>Nov. 14, noon - 1:30pm</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rohatsu Sesshin (eight-day Zen intensive)</td>
<td>Dec. 4 - 12.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>