

Myōju



Sōtō Zen Buddhism in Australia

Winter, Volume 9 Issue 4, June 2010

JIKI040

Bowing and Acquiring the Essence

Excerpts from a talk given by Ekai Korematsu Osho at the Kagyu E-Vam Buddhist Institute (KEBI) in Melbourne on the 3rd of July 2009. Transcribed by Nicole Thomas, edited by Vaughan Behncke and Paul Harris.

Good evening everyone and welcome. This is fourth or fifth time I have been invited to speak at these winter talks at KEBI.

Each time I speak here I receive some topic suggestions from Traleg Rinpoche. This time he suggested I talk on the Shobogenzo, a core text of the Soto Zen school in Japan. Now I'm not sure this is such an exciting topic.

When I was a young monk in Japan, shortly after my first ordination, my teacher gave me this text and asked me to study it. He said I couldn't progress the way I wanted just by reading alone. This comes only with study and practice, that is, meditation. He told me not to worry if understanding didn't come immediately, to take my time and persist.

In 1976 I was a newly ordained young monk, eager to learn, and I studied a lot! I read to deepen my understanding, and I listened to my teacher's talks. Wherever he went I went. And when I was at home I'd open up the Shobogenzo and read it. It didn't make much sense to me. There weren't many chapters I could relate to so well. Often I'd fall asleep while I was reading it. It's a good book to fall asleep with. Kind of like a teddy bear! I thought, "this will take care of me ... eventually". So for many years this is how it was.

Slowly, my practice continued, and experiential knowledge came gradually with that. Somehow, chapters became more relevant and connected with each other in ways that had not been apparent at first.



This is a common story for those who study the Shobogenzo. In the beginning it is difficult, just as life can be at times. But if you maintain your interest, without getting hung up on understanding it, and your own practice, then something extraordinary happens. It's almost like after a long, cold winter, when spring arrives bringing new life with it without fail every year. It's such a joy.

The Shobogenzo is a collection of Zen Master Dogen's essays. It's not a transcribed record of his talks and teachings. In fact, he withdrew from the practice place to concentrate on study and writing. Many of these essays were revised and rewritten by him years later, when he realised they did not accurately express his thinking, until they assumed their final form in the ninety-five essays of the Shobogenzo we have today.

The teachings are multi-faceted but of the same essence, like a pipe with many taps. What comes out of each is, in a sense, the same.

The meaning of the word Shobogenzo is interesting. "Sho" means authentic, or simple truth. "Bo" means dharma, teaching. "Gen" literally means eye, that is your eyes. And "Zo" means treasury. Hence, treasury of the authentic dharma expressed in many ways.

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Compassion in Times of Crisis - Surviving "Black Saturday", and community news.





What is difficult at first to understand about the Shobogenzo is the authentic dharma. Authenticity makes it difficult. It makes it difficult because our ordinary life, our human life lacks accessibility. Do you know what I mean by accessibility?

Because we're affected by so many things, including our own preferences for this or that. The form of education we're accustomed to and the way of thinking that follows from it is a good example. The "rational mind" of western scientific thought on the one hand and eastern thinking on the other. Getting in touch with the authentic dharma can be a challenge for us in that it may not appear to be immediately accessible. This difficulty may be compounded by our sense of ourselves as individual human beings. We identify ourselves, who we are, through conditions that make up our identity. Let's say you're Australian. That's why it's difficult. Australians don't understand the Shobogenzo. The same thing may apply if you're Japanese and think you have some advantage because of that. No!

So we need to clean our ears, open our eyes and minds. Unless we can become familiar and intimate, and are able to direct our thinking to that point away from our ordinary consciousness, the Shobogenzo text will remain foreign to you ... and only good for one thing - to have on your pillow before you go to sleep!

Thank you for coming.



Myoju - Winter 2010

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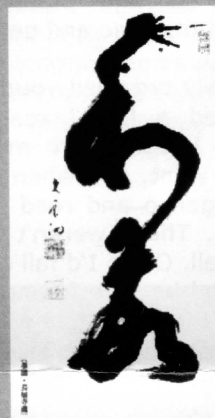
The calendar accompanying this Myoju is printed on green paper, representing the lush green colour of our parks and gardens in Winter.

The views expressed in Myoju are not necessarily those of the Jikishoan Zen Buddhist Community or its Abbot, Ekai Korematsu.

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Next Issue

The next issue of Myoju will be posted at the Vernal (Spring) Equinox, on 23rd of September 2010. Contributions that support our practice are most welcome, including articles, book reviews, interviews, personal reflections, artwork and photographs. The content deadline is Friday 27th of August. If you would like to contribute or advertise in the Spring 2010 edition of Myoju email publications@jikishoan.org.au



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Annual Picnic

The annual picnic was again held at Darebin Parklands in Alphington in beautiful autumn sunshine. Nineteen adults and four children attended and with plenty of food, drinks and conversation to share, the afternoon drifted by at a leisurely pace.

Mark Malmberg came to the picnic prepared to do his bit to raise funds to aid Cancer research. We donated, Jinesh did the shearing - a hairdresser in a previous life we later learned - and Mark proudly sported a new look, not all that outrageous in a Zen community. So inspired was Katherine Yeo, that she stepped up for a close crop as well. Attendance at the annual sangha picnic can lead to the most unexpected activities.

We gathered together at 2.30pm and chanted the Heart Sutra and Fueko. The afternoon concluded after we posed for the photographer, packed-up and said our farewells for another year.

Mark Summers - Picnic Coordinator

Canberra News

Jikishoan Canberra has had another busy few months. On 13 March twenty-two people attended Hannah Shudo Forsyth's One Day Workshop. The following morning's Sunday Sanzenkai was well attended, and those present benefited from Hannah's talk on the day.

In March, Bret Cooper became a member of the Committee in Canberra. He has also been making an important contribution as Tenzo-in-training for the community. Sunday Sanzenkai suppers have recommenced for 2010 and are popular with around 15 people staying to share a meal each month.

In April, Bret Cooper and Tony Crivelli attended the Easter retreat for seven days. They both gave illuminating member talks at Sunday Sanzenkai after their return. On behalf of the whole Jikishoan community, JZBC Canberra members Vaughan Behncke, Adrian Olley and Martha Sear participated in the United Nations Day of Vesak celebrations in the Great Hall of Parliament House, Canberra on Wednesday 26 May. More than 500 guests, dignitaries and politicians attended the event.



On 22 May twenty-five people participated in a One Day Workshop with Ekai Osho. The following morning fifteen attended Sunday Sanzenkai and a Jukai ceremony for Bret Cooper and ceremony where Martha Sear received her Rakusu. We thank Ekai Osho, Shundo Denovan and Hannah Shudo Forsyth for travelling to Canberra from Melbourne to teach and participate in community activities. During the past three months the Canberra Community has welcomed new members Nicky Coles, Tony Crivelli, Karen Dahl and George Quinn, and a Friend membership from Wendy May.

Martha Sear - President (Canberra)

Committee Workshop

On Sunday May 30, the fourth Committee Orientation Workshop was held at the Footscray zendo. The purpose of these workshops is to introduce, to the new, as well as to remind the serving Committee Members, Ryo coordinators and Assistants of the Aims, Objectives and Rules (Constitution) of Jikishōan.

One of the initial reasons for these workshops was to create a recruitment process for the Assistant role. As the name implies, Assistants "assist" their respective Committee Members or Ryo Co-ordinators with various duties including representing them at meetings. This requires the Assistant to understand the Aims, Objectives and Rules (Constitution) as well as the role of the person they are assisting.

In May the workshop began at 9:00am with a period of Zazen followed by Kinhin, Dedication and Tea. This was followed by two hours of energetic discussion led by Ekai-Osho, Vaughan Behncke (President) and Naomi Richards (Vice-President).

The workshop finished at 12:00 noon. Most of the attendees later gathered at a local restaurant for an enjoyable and leisurely lunch. These workshops are open to any member of Jikishōan with an interest in the workings of our community. So please join us on 12 September if you'd like to understand more about our organisation.

Mark Summers - Shoji / Secretary.

Membership

We are pleased to welcome the following new members of Jikishoan:

Canberra: Tony Crivelli, Karen Dahl, Nicky Coles and George Quinn.

Ekai Korematsu Osho and the JZBC Committee

The Wonderful Wisdom of Trees!

A letter from Daijōji

The Lord Buddha made his vow to attain enlightenment, and began his meditation sitting under a Bodhi tree. Mara, the personification of illusion, asked Lord Buddha who he thought he was, trying to attain liberation. From where he sat Buddha extended his hand to touch the ground. Mother Earth shook in response, bearing witness to all of Buddha's past lives and efforts to gain enlightenment. Mara was defeated and Buddha, after another week of sitting under the Bodhi tree, began his forty-year teaching mission.

For centuries Buddhist monks have often followed this tradition of sitting under trees in forests, away from busy towns and bustling crowds. When reading the various works of Dogen Zenji you will often come across passages where he praises the ancient masters who sat in the wilds, under trees.

Keizan Zenji too states in Zazen Yojinki that "green waters and verdant mountains are the place to walk in meditation; by streams, under the trees are the places to clear the mind." Even in my own ancient, pre-Christian Celtic heritage seekers of wisdom gathered in sacred circular groves of trees to share their knowledge and celebrate the mysteries of life.

Last month I passed my first year anniversary here at Daijōji. Certain treed areas of Daijōji have a very special feeling about them. The trees themselves are considered to be "monks", as human monks plant them as part of their ordination. I too have a small tree growing here.

I was gardening in such an area recently – a semi-circle of tall pine trees that provide a dark and cool place to retreat from the heat of the afternoon sun. I felt that I was somehow in violation of the place as I went about my work differentiating between this plant and another, making arbitrary judgements on which were good and which were bad, which would live and which I would destroy. All the while my mind recounting the events of the past months. A gap suddenly opened in my mind stream, ending my self-indulgent thoughts and words were spoken to me.

May you exist in muddy water with purity like the lotus.

I looked up at the trees. I somehow knew that the words had come from them. Again they sounded in my mind. Following the second recitation realisation after realisation flooded my mind. I knew now from deep within me the nature of suffering, what were the causes of this suffering (my mind, my desire for something different and aversion to what my actual reality is, my sense of separateness from others and the world around me) and how there can be an end to this suffering. Lord Buddha's teachings were no longer words merely studied and believed. They were now my own experiential truth. It was like a heavy grey fog had suddenly lifted from my mind and the sun's brilliant light had shone through.

Again I looked to the trees. They responded this time with an assurance that I was where I was meant to be. An image of when I re-potted Daijōji's lotuses filled my

mind. A lotus has to be buried in muddy water and then left in the harsh light and heat of the summer sun. The dirtier the water is, the more it is then cooked in the bright sun, the more beautiful the lotus blossom is as it rises clean and pure from the mud.

A broad smile broke across my face and for the first time in a long while I laughed to myself. Now I saw everything in a new light. I saw, not only how I was responsible for all the suffering I went through, how my mind twisted reality to suit its own narrative, but also how transient it all was and how none of it truly existed without the fabrication of my mind and its idea of self. No longer do I look at the content of the stories that are played out in my mind but rather the context of them arising and the wisdom that comes from this change in view.

Wonderful! How Wonderful! The Wisdom of Trees!

Gone are the feelings of desolation and sadness I've experienced at times. I'm not too sure how Dogen Zenji would respond to these words, but from his essay Bendowa, I do know he said this about practice and the natural world:

"Although both mind and object appear and disappear within stillness, because this takes place in the realm of self-receiving and self-employing (jijuyu) without moving a speck of dust or destroying a single form, extensive Buddha work and profound, subtle Buddha influence are carried out. The grass, trees and earth affected by this functioning radiate great brilliance together and endless expound the deep wondrous dharma. Grasses, trees, fences and walls demonstrate and exalt it for the sake of living beings, both ordinary and sage; and in turn, living beings, both ordinary and sage, express and unfold it for the sake of grasses, trees, fences and walls. The realm of self-awakening and awakening of others is fundamentally endowed with the quality of enlightenment with nothing lacking, and allows the standard of enlightenment to be actualised ceaselessly."

After the work practice had finished I ran back to the circle of trees. There I touched the moss, the grass, the trees and the earth, and offered them my thanks. I'm still nowhere near enlightenment, but I now know Dogen's above words to be true.

May you too exist in muddy water with purity like the lotus. Sometimes you have to repeat the lesson before it sinks in.

Haydn Hojun Halse

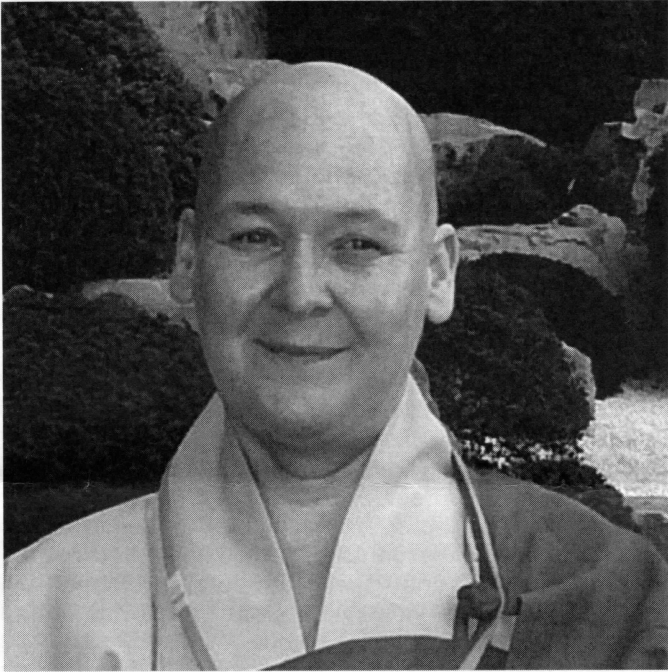
Clouds

*It was just
all clouds in the sky,
when they cleared
the sky was still there
and it was blue.*

*Ferro Fabbri
(adapted from Zen saying)*

Compassion in Times of Crisis

From a talk given by Rev. Chi Kwang Sunim of the Korean Soen (Zen) Centre in Kinglake at Foundation Day on Sunday 2nd May 2010. Transcribed by Nicole Thomas, edited by Paul Harris.



I'd like to thank you all and particularly Ekai Osho for inviting me here to speak at your Foundation Day celebration.

In the event of a fire or any other kind of disaster, one of the things that is going to foretell one's experience is how well we have practiced, and how well we have lived and seen poetry in whatever arises in our daily existence. My capacity to act and embrace the reality on 'Black Saturday' was founded on how well I understood myself and my own mind whilst surrounded by unspeakable devastation, suffering, flames, explosions, smoke and, for a time, darkness.

*The wind kept blowing, that hell hot Saturday,
descending in unforgettable plumes
of ruddy pink mountains
filling the sky
with unspeakable
causes*

Perhaps having some years of meditation practice behind me and grounded in some mental alertness, I was very fortunate. My mind became very clear, sharp and ready, rather than descending into fear and anxiety. Every moment seemed a timeless moment, every action acutely present. Our instinct to survive, I guess. And what is survival? That's a very big question. Everything I've known, smelt, seen, tasted and touched is illuminated through this enquiry of living and life itself.

I didn't know there was a fire approaching. In my community, we all thought the fire was heading north that morning. All trying to keep cool and ignorantly in bliss, it seems. So in the morning, although the day was horrendously hot, there was no awareness of this approaching danger. However, though there was no smell of smoke, I noticed late in the afternoon subtle

changes in the movement of the air. Then stillness descended in my mind, giving me a very powerful sense that something was happening. This was well before pink plumes filled the sky.

After some time, still with this eerie stillness and hours with no electricity I noticed the reddening sky. I called my brother who informed me that fire was already in Flowedale and Kinglake, and to "get out! get out!", he cried. A cry that worried him for the next 24 hours. With this warning I momentarily contemplated the options. But I was more absorbed with the mountain and others who were similarly unaware. Also those I knew living closer to the fire front. Then I looked out of the window observing the distant town of Kinglake exploding and a long band of fire stretching across the grass hills before me, rolling forward. Leaving was not an option.

*Within closed doors,
gripped by an orange glazed view
of rolling, rippling red liquid gold,
fulfilling terror's flaming
rain of glitter, barraging space
and place*

*Devouring before my eyes,
It's fill to fill across uncut meadows,
flames, exploding in shafts of power
surging towards a
thick-forested gully
leading home*

My mind went into a deep state of prayer, deeper stillness, and gratitude. I offered water to the Buddhas, Bodhisattvas and my Teachers for their precious Dharma offered so freely. I bowed as if this might be my last, my only true prostration, so full of gratitude. I prayed for all those already suffering and those about to lose all they had - their most valued life. Then I moved swiftly to pack very practical things. Putting on layers of cotton clothes, dripping water into the bucket from the tanks, gathering needed tools, just basic preparations, whilst contemplating options. The greatest preparation however, was within my own mind, that of present awareness.

*Beyond a black backdrop of Kinglake,
steaming upward in a spectacular wall of blaze,
already stetched in sorrow as
precious loves
fade*

Everything really became this moment-to-moment-to-moment experience. The orange glaze view through the windows, then the blackness. Yes, all went black and yet I didn't distinguish between the pitch-blackness of night and that of smoke. Time was not a factor, only experience, so the reality didn't dawn on me for a long time. It was just black. So what did I do? I reached out to where I knew I kept a torch. The action was very simple, very precise.

*Still holding the fire ball gently in sight,
With stability of mind
grounded in the power of prayer,
endless discriminations dissolve
in the overwhelming
insignificance in all that
I call mine*

Others who survived the fires also seemed to behave in a similar way, with presence of mind in a heightened state of awareness. In part, the adrenaline rush does make you acutely aware. We sit in meditation everyday to deepen, heighten and expand this capacity, to be present with what is, aware and awake. Whether this 'what is', is just a very ordinary, every day experience, or whether it is to deal with the deeper issues of life and death.

*In the eternal moment of unknowing,
well established views are silenced,
acknowledging my fragile embrace
of the luminous, tender being
who I am*

The very last sentence of the poem I read, sums up something very important for me, of this whole experience ...

*Where insight into what is,
blooms in gratitude,
swelling my heart's precious life sharpened affinities*

Gratitude, for what brings us to this place, at this moment in time, or gratitude for what it has to offer ... this precious tool sharpens our life affinities.

All night I had been offering water to the Buddha's and Bodhisattvas in my small hall. Then at one point, when I was so very hot with wet towels on my head to keep myself cool, I stood still and I took a sip of water from a glass. With that one sip, it was like the fires and heat had vanished.

*In offering you, Buddha's of all
ten directions, water's
sweet dew of life,
how refreshing is but one sip,
quenching fires
eternal pangs*

By allowing what's happening, to just come forth, it seemed the insights of my life, was distilled in that moment and came forth in deep feelings of gratitude. Even for my present experiences, for possible imminent death, I felt grateful. A sense of joy and contentment swelled in my heart. Everything I experienced then seemed extremely important, profound even. Everything that was of value to me was right at my fingertips, right in front of my nose. So there was no need to be somewhere else. I didn't even know until that moment, that I could experience the Dharma in such heartfelt way.

The first fire clipped the front of my property, miraculously missing my forest by a metre; perhaps a wind change pushed the fire up the road, taking fences, trees and some properties bordering a village opposite me. There was so much smoke and some houses close by were exploding, but I continued, to

put out embers near the house, offering prayer and doing water ceremonies until the smoke subsided a little. I then went out and extinguished fires on the fence lines and near the forest. Voices echoed in and around the smoke, but I couldn't see much other than tall flames of buildings that were alight. Thankfully only a few unoccupied houses in the village and a few sheds on our street were lost due to the efforts of many neighbours.

*In smoke filled darkness, the seer and seen
awaken other possibility,
activating the unconditioned presence
of all unbounded*

Then came my second fire. I was just about to offer incense, when I looked down the valley and saw two spot fires snake together and rush up the mountain in a matter of seconds. The roar was deafening, like the sound of a dozen freight trains smashing my ears. That roar could kill, I thought. The upper part of the mountain is shared with a neighbour who's large shed and farming equipment exploded. Over some hours I watched it crawl into the valley like jeweled, molten lava rolling under large trees, engulfing all the tree ferns and foliage, until it was temporarily stopped by my stream. I'd seen how fast it went up the mountain, and so I thought it was time to go.

*This awe! Illuminating expanding reality,
distiller of life's objectivity,
exposes fear's shadowy grip,
foretelling the roar
of untimely
death*

I had a little backpack ready. It's odd what you put in a backpack when you think you might have to leave in a hurry. A pair of clean underwear, pictures of my teachers and my parents, some incense, a scroll ... just a few things thrown over my shoulder, as I ran to the car. I then drove past the burning trees and houses on the street. It was about 11.30pm and the fire engines had just arrived on the main road, so I asked if I could get to town. One exhausted fellow nodded, "go steadily but not too slow". It was another world, so much on fire; homes exploding and embers were pouring out of massive trees. A very vivid ten-minute drive imprinted on my memory.



In town a hundred cars were all huddled very close together, all neatly in lines. Fires surrounded us all. The petrol station, shops, cars and houses were still burning. The survivors of our community were sitting or sleeping in their cars, in this burnt out paddock. Also, all the dogs, goats, horses and their people, mingling, hugging, crying and offering sincere smiles of relief. People shared so openly and freely to each other. But also I saw a lot of shock, people burnt and in pain, one woman pregnant and waiting to get escorted off the mountain. I sat with it all, talking a little and hugging those who approached or were passing. "Who" was no longer important, "What" we shared was.

In the midst of this absolute chaos, I found myself feeling a sense of relief and acceptance. Connecting to the silence between words as stories unfolded. Just being with others and experiencing their shock. I noted some very sound people too, offering their help. Over the next few hours I wondered whether my home was still standing or not. I wasn't sleeping so at 5:00am I went to look. The fire had crossed the river, spotting in the back forest near the house. Again it seemed all would go. So I picked up my heavy Kwan Yin statue, lent her on my tummy, shuffled to the car and buckled her in. You hear stories about tiny mothers throwing their six-foot sons over fences in such times of need, so too I had the strength to carry my heavy Bodhisattva. Then I went back and collected every precious book I thought I had ... the weight of what I thought was so precious compared to my mind the evening before! But this time I really thought I would not be returning, so I bowed deeply, to the remaining Buddha's and iconography, offered more water, chanted and then departed. The house survived, with the help of diligent firemen.

Back in town people were everywhere some covered in soot, grey, and in shock. Some were trying to get off the mountain. Others were looking for family or friends. There was no phone connection either. I was now concerned for some of our local Sangha. They would have fought their own fires. So I set off. It was still early and a big fire truck accompanied me. There were burnt out cars strewn on the road, with trees down everywhere. The devastation was unbelievable! But I was determined to see if a friend was OK. We rolled up to her house and everything but the house was burnt and she was sitting on the steps with one of her pets. Judy's eyes were red, swollen and sore. She had fought the fires by herself all night, but she still could laugh, seeing me escorting the fire truck. So with her eyes bathed and a feed, she was put to bed. She was one of several I saw that day, all surviving the battle, traumatized and needing some care. There were hundreds of people, all in similar or worse conditions. So over the next weeks and months I spent a lot of time visiting people, listening and just doing what needed to be done. Just being there.

There was an urgent need to help feed and shelter people. Hundreds were living in caravans, tents, in people's sheds and garages, or with other families. I had a family in my small cottage. So a group of us worked together to create a community kitchen to help feed and support each other. It worked well. Each night we fed about 200 people, five nights a week. Many had suffered great losses. A mother who lost her

two daughters, a couple who lost their daughter and teenage son, and others found consolation in caring friends. The 'Community Dining' offered an opportunity for people to sit and talk; we all ate very healthy food. Through the dining we realised people's mental health wasn't being attended to and many needed ongoing help. There was some emergency medical assistance available, but no regular counseling in the early days. We were just a small group looking out for people; recognising suicide is a problem after disaster. So we created a temporary volunteer's counseling service and invited in experts to give talks on all sorts of human, social and environmental issues.

The bushfires provided an opportunity for the Buddhist communities to connect and help those affected. During the first two weeks I bought to the relief centers a dozen or so truck loads of food, tools, cloths and white goods offered by Buddhist communities in Victoria. I was the mule. The local with an identity wristband, the link! At one point I saw some beautiful new Gazman clothes being offered in Whittlesea. I threw a few big boxes in the car and gave them to people rummaging through their remain on their properties. Beautiful jackets, pants and jumpers were all taken with appreciation, especially by teenagers.

The Buddhist communities of Victoria did an enormous job. The gratitude reverberated across the ranges. I was asked to talk at Vietnamese and Chinese temples, and nearly \$100,000 was raised. This was distributed to all community groups up here, from the pony club to larger organisations like the CFA and neighbourhood house. All received sizable donations. The offerings were given at the 49th death ceremony, conducted in a large Chinese temple in Pheasant Creek. We had roughly fifty monastics, dignitaries, and about 300 people attend this memorable event. Tzu Chi foundation offered superb vegetarian food and Ven. Phoch Tan and monks from Quang Minh temple did a special ceremony for the departed and their families in the afternoon. Monks and nuns chanted according to their traditions, and the children who had lost families and friends offered lanterns to the Buddha. The monastics and dignitaries offered incense and the Chinese temple host community offered flowers. Also we were entertained by the best, including my friend Anne Norman, the Shakuhachi player.

Most of the Christian churches were burnt, but the two temples and the Uniting church survived. We lost more than a thousand houses and there were thirty-eight fatalities in just our small township of Kinglake, the greatest fire impact across the Ranges. Flowerdale lost about ten. Strathewen twenty-seven and St Andrews twelve. How fragile is life when faced with disaster. What is extraordinary is this capacity and will to survive. I'm actually surprised we didn't lose more lives. What people do when their minds are in a state of heightened awareness. One woman I know went to jump in the dam and found it was boiling. She turned around and saw a wombat hole behind her in the bank of the dam, and crawled into the burrow with her daughter. She put the blankets they had in front of them and they survived. There were many extraordinary stories like that. After surviving the fires many people physically and emotionally collapsed, yet others felt very empowered, highly energised and contributed greatly in helping others.



I was elected as a 'CRC' (Community Representative Council), and worked primarily supporting recovery projects over this last year. We had ten community representatives and something like four to six meetings a day – an intense lesson in communication. Everything that came from government had to come through us and back to the people and through us back to government. Promises were made and broken, and there were community disputes. This was the fertile ground to develop equanimity, but my patience failed me at times! However, I did respond to the human and environmental needs, and to the very social fibre of this community to the best of my ability.

Now what does this all mean in your lives right here, right now or in the future? Considering that at some point in your lives you are going to face disaster, tragedy or at least some great suffering, which you maybe experiencing right now. Be it on a personal level or connected to some crisis somewhere. At some stage you may seriously want to alleviate some of this pain, yours or ours. So it is about becoming compassion itself, doing many acts of kindness, or giving yourself freely at times. We all have this capacity to be truly inter-connected with others, and it does make a difference. This is "where insight blooms in gratitude".



The greatest lessons I have learnt have mostly been through life situations. Though the Dharma can guide me here, the practice is to cultivate who I am beyond this selfish self. Meditating and concentrating our minds and body is one part of that practice.

Developing a deep enquiry of 'What is this?', is another. But to engage in community, a social family, a Sangha, is where the greatest life lessons are learnt. Though we cultivate our minds in our respective traditions through Dharma teaching and practice, and developing our emotions through our arts and culture, still we only mature in connection to those around us, those who support us to practice and share our lives.

How we work on ourselves through our responsibilities to the greater world is often quite neglected, yet this is very important. It doesn't mean we take on the world and try to solve all its problems. It is important to develop the inter-connection with wise awareness on when and how to engage. This is where Zen meditation helps support our social consciousness and sense of responsibility. It may be we only do simple acts to begin with – writing letters, speaking with an open and informed mind, or signing a petition. It may begin that way. However, to take on greater difficulties in this world we must work more intimately with the situation and understand it well. This sort of practice, engaged Buddhist practice, can teach us a lot about who we are and what it is to be truly human.

I think the greatest gift I have had in my lifetime, is to have gone through Black Saturday. Not that I would ever wish the same for others, because I saw the harm it did to many people. But for me, it was my greatest gift, my greatest opportunity to truly understand the causes of suffering and deeper states of such-ness in my life. The embrace of impermanence and the capacity to act selflessly, are far more rewarding than the search for personal enlightenment or gain.

*Unveiling the innate,
deep inner streams of 'what is!'
here in this very place,
is where insight blooms in gratitude,
swelling my heart's precious
life sharpened
affinities*



Gum-Leaf Katydid photo taken by Trevor Pescott

*Chirping ---
grasshopper
in the scarecrow's sleeve
Lady Chigetsu (17th Century)*



Calendar of Events

July to September 2010

Weekly Activities

Day	Date	Time	Activity	Location	Contact
Sundays	Weekly	5:30-7:30pm	Sanzenkai (Except 22 nd August) – Zazen and kinhin meditation, tea ceremony, chanting service and Dharma talk. For beginners, members and friends.	103 Evans St, Brunswick	Shundo
Sundays	Weekly	5:30-7:30pm	Sanzenkai – Ekai Osho present 18 July and 15 August	Ballarat	Gareth
Thursdays	Weekly	7:00-9:00pm	Sanzenkai	Footscray	Mark
July					
Friday	9, 16, 23 & 30	7:00-9:00pm	Dharma talks by Ekai-Osho	Carlton	Hannah
Tuesday	13 th	7:00-9:30pm	Committee Meeting	Footscray	Mark
August					
Tuesday	10 th	7:00-9:30pm	Committee Meeting	Footscray	Mark
Friday – Friday	20 – 27	6:00pm	7 Day Bendoho Retreat	Dean	Brian
September					
Sunday	5	5:30-8:30pm	Sanzenkai and Annual General Meeting	Brunswick	Mark
Sunday	12	9:00-12:00am	Committee Workshop	Footscray	Mark
Tuesday	14	7:00-9:30pm	Committee Meeting	Footscray	Mark

Addresses

Ballarat

St Cuthbert's Hall, Ballarat
West Uniting Church,
Cnr Sturt and Elliott Street.
Enter via Elliott St

Brunswick

Australian Shiatsu College,
103 Evans Street, Brunswick

Canberra

Corroboree Park Community
Centre, Patterson St., Ainslie.

Footscray /Jikishoan Zendo

Address available upon
application for a course.

Dean

Adekate Fellowship Centre,
Dean-Creswick Road. Near
Ballarat 130km West of Melb.

Carlton

E-Vam (KEBI)
673 Lygon St, Carlton North.

Contact Information

Teacher & General Enquiries

Ekai Korematsu Osho
via Hannah Forsyth (*Jisha*)
(03) 96876981

President (*Tsusu*) & Canberra Secretary (*Kanji*)

Vaughan Behncke
0427-319378

Vice-President (*Kannin*) Membership (*Rokuji*)

Naomi Richards
(03) 93804774

Finance (*Fusu*)

Julie Martindale
(03) 94992141

Secretary (*Shoji*) & Annual Picnic

Mark Summers
(03) 54284859

Personnel Affairs (*Ninji*)

Annie Bolitho
(03) 94951412

Welfare (*Fukushi*)

Kiyoko Taylor
(03) 95008544

Education (*Kyoka*)

Jinesh Wilmot
(03) 94804849

Publications (*Shuppan*)

TBA
publications@jikishoan.org.au

Zendo Activities (*A/Ino*)

Shundo Denovan
(03) 59310237

Retreats

Brian Osborne (*Fuku-Ryo*)
(03) 98532686

Library & Archive

Andrew Holborn
0432-904066

Merchandise

Luke Menzel (*Chiko Ryo*)
0433-237293

Ballarat

Director (*Kansu*)
Gareth Jones
(03) 53344062

Teacher's Assistant (*Jisha*)
Lorraine Collishaw
(03) 53332063

Post

Jikishoan Zen Buddhist
Community
PO Box 475
Yarraville, Victoria, 3013

contact@jikishoan.org.au

Website

www.jikishoan.org.au
webmaster@jikishoan.org.au

Canberra Activities and Contact Information

Day	Date	Time	Activity	Location	Contact
Sundays	Weekly	5:15-7:15pm	Sanzenkai – 5:15pm start except 19 Sept when it will be 9-11am followed by AGM	Canberra	Vaughan
Saturday	10 th July	5:45am - 5:00pm	One Day Meditation Workshop with Jinesh Wilmot	Canberra	Vaughan
Friday	17 th Sept.	7:00-9:00pm	Public Lecture with Ekai Osho	Canberra	Vaughan
Saturday	18 th Sept.	8:45am - 5:00pm	One Day Workshop with Ekai Osho	Canberra	Vaughan

Secretary (*Kanji*), Vaughan Behncke 0427-319378

website: www.jikishoan.org.au (go to the Canberra page)

Teaching Schedule

Teachings are given personally by Ekai Korematsu-Osho. Brochures providing more information are available. See overleaf for addresses and contact information.

Main Course [A1-3]

For beginners and those with some experience. Ten classes 9:00 – 11:00am Saturdays

- July 3, 10, 17, 24, 31; August 7, 14, 28; September 4, 11.

Venue: Footscray Zendo.

4 Terms Complete Course \$450
10 Week Certificate Term \$140.
5 Week Course (casual) \$80.
Members by donation for casual.

Extension Course [A2-3]

Ten classes for those who have completed the Main Course (above). 5:00 – 7:00pm Saturdays

- July 3, 10, 17, 24, 31; August 7, 14, 28; September 4, 11.

Or [A3-3]

Ten classes 7:00 – 9:00pm Wednesdays

- July 7, 14, 21, 28; August 4, 11, 18; September 1, 8, 15.

Venue: Footscray Zendo.

Term 4 Course Orientation

11:30am – 1:30pm Saturday September 11.

Cost

4 Terms Complete Course \$450
10 Week Certificate Term \$140.
5 Week Course (casual) \$80.
Members by donation for casual.

**One-Day Workshop –
Introducing Zen Meditation**

[A-OW-3]

An intensive orientation workshop for beginners and those with some experience. Cost includes lunch and morning and afternoon tea.

- Sunday July 4 and August 8, 9:00am – 5:00pm

Venue: Footscray Zendo.

Non-members \$80
Members by donation.

**Kagyu E-Vam Buddhist
Institute Classes**

Friday July 9, 16, 23 & 30 at 7:00pm.

Bendoho Retreat

A seven-day intensive residential Zen experience, including daily Chosan (morning tea), Teaching and Teisho (afternoon Dharma talk). Cost depends on the number of days attended and includes meals and accommodation.

Maximum places: 40. Priority given to people staying 7 days and registering before the closing date.

6:00pm Friday 20th August to 2:00pm Friday 27th August 2010.

Venue: Adekate Fellowship Centre.

Sanzenkai Melbourne

Zazen and kinhin meditations, Tea ceremony, chanting service and Dharma talk. For beginners, members and friends. 5:30 – 7:30pm Sundays (except Sunday 22nd August).

Newcomers: please arrive by 5.15pm. By Donation. Participants are welcome to stay for an informal supper \$5

Venue : 103 Evans St. Brunswick.

Sanzenkai Footscray Zendo

Zazen and kinhin meditation, Tea ceremony, chanting and reading. Thursday evenings. 7:00 - 9:00pm.

Phone Mark Summers 0411-552072 or Jinesh Wilmot 0411-289679.

Sanzenkai Ballarat

Zazen and kinhin meditation, Tea ceremony, chanting and reading. For beginners, members and friends. 7:00 – 9:00pm Thursdays.

Sanzenkai with Ekai Osho Sunday July 18 and August 15.

Suggested donation \$7.

Venue : St Cuthbert's Hall. Ballarat West Uniting Church. Cnr Sturt St and Elliot St. Enter by side door.

Sanzenkai Canberra

Zazen and kinhin meditation, tea ceremony, chanting service and reading. 5:30-7:30pm Sundays

Newcomers please arrive by 5:15pm Suggested donation of \$8 and \$4 concession

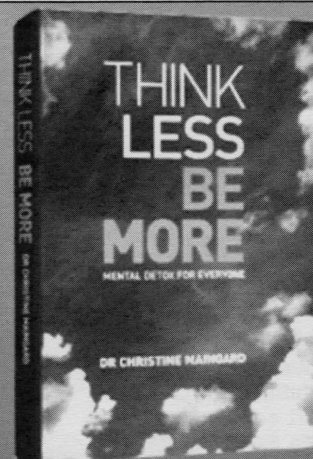
The green paper of this calendar represents the colour of winter.

剣道

Kendo - the Way of the Sword

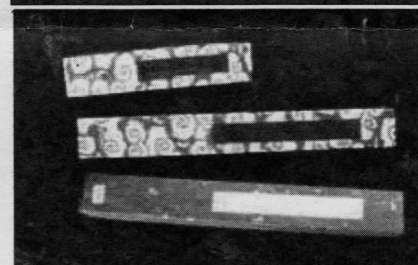
Nanseikan Kendo Club is a not-for-profit dojo for young people aged 7 and over —parents included!
We train every Saturday morning during school term in Heidelberg West.

contact Ben Sheppard (Jikishoan member) on 0422 146 367 or nanseikan@kendovictoria.asn.au



Thinking too much?
Stressed?
Can't cope?
Overburdened?

www.thinklessbemore.com



Uk - Oh

Incense sticks from Eihei-Ji monastery in Japan. 20 and 40 minute sizes.

Chiko (stall) Ryo.

Advertising space now available in Myoju. Minimal rates for the box ads as shown in this edition and for line advertising. Email publications@jikishoan.org.au