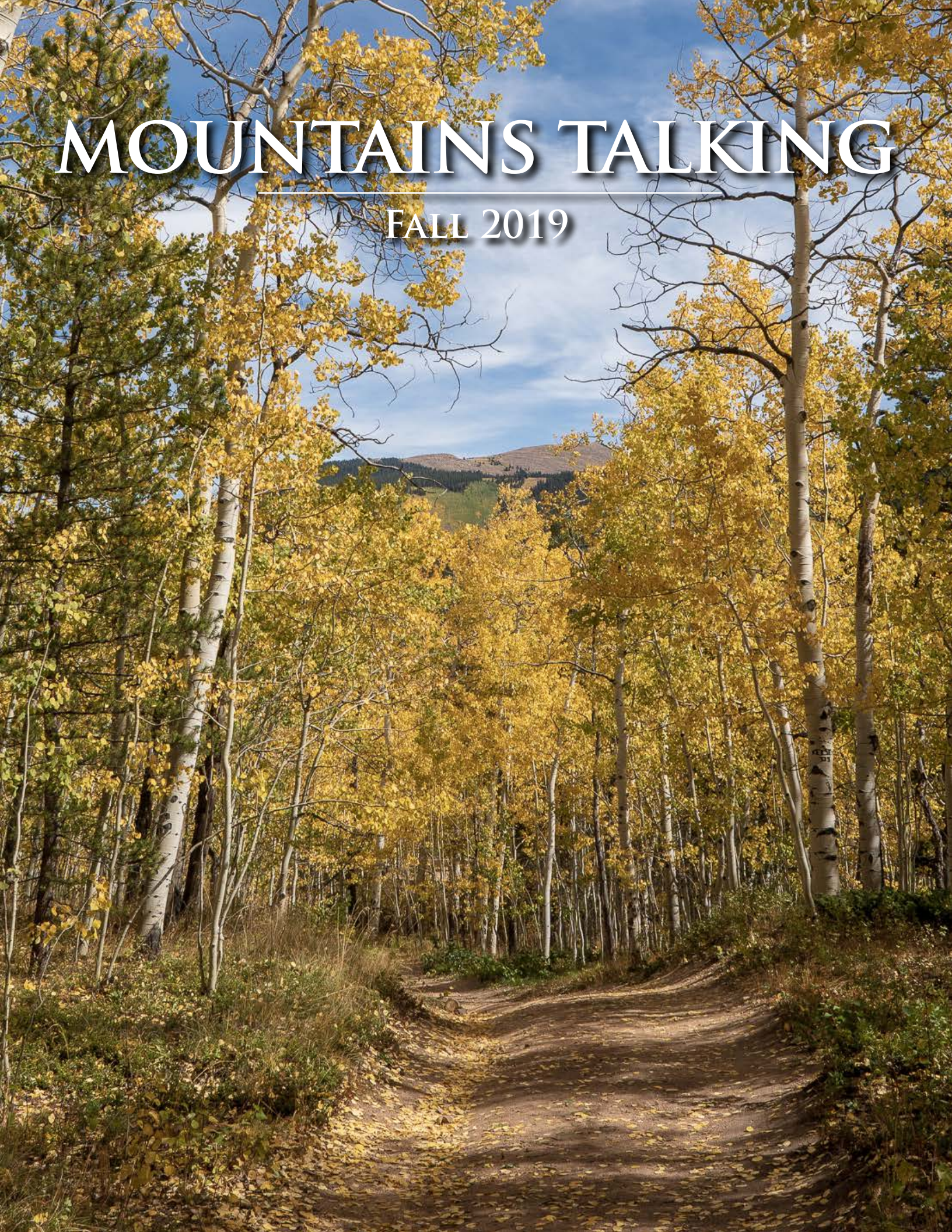


MOUNTAINS TALKING

FALL 2019



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REALIZING LIFE AND DEATH

KEN TETSUZAN MORGAREIDGE



Dogen's fundamental teaching is just this: Dropping away of body and mind, and then dropping away of dropping away. All else is commentary. This is not to say that commentary isn't useful or important; the commentaries and techniques can be tremendously helpful in our practice.

Dropping away of body and mind: the deep samadhi where nothing stirs, not even the awareness that nothing stirs. But if that is the case, then how was Dogen able to walk into his teacher Rujing's room, offer incense and say, "Body and mind dropped away"?

Rujing replies, "You have dropped away dropping away." Dogen's saying, "Body and mind dropped away," is in that moment the dropping away of dropping away.

Dropping away of body and mind: what we might call enlightenment, oneness, emptiness, even Nirvana. Dropping away dropping away: Beyond even enlightenment. What could possibly be beyond enlightenment?

Enlightenment is one of those words that carry so much baggage, a lot of it stemming from the drugged out insanity of the 1960s and '70s. So besides enlightenment, what can we say? Nirvana? Same problem. Emptiness, the void, the ground of being, Buddha nature, self-nature, essential nature and so on: all have their strengths and weaknesses. But are we really looking for just another abstract idea or image? Are we trying for transcendence of this world? That sounds like some kind of escape.

And what of dropping away dropping away? For some years now, we have ended almost every teisho with the phrase, "Together with all beings we realize the Way." Realizing the Way: what does that mean? What exactly do we realize? What is it to realize anything? How do we realize enlightenment or the self-nature or any of those abstractions? How can we get beyond enlightenment itself?

"Realize" is an interesting word. It can mean several things. Realization is full awareness or understanding. How many times is a student asked in dokusan, what did the monk realize? It can mean the fulfillment of something anticipated; our fondest dreams or worst fears are realized. It can mean giving something a concrete, palpable form. Our new temple beautifully realizes our aspirations as a sangha. Concrete and palpable form: Hmm, maybe we're getting somewhere.

What is the point of practice if it is not enlightenment? It is not escape or transcendence. It is realization. What is it to realize the great truth of things? To realize, real-ize, is to make real, to make all things concrete and real in the most profound way.

What is there to realize, in any of the aforementioned abstractions? Abstractions are abstractions; you can't realize them. We can only realize this moment. Realization doesn't transcend anything, it encompasses form, emptiness, delusion, enlightenment, relative and absolute, and they are not separate. We realize, make real, the great truth of and in each and every thing. We realize life and death in this moment.

Case 40 in the *Blue Cliff Record* reads:

Luxuan [a high government official and disciple of Nanquan], while talking with Nanquan, said, "Master of the teachings Chao said, 'Heaven and earth and I are of the same root. All things and I are of one substance.' Isn't that marvelous?"

Nanquan pointed to a flower in the garden, called to the official and said, "People these days see this flower as though they were in a dream."

Nanquan invites the official (and us) to realize... a flower.

How do you realize a flower? How do you realize a Palisades peach? Here's a hint: you don't just sit there and look at it. Bite off a piece, taste it, chew it, savor it, swallow it, experience the physical form of it. Until then is the

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**GEORGE MATHEWS,
MOUNTAINSTAFF**

WHY ZAZEN? GEORGE MATHEWS

On Sept. 18, 2019, George Mathews (Dharma name Mountainstaff) passed away after being diagnosed with cancer just weeks earlier. George had practiced with and been a leader in our sangha for many years, and was made an assistant teacher by Ken Tetsuzan Sensei at our Rohatsu sesshin, 2018 (see the end of Ken's teisho in this issue for his comments). George will be remembered for his deep insight, unfailing humor, and unceasing devotion to the Dharma. Following are some excerpts from a few of the many encouragement talks he gave over the years. We bow in gratitude to our friend and teacher.

Why do we take up the practice of zazen? We instruct initially uncomfortable sitting positions. We describe methods of settling our busy minds. We attempt to do that over and over interminably. Even though we are among friends whom we are told are doing the same thing, we can feel awfully alone on the mat. On and on. This is a tough path.

I got into Zen almost rather casually. I had read a couple of books, but when I saw a little flier on the notice board of an ice cream shop, I responded without hesitation to an introductory seminar at the Denver Zen Center. I just wanted some tools to quiet my chattering mind. I was tired of the churning cascade of unrelated thoughts, all the time. Eventually Danan Henry, ZCD's teacher, challenged me repeatedly: Why are you interested in Zen? Why are you here?

Each of us has gravitated to this practice for personal, idiosyncratic reasons. Very often there is a burning question that has propelled our searching. We have taken many routes, often detours, sometimes distractions, to latch onto Zen, or for Zen to latch onto us.

Take that fire and apply it to your sitting. As the commentary in Case 1 of the *Wumenkuan*, Joshu's Dog, says, "It is like swallowing red-hot iron ball. You try to vomit it out, but you can't."

Why do we sit? Why do we practice seated meditation? Why do we practice zazen? We practice zazen for its own sake. We practice zazen for the suchness of zazen. We practice zazen to realize our True Nature. In practicing zazen we are realizing our True Nature. We practice seated meditation because we are seated Buddhas.

Why are you here – in this yoga studio on this Sunday afternoon? Many of us have arrived with some sort of an answer to this question. Some of us in all honesty may not know why. Maybe you came wanting to introduce some quiet time into your busy schedule, just to step off today's treadmill and chill for a half hour. Maybe you came to subdue the chatter in your mind that seems never ending. Perhaps you are escaping for at least a few minutes an uncomfortable relationship or a protracted argument. Could be you simply want to hang out here. Or maybe you're exploring meditation, or seeking "enlightenment," or trying to be a good person. If we did a talking circle (and we're not going to), your individual reasons for being here in this studio this afternoon would be unique and many and amazing. Even if you can't put any reason into words, that, too, is amazing.

What's amazing is that you are right here, right now. That is all that is ever asked of us. Be totally here, completely now. It is of peripheral interest what meditation practice you are engaging – repeating a prayer, reciting a mantra, focusing on an image, surveying your body head to toe, intently watching your thoughts and letting them pass away, counting your breaths, or just sitting. What is important is that we do it well, even better than well. We give ourselves to our practice with all we've got. We don't allow the distractions that inevitably arise internally or those that intrude from elsewhere to take us away from our practice. If we discover that we have become distracted, we gently come back to our practice. Time and patience again and again.

Then you really are right here, right now. Acknowledge that for the miracle that it is. And the reason that brought you here, the answers that you seek, the questions you form, all of that will resolve, often in ways you

now don't anticipate. All of this takes time; it probably won't happen this hour, but it might. If you sit quietly, patiently, very still in body and mind, following your practice, the world will open for you.

That's why you are here. Just to be here. There is no other reason whether on the mat, in the car, on the trail, at work, in class. Practice it here. Take it everywhere.

Confusion is a confrontation with the unfamiliar. On account of confusion we make the decision to sit on the mat, to try this zazen thing. Zen is an investigation into the Unknown. Once on the mat we encounter more confusion because we are faced with the unfamiliar. Not to pay slavish attention to the constant flow of thoughts and sensations is a process we are not familiar with. That's confusing. We are instructed to forge ahead.

Note what is happening: Thoughts arise and are pushed aside by more thoughts. That's what the mind does and we have been taught to think thoughts. As time goes on it becomes exhausting. We have not been taught how to [handle] the churn of thoughts arising, to really see that thoughts are ever changing and essentially empty. It's confusing.

In zazen we learn another way to deal with the cascade of thoughts. We become aware that these thoughts and sensation arise from the mind itself. We learn to get out of the way of these thoughts. With diligent focused practice we learn not to give power to the constant arising of thoughts that are constantly distracting us. We don't let the thoughts take over, and eventually as we let go of thoughts a natural clarity arises. And then, we let go of confusion, too. Then the doubts, questions and inquiries are replaced by answers, answers that we perhaps cannot articulate. Yet we know they are true.

Confusion is a natural part of life. When we are over-

whelmed by confusion, we are supported by those who love and care for us, our spouses and partners, friends, mentors. In our spiritual confusion and doubt, Zen students have teachers and Sangha to remind us that our greatest, most reliable asset is not far away – the wisdom of our Buddha nature is always within. As we sit diligently in zazen, things settle. Thoughts quiet down. Emotions lose impact. Sensations become less intrusive. Confusion is unknotted. Once again we realize that all things - even confusion - are essentially empty.

All of us have a daily practice, or at least an almost daily practice. A daily practice either alone at home or with the sangha is indispensable for a long-range commitment to expanding our realization of True Nature. Daily practice is exercise against stagnation of our spiritual path. Yet, due to the constraints of lay

practice – schedules, families, home making, jobs – there are typically limits to the depths of zazen that we can achieve. We get going and then we have to get going. To be sure, practicing every day has its rewards. It does notch up our equanimity quotients, whether we are conscious of so or not, as we rise off the mat to meet the day.

This we all already know. That's why we made the decision to sign up for this zazenkaï. With our long, intense sitting the merits of our practice are compounded. Let us encourage ourselves to energetically apply that decision in every round of zazen today. Be aware that the power each individual's zazen affects everyone in the zendo. Our steadfast zazen inspires everyone here. The total is more than the sum of the parts. Our zazen is not for our benefit alone. Indeed, we sit to encourage our individual awareness of True Nature. Moreover, we sit to expand the compassion of all beings. ☸

**Then you really are
right here, right now.
Acknowledge that for
the miracle that it is.**

Waterfall

Lying on your back with both legs up the wall, your lumbar spine and sacrum on a bolster, you close your eyes, release your head and shoulders, transform yourself into a waterfall.

You feel the water cascade from your toes down your legs to swirl around your navel and flood the caverns of your heart and skull. Nothing remains of you but water's flow.

As your breath moves through your nose, to do lists rise, past and future whirl before your eyes and leave you longing for one more glimpse of your true nature.

Thunder rumbles, the sky cracks open.
The sound of falling water stops time.

– John Steele

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NEARING THE FINISH

The opening of our new temple at 1856 S. Columbine Street is imminent, with a flurry of activity at the building site to complete final finishes as we move toward occupancy. With so many details to consider, the actual date of the move remains in flux, but as of this writing we still hope to begin sitting in our new zendo by the beginning of November.

With outside stucco complete, the temple is resplendent in soft white accented with contrasting siding in *shou sugi ban* style, a traditional Japanese technique of charring wood for exterior siding. Just as dramatically, the landscaping team and stonemasons have spared no effort in creating our Zen garden, spending the past weeks building retaining walls, lowering massive boulders into place, setting flagstones and finally planting trees and shrubs before the onset of winter. The transformation of the site has been remarkable, and the serene beauty of this intimate, intricate landscape (named “Flower Mountain” by its designer, Desirae Wood, after a phrase by Zen master Muso Soseki) is already apparent and undeniable.

Meanwhile, the interior is likewise nearly complete, with wood floors, carpets, doors, fixtures and painting all finished. We now await only some last touches and approval by various city agencies before taking occupancy. See you in the zendo!



A LETTER TO MY BROTHER

JOEL TAGERT

What follows is a letter that I wrote to my brother Sean Tagert some months ago, after he had posted a very dark and despairing message online, and first mentioned medically assisted death. I hope it provided some comfort to him then; perhaps it can bring some comfort to his friends and family now. Rest in peace, brother.

Dear Sean:

I read your post on Facebook and knew I had to write. Really I should have written long ago, but life has a way of carrying us quickly along.

I wish I could be there for you now; I wish also that I could have been closer for all these many years. It is curious that throughout my adult life, I have been essentially a bystander to my own family, but then it also seems that this was something decided many years ago. I come for a visit once a year, more or less, and these week-long glimpses are all I really know of my mother and siblings. There are great chapters of your life I know nothing about, whole relationships passed unnoticed, titanic struggles unmarked.

This includes the progress of your ALS, the steady, infinitely cruel erosion of your health and abilities. I literally cannot imagine your suffering. But I am sorry for what you have been made to endure.

With that said, I want also to offer some thoughts on living and dying, as you are, clearly, in extremis. I have no particular experience with death, beyond being certain to experience it eventually; but maybe that's enough. My hope is to ease your pain: not your physical pain, which is clearly out of reach, but your mental, emotional, and spiritual pain, the turmoil of the heart.

It hurts me to think that I will soon lose my brother, but it hurts me yet more to hear the despair in your voice. It's not that it's surprising – as I said, no one but you can know what you're going through – but now, more than ever, I hope you can feel at peace.

Yes, at peace – peace without limit, like the starry night sky, or the waves of the ocean, or the laughter of



a child. I mean a peace beyond the reach of the world's dust, a peace so deep that when you feel it you know that you have never really been apart from it, because it is you. It is your very flesh and bone, indeed it is a peace beyond flesh and bone. It is the peace of connection: of oneness with all things, just as they are.

This is, from one standpoint, a very Buddhist view, but I trust you will see that it is not just some sectarian doctrine. It's inherent in being. In the realest, ultimate sense, you are the world. You are the air you breathe, the food you eat; you are the sound of the music, and the feel

of the bedsheets; you are the yapping dog and door closing; perhaps most of all, you are the people around you, you are Aidan and Mom and Leah and everyone else.

Ultimately you have no edges, and this is proven true in death. We return from whence we came, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. And just as there was a time before you were born, there will be a time after you have died; and seeing this, you will see that existence and nonexistence are essentially the same thing. They're two sides of the same coin.

So please, don't say that you've failed. In life there is no real failure; there is only the mysterious movement of energy in the present, the unceasing, ever-flowing Tao. Alan Watts said that life ought not be regarded as a journey with a serious end, that may be achieved or not, but should rather be seen as "a musical thing – you were supposed to sing and dance while the music was playing."

So sing and dance! (Okay, not literally, in your case.) Celebrate your life! Remember the joy you've had, and treasure each moment remaining. And if it comes time to end it, do so with all the grace and good humor you can muster. Gather your loved ones together, wish them well, and wave to them as you pass into the great beyond. Dying, as you know better than me, is hard; but death itself, I am certain, is a return to limitless connection, by which I mean limitless joy.

You said that [your son] Aidan would be devastated by your passing. You may of course be right. But it seems to me there is one last gift you can give him, one last lesson you can impart: how to die well.

Life, after all, is a gift. It comes to us free of charge, no strings attached. Each moment, each sensation, each memory, is a blessing. What better, then, than to pass on that gift, to communicate this same spirit of gratitude to those who will follow you?

We have been given many such blessings. I want to end this letter with two, both, as it happens, involving riding in a car with you. The first was in Hawaii, when I was twenty-three or twenty-four and you were twenty-two or so. We were driving back from Kona side, from kayaking at Kealahou Bay, and the sun had set. Lindsey and I were in the front seat, and you were with Naoko [a young woman staying with us at the time] in the back, asleep or nearly so, with her head on your shoulder. And as we rode along the curving road through the jungle val-

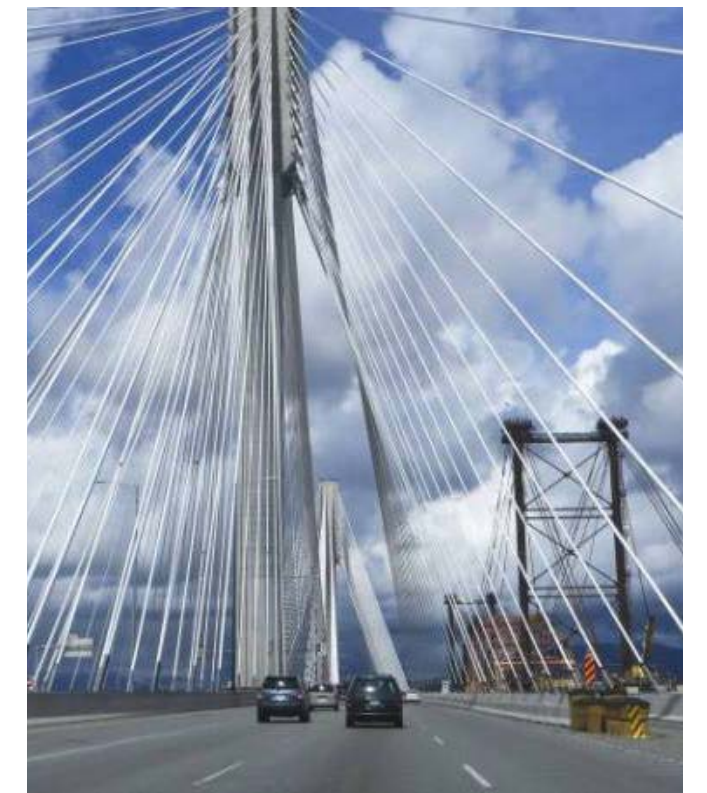
leys near Hilo, like a car in a dream, Leonard Cohen was playing on the stereo, singing his sad gentle songs:

*Who by fire, who by water
Who in the sunshine, who in the night time
Who by high ordeal, who by common trial
Who in your merry, merry month of May,
Who by very slow decay,
And who shall I say is calling?*

The second was more recent, when I visited you in Langley. You drove me to the airport in your convertible, your right hand (though already withering from the ALS) moving the stick shift swiftly through the gears. As we crossed over the Port Mann Bridge, the sun breaking through the clouds and the wind streaming in our hair, I knew very well that this would be the last time I would ride with my brother like this. And it occurred to me then that likewise it was the last time you would ride with me; that your life and my life were, in that brilliant moment, one. Tears streamed down my cheeks behind my sunglasses, though perhaps you didn't notice; tears are streaming down my cheeks now.

With the greatest love, your brother,

Joel



Continued from p. 3

peach really a peach? It is by the action that the peach is realized, made real. One of our introductory koans reads, “How do you swallow all the water in the Platte River?” How do you realize all that water? A pen is realized in the writing, a shoe in the walking. A bicycle is fully realized in the riding. Here is what Dogen has to say about the matter:

...life is like a time when I am on board a boat. While I'm on this boat, I manipulate the sails, I handle the rudder, I push the punting pole. At the same time, the boat is carrying me along, and there is no I that is outside this boat. My sailing in a boat is what makes this boat be a boat. You need to do your utmost to explore through your training what is going on at this very moment, for at this very moment there is nothing other than the world of the boat. The sky, the water, the shore—all have become this moment of the boat, which is completely different from occasions when I am not on a boat. Thus, life is what I am making life to be, and I am what life is making me to be. While being carried on a boat, my body and mind, with their inner causes and outer conditions, are, all together, a part of the way a boat functions. The whole of the great earth and the whole of the expanse of space are, likewise, a part of the way a boat functions.

“The whole of the great earth and the whole of the expanse of space...” Each thing, each phenomenon, each dharma truly realized includes all dharmas truly realized.

In “Song of Enlightenment” Yongjia writes:

*One complete nature passes to all natures;
One universal Dharma encloses all Dharmas.
One moon is reflected in many waters;
All the water-moons are from the one moon.*

I would amend that to say all the water moons *are* the one moon.

Case 61 in the Blue Cliff Record reads:

Fengxue said to the assembled monks, “If one particle of dust is raised, the state will come into being; if no particle of dust is raised, the state will perish.”

Xuedou [at a later time], raising his staff, said to his disciples, “Is there anyone among you who can live with it and die with it?”

If you realize one particle of dust, you realize the

universe. All comes into being fully realized. Realize one, realize all. If you do not realize one particle of dust, all perishes and you are lost in confusion. To turn it around, if you do not realize the universe, you cannot realize even a particle of dust. And Xuedou asks, can you live with it and die with it? What is this “It” that we must realize? Can you realize the universe? Can you show me your realization of the universe in this moment?

Alan Watts once said that there is more spirituality in a tomato than there is such high-flown phrases as “Buddha nature pervades the whole universe...” How do you realize a tomato? How can you realize Buddha nature pervading...? Buddha nature doesn't “pervade” anything. If we have to use that term, say that everything is Buddha nature. No pervading necessary.

Here's a story from my favorite Zen scripture, *Zen Flesh, Zen Bones* by Nyogen Senzaki and Paul Reps:

Keichu, the great Zen teacher of the Meiji era, was head of Tofuku, a cathedral in Kyoto. One day the governor of Kyoto called upon him for the first time.

His attendant presented the card of the governor, which read: Kitagaki, Governor of Kyoto.

“I have no business with such a fellow,” said Keichu to his attendant. “Tell him to get out of here.”

The attendant carried the card back with apologies. “That was my error,” said the governor and with a pencil he scratched out the words, Governor of Kyoto. “Ask your teacher again.”

“Oh is that Kitagaki?” exclaimed the teacher when he saw the card. “I want to see that fellow.”

Keichu had no interest in the abstraction “governor.” He wanted to see, to realize fully, Kitagaki, a flesh-and-blood human being.

To realize is to make real. The only place we can do that is in this moment. Dogen considers the realization of the boat to be action. In the action of this moment we realize ourselves; all beings realize themselves in the action of this moment. I realize the peach, the peach realizes the peach, the peach realizes me, realization realizes realization.

But realization of the boat is different from your realization of the zafu upon which you sit; yet each



Photo by Geoff Keeton

encompasses the universe. In your sitting here you must explore the moment of the zafu, the mat, the stiffness in your limbs, the zendo, your fellow practitioners, and the sounds of the traffic. Dogen also wrote:

Firewood becomes ash, and it does not become firewood again. Yet, do not suppose that the ash is future and the firewood past. You should understand that firewood abides in the phenomenal expression of firewood, which fully includes past and future and is independent of past and future. Ash abides in the phenomenal expression of ash, which fully includes future and past.

Each dharma, each particle of dust, abides in its own dharma position (phenomenal expression) in this moment that includes past and future. We are the same. When we realize ourselves in this moment, we realize past and future, but in this moment we are free of past and future. There is no one time, no one timeline. There is your time, past and future, my time, past and future, and many, many, an infinite number of times and timelines, all in the present moment. Since each aspect, each dharma has its own past and future, in this moment, we cannot say that anything is transmitted from one moment to the next. Each moment is complete in itself; it receives nothing from the past and gives nothing to the future.

In sitting you realize your sitting. The zafu you sit on is fully realized in your sitting; so is the mat, the floor, this building, the earth, the sky and the stars. Your realized sitting extends throughout all time and all space.

Realization is the activity of body and mind. Thus realization does not abandon the intellect. This may change your notion of samadhi. Dead void sitting or “zoning out” doesn't realize anything. Is seeing something from a distance, or only thinking about it, a no-realization, or a partial realization? In that moment what you see or think is also It, whole and complete. A mountain in the distance fully realizes mountain-in-the-distance. The thought of a mountain fully realizes thought-of-a-mountain. The same is true of chairs, cars, children, clouds and stars. However, you must be careful not to confuse the thought-of-a-mountain with mountain-in-the-distance, or mountain-in-the-distance with the mountain you climb. They are not the same.

And where is birth and death in all this? How do we realize death? To realize death as something apart from life is not possible. They are not and have never been separate. No more can we realize life as apart from death. The only thing we realize is this moment, this timeless, space-less moment. But that realization only happens in the process of letting go. To realize life we have to let go

of life. To realize death we have to let go of death.

This separated self is what was born and will die. To let go of the self is to let go of birth and death. Dogen again:

... it is an established way in Buddha-dharma to deny that birth turns into death. Accordingly, birth is understood as no-birth. It is an unshakeable teaching in Buddha's discourse that death does not turn into birth. Accordingly, death is understood as no-death. Birth is an expression complete this moment. Death is an expression complete this moment.

Once again Dogen denies any notion of a timeline. Like all phenomena, the moment of birth fully includes past and future, and is free of past and future. The moment of death fully includes past and future and is free of past and future. Every moment abides complete in and of itself, free of past and future.

Realize what is here and now, realize it fully. This is dropping away of body and mind, and even the dropping away of dropping away. This is our practice, not to go searching for abstractions like enlightenment, self, or even Buddha.

This is where I was originally going to end this teisho. But just over a week ago we lost our Dharma brother, George Mathews. In spending time with him during his last days and hours I learned the great lesson all over again. This realization is nothing more nor less than our day-to-day, moment-by-moment life as it is. And I went back to Case 25 of the Blue Cliff Record:

The master of Lotus Flower Peak held up his staff and showed it to his disciples, saying, "When the ancients got here, why didn't they remain?" There was no answer from the assembly, so he answered for them, "Because it is of no use in everyday life." And again he asked, "What will you do with it?" And again he himself answered in their place, "Taking no heed of others, I place my staff across my shoulders. I go straight ahead deep into the recesses of the myriad peaks."

We can not "stop here"? Where is this "here"? Whatever insight we gain from our practice is useless if we stop here or anywhere. Insight, even what we might call "enlightenment," is not something sit back and admire. Insight by itself is of no use in everyday life.

No matter how deep you might think your insight; no matter how clearly you think you see, do not stop. Continue, just continue. How? In his commentary to

Case 44 in the *Wumenguan*, Wumen says of this staff, "It helps you cross the river when the bridge is broken down. It accompanies you when you return to the village on a moonless night." The staff is there to help, to support, to see us through the hard times.

Is it a surprise to anyone that George Mathews' Dharma name is Mountainstaff? No one in our sangha was more ready to step in to help, to support, to encourage. And as the Master of Lotus Flower Peak admonishes, he did not stop. George continued his work of activity/realization of the Dharma in dokusan, in many sesshin, and in his life. Always continuing, always moving forward, he carried his staff fearlessly into the myriad peaks.

He stepped into whatever helping role came up, whether it was sesshin tenzo, zazen instructor, head of zendo, Clouds and Water coordinator, ceremony coordinator, and at last, assistant teacher. He never stunted. His leadership kept Clouds and Water on track, and he shifted the emphasis from an inward looking-self cultivation and direction to one of continuous outward awareness and service.

So, partly in acknowledgement of a changing orientation, and partly in memory of George Mathews, our service organization that began many years ago as Monastery Without Walls, and continued as Clouds and Water, will henceforth be known as Mountain Staff practice.

This Mountain Staff practice is the activity/realization of Great Dharma itself. This realization is going beyond Buddha, going beyond enlightenment; it is the tenth Ox Herding picture, the dusty, bare-chested monk entering the marketplace with bliss-bestowing hands. It is the realization of life and death. George had no fear of death because he had no fear of life. He realized both completely.

So here is a capping verse for George:

*Life completely realized,
completely abandoned
Death completely realized,
completely abandoned
Wind blows, sun shines, tears fall.
The little dog wags its tail.
All is complete.*

Together with all beings we realize the Way. ☸

Entering the Gate

Seonjoon Young joins us with extensive experience in Dharma practice, particularly in the Kwan Um School of Zen. They also practiced with Boundless Way Zen before moving to Denver, along with mindfulness and insight meditation practice. Seonjoon also enjoys backpacking, trail running, sewing, quilting, Korean tea culture, and language study. We look forward to drawing on Seonjoon's depth of knowledge as we continue to grow our sangha.

Doug Viener has been a maintenance and construction worker for twenty-five years, so he's great at fixing things. What he really enjoys, though, is creating art, especially Buddhist-inspired works. He also likes working on a letterpress, setting type by hand, and doing traditional western and Japanese bookbinding. Welcome Doug!

David Marvin has been a fixture at our Tuesday night sittings, where we look forward to his always perceptive com-

ments during discussion periods. David is married with two sons and works as an educator. He enjoys playing guitar and mandolin, singing, woodworking, painting, skiing, rock climbing and eating ice cream. Welcome to the sangha!

Chad Johnson is another Tuesday night regular. Chad works as a student advisor in higher ed, and enjoys hiking, camping, skiing, snowboarding, playing guitar, and college football and basketball. We look forward to continuing to sit together with Chad and getting to know him better.

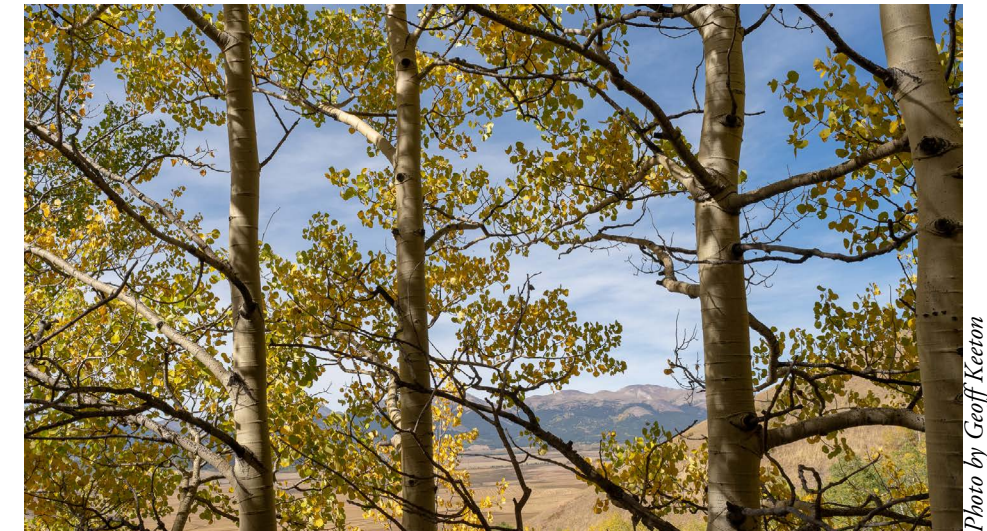


Photo by Geoff Keeton

Calendar Highlights

- Saturday, Oct. 26 - Moving day!
- Sunday, Nov. 3 - Sangha workday
- Sunday, Nov. 10, 8 a.m. - All-sangha meeting
- Sunday Nov. 10, 10 a.m. - **Temple opening ceremony** for members and invited guests
- Sunday, Nov. 17, 11 a.m. - **Open house**

for donors and neighbors

- Sunday, Nov. 24 - Dharma talk on the Precepts
- Sunday, Dec. 1 - Precepts Renewal Ceremony
- Tuesday, Dec. 3 - Sunday, Dec. 8 - Rohatsu sesshin
- Sunday, Dec. 8 - Buddha's Enlightenment Ceremony



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