

# MOUNTAINS TALKING

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SPRING 2019

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Front Cover: *Geoff Keeton*

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Editor: Joel Tagert

# PUT YOUR WHOLE SELF IN

PEGGY METTA SHEEHAN



Karin Sensei and I went on a retreat recently to the Forest Refuge in Barre, Massachusetts. I was deeply moved and inspired by this meticulously designed and orchestrated setting of silent deep practice. The profound quiet, stillness and level of mindfulness practice was palpable. I think it is palpable here at our temple

as well. I'm sure newcomers notice it. Maybe more than anything we say or do, it is why they come back. So it's not unique to the forest refuge. Perhaps those who have been here at this center for a while expect and are used to this quality of stillness and quiet attention. And even though we may have become accustomed to it, I still suspect that walking in, coming to practice is indeed a refuge.

A refuge. What does this mean, for you? Every morning and every evening we have a ritual during which we recite, "I take refuge in Buddha. I take refuge in Dharma. I take refuge in Sangha." These are the first three of the Sixteen Bodhisattva Precepts. They are often referred to as the Three Jewels or the Three Treasures. Taking refuge is often the official entry into Buddhism and the Bodhisattva Path. I'd like to talk about them a little this morning in hopes that each of us might come to participate in our morning and evening ritual more clearly and wholeheartedly, but even more so that we might begin to inquire what these refuges mean for us personally.

From the Dhammapada:

*Driven by fear, people run for security to mountains and forests, to sacred spots and shrines. But none of these can be a safe refuge, because they cannot free the mind from fear. Take refuge in the Buddha, the dharma, and the sangha, and you will grasp the Four Noble Truths: suffering, the cause of suffering, the end of suffering, and the Noble Eightfold Path that takes you beyond suffering. That is your best refuge, your only refuge. When you reach it, all sorrow falls away.*

A definition of refuge is a condition of being safe or sheltered from pursuit, danger, or trouble.

Thich Nhat Hanh says this about the Three Jewels:

*Taking refuge in Buddha, Dharma, and Sangha is a fundamental practice in Buddhism. These are universal values that transcend sectarian and cultural boundaries. When we were in our mother's womb, we felt secure, protected from heat, cold, hunger, and other difficulties. To seek for refuge means to look for a place like that that is safe, a place we can rely on.*

*Faith, in Buddhism, does not mean accepting a theory that we have not personally verified. ... In Buddhism, our faith is concrete, not blind, not a leap. It is formed by our own insight and experience. ... The Buddha encouraged us to see for ourselves. Taking refuge in the Three Jewels is not blind faith; it is the fruit of our practice. At first, our Buddha may be a book we've read, our Dharma a few encouraging words we've heard, and our Sangha a community we've visited once or twice. but as we continue to practice, the Buddha, the Dharma, and the Sangha reveal themselves to us more fully.*

We often do come to practice at first because we are seeking refuge, a safe place. We might not have used those words, but something stirs within us, and perhaps "our Buddha is a book we've read" about this dis-ease, this dukkha, this First Noble Truth that is common to the human experience. And with this stirring we begin to get curious about it. Why am I so fearful or angry, so sad or jealous or greedy? I thought this was just the way we humans are. Isn't it?

Then somewhere, somehow, if we are extremely fortunate, we encounter the Buddhadharma, and if we have ears to hear it – we hear it! Yes, there is suffering. I know this suffering. I know this holding, resisting, grasping, contracting, this fear. And somehow I also know that there can be freedom from this endless and painful merry-go-round of me, me, me.

How do I know that?

*Continued p. 12*





## FROM THE MUD, A TEMPLE BLOOMS

Wow! After years of working and waiting, suddenly a temple springs from the muddy ground like an eager spring flower. On Sunday, March 10, with tremendous excitement, our members for the first time walked through the ground floor of our new practice center on Columbine. We found it even more than we had imagined – spacious, meticulously considered and perfectly constructed for our practice needs and community. From the wide-open zendo to the cozy dokusan rooms, the building promises to be a Zen refuge like few others, our lasting home.

As it happens, this follows on our largest-ever introductory seminar, with dozens of people learning how to meditate for the first time. What an auspicious time for a new start!

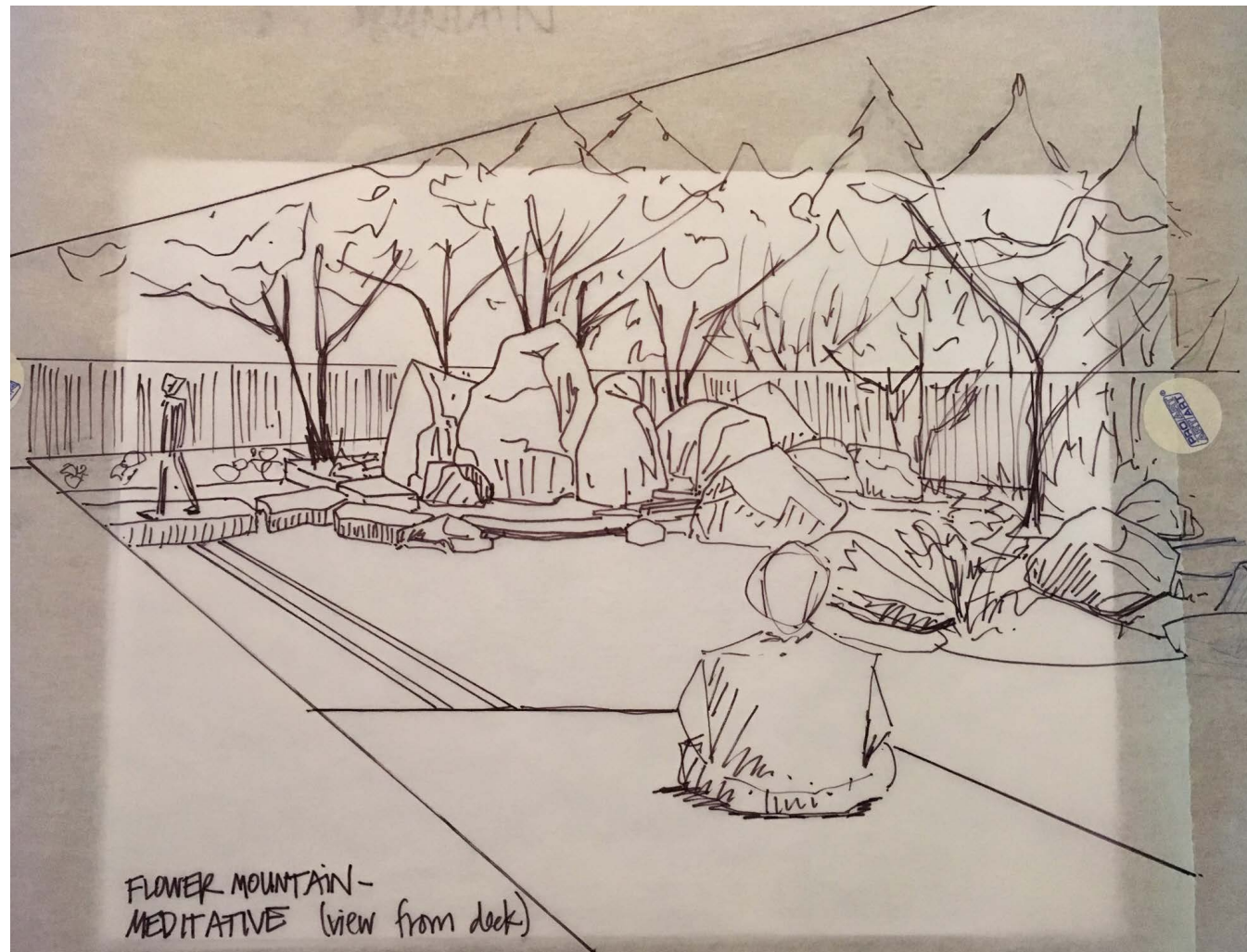
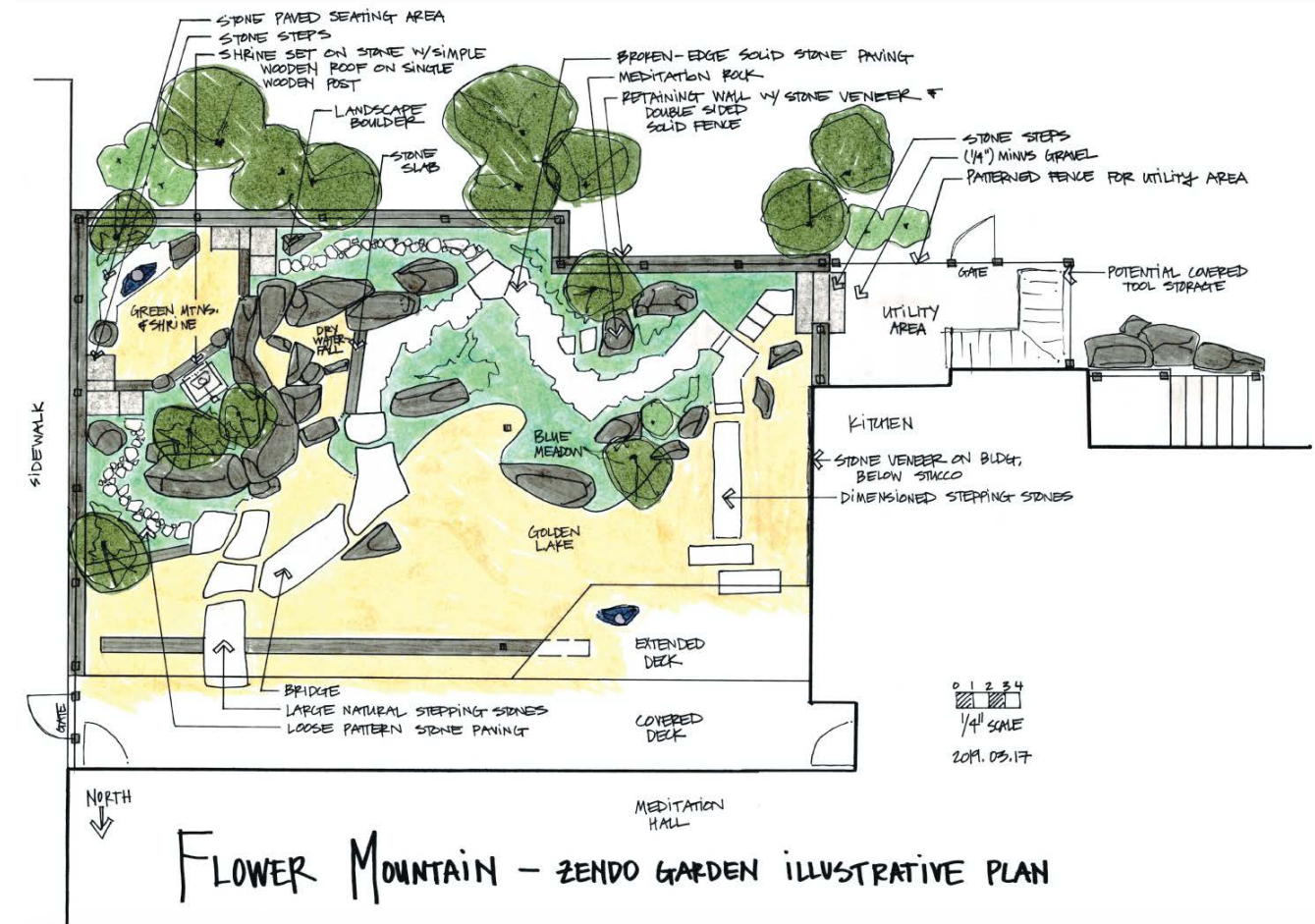
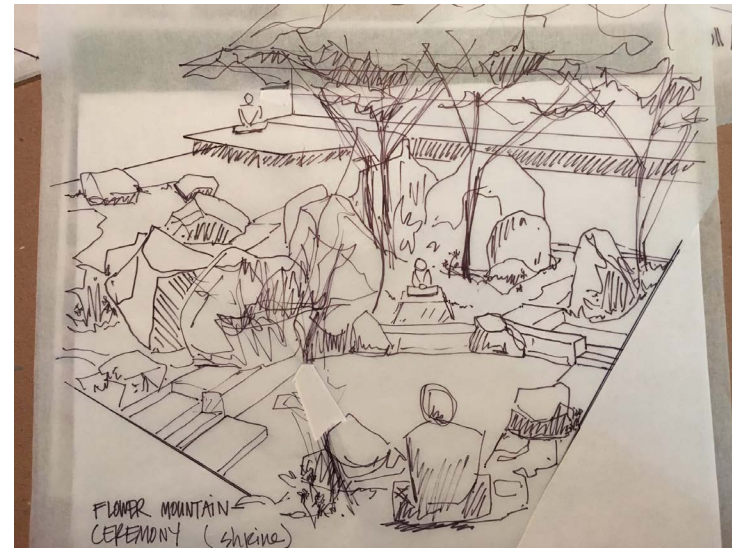
*Above: Looking northeast toward the multipurpose room/dining hall.  
 Top right: Northwest toward the zendo.  
 Below: East, inside the zendo.  
 Bottom right: West, inside the zendo.*





# PLANTING A ZEN GARDEN

For some time, our garden and landscaping committee has been working with landscape architects at Dobro Design, a company specializing in Japanese gardens. Headed by principal Desirae D. Wood, Dobro has helped create some truly stunning gardens, including the Portland Japanese Garden. We are excited to share some preliminary drawings of our planned contemplative Zen garden at our new temple on Columbine, in advance of a full presentation to the sangha.



Daisen-in, Kyoto, Japan.



# THE THREE TENETS

BILL HAMAKER

My name is Bill Hamaker and I have been practicing with the Zen Center of Denver for over thirty years. Many of us, whether we are here for the first time or have been here for a long time, come with certain ideas about what zazen or Buddhism or enlightenment are about. This is a serious mistake!

It is probably unavoidable, though. We are all so used to approaching any situation in life with a whole set of expectations about what it is we are doing, how we must do it and how it is going to turn out. We have been hard-wired through our conditioning and upbringing to use our minds as tools to conquer a problem. We have to “make a plan” or “figure it out” or “set a goal” and “follow through” and on and on. We believe that we must confront every situation in our lives in this manner in order to survive, to avoid difficulties and, mostly, to escape suffering. Ironically, this approach actually creates and compounds suffering. Because this approach, this *modus operandi*, implies that there is a correct solution, a fixed outcome, an absolute certainty when, in fact nothing is certain or fixed. In Buddhism, this is called the Law of Impermanence.

We have all opened up a “world of hurt,” as the saying goes, by ignoring the Law of Impermanence. When we didn’t get the job we interviewed for; when the person, place or thing we yearned for disappeared; when all of our hard work and planning came to nothing. After all of our expectations, requirements and demands have been thwarted, we have suffered. And because we have suffered, we come to an introductory class or a sitting or an extended retreat hoping to figure out why we suffer and how to transcend it. Again, this is a serious mistake! Not the coming to the class or the sitting or the retreat part, but arriving here with the same game plan that obviously hasn’t worked! It hasn’t worked, has it?

Bernie Glassman, who died this past November, was the founder of the Zen Peacemaker Order. He helped establish the White Plum Sangha, an American Zen community that our Center is now a part of, since one of our teachers here recently received dharma transmission in this line. During his life, Glassman Roshi worked

tirelessly to fulfill the bodhisattva vow of saving the many beings. In doing this work, out of necessity, he formulated what are called the Three Tenets of the Zen Peacemaker Order. These are: not knowing, bearing witness and taking action. Let’s look at the first tenet of the Zen Peacemakers: not knowing. This is the antidote for what we’ve been talking about. Here is how to stop the cycle of personal suffering brought about by our endless need to know!

In his book *Bearing Witness*, Glassman Roshi relates how he and his wife, Sandra Jishu Holmes, set out to live out this vow by establishing the Greyston Bakery and its many subsidiaries, which included housing for the homeless, an AIDS medical center, a garment manufacturing company – all born out of a vision to hire and train unemployable residents of the inner city. Jishu spent some fifteen years of her life working in Greyston. But one day, Bernie relates, she came out of a difficult meeting with other Greyston staff members visibly disappointed and downhearted. “There was disagreement and disharmony among the various staff people with no resolution in sight,” he says. Jishu told him, “You know, after all the time I’ve spent working here, if there is one thing I thought I knew, it was Greyston. But... today, I realized that after all these years I knew nothing about Greyston. Nothing at all.”

*The Emperor Ryo asked Bodhidharma, “What is the first principle of the holy teaching?”*

*Bodhidharma said, “Vast emptiness, nothing holy.”*

*The Emperor said, “Who is this person confronting me?”*

*Bodhidharma said, “I don’t know.”*

Not knowing also “makes it possible for anything and everything to happen,” according to Glassman Roshi. He continues, “When we don’t know, when we have no expectations or fixed ideas about something, then everything that happens at any given moment is just what’s happening.” He says, “We like to use the phrase ‘let it be.’ The truth is, we have no choice. No matter what we think, we are never in control and things will happen as

## Will-o’-the-wisp

When I, a man, am forced to shed this all too frail and frightened body, let it fall away, were I then somehow free to roam from form to form, like waves or sand or foam, or clothe myself in phosphorescent light that flits above the marshes in the night, would I still cling to me and mine, would this perception, this enduring self, persist, insist on being the center of it all, trace its misery to a tragic fall?  
Or, would I dissolve into a formless life not subject to delusive thoughts or strife?  
No this or that, no you or I, no sun or moon, just this: unknowing, knot undone.

– John Steele



they happen. But in a state of unknowing, we actually live without attachment to preconceived ideas. There is no expectation of gain, no expectation of loss. There's just what's right here now."

Case 20 from the Shoyoroku:

*Jizo asked Hogen, "What are you up to these days?"*

*Hogen said, "I am wandering at random."*

*Jizo said, "What do you expect from wandering?"*

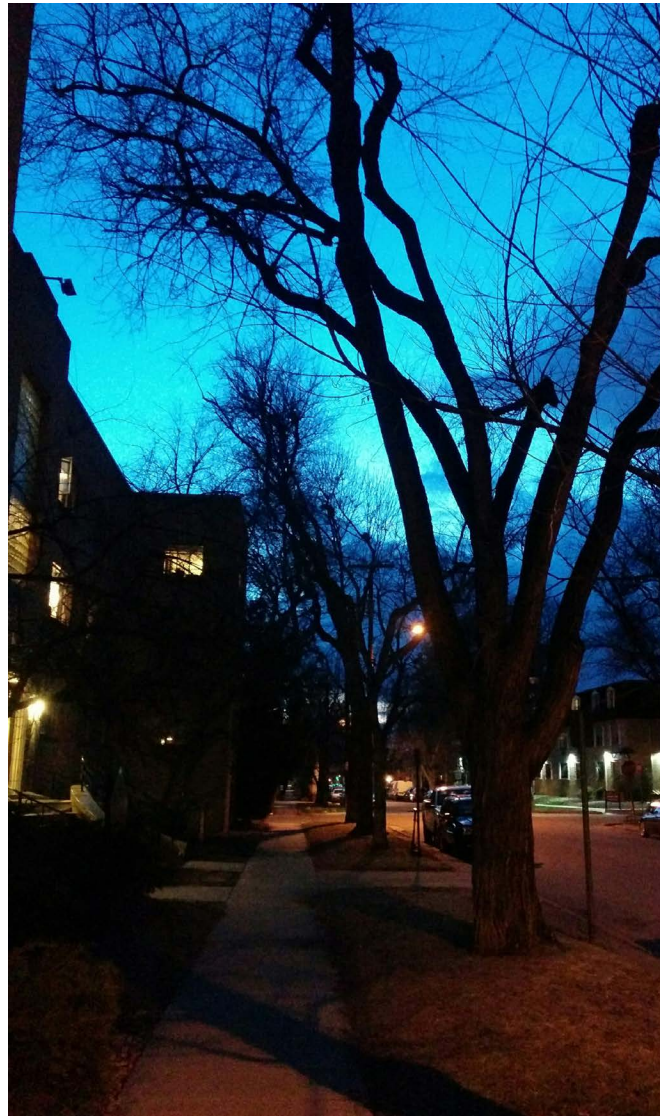
*Hogen said, "I don't know."*

*Jizo said, "Not knowing is most intimate."*

In August 2017, three of us from our sangha participated in a street retreat with the Upaya Zen Center of Santa Fe, New Mexico, and members of the Zen Peacemakers. We lived on the streets of Denver for four days and three nights in a state of temporary homelessness. Oddly enough, the most difficult part for me was not the physical and mental discomfort I encountered during the retreat. What was most difficult was putting aside all of my preconceptions about what I was doing by attending this retreat.

Prior to the start, all sorts of questions arose. How could I presume to even try to help the homeless? Was I stealing from them by eating food from the Denver Rescue Mission, by taking up a relatively safe spot sleeping on the street? (Although we didn't sleep in the shelters, any relatively safe place to lay down for the night, is, after all, still a sleeping place). Was I selfishly seeking some kind of spiritual experience at their expense, like some kind of creepy tourist? And, most of all, how could I plunge into the heart of not-knowing and bearing witness to this suffering, when there was the dualistic notion of "me" and "them?"

When the retreat started, I had no other recourse but to drop all of these notions and dive into the uncertainty, into the not-knowing, so that the discomfort, the anxiety, the boredom, the confusion just became part of the landscape. Night-time glistening raindrops cascading through street-lit tree leaves. The hubbub of the nearby Taste of Colorado festival. The clamor of the light rail near our sleeping place on the grounds of St. Thomas's Episcopal Church downtown. The haunted look in the eyes of the man sitting across the table in the Rescue Mission dining hall.



All these questions I had before the retreat became pointless. We were not trying to save the world or become one with it. We were only endeavoring to come closer to the lives of those who live on the streets, reflect on giving and impermanence, and recognize the humanity all people share.

In the storied koan "Ordinary Mind is the Way," Nan-chuan, responding to Chao-chou's earnest questioning, says, "The Way does not belong to knowing or not-knowing. Knowing is illusion; not-knowing is blankness." Even as this "I" merged into the sights, sounds and sensations of the raw experience of living out in the open, totally exposed, there was a blankness; the human element was missing. It does not function, this oneness with all experience. There is the need to come down from this lofty place of emptiness, to step off the hundred-foot

pole, as the saying goes. This is accomplished by practicing the second Zen Peacemaker tenet: bearing witness.

Michael is a handsome, well-groomed young man who sports a black eye. He is from Houston, Texas. While he himself is homeless, he says that the rest of his family is fine. "Why aren't you with them?" "I had to get away." "Where do you stay?" "I stay here at the Rescue Mission - you don't want to stay on the street at night! I got into a fight with some guy - he started cussing me out for no reason. Then there were these two guys and a girl and they had this mean dog - a pit bull - that like starts attacking me so I kicked it. So the girl, she grabs me while the dudes are hitting me! No, you don't want to sleep on the street!"

I am Michael.

Spider approaches our group flailing the T-shirt he had removed to reveal his compact, muscular torso, shouting, "Goddamnit, I need a shirt so I can give this one to my girlfriend! She wants mine but she don't want to see me without a shirt!" Then he launches into an extended diatribe about how he had gotten off the streets and into an apartment in Arvada, cleaned up his act and was sending money to his kids. He said he could bring us stuff if we gave him a shirt. As I removed my somewhat ripe smelling, green tee shirt, Spider saw the black tank top I had on underneath and demanded I turn it over to him. He went on with his testimony exhorting us to get off the street before it got cold - "my fiancee froze to death on the street!" Later that evening, Spider was sitting, drunk and dejected, on the outdoor patio of the Denver Rescue Mission waiting for a bed.

I am Spider.

Julio sits quietly beside me at the table in the dining hall. Striking up a conversation with him, he told me how he had gone through the Denver Rescue Mission's Next Step program that provides a temporary bed, meals and some basic assistance and education so they may become self-sufficient. He has been sober for some time now. But the difficulty he has is finding a job, since his prior DUI convictions prevent him from driving.

I am Julio.

Here is Bernie again talking about the second tenet of the Zen Peacemakers: "Bearing witness means to look at parts of ourselves that we ordinarily ignore - and often

avoid. We become the terror and gnawing hunger of the starving girl, the grief of her mother, the explosive rage and fear of the killer, the distress and shame of his mother." He admits this is no easy task for any of us.

The third tenet of the Zen Peacemakers is to take action. We take action based on what we observe through not knowing and bearing witness, the first two tenets. I had vowed that after and out of my retreat experience, I would take action in some way. So I have been involved in hospice volunteering. After training with the Denver Hospice, I endeavored to approach my patients from a place of not knowing and bearing witness. And this was helpful in dealing with the pain, confusion and fear of death - not having an agenda, being okay with long silences and not doing anything. Just being there. Just listening.

This approach can be helpful in any situation - the approach of not having an approach. Seeing clearly that you don't know and it is okay to not know. Recognizing that there is no separation between self and other, you and me. Not trying to fix anything but responding wholeheartedly out of this sense of non-separation.

We can all find ways of taking action coming from the place of no I or you. If we look carefully from the place of not knowing and bearing witness, action arises naturally, with no one seeking reward for doing a good deed, no doubt or confusion or hesitancy. Trust the dharma, trust your practice, trust this path!

Does this approach guarantee that things will always work out to the benefit of all involved? Of course not! Can we practice this way no matter what comes up? Not as often as we'd like to.

But this is why it is called practice. Through practice we recognize the truth that no one and nothing is separate from anything else, that we are all connected, sharing the commonality of human experience, moment to moment, lifetime to lifetime. And with this shared, common connection, may we together, with all beings, realize the way.





Continued from p. 3

I take refuge in Buddha, Dharma and Sangha *and* Buddha, Dharma and Sangha take refuge in me. That's how I know. Buddha said, "Take refuge in the Buddha, the Dharma and the Sangha and you will grasp the Four Noble Truths." Of course.

To take refuge is to look for a place that is safe, one that we can rely on. The great paradox here is that the "pursuit, danger, or trouble" from which we are seeking safety arises from within us, not outside of us. And that which we can rely upon is also within us.

Jesus in the Gospel of Thomas says, "If you bring forth what is within you, what you bring forth will save you. If you do not bring forth what is within you, what you do not bring forth will destroy you."

So we come. Whether it be by our intellect or our intuition, we show up at a place like this. For many of us raised in this culture, even though we may appreciate the ideas and philosophy of Buddhism, and are intrigued

by Zen masters, talk of Buddha, Dharma and Sangha is a bit foreign, even a little weird. It's just not a common reference for us in this culture. And yet even though it's a little weird, we notice something. Walking into this temple, taking our seat of practice, is like going home, returning to a safe place, a place we can truly rely on. We begin to remember, that which is within us begins to come forth, Buddha, Dharma and Sangha simultaneously surrounding us and sitting on our cushion.

So yes, in a traditional sense, Buddha is the figure on the altar and the historical one who showed us that we too can awaken and free ourselves from sorrow, and Dharma is the teachings that guide us, and Sangha is the community that makes it possible to practice.

*And* Buddha is your nature and mine, which we seek to actualize. Dharma is the mountains and rivers, the earth, the sun, the moon and the stars, the rocks, dogs, ducks, cars and trains, clouds and rain and you and me – all phenomena. Sangha is all beings everywhere, sentient

and non-sentient; Sangha is you and me.

So you now might ask, how do I take refuge in that? Where is the safety there?

Well, we must look again at taking refuge.

John Daido Looi writes in *The Heart of Being*:

*The way we use the word refuge is taken from the Japanese term kie-ei. Kie-ei consists of two characters. Kie means "to unreservedly throw oneself into," no holding back, no way out, no safety net, harness or rope. That is the way you work with a koan unreservedly. That is the way a parent rescues a child who is in danger. [No hesitation.] ...*

*The second character, ei, literally means "to rely upon," in the way a child leaps into a parent's arms, trusting unequivocally.*

How do we unreservedly throw ourselves into and rely upon the Three Treasures? In essence this is our practice, our lifelong question and journey that begins and ends with each step.

Daido continues:

*All we have to do is reach out. What does it mean to reach out? It means to have exhaustively asked the questions: What is Buddha? What is Dharma? What is Sangha? What does it mean to take refuge? What does it mean to vow? What does it mean to be one with? What does it mean to commit? What does it mean to have a relationship with a teacher? The answers are all available. Nothing is hidden. ...*

*We can find it by asking. And, most important, we can find it simply by looking into ourselves.*

*Why do we practice? What is it that we seek? What is it that we want? ... Are we willing to practice the edge, take a risk, unreservedly throw ourselves into practice?*

So are we?

Given our tendency for self-preservation, this may feel a bit too dangerous, terrifying even. But suppose this leap, this unreservedly throwing ourselves into, is more like a child jumping off the swimming pool's edge into

their parent's arms. This is what we discover in taking refuge. This going for refuge emerges from trust, not fear. Our practice develops this trust so that we can throw ourselves in over and over and over. Living our life on the edge is simply throwing ourselves into each moment, again and again.

Yet how often do we really do this in the course of our day, in the course of our life? Maybe a handful of times – like when our child is born, when we fall in love, when someone we love dies, when we see something exquisitely beautiful for the first time, when we challenge our physical limits way beyond our beliefs. These times are more akin to being thrown off the cliff. Life does have a tendency to do this, for it surely doesn't want you sitting on the sidelines. How could it? It is you.

Buddha, Dharma and Sangha is this life, this one life, in which we take refuge and rely upon, into which we are asked to throw ourselves unreservedly. Not waiting for a special moment to draw us in, while standing back at other times. No, this one is just perfect. Hearing the song of the morning dove and the hammering at the building next door, drinking tea and listening fully as your partner tells of their day, walking with your old dogs through the neighborhood you love and will be leaving soon, driving to work taking in the day's news as the sunrise glistens on the mountains, greeting your coworkers, making phone calls, stopping for lunch, letting the smell from the microwave guide you through the halls, finishing that last email, putting on your coat to head out once more. This life, absolutely complete.

A teacher in the MBSR clinic at UMass med school has a T-shirt that reads, "Maybe the hokey-pokey is what it's all about."

You put your whole self in, you put your whole self out, you put your whole self in and you shake it all about.

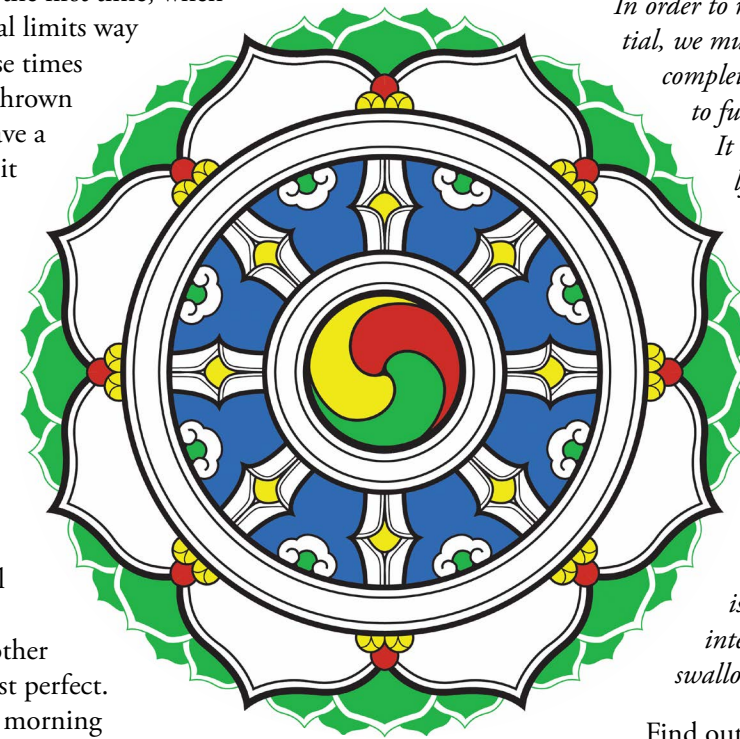
You do the hokey-pokey and you turn your self around, that's what it's all about.

This is a very sweet analogy about practice and how our realization might unfold. It's okay to put your right hand in and take your right hand out to start with. Practice builds this trust, this faith, until there is no problem in putting our whole selves in – and not only no problem, but simply a way to live naturally.

Again Daido says:

*In order to reach our full human potential, we must live completely and die completely. In order for this practice to function, it needs to be engaged. It does not happen automatically because we wrap a rakusu around our neck, put on a robe, attend a retreat, or read a book on Zen – "Okay, I'm here, now do me, Dharma. It does not happen that way. We have to work for it. We have to put ourselves on the line. We have to practice the edge of our life in order to receive the dharma. Undeniably, it is here. We are surrounded, interpenetrated, enveloped, and swallowed by it.*

Find out what is Buddha, what is Dharma, what is Sangha. Discover it for yourself by putting your whole self in. ☸



Image, center: Dharma wheel by Joel Tagert.

# SPACE IS THE PLACE

## JOEL TAGERT

A sense of great spaciousness is apparent from the first and perhaps definitive sentence of Hoag Holmgren's *No Better Place*: "Zen Buddhism is a path of waking up to the vastness of who you are." Immediately Holmgren encourages us to become expansive, to relinquish our limitations, to meet the blue sky in its untrammled heights.

Subtitled *A New Zen Primer*, Holmgren's book comprises sixty-four pithy chapters occasionally verging into epigram ("If reason is an ornithologist, Zen is a raven"). Along with some basic instruction in zazen, it offers a series of lapidary comments on the nature of Zen practice and its functioning, enjoining us to become ever more open and to let go our needless hindrances. Included also are commentaries on the Ten Oxherding Pictures, a collection of paintings from 12th-century China that depict the stages of practice and realization from the seeker's first inklings of Buddha nature to the full realization of the awakened bodhisattva acting unselfconsciously in the world.

In form and style, *No Better Place* reminds me most of the work of Robert Aitken, in particular his last book, *Miniatures of a Zen Master*, a collection of ever-profound musings published toward the end of Aitken's life. As in *Miniatures*, Holmgren is unafraid to leave space on the page, to give us room to consider just a few sentences, as one would read a poem. This isn't a mad dash from page to page; it's a cup of cold spring water, relished one swallow at a time.

The resemblance between the books may be no coincidence. Holmgren has trained for many years with Danan Henry Roshi, the founding teacher of our own Zen Center of Denver, and Henry in turn trained initially with Philip Kapleau and later with Aitken, becoming

sanctioned as a Diamond Sangha teacher. So there is a direct practice connection here, a transmission of understanding as well as style. Along with several quotations from Aitken, we also find anecdotes from the lives of Kapleau and Henry (including a striking story from the latter describing an experience during his time with Harada Tange Roshi in Japan). The stream flows on and on; the Dharma wind flies unhindered from Japan to Hawaii to the Colorado Rockies.

Like Aitken's work, too, *No Better Place* is deceptively simple on its face. I remember reading Aitken's *Taking the Path of Zen* and thinking, "Well, sure. This is all stuff I already sort of knew." But prior to reading it, much that it discussed was vague to me. It provided clear instruction in zazen combined with a small course in Dharma, expressed with concision and elegance. And while primarily written in prose, Aitken's work looked to poetry for its inspiration, via numerous quotations and lyrical phrasing. Consider, from *No Better Place*:

*"The solution to the problem of life is seen in the vanishing of this problem," says Ludwig Wittgenstein. Indeed, there are no tidy answers to the big questions. But when there is no highway of thinking cutting you off from the world, there is also no paradox about life and death. There is just intimacy. In the deep-water stillness of zazen, this means that there is just breathing. The breath devours you. You don't know if you're breathing the breath or if the breath is breathing you. Off the meditation cushion this means that there is only the lone coyote trotting across the dirt road. There is no detached observer categorizing and labeling. There's just taking care of a sick child. Just mourning the loss of a loved one. Just watering the garden and pulling weeds. Just this hook of moon rising above the trees, closer than your hand.*

A quotation (*No Better Place* is replete with them, from wide-ranging sources) sparks a reflection on stillness

and intimacy; general statements yield to concrete images at once evocative yet rooted in everyday experience ("this hook of moon rising above the trees"). Or consider again, in the book's most explicit instruction:

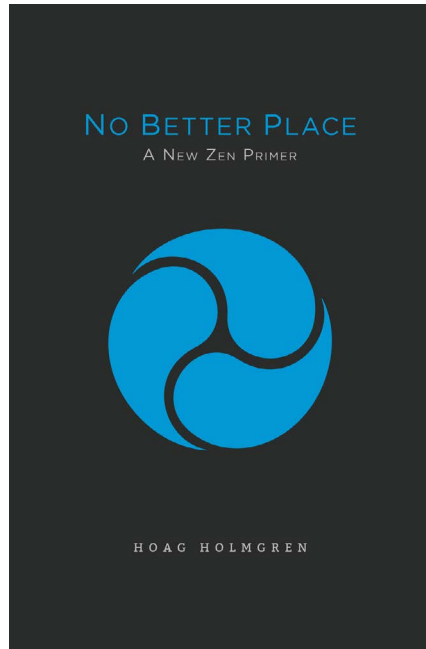
*The zazen posture, whether on a cushion or in a chair, is a straight back, an alert forward-facing head, eyes half open and softly focused, the gaze lowered. The lower back gently and naturally curves in. Breathing is comfortably anchored in the belly. The left hand rests on the right hand, palms up, thumb tips touching lightly to make a soft circle or oval. The mind's allegiance shifts to the breath, to the awareness of bodily sensations, to the immediacy of what's actually occurring right now, here. In this way, zazen is a voyage. There is no departure and no arrival but belief, faith and views are left behind. It's a journey of verifying via direct experience what the Buddha verified: that you and all rivers, mountains, spiral galaxies, and beings have the same last name.*

In these oft-repeated physical instructions, one cannot but hear an echo of Dogen's *Fukanzazengi*:

*At the site of your regular sitting, spread out a thick mat and place a firm round cushion on it. Sit on the cushion in either the full lotus or half-lotus posture. In the full lotus posture, you first place your right foot on your left thigh and your left foot on your right thigh. ...*

*Having adjusted your body in this manner, take a deep breath and exhale fully, sway your body left and right several times, and settle into an immobile sitting posture. Then sit firmly as a rock and think of not-thinking. How do you think of not-thinking? By not thinking. This is the very basis of zazen.*

The form of zazen has not changed much, or indeed at all, and our practice is the practice of the ancients – of the ancient "spiral galaxies," even. The limitless universe bows and returns to its seat. What could be better? ☸



## Entering the Gate

Our spring period has engendered a bevy of new members:

The multitalented **BrightHeart Lewis Headrick** seems to have tried his hand at most everything, from house painting and plasterwork to food technology, theater costuming and permaculture.

**Chris Tonay** is married with one son and does market research and brand strategy. He enjoys storytelling, skiing and cycling.

**Jared Ivie** is a professional engineer, is married with two young daughters, and loves to trail run, ski and camp.

**Heather Mays Suzuki** is married with three children, is a pediatric acupuncturist, and is interested in Japanese, kids, family, and DIY projects.

**Kyle Carter** is a grants management specialist for the Bureau of Land Management. He enjoys writing, basketball, hiking and backpacking.

## Calendar Highlights

- Sunday, April 21 - Kannon ceremony
- Sunday, April 28 - Zazenkai with Ken Tetsuzan Sensei at Mayu
- Sunday, May 5 - Sangha meeting
- Sunday, May 12 - Teisho by Karin Ryuku Sensei
- Saturday, June 15 - Intro to Zen seminar
- June 25-30 - Summer sesshin at Rocky Mountain Ecodharma Retreat Center





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