

Honolulu Diamond Sangha



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BLUE CLIFF RECORD CASE 99

SUZONG'S TEN BODIES

by Michael Kieran

Case:

The Emperor Suzong asked National Teacher Huizhong, "What controls ten bodies [of the Buddha]?"

Zhong said, "*Dānapati*, stomp on Vairochana's head."

The Emperor said, "I don't get it."

Zhong said, "Never take yourself for the pure, clear *Dharmakaya*."

Today we have National Teacher Nanyang Huizhong. There are a number of "National Teachers" that appear in the records of the Zen ancestors, but Nanyang Huizhong, the national teacher in today's case, is the best known. He was a dharma successor of the Sixth Ancestor, Huineng. After Huineng's death he went on an extended pilgrimage, eventually settling in a little mountain hermitage where he maintained his practice for the next forty years without ever leaving the mountain. When word of his great

virtue reached the imperial court, Zhong was summoned to the court to teach, but he repeatedly refused. After many years of refusals Zhong finally complied and what a fine national teacher he was.

Emperor Suzong ascended the throne after his father Emperor Xuanzong fled to the Sichuan area during the An Shi Rebellion in 756. Much of Emperor Suzong's reign was spent in quelling the An Shi rebellion, which was ultimately put down in 763 during the reign of Suzong's son, Emperor Daizong. Given this, it's not surprising that Emperor Suzong might ask the national teacher about the matter of control. Suzong was already studying with Huizhong before he ascended the throne. Later, when he became Emperor, he honored Huizhong even more earnestly. It is written that when Zhong came and went from the palace, Suzong would personally greet him and see him off, and on occasion even help carry the palanquin.

One day Emperor Suzong asked National Teacher Huizhong, "What controls the Ten Bodies of the Buddha?"

The ten are named in our meal ceremony when we remember our many honored guides with gratitude for their gifts of wisdom:

Vairochana, pure and clear Dharma-kaya Buddha;
Lochana, full and complete Sambhogakaya Buddha;
Shakyamuni, infinitely varied Nirmanakaya Buddha;
Maitreya, Buddha still to be born;
All Buddhas everywhere, past, present, future;
Mahayana, Lotus of the Subtle Law Sutra;
Manjushri, Great Wisdom Bodhisattva;
Samantabhadra, Great Action Bodhisattva;
Avalokiteshvara, Great Compassion Bodhisattva;
All venerated Bodhisattvas, Mahasattvas, the Great Prajñā Pāramitā

Suffice to say that the ten bodies are ten aspects of awakening, ten different perspectives of a single fact. These are not ten different Buddhas; they are all the same Buddha. Which one is that?

The Chinese expression translated as "control" in Suzong's question is very interesting. It is a compound of two characters:

調 tiao	to attune, harmonize, regulate, blend with, accord with
御 yu	to drive a chariot, to hold the reins, to steer, direct, govern, control

In the Buddhist context the compound means "tamer" or "guider of beings" and is an epithet for the Buddha. The Buddha is sometimes referred to as "the ten-bodied-tamer" — the one who works skillfully in direct contact — the way a trainer would with a wild elephant or a wild horse. In Buddhist writings this analogy was used to explain how the Buddha brings the hearts and minds of beings into accord with the Way.

Taming is a markedly different way of working than the modern idea of control, which has more the sense of a detached executive issuing commands. This more modern idea of control is insightfully explored by Mathew Crawford in his excellent book, *The World Beyond Your Head*. There Crawford notes how in the cartoons of his youth, the most frequent prompter of giggles was the limitless capacity of the things of the world to thwart the human will — fold-down beds, ironing boards, waves at the beach, and oversize snowballs all operating according to their own imperatives and reminding us of the human condition as it is, in spite of all our schemes and dreams through which we might try to have it otherwise. And as the stand-up comics say, it's really the truth that makes things funny.

Crawford contrasts this with the cartoon shows his young daughters can watch today. Rather than the slapstick sufferings the objective world used to inflict on Donald Duck, his young girls can enter the Mickey Mouse Clubhouse which is filled with amazing problem-solving technology that always works perfectly. Episodes revolve around, not the frustration of thwarted efforts, but problem solving using a Handy-Dandy computer-like machine that condenses out of a cloud when called and offers a menu of

tools that will solve any problem. There is never an insoluble problem, so the hopelessness and frustration of one's will being in conflict with the world never arises. Children learn that they can deal with the problems of the world from a safe and sterile distance by selecting items from a menu on the Handy-Dandy machine. This idea of control is not new, but it may be more widespread than ever now as we become further and further estranged from the world, while spending more and more time working with representations of life on computer screens. The executive control approach is pervasive, not just in how people try to work with their own impulses and feelings; it is, for the most part, how we organize our communities, businesses, and universities.

On a more somber note, Crawford observes that when the choosing will is hermetically sealed off from the fuzzy, hard-to-master contingencies of the empirical world, it becomes more available for others to leap in "on our behalf" and offer us solutions. Without the world-disclosing effort of our own skillful direct engagement, we end up poorly equipped to discern what truly is "on our behalf" and what is just another scam.

The tamer or trainer is a different model. The tamer works hands-on over time with what is wild and undisciplined to establish trust and functionality in the relationship. The classic example from the Zen tradition is training an ox or water buffalo. As master Da'an of Mt. Gui explained it:

All I did was raise a water buffalo. When it wandered from the path into someone's garden, I pulled it back; over and over I did this. Now the ox has been tame for a long time.

Unfortunately, it used to pay too much attention to what people said, but now it has become a pure white ox. It is always right here with me, wherever I am, dazzling white, all day long. Even if I try to drive it away, it will not go.

No Handy-Dandy computer screen menu here. Just take him by the nostrils and pull him back onto the path and repeat continuously for twenty or thirty years.

National Teacher Huizhong too, shows us this way in how he works with the Emperor, pulling him back onto the path. Yuanwu Keqin, co-author of the Blue Cliff Record, praises Huizhong saying:

Have you not heard it said that one who is good as a teacher sets up the teaching according to the aspiration and potential of the student? He observes the wind to set the sail; if he just stayed in one corner, how could he reciprocally turn and be turned?

Yes, to reciprocally turn and be turned is the world-disclosing, which is to say, Dharma-disclosing, way of Zen practice.

Back to Emperor Suzong — he wondered about this matter of taming and controlling what is wild and unruly ... This is the kind of thing that bothers emperors and keeps them up at night — even benevolent emperors like Suzong, maybe especially benevolent emperors like Suzong.

Emperor Suzong asked National Teacher Huizhong, "What controls ten bodies of the Buddha?" National Teacher Zhong responded saying, "*Dānapati*, stomp on Vairochana's head."

Zhong respectfully calls the emperor *Dānapati* — *Dāna*, as you know, is generosity and *Dānapati* means master of generosity. The Emperor was the capital "P" Patron, the primary supporter of Buddhism in China.

Zhong respectfully tells the Emperor, the prime supporter of Buddhism, to "Stomp on Vairochana's head." Why? This is the famous Zen admonition, if you meet the Buddha, kill the buddha. In other words, kill the idea of buddha, the idea of enlightenment.

Hakuin comments here:

Like a hawk pouncing on its prey,
Zhong takes the Emperor by the
hand up to the top of the highest
mountain and breaks the Emperor's
attachment, in communion with the
source.

This is the ultimate imperative, not only for one who guides others in the Buddha Way, but for each of us who practices and aspires to realize it.

Dānapati, stomp on Vairochana's head!

As Nyogen Senzaki so kindly told us: "Good friends, don't put another head on top of your own." Better to work directly with the matter at hand. Say what you mean; mean what you say, draw your own bow, drive your own car.

This is not abstract philosophy. It comes down to how we do zazen, how we work with our unruly mind and powerful emotions—really, how we work with our own life, and with other people and difficult situations. It's not about issuing commands from a sterile control room or looking at a computer screen and pushing buttons on a console. We need to work much more closely and directly than that. Don't in-

vest so much time and attention creating and supporting a noisy, overpaid under-experienced executive. Sit up straight and muster your own liver and spleen, eyebrows, and toenails. Each of us has everything we need.

Zhong said, "Dānapati, stomp on Vairochana's head."

The Emperor said, "I don't get it."

"I don't get it" is 不會 *bu hui* in Chinese — literally "no meeting." And in a way, of course the emperor doesn't get it. When he gets it there won't be an emperor any more. It's not you who realizes Mu — Mu realizes Mu and hearing realizes who is hearing. How liberating!

Emperor Suzong doesn't get it and Zhong's compassion overflows. He says: "Never take yourself for the pure, clear Dharmakaya."

National Teacher Zhong shatters the golden bones of the emperor's ten-body controller! Then he shatters the hammer too: "Never take yourself to be the pure and clear body of reality." In the Mahayana teachings, the dharmakaya is understood to be the absolute unconditioned buddha, pure and clear, beyond all name and form.

"Never take yourself for the pure, clear Dharmakaya."

This is not to protect the dharmakaya or the teachings — it is for your sake and my sake and for the sake of the human being who happens to be the emperor. As for the empty and clear *Dharmakaya* itself, what would there be to harm or protect?

When you get here there is no reality body or anything else. Here's one more story to illustrate Zhong's way:

A monk once said to Dongshan, "The Master normally tells us to follow the bird path. I wonder what the bird path is?"

"One does not encounter a single person," replied Dongshan.

"How does one follow such a path?" asked the monk.

"One should go without any string on one's feet," replied Dongshan.

"If one follows the bird path, isn't that seeing one's original face?" said the monk.

"Why do you turn things upside down so?" asked Dongshan.

"But where have I turned things upside down?" asked the monk.

"If you haven't turned things upside down, then why do you regard the servant as master?" said Dongshan.

"What is the original face?" asked the monk.

"It doesn't follow the path of birds," responded Dongshan.

There is not even a shred of buddha or dharmakaya or control here — just this lively one without name or form, sitting on your cushion, singing to the dawn, walking to the residence hall, solitary and sparkling in the early morning sky.

No, no, never take yourself for the pure and clear dharmakaya.

In the Wake of Covid-19

In these unusual times, we are pleased to report that all is well at PZC. The week before sesshin was an uncertain time, though. The coronavirus was beginning to hit the US mainland and Hawaii and fears were rising. No recommendations had been issued at that point and we had to decide whether to go ahead with sesshin or not. We chose to hold sesshin, even though there were eight cancellations and Kathy had to perform double duty as Tenzo and Tanto. Hand-sanitizer was integrated into oryoki, and hand-washing protocols were enacted and followed, along with extra care in disinfecting high traffic surfaces.

At the end of sesshin, participants were greeted with the news that Governor Ige had called for a closure of all non-essential gathering places, including bars, restaurants, and places of worship. The Board immediately closed PZC to all visitors.

But life on the premises continues to go on; the Board is continuing to meet via Zoom and major projects are getting completed. Five silver oak trees along the road that have been threatening to topple onto the neighbor's house have



now come down. The buffalo grass was cut back to the edge of the mountain to extend the parking lot and make room for the contractors with their large bucket truck to work around the power lines to remove these tall, nearly 100-foot trees.

Additionally, road construction continues on Wai'oma'o Road, as the unstable land on which the road and houses are built continues to move, causing several houses to have been condemned and torn down. Crews are working hard and quickly to keep this buckling and changing road open. Hopefully, by the time PZC reopens, the road will be clear for sangha to return to their practice home.

Residents remain and are caring for the grounds and the building. The chickens continue to cluck, the goats continue to hop around, and the breeze continues to blow through the leaves of the bodhi tree. Iliahi has chosen a new favorite sleeping spot. While she once favored



a chair in the residence hall, she now prefers a cushioned cube on the other side of the coffee table. Flowers remain fresh on the altars and the residents continue to sit every day, knowing that dharma brothers and sisters are sitting together, even in isolation.

Don't Know Mind

by Clark Ratliffe

As Suzuki Roshi said in the prologue to *Zen Mind, Beginner's Mind*, "In the beginner's mind there are many possibilities, in the expert's there are few" (Susuki, 1970).

It's ironic that uncertainty and not knowing are fundamental components of the reality that we swim in, and yet it is a state of mind that is often uncomfortable. This is like a fish being afraid of water or as Hakuin puts it "like a person in the midst of water crying out in thirst." When we don't know how to orient ourselves to deal with uncertainty and impermanence it can be uncomfortable. Sometimes a little. Sometimes a lot.

The problem arises when we try to get comfortable by filling up the gaps of uncertainty with something, anything. It seems to me uncertainty is not something that needs filling and yet we feel compelled to keep trying to fill a hole that can never be filled. This too often leads to rigid and fixed beliefs. There's so much we don't know, so much we can't know, and everything is constantly changing. Creating fixed beliefs in our minds might give an ephemeral sense of permanence and knowing, but it is ephemeral. There is no problem in having beliefs, but if one's beliefs become fixed and rigid, then there is a problem. The tendency is to think that our interpretations of what we experience and observe is the same as truth, but this isn't so. A belief is mostly made up of interpretations that may or may not have anything to do with what is so. They are filtered through endless layers of judgments, opinions, joy versus sorrow, anger and fear... delusions or moha (Buswell and Lopez, pg 546). Beliefs are very

slippery critters. If you cling to your beliefs and clutch them dearly to your chest like some kind of life-preserver, you might drown anyway. To lose a belief can be disconcerting because our bearings are a little off-kilter. So over and over again we hang on for dear life to keep from sinking into the gaping void of “I don’t know.” What can I count on?

Arguing with each other over dearly held beliefs seems to have become ubiquitous. At the extremes, people physically fight and even kill each other because of differences in beliefs. Governments seem to be paralyzed by dug-in positions of “I’m right, therefore, you’re wrong.” The debates usually have an “othering” taint of self-congratulatory pats on the back for “defending the truth.” Let me be clear, it is not a problem to have beliefs – even strongly held ones. We all do and always will. The problem arises with how a belief is held. It seems to me the more blindered and tunneled our vision becomes, the easier it is to fall into narrow and dogmatic positions.

Beliefs and positions call us to defend them - it’s almost automatic, isn’t it? It’s a kind of blind, knee jerk reaction. I think this is because we don’t want to be wrong. Sure, being wrong is, at the very least, uncomfortable—sometimes even scary. Blind defensiveness binds us up in a sticky, never ending web of our own making; but don’t think the problem has anything to do with being wrong.

We are taught from an early age that we need to know stuff. The irony is that chunks of what we are sure of are mostly in the realm of probably. Not only is that hard to admit, it’s hard to even see! Living “not knowing” changes everything. This is not the kind of “I don’t know” that can be filled and satisfied with information. Nor is

it the “not knowing” of a dullard - duh... So what is it? It is the open dynamic wonder of, “What?” rather than, “Oh yeah, I know that.” The not knowing I’m talking about is not the opposite of knowing. It is the open empty sky filled with the vibrating energy of life. It includes all we know, think, feel, and resides in no fixed time or place. A static “I know” shuts us down. Worse, it shuts down the whole world. This brand of “stuck-ness” is particularly messy and tenacious, because it is so close and therefore hard to see.

Think about what you need to “know” to enjoy the giggle of a child, to inhale the wonderful fragrance of the pikake flower or to experience art. What do you need to know to just see, or offer compassion to a friend or just listen. And yet knowing is not the enemy. Knowing and direct experience, while different, can dance together and complement each other. So what is the problem? Clinging. Clinging to a position until it becomes ossified, aggressive even. I think an idea, belief or position can be held with a kind of flexible lightness. A sort of implied question mark. I’m not talking about a wishy-washiness here, but a settled clarity.

The other night in the zendo I referenced Kanzeon in response to some recent horrific tragedies in our world. Kanzeon is the Japanese name in our chant. This is Avalokitesvara, which in Sanskrit means “Lord Who Looks Down [in empathy].” The Chinese rendered this as Guanyin or “Perceiver of the Sounds of the World.” *Sounds* has variously also been translated as lamentations, cries, tears. I like “one who hears the tears of the world.” This is not someone who knows how to stop the tears, or knows why you cry or knows who you blame for your pain. No, this Bodhisattva knows nothing at all and is thus able to simply

hear. This is a kind of hearing that has no agenda or point of view and is therefore intimate and extremely powerful. When the veil of what we know, and all our opinions, judgments, and points of view fall away, then true intimacy is possible.

When Zen Master Ikkyu (1393-1479) came to awakening he presented this poem:

For ten years my mind was cluttered with
passion and anger;
Even this moment, I still possess rage and
violent emotions;
Yet the instant that crow laughed, an arhat
rose up out of ordinary dust.
In this morning's sunshine, an illumined
face sings. (Covell, p 41)

Here is Ikkyu expressing his amazement that the world appears the same and yet is completely different. He still gave vent to intense feelings, yet hearing – and I mean really hearing - the crow's "caw" set him free. And at the same time there are people dying all over the world in this global pandemic. People in power had the gall to say, "We're doing all we can." When in fact they were doing almost nothing. It pisses me off. That is the illumined face singing.

Zhaozhou was once asked about all the chatter that arises in our consciousness seemingly endlessly. I'm paraphrasing here, a monk asks "What about all these thoughts that keep bothering me – what about that?" Zhaozhou answered, "When you meet somebody, do not call out to him."

These thoughts are like visitors. They come calling, but you don't have to greet them and make a place for them at the table. You are the

master of your own house, not somebody else! When we calmly continue our practice again and again we are choosing to "not call out to him." Sitting in the zendo we don't move and don't get up... until it is time to move, time to get up. There is no "other" anywhere to meet.

Another time Zhaozhou said,

I meet with him but know not who he is.
I converse with him but do not know his
name. (Hoffmann, p 79)

Who is this "him" with whom Zhaozhou meets? He is sometimes called anger, envy, sadness, blame and ... well ... on and on and on – you get the picture. These are the klesha (afflictions) that never cease to call out to us, which we refer to in the second infinite vow. It is not that Zhaozhou's "Don't Know Mind" is void and without content; it is full of the whole universe and in all that universe there is "no thing." To name something is to kill it a little. When something is named, categorized, and prioritized it's really "somethinged!" If it can be named, then I think I have a handle on it and know what this thing is and where it belongs in the universe. In my career as a nurse I often saw how much better someone felt when there was a name to what ailed them. Even if there was still no treatment, they felt better. I know its name so here is something that I really know about. And yet...? If I hold up my hand and ask, Why do you call this a hand?, what is your response?

In Case 44 of *Blue Cliff Record*: "Heshan Beats the Drum":

Heshan, cited a passage, saying,
'Cultivation through learning is called
'hearing.' To be done with learning is
called 'nearness.' To go beyond both of

these is called 'truly going beyond'."

A monk stepped forward and asked, "What is truly going beyond?"

Heshan replied, "Knowing how to beat the drum."

The monk asked, "What is the true reality?"

Heshan said, "Knowing how to beat the drum."

The monk asked again, "I won't ask about 'This very mind is Buddha.' What is 'Not mind, not Buddha?'"

Heshan said, "Knowing how to beat the drum."

The monk asked once more, "If a truly enlightened person appears, how will you treat him?"

Heshan said, "Knowing how to beat the drum."

When Heshan says "Cultivation through learning is called 'hearing'. To be done with learning is called 'nearness,'" what is he saying? In this context "hearing" is not Kanzeon's hearing. It is the hearing of being somewhat removed. Like passively sitting in a classroom hearing somebody give a lecture – imparting some kind of knowledge to you. You might think that I'm sitting here giving you a lecture, but a Dharma talk is not a lecture. There is no knowledge that is being presented. There is nothing to learn here. Nothing to "get." Words may be spewing forth, but hopefully no lips are moving. When you are done with learning, this is "nearness." When you are done accumulating things that you know, then you can be near. Instead of being a passive receiver, you are involved and a participant. You've shown up to the party.

So the crux here is what does it mean to "go truly beyond"? How do you go beyond being either a passive observer or an active participant? Going truly beyond, what is that like? And going beyond what? Heshan says, "Knowing how to beat the drum." Maybe the monk thought Heshan didn't really understand his question and so asked in different words, "What is true reality?" "Knowing how to beat the drum," says Heshan again. Was he answering the question or just being cryptic and "zenny"? Can you imagine this poor monk thinking to himself, "Geeze, why can't he just answer my question?" So he tries again. This time he quotes a koan from Mazu (*The Gateless Barrier*, 30 & 33). "What is not mind, not Buddha?" Heshan again answered, "Knowing how to beat the drum." Well, says this tenacious monk, "How will you greet an enlightened person?" Heshan finally answers him directly and clearly without any ambiguity whatsoever.... "Knowing how to beat the drum."

What do you need to know when you know how to beat the drum? When asked about true reality, not Mind, not Buddha and the rest, Heshan said, "Knowing how to beat the drum." I might say knowing how to play a jig on my flute. You might say knowing how to body surf at Sandy Beach. Perhaps washing the dishes. The important part of this is "knowing *how*." When you really know how to do something and you DO IT, there is no hindrance—no being stuck anywhere. Sometimes when I see a magnificent athletic performance I am amused when some commentator afterward asks the athlete, "What were you thinking when..." There is usually a fleeting dazed look on the athlete's face as he or she tries to come up with an answer to this silly question. When all knowledge

is gathered, the skills mastered, the techniques honed, they are all consumed and disappear in knowing how.

Functioning at our highest and purest levels of humanity, from all that is good, decent, kind, and compassionate in us, requires not one iota of knowledge. This does not mean we give up anything we know. It is a new kind of relationship to what we know. We don't drop all our beliefs and conceptualizations. It's just that we are fully here with what is. Simply. Directly here with beliefs, concepts, knowledge and all the rest. Nothing is excluded.

In her poem "When Death Comes," Mary Oliver has a few lines that say:

When it's over, I want to say: all my life
I was a bride married to amazement.
I was the bridegroom, taking the world into
my arms. (Awakin.org)

Xutang Zhiyu wrote this death poem at the age of 84:

Coming from Nowhere,
Departing for Nowhere,
A flashing glance...
Entering the Mystery! (Covell, p 258)

Mystery indeed. To be sure, what happens after we die is a huge mystery, but there is another mystery that is being alluded to here. As one koan puts it, "the hazy moon of enlightenment." Coming from nowhere and going to nowhere?

Seems like this life of ours is, well, somewhere? How can me and my life be Nowhere? Surely I'm right here, right now – that's obvious, right?

Part of the koan, Bodhidharma's "Really Empty," says,

Emperor Wu of Liang asked Bodhidharma, "What is the first principle of the holy teaching?"

Bodhidharma said, "Really empty, nothing holy."

The Emperor said, "Who is this accosting me?"

Bodhidharma said, "I don't know."

(Blue Cliff Record Case 1)

What can you say about emptiness? What can you say about being no-thing, beyond space and time? What can you say about who you really are before even your first perception? "I don't know" says it all. Bodhidharma is not saying that there is some bit of information that he is missing. This "I don't know" is rather the ground of all knowing and not knowing. They are not separate.

Another example is Dizang's, "Most Intimate."

Dizang asks Fayen, "Where to, Shangzuo?"

Fayen replied, "Touring around on pilgrimage."

Dizang said, "Undertaking a pilgrimage – why do so?"

Fayen said, "I don't know."

Dizang said, "Not-knowing is most intimate."

Fayen suddenly woke up.

(Record of Ease, Case 20)

Here we are fellow walkers of the Way. Where does this path lead and what do you hope to find there that isn't here? In Hakuin's "Song of Zazen," he says, "From dark path to dark path we wander" and "Coming and going, never astray." Never astray was in Dizang's why do pilgrimage question. Fayen saw all his coming

and going coalesce into the single point it really is. He was like a black hole and could only say, "I don't know." When Dizang said, "Not-knowing is most intimate," Fayan's pilgrimage fell apart. Fayan was empty of Fayan who came from Nowhere and was going Nowhere – and he woke up to that fact.

"Touring around on pilgrimage." In many ways, our life is just that, a pilgrimage, isn't it? We are born in a particular place, at a particular time and take our first steps and all subsequent steps after that. All of us are uniquely and simultaneously separate and dependent and interdependent on an endless pilgrimage. Where is this pilgrimage going and why? Fayan would say, "I don't know." I would echo that. In the emptiness of Bodhidharma's "I don't know," the hardness of a fixed position that needs defending is nowhere to be found. In short, it is you becoming you.

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Monkey Reaching for the Moon in the Water, by Deb Ball, inspired by Hakuin Ekaku's (1686-1769) gibbon calligraphy.

"The monkey is reaching for the moon in the water. Until death takes him over he'll never give up. If he lets go of the branch and disappears in the deep pool, the whole world would shine with dazzling pureness." -Hakuin Ekaku

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Diamond Sangha Celebrates 60th Anniversary

On Saturday November 16, HDS hosted a party to celebrate the 60th anniversary of the founding of the Diamond Sangha, by Robert and Anne Aitken. It was a lively evening with old friends, neighbors and local and visiting sangha coming together at PZC. Reflections and stories recounting our history were shared during the ceremony and greetings from our international teachers were read. The floorboards and our bodies reverberated when the Ryugen Taiko traditional Japanese drumming dance group entertained us on the lanai. And our eyes, tongues and tummies feasted on homemade dishes of Japanese, Chinese, Thai and Hawaiian cuisine and many delicious sweets. Later, back in the zendo, we sang and danced together in accord with the “voice of the law” as we celebrated the Buddha, Dharma, and Sangha, and the founding of the Diamond Sangha.



Michael gettin down taiko.



Calendar

The Palolo Zen Center is closed during this “Shelter in Place” mandate and our regular calendar is suspended. Please check our on-line calendar for any updates (diamondsangha.org). or contact our Administrator about on-line activities or for other information (info@diamondsangha.org).

Administrator, HDS: Morgan Richie
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Michael Kieran



Jukai Ceremony (above). After working together for two and a half years to explore the sixteen Bodhisattva precepts and how they work in their lives, Sara Bauer, Laura Ritter, Bruce Triplett, Fernando Candida, Kendra Martyn and Anna Song stated their vows and received the precepts from Michael in the Jukai ceremony on December 9, 2019.
Rohatsu 2020 (below).



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