

# Honolulu Diamond Sangha

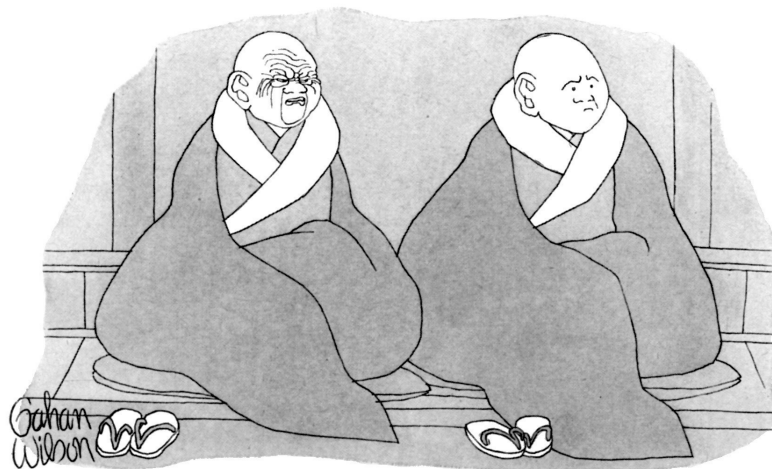


Summer, 2020

## Michael Kieran's Dharma Talk via Zoom for Honolulu Diamond Sangha, April 5, 2020

I want to begin this morning, as is our usual way, with a clear presentation of the Dharma. Rather than a quote from Dōgen or Zhaozhou or Yunmen, this clear presentation of the Dharma is in the form of a so-called cartoon.

Our Zen practice and tradition may be particularly well suited to these uncertain times, Zen having come of age in China during the particularly turbulent 8<sup>th</sup> century. Early in the century, Chinese culture was flourishing. It was an age of



"Nothing happens next. This is it."

CartoonCollections.com

It's been 40 years now since this bit of Gahan Wilson's genius first appeared in the New Yorker. It's as poignant today as ever—poignant for our practice of Zen, as well as our living in these times of the coronavirus pandemic.

incomparable art and poetry, as well as prosperity and trade. At the same time, the strains of the expanding nation-state were taking their toll. China had become a huge country with imperialistic ambitions and a long border to defend. The cost of

continual warfare was exorbitant. Many lives were lost, and the people were being taxed into poverty to pay for mercenary armies. This was the time of Great Ancestor Ma (Mazu) and of Shitou, Yaoshan, Baizhang, and Layman Pang. It was also the time of the An Lushan rebellion, a time when China went from being one of the greatest empires the world had ever seen to a nation devastated by civil war, famine, and disease so severe that two out of three Chinese died within a ten year period. Order was eventually re-established, but it would be centuries before the country fully recovered.

The records of our Zen ancestors tell us that the great Yantou was killed by bandits who ransacked his temple and then took their swords to him as he sat in zazen. It is said that before dying he let out a great shout that could be heard for three miles.

When Shigong, a hunter who hated the sight of monks, came across great ancestor Ma's hermitage, Ma engaged him in dialog. Mazu's words hit the hunter with such force that on the spot Shigong broke his bow and arrows and threw them away. Then, cutting off his long hair with his own sword, he gave himself over to Mazu's guidance and became a monk.

There are other stories. Chuanzi Decheng, a Dharma Successor of Yaoshan, went into hiding as a boatman ferrying people across the river. Aspiring monks sought him out there at the river's edge. Fortunately for us, the master Jiashan was one of these. A young lecturer monk at the time, Jiashan awakened after kindly being twice knocked into the river with the boatman's oar.

Living the Dharma there in his boat on the river, Chuanzi wrote this timeless verse:

A thousand-foot fishing line hangs  
straight down.  
One wave moves, ten thousand follow.  
The night quiet, the water cold,  
fish aren't nibbling.  
The moon on the golden ripples  
fills the boat with light.

So, nothing happens next. This is it. Just drop your line in right where you are. This is our wonderful way of zazen. The utter simplicity of this practice—not to say it's easy—but the pure, uncomplicated, and direct way of zazen is how we can continue to discover who we are and what this life is—no less so in these uncertain times.

Under the ongoing quarantine and "stay at home" orders, we may be feeling particularly restless and eager to get to the next thing, especially when there is so much suffering and it seems likely that it will get worse before it gets better.

How about "nothing happens next, this is it" when your partner or housemate comes down with the coronavirus? How about when the doctors want to put you on a ventilator? If nothing happens next, if this is it, what about hope?

Aren't things difficult now so that they can be better in the future? We now have the opportunity to learn from this and change our ways, right? It's not that things won't get better, but do we always need to believe there is a silver lining?

What I want to convey this morning is that there is something not only sobering, but also deeply comforting in NOT believing in or needing a silver lining. All of us have lived plenty long enough to see that things get better and things get worse, and then things get better and things get worse, again and again. What is it in all this that doesn't get better or worse?

The point is not simply to become a pessimist—that's just the other side of the same old hope framework. The truth is we don't know what will happen. Why waste our precious life-energy choosing among and hoping for make-believe outcomes?

Aitken Rōshi used to say, "When there's hope, there's no hope. When there's no hope, there's hope." In Peter Mathiessen's, *The Snow Leopard*, (and I've heard this from Aitken Rōshi as well), we find this teaching of Nakagawa Soen Rōshi:

To the repentant thief upon the cross, the soft  
Jesus of the modern Bible holds out hope of

Heaven: "Today you *will be* with me in Paradise." But in older translations, as Soen Rōshi pointed out, there is no "*you will be*,"—there is no suggestion of the future. In the Russian translation, for example, the meaning is "right here now." Thus, Jesus declares, "You are in Paradise right now"—[hanging there on the cross.]

Liberation is nowhere other than in the karmic conditions of our own lives. Our ancestors often expressed this fundamental matter as "just this" and I hear many Zen students and teachers also say "just this"—but it's as though they're talking about something out there, like some objective fact. If we ourselves are not included in "just this," it isn't just this at all. It's other, and the wisdom and responsiveness of the Buddha Way does not manifest. "Just this" is not a matter of observing what's happening in me or around me. It's [Michael holds up both hands] or "Good morning!" It's not happening somewhere apart from us, WE are happening. Zen is not observation. Take your place among the ten thousand things and make your move in accord with your vows and the present circumstances.

In Torei Zenji's *Undying Lamp of Zen*, in the Chapter titled "Going Beyond" (向上 SJ: *kōjō*), Torei wrote:

Here the direct path to the freedom of going beyond remains [to be realized]. It is said to be *the decisive move* that ancestors cannot transmit. This is why Panshan says:

"The direct path of going beyond is not transmitted by the thousand sages. Practitioners wearing out their body are like monkeys trying to catch the reflection [of the moon]."

This path is also called the last word. Fushan says:

"Only with the last word one reaches the outer gate of the prison. The purpose of the teachings is not found in verbal devices."

When we go over our practice forms at the beginning of sesshin, I like to emphasize our wonderful way of going to and returning from the dining hall. We stand with our bowls at eye level, make a bow, and then turn in the direction we are going to walk and stand there completely still and relaxed—doing nothing but standing, without the slightest anticipation of what comes next. Then at the exact moment it's time to move, we step out. It's so wonderful to get out of the way and to trust and move with what is happening. At one point we're standing there with nothing going on at all and then we're walking, without the slightest gap between them. When it's time to stand we stand. When it's time to move, we move, exactly in accord with circumstances. Please thoroughly investigate this way of living and moving in the world.

This is the little bit that has never been passed down by the Buddhas and Ancestors. It can't be passed down. Only you can make that move in your situation and time, and yet when you do move according to circumstances, it's like not doing anything at all.

Yunyan asked Daowu, "How does the Great Compassionate One use all those many hands and eyes?"

Daowu said, "Like someone in the middle of the night groping back after their pillow."

Nothing happens next! There is no next thing.

So there is a difference between hope, which looks to the future for fulfillment and the aspiration expressed in our Infinite Vows, which lives here and now and doesn't give a wit about future outcomes. It's not that outcomes don't matter; it's just that they are not in the future.

We don't know what's going to happen, but with honest practice and realization we can learn to move freely, fulfilling our Infinite Vows in accord with circumstances *as they arise*. What you do or I do in particular depends on our situation, but when called to respond, we must respond.

This is particularly poignant in our present pandemic circumstances. We are familiar with responding by doing, but one of the ways we're called upon to respond right now is by not doing, so that we don't get sick and don't infect others. As our Zen Ancestors kindly told us, "Knowing how to stop is the ultimate virtue." Nothing happens next. This is it.

When Dongshan Shouchu went to meet Yunmen, Yunmen asked him, "Where have you been lately?"

Dongshan said, "At Chadu."

Yunmen said, "Where were you during the summer?"

Dongshan said, "At Baoci Monastery in Hunan."

Yunmen said, "When did you leave there?"

Dongshan said, "August 25th."

Yunmen said, "I spare you sixty blows."

The next day, Dongshan went again and asked, "Yesterday you spared me sixty blows. I don't know where I went wrong."

Yunmen said, "You rice bag! Do you go about like that—now west of the river, now south of the lake?" With this, Dongshan awakened.

Well, I got up this morning and made myself a cup of tea. Then I did zazen for a while, and then read some news online. Later today I need to do some work in the yard and reply to some emails ...

"You rice bag!"

Do you really live like that, just stumbling along from one thing to the next? What is this? Look!

The influential 19<sup>th</sup> century German philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche provocatively explored something akin to "nothing happens next, this is it" in his ruminations on the idea of "eternal recurrence." The general idea—which has existed in

various forms since antiquity—is that the universe and all existence and energy have been recurring, and will continue to recur, in a self-similar form infinitely, across time and space. What interested Nietzsche was not speculation about the nature of the universe but seriously considering this fate of having to live one's life over and over—every detail repeated, every pain and every joy—as a sort of thought experiment that keenly reveals one's attitude toward life. Where many would be horrified by the idea of eternal recurrence, Nietzsche suggested that to actually embrace such a fate would be an ultimate affirmation of one's life. How would it be for you if you had to relive every detail of your life, including being wherever you are right now reading this newsletter article again and again without end? This quite sobering thought seems to land us squarely in our body and our life right where we are. How about this right here? How about living the life you want to live, right here, where you are, as you are?

In the practice of Zen, the challenge of "Nothing happens next. This is it." is not a hypothetical thought experiment:

Yunmen said to his assembly, "Every day is a good day."

I can assure you Yunmen is not saying "every cloud has a silver lining" or that "everything always works out for the best." Everything doesn't always work out for the best—like the day your body is wracked with pain and you end up on a ventilator. Is that a good day? Every dark cloud doesn't have a silver lining—some dark clouds are just dark. But Yunmen said *every* day is a good day. What sort of "good" is this?

There's an old Chinese love song which tells the story of a young woman who calls her maid even though she doesn't need anything. She calls just so her nearby lover will hear her voice. "Every day is a good day" is its own goodness. Nothing happens next. This is it. . . .It's your move.

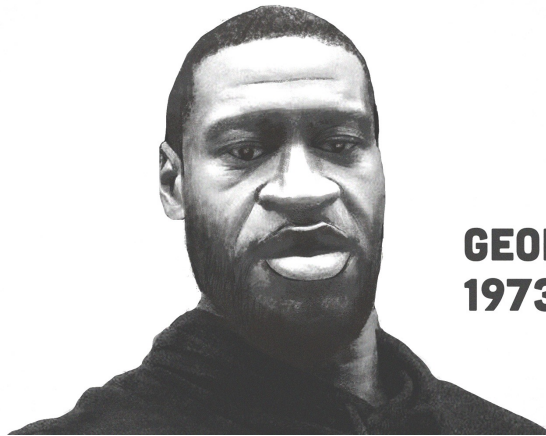
## Apologies Don't Help

by Kathy Ratliffe

(2012) Trayvon Martin, Dontre Hamilton, (2013) David McAtee, (2014) Eric Garner, John Crawford III, Michael Brown, Ezell Ford, Dante Parker, Tanisha Anderson, Akai Gurley, Laquon MacDonald, Tamir Rice, Romain Brisbon, Jerame Reid, (2015) Tony Robinson, Philip White, Eric Harris, Walter Scott, Freddie Gray, (2016) Terence Crutcher, Philando Castille, Alton Sterling, (2018) Stephon Clark, Antwon Rose, Emantic Bradford Jr., Rashaun Washington, Robert Lawrence White, Marcus-David L. Peters, Juan Markee Jones, Danny Thomas, Cameron Hall, Shermichael Ezeff, Ronell Foster, Arthur McCafee Jr., Marcell Green, Yvette Smith, Sandra Bland, (2019) Ariane McCree, (2020) Breonna Taylor, Sean Reed, Steven DeMarco Taylor, Terrence Franklin, Amaud Marquez Arbery, George Floyd . . .

killed by police in larger numbers than non-LGBTQ+ folks—shot in the back as they ran away.

The killing of George Floyd after he was taken into custody for suspicion of using a counterfeit bill on May 25<sup>th</sup> sparked national and global protests and increased public recognition of the trend of police murders of Black men and women. Four police officers subdued him and one kneeled on Mr. Floyd's neck until he was dead—almost nine minutes. This strategy of keeping someone restrained by the neck was and is illegal in most states, including Minnesota, where this incident occurred. This happened even though Mr. Floyd said that he couldn't breathe and bystanders asked the officers to let Mr. Floyd get up, and warned them that he couldn't breathe and had stopped moving. A bystander filmed the murder on his phone. As exemplified by the list of names above, a partial list only, this was part of a pattern of



**GEORGE FLOYD**  
**1973–2020**

All of these Black people were unarmed and most were killed by police; some, like Trayvon Martin and Amaud Arbery, were killed by White vigilantes. Some had mental illnesses or were on drugs and were agitated, but most were people who were hauled from cars, arrested for minor offenses, or were simply running away from police because they were scared. One was a child playing with a toy gun. Most were unarmed. I did not include the names of people from other groups such as those who were LGBTQ+, although they also have been

behavior by police over years. It reflects the ingrained institutional and individual racism in this country since Black people were involuntarily transported to the US over 400 years ago, and enslaved, and the racism isn't limited to police.

Let's take a Dharma perspective as we look at some of these difficult issues around structural and personal racism and social justice that have been coming up in our country and across the world spurred by George Floyd's death. What is our ownership of and responsibility for it? What should

we do? How can we help? These questions have a practice focus as well as a practical one.

A monk asked Zhaozhou, “What is the fact that I accept responsibility for?”

The master said, “To the ends of time you’ll never single it out” (Green, 1998, p. 60).

Our question is essential. It’s not that it can’t be answered, it’s just that it can’t be contained in an answer. Answers limit, and the response to this question is limitless. We must keep working at it. Zhaozhou is talking about the responsibility of our own awakening, of finding our own true eye. Our responsibility to see this is that of everyone, and is also uniquely our own. Our own responsibility is indistinguishable from everyone’s responsibility.

My brother and my daughter live in Philadelphia. Their community was overwhelmed recently by approximately 100 members of a White vigilante group who terrorized the neighborhood—invading with bats and racist epithets against Black people, Jewish people and women. They attacked a reporter and many others, put two people in the hospital and damaged property. The community was appalled that this group was not stopped by local police even though it was past curfew. The police stood by and took photos of the vigilante group. I heard this from my brother and daughter and read a letter that was written to protest the lack of action by the police. The community was angry and traumatized. This type of violence and racism is affecting each of us personally in different ways. We all know the story; it’s been on the news for two weeks or eight years, or 400 years. Yet, we can’t really know the story because it’s still unfolding. If we think we know it, we dismiss it as either not affecting us personally or as old news or as unsolvable. This is our story.

Many people have written eloquently about standing up to support positive change. My friend, Rafe Martin, who is a Zen teacher in Rochester, New York, wrote on Facebook:

Zen practice is not necessarily a way of

changing the world. Rather, it is a way of holding the world together, of repairing the world and ourselves so that needed changes can come. The work of changing the world—which means changing our culture and its effects on the world—begins when we get up from zazen and head back into our ordinary lives. Zazen is our foundation for change.

This getting up and stepping forth to make change is important. We can’t simply sit on our cushions and let the world swirl around us. Yet—our ordinary world includes our zazen, and our zazen includes the ordinary world. We live our lives and practice at the same time. They cannot be separated from each other.

A monk asked [Zhaozhou], “What is the practice of a sangha member?”

The master said, “Leaving practice behind” (Green, 1998, p. 396).

Zhaozhou didn’t mean for us to stop practicing. He meant that we should forget that we practice—to sit and stand and walk and eat and work and protest—as practice. If we are not intimate with our zazen when we go to work or to a protest, we miss opportunities to see. We miss what we are doing! When we are not intimate with our everyday lives while on the cushion, our zazen becomes abstract. One doesn’t work without the other. We have to step with one foot at a time, to keep our eyes and our ears wide open so that there is no one practicing. The screens in our wonderful Palolo zendo don’t keep anything out or anything in, except maybe a mosquito or two. We sit completely in the world, hearing the birds and the hikers and feeling the wind. We do this practice and live our lives with attention, energy and discipline. By changing ourselves, we change the world. Although there is no one doing it, and nothing gets done, things change.

Aitken Roshi characterized this haiku by Basho as

the “patience that is really fulfillment.” It is a way to live our lives.

Journeying through the world  
To and fro, to and fro,  
Cultivating a small field  
(Aitken, 1994, p. 64).

So, how can each of us cultivate our small field? The Hawaiian word “kuleana” is often translated as responsibility, but a more complete translation refers to a reciprocal relationship between the person who is responsible and the thing for which that person is responsible. Our own kuleana includes the recent crisis of police brutality, climate change, poverty, and social justice. There is a mutual relationship.

Here is an excerpt from a *Letter to White Parents* written by a Black mother named Tabitha St. Bernard-Jacobs. It was published in an online publication called *Romper* on May 28, 2020. It’s rather long, but I think her words are important.

Apologies don’t help. We live in a system that is set up to value white lives above others, so unless you’re working at dismantling this system that you actively benefit from, you’re complicit in it. The wringing of hands in shock and horror won’t save our Black lives. Asking Black people who are currently experiencing trauma to show you ways to be an ally isn’t helpful—it centers you and further traumatizes us. What we really want you to do, what we’d really like to know is: Are you ready to give up your comfort and privilege for the safety of Black people?

White parents need to teach their kids to be actively anti-racist and they need to do it early and often. Racism doesn’t start with a knee on a Black man’s neck, as was the case with George Floyd. It starts in homes, schools, and work-places across this country. Workplace culture and systemic racism leads directly to the high number of

Black people being killed by police across the country and is specifically relevant in regards to Minneapolis’ failed attempts to reform a department they know has systemic flaws, as many police departments across the country do (St. Bernard-Jacobs2020).

Thank you Tabitha St. Bernard-Jacobs for stating the issue so plainly. This is not someone else’s issue. It is our kuleana. It doesn’t stop with violence against people who are Black or LGBTQ+. It includes marginalization of Native Hawaiian people, prejudice against Micronesian people, and the degradation of our environment. I think it’s also important to realize that it is us who are perpetrating the violence, and it is us being killed. It is us who are hurting. It is us who need to change. “It is us” goes beyond empathy, although that is important. With true empathy, there is no me and you. Yet,

Yunmen asked a monk, “An old man said, ‘In the realm of nondualism there is not the slightest obstacle between self and other.’ What about Japan and Korea in this context?”

The monk said, “They are not different.”

The Master remarked, “You go to hell”  
(App, 1994, p. 64).

Holding too closely to an understanding can limit your discernment. His idea of no obstacle between self and other limited the monk’s clarity of vision. It’s true that there is no obstacle between self and other, and it’s equally true that Japan is an island nation and Korea is a peninsula. It’s not the same, it’s not different. It is the same, it is different. It is sameness within difference. It is difference within sameness. This is like Shitou’s lines in his “Accord on Investigating Diversity and Wholeness.” He wrote:

There is dark within the bright, but do not meet it as dark.

Within the dark there is bright, but do not view it as bright.

Bright and dark mutually correspond, like front and back foot walking (Bolleter, 2014, p. 34).

In his treatise on *Dongshan's Five Ranks*, Ross Bolleter (2014) wrote:

... "bright" is evocative of contingency, the variegated world of color and form, and "dark" is suggestive of the mysterious undifferentiated realm of the essential (p. 34).

Each of us, each thing, is exquisitely unique, and yet, at the same time not separate from everything else. Each cell in our body is different from all of the others, and yet does not function alone. The proteins, chemicals and energy in each cell are made up of the same stuff, yet have different functions. When I die, like a fallen tree or a dead rat, my body will rot and feed worms.

This problem we are facing also goes beyond cause and effect. Racism is not the cause of violence. The book I used to read to my daughter when she was small about the bug who sneezed and the chaos that ensued is only a superficial description of cause and effect. It also applies to the effect my great-grandmother had on my genes because she smoked, and the effect that you have right now on all people because of your vast hours of zazen. But that is not the root cause of anything.

Martin Luther King said:

All life is interrelated, and we are all caught in an inescapable network of mutuality, tied in a single garment of destiny. . . . I can never be what I ought to be until you are what you ought to be. And you can never be what you ought to be until I am what I ought to be—this is the interrelated structure of reality (King, 2018).

So, how should we move forward? What can we do

that will make a difference? Tabitha St. Bernard-Jacobs had some good advice. And there is a lot of other advice out there. Look up free Internet-based training on recognizing your implicit biases and on how to manage them. Look up current readings on social justice to inform yourself.

And here is a *mondo* involving Fayan to help clarify our way:

Monk: "What should one do during the twelve periods of the day?"

Master: "Tread firmly with each step."

Monk: "How can the ancient mirror reveal itself before it is uncovered?"

Master: "Why should you reveal it again?"

Monk: "What is the subtle idea of all Buddhas?"

Master: "It is what you also have" (Foster & Shoemaker, 1996, p. 150).

Let's go through this a bit. The monk asked "What should one do during the twelve periods of the day?" He's asking, how do I live my life? Or, in our case, how can we move forward with all of this pandemic-laden racist violence? How do we solve this problem?

Fayan responded, "Tread firmly with each step." What does "firmly" mean here? Hard or heavy like a soldier tramping through? No, it's more like setting a seed in the earth, tamping it firmly so it can grow—open, purposeful, sincere, steady, connected.

The monk asked further, "How can the ancient mirror reveal itself before it is uncovered?" The metaphor here is, how can I see what is true even before realization? I don't see it. What is it? We've all experienced this question.

Fayan responded, "Why should you reveal it again?" Exposed! Right here since the beginning.

The monk still didn't get it and asked, "What is the subtle idea of all Buddhas?" He is persistent! What is it?

Fayan told him, "It is what you also have." Fayan is



being very grandmotherly here. You already have it. You've had it the whole time. Look! Look!

Okay, we know how to practice, or, at least, we are learning how to practice. Here are Raven and Brown Bear giving us some more advice.

One evening, in a discussion of his personal problems, Raven asked Brown Bear, "What is the effect of character on practice?"

Brown Bear said, "I try to keep my promises."

Raven said, "I try to keep my promises too, but I am easily distracted."

Brown Bear said, "The cold wind reminds me" (Aitken, p. 19).

The cold wind coming off the mountains reminded Brown Bear of his promises. The cold wind that reminds us right now is that knee on George Floyd's neck, and the tears and anguish of countless mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, sons and daughters of the many George Floyds whose lives have been snuffed out and opportunities thwarted by our own ignorance and racism. This remembering is like recalling a dream; the promises do not consist of thoughts or words, but of this, the promise of this moment. We remember, and we step forward without knowing how to help.

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### Highlights from the Zendo

**We closed**, March 20, following the Governor's mandate to help suppress the Covid-19 pandemic.

**We opened**, June 14. Following the lifting of the stay-at-home restrictions, we thoughtfully implemented protective practices involving spacing of zafus to at least 6 feet, adding outdoor zafus, moving the hojo to the Teacher's Quarters, using hand sanitizer, wearing face masks, eliminating chanting and the tea service.

**We closed**, August 5. After a surge on Oahu of coronavirus cases an order of magnitude greater than we had previously seen, the Board made the call to suspend formal sitting at the zendo.

During the Spring closure, improvements were made to the buildings and grounds. Bill Metzger seamlessly led a team of volunteers to complete the repainting of the dark wooden exterior sections in half the time expected. We also hired a team of weed-whackers to cut back the buffalo grass that was encroaching on the parking lot, and now our volunteer weed-whackers are maintaining this reclaimed land.

In April we held our first Annual Sangha Meeting via Zoom. At this time Clifton Royston, Andy Hoffman and Bob Buss joined the Board and received a heartfelt welcome. At the May Board meeting the Board members said goodbye to long-time President, Loren Rivers. We miss you at the meetings, Loren, and thank you for your

leadership! Crystal Zhong enthusiastically stepped in as President and is doing a wonderful job leading the Board with its new Zoom meeting format with a focus on our consensus decision-making practice. Karen Lofstrom stepped down from her role as Treasurer, and we thank her for her work over the past year. Clifton Royston assumed the role of Treasurer, Kendra Martyn continues as Vice President, and Morgan Richie, PZC Administrator, remains as our Secretary.

Although unable to practice in person, the sangha enjoyed gathering on Zoom with off-island sangha members, and this has inspired the scheduling of more Zoom gatherings in the upcoming months.

During our brief seven weeks of resumed practice, a summer sesshin was held with modified forms. A small group of nine, including Michael, gathered on July 31. Even though we wore masks at all times, except while sleeping in private rooms, and maintained a distance of at least eight feet while sitting, walking and eating in the zendo, the intimacy and power of the sesshin was palpable.

During this current shutdown the zendo is open for informal sitting to those who regularly practice zazen at PZC, but no groups. It is also open for samu practice. The Administrator, Morgan, and Temple Keeper, Michael Hofmann, continue to maintain the facility and conduct PZC business—both are looking forward to safer times when we can resume practicing together.

The zendo and grounds remain a beautiful, wild and functioning practice location. The sangha remains a vibrant and healthy practice community. The resilience that zazen cultivates is apparent as we navigate this uncharted territory together.

**Administrator, HDS:** Morgan Richie  
**Temple Keeper, PZC:** Michael Hofmann  
**NL Editor & Layout:** Kendra Martyn  
**Editorial Board:** Kathy Ratliffe, Clark Ratliffe, Michael Kieran

## Upcoming Events

The Palolo Zen Center is closed and our regular calendar has been suspended. Below are listed the currently planned September Zoom events. Please check our on-line calendar for updates on future events ([diamondsangha.org](http://diamondsangha.org)) or contact our Administrator with any questions ([info@diamondsangha.org](mailto:info@diamondsangha.org)).

**Fall Sangha Meeting on Zoom: Sunday 9/6, 9:30 to 9:55 a.m. zazen, 10 to 11:30 a.m. meeting.** All members are encouraged to participate.

**Dharma Study Series on Zoom: Sundays 9/13, 9/20, & 9/27, 9:30 a.m. on-line zazen. 10 – 11:30 a.m. Dharma Study activity.** The subject and preparatory readings will be coming soon.

**Orientation to Practice on Zoom: Saturday 9/19, 9 a.m.– noon.** Please call 808-735-1347 or email [info@diamondsangha.org](mailto:info@diamondsangha.org) for a reservation and Zoom link. This will cover all the particulars of doing Zen meditation on your own and at the Palolo Zen Center. Please wear loose clothes and have available a cushion to sit on the floor.



Nicole smiles while lifting her brush to paint the railing.

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Summer Sesshin abruptly ended on the evening of Day 3 after one participant fell ill with what later proved not to be Covid-19. After packing up, seven of the nine participants met in the zendo for a final good bye around 9 p.m., and Kathy remembered to take the sesshin picture—documenting our masked and socially-distanced sesshin.

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