

Honolulu Diamond Sangha



Spring, 2021

Record of Ease

Case 74: Fayan's Form and Name

by Michael Kieran

"A monk asked Fayan, "The received teachings have the saying 'All things stem from the root of non-abiding.' What about this root of non-abiding?"

Fayan said, "Appearances blossom immaterially. Names arise namelessly."

Today we have the wonderful master Fayan Wenyi. We've met him many times before in our Dharma Assemblies. This is the sixth time he has appeared in the *Record of Ease* alone.

The received teaching in this case is the Vimalakīrti Sūtra. Here is the full passage from the Sūtra that the monk is asking about:

Manjushri asked Vimalakīrti, "What is the basis of the body?" Vimalakīrti said, "Craving is the basis of the body." Manjushri asked, "What is the basis of craving?" Vimalakīrti said, "False discrimination is the basis of craving." Manjushri asked, "What is the basis of false discrimination?" Vimalakīrti said, "Erroneous conception is

the basis of false discrimination." Manjushri asked, "What is the basis of erroneous conception?" Vimalakīrti said, "Non-abiding is the basis." Manjushri asked, "What is the basis of non-abiding?" Vimalakīrti said, "Non-abiding has no basis. Manjushri, all things are established from a non-abiding basis."

So yes, what about this basis of non-abiding? First, what is meant by the "basis" or "root"? Shakyamuni taught that all things, everything that exists, exists by way of interdependence with other things. This is the teaching of *pratitya samutpada* or conditioned arising. Put in simple terms: for A to exist, B must exist. To say it more dynamically and accurately, B

is the condition or basis which allows A to arise. If B does not arise, then A will not arise. This is conditioned arising. So "basis" or "root" is not a separate and ultimate cause or creator like God, that creates something out of nothing. Rather, when speaking of the root or basis in the context of Buddhism, we are speaking about *how* things are related through conditioned arising. The classic example of this is Buddha's teaching of the twelve-fold causal chain of existence:

1. Ignorance—is the basis of —>
 2. Volitional actions—are the basis of —>
 3. Consciousness—is the basis of —>
 4. Name-and-Form—are the basis of —>
 5. Six senses—are the basis of —>
 6. Contact—is the basis of —>
 7. Sensation—is the basis of —>
 8. Craving—is the basis of —>
 9. Clinging or attachment—is the basis of —>
 10. Becoming—is the basis of —>
 11. Birth—is the basis of —>
 12. Death/decay/lamentation—is the basis of —>
- Ignorance
and on and on it goes, endlessly.

The links of chain that Manjushri and Vimalakīrti speak of in the Vimalakīrti Sūtra are slightly different, but the linkage of conditioned arising is the same. Craving is the basis of the body. False discrimination is the root or basis of craving. Erroneous conception is the basis of false discrimination, and non-abiding is the basis of erroneous conception. And what is the basis of non-abiding? Non-abiding doesn't abide anywhere. Non-abiding has no basis. Each dharma in the chain has non-abiding as its basis. Non-abiding has no basis, so body, craving, and discrimination also have no basis. In this way, as Vimalakīrti then says, "All things are established from a non-abiding basis."

So what about this non-abiding basis of all things? Yes, non-abiding itself has no basis. And yet, even though the words I am speaking right now abide

nowhere, you are hearing these words! Where is this taking place?

To abide means to go along with, to comply and, also, to continue, to dwell, to live. Non-abiding isn't the opposite of abiding. Non-abiding throws out the whole framework of abiding or not abiding, of dwelling or not dwelling, living or not living. Non-abiding!

Fayan's grandfather in the dharma, the master Xuansha realized the non-abiding nature of all things one day when he was descending the mountain from his monastery and stubbed his toe on a sharp rock. As it began to bleed and throb, he cried out, "Body and mind do not exist. Where does this pain come from?" and in that moment, he was deeply awakened.

In this way the whole chain of conditioned arising reverses. Without ignorance as a basis, volitional actions don't arise. Without the basis of volitional actions, consciousness does not arise, and without consciousness, name and form do not arise, and so on to no birth and death, which also have no basis on which to arise. This is not a sequence of discrete steps in time. It is simply a description of inter-dependent *relationships* among the various elements, while the various elements themselves are non-abiding. Thus the whole thing rolls out all at once and can roll up and collapse all at once too, as it did for Xuansha when he stubbed his toe.

Dōgen's teacher Tiantong Rujing expressed it this way in a verse:

The entire body is like a mouth hung in
space.
It does not matter from what direction the
wind blows
—north, south, east, west—
The wind bell always makes the sound of
awakening
"ting, ting, ... ting, . ting"

This doesn't *happen to us*; it is how *we happen*. In

Case 61 of the *Blue Cliff Record* we find this account:

Fengxue handed down the word saying,
"If you establish a single mote of dust the
state prospers. If you don't establish a
single mote of dust, the state perishes."

And like the links of the Buddha's twelve-fold causal chain, this prospering and perishing are not discrete steps in time—yesterday or a moment ago we were prospering and now we're perishing. No, we and the universe prosper and perish in exactly the same place at exactly the same time. Where and when is that? Who is reading these words?

Fengxue continued:

If you can clearly understand here, you have no separate part. It's all this old monk and I am just you. You and I can awaken everyone in the world and can also delude everyone in the world. Do you want to know 'you'? (Fengxue slapped his left side and said) Here it is. Do you want to know 'me'? (Fengxue slapped his right side and said) Here it is.

This non-abiding basis of all things—this arriving and passing away at the very same time—how is it a basis?

Is it a basis? Yes, indeed it is the basis, and it's wonderfully reliable. Here called "the non-abiding basis," elsewhere called "the unborn" or "Buddha-nature" or your "Original face before your parents were born"—so many wonderfully creative ways the Buddhas and Ancestors had to awaken us to who and what we are.

It's not uncommon as people sink more and more deeply into their Zazen that fear may arise. As the non-abiding basis begins to show itself, we may experience it as a loss. But really, nothing is lost except our false ideas. The basis of all that exists has been non-abiding all along and we've been doing more or less okay, haven't we? So not to worry as you enter more completely into the non-abiding basis of Mu, or of your breath counting. If

fear arises, just gently and continuously stay with Mu or your count of the breath. The fear too has a non-abiding basis.

As we learn to rely on and trust in our own non-abiding basis rather than beliefs and fixed concepts, we find that we can begin to work more easily and fittingly with whatever arises. Relying on our non-abiding basis, new perspectives and new ways to move and function appear because the basis of all of this is non-abiding.

This non-abiding functionality is personified in Mahayana Buddhism by the Bodhisattva Samantabhadra, the "Great action Bodhisattva," as we say in our meal ceremony gathas.

Fayan presents this free and unfettered functionality in his reply to the monk:

**"Appearances blossom immaterially.
Names arise namelessly."**

Fayan borrows a line from the Jewel Treasury Treatise written by the 5th Century master Sengzhao, not to explain the matter, but to immediately and directly demonstrate how all things stem from the root of non-abiding:

Appearances-blossom-immaterially...
Names arise-namelessly...

Someone asked me recently, "What does it mean to say that anger is empty?" What a simple and profound question! I said, "It means that there is no one who is angry. Anger and emptiness are two different names for the same experience." The inquirer then said, "But that doesn't mean anger isn't real, right?"

RIGHT! If we dismiss our anger, telling ourselves it isn't real, then we dismiss our very life as not real. When I say that anger and emptiness are two different names for the same experience, what I am saying is *how* anger is real; *HOW* it is. In the context of our case, we could say the basis of anger is non-abiding. What is this non-abiding? It is not that all things are created out of nothing (*creatio ex nihilo*). That would make the things of the world separate

from their empty nature. But there is no separation.

Look:

"Appearances-blossom-immaterially...
Names-arise-namelessly... "

Master Hongzhi compiler of the *Record of Ease* also shows us the functioning of our non-abiding basis by immaterially blossoming the nameless names of his verse:

Without tracks,
No news.
The white clouds are rootless—
What color is the pure breeze?
Spreading the canopy of the sky, with no
mind,
Holding the carriage of the earth, with great
power;
Illumining the profound source of a thousand
ages,
Making patterns for ten thousand forms.
Meetings for enlightenment in the atoms of all
lands—
in each place is Samantabhadra:
The door of the tower opens—
everywhere is Maitreya.

As usual there are some allusions in the verse that are helpful to know about. There are two stories regarding:

The white clouds are rootless—
What color is the pure breeze?

This story:

Lord Liu Yudian asked Yunju, "Where does the rain come from?" Yunju said, "It comes from your question." The lord was delighted and thanked him. Yunju then asked back, "Where does the question come from?" The lord said nothing.

Ah, too bad.

And this story:

Once when master Xichan was sitting with an official, he asked, "What color is the wind?" The official said nothing.

Xichan then asked a nearby monk; the monk held up his patchrobe and said, "In a shop in the city."

Xichan said, "How much cloth did it require?"

The monk said, "No connection." Xichan said nothing.

Wonderful! No connection at all. What's the use of a connection when there's no gap?

The mention of Samantabhadra and Maitreya in the verse are allusions to passages in the Huayan Sūtra where, at the instruction of Manjushri, the spiritual pilgrim Sudhana sets out in search of a teacher. Along his path he encounters fifty-two different teachers—twenty of whom are female; I'm happy to say. Each of these teachers has mastered some particular samādhi and has a specific bit of wisdom to impart to the ardent seeker Sudhana. As Sudhana's search nears its end, he enters the immensely vast home of Maitreya. Maitreya, as I think you know, is the next Buddha that will appear in the world according to the Mahayana Buddhist teachings.

Entering Maitreya's tower, Sudhana sees countless beautifully colored canopies, banners, pennants, jewels, garlands of pearls and gems, moons and half-moons, multicolored streamers, jewel nets, gold nets, strings of jewels, jewels on golden threads, and hears sweetly ringing bells and nets of chimes, as flowers shower down. And inside this great tower he also sees hundreds of thousands of other towers similarly arrayed, but each different and distinct. And within each of those hundreds of thousands of other towers, Sudhana sees himself witnessing an infinite variety of wondrous events. Here he again meets Manjushri who now sends him to Samantabhadra, great action Bodhisattva, whose Ten Bodhisattva Vows Sudhana takes as his own. As Sudhana speaks the vows, he realizes that these timeless vows are fulfilled from the very moment they are made.

"Appearances blossom immaterially. Names arise namelessly."

Supernatural Powers

by Kathy Ratliffe

One day Shitou said to Layman Pang: “Since seeing me, what have your daily activities been?”

“When you ask me about my daily activities, I can’t open my mouth,” the Layman replied.

“Just because I know you are thus I now ask you,” said Shitou. Whereupon the Layman offered this verse:

My daily activities are not unusual,
I’m just naturally in harmony with them.
Grasping nothing, discarding nothing,
In every place there’s no hindrance, no
conflict.
Who assigns the ranks of vermilion and
purple?—
The hills’ and mountains’ last speck of dust
is extinguished.
[My] supernatural power and marvelous
activity—
Drawing water and carrying firewood.

Shitou gave his assent. Then he asked: “Will you put on black robes or will you continue wearing white?”

“I want to do what I like,” replied the Layman. So, he did not shave his head or dye his clothing. (Sasaki et al., 1971, p. 46)

Layman Pang lived with his wife and daughter, and all of them practiced and realized the way. Stories about them show how, through their daily activities, they embodied the Way. Layman Pang and his family inspire me, and I hope they can inspire you too.

Shitou, Layman Pang’s teacher, asked Pang what his daily activities had been since they last saw each other. What a wonderful question. We can learn a lot about each other through asking about daily activities. We explored some of these recently in our Zoom social gathering, asking what keeps us up at night, what we have achieved lately and what is

something that people don’t generally know about us. Yet, many of our daily activities seem so mundane. Brushing teeth, showering, getting dressed, eating breakfast. We all do these things, however, how they connect to our practice is not always clear. Practice and realization seem separate, but they are not.

I water my vegetable garden in the early morning before zazen, and wave to my neighbor across the street who walks his little dog about the same time. I collect the cherry tomatoes so the birds don’t peck at them, and occasionally leave one to turn red to share with them. The tomatoes ripen on the kitchen counter in a day or two, and Clark and I often pop them in our mouths and enjoy their sweet flavor as we pass by. For me, these activities form the rich texture of my day—the warm smile with my neighbor, the sound of the water spraying, the bright color and the burst of flavor of the tomato.

Layman Pang responded to Shitou, “When you ask me about my daily activities, I can’t open my mouth.” Was Layman Pang silent because he didn’t have an answer? Or was that his answer? No mundane or profound—nothing at all. What is there to say from the point of view of the dharma? How can we open our mouths.

Yet, Shitou persisted, “Just because I know you are thus I now ask you,” he said. This is a teacher responding to another’s condition appropriately—“Yes! Right there! What is that?” What was Layman Pang’s condition right then? How often have you felt tongue-tied in dokusan—you cannot say a word! Opening your mouth like a fish with no sound coming out. Is that enough?

But Shitou was asking Layman Pang to respond further. Pang’s response was not yet complete. How could you offer something more in this situation? What could you say?

This is like standing on the top of a 100-foot pole and not being able to take a step. Vast space surrounds you, and yet, where can you go without

losing your life? As Changsha said,

You who sit on the top of the one hundred-foot pole,
although you have entered the Way, it is not yet genuine.

Take a step from the top of the pole
And worlds of the Ten Directions are your total body. (Aitken, 1990, p. 273)

Layman Pang stepped without hesitation as he presented a verse. The first line: "My daily activities are not unusual, I'm just naturally in harmony with them." Brushing your teeth is not unusual. Collecting cherry tomatoes, watering the garden. These are not unusual activities. But, what is being in harmony with them? How are you in harmony with brushing your teeth or picking tomatoes? What is the difference between eating breakfast in or out of harmony? Being in harmony means that every note in the chord resonates fully with the overarching tone. There is no need to wonder if it's enough, or if it's the right thing to do, or if it matches expectations.

Layman Pang's second line reads, "Grasping nothing, discarding nothing, in every place there's no hindrance, no conflict." It's like a dance when the whole dance floor dances with you. The whole world is dancing. What about when the birds eat holes in the tomatoes before I can collect them? The storm we had a few weeks ago put so much water on the roof that the gutter overflowed and the water washed through my garden like a waterfall. The beet greens were torn and flattened. The topsoil washed over the stone wall into the street and the growing beet roots were exposed. My garden was devastated! Where is the harmony then?

Dogen pondered this when he encountered an old cook in China. He said,

When I was at Mount Tiantong, a monk called Lu from Qingyuan Fu was serving as tenzo. One day after the noon meal, I was walking to another building within

the complex when I noticed Lu drying mushrooms in the sun in front of the *but suden*. He carried a bamboo stick but had no hat on his head. The sun's rays beat down so harshly that the tiles along the walk burned one's feet. Lu worked hard and was covered with sweat. I could not help but feel the work was too much of a strain for him. His back was a bow drawn taut, his long eyebrows were crane white.

I approached and asked his age. He replied that he was sixty-eight years old. Then I went on to ask him why he never used any assistants.

He answered, "Other people are not me."

"You are right," I said; "I can see that your work is the activity of the *buddhadharma*, but why are you working so hard in this scorching sun?"

He replied, "If I do not do it now, when else can I do it?"

There was nothing else for me to say. As I walked on along that passageway I began to sense inwardly the true significance of the role of tenzo. (Dōgen & Uchiyama, 2005, p. 9-10)

That tenzo was dancing the dance in the heat of the day. His activity was the activity of the Buddha him or herself. The drying mushrooms, the sweat on the cook's back and forehead, and the long eyebrows keeping the sweat out of his eyes; what more was needed?

Layman Pang's third line: "Who assigns the ranks of vermilion and purple?—The hills' and mountains' last speck of dust is extinguished." Vermillion and purple are the colors of high government officials. Those high posts were often coveted by others who worked hard to try to topple incumbents so they could grab the power for

themselves. We see this in our own society and our own time. Pang is asking who assigns those ranks? Is vermilion high and another color low? It's not that everything is equal, it's just that vermilion is completely vermilion and purple is completely purple. If you only see them in relation to one another, you are missing their truth. The illusion of power is just that, an illusion. The hills' and mountains' last speck of dust is extinguished—the hills and mountains are clear, no more illusions. The dust and the fog and the confusion are gone. Just hill! Mountain! Beets!

Finally, Pang said, “[My] supernatural power and marvelous activity—Drawing water and carrying firewood.” Drawing water and carrying firewood seem like mundane, ordinary tasks. How could they be supernatural or even marvelous? Now, we only have to turn on the faucet or the heat to achieve the same ends—truly supernatural activities!

You have supernatural power too! It's washing dishes, chopping vegetables, whacking weeds. Isn't that marvelous activity? Talking about cooking, Dōgen pointed out that, “A dish is not necessarily superior because you have prepared it with choice ingredients, nor is a soup inferior because you have made it with ordinary greens.” (Glassman & Fields, 1996, p. 13).

I was on a small island in the Federated States of Micronesia many years ago. I was helping special education teachers evaluate the needs of children with disabilities on a small outer island. The island had a population of only 400 people, and all three of the children with disabilities that we knew about ate very similar diets, rice and coconut. That's it. And fish only when they had it. The island did not have a coral reef, so the fishermen had to go to deep water to fish for barracuda and other deep water fish that were harder to catch than reef fish. But the kids didn't eat any greens or other vegetables, and vitamin A deficiency was very common, leading to vision deficiencies in children. I asked the teacher, pointing to the *bele* that was green and growing

prolifically on the ground, “Why don't they eat the *bele*—it's right here?” He said, “Oh, people think you're poor if you eat that.”

Ah, how often do we make decisions based on our best knowledge, or on what we think is right, or even to avoid the scorn of others, or just because it's what we've always done? The Yapese people worked so hard growing taro and copra, fishing, and caring for their families, but ignored the *bele* that was at their feet. They just didn't see it, and they didn't know its value.

These blind spots happen for all of us. In our culture, we spend money on nutritional supplements and on fast foods or frozen meals that offer convenience. We may not see that the ingredients in these convenient foods are not as good for us as simpler foods. We hire people to mow our grass or clean our houses, and then wonder how to pay for it all. We feel so stressed with all that we have to do.

I was talking with a Hawaiian woman recently about the Hawaiian values of kuleana and of caring for the 'aina. This woman with three teen-aged sons recounted watching workers clean her neighbor's yard recently, and toying with the idea of going over there to ask how much they charged. It was difficult to get her sons to do the job and maybe it would be easier just to pay to get it done. But she realized that there was irreplaceable value for her sons in mowing the lawn. The connection with the 'aina, and taking responsibility for caring for their own property and for their roles in the family were important cultural values that she wanted her sons to learn. She decided that she didn't want to deprive her sons of the opportunity to mow the lawn. She was teaching them to chop wood and carry water. What a wonderful lesson, if only they can realize it.

How do we chop wood and carry water? What do we think we know that we really don't know at all? How much more do we all have to learn to truly be able to chop wood and carry water?

Dogen said, “Understand that a simple green has the power to become the practice of the Buddha, quite adequately nurturing the desire to live out the Way” (Glassman & Fields, p. 13). Weeding, cooking, teaching, cleaning, are all marvelous activities, and the power you have in doing these things is supernatural, for sure!

After his verse, Shitou approved Pang’s response.

Shitou gave his assent. Then he asked: “Will you put on black robes or will you continue wearing white?”

“I want to do what I like,” replied the Layman. So, he did not shave his head or dye his clothing.

Shitou offered Pang the choice of becoming a monk or remaining a lay person, and Pang chose the way of the lay person, giving all of us a wonderful example for our own practice. Realization is not only for monks and nuns. We can embody the Way through walking, picking tomatoes and beets, washing dishes, mowing the lawn, and yes, brushing our teeth. Let’s head out to the kitchen, the yard, and the hallways to wield our supernatural powers and conduct our marvelous activities, chopping wood and carrying water.

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From the Temple

The temple is our place to practice. As we take care of it, it takes care of us. The floorboards, walls,

pillings, grasses, weeds, trees, and wind all support our practice. During the winter we opened for in-person practice on Wednesday nights and new residents moved in. Using Covid-protection forms that were modified especially for sesshin, 15 sangha members sat Rohatsu in January, and 14 sangha sat the five-day Spring sesshin, deeply enriching the Temple and our lives

Now, this Spring, we are opening up for in-person Sunday practice and will begin trying out a hybrid Zoom format to share our Temple events with sangha that cannot make it to Pālolo. We also expect to be able to hold our June and July Intensive Practice Period in the Zendo this year—making us very happy.

Other news in Pālolo includes the birth of five kids from Salt and Pepper, the neighbor's goats. These babies have captured everyone's hearts. We fell in love with an extra special one who will continue to live in Pālolo, while her brothers head off to new homes. Handsome Boy OG, the original goat, is very happy for the company and is so gentle when pretending to head butt with the young ones. Our beloved kitty, Iliahi, recovered from a mystery wound and seems to be feeling great again. She enjoyed Rohatsu this year, presenting a rat to the Jisha in gratitude, while her favorite pastimes continue to be finding sunny patches to demonstrate proper forms for napping, and going in and out of doorways.



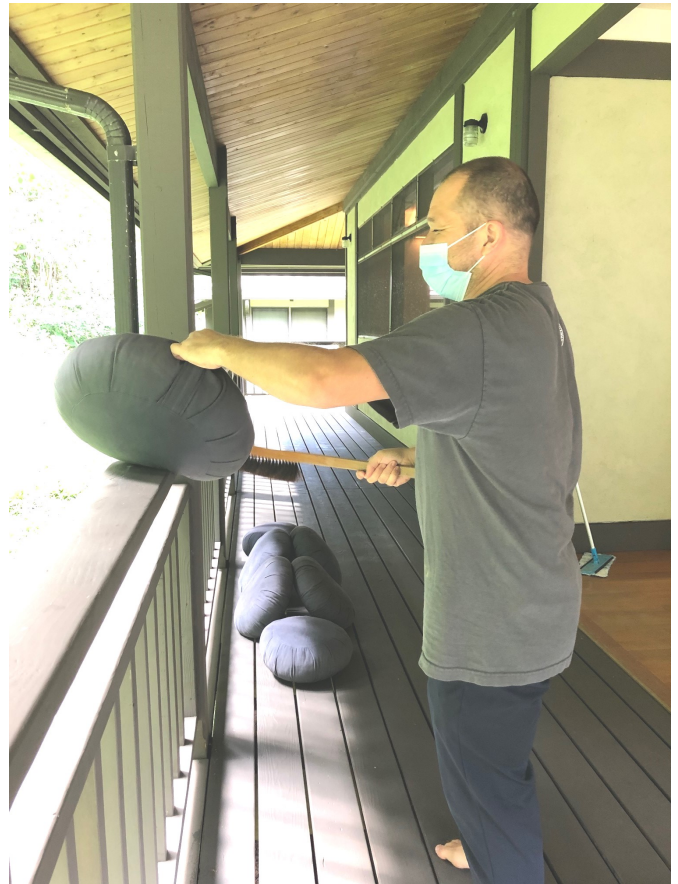
Iliahi and Handsome Boy enjoy sitting on the same rock, and it has been confirmed that this is an excellent sitting rock.

The turmeric patch produced again. In the middle of the patch, a papaya tree sprouted. We've had an abundance of ulu (breadfruit) on our tree recently and residents have been able to harvest them and send them home with others. The pigs did a lot of damage to the back yard this past season before the pig fence was installed. Fortunately, the new pig fence is doing its job and no more damage has occurred. In the future we will look into having the back yard graded so we can restore the grass and mowing may resume.

In a recent talk, we were reminded that our zendo was hand built by volunteer members of the sangha—not professional contractors. Our ancestors of the recent past built this zendo for us and through our care we carry it forward for those who come after.



Deb lovin on the new baby goats.



Daniel cracking the zafus while the wind blows away the dust.

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From the Calendar

PZC is now open for in-person zazen and dokusan on Sunday mornings from 9 to 11 am, and Wednesday evenings from 7 to 9 pm, adhering to our covid-safety forms. Deviations from this schedule and other activities and important dates are listed below. Some events are Zoom hybrids, where we will have our in-person program shared on Zoom. For questions about the calendar, please email Morgan at info@diamondsangha.org, and check our website calendar for updates at www.diamondsangha.org.

April

- 4/4: **Sun. 9 am to noon.** Work Sunday.
- 4/11: **Sun. 9 to 11 am. Zoom Hybrid.** Hanamatsuri.
- 4/18: **Sun. 8:30 am to 4 pm.** Zazenkai. Advanced signup required. Please contact Morgan at info@diamondsangha.org. Bring a brown bag lunch.
- 4/24: **Sat. 9 am to noon.** Orientation to practice. Advanced signup required. Please contact Morgan at info@diamondsangha.org.
- 4/25: **Sun. 9:30 am to noon.** Zoom Annual sangha meeting.

May

- 5/2: **Sun. 9 am to noon.** Work Sunday.
- 5/10-5/15: Hele Malie backpacking sesshin.
- 5/16: **Sun.** No program after sesshin.
- 5/23: **Sun. 9:30 to 11:30 am. Zoom** Zazen and Q&R with Michael. Signup deadline for Summer Sesshin.
- 5/29: **Sat. 9 am to noon.** Orientation to practice. Advanced signup required. Please contact Morgan at info@diamondsangha.org.

June

- 6/6: **Sun. 9 to 11:30 am. Zoom Hybrid.** Opening of Intensive Practice Period (IPP).
- 6/7: **Mon. 7 to 9 pm.** Zazen, dokusan.

6/8: **Tue. 7 to 9 pm.** Zazen.

6/10: **Thurs. 7 to 9 pm.** Zazen and Sangha practice talk.

6/12: **Sat. 4 pm.** Sunset at the Beach potluck.

6/13: **Sun. 8:30 am to 4 pm.** Zazenkai. Advanced signup required. Please contact Morgan at info@diamondsangha.org. Bring a brown bag lunch.

6/14: **Mon. 7 to 9 pm.** Zazen, dokusan.

6/15: **Tue. 7 to 9 pm.** Zazen.

6/17: **Thurs. 7 to 9 pm.** Zazen and Sangha practice talk.

6/20: **Sun. 9 am to noon.** Work Sunday.

6/21: **Mon. 7 to 9 pm.** Zazen and dokusan.

6/22: **Tue. 7 to 9 pm.** Zazen.

6/23: **Thurs. 7 to 9 pm.** Zazen and Sangha practice talk.

6/26: **Sat. 9 am to noon.** Orientation to practice. Advanced signup required. Please contact Morgan at info@diamondsangha.org.

6/28: **Mon. 7 to 9 pm.** Zazen and dokusan.

6/29: **Tue. 7 to 9 pm.** Zazen.

July

7/1: **Thurs.** Gather for Summer Sesshin.

7/2-7/8. **Fri thru Thurs.** Summer Sesshin. PZC is closed to those not attending sesshin.

7/11: **Mon. 7 to 9 pm.** Zazen and dokusan.

7/12: **Tue. 7 to 9 pm.** Zazen.

7/14: **Wed. 7 to 9:30 pm.** Zazen, dokusan and IPP closing ceremony.

7/17: **Sat. 9 am to noon.** Orientation to practice. Advanced signup required. Please contact Morgan at info@diamondsangha.org.

7/18: **Sun. 9:30 am to noon. Zoom.** Zazen and Summer Sangha meeting.

7/19 to 8/7: Relaxed period. No program at PZC or on Zoom.



Rohatsu, January. 2021



Spring Sesshin, March 2021

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