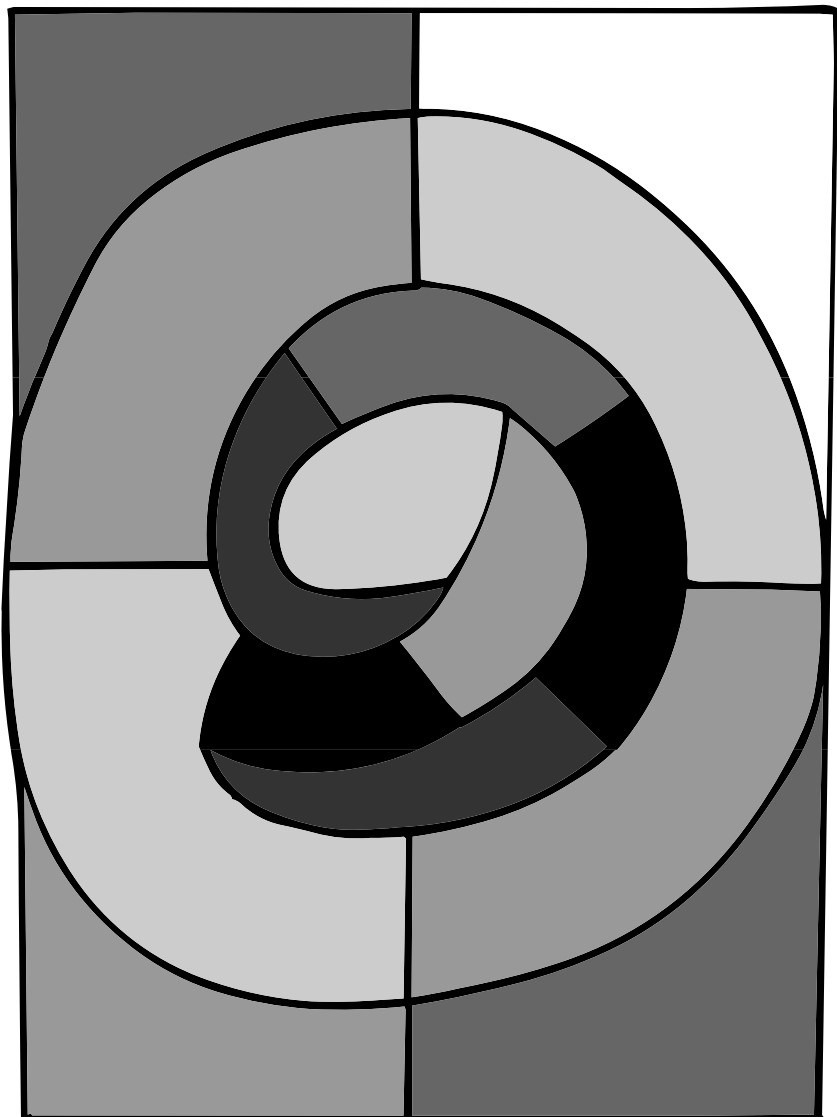


Dharma Life

A Special Edition on Peace

January 2003

*A Publication of The Missouri Zen Center
220 Spring Avenue
Webster Groves, MO 63119
(314) 961-6138*



2/23/02 Jane Seelig

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Practicing Peace

by Rosan Yoshida

Preface

“Soldiers and horses entered Mt. Yun-ju. The master (Yun-ju) sat upright and motionless. The commander, without bowing, sat facing him and asked, ‘When does the world attain peace?’ The master said, ‘Waiting for the commander’s mind becoming satisfied.’ The commander then bowed and made him his teacher.”

It is useless to wait for peace without practice, because we are all conditioned by the past habits, in our lives in this world and throughout the generations. Peace is the matter of the whole system: individual, social, environmental and cultural, economical, political all interpenetrated. We must practice and penetrate through and through the total system in order to attain genuine complete peace. We should not wait for a stroke of luck or want a band-aid fix. Everyone must practice peace for prevailing peace.

What Is Peace?

Peace is *pax* in Latin, meaning “binding together by pact.” *Pax, pact, page, pail, pectin, pro-pag-ate*, etc. come from the common root of *pag* (fasten). Peace is consolidation and integration of conflicting elements and individuals. Peace is holiness: wholeness and wholesomeness: holy harmony. Individual peace is impossible without and inseparable from communal peace. Peace is brittle, because it requires the harmony of the whole, not only a part or by a pact. It is the matter of the multilateral integral system. Peace can be in individual, social and environmental spheres.

Individual peace may be identified with no suffering, physically and mentally. Individual sufferings, however, are numerous: death, aging, sickness, life, parting with the beloved, meeting with the disliked, not acquiring the desired, psycho-physical commotion. They come from the three poisons of attachment, aversion and delusion.

Social peace may be no disorder, societal and cultural. Social disorders, however, are endless: wars, genocide, crimes, oppressions, discriminations and so on of all sorts and scale. They

come from institutions, traditions, and habits, originating from the three poisons.

Environmental peace may mean no disaster, ecological and biological. Environmental disasters are limitless: earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, hurricanes, tornadoes, meteorites, flooding, droughts, epidemics, extinction, etc. These may be nature's natural processes, but can be men's fatal disasters.

Now, man-made disasters such as global warming, ozone layer depletion, habitat and species extinction, ecological hormones and holocaust, source and sink recourse disappearance, etc. are threatening global biological catastrophe.

Why Is Peace?

Except for the man-made disasters and disorders, nature's systems run totally natural, wholly and wholesome, that is, peaceful. Nature's system is a natural, open, related, relative, dynamic, circulating (multi-directional) ecologically safe evolution process. Natural process is peaceful one, if without human intervention and interpretation.

Man-made systems, such as (city/nation) states, civilizations, countering nature's system, is unnatural, closed, unrelated, absolute, disruptive, blocking (mono-directional, pyramidal) ecologically unsafe devolution plot. Man-made systems are essentially ego-centric and eco-destructive, that is, not peaceful. Artificial intervention disrupts natural process and peace. This gradually started in Farming Revolution ten millennia ago.

This disruption intensified five millennia ago (Urban Revolution), when mankind started civilization (=urbanization, city states with war-walls) discriminating outsiders: farmers, foreigners, POWs, slaves, women, animals, plants, environments, exploiting and exterminating. It started and strengthened "ego" delusion (as independent and eternal) and bondage and vice versa. The five calamities of delusion, bondage, discrimination, exploitation and extermination are the hallmarks of artificial civilizations (civil systems).

To regain the original five blessings of awakening, freedom, equality, love and peace, Religion Revolution (sciences, ethics, arts and religions for truth, beauty, goodness and holiness) started two and half millennia ago. Truth, beauty and good

ness (corresponding to intellect, emotion and volition) originally derive from nature itself and are integrated in holiness (wholeness/wholesomeness). *Religion* (from Greek, *re-ligare*, “re-unite” with the holy) is the “way of life” and the “way to life,” “to nature’s system.” “Culture” is the cultivation of our nature, refined according to nature’s system

These three revolutions represent the first stages of “Material (Production) Revolution,” “Social Revolution” and “Spiritual Revolution.” The second stages can be identified as Industrial Revolution, National Revolution and Global Revolution. Human civilization (Material Revolution and Social Revolution for “matter” and “power”) is now encroaching on the total nature and its culture (Natural Evolution and Spiritual Revolution for “life” and “mind”) like cancer to catastrophe. Peace depends on nature’s culture. Wars originate from man’s “civilization.”

When/Where Is Peace?

When humans live by nature, there is peace. Peace is part and parcel of the five blessings. When we are awakened to the truth of nature, act according to the law of nature, we can attain genuine freedom, equality, love and peace. Nature’s system is limitlessly interacting (free), interrelated (equal), interchanging (love), interpenetrating (peace) system in time and space. Nature’s law is “Interdependent Origination,” that is; all phenomena are interdependently originated/destroyed (evolved). Peace is holiness (wholesomeness of the whole). Peace is not partial, but total.

Against this, human civilizations have artificially discriminated, exploited and exterminated the inseparable, intimate, integral conation (nature). These come essentially from the delusion of “self” (self-sameness/self-sovereignty, “eternal/independent ego”) and the bondage to it. This delusion of “ego” (and pseudo-ego: ego-group) has become more and more conspicuous in the age of globalization, democratization and information revolutions. Individual, corporate, national egoism (selfishness) made the latest century the “Century of Wars, of Capitalism, and of Nationalism.” (cf. three poisons of delusion, greed and anger)

From “ego” to “eco,” from “part” to “whole,” is the most needed paradigm shift, a Copernican Revolution. The new century and the new millennium must be the “Century of Peace, of Communalism and of the Globalism.” To realize (acknowledge and ac-

tualize) this holy (wholly, wholesome, harmoniously inter-changing) life system is the essential task of everyone's knowledge and action (truth and ethic). This requires fundamental change in the outdated ideas, isms, institutions, legal systems and life styles.

How Is Peace Achieved?

Peace is holy harmony of nature. One must become holy, mentally and physically, individually, socially (economically, politically, culturally), ecologically. One must return to nature and natural way, renounce artifices and artificial ways. Nature is the total complex system woven with all beings wrought through fifteen billion years. Both civilization and culture depend on and derive from nature. Civilization substantially modifies nature, but culture semantically manifests nature. Destruction of nature is destruction of life itself. Artificial civilization, therefore, must shift to natural culture.

Human civilization (urbanization, pyramidal structure), which created five calamities, must be amended or abolished:

Delusion: independent eternal self, sovereignty of nation state, etc.

Bondage: mind, matter, money, possession, power, prowess, etc.

Discrimination: gender, generation, race, religion, class, color, etc.

Exploitation: taxation, colonization, slavery, sanction, subsidy, etc.

Extermination: wars, genocide, capital punishment, species extinction, etc.

Institution: nation state, corporation, education, religion, media, etc.

Law: Sovereignty, property, patent, taxation, conscription, military power, etc.

Custom: luxury, waste, development, resources

Philosophy: idea, ism, ego, entity, etc.

Only the myths of modern days and covert curricula allow such as above, and prevent from any drastic doubts and demolition. Any higher religions prohibit killing, but it is allowed in the name of nation or even God, in wars (as a part of sovereignty, holy war, just war, for justice, etc.), capital punishments, raids

of pro-life movement, etc. Nationalism, patriotism, capitalism, fundamentalism, etc. are all partial views out of the total system, and are out of global age and multi-faceted community. Ten Commandments or Ten Precepts are in essential exchange and provision for paradise or pure land. If the former are not observed, the latter cannot be obtained.

To actualize total natural life system, we must set new priorities on the total life security of nature (life-ecology), above partial matter/power safety (material ego-logy: individual, group, national interest). To activate such system, we must arrange new organizations of mass cooperation in decentralized networks. To assure it, we should create and maintain infinitely intercultural, interconnecting and integrative systems. To achieve it, we ought to further information, democratization and globalization revolutions through networking. This networking of grassroots is essential to counter and correct the power systems that mobilize matter and power (taxes and military forces).

For globalization (for global life in global scale) requires the following five L's (which correspond to the universal law plus four Global Ethics principles):

1. Law (the universal law of causality or dependent origination to be admitted)
2. Life (the essential life and the total life system to be valued)
3. Love (the essential base to support the life system to be maintained)
4. Liberation (the essential base to support the life relation to be observed)
5. Lielessness (the essential base to support the life community to be kept)

The globalization must be awakened and based on the truth/rule, not be arbitrary and blind. The awakened life must be based on the following five S's corresponding to the above five:

1. Systemic (not mechanically systematic, but biologically/ecologically systemic)
2. Sustainable (not simply continuing, but biologically/ecologically sustainable)
3. Saving (not simply thrifty, but saving life/matter/power/time/space, etc.)

4. Safe (not seemingly safe, but biologically/ecologically long well tested)
5. Simple (not artificially complex, but naturally simple to save all)

The information process must be global/democratic (glocal) in the following five A's:

1. Access (Public information to be accessible to all for action)
2. Assess (Public information to be assessed by all for action)
3. Agree (Public information to be agreed for action)
4. Act (Public information to be available for action)
5. Advise (Public information to be advised for action and amendment)

The democratic process of material distribution should be in the following five R's:

1. Reduce (Limited material for use to be reduced for 5Ls/5Ss)
2. Reuse (Limited material for use to be reused for 5Ls/5Ss)
3. Recycle (Limited material for use to be recycled for 5Ls/5Ss)
4. Rearrange (Limited material for use to be rearranged for maximum use)
5. Restore (Limited material used to be restored for 5Ls/5Ss)

Awakening of the world lies in acknowledging the law of dependent origination. Actualizing this awakening is activating this law throughout the world. Thus the true practice must involve the total world: individual, social and ecological. Personal peace is playing an ostrich, if without the world. Praying peace is playing house, unless actions accompany. Genuine peace requires limitless dedication to and engagement with the limitless life system.

Conclusion

Peace is possible, but possible by practice. Only practice makes true peace. Only peace makes true practice. Peace is not possible with wishful thinking or wayward action. Peace is incompatible with charm or force. Peace is perfect only in totality

penetrating through individual, social and environmental realms. Limitless practice (awakening and action) in limitless life is the genuine practice. This is the essence of religion. Limitless life in limitless practice is the essence of peace.

Peace is not simply warless state. Five calamities: delusion (ego, pseudo-ego: nationalism, etc.), bondage (ego-suffering; dictatorship, etc.), discrimination (ego-conceit: slavery, etc.), exploitation (ego-greed: capitalism, etc.) and extermination (ego-anger: war, etc.) involves dividing conflicts and are not peaceful. Peace requires five blessings. Nirvana (unconditioned peace) is unconditional only in individual or in subjective world. In the age of globalization, we are so intertwined, we cannot have the totally independent space, psychologically, physically, socially, ecologically. In the world of interdependence, "no action is complicity." Thus, we must participate rather than playing ostrich. We should positively engage in limitless life, rather than negatively enter into solitary self.

Dr. Yoshida is founder and abbot of the Missouri Zen Center (founded in 1979). In 1982, he was ordained as Rosan Daido by Dainin Katagiri Roshi at the Minnesota Zen Meditation Center and registered at the Soto Headquarters. He received formal Dharma transmission from Katagiri Roshi in 1989. In 1991, he trained for 6 months at Zuioji Monastery under Ikko and Tsugen Narasaki Roshi's, Koten Hayashi Roshis. There he finished Dharma combat and received Dharma transmission from Tsugen Narasaki Roshi. In 1994, he completed Zuse at Eiheji and Sojiji with registration at the Soto School Headquarters as an ordained priest and teacher qualified to transmit the Dharma overseas.

Besides leading the Zen Center, Dr. Yoshida is a professor of comparative religion and global ethic at Toyo University in Tokyo. He divides his time between Japan and St. Louis. He is also an active participant of the Parliament of World Religions and its efforts to promote a new Universal Global Ethic. He is active in carrying the message regarding Buddhism, promotion of the global ethic, Zen and Japanese culture to the community in general in a wide variety of forums including universities, radio programs, community organizations, churches, temples, synagogues, etc. Following his participation in the Parliament of the World's Religions in South Africa, Rosan spent some time in Germany to pursue further the Global Ethic at the Global Ethic Foundation directed by Dr. Hans Küeng, the original drafter of the Declaration toward the Global Ethic by the Parliament of the World's Religions.



Real Peace

by Zuiko Redding

In a talk on peace in *Returning to Silence* Katagiri Roshi notes that "... real peace is not a matter of discussion. . . . We have to digest, we have to chew real peace in our hearts by ourselves. It is pretty hard." What is real peace? It's just this moment of life, beyond our thoughts and ideas about it. Real peace is also real in the street sense. It's a difficult, uncertain, often frightening process that won't succeed unless we are willing to get down and dirty.

As I write this, it's the middle of Rohatsu, when we celebrate the Buddha's awakening by making a bit more effort at remembering to be awake right where we are. I think of Siddhartha Gautama sitting under that tree after seven days and nights, perhaps falling asleep momentarily, waking up with the morning star shining in his face. "Holy moley! So this is it." This awareness is peace, where peace begins. If we are to have peace, we must make peace.

How do we make peace? We are aware and present in this moment beyond our judgments about it. We meet life directly, right in the midst of interdependence and impermanence — no holding on to distinctions, judgments, philosophies. We do this in each moment, continuously. When we forget, we just wake up again and return to the matter at hand. Aimlessly, with no goal, no desire for the rewards of good fortune, love, respect, power, admiration. We just do it again and again.

We do it even when we really want to make an exception for the person or situation that makes us totally crazy. The most important time to wake up is just when we say, "Yes, my are just my ideas, but this is different. *This* is totally unacceptable. I can't allow this any longer!!" It's really hard to let go, but it's crucial to just drop it and look for constructive, creative solutions to the situation. We are all — including the people making us crazy — doing our best. We cannot change them but we can take care of our reactions. Recognizing our reactions and not letting them seduce us into creating more conflict brings peace both to ourselves and the situation.

When we make peace in ourselves, we can take peace into the world. Peace is not a matter of discussion. Real peace is creating peace in the world by acting in peace, by expressing peace.

This is not a special thing — to create peace in *the world*. Simply taking care of our usual life is creating peace. When we're asked to do something, to just do it without protesting, analyzing, offering alternative solutions, is to create peace. To take care of a mistake without assigning blame is to create peace. Peace is just a matter of living everyday life, but with a slightly different attitude — one that doesn't cling to ideas and judgments, one that is not pulled about by the neediness of our egoistic selves.

Each of our actions, no matter how small and unconsidered, has an effect on this world. So — living in this world with a genuinely stable, contented heart with cheerful interest in whatever comes along will create a bit of peace in it. Just by being, we will help others and help all creation. I have an old friend who was my mentor in college in the early 60s. I and many other students were drawn to this particular professor because he was unfailing in his good cheer, genuine honesty and ability to listen. He was usually the first to laugh at his mistakes and to apologize for them. In his presence I was aware of a strength that made his life just fine just as it was. A big grant for the department — “Ah, yes, we can use that!” A hiring freeze — “Yes, life is very complicated, but we'll manage.” I have remained in touch with him for the past forty years because I always leave his presence in far better shape than when I entered it. Also, having seen his life, I try to make my life one that touches others in the same way. My friend has no notion of how he has changed lives, nor would knowing really matter to him. He is not “spreading peace.” He's just being himself, beyond any ideas of himself. This is real peace.

When I try to live in accordance with what I see in my friend's life, I come to a basic realization. Real peace is not easy. It just looks that way. We often think of peace as the absence of conflict, the natural state of affairs, the state of affairs that maintains itself and needs no effort. In reality, both conflict and peace must be worked at and both come naturally to us. Peace, like war, must be made and maintained. It's a matter of choice — the choice of being awake. Sometimes we find it easier to take a nap. Why?

Well, making and keeping peace requires major courage. Recently, a Jewish friend said to me about the Israeli/Palestinian conflict, “If they put down their guns, there would be peace. If we put down our guns, we would be slaughtered.” This com-

ment is universal, isn't it? How many people of the world feel the same way, including many in our own country? "If we put down our. . . , we'll be destroyed." And on the personal level, too. "If I allow . . . , I'll be destroyed." It is extremely hard to stay awake, to put aside ideas and just drop our guns. So much easier to be drunk on anger and shoot from the hip. After all, this is a life and death issue. When we fight, we forget our fear in the intoxication with our rightness, their evil and inhumanity. Our anger warms us and protects us from reality.

Katagiri Roshi notes, ". . . real peace is completely beyond whether there is a way to stop [an attack] or not." Peace is not warm. It's standing up straight and firm in the midst of attack, awake and aware. It's being aware of how scared and angry we are and not letting that draw us into the easy reaction that escalates conflict now or into the easy surrender that erupts in conflict later. It's putting our side out there with strength and firmness that do not slide into aggression. It's listening with openness to our counterpart's concerns, though we may not agree.

Peace is also not glorious. Victorious generals get ticker tape parades and public admiration. Peacemakers get little celebration and a lot of criticism. It's very useful to have no desire for reward in the peacemaking business. Peace has no association with nifty hardware or cool uniforms. There's no score, no winners and losers. Peace is just constant work at being awake, and at repaying anger and false accusation with steadiness and openness. We can only do this when we have everything we need, when we don't seek outside ourselves for what we don't have.

Peace is crucial in this world. The alternative is too dangerous these days. William Ury, in his book *The Third Side*, mentions being told by a Highland New Guinea tribesman that "Arrows are advice. Bullets are not advice." Nuclear weapons, fighter planes and smallpox are also not advice. They do not give us an opportunity to learn. We need to be very careful. The world has indeed become very complicated.

To deal with this complicated world, we come back to just *this* beyond all ideas and judgments. We wake up and show up for life in each moment, standing up in full awareness with no expectations or desire for personal reward. Doing this, we are able to pull our shreds of courage about us, stand up straight with openness. We know, beyond discussion, that fear or anger

only creates more anger and resistance, and we can act from clarity with strength. This is real peace.

Resources for further investigation:

Bohm, David. *On Dialogue*. London and New York: Routledge, 1996.

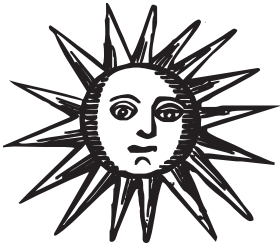
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Ury, William. *The Third Side*. New York: Penguin, 1999.

Zuiko Redding is the resident teacher at Cedar Rapids Zen Center in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. She began studying and practicing Zen Buddhism as a university student in the early 60s. After finishing her bachelor's degree at University of Houston, she entered the University of Wisconsin-Madison where she obtained a Ph.D. in sociology in 1976 and embarked on a career as a university professor.

By the mid-80s, however, Zuiko began to realize that her interest in Buddhist practice was far more important to her than her academic work. After several years of consideration she made a career change. In 1992 she was ordained in Japan and entered clerical training at Zuioji Temple and its mountain training center, Shogoji. She took her final vows and was certified to teach in the Zen Buddhist tradition in 1996.





One With Many

by Sylvie Duncan

Pine trees stand in peace
Grow on a forest hillside
Unlit by neon
Only sun and moon
Light this panoramic view
Green, green forever
One, one with many.
People stand in peace
Gather to share and grow
Unlit by neon
Only sun and moon
Light this panoramic view
Alive, alive forever
One, one with many.



Missouri Mules

by Shoken Winecuff

Not too long ago I was driving down to Missouri from northeast Iowa and I saw a herd of Missouri mules galloping down the highway. I assume they were Missouri mules. I had just crossed the state line into Missouri.

They were coming toward me on the shoulder of the road. As they got closer I could see the glee in their eyes. And as I drove further down the road I could see several farmers scratching their heads and kicking their horse trailers. Those mules had gotten free.

We all seek freedom. We look for inner peace. We want it, but don't realize it is the jewel that is already in our pocket.

Not long ago I gave a talk in a maximum security prison. The guys there were in for life, or at least very long sentences. I remember talking about freedom. Everyone wants to get 'out'. But where is 'out' when you are 'in' for life? We sat zazen...and all of us were free. You could feel the peace.

Zen Master Dogen's master, Rujing, said: "When at peace, one never talks much. When still, water never runs."

About this Dogen said, "One is at peace, thus he never talks much nor tells a lie nor deceives others nor speaks irrationally. But this never means that he utters no words, but only that he uses no dualistic words. What then should I say to this? I will say 'water is still, so it never runs.' "

Master Rujing is talking on one level. Dogen is talking on another. Rujing's statement is understandable, but what does Dogen mean, "Water is still, so it never runs"? In the absolute realm everything is 'Still'. In other words it's beyond 'moving' or 'still'. These are dualistic words based on the surface. If you see the inter-penetrating nature of all existence, Dogen says you can say water is 'Still'.

There's peace in that 'Still' because it's beyond running or not running. Just be with it as it is.

Excuse me if this seems so abstract. A couple of months ago I had quadruple bypass surgery. I really wanted to be free of the

pain and slowness of recovery. But, someone sent me a card saying, "May the tincture of time heal you." It has helped me to be patient in my recovery. And as I write this article I realize that there is only 'Stillness'. If I can be 'quiet' enough, I am free. But, inside I want to gallop like the Missouri mules with glee in my eyes, and be free of this 'suffering'.

Rev. Shoken Winecoff is head priest of Decorah Zen Center in Decorah, Iowa. They are also currently developing country land outside of Decorah for Zen monastery buildings. The name of the facility will be Ryumonji (Dragon Gate) Zen Monastery.





Peace

by Mike Pfeifer

The spaces in
the fall of a leaf or feather
is its outline.
The music of water
flowing over stone
is its voice.
The rich smell of earth
beneath leaves
is its incense.
The horizon
holding clouds or stars
is its heart.
Trees leaning
into the wind
are its bones.
The mind
in meditation
is its breath.
And none of these
suffice.



Peace and the Ancient Masters

by Andrew “Ando” McMaster

When I first began to sit at the Zen Center, before I got much face time with the wall, I studied the lives and sayings of the early masters. I thought such study would help my Zen practice. But, of course, after I got some time on the cushion, that didn't seem so important anymore. It IS important, that these men have passed the Dharma to us, from generation to generation, but they can't DO the practice for us.

If I could go back to Sung China, around 800 C.E., and ask a Chan teacher about peace, I might get whacked with a stick, or end up in a punching match with a master, if it were some one like Lin Chi (J. Rinzai). If it were one of the masters in the early Soto tradition, he might lift his hossu, or just leave the room. He might give a nonsensical answer (at least in the relative sense) such as, “The Cypress tree in the garden” or “Three Pounds of Flax.”

Such an answer would make perfect sense, as it relates to the Ultimate, or the Tao, or realizing Buddha nature, especially if I were adept at the nuances and idioms of Sung China. My question about peace, though, would make no sense at all, in any time or language, because I would be attaching to peace as an ideal, and thus I would be avoiding conflict (aversion). As the Buddha said, in so many words, Attachment, and its opposite, aversion, caused by delusion, are the reasons we suffer.

The Third Patriarch, Seng-T'san (J. Sosan), wrote, regarding attachment, in “The Faith-Mind Maxims”:

1. *The Perfect Way is not difficult;
It only avoids discriminations.
If only there is no love or hate,
Completely clean and clear it is.*

Here, Seng-T'san displays his Taoist roots, and the evolution of Indian Buddhism into its Chinese form begins.

Three generations later, the evolution reached fruition with the Teachings of Hui-neng (J. Eno), the Sixth Patriarch. In the Platform Sutra (the only written record, not of the Buddha, to be called a “Sutra”), Hui-neng said, regarding attachment:

“Learned Audience, what are Dhyana and Samadhi? Dhyana means to be free from attachment to all outer objects, and Samadhi means to attain inner peace. If we are attached to outer objects, our inner mind will be perturbed. When we are free from attachment to all outer objects, the mind will be in peace. Our Essence of Mind is intrinsically pure, and the reason why we are perturbed is because we allow ourselves to be carried away by the circumstances we are in.”

For this reason Hui-neng said, “..if we never let our mind attach to anything, we shall gain emancipation. For this reason, we take ‘Non-attachment’ as our fundamental principle.” According to the Platform Sutra, Hui-neng was instantly awakened, when as a young wood-cutter, selling his wares in the market, he heard a monk reading from the Diamond Sutra, recite the words, “attaching to nothing, generate mind.”

Over a hundred years later, Huang-po J. Obaku), a descendant of Hui-neng, and the teacher of Lin-chi J. Rinzai) said, “During the twelve periods of the day I do not attach myself to anything.”

In Japan, in the early thirteenth century, Dogen, the First Patriarch of Soto Zen wrote, “To be enlightened by all things is to be free from attachment to the body and mind of one’s self and of others. It means wiping out even attachment to Satori. Wiping out attachment to Satori, we must enter actual society.” As a descendant of that same tradition, today, my teacher, Dr. Rosan Yoshida writes, “Our attachments are revealed by our greed for material things, fame, and fortune.” Of course, if we attach to one thing we are averse to another, so Dr. Yoshida writes, “Aversion brings forth hatred of our ego-enemies.”¹

The Dharma does not change with time or place. My teacher speaks as the Buddha spoke. The Dharma is not dependent on time, place, condition, or circumstance. Realizing the Dharma is the only Way to peace. Going beyond attachment, aversion, and delusion is the Way to realize the Dharma. Our practice is to return to the “zero state”—that state which is not separate or divided, but Whole. Separation and division based on belief in delusion are the reasons for conflict. We return to the zero state by sitting totally, with good posture, on our cushion, and mindfully enjoying our breathing. We take that realization with us into the market place, where, with our attention in the here and now, we begin to know how to skillfully act for peace, demonstrate peace, and BE peace.

¹Yoshida, Rosan, "World Without Wars" Article for the Missouri Zen Center, August 24, 2000.

Ando is a member of the Missouri Zen Center and a student of Rosan Yoshida's. He doesn't know who or what he is except that "his eyes are horizontal and his nose is vertical."



Obtaining Peace

by William Pizzola #520203

I used to think that peace could be obtained. I believed that if I had enough money, married Miss Right, and lived in the perfect house all would be well. So I spent my life working, stealing and manipulating so that I could get all these things. Almost all my time and thoughts were spent plotting on how I could get them, how I could get more, and how I could keep them safe. In short, because of these things I didn't have a moments peace.

All that I was doing to obtain peace and happiness was actually taking me farther and farther away from it. It was only after being locked up in prison for several years before I realized this. I found that my peace and happiness doesn't manifest or depend on outside factors. Nor is it something I had to find or achieve. But something I had all along.

The reason I couldn't find my peace before was because all my worries and attachments were stacked on top of it. They were on the forefront of my mind and not only harmed my peace of mind but also kept me from having any real vision of life. I could only see that which surrounded my desires. It wasn't until I started meditation that I realized this.

Through my sittings (meditations) I was able to see that which hid my peace and how to go about removing them. My peace now shines brightly and I am able to walk in peace and happiness.

One does not need freedom or riches to be happy and peaceful. Quit feeding the fire of your worries and attachments and the smoke will no longer block out your peace.

William Pizzola #520203

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A Soft Answer

by Terry Dobson

A turning point in my life came one day on a train in the middle of a drowsy spring afternoon. The old car clanked and rattled over the rails. It was comparatively empty—a few housewives with their kids in tow, some old folks out shopping, a couple of off-duty bartenders studying the racing form. I gazed absently at the drab houses and dusty hedgerows.

At one station the doors opened, and suddenly the quiet afternoon was shattered by a man bellowing at the top of his lungs—yelling violent, obscene, incomprehensible curses. Just as the doors closed the man, still yelling, staggered into our car. He was big, drunk, and dirty. He wore laborer's clothing. His front was stiff with dried vomit. His eyes bugged out, a demonic, neon red. His hair was crusted with filth. Screaming, he swung at the first person he saw, a woman holding a baby. The blow glanced off her shoulder, sending her spinning into the laps of an elderly couple. It was a miracle that the baby was unharmed.

The couple jumped up and scrambled toward the other end of the car. They were terrified. The laborer aimed a kick at the retreating back of the old lady. "You old whore!" he bellowed. "I'll kick your ass!" He missed; the old woman scuttled to safety. This so enraged the drunk that he grabbed the metal pole at the center of the car and tried to wrench it out of its stanchion. I could see that one of his hands was cut and bleeding. The train lurched ahead, the passengers frozen with fear. I stood tip.

I was young and in pretty good shape. I stood six feet, weighed 225. I'd been putting in a solid eight hours of aikido training every day for the past three years. I liked to throw and grapple. I thought I was tough. Trouble was, my martial skill was untested in actual combat. As students of aikido, we were not allowed to fight.

My teacher taught us each morning that the art was devoted to peace. "Aikido," he said again and again, "is the art of reconciliation. Whoever has the mind to fight has broken his connection with the universe. If you try to dominate other people, you are already defeated. We study how to resolve conflict, not how to start it."

I listened to his words. I tried hard. I wanted to quit fighting. I even went so far as to cross the street a few times to avoid the “chimpira,” the pinball punks who lounged around the train stations. They’d have been happy to test my martial ability. My forbearance exalted me. I felt both tough and holy. In my heart of hearts, however, I was dying to be a hero. I wanted a chance, an absolutely legitimate opportunity whereby I might save the innocent by destroying the guilty.

“This is it!” I said to myself as I got to my feet. “This slob, this animal, is drunk and mean and violent. People are in danger. If I don’t do something fast, somebody will probably get hurt. I’m gonna take his ass to the cleaners.”

Seeing me stand up, the drunk saw a chance to focus his rage. “Aha!” he roared. “A foreigner! You need a lesson in Japanese manners!” He punched the metal pole once to give weight to his words.

I held on lightly to the commuter strap overhead. I gave him a slow look of disgust and dismissal. I gave him every bit of piss-ant nastiness I could summon up. I planned to take this turkey apart, but he had to be the one to move first. And I wanted him man, because the madder he got, the more certain my victory. I pursed my lips and blew him a sneering, insolent kiss. It hit him like a slap in the face. “All right!” he hollered. “You’re gonna get a lesson.” He gathered himself for a rush at me. He’d never know what hit him.

A split second before he moved, someone shouted “Hey!” It was ear splitting. I remember being struck by the strangely joyous, lilting quality of it—as though you and a friend had been searching diligently for something, and he had suddenly stumbled upon it. “Hey!” I wheeled to my left, the drunk spun to his right. We both stared down at a little old Japanese man. He must have been well into his seventies, this tiny gentleman, sitting there immaculate in his kimono and hakama. He took no notice of me, but beamed delightedly at the laborer, as though he had a most important, most welcome secret to share.

“C’mere,” the old man said in an easy vernacular, beckoning to the drunk. “C’mere and talk with me.” He waved his hand lightly. The giant man followed, as if on a string. He planted his feet belligerently in front of the old gentleman and towered threateningly over him.

“Talk to you?” he roared above the clacking wheels. “Why the hell should I talk to you?” The drunk now had his back to me. If his elbow moved so much as a millimeter, I’d drop him in his socks.

The old man continued to beam at the laborer. There was not a trace of fear or resentment about him. “What’cha been drinkin’?” he asked lightly, with interest. “I been drinkin’ sake,” the laborer bellowed back, “and it’s none of your god-damn business!”

“Oh, that’s wonderful,” the old man said with delight. “Absolutely wonderful! You see, I love sake, too. Every night, me and my wife (she’s seventy-six, you know), we warm up a little bottle of sake and take it out into the garden, and we sit on the old wooden bench that my grandfather’s first student made for him. We watch the sun go down, and we look to see how our persimmon tree is doing. My great-grandfather planted that tree, you know, and we worry about whether it will recover from those ice storms we had last winter. Persimmons do not do well after ice storms, although I must say that ours has done rather better than I expected, especially when you consider the poor quality of the soil. Still, it is most gratifying to watch when we take our sake and go out to enjoy the evening—even when it rains!” He looked up at the laborer, eyes twinkling, happy to share his delightful information.

As he struggled to follow the intricacies of the old man’s conversation, the drunk’s face began to soften. His fists slowly unclenched. “Yeah,” he said slowly, “I love persimmons, too...” His voice trailed off. “Yes,” said the old man, smiling, “and I’m sure you have a wonderful wife.”

“No,” replied the laborer, “my wife died.” He hung his head. Very gently, swaying with the motion of the train, the big man began to sob. “I don’t got no wife, I don’t got no home, I don’t got no job, I don’t got no money, I don’t got nowhere to go. I’m so ashamed of myself.” Tears rolled down his cheeks; a spasm of pure despair rippled through his body. Above the baggage rack a four-color ad trumpeted the virtues of suburban luxury living.

Now it was my turn. Standing there in my well-scrubbed youthful innocence, my make-this-world-safe-for-democracy righteousness, I suddenly felt dirtier than he was.

Just then, the train arrived at my stop. The platform was packed, and the crowd surged into the car as soon as the doors opened. Maneuvering my way out, I heard the old man cluck sympathetically. “My, my,” he said with undiminished delight, “that is a very difficult predicament, indeed. Sit down here and tell me about it.”

I turned my head for one last look. The laborer was sprawled like a sack on the seat, his head in the old man’s lap. The old man looked down at him, all compassion and delight, one hand softly stroking the filthy, matted head.

As the train pulled away, I sat down on a bench. What I had wanted to do with muscle and meanness had been accomplished with a few kind words. I had seen aikido tried in combat, and the essence of it was love, as the founder had said. I would have to practice the art with an entirely different spirit. It would be a long time before I could speak about the resolution of conflict.

Terry Dobson was a holder of a fifth-degree black belt in aikido, coauthor of Aikido in Everyday Life (North Atlantic Books), and author of the book It’s a Lot Like Dancing: An Aikido Journey (Frog, Ltd.), among other works. He died in 1992 at age 55. This article, published in New Age Journal in 1981, first appeared in the Lomi School Bulletin.



Lyrics to “Christmas in the Trenches”

The Christmas Truce of 1914 on the Western and Eastern Fronts may well represent the last time that the face of humanity would be seen in what was rapidly becoming the ultimate nightmare of the industrial revolution. The concept of total war would soon replace any outdated notion of chivalry.

Christmas in the Trenches

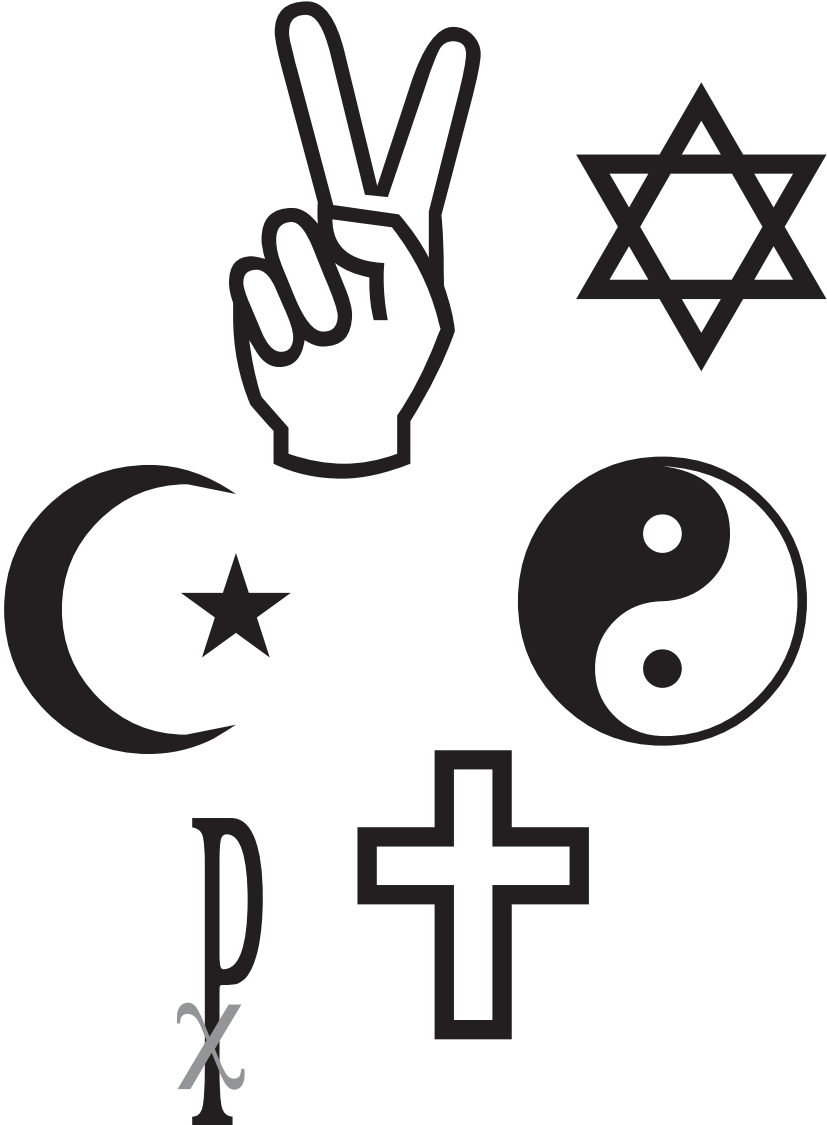
by John McCutcheon

My name is Francis Tolliver, I come from Liverpool.
Two years ago the war was waiting for me after school.
To Belgium and to Flanders, to Germany to here
I fought for King and country I love dear.
’Twas Christmas in the trenches, where the frost so
bitter hung,
The frozen fields of France were still, no Christmas
song was sung
Our families back in England were toasting us that day
Their brave and glorious lads so far away.
I was lying with my messmate on the cold and rocky
ground
When across the lines of battle came a most peculiar
sound
Says I, “Now listen up, me boys!” each soldier strained
to hear
As one young German voice sang out so clear.
“He’s singing bloody well, you know!” my partner says
to me
Soon, one by one, each German voice joined in har-
mony
The cannons rested silent, the gas clouds rolled no
more
As Christmas brought us respite from the war
As soon as they were finished and a reverent pause
was spent

“God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen” struck up some lads
from Kent
The next they sang was “Stille Nacht.” “Tis ‘Silent
Night’,” says I
And in two tongues one song filled up that sky
“There’s someone coming toward us!” the front line
sentry cried
All sights were fixed on one long figure trudging from
their side
His truce flag, like a Christmas star, shown on that
plain so bright
As he, bravely, strode unarmed into the night
Soon one by one on either side walked into No Man’s
Land
With neither gun nor bayonet we met there hand to
hand
We shared some secret brandy and we wished each
other well
And in a flare-lit soccer game we gave ‘em hell
We traded chocolates, cigarettes, and photographs
from home
These sons and fathers far away from families of their
own
Young Sanders played his squeezebox and they had a
violin
This curious and unlikely band of men
Soon daylight stole upon us and France was France
once more
With sad farewells we each prepared to settle back to
war
But the question haunted every heart that lived that
wonderous night
“Whose family have I fixed within my sights?”
’Twas Christmas in the trenches where the frost, so
bitter hung
The frozen fields of France were warmed as songs of
peace were sung
For the walls they’d kept between us to exact the work
of war

Had been crumbled and were gone forevermore
My name is Francis Tolliver, in Liverpool I dwell
Each Christmas come since World War I, I've learned
its lessons well
That the ones who call the shots won't be among the
dead and lame
And on each end of the rifle we're the same

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A Christmas Truce

On Christmas Day, 1914, in the first year of World War I, German, British and French soldiers disobeyed their superiors and fraternized with “the enemy” along two-thirds of the Western Front. German troops held Christmas trees up out of the trenches with signs, “Merry Christmas.” “You no shoot, we no shoot.” Thousands of troops streamed across no-man’s land strewn with rotting corpses. They sang Christmas carols, exchanged photographs of loved ones back home, shared rations, played football, even roasted some pigs. Soldiers embraced men they had been trying to kill a few short hours before. They agreed to warn each other if the top brass forced them to fire their weapons, and to aim high.

A shudder ran through the high command on either side. Here was disaster in the making: soldiers declaring their brotherhood with each other and refusing to fight. Generals on both sides declared this spontaneous peacemaking to be treasonous and subject to court martial. By March, 1915 the fraternization movement had been eradicated and the killing machine put back in full operation. By the time of the armistice in 1918, fifteen million people would be slaughtered.

Not many people have heard the story of the Christmas Truce. Military leaders have not gone out of their way to publicize it. On Christmas Day, 1988, a story in the Boston Globe mentioned that a local FM radio host played “Christmas in the Trenches,” a ballad about the Christmas Truce, several times and was startled by the effect. The song became the most requested recording during the holidays in Boston on several FM stations. “Even more startling than the number of requests I get is the reaction to the ballad afterward by callers who hadn’t heard it before,” said the radio host. “They telephone me deeply moved, sometimes in tears, asking ‘What the hell did I just hear?’”

I think I know why the callers were in tears. The Christmas Truce story goes against most of what we have been taught about people. It gives us a glimpse of the world as we wish it could be and says, “This really happened once.” It reminds us of those thoughts we keep hidden away, out of range of the TV and newspaper stories that tell us how trivial and mean human life is. It is like hearing that our deepest wishes really are true: the world really could be different.

(Excerpt from We Can Change the World: The Real Meaning of Everyday Life, by David G. Stratman.)

Forgotten History- Friday, December 22, 2000

by Martin Gilbert

“Little known facts and overlooked history”

Christmas 1914

The war in Europe was only four months old, yet it had already reached a savagery unknown until that time. After the initial success of the German army, the war became a desperate trench struggle with a very high casualty count. The promise of early success seemed like a far away dream. The snow and the cold of 1914 made things even worse, but as the darkness fell on Christmas Eve something happened that would never occur again.

Sir Edward Hulse, a 25-year-old lieutenant, wrote in his diary about this strange occurrence. “A scout named F. Marker went out and met a German Patrol and was given a glass of whisky and some cigars, and a message was sent back, saying that if we didn’t fire at them they would not fire at us.” That night, where the fighting only five days earlier had been fierce, it suddenly just stopped.

The following morning, Christmas day, German soldiers walked towards the British lines while the British came out to greet their enemy. They exchanged souvenirs with each other and the British gave the German soldiers plum pudding as a Christmas greeting. Soon arrangements were made to bury the dead British soldiers whose bodies were lying in no man’s land. The Germans brought the bodies over and prayers were exchanged.

The spirit of Christmas overcame the horror of war as peace broke out across the front. The Germans, who previously were viewed as demonized beasts by the British and French, almost always initiated it. This contact was followed by song. The Germans sang “*Die Wacht Am Rhein*” and the British soldiers sang “Christians Wake.” It was in many ways a miracle. Sapper J. Davey, a British soldier, wrote this in his diary. “Most peculiar Christmas I’ve ever spent and ever likely to. One could hardly believe the happenings.” Hate, for a moment, disappeared along the Western front.

Another British soldier, Second Lt. Dougan Chater wrote, "About 10 o'clock this morning I was peeping over the parapet when I saw a German, waving his arms, and presently two of them got out of their trenches and came towards ours. We were just going to fire on them when we saw that they had no rifles so one of our men went out to meet them and in about two minutes the ground between the two lines of trenches was swarming with men and officers of both sides, shaking hands and wishing each other a happy Christmas." This continued for nearly an hour before their superiors ordered the men back to their trenches.

The powers to be objected to this display of humanity by the common soldier. For a brief moment, their gesture ended a war that the leaders of both sides would continue to fight for nearly four more years. Millions more would die, indeed many of the men who greeted each other would perish, but their spirits live on in history as an example to all of us. We have much more in common with each other than the differences that divide us.

Peace is better than war. Understanding is more important than division. Love can overcome hate. Always question our leaders. Happy Holidays!

Source: *The First World War*, Martin Gilbert



HELLO PEACE

We have just completed a website to help promote the use of Hello Peace the toll-free interactive voice response system available in Israel, the West Bank and Gaza which allows Israelis and Palestinians to start communicating again.

Please go to <http://www.hellopeace.net>.

We would be very grateful if you could alert your community to the project and use of the website, that they in turn can alert their friends and families in the region to dial *6363.

'Hello! Salaam! Shalom!'

Dialogue: Peace Activists Set Up Phone Lines to Encourage Israeli-Palestinian Conversations

In the Baltimore Sun, October 6, 2002, by Peter Hermann

JERUSALEM — To one group in this war-torn region, peace is just a phone call away.

A peace-seeking organization that promotes dialogue between people who have lost loved ones on both sides of the conflict has set up a service to encourage Israelis and Palestinians to talk on the telephone.

By dialing a four-digit number, any Israeli can talk to a Palestinian, and any Palestinian can talk to an Israeli. Full-page ads for the service began appearing last week in newspapers in Israel and the West Bank. Within a few days, more than 5,900 people have called to get connected to the other side.

"The concept is simple," said Itzek Frankenthal, who heads the Israeli-Palestinian Bereaved Parents Association. "Let people talk to each other."

The advertisement appeared yesterday in Ha'aretz, an influential Israeli newspaper. Big, bold letters across the top of the page screamed a greeting in Arabic and Hebrew: "Hello, Salaam! Hello, Shalom!"

Using names of neighboring Israeli and Palestinian cities, it continued: "Two years have passed without our speaking to each other. I from Gilo, you from Beit Jala. I from Hadera and you from Tulkarm. You get shot at and we get bombs exploding on us. We're angry and we're in pain, and the other side certainly

feels the same. It's time to put an end to this."

Frankenthal, who lost a son to a Palestinian suicide bombing eight years ago and has long been active in the peace movement, said the phone line costs his group about \$2,500 a month.

People who call the number tell an operator whether they are Israeli or Palestinian, and whether they would rather speak to a man or a woman. A computer then searches through a database of names compiled from interested people on the other side and relays a phone number.

Frankenthal, 51, said that for now, the only users are people who want peace and probably share similar views. He hopes that as more and more people call, out of curiosity or idealism, the database will become more diverse.

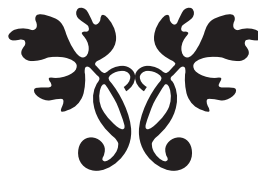
On Thursday, Frankenthal tried the system he created. He soon got a number for a Palestinian living in the West Bank city of Ramallah, who had registered after seeing the ad in the Palestinian al-Quds newspaper.

They talked for half an hour, and Frankenthal learned that the man's sister had been killed by Israeli army gunfire a few months ago. "He told me he had lost his sister, and I told him about my son," Frankenthal said. "And he said, 'Here we are talking. I don't want revenge, and I don't feel hatred.'"

The conflict has been so fierce and so painful that many on both sides feel there is no common ground for discussion.

Nabil, the Palestinian who chatted with Frankenthal, would not give his last name to a reporter, fearing reprisals from his friends and family if they found out he had participated.

"I called because I believe in peace," Nabil said in a telephone interview. "And I believe that there are more people like me. The two sides have not talked in two years. I think that we can rebuild if we can get the two peoples together."



Establishing Global Ethic

by Rosan Yoshida

The “Declaration toward the Global Ethic” was proclaimed by the 2nd Parliament of the World’s Religions in 1993 in Chicago held with about eight thousand religious people from all over the world. The declaration demands that every human being is treated humanely, faced with the agonies globally experienced. It sets the following four principles, commonly taught and observed among all religions, as in the Five Precepts, the Ten Precepts and the Ten Commandments:

1. No killing (Commitment to a Culture of Non-violence and Respect for Life)
2. No stealing (Commitment to a Culture of Solidarity and a Just Economic Order)
3. No lying (Commitment to a Culture of Tolerance and a Life of Truthfulness)
4. Equal partnership between men and women (Commitment to a Culture of Equal Rights and Partnership Between Men and Women).

These four principles are based on the interdependence of all our lives and life-support systems - the law of Interdependent Origination, i.e., all phenomena are interdependently originated/destroyed. These are essential to maintain harmonious society, which is clear and commonplace to anyone to accept.

The Ten Precepts are the essential base for unconditioned peace (nirvana) and unsurpassed awakening. The Ten Commandments are the necessary ground for Heaven on Earth. If more than 80 percent of the world’s population belong to formal religions and sincerely practice them, then Peace, Paradise and Pureland are truly near at hand. We need only be determined to put them into practice.

We should start practicing these principles, individually, socially and ecologically. We must share these principles together: giving information, inculcating people, instilling in institutions, imbedding in laws, inseminating by declarations. The Universal Declaration of Human Responsibility prepared by the Interaction Council composed of ex-heads of states and scholars were presented to the United Nations so that they could publish it at the fiftieth anniversary of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. What actualize is actual practice. Only practice makes peace. Peace on earth depends on us.

Map to Missouri Zen Center: 220 Spring Avenue



From the City: Head southwest on I-44 to the Shrewsbury exit. From the exit ramp go left (north) on Shrewsbury to the first traffic light which is Big Bend. Turn left (more or less west—guess that’s why they call it “Big Bend”) on Big Bend. Cross the traffic light at Laclede Station Road. Pass Dale and begin looking for Oakwood on the right. (It’s just before the boulevard stop at Murdoch Ave.) Turn right on Oakwood, then bear to the right at the fork (Oakwood continues to the left) and you’ll be on Spring. It’s about the second house on the right: a large, two-story white house with a flower on the second floor façade of the house.

From North County/St. Charles: Take I-170 (the innerbelt) south until it ends. Take either 40 or Eager Road east to Hanley Road south. Follow Hanley Road south past Manchester. When you go under the train bridge, Hanley Road becomes Laclede Station Road (you don’t have to turn). Finally, turn right (more or less West) on Big Bend. Then, begin looking for Oakwood on the right. (It’s just before the boulevard stop at Murdoch Ave.) Turn right on Oakwood, then bear to the right at the fork (Oakwood continues to the left) and you’ll be on Spring. It’s about the second house on the right: a large, two-story white house with a flower on the second floor façade of the house.

From the West/South: Take 44 north/east to the Murdoch/Laclede Station Road Exit. The exit ramp puts you (briefly) on Laclede Station Road. Turn right there, then immediately right again on Murdoch, which will take you back over the highway. At the boulevard stop, turn right (more or less east) on Big Bend, then immediately turn left on Oakwood (just past Music Folk). Bear to the right at the fork (Oakwood continues to the left) and you’ll be on Spring. It’s about the second house on the right: a large, two-story white house with a flower on the second floor façade of the house.

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DHARMA LIFE

Missouri Zen Center, a non-profit organization, publishes a newsletter providing information & views for the Buddhist community.