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# O N E N E S S

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Quarterly Newsletter of the Rev. Gyomay M. Kubose Dharma Legacy

Vol. 9 No. 2 Summer 2005

## A HOLY ROCK By Rev. Koyo Kubose

I made an interesting discovery during my early morning jogs along the lakefront. There is promontory I call Inspiration Point that is usually my turn-around point from which I go back the way I came. However, recently I started continuing on from Inspiration Point, going northward along the shore of the lake. There is a jumble of large concrete boulders that line this stretch of the lakefront. Since this land is part of the Northwestern University campus, many of the boulders have been painted with messages by students; e.g. "Rick and Carla got engaged here, 4/15/03," etc.

There is a spot about 500 yards from Inspiration Point. This spot is marked by a solitary iron pier piling that sticks out of the water about 25 feet from the shoreline. At this spot, there is a boulder whose east face is painted a gloss white, and in the middle is painted a leaf shape with a sunrise within the leaf. The leaf has the distinctive shape of a Bodhi leaf. Bodhi means wisdom since the tree that Siddartha Gautama sat under when he attained enlightenment came to be called a Bodhi tree. The rising sun inside the leaf is at the bottom of the leaf, with sun rays rising upward. The sun is painted

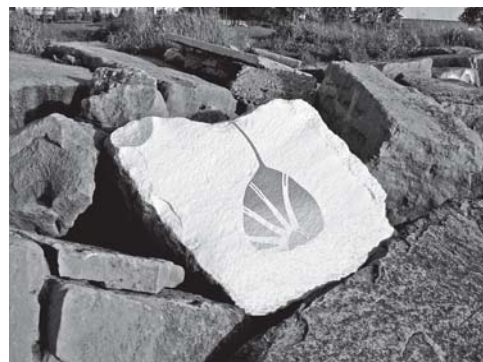
yellow, and this is the color of the bottom of the leaf. Moving up the leaf, the color gradually becomes orange, until at the top of the leaf the color is a brilliant orange. The overall image is quite striking.

I imagine how the sun rises over the horizon of Lake Michigan every morning and shines upon this rock, embedding its image onto the rock. Sunrise is the start of a new day, literally. Who can view a sunrise and not feel the budding start of a new day, a new life, within oneself? The sunrise gives hope and inspiration.

The sun is revered as a universal symbol of life and light. Likewise in Buddhism, I think the sun represents both compassion and wisdom. Compassion is the warm aspect of life just as the sun warms up our cold planet earth and makes life possible. Wisdom is to see clearly, and this is made possible by light—otherwise we remain in the dark.

To see a sunrise within a Bodhi leaf is full of significance. To see this image painted on a rock makes me call that rock a Holy Rock. I feel blessed whenever I see it. To be blessed means to receive the grace of the universe, to be filled

with humble gratefulness to be part of the great cosmic karmic workings of nature. Whenever possible I like to take a mini-pilgrimage and go see this Holy Rock.



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“Dharma Poems” received from Nakia Geder via our website email:

Silly Humans

We equate Westward with Forward  
Contrary to Earth  
Watching the past as progress

We ignore the way things are  
In preference to what we want.  
Wondering why we’re out of balance

Mental Note

Maya

The mind is a schemer  
its goal is control,  
and the method  
is often anger.

The nature of the illusion  
is the attachment to perceptions.

I is eye and Me is mind  
are common misrepresentations.

Just one solid thought  
and a hint of emotion,  
can send one down the path  
of fallacious motion.

Mind is akin to the eldest child  
in charge of keeping the other  
senses.

To break the cycle  
we must be observant,  
watch the mind like a hawk  
and you, a small rodent.

I, our apparent continuity and Me  
belongs to Maya, almost  
unconsciously.

Be aware of your mind  
it’s awake and always there,  
waiting and scheming  
to catch you unaware.

For those who don’t know, the Ichikukai is a dojo (training hall) where both Zen (an ascetic discipline of the Buddhist tradition) and Misogi (an ascetic discipline of the Shinto tradition) are both practiced. It is unusual for a religious training hall to house two traditions, but ours does. It is primarily attended by regular folks with regular jobs, who devote their weekends, some more than others, to training at the dojo. They are not monks. Not even the man who runs the dojo (the dojo-cho or sensei) is a monk – he just lives there, and even he has a day job. That is not to make less of his experience or wisdom – we just can’t afford to pay him. No money changes hands here except for purchasing food, fixing the house, etc. Monthly sesshin (Zen retreats) are attended by Nonomura Genryo Roshi of Heirin-ji Temple.

Sometimes there are spots (three or four) available for people to live in the dojo, with sensei. These people are called joju. In my opinion, joju are not sensei’s disciples, but he is there to supervise their training. This is a significant difference.

Sensei is a very kind man. He is welcoming of new people, enjoys hard work, loves his family, and doesn’t mind a cold beer or two. He also runs the dojo. And while he is not the type to lecture or shout, he guides with an invisible, fierce strictness. I think he is more the type to lead by example; a regular guy who just does his thing – it just happens to be in a place where other people show up every weekend. So read this at your own risk; it’s a long rambling rant about cooking rice, life, AmeriJapanese values. Living in a Zen training hall does some strange things to your head. I just wanted to share the contents of my brain with all of you, and hear what you have to say.

This weekend was shogaku shugyo, a strenuous Shinto training. I was tenzo, which is what they call the cook at a Zen temple. (We use Zen terminology for most stuff.) The food during training is very simple: barley mixed with rice, raw miso (salty fermented bean paste), Takuan (pickled daikon), and umeboshi (pickled plum). With no real “cooking” involved, you’d think this is an easy job. Not so.

It’s busy work, and looked at in the proper light, is good training. You want everything to be as perfect and neat as possible. I was in charge of the rice. Every meal (nine in total), I cooked rice for 15 to 30 people in this medium-sized cauldron. If you make your arms in an “O” it’s about that big. You close it with a heavy wooden lid. Rice is simple: add water, heat... bingo, right? The tough part is (1) there are no markings or measures to tell you how much water to add, and (2) you cook over a wood fire. Still not sound tough? Wait.

Obviously water is an issue. Not enough, and your rice is hard or burnt. A little too much, and you’ve got muck. You measure by sticking your hand in the water. Trial and error (and advice from others) gets you in the ballpark, and then it’s not too tough. In this game, however, a half-centimeter difference is all you need to ruin a perfectly good batch.

Rice cooks in about 15 minutes. Really. Not 13 or 17; if you do it right, there’s a fairly clear window. The hardest part for me

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Oneness Newsletter Summer 2005

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Rev. Koyo S. Kubose

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The purpose of the Kubose Dharma Legacy is to offer a non-sectarian, non-dualistic approach, the Way of Oneness, to further individual spiritual growth in everyday life for people of all backgrounds.

was the fire. All the old guys say, “Just remember, ‘*saisho wa chorochoro, naka paa paa*’.” This means make it small in the beginning (*chorochoro*...the sound of a small fire burning away) and strong from the middle onward (*paa paa*...a sound for an intense fire).

Not as easy as it sounds. Different kinds of wood catch fire at different speeds. Cedar burns quick, but not as hot as cherry. Cherry generates great heat, but takes a while to catch. Bamboo is like a flare, burns VERY hot, but burns out in less than a minute. Ginko (we have two in the yard) doesn't want to burn at all, but you can use it if it is very old and dry (who can tell how dry the wood is? Fresh-cut is obviously out, but beyond that...). Fruit trees like persimmons often have good, hard woods which make for good heat but they need time to catch. This is complicated by the age of the wood, whether it has absorbed much moisture outside, etc.

Add to that the wood stacking problem. It's easy to build fires outdoors, in the log cabin or crisscross style because you have lots of room. When you cook rice, the pot sits in a hole in a brick stovetop-looking thing. There's a small firebox (maybe 10 by 16 inches, like a big shoebox) situated under the pot. You feed wood in through a little iron door in the front, meaning you have to arrange things pretty neatly. We try to cut the wood in regular lengths, in straight sections, but trees don't grow straight, exactly. That one nubby bit poking out of this hunk of cherry won't quite fit inside the space you're trying to fill, and the fire needs a chunky piece right about NOW but you thought it'd fit and you look for something ELSE but dang where's that piece of pine I saw but now that I get a look at this pine it looks kinda bug-eaten too and DANGIT WHERE'S A DECENT PIECE OF WOOD.

This is connected to timing. When you start the fire burning, it has to continue to grow in a predictable upward scale. If you feed a piece that is too big (or too hard) to a fire that is still weak, the big wood won't catch and the fire will die. However, if you want the fire to grow (which it must, by about the five-minute mark) you can't let it plateau, either. It's kinda like teaching or anything else; you have to keep challenging them without confusing them. There is a proper stride that will allow the fire to keep up with where you want it to be. Obviously you can't just throw arm-sized chunks onto a twig fire, but the subtle transitions (about time for something bigger? Not yet?) are hard when you want to hit the growth curve just right.

If the fire is too weak, the rice will burn. Yes, weak. Counterintuitive, but this is because of how water circulates when you boil it. When you start, the rice is settled on the bottom (duh). A moderate fire will warm, cook, and blacken the rice on the bottom before ever getting the water moving. A strong fire (after the five-minute warm-up) makes the water circulate resulting in a lot of motion and steam. Hotter water rises to the surface, bringing cooler water down, and around and around it goes toward a nice, even cooking. The steam builds over the course of about three minutes; going from little puffs, to a tea kettle steam-jet, to the point where the pot “boils over” so to speak and little drools of foamy water spit out of the seam between the pot rim and the wooden cover. You have to be quick to pull the burning wood out

of the firebox once you see the spit, or you're looking at charcoaled rice again.

Interesting, this last bit. The counterintuitive part I mean. You'd think, maybe, that it's better to err on the side of caution and make a weaker fire to avoid burning the rice. No good. To me this is about life. You'd think that it's better to play it safe, take it easy, leave your options open, but perhaps it's not. Better to go full on, destroy yourself in the effort (not literally; I mean just do it 100%, burn the need out of yourself), and be done with it.

This is easier to do in training than it is to practice in real life. I hope through training I can start to become more like that. Although sometimes I get going full-bore, I am habitually a medium-heat person. Maybe the rice parallel only works in the short term. It is a 15 minute process, after all. Crock-pots can't do crap in 15 minutes. And you can't make stew in a rice pot; not in 15 minutes, at any rate. Perhaps the rice parallel applies best to cases of dramatic transformation (from dry, hard pebbly grain to moist, meaty nubs); for it to work right, you have to go full on.

Another aspect is that for rice to get cooked, it's not done after the fire is pulled. It must settle for roughly twice the time it took to cook. Immediately after the boil-over, the rice is still hard in the center. It takes time for things to “sink in.” Not so different from people, our little nubby white friends. So there is a violent awakening and transformation followed by silence, and both are necessary for the process to be complete.

Other stuff like weather conditions, age of the rice, and barley-to-rice ratio (we eat about half barley, half rice, depending on the training) can mess with you as well. Barley needs more water than rice. Old rice (measured by number of months since the harvest) is drier than new rice, so again more water. More humidity in the air means it will be tough to make a hot fire. If the weather is cold, you may choose to use hot water instead of cold from the faucet to give yourself a head start on heating. It's a simple but somehow tricky business.

The kitchen is traditionally the toughest place in a Zen temple; it is its heart, and rice is mother's milk. The *tenzo* (cook) has to do all the meditation everyone else does, but usually gets less sleep, and has the additional worry of providing the only sustenance the monks will get during the day. If it is possible to make the meal in 45 minutes, the cook will be allotted 45 exactly. No time for slip-ups, changes on the fly or starting over. Just do. With a lot of meditation (maybe ten hours a day, interspersed with cleaning and other work) and four hours of sleep, it is tough. You get dippy. Nevertheless, back in the old days, a serious mistake would mean getting thrown out of the temple or in some cases ritual suicide (yikes). We don't go quite that far here, but the pressure is certainly on.

If our capacity for exertion can be rated from one to 100, I think most people spend most of their lives around 30 to 50. I imagine childbirth is 100. And despite its strenuous, painful nature, what do most women say about it? “It was the most wonderful experience of my life.” And some of them go back and do it a SECOND time.

Maybe it's because you get a baby at the end of your efforts that childbirth is worth it. The first time I was *tenzo* (cook; you

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know this by now), I burned the rice every time. Badly. Nine times in a row. When you burn the rice bad, the smell taints all the rice, not just the stuff on the bottom. Kinda ruins it for everybody. Shogaku shugyo is a very hard training, and a nice meal is one of the bright spots. Burning batch after batch, feeding it to tired people who had worked so hard, I spent the most miserable three days I can remember. Everybody was very kind to me (one guy said he “likes the burnt bits better”) which made me feel somehow both worse and better at the same time. It’d be easier if they shouted at me, I remember thinking.

As it was my first time as tenzo, I was allowed to take as much time as I thought was necessary. I took all kinds of extra time, made extra preparations, insisted on eating as much of the burned, bitter rice as I could (giving the better rice to other people) and basically making myself a miserable, nervous wreck. Oddly enough, I found that none of my precautions helped. Taking extra time for preparation just left me less time for rest. Overdoing a 20-minute job so that it takes an hour doesn’t get it done better, it just tires you out. My nervous tension was ruining perfectly good fires because I insisted on poking at them all the time.

I have a *sempai* (your senior in practice, whom you treat like a respected older brother or uncle) here, who is now about 65 or so years old. He cooked during training for about ten years. Like every time; more than once a month. He recently had a heart attack – pretty serious – and now spends most of his time at home. He still comes to training when he can, despite the fact that his doctor advises against it. He works in the garden like a man possessed. I think he would prefer to die here, during sesshin (or afterward; he wouldn’t want to disturb practice) if he can. His joyful fearlessness is nearly disturbing.

During training I was embroiled in hating myself for burning the last batch, probably because the fire was weak. (Or was it the water...) I asked him for any pointers he could give me. He grinned his goofy grin. “It takes a lot of kinds of wood to make a good fire,” he suddenly said. “You gotta have those little sticks, and you need those big ones too. Either one – absolutely need ‘em. Just little sticks? Can’t make much of a fire. Dry leaves or bamboo? Good flash, but don’t last very long. Big thick sticks? Never get ‘em started on their own. But when they work together, in tandem...whoosh! Stand back!” I started to see what he was getting at. “Me,” he said, “I’m just a piddly little stick, not a big strong stick like you, but I don’t mind; we all have our place here. We all bring something.” That got a smile out of me.

In the temple, we all work together to generate the pressure the training needs. And it is a *lot* of pressure. We all do something necessary for the process. Big sticks and little sticks build on each other and FOOM, WHOOSH. Big fire. Like the rice. You have to have that strong fire, timed properly, or you blow it. If you don’t push people enough, they wind up half-cooked or burnt. And to do it, you need all types. Of sticks. Or people. Maybe the burned rice helped the old guys remember their younger days, when they were cooking. I don’t know.

Another counterintuitive point: Japan is not known for its acceptance of differences, but this is a DEMAND for difference, because what are you going to do with a bunch of sticks (people) of equal size (ability)? Can’t make rice like that. Doesn’t quite fit

the stereotype of Japan, but there it is. Different people assumes, of course, that everyone there is interested in seeing the training through. People out to hurt the training or disinterested in their development need not apply. But united in purpose, differences are an asset. And this is Japan, not America talking.

What used to really bug me is that in traditional Japanese companies, there are always some “dead wood” employees who somehow retain their jobs. Is this fair to other employees in terms of both their increased workload and reduction in the size of their paycheck or bonus? Sure, the “deadwood” *should* take responsibility for himself, get cleaned up; but you talk to the guy over and over and he doesn’t budge, whatcha gonna do? Nobody wants to turn some guy out in the cold where, at age 48, with a drinking problem maybe...he’s going to have a rough, rough time. Japan is less competitive than America, but they are VERY tough on age and second chances. Like they aren’t any. People here (mostly) don’t make career changes.

It’s hard to see what this guy is contributing to the process. But the attitude I discovered is that EVERYONE is necessary, even if they don’t know it. Somehow, burned rice was an essential part of that training. I don’t know what kind of contribution THAT is, but I knew the group accepted me, and they knew that I was doing my absolute best, as shamefully bad as it was.

Everybody talks about the mindless conformity at work in Japan. The textbooks say that the Japanese sacrifice the individual for the good of the group. They make it sound like everyone in this country is a faceless drone. True, I don’t think “I gotta be me” will ever be Japan’s anthem. But valuing everyone the same isn’t all bad. I am valuable as a beginner and destroyer of rice, my sempai is valuable as teacher and example...these are the same. The same value, anyway. And while that’s different than the vibrant, competitive individualism we have in the states, it sure makes it a lot easier to enjoy the people around you – even if deep down you really want to give ‘em a noogie for wrecking the rice.

I don’t want to make it sound like Shangri-la over here; it’s not. There are tough questions about minorities within Japan (yes, there are minorities) and the treatment of foreigners vs. Japanese. However, I am talking about the one place in Japan where I have felt on totally equal footing with my Japanese counterparts; in the dojo. Ironically, the Ichikukai has historically been associated with some very right-wing groups (they like us; we don’t necessarily like them) and was blacklisted by the U.S. occupation forces as “subversive and potentially dangerous.” Which I am proud to say, I believe we are. Anyplace that inspires pride in yourself (be you a little stick or a big one), accepts your best efforts (but only your best) teaches you to explore and expand your limitations, entrusts you with a responsible role in a life-changing practice...That’s a dangerous place. And subversive? Of course; there is no nod to the status quo here. Status quo is the thing that keeps you from uncovering what you are like on the inside, keeps you afraid of taking risks; keep the mask on, do the dance. We don’t do that. You have to get naked.

The attitude in practice comes from understanding the ridiculous, unlikely coincidence that allows any two persons to connect for that small instant that is one lifetime. Like two leaves that fall to the surface of a still pond, breaking the skin of the

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**Zen of Rice Cooking** continued from page 4

water at exactly the same instant. What are the chances, over this absurd expanse of time, that you and I should meet here, now? So why not enjoy it? Why not go crazy? Break out of the confines of what you “should” do or are “expected” to do. Push yourself to the limit and see what comes up — are you sad? Are you angry? Do you feel regret? Is there joy? FIND OUT. There were other lessons, more than I can list here. The point is, let go and grow; STRETCH. That’s where the good stuff is. It’s what we’re here for.

One young man complained to the previous dojo-cho about his meager salary, seeking sympathy and fearing that he wouldn’t be able to make it. The dojo-cho said, “What are you afraid of! As long as you’ve got a mouth, you’ll be able to eat. When you find you can’t eat anymore, that means you’re done here.”

*(Some background by Rev. Koyo Kubose: Adam is a friend of my son Tate; they went to high school together and have kept in close contact ever since, even though they went to different colleges. When Tate got married in 2000, Adam was his best man. Adam has lived in Japan for over ten years now. A few years ago, Tate visited Adam in Japan and they visited the city of Kyoto, where I lived for three years with my wife and two children when I was studying Buddhism in the 1970s (Tate was still in diapers at the time). We lived in the northwest part of Kyoto, near to where I was doing Zen meditation at Ryoko-in, a small sub-temple of Daitoku-ji. During Tate’s visit to Japan some 20 years later, he and Adam stopped by Ryoko-in to see where I had done Zen meditation. I hadn’t known they were going to do that and I was surprised they were able to locate the small temple by themselves as it’s not easy to find places in Japanese cities because streets and addresses are not laid out systematically. In any case, among his activities, Adam has studied Aikido extensively while in Japan. Until February, 2005, he was living at the Ichikukai Dojo, a training hall in Tokyo where both Zen and Misogi (Shinto ascetic training) are practiced. The article was excerpted from an e-mail that Adam wrote to family and friends; I enjoyed reading it and thought you would too.)*

## Check Our Website!

Our website [www.brightdawn.org](http://www.brightdawn.org) has recently been updated with new material on Resources for Individual Spirituality. There is detailed information on:

**Daily Dharma:** A program to help establish an everyday practice.

**Home Religious Services:** Provides instruction for home memorials, special occasions, and daily Gassho’s.

**Telephone TiSarana:** A Buddhist Confirmation Ceremony to deepen commitment to following one’s spiritual journey.

**Video Loan Program:** Experience Rev. Koyo Kubose’s dynamic Dharma talks recorded at the Heartland Sangha’s unique American Buddhist services.

**Dial-the-Dharma:** (847) 677-8053; 1-2 minute taped talks; tapes changed daily, call anytime 24/7.

## American Buddhist Services

The Heartland Sangha holds 11 A.M. Saturday services at Lake Street Church, 607 Lake Street, Evanston (use courtyard entrance on Chicago Avenue). For more information, please call Heartland Sangha at 773-545-9972. Rev. Koyo Kubose’s upcoming Dharma Talk titles are:

- July 2**      **Fire of Enlightenment**  
Analogy of fire is to wood as enlightenment is to humans.
- July 16**      (out of town)
- Aug 6**        **O-Bon: Remembering Ancestors**  
Gratitude for our inter-generational connections. How extensive and essential our “root” causes are.
- Aug 20**      **Mindfulness of Gassho**  
Going beyond past memories and future dreams, we put our hands together in Gassho here and now.
- Sep 3**        **Spiritual Materialism**  
True spiritual practice is to remember that practice is enlightenment; means = ends. It’s the journey, not the destination.
- Sep 17**      **Dharma of Dialogue**  
Going beyond dualistic dialogue towards sharing the oneness of life.
- Oct 1**        **Wabi-Sabi Dharma**  
Making the case for simplicity, imperfection, the old and the worn.

From November thru April, there is sitting meditation led by R. Zenyo Brandon from 9:30 to 10:30 before the 11 A.M. service. May thru October is the season for individual and group retreats at the Bright Dawn Home Spread in Plymouth, Wisconsin. Founder and caretaker is R. Zenyo Brandon, disciple of the Venerable Gyomay M. Kubose. For brochure and more information: 773-583-5794; [www.awakenedone.org](http://www.awakenedone.org).

### CALLING ALL TRUTH SEEKERS

The quest for spiritual growth demands that I  
Travel on paths I have never walked on before;  
That I think, talk, and act in ways that are new to me...

### LOOK WITHIN

Every one of us needs half an hour of  
mindful breathing and quiet reflection each day;  
except when we are busy, then  
we need an hour.

## *Reader Replies*

It was with great interest and appreciation that I read Rev. Koyo's thoughts on "The Year of the Rooster," in which he commented on the disparity between praising the positive attributes of fowl and our conditioned indifference to killing them. He even reflected that "at the least" we should have an annual temple service honoring the dead birds whose lives we took. May I suggest that we could take more responsibility in seeking non-violent alternatives to killing either for food or sport, beings who have a face, i.e. animals. The Buddhist expression "sentient being" is so academic, in my view, as to totally divorce people from connection with the suffering of those very beings, whether human or non-human animals. And the torture suffered by every "being" in modern factory farm conditions is totally the opposite of receiving the love a mother shows to her only child, even at the risk of her own life (to paraphrase the Buddha in the Metta Sutra). We have the blessing in contemporary society of having an abundance of non-violent choices available to us. May I suggest that it

is in accord with the first precept and in the spirit of loving kindness to consider them.

With palms together—Lise Olsen (Milwaukee, Wisconsin)

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Sensei,

I just attended the service where you talked on "Sex and Spirituality." I jokingly thought the topic might be on "how religion screws us." However, it was enlightening to hear you talk about how messed up we can get over the topic of sexuality and our intimate relationships. You made the point of how shining the Dharma light (teachings) on the "dark" (secretive) aspect of our lives can be crucial for a healthy mind and body. Any strong emotion that is repressed, usually comes out symptomatically in some way. I congratulate you on a good talk on a sensitive subject. You also handled the topic with humor, which is always helpful.

D. H. (Evanston, IL)

### *Acknowledgements with Gratitude*

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#### **For New Grandson**

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#### **In Memory of**

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#### **WHY MEMORIAL DONATIONS?**

Not only is making a memorial donation a way to remember and honor a loved one, but it is a karmic action that fosters awareness of the two main teachings of Interdependency and Impermanence. Acknowledging one's "roots" nurtures a feeling of gratitude, which is the foundation of a spiritual life. A memorial donation does all this and at the same time helps support the mission and activities of a worthy organization of one's choice.

For those who wish to make a donation to the Kubose Dharma Legacy, you may use the Donation/Order form on page 7.

It is gratifying to receive your show of support. We are encouraged and inspired to keep going in our efforts to be a spiritual resource in spreading the Way of Oneness.

## Book List

### **New Book by Rev. Koyo Kubose**

**BRIGHT DAWN: Discovering Your Everyday Spirituality.** The author's early morning run and sunrise viewing over Lake Michigan are related to simple teachings like "wide view" and "keep going" which deepen one's daily spirituality no matter where one lives. Includes map of actual lakeshore path and over a dozen photographs. 152 pages.

### **Books by Rev. Gyomay Kubose**

**EVERYDAY SUCHNESS.** A classic collection of short articles first published in 1967, hailed as one of the most significant books in Buddhism because of its simple explanations and reference to everyday life. 142 pages.

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<b>JUN</b>	<p><b>Theme:</b> Reduce Multi-Tasking; Do One Thing at a Time</p> <p><b>Purpose:</b> To reduce mass media consumption</p> <p><b>Method:</b> “Eat Mindfully:” If you routinely watch TV or read while eating, refrain from doing so for three straight days. Mindfully chew your food; eat slowly.</p>
<b>JUL</b>	<p><b>Theme:</b> Awareness</p> <p><b>Purpose:</b> To dress mindfully</p> <p><b>Method:</b> “Underwear Gassho:” Here’s how to put on clean underpants after your shower: first, make sure the label is on the inside back; second, lift the underpants chest high and give it one vigorous shake; feel the cool refreshing breeze. As you pull on your clean underpants, smile and consider yourself a new, fresh you.</p>
<b>AUG</b>	<p><b>Theme:</b> Gratitude</p> <p><b>Purpose:</b> To not take for granted ordinary things; like coming home to one’s house</p> <p><b>Method:</b> “Coming-Home Gassho:” Once in a while, when coming home after work or running errands (but always when coming home after a vacation)— pause with a one-handed Gassho as you reach for the doorknob— take a breath and be grateful for your “home sweet home.”</p>

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