THE WIND AND THE CIGAR BOX

By Beverly Manley

1943 – the summer between my second and third grades. I was seven years old and totally lost in yet another experiment.

The day was sunny but windy and I was trying hard to capture that wind in a cigar box that Daddy had emptied for me to play with.

I took it out to the front porch and opened the lid to let the wind blow directly into it. Then I snapped it shut and raced through the front door – made a hard left into the master bedroom – skirted the bed and right-jagged into my parents closet, quickly shutting the door so that my experiment would not be contaminated by air movement outside the box.

Before opening the lid I realized that there was one more hurdle to overcome. Opening the box lid could move air which I could mistake for the escape of captured wind. To guard against that, I held the box next to my face and barely cracked the lid open. I hoped that this method would allow me to feel the wind escape outward onto my cheek, or if the lid did move air, it would suck it in and I would be able to feel the difference.

I did this whole process – going outside to capture wind and racing the zig-zag course through the house to release it – as carefully as I could over and over. Exhaustingly. No wind came out of that box. Nothing. It was very disappointing.

Finally, I gave up and went outside for the umpteenth time and just stood there with my woefully empty cigar box, feeling baffled by my inability to capture wind. The wind was quite strong and I had run very fast so that the wind in the box wouldn’t have time to stop blowing completely. Why didn’t it work? Why? Why? Why?

I remember that I was standing with my toes even with the edge of the porch just above the steps, looking into space. Eyes unfocused. Dejected. When out of the blue my body felt electrified from head to toe with the thrilling thought that this experiment was about much more than wind. It was about the nature of life itself! I knew it carried a message so profound that I did not yet have enough experience at living to fathom it.

Reverence and awe filled me while on my head I could feel the hair lifting and on my arms it stood straight up like it did when I would create static electricity with a balloon.

I fervently wanted that message now, but felt barred by my childhood. No cure for that inescapable fact, but seemingly endless years of living.

Suddenly my impatience actually felt like I was standing just outside the closed door of a great mystery. As my frustration grew I could feel my energy bounding off that invisible door like it did when I stood inches from a wall. All of us neighborhood children played with that phenomenon.

I pictured the door to be like the mighty door of a fairy tale castle. Massive. Wooden. Rough hewn timbers held together by black wrought iron. Arched tall enough for men on horseback.

To move on from that uncomfortable position, I decided that every year I would recall this experiment and try anew to understand its meaning. This plan gave comfort, and the sense of a door in my face melted away.

(please go to Wind on page 5)
Our Yellow Lab puppy was born on December 24, 2007 and we brought him home at six weeks of age in early February, 2008. I don’t know why, but I thought of the name Easy and that’s what he was named – although we toyed with the idea of giving him a fancy Buddhist name like Prajna, Satori, Sid (short for Siddartha), Nyorai, or Hozo.

When we told Robert, our brother-in-law, that we named our dog Easy, he said, “Oh, Echo Zulu.” Due to his past military training, he’s familiar with using “Able” for “A”, “Baker” for “B,” “Charlie” for “C,” etc. So, according to Robert, our dog is called Easy but his real name is Echo Zulu. I am reminded of novels by Robert Craig where a private detective Elvis Cole has a dog named Speedo. When asked the name of his dog, he says that it’s Speedo, but his real name is Mr. Earl. I got a laugh out of this since I recalled that line in a song from when I was a teenager listening to Rock-n-Roll music in the early 60’s.

I bought a Chevy pick-up truck and decided to get personalized license plates. Checking with the California DMV, most of the common wordings were already taken (wording like Easy, Easy One, Easy1 or EZ Duz It). So I decided on Easy K9. The license plate background is a panorama view of the Sierra Nevada mountain range, which is appropriate since we live only an hour’s drive from Yosemite National Park. I bought a license plate holder that has paw prints around the perimeter.

Whenever we drive the truck, Easy gets to go. He loves to stick his head out the window, his nose picking up new smells, and his ears flapping in the wind. When we are working outdoors, Easy is right there, “helping” us out. He is good company. Easy is part of our family now and has added quite a bit to our lives, especially since we are “empty nesters.” In addition, since we’re both retired now and spend all our time together, Easy is a good buffer against getting on each other’s nerves.

Easy is a canine Bodhisavatta who teaches us that life is easy – just live fully each moment. Every day is a new day. Each daily ritual is still fresh and something to get excited about. Nothing is taken for granted. He eats with gusto and when asked if he wants to go for a “walk,” he jumps around in joyful anticipation. We have to put on our shoes and jackets but Easy is always ready to go!

Easy’s zest for life is a spiritual quality. He is spirited or full of spirit. His raw energy is simple and pure. His honest innocence is refreshing. One day I was sitting down outside eating some bread. I put a small piece of bread on my knee. Easy noticed the piece of bread (they don’t miss a thing) and came over to investigate. We had decided not to feed him people food and not give him anything while we were eating. Easy came over and smelled the piece of bread on my knee and knew he couldn’t eat it. He reluctantly turned away, and then started jumping around in circles. He couldn’t contain his emotion of “I know I can’t eat that but it sure smells good!” So even when he can’t get what he wants, he expresses his acceptance in a delightful display of spirited exuberance. What a lesson for us humans!

Easy loves mud and ice cubes!
Dear Sensei,

I have felt the Dharma wind at my back.

Today is the 21st consecutive day of my daily dharma program which is offered on your website (www.brightdawn.org). What a wonderful beginning! I need to transcribe my daily journal which I chose to write rather than type, enjoying the feel of pen and paper, making my journey tangible.

On the first day of my program I designed the Harmony animation found on the YouTube link:
http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=b6ywBhJTLzg.

Harmony was how I originally thought of life -- 3 aspects (Mind=Red; Body=Blue; Spirit=Green) taking turns leading, in my case the mind leading all too often. I chose the colors randomly, thinking of Spirit as Natural/Nature hence green. Mind for me is hot and busy, so red was a natural choice. Finally, body made me think of fluidity and water - blue. I was truly surprised at the color when the three became one even though I have worked in print long enough to know the combination.

Day 1 of my program I wrote: “Today harmony means when Spirit, mind and body are ONE. At the optometrist or when using binoculars, the objective is to see one image rather than two or three. Bringing all into focus, all three woven and then blended together produces a unique combination -- harmony, where three have become one.”

Honestly, I don’t remember writing the optometrist/binocular example, but I really like it.

This Dharma program has taught me about change and why I need daily reflection and meditation. My mind gets so unruly so quickly and then I am all surface, touchy and reactive. Including this daily gassho helps keep me focused on my goal of inner peace and enlightenment, even when I’m feeling at my most reactionary.

Filled with gratitude as many of my 21 days found me, I thank you again for helping me start this incredible journey.

SK (Chicago, IL)

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BRIGHT DAWN REVIEW

I just finished reading the book Bright Dawn. It was entertaining and inspirational, and I want to thank you for sharing your wisdom and caring. You have given me a new perspective on how to bring spirituality into my life. I have been making an attempt to do so for several years now, but have felt unsuccessful and dissatisfied, and even angry. I’ve been expecting the world to change somehow to suit me just because I express gratitude. Now I will work to live a truly grateful life; to understand that “The effects of daily spiritual practice are gradual, cumulative, and not necessarily dramatic.”

Over these past 2 weeks I was feeling particularly discouraged and upset. Several incidents occurred in which people were thoughtless and hurtful in significant ways, and I kept questioning, “Why do people treat each other this way? Don’t they see that if we work together in harmony, we all shall benefit?” I focused on my frustrations and sadness, could not sleep, was not hungry, and thought only of ways to “teach” these people (especially those who were having an impact on my son’s life!) that their behavior was causing pain. One night I picked up your book, which had been a Christmas gift to me from my sister, and began to read. I felt a smile cross my face as I read about “Toilet Gassho,” and a sense of peace came over me as I reached the end of your book. I shared specific aspects of your book with my son to help him understand and cope. He, too, seems more at peace, although his feelings of betrayal will take a bit of time to fade.

There are many things I tell myself intellectually to help me manage life’s difficulties. But my ego and a certain self-righteousness have been obstacles to finding true spiritual peace. I am now working harder on myself to let go of my pride and expectations of others and to sincerely appreciate all my blessings rather than simply speak hollow words of gratitude. I want to be a better role model for my children, and your philosophy is so beautiful in its simplicity that I now have a plan and the tools to help myself and them find our own “Bright Dawn.”

DMF (email)
“The experience of eternity right here and now is the function of life”…Joseph Campbell

I’m sending a beautiful postcard I bought October 11 at Bosque del Apache. I have stood there on frigid January mornings and seen these Sandhill Cranes rise up en mass and start whirling over our heads so low that we could feel the waft of some 10,000 pairs of wings. Rising higher with each turn, then heading for a distant mountain. At last only their voices fading. Now the crunch of gravel as we return to our cars too awestruck to speak.

---BM (Truth or Consequences, NM)


Donations are welcome to Friends of The Bosque del Apache National Wildlife Refuge, P.O. Box 340, San Antonio, New Mexico 87832. http://www.friendsofthebosque.org/Friendsindex.html

Eulogy for a Pen

Every other Thurs. I go to a journal writing group at someone’s home, and a while back I wrote something that made a hit there. Because it is somewhat in the category of your sentiments about being thankful for everything (i.e. “Bathroom Gassho”), I’m sending it on to you. The teacher whose home we meet in put it in her online monthly newsletter, “Journal Magic.” The title above is hers.

This morning I put a little corpse in Sue’s garbage can. My old pen died. It had served me well for many months. We take these things for granted. We use them day after month after year—never think to say “thank you” and just get annoyed when they run out of ink or whatever. How do we know they have no consciousness, that they may not want to be appreciated for their service? Just because they don’t look like us, talk like us, move like us? Goodby my little medium Bic—you did good.

“May all beings be happy.”

---SU (Phoenix, AZ)
It was a long wait. Eighteen years. I was twenty-five and reading *The Way of Zen* by Alan Watts—my first book about Zen. It seemed the perfect time to haul out my memory once again. Like smelling rain on the air, this time the door to that mystery was going to open, and open it did.

The long-sought meaning in my inability to capture wind in that cigar box as this—

*Both wind and life were movement, energy, dynamic processes, forever fluid, Forever changing, evolving. No solid entities. The hand which reached out to grasp either one of them grasped nothing.*

We used nouns to signify them, but they needed verbs. So did love. So did people. All of life needed verbs. Nouns had given us the illusion of static entities—graspability.

At that time I was suffering because I had been trying to hold on to emotions, hold on to my husband, keep our love from changing. Thanks to the message of the wind that was not in the cigar box, I understood that this way of living was useless—deadly, actually. It was like holding my breath because breath was vital to life.

This live-giving message had been worth the wait.

You probably do not need to be told that I did not thereupon become a paragon of non-attachment. We all know that insight comes in a split second, but changing our behavior takes longer. It seems that embracing life as continual change is daunting for many of us. Even when we know that that is the way life is—when we know that resisting the nature of life—of anything—prevents the exciting unfolding of the beauty inherent in us.

Why do we find it so challenging to be free—to accept life and love it as it truly is?

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**LAY MINISTER PROGRAM UPDATE**

Our second group of Lay Ministers will complete their Lay Minister Program this year and will be inducted May 23rd at Bright Dawn Institute in Coarsegold, California. The Lay Minister students have worked hard for two years and will receive a special *okesa* (stole) during the Induction Ceremony to indicate they are Bright Dawn Institute Lay Ministers. The induction ceremony will be held outside. There is a large boulder on the property that faces a clearing that will make a nice setting for the service. We call the boulder “Altar Rock.”

After being inducted, the Lay Ministers will promote Rev. Gyomay Kubose’s approach to Buddhism that emphasizes Oneness and everyday Dharma awareness. They will form small Dharma groups, give Dharma talks, conduct *Ti-Saranas*, weddings, funerals, and engage in creative ways to share the Dharma.

Our third group is finishing up their first year work and a fourth group is waiting in the wings to start in September.

Because the program makes use of the internet and telephone conferencing, students can be located anywhere. We have found that the Lay Minister Program is beneficial for both the students and ourselves. The weekly assignments foster wonderful discussions and focus both the students and the program administrators on the Dharma. This immersion in the Dharma opens us up for Dharma Glimpses that may not have been possible otherwise.

There is still room for a few more candidates in the fourth group. If you are interested, please email Adrienne Kubose at brightdawn@kubose.com

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**REV. KOYO’S SPEAKING SCHEDULE**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Event</th>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Contact Info</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mar 14</td>
<td>Spring Ohigan Lecture for the Fresno Buddhist Temple</td>
<td>California State University - Fresno, University Business Center, Alice Peters Auditorium</td>
<td>(559) 442-4054</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mar 15</td>
<td>Ohigan Service at the Fresno Buddhist Temple</td>
<td>Fresno, CA</td>
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<tr>
<td>Apr 4</td>
<td>Dharma Talk “Everyday Gassho” at Palo Alto Buddhist Temple</td>
<td>2751 Louis Road, Palo Alto, CA</td>
<td>(650) 856-0123</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Apr 5</td>
<td>Hanamatsuri Service at Palo Alto Buddhist Temple</td>
<td>2401 Riverside Blvd., Sacramento, CA</td>
<td>(916) 446-0121</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Apr 12</td>
<td>Hanamatsuri Service at Buddhist Church of Sacramento</td>
<td>2401 Riverside Blvd., Sacramento, CA</td>
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American Buddhist Services

Heartland Sangha
holds 11 A.M. Saturday services on the first and third Saturdays of every month at Lake Street Church, 607 Lake Street, Evanston, Illinois (use courtyard entrance on Chicago Avenue).
Each service is uniquely planned by a chairperson volunteer from the local Sangha. Music and readings from a variety of sources are used.
Gratitude offerings of rice, flowers, or other innovative offerings often replace traditional incense burning and sutra chanting. The Heartland Sangha is to be commended for their “cutting edge” efforts in creating these progressive American Buddhist services.
For more information, go to www.heartlandsangha.org or call Asayo Horibe, Heartland Sangha President, at (847) 869-5806.

New Dawn Sangha
meets the second Tuesday of every month at 7:00pm here in Decatur, IL. If anyone wants more information or directions, they can contact Sensei John Miyo Wylder at 217-429-1883 or bassho@sbcglobal.net.

Acknowledgements with Gratitude

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(When submitting donations, please list your name exactly as you wish it to appear in the Oneness newsletter. Acknowledgments are current as of February 17, 2009. Donations received after this date will be listed in the next issue. If we have missed an acknowledgment, please let us know.)
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.

THE CENTER WITHIN. Continues the approach of "Everyday Suchness" and speaks directly to the ordinary layperson. Collection of 58 essays reflects Rev. Kubose's down-to-earth presentation of the Dharma teachings which offers to all people a richer, more meaningful life. 134 pages.

THE CENTER WITHIN audio cassette; 3 hours.

AMERICAN BUDDHISM. Covers a brief history of Buddhism in America, Four Noble Truths, Eightfold Path, problems in terminology and misunderstandings common to Westerners. 29 pages.

ZEN KOANS. Commentary on over 200 classical and modern koans. Insights and life teachings applicable to all Buddhists. 274 pages.

Translations by Rev. Gyomay Kubose


TAN BUTSU GE. (Translation and commentary). This sutra tells the story of Dharmakara who became Amitabha, the Buddha of Infinite Light. 56 pages.

HEART OF THE GREAT WISDOM SUTRA. (Translation and commentary). This sutra deals with the teachings of non-self and nothingness. 35 pages.

Other Recommended Books

BUDDHIST SYMBOLS. Handy brochure explaining common Buddhist symbols. quad-fold.

BUDDHISM: Path of Enlightenment. Simple, concise introduction to basic Buddhism. Teachings are superimposed on beautiful full-color photographs of nature scenes such as water ponds, rock gardens, bamboo grove, etc. 20 pages.

COFFINMAN by Shinmon Aoki. This diary of a mortician invites the reader into the fascinating world of Buddhist spirituality which sees the extraordinary in things ordinary, mundane, and even repugnant. 142 pages.

OCEAN: AN INTRODUCTION TO JODO-SHINSHU BUDDHISM IN AMERICA by Ken Tanaka. Uses a question and answer format to present Jodo-Shinshu Buddhism and to answer questions frequently asked by non-Buddhists. The book can help Jodo-Shinshu Buddhists understand their own religious tradition and also help in communicating it to others. 270 pages.

RIVER OF FIRE, RIVER OF WATER by Taitetsu Unno. Introduces the Pure Land tradition of Shin Buddhism using personal anecdotes, stories, and poetry. With spiritual insight and unparalleled scholarship, this book is an important step forward for Buddhism in America. 244 pages.

THE FEELING BUDDHA, by David Brazier. A lucid account of how the Buddha’s path of wisdom and loving kindness grew out of the challenges he encountered in life. 207 pages.
### YES  YES  Your Everyday Spirituality  YES  YES

| MAR  | Theme:  | Gratitude  |
|      | Purpose: | Acknowledging the generosity of others  |
|      | Method:  | Gift-Receiving Gassho: In opening the Bright Dawn mail, whenever someone has sent a donation, I am moved. I have no expectations and do not take anything for granted. The donation touches my heart and I have to raise the envelope up and Gassho to the donor. Such donors are teaching me deep gratitude. More and more, I find myself doing Gassho to many other kinds of “gifts” that come my way every day. |

| APR  | Theme:  | Gratitude  |
|      | Purpose: | Deeper interpersonal awareness.  |
|      | Method:  | Phone-Hanging-up Gassho: Whenever I hang up the phone, regardless of whom I had been talking to, I Gassho to the telephone. This makes me more appreciative of the relationship with that person. Cultivating deeper understanding and awareness is possible even if it was a business call—or a wrong number! |

| MAY  | Theme:  | Gratitude  |
|      | Purpose: | Not taking television for granted.  |
|      | Method:  | Shutting-off TV Gassho: Watching television is a major source of enjoyment for most of us. Whatever the technology is that makes the medium of television possible, is an amazing mystery to me—like a miracle! I developed a habit of doing Gassho in appreciation each time I turn off the television. |

### Mailing List Update

If you are already on our mailing list and wish to remain on the list, no action is necessary. We are happy to continue sending our newsletter to all interested persons. If you know someone who would like to be added or removed from our mailing list, please indicate below and send to: Bright Dawn Institute, 28372 Margaret Road, Coarsegold, CA 93614.

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Name: ____________________________

___ Please remove from your mailing list  
Address: __________________________