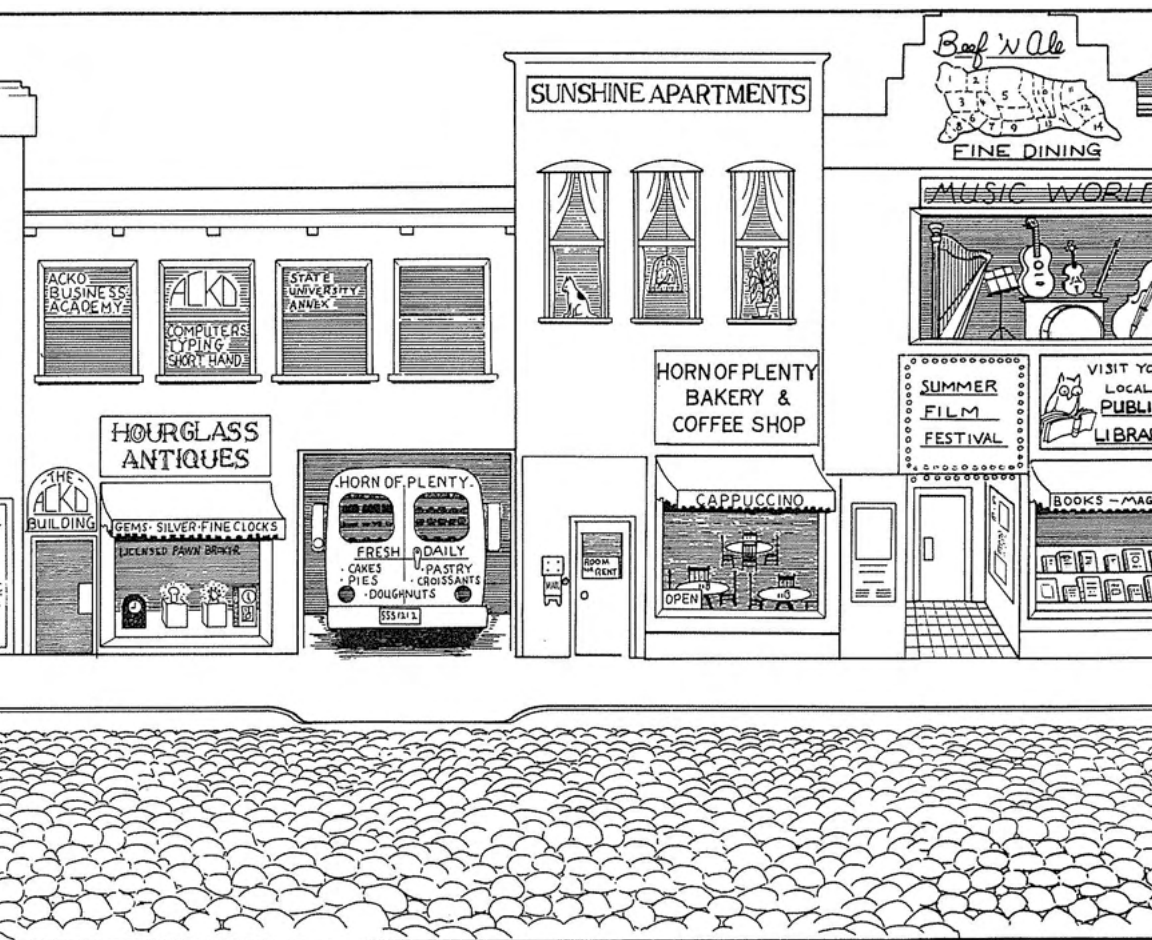


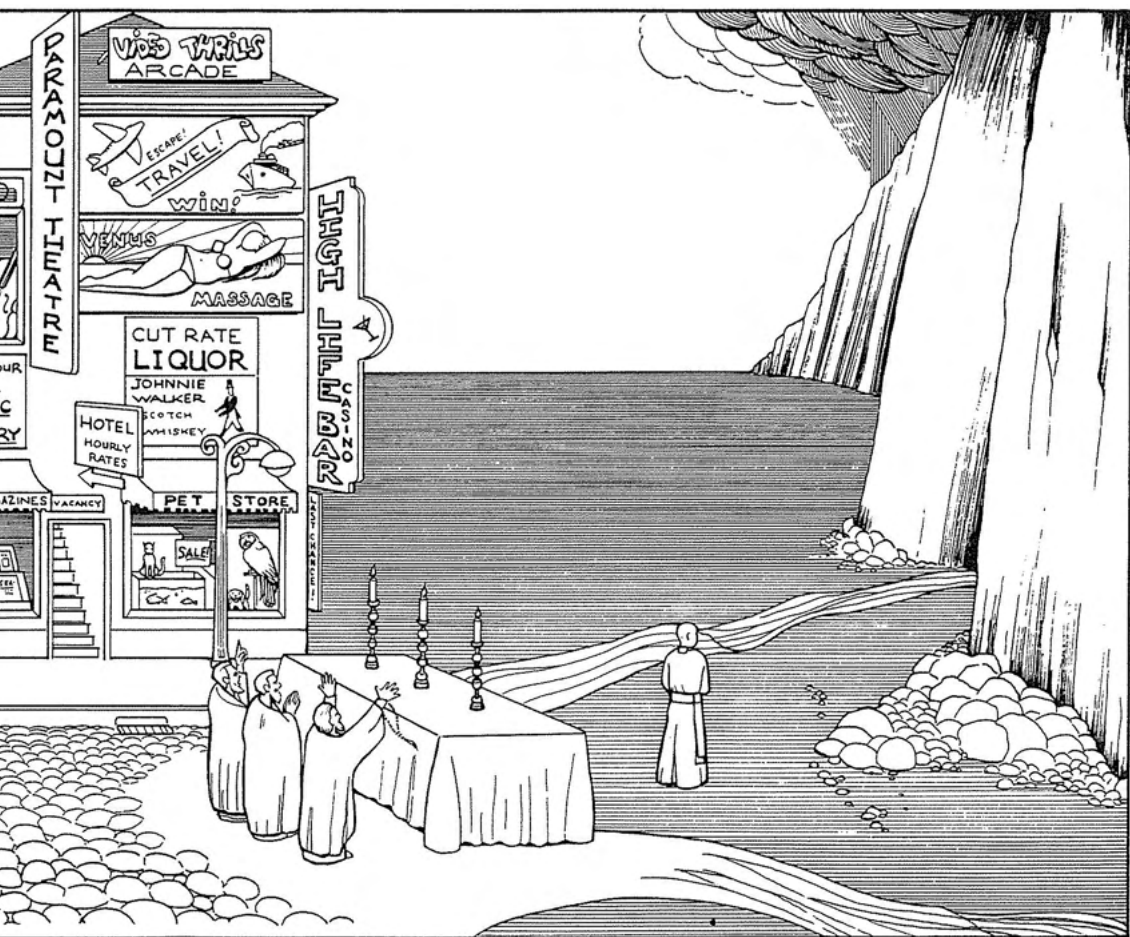
How to Grow a Lotus Blossom

or

How a Zen Buddhist
Prepares for Death



When you come face to face with the end of the road of life as the term is understood in this world, it should be obvious that worldly distractions, such as are seen here, culminating in the altar of what passes for religion, indicate the unsatisfactoriness of the human state. The finding of the Dharma Cloud, as a result of going on beyond ordinary religion and climbing the glass mountain, takes those who essay it beyond 'isms,' sects and religious façades to That which brings total fulfillment. It is not until we are willing to go on beyond our greatest fears, which ordinary religions attempt to comfort and allay rather



than teaching us to overcome them, that we are able to find Truth; thus we have to be willing to go on beyond everything if we would be one with what the Buddha, in the *Udana Scripture*, calls the Unborn, Undying, Unchanging, Uncreated. This is what should be understood by the terms 'Eternal' and what Keizan Zenji calls 'the Lord of the House'. Both these terms are used in this book. Scriptures and ceremonies point the way and pure meditation, i.e. Zazen, leads to the realisation of the Unborn, Undying, Unchanging, Uncreated.

How to Grow a Lotus Blossom

or

How a Zen Buddhist
Prepares for Death

by

Rev. Master P.T.N.H. Jiyu-Kennett



Shasta Abbey,
Mount Shasta, California 96067.

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This book is dedicated to Rev. Daizui MacPhillamy
who risked his health to save mine.

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To all those who have helped with the production of this book, both in its first edition and this present second edition, I give my thanks.

I continue to be grateful to the authors and publishers of the various works I have referred to, as acknowledged in the text.

P. T. N. H. Jiyu-Kennett.

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PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

When this book was first printed what is described herein had taken place only a few months previously. Since that printing much more of what happened has been clarified, and some more has been included. The opinions expressed by psychologists and others that it seemed advisable to include in the first edition now appear to me as being unnecessary and have, therefore, been excluded as have also the works on Hasidism and Taoism which were originally included as appendices. All personal names have been omitted to preserve the privacy of others except in the cases of Koho Zenji and myself. The glossary has also been omitted since it is the same as that in others of my books. (See *Zen is Eternal Life*, 3rd. edition revised, Shasta Abbey Press, 1987; and *The Wild White Goose*, Shasta Abbey, 2002.)

To a certain extent the work, when first published, was felt to be needed to allay certain rumours then circulating concerning me as to what I had actually experienced. It now seems good to me that all that took place, both then and since, could be of value to serious persons who have lived for years on a diet of Zen books that do not clearly state what happens to those who spend many, many years in Zen study. In addition to this, it is not well known that past lives are experienced in Zen training and that, as well as *past* lives, what can *possibly* be going to take place in the future can also be communicated. This, however, should *not* be understood in terms of prediction; predictions show what will *definitely* take place. What takes place in *real* visions, therefore, should not be thought of as a prediction of what *will* happen, only as something that *can* happen if one does not alter the course of action that one is presently contemplating or beginning to follow. This is a very important point; there is no fatalism, no subjection to a "Divine Will," only a warning of what will happen if one does not alter one's course of action. It must be understood,

then, that such warnings of possible events are of immense value, and receiving them is a *by-product* of having taken Zen training *very* seriously.

It is also very important to note that, with such a kensho as this, those who experience one would appear to be vulnerable to attacks. Even the Buddha Himself was very gravely subjected to this as may be seen in the stories of His life. He, for example, was accused of wrongdoing with a woman as well as sorcery.¹ The important thing to remember is that nothing can destroy the experience.

Although I and the community of Shasta Abbey no longer use the term “roshi” when speaking of ourselves, both to other persons and in our own community, preferring instead the term “Rev. Master,” I have left the former in the text. This is so as not to make undue alterations in the second edition. There is, however, good reason for changing the term: in recent years “roshi” seems to have been applied in a number of ways that complicate its true implications. Over the years I hope that, with experience, I will be able to drop most of the Japanese terminology. Perhaps in the next edition of this book I can do this, just as all of us have, in our own community and congregation, changed the term from “roshi” to “Rev. Master.” This is not because I have anything against Japanese; it is simply that all of us can understand better what we are talking about in our own language rather than in that of another nation.

It should be clearly understood that kensho is something that really never ceases and, unless one deliberately breaks the Precepts, continues with help and assistance in everyday life for one’s entire lifetime.

The original edition of this book, with some additions, is now called Book I.

Book II contains some visions that took place after the first edition was published. Only the most significant visions for teaching purposes have been included. I pray that this book may be of great value to the reader.

P. T. N. H. Jiyu-Kennett,
Shasta Abbey,
Mt. Shasta, California.
21st. April, 1992.

BOOK I

FOREWORD.

Enlightenment is not experienced in lumps or stages, nor are there types of enlightenment, it is an on-going flow, therefore the word 'type' in this foreword is a misnomer and is only used for convenience because there is no adequate word.

On October 5th., 1962, I experienced the kensho² which caused Zenji Keido Chisan Koho³ to qualify me as a teacher of Zen. Although I did not receive the actual certificate of qualification until several years later, after I had learned how to do the actual teaching, it was this kensho which made that certificate possible. The type of kensho experience I had at this time is the most usual and, to my knowledge, the one upon which most of the present teachers of Zen in the orient and, possibly, those in America too, have their qualifications based. It should, however, be understood clearly that there are other types of kensho besides this one. Unfortunately documentation of such experiences, other than the first type, is extraordinarily scant; hence the tremendous amount of misconception and mystique surrounding them. It occurred to me, therefore, that a book in English was much to be desired on this subject, showing clearly the various stages that such later experiences take.

The kensho I experienced in 1962 is the "great flash of deep understanding,"—the Kanzeon or "Penetration of Heaven" kensho as it is called. It is the one in which one *knows* one's unity with the immaculacy of nothingness and which grows ever deeper if one keeps up one's meditation *and* training. It is the result of much serious training, either in a monastery or in the world itself, and is exemplified in the eighth Ox-Herding Picture,⁴ the previous seven making clear the sort of training necessary to reach this state. I have described how it happened to me at some length in *The Wild, White Goose*.⁵

What happens as a result of constant training after the first kensho may be called the On-Going Fugen kensho. This

one, because of its almost imperceptible growth, is not associated in the mind with any *one* event although certain “little moments that make one dance” (see p. xxii) are signs of it. In many ways the time between the first and third kenshos is the most difficult, as anyone who has had a first kensho knows, for the simple reason that the temptations to break the Precepts are much greater and far more subtle. The norm of human behaviour being set at what psychologists consider “healthy,” i.e. a person is well integrated and adjusted if he has a reasonable ego and a fair swatch each of greed, hate and delusion with a little lukewarm morality thrown in, is of little comfort to one who has had a first kensho and finds that, in order to progress further, he must now not only *keep* his passions rooted out but also clean up the impregnations that they have left upon his skandhas both in this life and in his previous ones. A whole book could be written about the problems that beset a person during this period and I may write one at a later date.

The third type of kensho about which, as I have said, very little to my knowledge is written needs much more explanation and documentation. Let me state, at the outset, that what I have set down here as my personal experience is, in no way, exclusive to me. Absolutely anyone who trains seriously, who makes the Precepts⁶ his blood and bones and who not only tries to *live* by them but cleans up all the impregnations, both of his present life and of his inherited past lives, that the breakage of those Precepts has left upon his skandhas, can experience this type of kensho.

There is, however, one important point that should be mentioned here. In the first kensho one goes through all the stages mentioned in this book as taking place in the third kensho with this difference:— in the first kensho the stages flash by so quickly that the whole kensho is only comprehended as one flash. One goes, as it were, from earth to heaven by rocket, or a lightning bolt, with no time to take notice of the journey before one has arrived. The third kensho takes place slowly and deliberately with plenty of time to comprehend each step of

the way. For example, in the first kensho one jumps, of necessity, beyond the opposites and knows for ever afterwards that one has jumped. In the third kensho the opposites are looked at slowly and dispassionately and then *deliberately* discarded; the first kensho is a swift comprehension of grace; the third kensho *starts* as a *deliberate* act of will.

It has been taught in the west that all experiences, visual or otherwise, during meditation should be regarded as makyo and taken no notice of whatsoever. Whereas this is true for *all* who have *not* had a first kensho, it is not *necessarily* true for those who have the little flashes of what I here call the On-Going Fugen kensho and not true at all for those having the third kensho. The Zen masters of old did not talk about the valid experiences, however, for fear that new trainees would mistake makyo for the real thing. There are places in the Scriptures where they are mentioned but, for some reason, people nowadays get upset when a Zenist mentions them and I do not doubt that many will be annoyed with me for doing so. At *any* stage of training it is very dangerous to *cling* to experiences, whether they be makyo or valid. The valid ones should be understood clearly and then left behind; the *purpose* of meditation is the experiencing of the Unborn, Undying, Unchanging, Uncreated which leads to the harmonisation of body and mind—that experiences do, or do not, occur whilst this is happening is neither here nor there. Dogen Zenji spoke very little of *visual* experiences; Keizan Zenji had many; they *both* stressed the importance of meditation and *both* reached the same spiritual place. Always it seems one *feels* what happens during the third kensho.

When I was quite young I can remember talking about kenshos with D. T. Suzuki in London and wondering exactly why, since enlightenment is one and undivided, it was necessary to have more than one kensho. I remember asking him if, since a Zen master is said to never say he *is* enlightened, he *knew* that he had had a kensho, and he assured me that he did. I also remember asking him, “Have *you* ever had this experience

yourself?” and he admitted that he had. Later that same year he said openly and clearly, “Once or twice I have had the great experience but a million times the little moments that make one dance.” Between the great kenshos come the millions of “little moments that make one dance” that make up the On-Going Fugen kensho,—the moments that remind you, any time you get really down, that you *have* experienced the Penetration of Heaven kensho. I myself have experienced them many times; I know them well. I also know that D. T. Suzuki did not mind openly admitting that he had had *kensho* experience nor did any of the great Zen masters I met in the east. It is perfectly true that they did *not*, however, say that they were enlightened. They only admitted to having experienced kensho. There is a great deal of difference in saying that you have experienced kensho and in saying that you are enlightened; I would like to make this point very clear. Kensho experience, even the second type through its tiny moments, can be fixed, dated, in time; enlightenment is an on-going process, ever-flowing like a river. You cannot hold a river within your hand but you can trail your hand in the river. By grasping you lose all; by letting the flow continue you possess all whilst possessing nothing. My own master did make an announcement concerning my kensho the day after my Transmission Ceremony. This is quite customary in Zen monasteries especially if the master intends to train the person as a future teacher of Zen. I make these comments because I know there is a prevalent belief, or there was, certainly, some years ago when I was in England, that this subject must never, or should never, be talked about. I do not know from whence this idea came; I certainly did not find it anywhere in the east.

I suspect that people go through the type of experience I describe in this book during their final illness and shortly before their death. The Zen master, however, having learned to meditate properly and overcome his fear of death or, perhaps I should say, being more anxious for the harmonisation of his body and mind than worrying about what will happen

should he meditate too deeply, can have this experience without necessarily having to die, as indeed can any other being who is willing to go very deeply into meditation and training; this kensho can only take place as a result of *both being equal in intensity*.

It is not always good to do deep meditation and training completely by oneself as the reader will discover as he reads on; nor is it wise to be in any place whatsoever where he can be much disturbed. The world is always anxious to push its way in when someone wishes to do something about himself. When advanced spiritual development is reached the world seems to treble and quadruple its efforts to distract and dishearten, as the reader will very soon find out, and it is then that faith in the memory of the first kensho is absolutely vital; one second of doubt, even the possibility of *thinking of the possibility of doubting*, can cause the spirit to despair and death is the result. True meditation is not for cowards; it is hazardous, perilous and magnificent. For this reason a place of absolute peace and quiet is necessary. You will also need a friend or a disciple who is perfectly willing to go to any lengths to keep the world from bothering you.

It is very essential, if a person has a similar experience to mine, that he does not suffer from the idea that he is the one and only to ever experience it. *Nor must he cling to the experience*. The thing that gave me the greatest joy during this time was the realisation that I was *not* the one and only lotus blossom in the lake,—that there were *millions* of others there before me and *millions* more coming up.

This brings me to another matter. I do not doubt that every person *sees* and *experiences* this somewhat *differently* to me, although the *stages* for doing so are *identically* the same. It is the *stages* of this particular path that the reader should carefully study, not so that he can have *my* experience but so that he may have his *own*. In a way these experiences are a much more elaborate and deeper version of the original Ox-Herding Pictures. The reader should also know that he must not undertake

meditation for the purpose of *having* this type of experience. I had no idea that I would experience this. All I knew was that, if I were going to die, I was going to do the finest job of it I possibly could; that I did not die happens to be a bonus; that I experienced this is an absolute joy for which my gratitude has no bounds. It is my sincere hope that this type of kensho will become much more widely known and, as a result of very serious and hard training, much more often experienced. One must, however, go on beyond the experiences; they should be *learned* from but *not* clung to. The teaching is all that matters.

One last word—fear of being laughed at, fear of being regarded as a publicity-seeker or a crank, fear of what the world may think may stop a lot of people from writing down, and being willing to admit to and share, what they do experience. I personally feel this to be wrong. In a day and age when far too many people are terrified of death, perhaps far too few are willing to admit to what they, themselves, have experienced when brought back from the door of death and far too many are afraid of what the medical profession and others will say if they speak of their experiences. If those who have experienced these things speak out, much fear can be removed, much joy can be experienced and much grief prevented. For these reasons I wish to share with the reader this great experience.

Rev. Roshi Jiyu-Kennett,
Shasta Abbey,
Mount Shasta, California.

1st. August, 1992.

I am *Glad* that I Became a Monk.

The Treasure House exists; when the Lord of the House permits me to hold the Jewel I must do so with awe and reverence. I must hold it so that each facet is distinct. I should not show this Jewel idly to those still caught in fame and gain, who may consider or weigh its worth, but I show it anyway.

Nothing matters;

Mindfulness is all.

The Scriptures must be taken *literally* for they were obtained at death's door;

Never come too close nor put yourself too far away from anything.

If life comes there is only life;

If death comes there is only death;

I step off into death when my purpose for living ceases;

I step off into life when my purpose for living emerges;

My purpose for living is to be a monk so now is not the time to die.

It is sufficient for *me* just to *BE* a monk.

Although being careful of others' training, I can not do it for them; they and I make and carry our own karma; they must find their *own* purpose for living.

To be a live monk I must *know* the harmony of body and mind;

The body will not know peace until the mind ceases from evil.

The Lord of the House says, "If you wish," when I make my choices;

The consequences are not His problem.

If I am to be a monk I must unceasingly heed the Lord of the House;

When the Lord of the House gives you His teaching, listen attentively and respectfully and, quickly, loudly, reverently and obediently, say "YES."



Plate I.

PLATE I:—THE END OF THE ROAD.

(The plates are a close representation of what I saw and experienced. It should be understood that the first ten represent the first twelve days of meditation and are an attempt to capture, in tableau, what was actually a moving scene. For example, I spent two days and nights meditating on the two roads and listening to the reasons for and against climbing the mountains, and another two days and nights in the actual climb. The decisions needed for each stage were mostly taken at sundown which is when most visions (i.e. plates or series of plates) should be considered as starting. Plates, or stages, eleven to twenty cover a period of two months, plates twenty-one to twenty-six a further period of a month and a half and plates twenty-seven to sixty-five I experienced after I had regained my health over a period of several weeks.)

I have been fading steadily for some time. A masseuse came and eased some of the tensions in me a little and some herbal teas have helped somewhat with the water elimination but my disciple has watched me drift further and further away and now finally cries out in his own anguish for help for all of us. Miracle of miracles! His cry is heard by the Lord of the House and he experiences the first great kensho—that which is known as the Kanzeon or Penetration of Heaven. Instead of my former heir who had deserted me and who, although he was close to understanding, had not yet experienced kensho, I now have a true heir whom I can certify. This had to be done at once lest I die before he received the seals. I Transmitted him here on my sickbed and called witnesses for the sealing. How awe-ful is this Penetration of Heaven; how foolish are men to think that they can solve the koan with their own puny minds. Not until they give up their egos of themselves and put their trust solely in the Lord of the House does the koan solve itself. Now I may indeed go into meditation. I have cut my other disciples loose so that no one

may harm them; I could become so ill that others may issue orders in my name without my knowledge and consent. I have resigned from the temple and now again am an unsui—and I have my true heir who is nursing me. I have not even the strength left to talk to him.

As I go deep into meditation I see behind me a road in which can be seen many of the beguiling distractions of the world. At the end of this road is a great altar being served by three priests. I walk to the right of this altar and go round behind it where two roads appear and a great mountain range. On the road to the left, there are more women than men for their inadequacy is great and they believe they can get nowhere whatsoever unless a man helps them. Their world is the world of soap-opera, of television, of gossip, of being enmeshed absolutely in their family life. There are *some* men upon this road too but women outnumber them three to one. To the right is the road that leads to expensive entertainment, to high worldly success, to learning, to universities, to great places in the world of men, great names in politics and art and, on this road, men outnumber women three to one for they believe, in their complacency, that they are adequate, that all the best things are their prerogative; yet they are trapped as much as are the women. The women believe they cannot move without a man because they are inadequate and the men do not move because they believe they do not need to. Adequacy and inadequacy are equally dangerous traps. For both men and women it becomes steadily more obvious that something is missing, something is needed. After all, where do these roads lead? Entertainments are an unreality as are worldly success, money, fame and fortune; all these things are but temporary placebos; when death comes it has to be faced alone. The great entertainments, the great names, the great learning can do nothing then, any more than can the man in which a woman placed her trust; he cannot save her at the hour of death. Behind me is what passes for religion; it tries to tell me how and why but has no answers to my real questions.

And yet these roads beckon me and something in me says, "Choose one. You still have *some* time left. Enjoy it; there is nothing you can do." And another voice says, "Take no notice of those roads. Know that nothing *really* matters. Be mindful." I am in terror but I heed the latter voice. Something vaguely remembered from the kensho in 1962 bids me *go on*. Am I imagining this? Do *not* doubt that kensho; it *did* happen; *go on!*

So, refusing to go down either road, I see nothing but the great mountain range before me. Over these mountains heavy storms rage. The mountain faces are sheer like glass. How can they be scaled by a being that has no knowledge of how to climb, no rope, no means of grasping the glassy surface?



Plate II.

PLATE II:—
SCALING THE GLASS MOUNTAIN.

There is nothing for it but to go straight up the face. How do I climb that which is sheer and glassy? By going straight up, by not thinking whether I will live or die, by not thinking I am inadequate or adequate, male or female. Maleness and femaleness cannot help me here; here the world of the opposites ceases. There is no way up for one who is stuck in inadequacy or in adequacy.

Up and up and up, without ever doubting my ability, without looking down, without thinking, without caring about the lightning that comes from the storms, without fearing the ferocious animals that I may meet, without worrying about the darkness or the avalanches, holding fast to the memory of the kensho; up, up and on. Will the climb to the top never end? Perhaps everyone else was right, perhaps to go off into despair—but I *know* this is wrong and will not listen to the voice that whispers, “Go back. You are too weak, you cannot do it. You have not been good enough to climb this mountain; you have not done enough to train yourself—you do not know how to climb.” And I say, “Quiet. I *can* climb and I *will*.”



Plate III.

PLATE III:— THE ONLY WAY LEFT.

The mountains seem endless now that the face has been scaled. From their summit one can see the roads on either side—cheap entertainments and what passes for family life on one side, expensive entertainments, fame and fortune on the other, each leading off to the same place—despair. I can see it clearly from up here. And yet what have I got? Nothing but rocks and boulders. On hands and knees, injured by the rocks, I go on; cut by volcanic glass, hands and feet and knees bleeding and torn, on and on—and, on each side, the bright lights beckoning; but they go off into darkness and despair. Better by far to bleed upon the mountains; better by far to trust in, and remember, the kensho.

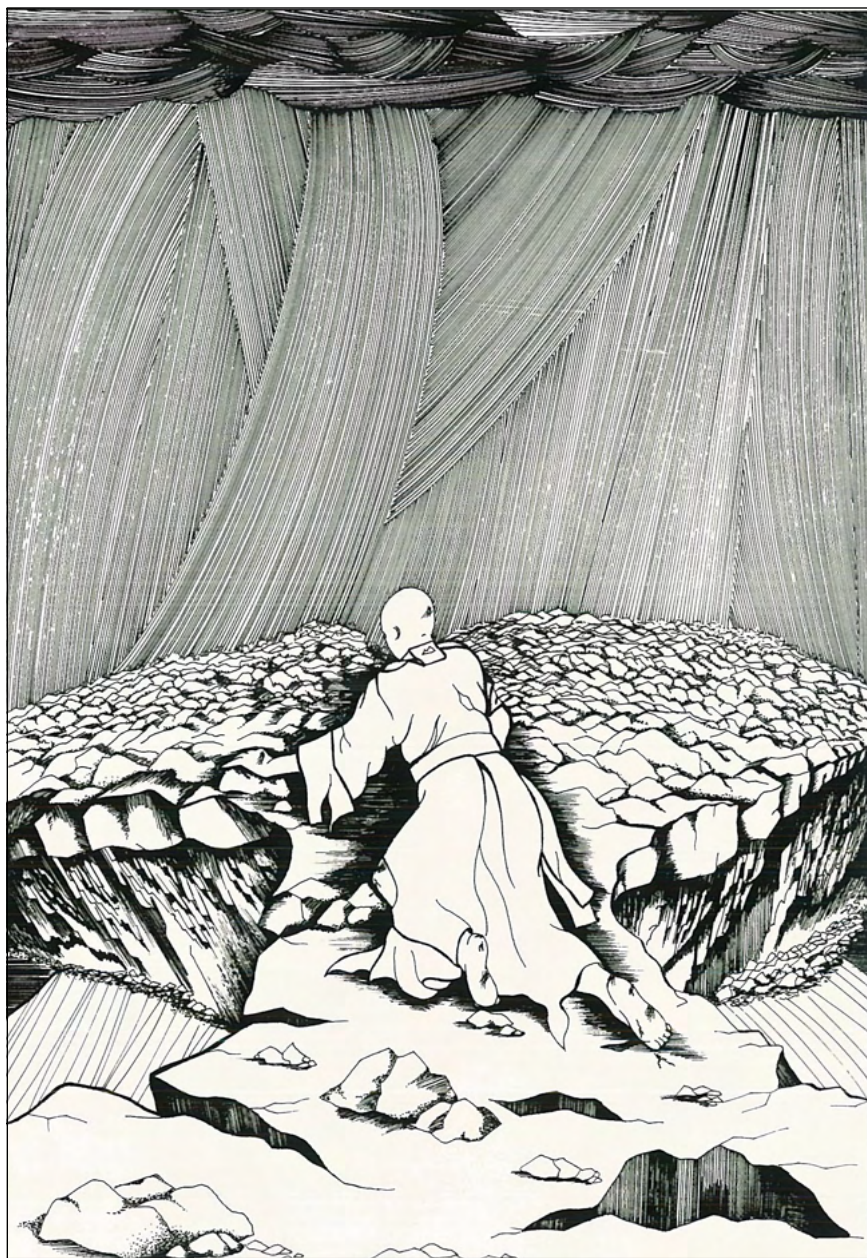


Plate IV.

PLATE IV:— THE ROAD APPEARS.

The mountain top seems to be flattening out and descending to the level of the roads. They can still be seen on either side through gaps in the rock; perilous gaps, narrow and spiny, small holes. But anyone who is on the roads can make it through if he or she so wishes; there is always a way onto this mountain range. The stones become smaller and smaller. I am still on hands and knees, the bleeding and the cutting continue. I must take no notice of what is on either side. I must remember that one can go out through those holes just as much as one can come in and take no notice, take no notice whatsoever. Absolute blackness beyond me and straight ahead. The bright lights on either side become dimmer and dimmer; I must take no notice of them; not see their beckoning; go on, go on, go on.

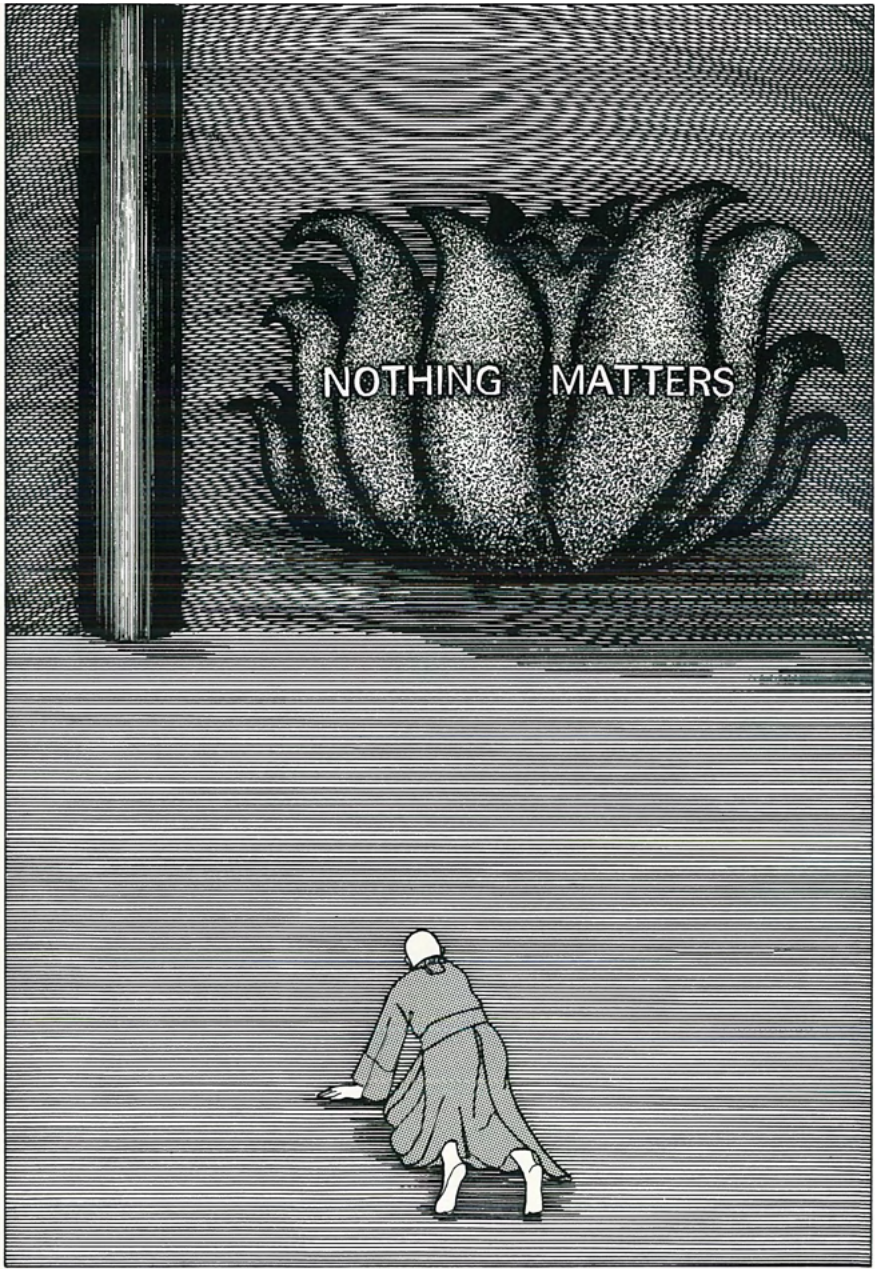


Plate V.

PLATES V, VI, VII, VIII AND IX:—
ENTRY TO THE ABYSS.

The blackness is complete. It is as if I am in a huge tunnel; everywhere darkness and blackness. Still on hands and knees I move on until, in front of me, there looms a great, black lotus; it towers high above me, huge, incredible. Within me a voice whispers, “Be careful,—be *very* careful. Remember, *nothing* matters.” Upon the side of the lotus is written in dull, yet glowing, red, “*NOTHING MATTERS.*” Ahead and to the left I perceive dimly a giant, iron pillar that I know penetrates the universe.

A taunting voice inside me says, “Better by far to jump into that great, black lotus, to enter the abyss of despair. What point is there in going on, bleeding and cut and torn? Jump in, why not?” The first voice says, “You have no reason to do that.” The other says, “Why not?” “There is a beautiful tree outside; it is a beautiful evening,” says my disciple when I ask him why I should continue to live. “What have I to do with these things?” I reply. “What is the point?” A voice comes from the pillar, “It is not my problem that you fall into despair; it does not matter to Me that you die. I am eternal. It does not matter in the least if you should die. Go ahead if you wish; jump into the abyss.” “But I do not want to die!” I cry, “I do not want to die!” I draw back from the abyss, from the great, black lotus towering in front of me. Remember, nothing matters.... Remember, nothing matters.... Remember the Scriptures—Mindfulness is all—over the mountains, up to this black abyss, that which matters most—mindfulness is all—AND—nothing matters. The Scriptures must be taken literally for they were obviously obtained at death’s door. In red letters flashes across my mind, “Never come too close nor put yourself too far away; do not come too close to the abyss and do not put yourself too far away from it.” It is important to always remember that the abyss exists otherwise one will

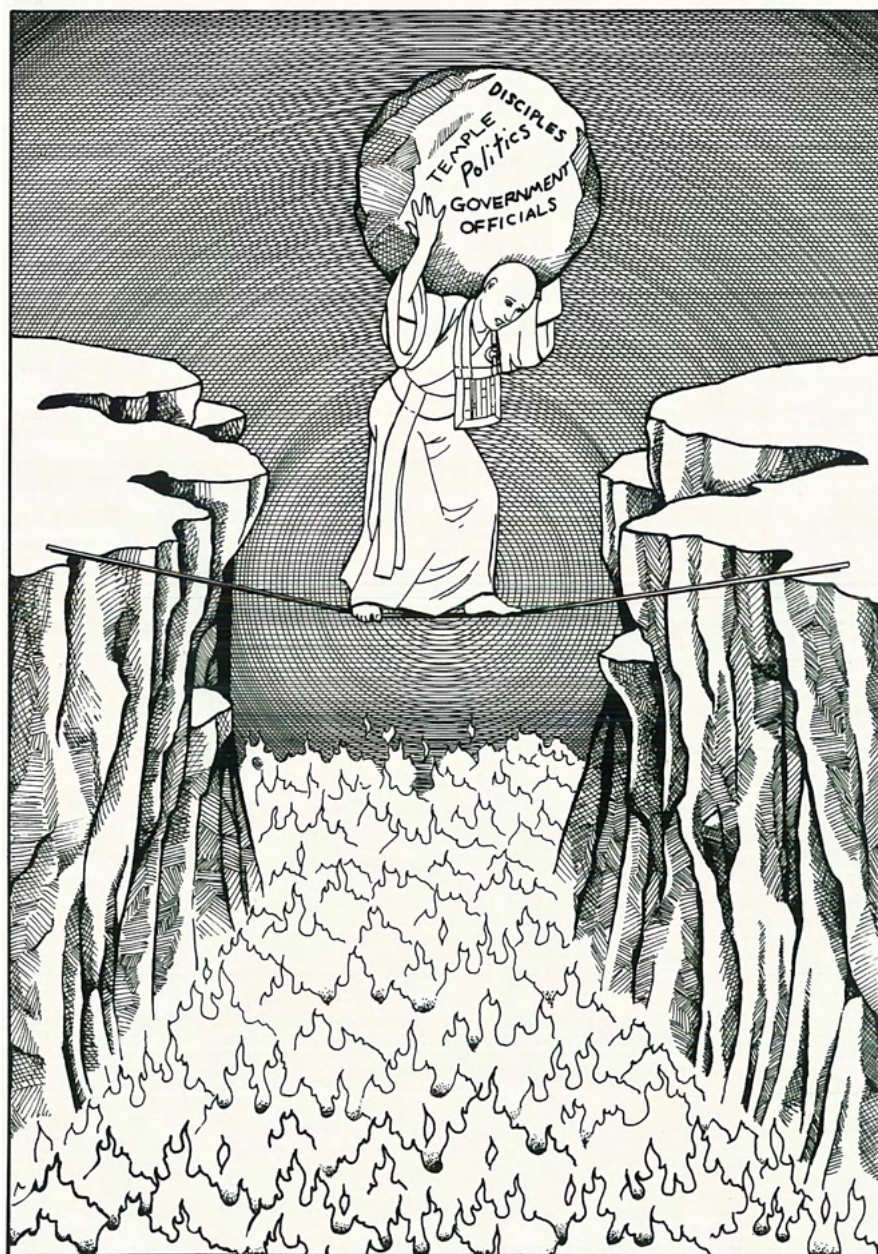


Plate VI.

become safe in one's own mind and not notice falling into it.

As I stand before it, for now I am standing up, I know that if life comes there is only life and if death comes there is only death. I step off into death when my purpose for living ceases; I will not step off into death for I do not wish to die. "The secret of life is will; words are its key."⁷ This is the darkest moment that a being can know. If I had not seen the cleanness of the water thirteen years ago⁸ I would not now be able to have the faith to walk this road.

The blackness is intense. Suddenly, just in front of my feet, I see a great chasm. The black lotus has opened to reveal a hell. Within it a red hot inferno blazes; there are sheer cliffs on either side that arch up as if they were the grasping fingers of an infernal pair of hands trying to clutch me should I falter. I am carrying a great boulder of karma on my back for none of it has, as yet, been cleansed. I must cross this chasm but I do not know how for there is nothing whatsoever that I can see that will make a bridge. A voice says, "Remember the kensho:"— I remember it and there, before my feet, I see a narrow plank which makes a dangerous bridge across the chasm. Balancing my huge boulder of karma, I put my foot upon the plank—I have always been terrified of heights having suffered from vertigo for most of my life. "Trust in the kensho," says the voice—I trust and immediately am on the other side. If I had fallen into that pit with my load of uncleansed karma—the thought is horrendous—I must go on. If only I could confide in my disciple as to what is going on but I dare not: he is a psychologist and could so easily misunderstand. Better by far that I wait until he too knows what can happen. In any case, I can barely speak so I could not clearly explain these events to him—it is best as it is. I will cleanse my karma come what may.

I am barely across the chasm when I perceive a colossal cliff in front of me in which there is a cleft so thin that it is barely more than a chink. I am no longer carrying my boulder and this is as well since there is no way in which I could pos-

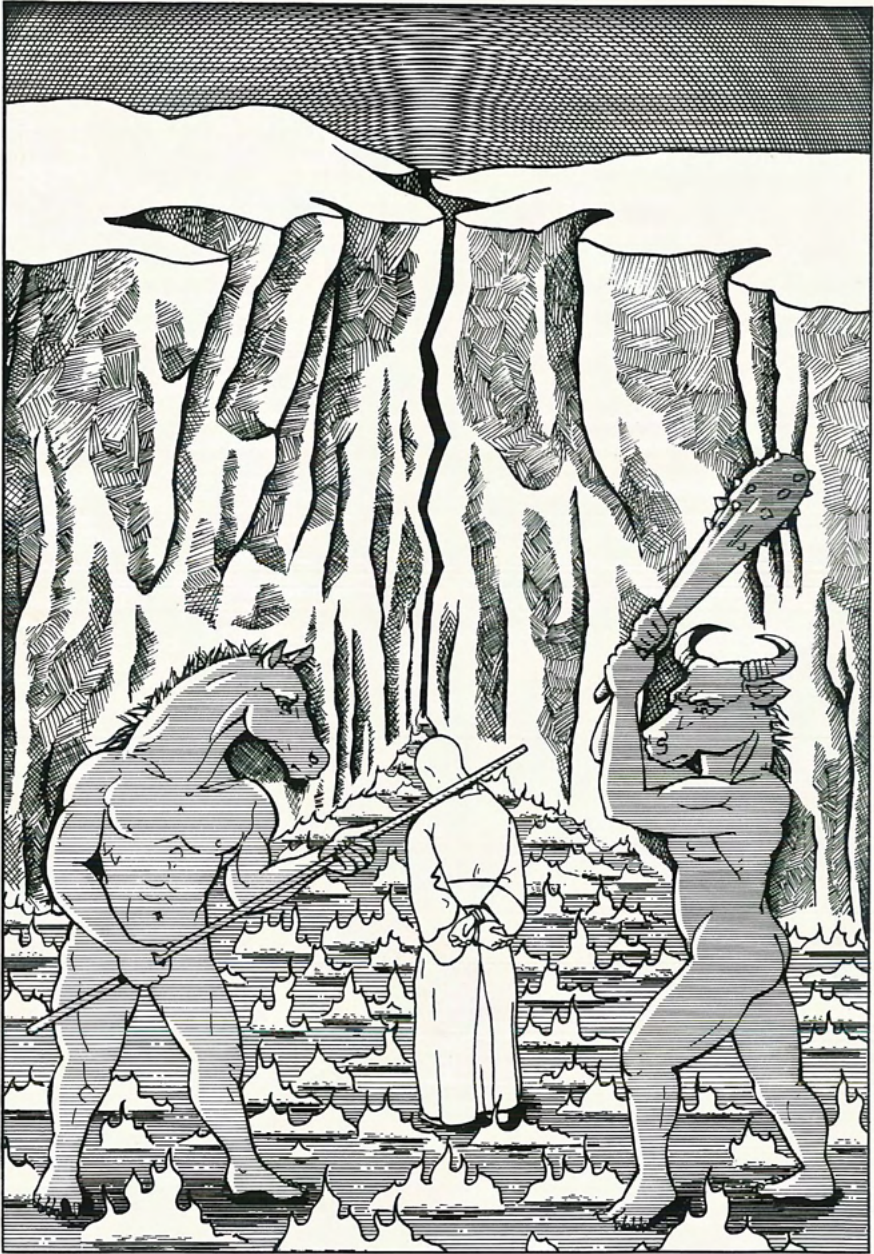


Plate VII.

sibly go on with it. Behind me I am being urged on by huge beings one of which has the head of a horse and the other that of an ox. I can see only their shadows but note that they have the form of human beings except for their heads. They urge me on towards the cleft in the cliffs and I have no alternative but to go forward. Can I possibly get through so thin a cleft? Trust in the kensho: you know for certain—trust totally. Oh, wonder of wonders! The cleft and cliffs are gone; Faith and trust in That Which Is, the Lord of the House, are absolutely essential in this place. I am so close to death here—I dare not tell my disciple or he will rush for doctors. I must go on alone—I must not die—I will cleanse all my karma and see That Which Is face to Face.

So this is the way in which one cleanses one's karma of body, mouth and will. I am obviously going through the hells that I have created for myself as a result of the evil karma I have created during this lifetime. If I do not face it before I die, I will have to pass my karma on to another and I am not willing to do that. I created it—I must cleanse it. I must also remember that, even if I cleanse all of this, I must still be ready to go through these hells again should I commit more wrong actions of body, mouth and will at a later date, always presuming that I survive now. I am now in total blackness except for the shadowy figure of the bull-headed being. I am on the ground and the being is tearing out my tongue with a huge pair of tongs. I am gagging for breath and my disciple is wringing his hands with worry. The being wants me to admit to something, but what? Then, suddenly, I realise that I must tell the truth concerning every secret wrong that I have ever had on my conscience from the beginning of my present existence in this world. All lies and exaggerations must be admitted to, however small. I admit to all that comes up for me. It is as if I am seeing everything that I should never have done as in a mirror. As I admit to each thing, and feel shame and horror for having committed such acts, they fade into shadows and disappear. I speak of these things to my disciple who



Plate VIII.

understands that he is receiving the confession of the dying and accepts what I say as totally, and for ever, within a veil of secrecy between the two of us. I must trust him absolutely in this way—I do not have a choice as to whether he is thus totally trustable—and if he is not, it will be he who will bear the horrendous karma for breaking the secret. Always one must trust both That Which Is and man. If one makes a difference between them, then there is no real understanding of the Lord of the House. But,—to trust a *psychologist*? The terror wells up in me. I can barely speak for the pain in my throat from the rending of my tongue—I cannot explain to him—I must trust him absolutely. In placing such trust in him I am placing him and myself in grave danger—him in that his head could be turned—me in that I could be betrayed. Trust in the kensho, go on, go on. I am again in black darkness—the bull-headed being has gone—I am alone. My disciple is looking at me with obvious deep concern—I can tell him nothing for my strength is so low that it barely keeps my heart going.

There must still be something to which I have not admitted for suddenly there is another shadowy being with a head something like that of a lion except that it has one horn, the body and limbs of a man and, I think, a tail. It has me by the throat and is shaking me whilst it also throttles me. I gag and gag and my disciple is terrified that I am about to die. The being demands that I tell the truth, the whole truth, concerning a certain incident. I struggle to do so and my disciple hears this also in the same spirit as that which he heard yesterday. I am kneeling as I am being strangled. When I have finished gasping out what happened—and my disciple helped by prompting me—I sink back, as it were, onto the floor although I have actually not moved from the bed as this world understands movement. Only vague shadows appear in the “mirror”—all is now still. It is not enough for me to merely *admit to* what I have done to beings; everything that can be set right must be set right. The only way I can go on is if I try to put right every wrong act



Plate IX.

that I have ever committed, tear into my past and drag it naked and trembling into the light. I cleanse my karma of body, mouth and will with the tears of repentance and actual reparation for that which has not been taken care of since my first kensho. This is the deeper meaning of the first of the Buddha's Noble Truths, Suffering Exists. No act of omission or commission, covert or overt, must be left out if I would go on—and I *will* go on—no matter what the cost, the pain or the shame. Days have passed and the searching of my heart continues, as it must always continue, even should I survive this, for this cleansing is not something that ceases—always there will be things I have forgotten—as they are remembered I will deal with them—*this* is my solemn oath.

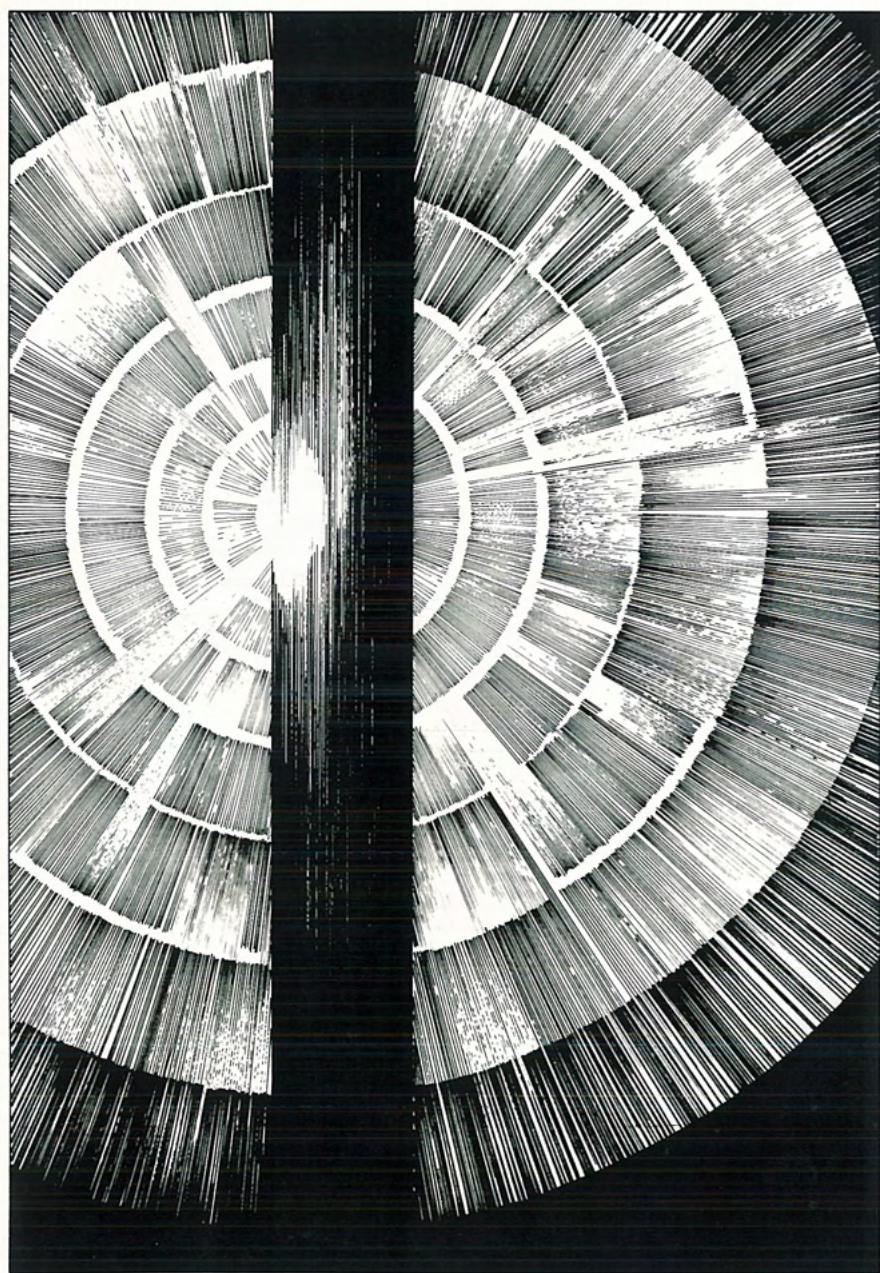


Plate X.

PLATE X:—HEAVEN IS THE MOST DANGEROUS OF ALL PLACES.

Absolute blackness; the great darkness of this seeming tunnel is impenetrable. Directly ahead of me is the great, iron pillar, penetrating the universe. From a great distance a bright light flashes, hitting the pillar. This is the road to heaven. I have said no to the abyss, cleansed my heart of its past wrong-doing; I can go into this bright, beautiful light. It flashes on the pillar and descends; each flash is a life as it flies by into heaven. Let me go quickly into this beautiful heaven; let me be there quickly. The flashes grow faster and faster, faster and faster. I am drawn more and more into it; I want to enter it; I want to be there; I want to make an end. I am standing up now. During the past days I have cleansed my spirit. I have searched every part of my heart, torn it to pieces, looked at and rooted out every evil act. During this time I was given the chance to see my past, every day of every year as if in a great mirror, and to deal with what I had done. My disciple has made many 'phone calls and written many letters. The slate is clean. He will take care of that which it is not possible to do at once. I have forgiven all who need to be forgiven as indeed I hope they forgive me. I cannot carry their karma for them; I *must* carry my own; each man his karma makes. So now heaven is my reward; here is the flashing light and soon I will be one of those flashes going into the depth of the great pillar which is the pillar of the universe.

But what is this that I see? This is the same as hell; this is the same as the abyss. The light does not enter the pillar; it goes off into blackness; it flashes, goes out and disappears. I might as well go into the abyss. These are opposites, the abyss and this flashing light. They are the same as all the other opposites; I want no part of them. This is a more dangerous place than the abyss; the flashes seem to radiate truth and beauty but are nothing other than the most dangerous of all opposites. I

do not wish to flash into darkness; I do not wish to die for this, indeed, will be *real* death. “Never come too close nor put yourself too far away,”⁹—never come too close to heaven lest you be fascinated by it. I halt my steps; the pillar remains silent. The flashing grows slower; the pillar moves aside. My disciple was terrified by the smile on my face. Before me stretches a great, vast blackness...a great, vast blackness....

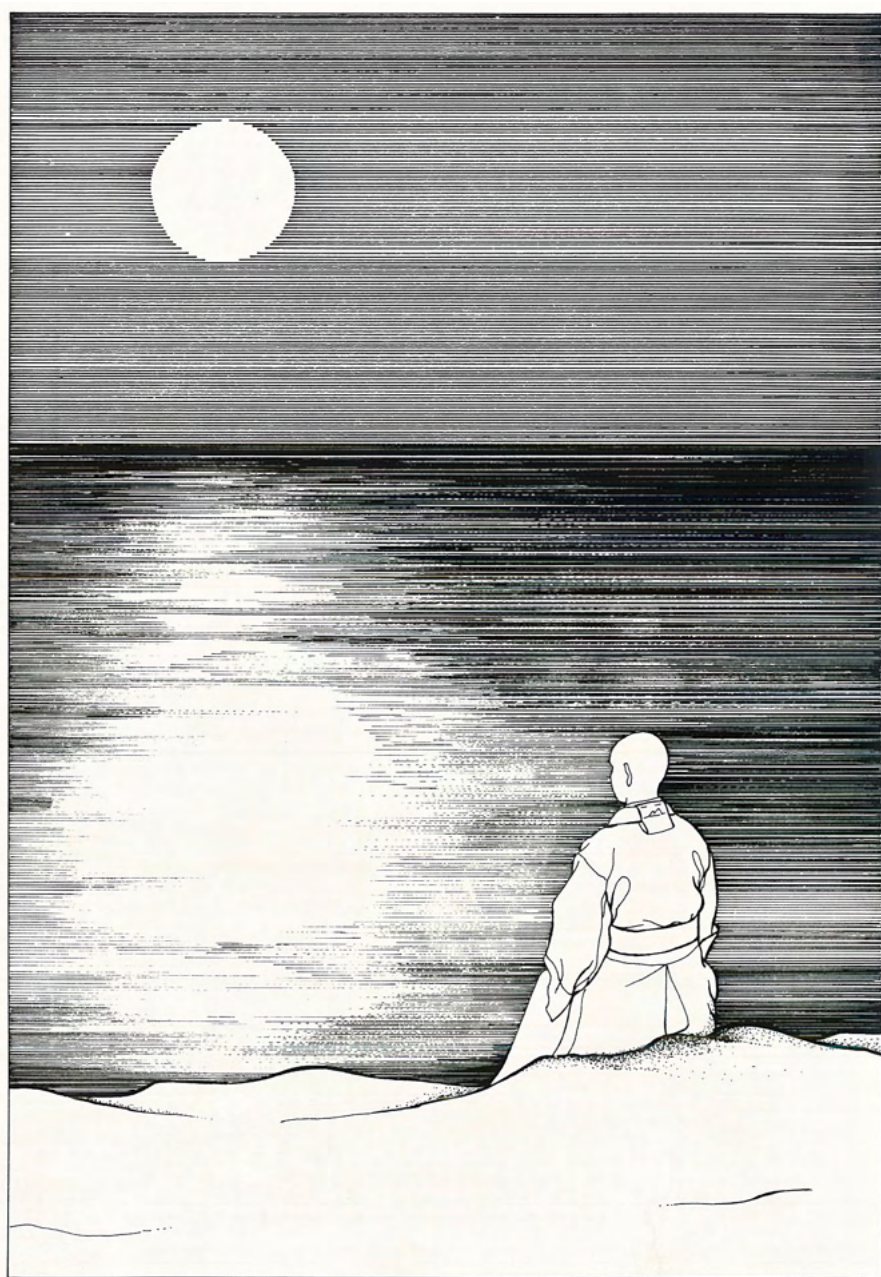


Plate XI.

PLATE XI:—
THE VOICE OF THE ETERNAL LORD.

I got up for a few moments this morning and sat in Zazen instead of lying down. I step off into life when my purpose for living emerges. What *is* my purpose for living? Although I could scarcely stand I seized a dorje in my left hand and a kyosaku in my right and lurched into the hondo where, to the amazement of the congregation and my disciple who was celebrant for morning service, I charged to the altar demanding, without words, to *know* my purpose for living. Oh, Lord Buddha, teach me! What is my purpose for living? I have cleansed my heart in all the ways I know; I have struggled to find everything that I could possibly have done which would have kept me from knowing the Truth. Oh, Lord Buddha, help me! Show me the way, show me the way. And then, like a flash, a voice said, “What *is* your purpose for living?” With difficulty, for by now I had almost no strength even for speech, my voice falteringly replied, “My purpose is to be a monk.”¹⁰ I just managed to get back to my room.

Then came blessed sleep. Vast emptiness everywhere—vast emptiness. Another day has dawned and the emptiness is vaster than it was before. The blackness is growing lighter but behind me it is absolutely black. My purpose for living is to be a monk; it is sufficient for *me* to be a monk; I need nothing more. I sit again in meditation. What is a monk? I do not know what is a monk. I have been a monk for many years but—what *is* a monk? My kesa¹¹ is upon my head and the Lord of the House, That Which Is, pulls its corner. Yes, indeed, this *is* monkhood—to wear the true kesa of the Lord; true ordination is to *know* what it is to be a monk. But what, indeed, *is* the kesa? What does it mean? What does it signify? My brain reels. What is it to be a monk? What is the meaning of the kesa? A great lake appears ahead of me—a great and beautiful lake, absolutely still. The moon shines upon it; it is exquisite. Is

this, then, to be a monk—to sit still beside the lake, to sit still for eternity? The aloneness is unbelievable—no one, nothing else in sight, no other being, nothing—just alone beside this vast lake with this great moon. Why am I not content?

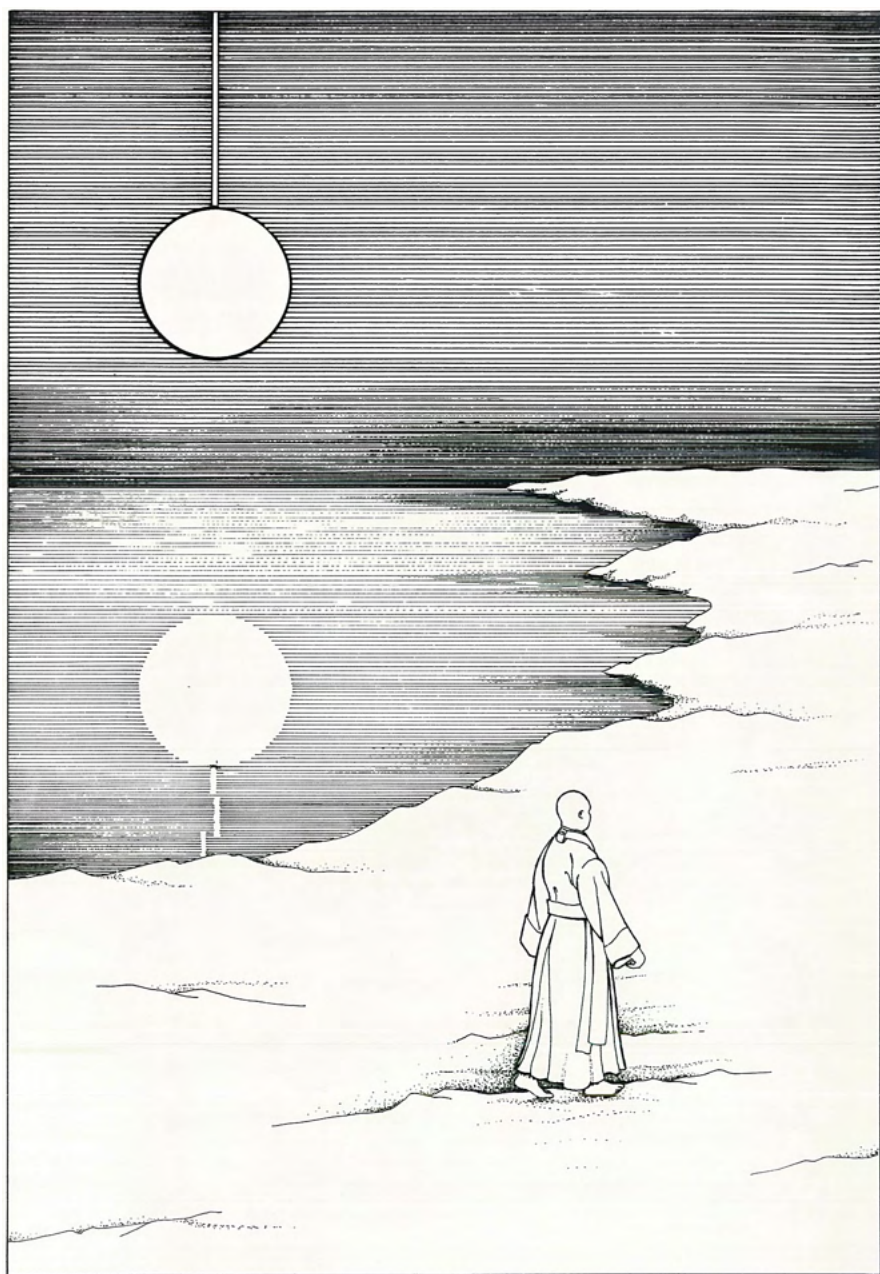


Plate XII.

PLATE XII:— THE LAKE OF QUIETISM.

It is beautiful to sit beside this lake but what is the point? To sit beside a lake looking at a moon for eternity? This is all? I have to find the meaning of the kesa. I must be careful of the training of others but I cannot do it for them. I have made and carried my own karma. They must find their purpose for living as I have found mine. I must know the meaning of the kesa. I have to cross this lake. Behold, the lake has moved aside and the moon is not a moon—it is like a mirror hanging from a string. A voice whispers, “Delusive peace is unmasked. This is the lake of quietism. Here you do *not* stay.” If I am to be a live monk I must *know* the harmony of body and mind for the body will not know peace until the mind ceases from evil. To do this I must understand the Precepts absolutely. If I understand them absolutely then I will understand the kesa of the monk and I will indeed be worthy of wearing it. The first Precept is, “Cease from evil.”¹² I must know the meaning of “Cease from evil.” It sounds so simple but I must know its meaning absolutely. I must look at every fibre of my being and see where evil exists within me. I must clean my passions and, even more, I must clean their impregnations for it is these impregnations that have made me ill, not only me in this life but those who had this karmic stream down the centuries. I must know the meaning of “Cease from evil” for “this is the house of all the laws of Buddha; this is the source of all the laws of Buddha.” The law of karma is one of the five laws of the universe; it is absolute, it is inescapable. All are bound by the law of karma once it is set in motion. By accident someone made the course of karma; it is not intentionally set in motion; what happens, or happened, or will happen to me or to anyone else is caused by karma; by accident the wheel rolled. Do not continue the rolling of the wheel by dwelling on the past or fearing the future; live now without evil. Stop the wheel *now* by cutting the roots of karma, by knowing the housebuilder of the house of ego; if I do not,

karma will go on endlessly. The only difference between me and another being is that *I* have the opportunity of knowing the Lord of the House right now, having heard the teachings of the Buddha. Others may have less opportunity than I but, when they hear it, who knows which will be first at the gate of the Treasure House? “Cease from evil” is absolute, in thought, in word, in deed, in body, in spirit. All are bound by the law of karma; do not doubt this. I will pay for everything I do if I do not cut the roots *now* and live by fully-digested, Preceptual Truth. Do not worry about the karma of others; each man his karma makes.

Within me I know that this is the right move for it grows lighter. As I meditate, lying here each day, I take a different Precept and ask That Which Is to teach me its meaning. “Do only good,” comes next. “The Dharma of Shakyamuni Buddha’s Enlightenment is the Dharma of all existence.” Do not do anything unless it is ‘good;’ do not do anything unless I have first asked the Lord of the House if it is good for me to do it. Do nothing whatsoever in a hurry; do nothing whatsoever on the spur of the moment unless I know the *certainty* given by the Lord of the House; know that I must take the consequences of what I do if it is not a fully-digested act for *I* know What lies beyond good and evil, right and wrong; *I* know That which lies beyond morality; I *know* the Lord of the House. Ask the Lord of the House at all times before I do anything whatsoever. “Is it good? Is it Your will?” If I do not ask the Lord of the House, the housebuilder of the house of ego will again pick up his tools and, before I know it, there will be a great structure from which I must again escape. If a thing is ‘good’ in this way it may be done; if it is not ‘good’ in this way it should not be done; I am not speaking here of good and evil; I am speaking of ‘good’ in the sense of *if it is right*; this is beyond right and wrong; *if it is good* is beyond good and evil. This teaching is indeed the teaching of Shakyamuni Buddha’s enlightenment for there was not one of His acts that was not the result of fully-digested, Preceptual Truth. If I live thus, doing that only

which is ‘good’ after I have asked the Lord of the House, after I *know* the *true* Lord of the House, then I can *know* the teaching of Shakyamuni Buddha’s enlightenment and know that His enlightenment and mine are identically the same; but this is only if I know who the Lord of the House is and do not suffer from the idea that *I* am the Lord of the House. Always I must ask the Lord of the House; always I must be humble in His presence. “Please teach me that which it is good for me to do this day. Please show me that which it is good for me to teach this day. Please give me the certainty that I teach the Truth and know, indeed, that when the still, small voice within my mind and heart says ‘Yes,’ I must obey that teaching. When it says ‘No,’ I must *not* disobey that teaching.” When the Lord speaks, spring up joyfully to answer; then, indeed, it is good to do anything whatsoever; *know* that the Lord will *never* break the Precepts.

The following day comes the last of the Three Pure Precepts—“Do good for others. Be beyond both the holy and the unholy. Let us rescue ourselves and others.” Do not setup a chain of causation that will cause others to do wrong; do not do that which will cause another to grieve; do not do that which will result in my creating karma for another being; do not accidentally set the wheel of karma in motion. Do not let myself hear the words, “What demon allowed you to become a priest? From what demon did you learn Buddhism?” To be beyond both the holy and the unholy, to be beyond praise and blame, to act only from what the Lord of the House teaches without worrying whatsoever what the world may think is indeed to have understood the Three Pure Precepts. Before any act is performed I must ask myself, “Am I ceasing from evil in doing this act? Is it good in the sight of the Lord of the House? Shall I cause another being to do harm either to himself or to others? I cannot stop *him* doing harm, for each man his karma makes and must carry for himself, but I can do that about myself which will prevent *me* from accidentally starting the course of karma. I must think carefully of my every act. I may not cause another to make a mistake in Buddhism.” By so

doing I rescue both myself and others for, in cutting the roots of karma for myself, I help to cut the roots of karma for others also. "These three are called the Three Pure Precepts." Without them I cannot live the Buddhist life.

And now I am truly given the *hossu*¹³ for I have the right to use it. When it is moved from left to right and then again to the left the Three Pure Precepts are shown; as I hold it high so they may be seen in the world in my actions; according as it is held so the Precepts may be seen. This is the beginning of the meaning of the *kesa*. Each day, after this, one of the Precepts is given and, each day, I meditate upon it. So, in all, for sixteen days, I study the Precepts thus and I write them here.

"Do not kill. No life can be cut off for the Life of Buddha is increasing. Continue the Life of Buddha and do not kill Buddha." Above all, do not turn my face away from Buddha, the Lord of the House, for this is indeed to commit spiritual suicide; to kill Buddha is to turn away from Buddha. "Man stands in his own shadow and wonders why it is dark and only he can turn round." To turn away from Buddha is to say, "My ego is greater than the Lord of the House; my opinions are more right; my wishes are more important." It is *I* whom I kill. If I do not listen to the Lord of the House in this life, in what life will I listen to the Lord of the House? Will I for eternity attempt to commit *real* suicide? If I always face the Buddha I will always know Buddha; if I always listen to the Lord of the House there is no possibility of my ever killing anything.

"Do not steal. The mind and its object are one. The gateway to enlightenment stands open wide." There is nothing whatsoever that can be stolen. "Preserve well for you now have," says the Scripture;⁹ each of us possesses the Treasure House. All we have to do is ask the Dragon for permission to enter, ask the Dragon if we may see the jewel and it will be given to us. He who tries to rob himself, he who tries to steal from the Treasure House can never have the Treasure; erudition is as this; taking drugs is as this. All I have to do is ask the Lord of the House and I may know and possess all things. The

gateway to enlightenment does indeed stand open wide for the true mind of the Buddha and the jewel are one and the same; ask the Lord of the House at all times. Remember that “he who counts another’s treasure can never have his own;”¹⁴ he who steals can only ever rob himself.

“Do not covet. The doer, the doing and that which has the doing done to it are immaculate therefore there is no desire. It is the same doing as that of the Buddhas.” Thus there is nothing to be coveted and no one that covets. “Preserve well for you now *have*,” says the Scripture. Since there is nothing from the first, how can there be anything to preserve well? “The white snow falls upon the silver plate, the snowy heron in the bright moon hides; resembles each the other yet these two are not the same.”⁹ Thus we think there is a difference; thus we think there is an ability to covet and something *to* covet; thus man makes mistakes. Indeed there *is* nothing from the first.

“Do not say that which is not true. The Wheel of the Dharma rolls constantly and lacks for nothing yet needs something.” The Dharma is Truth itself but it needs expression. He who lies does not allow the Dharma to show itself, he does not allow the Dharma to be expressed, he does not allow the world to *see* the Dharma Wheel in action. And still the sweet dew covers the whole world, including those who lie, and within that dew lies the Truth.

“Do not sell the wine of delusion. There is nothing to be deluded about. If we realise this we are enlightenment itself.” “Thus shall ye think of all this fleeting world, a star at dawn, a bubble in a stream, a child’s laugh, a phantasm, a dream.”¹⁵ If I hold on to nothing whatsoever there can be no delusion nor can there be enlightenment; then there are no opposites. Thus, indeed, we are enlightenment itself—yet always we will have the form and figure of old monks.

“Do not speak against others.” Do not speak against the Lord of the House. Every person, every being *is* the Temple of the Lord wherein the Lord dwells, the still water wherein the Dragon lives. If I speak against others I speak against the

Lord of the House. Do not try to divide the Lord of the House; do not try to cause war within the Lord; do not try to make the Lord make war upon Himself. "In Buddhism, the Truth and everything are the same; the same law, the same enlightenment and the same behaviour. Do not allow any one to speak of another's faults." Do not find fault with the Lord of the House. "Do not allow any one to make a mistake in Buddhism." To speak against the Lord of the House is the gravest mistake of which I know.

"Do not be proud of yourself and devalue others." It is enough for me to *know* the Lord of the House, to know that He dwells within all things. How can there be devaluation of others if they are the Temple of the Lord? How can there be pride if all possess equally within the Lord? "Every Buddha and every Ancestor realises that he is the same as the limitless sky and as great as the universe. When they realise their true body there is nothing within or without; when they realise their true body they are nowhere more upon the earth." There is nothing to be proud of and nothing to be devalued.

"Do not be mean in giving either Dharma or wealth." Since all possess the Lord, there is nothing to be given and nothing to be taken away, and still all things must be given, all things offered at all times and in all places. "One phrase, one verse, the hundred grasses,"—all contain the Lord, all express the Lord—each in its own way and each perfectly. "One Dharma, one enlightenment, every Buddha, every Ancestor." No difference, nothing greater, nothing smaller; nothing truer, nothing less true. When all is within the Lord, all stand straight together, a million Buddhas stand in one straight line. Out of gratitude to the Buddhas and Ancestors I give Dharma, I give wealth, I give life itself—strength, youth, beauty, wealth, everything that I have and, even then, I cannot give thanks enough for one second of Their true training; I can never repay Their kindness to me. Only by my own true training is this possible and then, again, there is no repayment; it is just the work of a Buddha.

“Do not be angry. There is no retiring, no going, no Truth, no lie; there is a brilliant sea of clouds, there is a dignified sea of clouds.” Just there is that going on which causes me to see unclearly; but if I truly look, if I look with care, I will see that the true and beautiful sky is shining behind the clouds; I may see the Lord of the House. No matter how angry the person is who is with me, I may see in him, too, the Lord if I am truly looking, if my own ego is out of the way and, in seeing the Lord in him, he can see the Lord in me. The depth of the ocean is still even when there is a great storm upon its surface; thus should I be when there is anger, knowing that nothing whatsoever can touch the Truth.

“Do not defame the Three Treasures. To do something by ourselves, without copying others, is to become an example to the world and the merit of doing such a thing becomes the source of all wisdom. Do not criticise but accept everything.” The Lord of the House does not always do things in the normally accepted ways, nor do the Buddhas and Ancestors; They are not individual and they are not the same as each other. Each expresses the Truth in his own way as do all things; they do that which they do in their way and express the Lord within it. Do not criticise the way of another, do not call it into question; look within it and see the Lord. Look with the mind of a Buddha and I will see the heart of a Buddha. To criticise is to defame the Lord of the House. Love the Lord of the House at all times—know Him, talk to Him; never let a day go by when I do not consult with Him even on the slightest matter. Then I will never, as long as I live, defame the Three Treasures.

Above all, the Precepts “Do not kill” and “Do not steal” seem to stand out as did the first Three. Then comes the day of “What is Buddha? What is Dharma? And what is Sangha?” “In the Three Treasures of Buddha, Dharma and Sangha there are three merits. The first is the true source of the Three Treasures;”—there *is* an Unborn, Uncreated, Unformed,

Undying, Indestructible, the Lord of the House, That which speaks in silence and in stillness, the “still, small voice.”

“The second merit is the presence in the past of Shakyamuni Buddha”—all Those Who have truly transmitted Buddhism throughout eternity.

“The third is His presence at the present time,”—all Those Who transmit the Truth, Who live by the Precepts and make them Their blood and bones, the Sangha, the embodiment of the Preceptual Truth of the Buddhas.

“The highest Truth is called the Buddha Treasure,”—the knowledge of That Which Is, the knowledge of the Unformed, Uncreated, Unborn, Undying, Indestructible; the certainty, without doubt, of Its existence, the *knowledge* of It within oneself, the Buddha *living* within oneself, the Lord of the House Who directs all things. If I study true Buddhism I will become as the water wherein the Dragon dwells; it is necessary to know the true Dragon; it is necessary to ask the Dragon, the Lord of the House, at all times to help and to teach. Only if I give all that is required of the price that the Dragon asks will He show me the jewel; I must accept the jewel from the Dragon without doubting its value or querying the price.

“Immaculacy is called the Dharma Treasure,”—one must live with the roots of karma cut away. To do this I must indeed know the housebuilder of this house of ego, know all his tools, know all his building materials; there is no other way that I can know immaculacy. The housebuilder of the house of ego must be known absolutely, recognised at all times. It is not enough to have a kensho; I must go back to the source of the karmic stream; I must return to that source to find out what set it going. Kensho shows the slate is clean; to find the source of karma cuts its roots and, with constant training, keeps evil karma at a minimum but, since there is nothing from the first, there is nothing clean and nothing that is unclean—I cannot know this, however, until I have first tried to clean it. “Most houses can do with a thorough sweeping but even a million sweepings will not clear away the dust completely.” Thus I remain in my

body and accept it, knowing that *nothing matters*, that I am immaculate, always was and always will be. This is the immaculacy of the Dharma Treasure; this makes the immaculacy and harmony of the Sangha Treasure possible. It is the knowledge of the True Kesa, that which is immaculate above all dust and dirt, the knowledge that the dust and dirt are indeed a figment of my own ego's imagination as a result of past, accrued karma, that makes possible the Transmission of the Light from the far past to the now and the far future without words. The Scriptures show up blank pages; there *is* a Transmission that lies beyond them.

"Harmony is the Sangha Treasure"—this is brought about by the knowledge that, no matter what I, a member of the Sangha, may do, I *am* immaculate from the very beginning; there *is* nothing from the first. "Thus shall ye think of all this fleeting world, a star at dawn, a bubble in a stream, a child's laugh, a phantasm, a dream." Although this is true I, the members of the Sangha, the Zen Masters, all beings are bound by the law of karma; we will pay the price of what we do. Thus is the mind of the Sangha Treasure.

"The person who has realised the Truth really is called the Buddha Treasure;"—he *is* the embodiment of the Truth, he *is* Nirvana, he *is* the Embodiment of Enlightenment, he *is* the Treasure of the Buddha for, in him, can be seen fully-digested, Preceptual Truth.

"The Truth that is realised by Buddha is called the Dharma Treasure,"—that is the *knowledge* of the Unborn, Uncreated, Unformed, Undying, Indestructible; the living with this knowledge without doubt, the trusting eternally of the Lord of the House, the certainty of the Treasure House within me at the gate of which sits the True Dragon Who *is* indeed the Lord of the House.

"The people who study that which lies within the Treasure House are called the Treasure of the Sangha,"—the Dharma and the Sangha are one and the same thing, being the embodiment each of the other, if fully-digested, Preceptual Truth is

their rule of life. When I ask, ‘What is a monk?’ I *know* that it is my Kesa.

“He who teaches devas and humans is called the Buddha Treasure,”—only if I give true teaching, being beyond praise and blame, the holy and the unholy, right and wrong, without fear or favour, if I become ‘good’ for others.

“That which appears in the world in the Scriptures and is ‘good’ for others is called the Dharma Treasure,”—anything may teach. However infinitesimally small, however large, no matter what, all things may teach the Dharma when they live by fully-digested, Preceptual Truth, when they have cut away the roots of karma, when they know the housebuilder of the house of ego and are constantly keeping him from rebuilding again as a result of *practising* fully-digested, Preceptual Truth.

“He who is released from all suffering and is beyond the world is called the Sangha Treasure;”—he for whom no longer desires burn, wherein wants and cravings no longer exist; he who gets up in the morning and goes to sleep at night, eats when he is hungry, sleeps when he is tired, is satisfied with that which he is given and does not ask for more than he can absolutely use in the immediate now. When someone is converted to the Three Treasures thus, he can have the Precepts of the Buddhas absolutely.

In this manner I make the True Buddha my teacher and do not follow wrong ways. The True Buddha that is my Teacher is indeed the Lord of the House, the True Dragon. Do not hold on to my tiny kensho; trust the Lord of the House, hold fast by Him no matter what state I may be in, whether I am well or sick, brightly alive or dying, hold fast by the Lord of the House.

And, with each Precept, comes a different symbol of the priesthood. It is as if I am given each symbol as I understand each Precept and I hold it reverently and place it upon the altar of my heart.



Plate XIII.

PLATES XIII, XIV, XV, XVI, XVII AND XVIII:—
VAST EMPTINESS.

The land is less arid and beginning to turn green. As I go on my journey the Lord of the House, That Which Is, says, “As you wish,” whenever I make my decisions; the consequences are not His problem; they are mine. I study the Scriptures line by line but, above all, come the words, “Never come too close nor put yourself too far away.” “I have torn my life to shreds. What more is required of me, Oh Lord of the House? Tell me and I will do it. I will not disobey Your will.” For eight months I have been under attack—from sickness, from worldly affairs and those who would assail the spirit and prevent its growth.

For some few days now my disciple and I have been noticing differences in our appearance in fleeting glances. A line of people and one tiger, whose karma I have inherited, appears. Since I have cleansed and purified my karma of this life it is now necessary to clean the impregnations that the karma of past lives¹⁶ has left upon my skandhas. This is one of the deeper meanings of the second Noble Truth of the Buddha, suffering’s cause; to this end we are both noticing these differences. He looks at me and for a fleeting moment sees a very old European Christian monk;¹⁷ he is very happy, he has left behind no unclean impregnations. Behind him is a Chinese Buddhist monk;¹⁸ he too has nothing unclean left behind. Further and further back I go. Another old monk¹⁹ is seen with bushy eyebrows and a stern expression but he, too, has left no trace behind him. Behind him stands a fierce tartar²⁰ but he is clean. A sad and beautiful woman from the early nineteen-hundreds appears. She is at the bottom of the line. Her eyes do not show the peace that do the eyes of the others. Here is something with which I must deal. “Oh, unhappy woman, you are not me; all that is left of you is with me. Let me know what you have done; let me understand what causes you to still be so sad.” Before me I see her

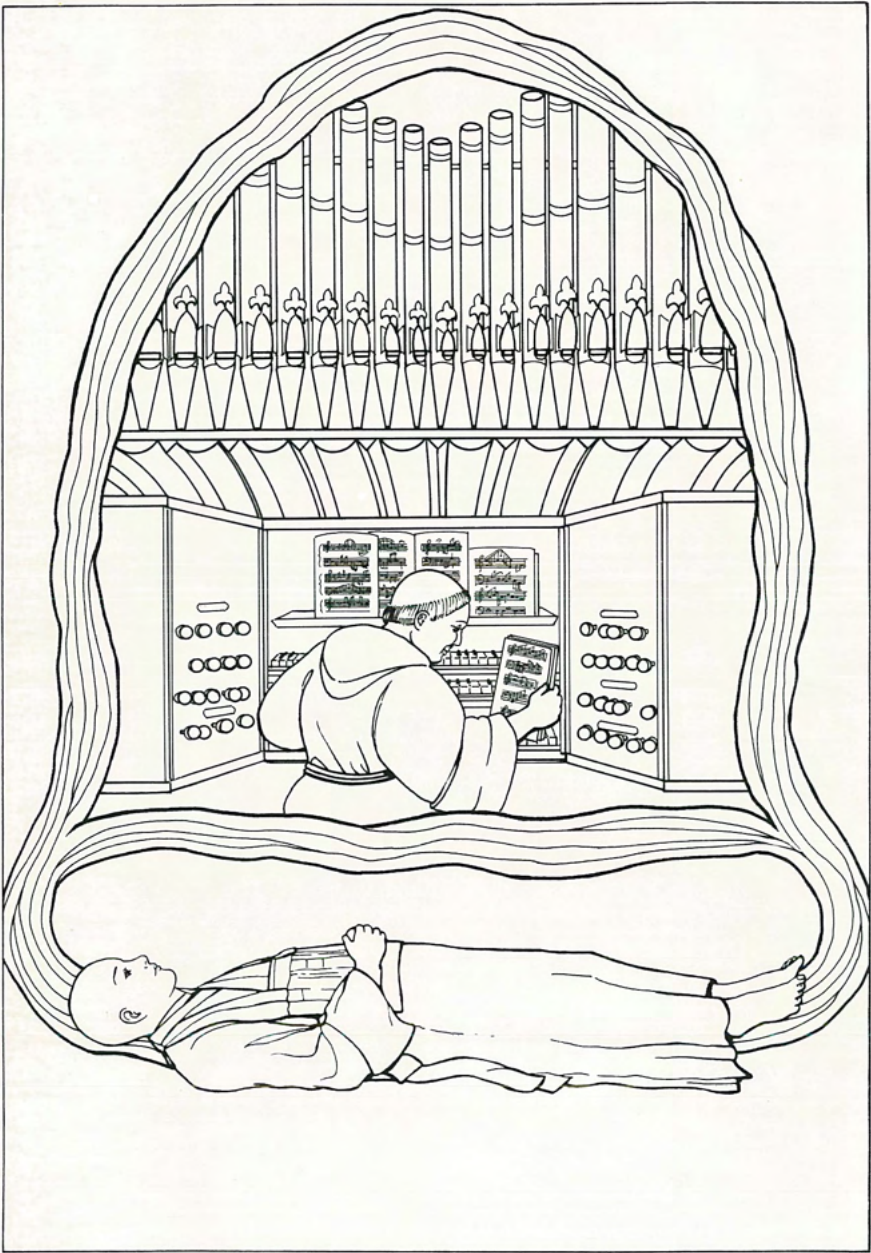
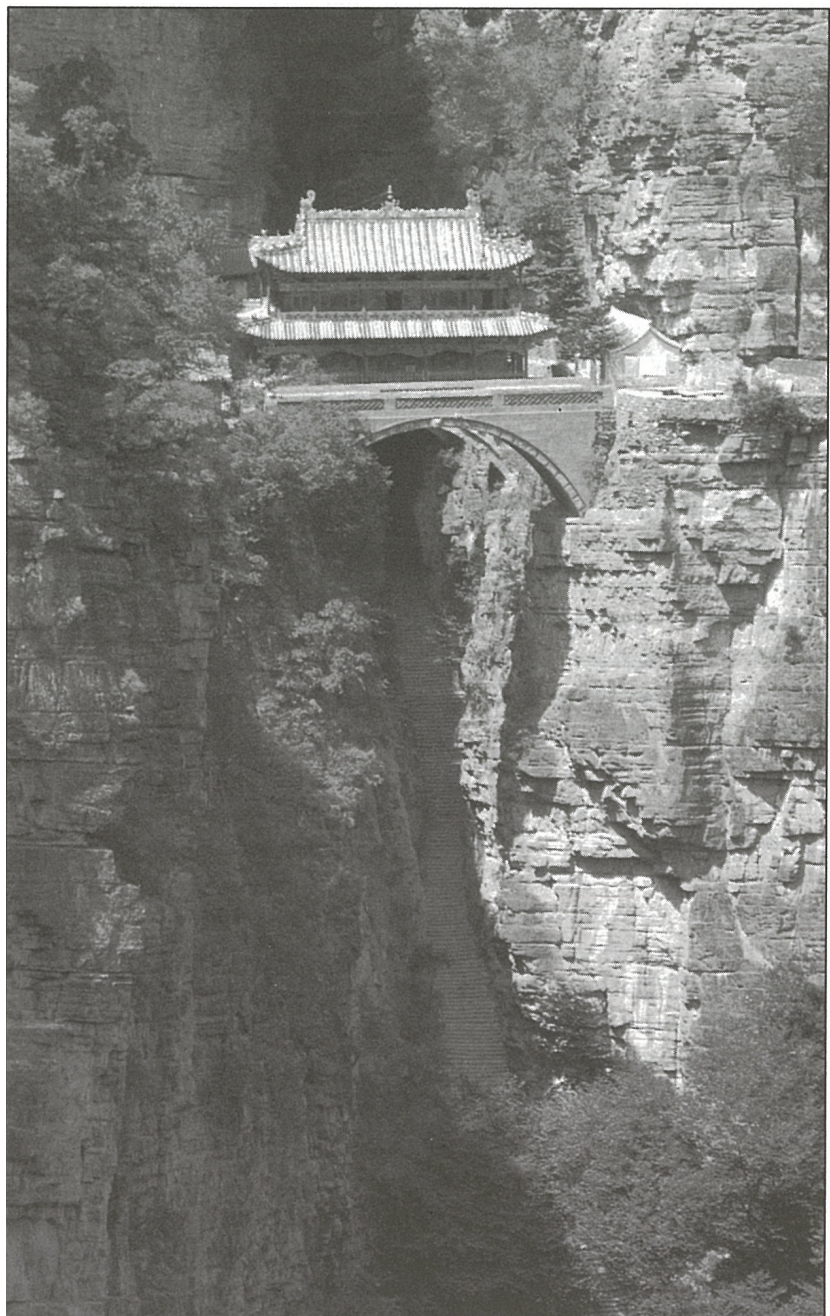


Plate XIV.

actions and understand the confusion she felt at her death.²¹ I recognise in me the impregnations these actions have left and resolve to be aware of, and learn from, her mistakes for my skandhas possess tiny seeds which may be germinated by the karma of former lives. When I purify this karma these seeds cannot germinate. This woman was religious and, when dying in a foreign country, longed to hear the absolution of her sins in the words of her old Church but no priest could be found. To bring her peace I have the absolution recited for her but some confusion over past acts still remains for Christian doctrine does not well understand the Law of Karma. "I will do what I can to ease your mind. I embrace you. You must forgive all those who wronged or harmed you and you must take refuge in the Buddha, refuge in the Dharma, refuge in the Sangha. Because of your ignorance of the Four Noble Truths of the Lord of the House, the existence of suffering, suffering's cause, the cessation of suffering and the Noble Eightfold Path, you performed acts which had horrible results. If you had known these Truths you would have understood the Law of Karma which teaches that every cause has an effect and you would not have committed these acts. Because of your ignorance and confusion concerning this at the time of your death, what had been your karma caused me to come into existence. One of the purposes of my life until now has been the conversion of your ignorance. Now that this conversion has been accomplished the root of your karma has been cut and the time of repayment is over. This conversion is acknowledged by the Lord of the House and witnessed by this pure-hearted congregation. By the guidance of the Buddhas and Ancestors you have discarded and purified all your karma of body, mouth and will and obtained great immaculacy. This is by the power of conversion. The purpose of my life in the future is the good of all beings. I do not turn away from you. Let us, together with all beings, take Refuge in the Buddha, Refuge in the Dharma, Refuge in the Sangha. You should know that 'only volition is the doer of



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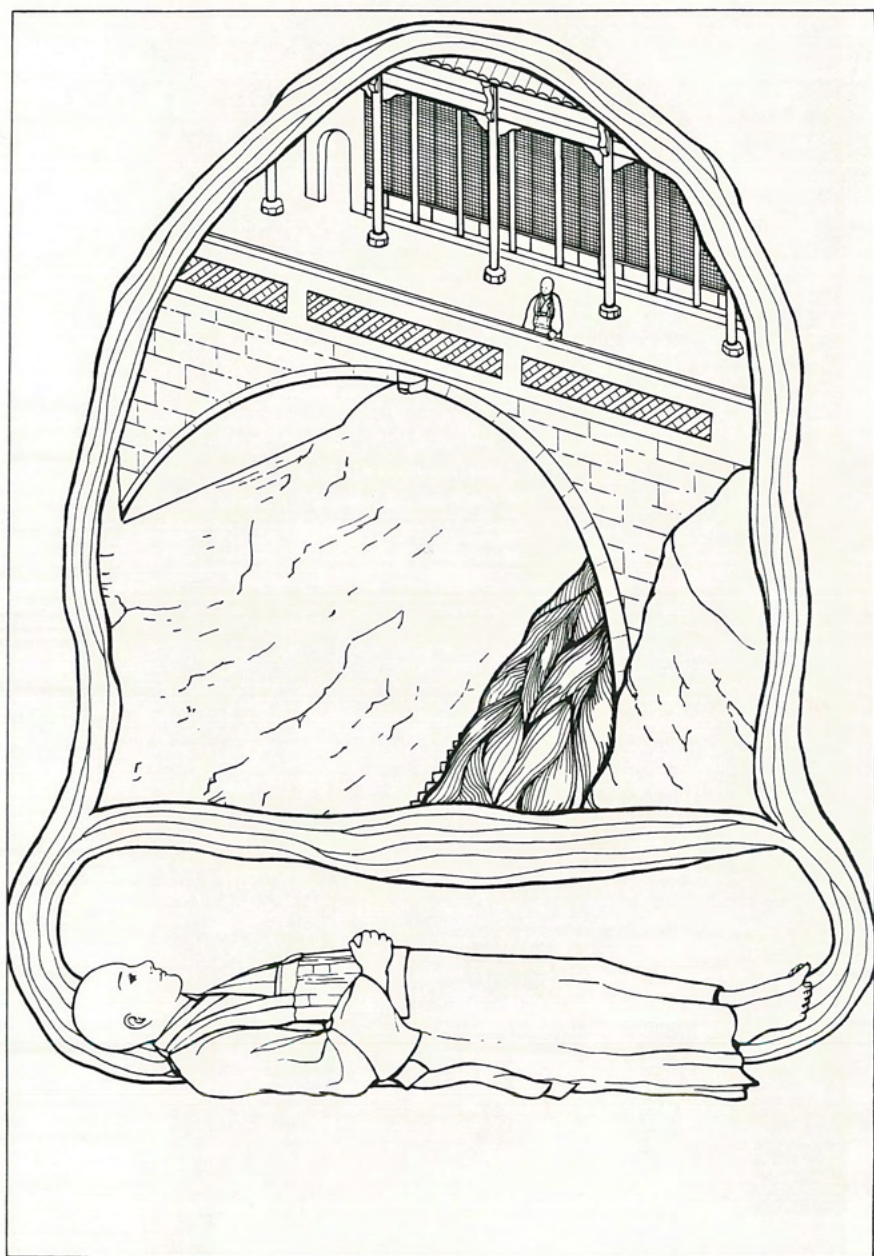


Plate XV.

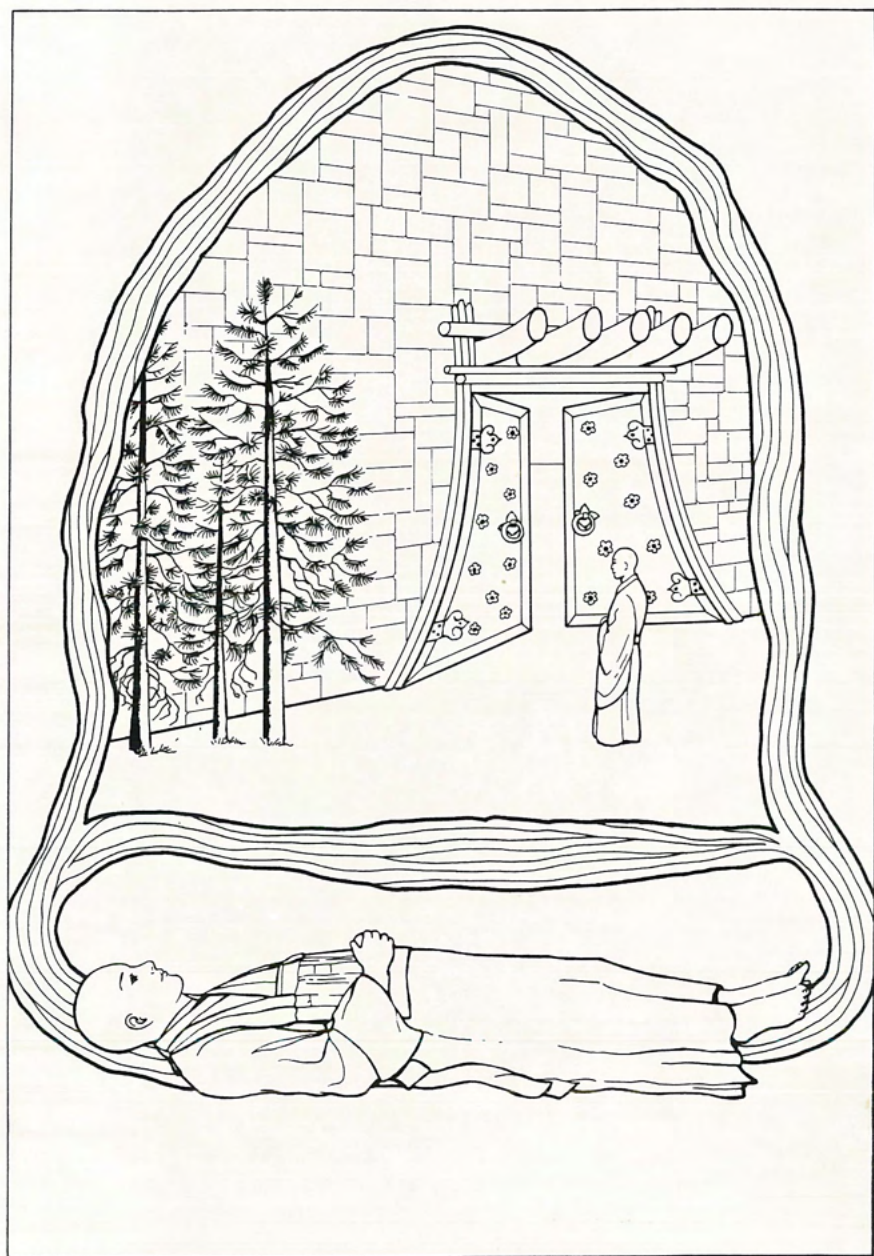


Plate XVI.

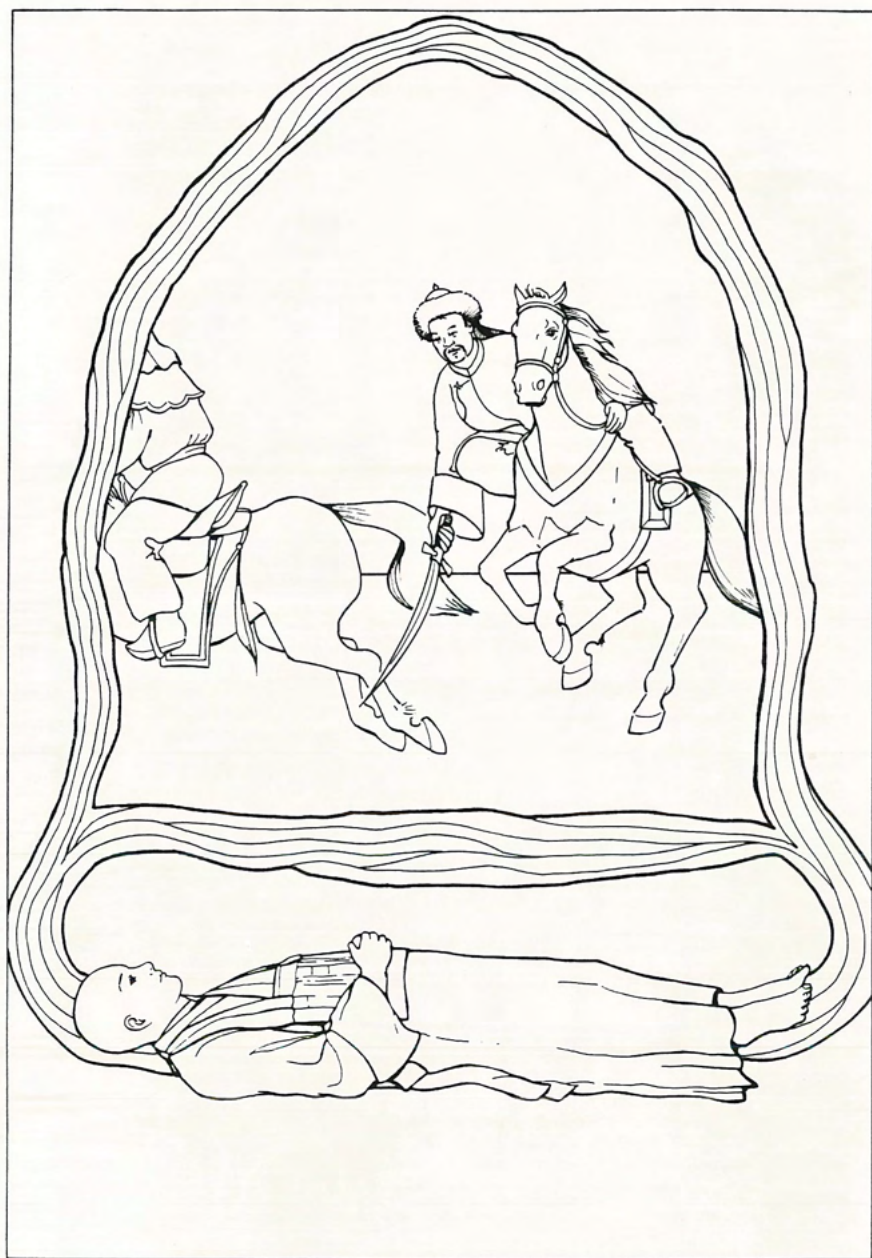


Plate XVII.

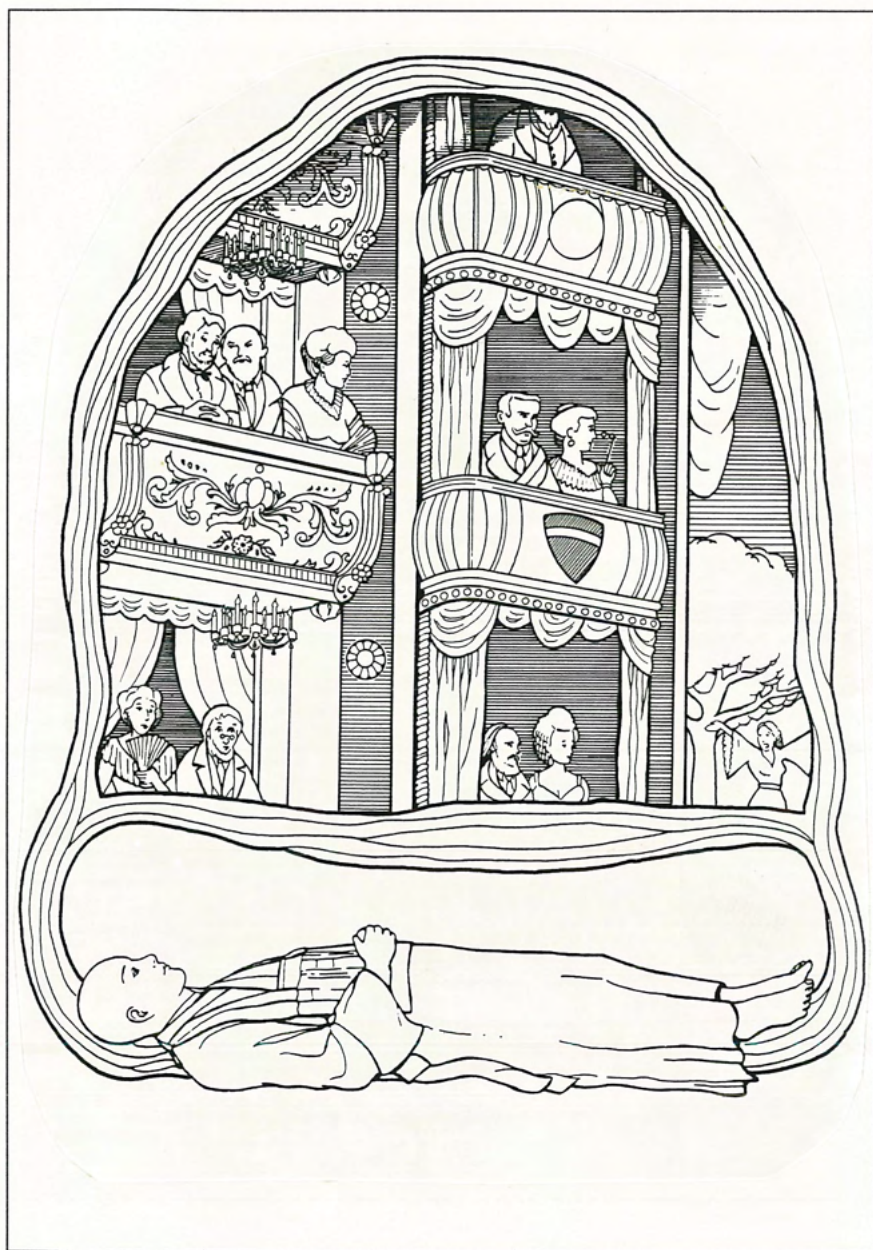


Plate XVIII.

karma, and only feeling is the reaper of karma.' In the ultimate sense,

‘No doer is there who does the deed,
Nor is there one who feels the fruit.’”²²

Her eyes are now clear and pure and full of joy; a great peace descends. This is the end of past karma on the human plane. Down the centuries I have been a monk so many times; fifteen times Christian, fourteen Buddhist, sometimes male, sometimes female. It is my duty to go on. *All* that which was done in past lives which I have inherited in all worlds, all must be cleansed away before I can become one with the Eternal Lord. One key life, that of a great white tiger, seen at the top of the line in plate XIII, still remains to be seen but this is not yet to be. The hordes of Mara,—I hear them, I hear them. My resolve is strong, I will not flinch. This I *know* and go on unafraid for, if there is fear, then there is no way of becoming one with the Lord. Always read the *Sandokai*, always read *The Most Excellent Mirror—Samadhi*, always read *The Scripture of Great Wisdom*,—they guard and teach so well. If I am to be a monk I must unceasingly heed the Lord of the House. When the Lord of the House gives me His teaching, when He gives me His requests, His orders, listen attentively and respectfully and, quickly, loudly, reverently and obediently say, “YES.” Never query the Lord of the House even if He sends me into battle with the army of Mara; go gladly and willingly, knowing that I cannot be harmed by Mara; go quickly; go obediently.



Plate XIX.

PLATES XIX AND XX:—
THE ARMY OF MARA.

The physical illness is now over and I returned to Shasta a week ago but I am still weak and so friends help in dealing with Mara. His attack was timed to coincide with my regaining my health. I *know* that I cannot be harmed but the kindness of others is very great; surrounded by them Mara's demons may try to attack but they cannot enter the circle. All is safe within.²³ First comes sweet sleep; be watchful, be aware. Then comes doubt, then fear, then greed for sex and food and all the things the world calls good. Weak from illness, lack of food and sleep though I may be, you shall not prevail against me. I *will* meet the Lord face to Face. I must have compassion for, and convert, these hordes of Mara. "You, take refuge in the Buddha; You, take refuge in the Dharma; You, take refuge in the Sangha. You already have all the aspects of a Buddha in your own way in your own true place; return to that place. The Body of the Lord of the House permeates the universe and manifests Itself in everything; there is no being, thing or force in which It does not so manifest Itself. It does so for every relationship and in all need; but, to do so, It has to be still in Its *own* true place. *Your* true place is not here with men. You *will* return to your rightful place where indeed you *are* a beautiful Buddha. There the seas of your merit cannot be counted. *We pray that the Three Treasures may give all of us Their loving kindness. We pray that the merit we offer may be turned to the good of you and all things in the endless worlds, to the spirits that are lacking in wealth in the nether worlds and to the evil and wicked in heaven. We pray that everything may realise the Truth and be released from all bad karma born of body, mouth and will, make the hidden and apparent free and complete the Right and True Wisdom.* We love you, we do not turn away from you.



Plate XX.

Homage to all the Buddhas in all worlds,
Homage to all the Bodhisattvas in all worlds,
Homage to the *Scripture of Great Wisdom*.”²⁴

Although surrounded by the black hands, all is safe through
the power of meditation.

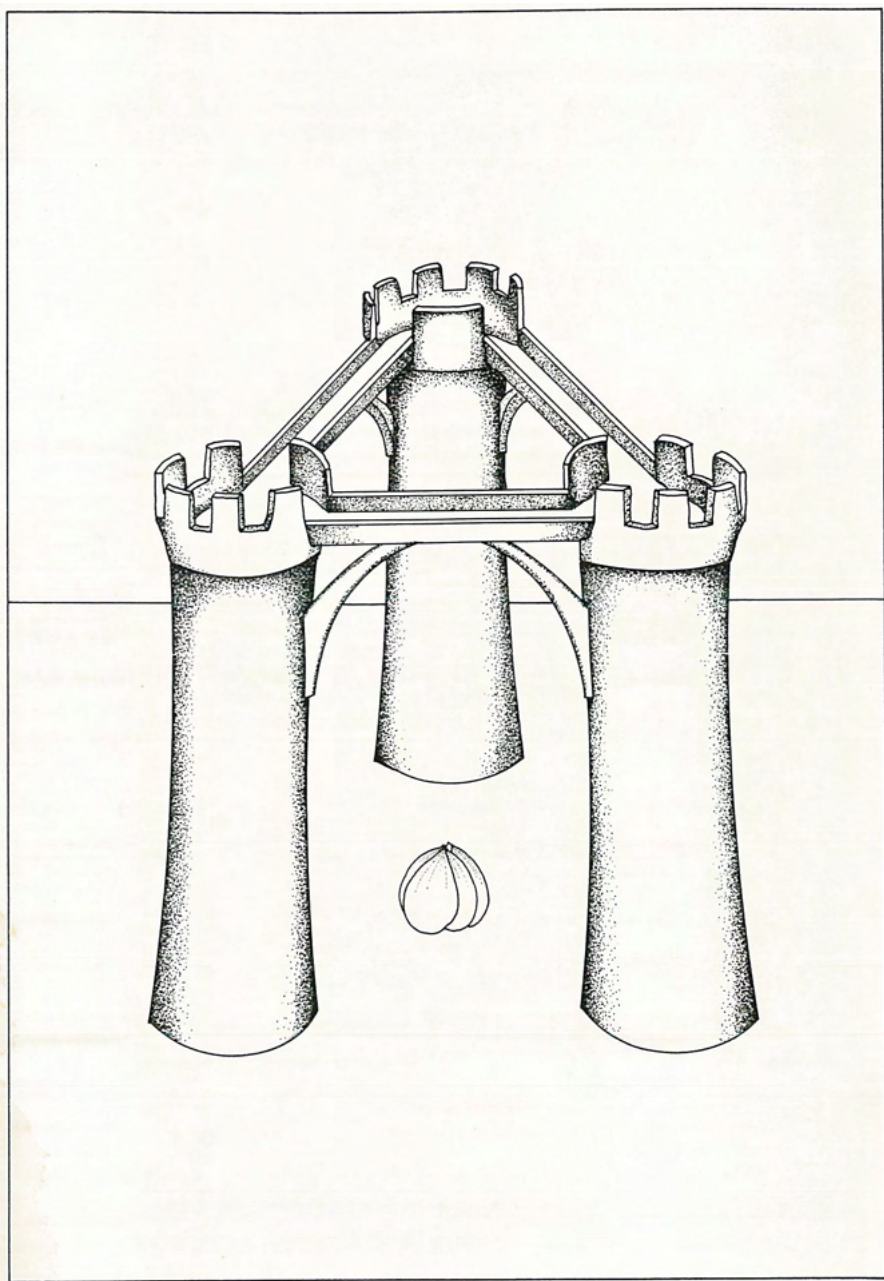


Plate XXI.

PLATE XXI:—
THE APPEARANCE OF THE MANDALA.

There is a great waveless sea. Within its centre is a lotus bud surrounded by three towers. I do not know the meaning; I cannot comprehend it.²⁵

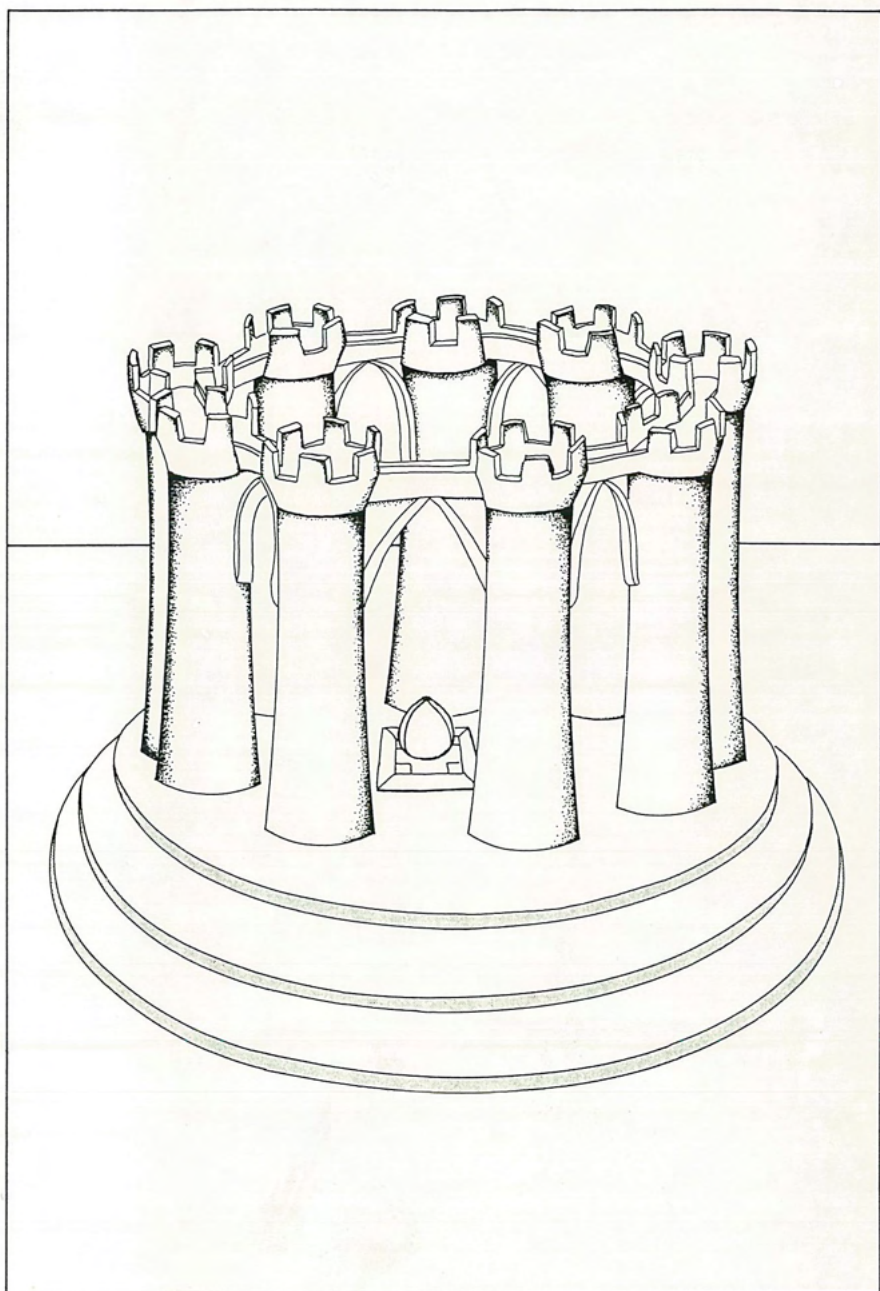


Plate XXII.

PLATE XXII:—
THE GROWING MANDALA.

The mandala now has nine towers; between each tower is an arch spanned by battlements. Within the centre of the mandala is a haiseki and, upon it, is a lotus bud. The water laps up to the edge of the steps but it does not come over them onto the floor or the haiseki. There is great stillness. A monk sits still upon each tower²⁶ in meditation, so very still...the stillness that comes before the dawn.

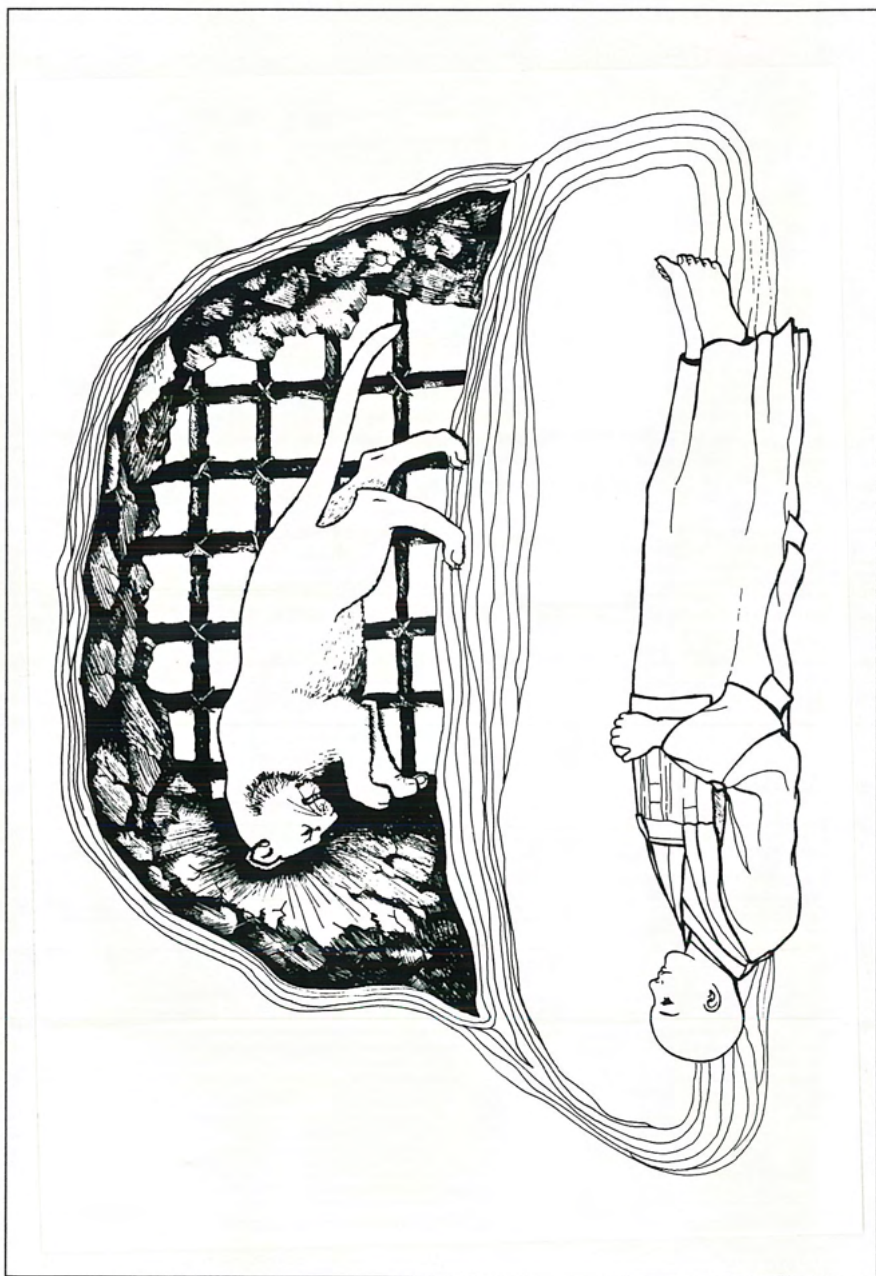


Plate XXIII.



Plate XXIV.

PLATES XXIII AND XXIV:— THE SOURCE OF THE KOAN.

It is the 25th. of October. I am well now but still weak. This morning I experienced living absolutely a life in which, three thousand years ago, I had been a white tiger, captured whilst eating a heron, by a tribe of Indians whose religious cult was one of tiger worship. The tiger loved the greenery and the open air; it was young, full of the joy of life and would not accept its captivity. Constantly pacing back and forth, back and forth, bashing its head against the bars and walls of its cage, it gave itself a stroke. The despair of the animal was intense; I found it overwhelming. Its longing for freedom and the open sky echoes through every fibre of me as clearly as it did three thousand years ago. Its grief is my grief; its longing my longing; its pain my pain. For years I have had weakness in my legs and now I know why. By giving itself a stroke the tiger had paralysed its hind legs and this was made worse by a blow on the head from one of its captors. I can feel the uselessness in my own thighs and understand fully the skandhic memory that has come down the centuries in that part of my body. In every life since the tiger's my legs have been weak. The despair that came in Sojiji, when people made it so difficult for me to be the true monk I wanted to be, caused me to begin to limp; I now know the source of this. "Oh sweet tiger, dying in this dungeon hole, all you ever wanted to be was a tiger, nothing more, but these men, in their ignorance, thought you had power. They wanted it from you and so destroyed your youth and life. You just wanted to be you, the you you knew you were; you had no wish to be a god. Now indeed I know the source of my koan and why my legs have retained the memory of your pain, for all my life I have wanted to be a simple monk; high places and great names are not for me and yet the world has denied me this right. When I at last went to the east no one would believe that this was all I asked. And so the reporters came in droves to interview and photograph and I was sent here and there to be stared at and discussed and, all the time, my heart bled for all *I* wished was to *be* a monk—and all *you*

wished was to *be* a tiger. You could no more understand why they should want you than I could understand why my family and the reporters did what they did. For us it was so very simple; we wanted to be what we knew we were and not be made over into what others wanted us to be. I can remember the weakness in my legs increasing terribly when I was at school and going away somewhat after I left; that school had only one aim—to turn me into what I was not—a snob. From henceforth you and I will be ourselves; I do not want your power; if I could give you back your life I would but I am not able. You misunderstood where true freedom was to be found at the time of your death because these silly men tried to make you a god—know that true freedom lies within. I once had the karma of a woman who had weakness in her legs; she too believed she was not free and so dabbled in politics. Your story and hers are identical in their mistakes but hers were greater for she was human. She is at rest now and you and I will be at rest when we forgive the ignorance of those who caused our grief. You must forgive your captors as I forgive those who would not let me be a monk as I had understood it. After all, the only true monk lies within. I love you so very much; more than anything I have ever loved in my entire life. It does not matter if the strength never returns to my legs—keep it, dear tiger, for it is yours. For a moment you doubted your true nature long ago and so caused the karmic memory that lies within me. We will never doubt again and so the time of wandering is over, our cage has disappeared.” And I loved the tiger as I have never loved anything in my entire life and, for the first time, experienced being loved in return.

So, accepting fully the sadness and grief of this tiger, I lay still and it lay down upon my breast, its body along mine.²⁷ I feel its tail in my right knee; I know the feel of fur upon my face and left hand. As I walk I feel the strength that it once possessed in my legs and long to bound as it did long ago.

For twenty-four hours I have been living in the oneness of love with my tiger. However, when asking the Eternal Lord what I should do next, I discover that Mara is using my love just as he

uses everything else. I have known so little love; it has been so exquisite—but there is danger in loving too much. So, in great grief, I pluck the tiger from my breast, ordain it and celebrate Segaki—it does not need the latter but it is good to do the ceremony.

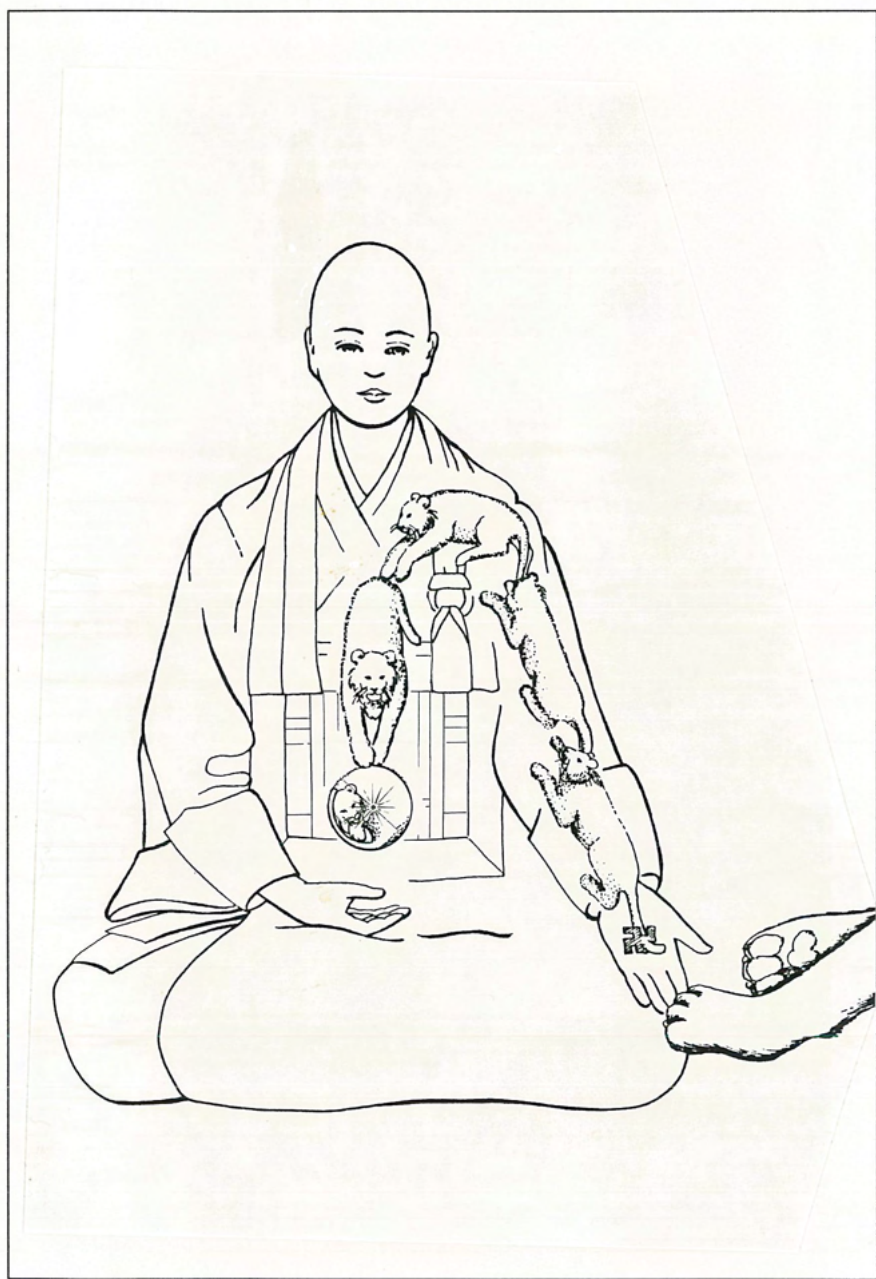


Plate XXV.



Plate XXVI.

PLATES XXV AND XXVI:—
APPEARANCE IN THE HALL OF SHADOWS.

I have known love for so short a time; something has to be done—I must accept the tiger back into me and not discard it. How can this be done? I know the way. I must open myself completely to the tiger whilst saying no to Mara. I open my left hand, holding the manji within it, saying, “Come, enter me, all that is good within this tiger; but anything that is not of the Eternal Lord must stay outside.” I feel energy enter my left arm; I know that the tiger has entered me. It curls up within my hara, grows smaller and smaller, is now a tiny dot. But what is this? The dot, as it vanishes, is becoming something else—a beautiful, golden thing, like a golden Buddha; not quite triangular, more tear-drop shaped; old gold in colour; it is an exquisite thing to have within me. It sits in shadow, as if in an unilluminated hall the walls of which I know to be white and purple. It changes into a golden Buddha.

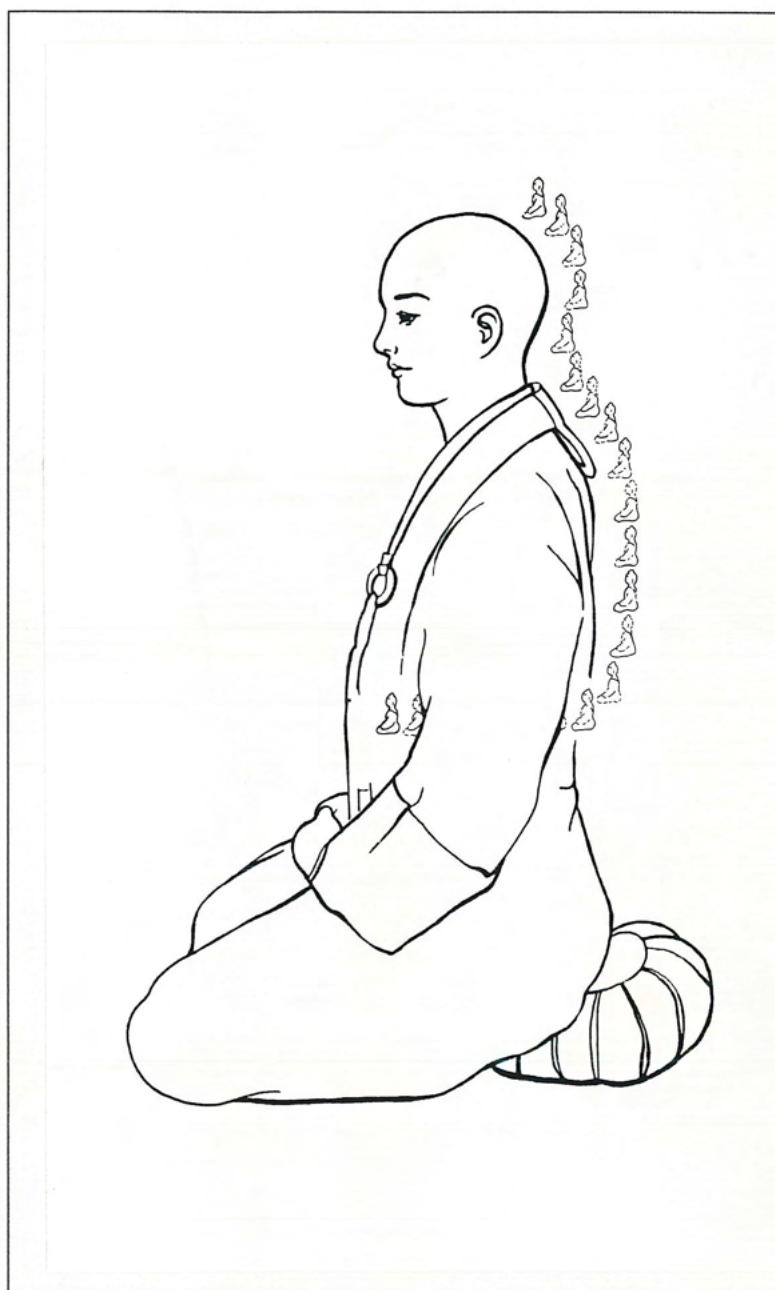


Plate XXVII.



Plate XXVIII.

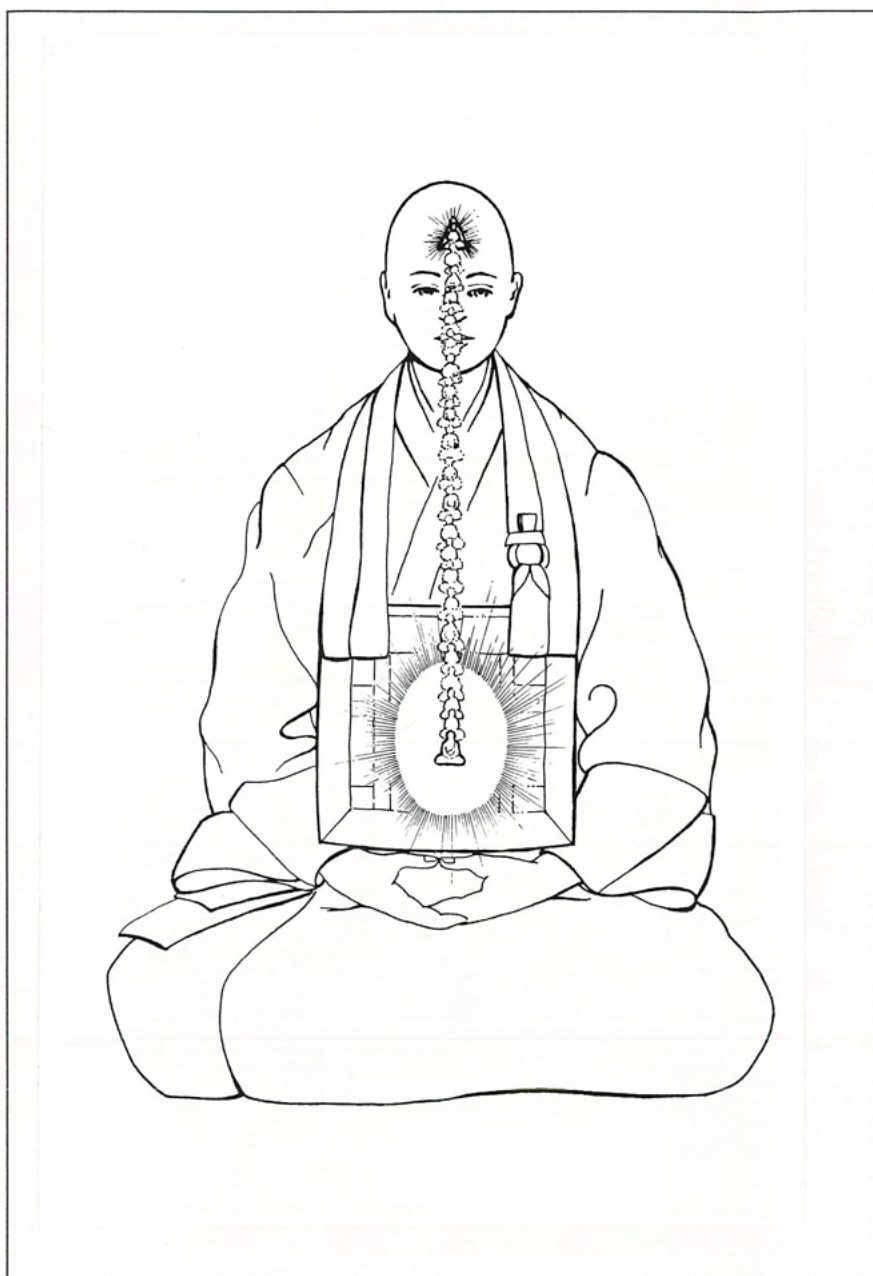


Plate XXIX.

PLATES XXVII, XXVIII AND XXIX :—
THE SPIRIT RISES TO GREET THE LORD.

For the rest of that day I was in very deep meditation. It is now the morning of the 28th. and I am lying in bed, having just awakened. I am conscious of the fact that the golden Buddha within me is moving; it seems to be going upwards. It reaches my throat, goes up the back of my head and sits on top of it. From there it moves to the front where it leaves a mark upon my forehead; I feel it to be the mark of a small Buddha; as if someone has imprinted a tiny Buddha there. But there is also something left outside on top of my head. After the mark has been imprinted, that which first moved moves on, going within me through the mark on my forehead, down the front of me, and again stays in my hara which, from having been dark the day before, now seems to be filled with white light. I know that there is something that I need to hear; I do not know what it is. I know that absolute stillness is necessary. There are other monks in the room. It is almost as though I do not want them to breathe for the slightest sound should not be heard.



Plate XXX.

PLATES XXX, XXXI, XXXII AND XXXIII:—
STRUCK BY THE
SWORD OF BUDDHA'S WISDOM.

Everything in my body is absolutely still, nothing stirs within or without. I know that I have to hear something but I do not know what. One of the monks present, in deep meditation, says that it has something to do with, "Within these Precepts dwell the Buddhas." I immediately remember that this is part of the *Shushogi*²⁸ but give the wrong page thinking it is the end of the fourth chapter instead of the end of the third. Another monk, however, knows what I mean and reads the following:—

Within these Precepts dwell the Buddhas, enfolding all things within their unparalleled wisdom: there is no distinction between subject and object for any who dwell herein. All things, earth, trees, wooden posts, bricks, stones, become Buddhas once this refuge is taken. From these Precepts come forth such a wind and fire that all are driven into enlightenment when the flames are fanned by the Buddha's influence: this is the merit of non-action and non-seeking; the awakening to True Wisdom.

At the word "awakening" something strikes me on the forehead where is the mark. It strikes with such force I gasp—in amazement? acceptance? I cannot tell you what has happened but one of the monks knows that, for a moment, I died. My whole body is flooded with something; my hands are open in a gesture of wonder and amazement—I do not know if wonder is the right word—just amazement and acceptance: my head pains considerably from the blow for, indeed, it is a blow from the Sword of Buddha's Wisdom. With it something opens in the centre of my forehead, where the mark is, and into it streams yellow light. For a long time I lay very still and then it is over.

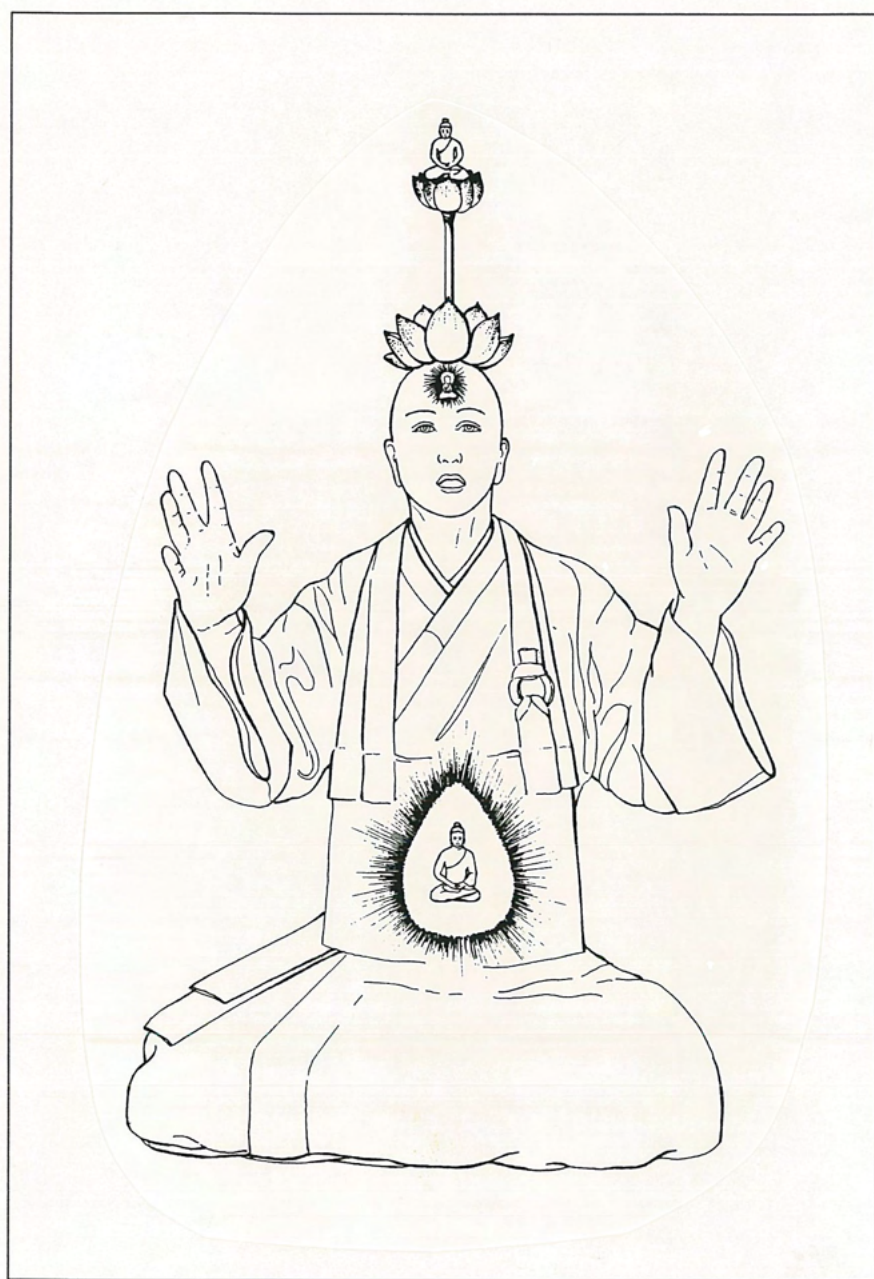


Plate XXXI.

I am conscious of the fact that there seems to be something upon my head and I know that it is like a lotus blossom crown; I know too that there is something above my head. The same monk says he sees what seems to be a bud on a silver stem. At the time of being struck I asked the others what they saw. One saw a great, silver sea and, within it, a bright light that he knew was my body. A third saw a great, silver and green lotus floating above high mountains.

The monk looks at what he thought was the bud on my head this evening and sees that it has the shape of a silvery blob on a silver stalk. He sees no colours. Another says that it looks like a pink bud in the centre of a crown of pink and indigo. That which is on my forehead feels like a small, flattened statue of Buddha and, within it, is a round, glass-like jewel—I cannot fully describe it; I can see it on my forehead but no words come out accurately. I am conscious of being in a great lake.

I am conscious of the bud on my head and can see the crown when I look upwards. It is as though I can see the top of my head and that which is on my forehead; I almost never look down—always up.

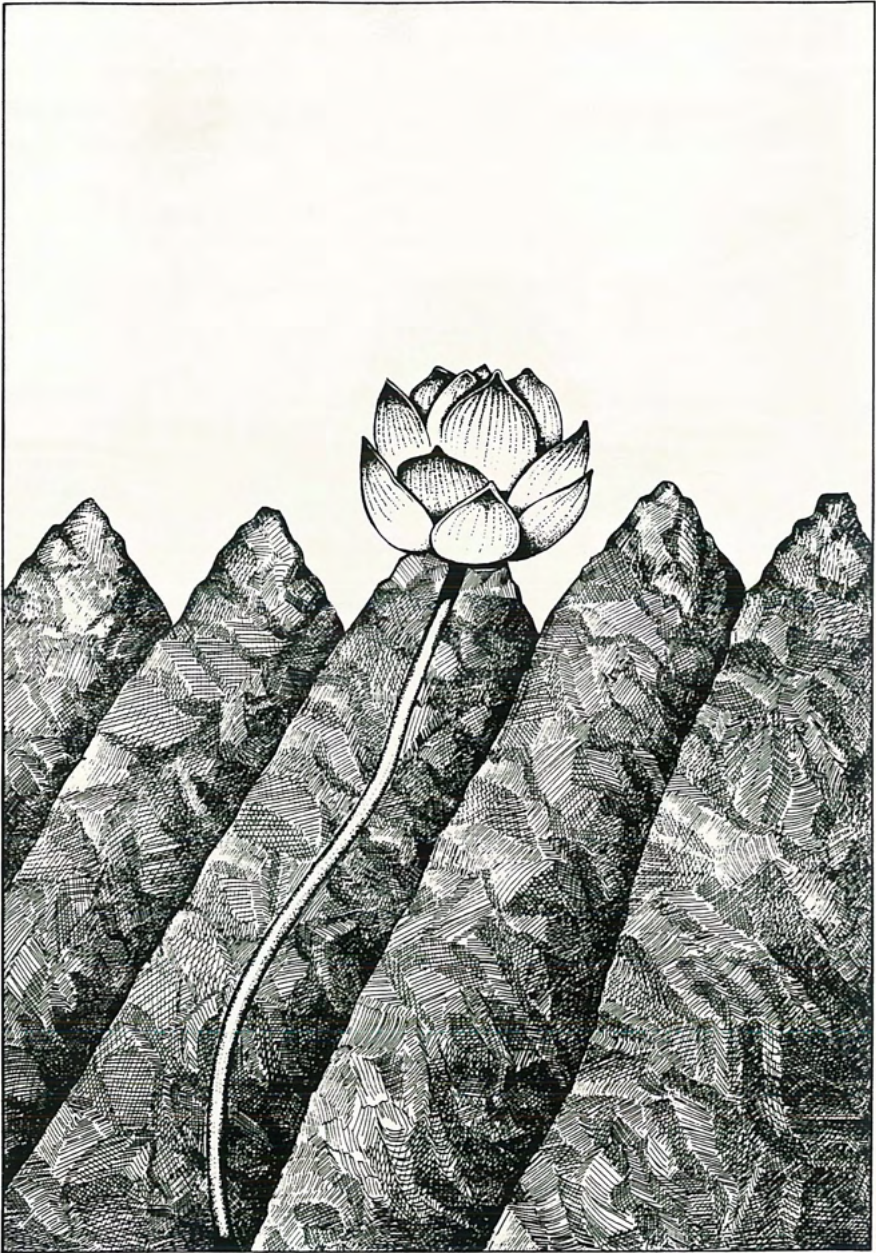


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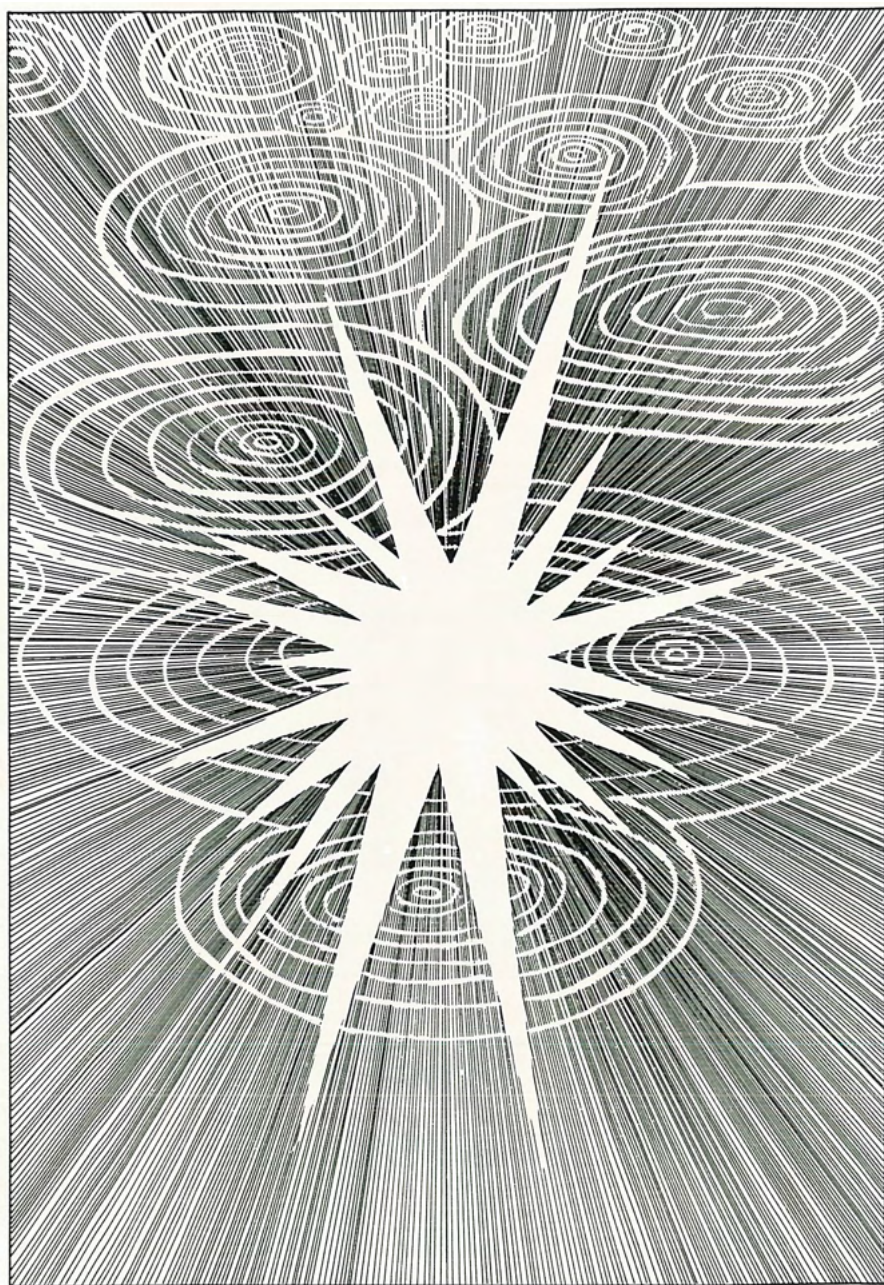


Plate XXXIII.

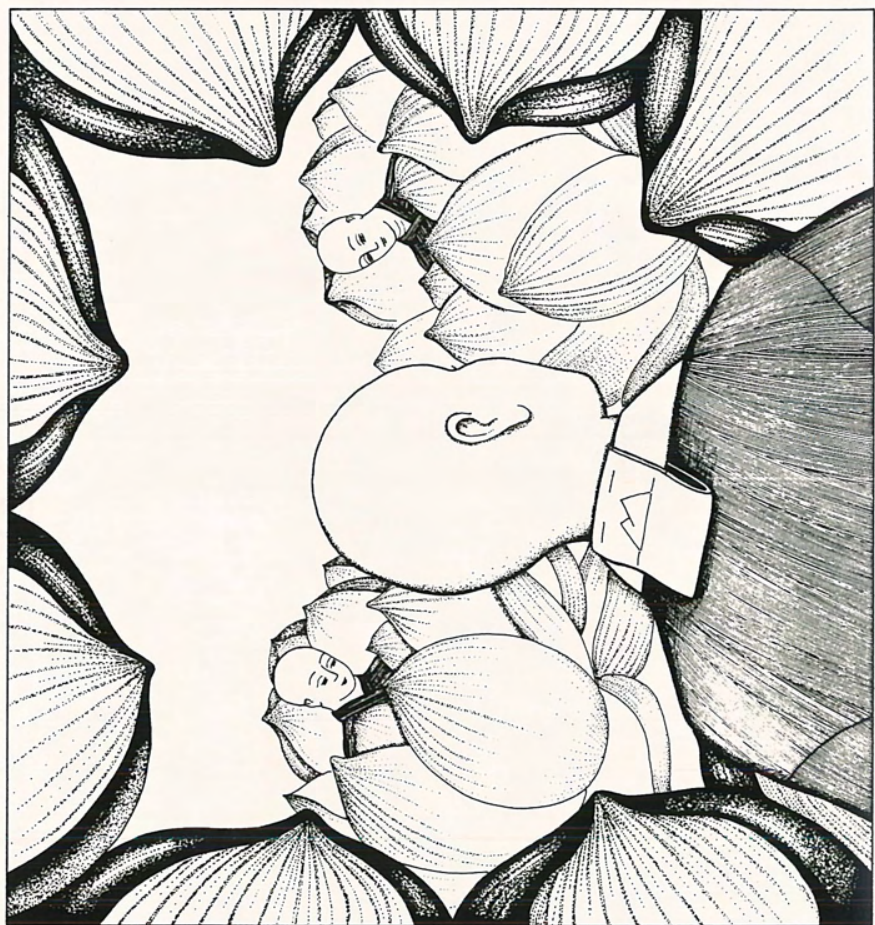


Plate XXXIV.

PLATE XXXIV:—THE TIME OF SEGAKI.

Today we celebrated the great Segaki of Obon which we now hold on the 31st. of October. It was held on the platform that is the foundation for the new Hondo; we gave the merit to all the poor beings who have waited for so many centuries to be free. Many of the monks here have been working in order to see the existence of suffering and its cause in themselves and, in the course of so doing, have seen their inherited past lives as in a mirror showing them the suffering they have caused down the centuries quite clearly. Although they have inherited the same karmic stream as the beings had, they nevertheless are *not* those same beings; hence the necessity of a Segaki for them. This is a difficult point for some people to understand but it is very important to remember that there is no such thing as an immortal soul or ego that passes from life to life; to quieten the jangles in the karmic stream is one thing; to believe that you *are* those jangles is quite another. To do such a thing would be to become possessed. This is one meaning of the Scriptural line, “You are not him;”⁹ however, what *he* did does affect *you* until you have either paid in full for, or converted by seeing the cause of, the stream of karmic suffering, that which he did. Thus the Christian Bible rightly states, “The sins of the fathers shall be visited on the children to the third and fourth generation of them that hate me”—except that it usually seems to take a lot more than three or four generations to clean up the karmic stream completely enough to again become one with the Lord of the House. I have never before in my life been so joyful when doing a ceremony nor have I ever held my head so high without pride. I am a priest.

When I woke up this morning I knew that I was in a lotus blossom in a lotus pool and that, on either side of me, were beings in lotus blossoms that were anxious to look at me; it was as if they had come for greeting. It is very beautiful; they stayed with me all day and are with me still.

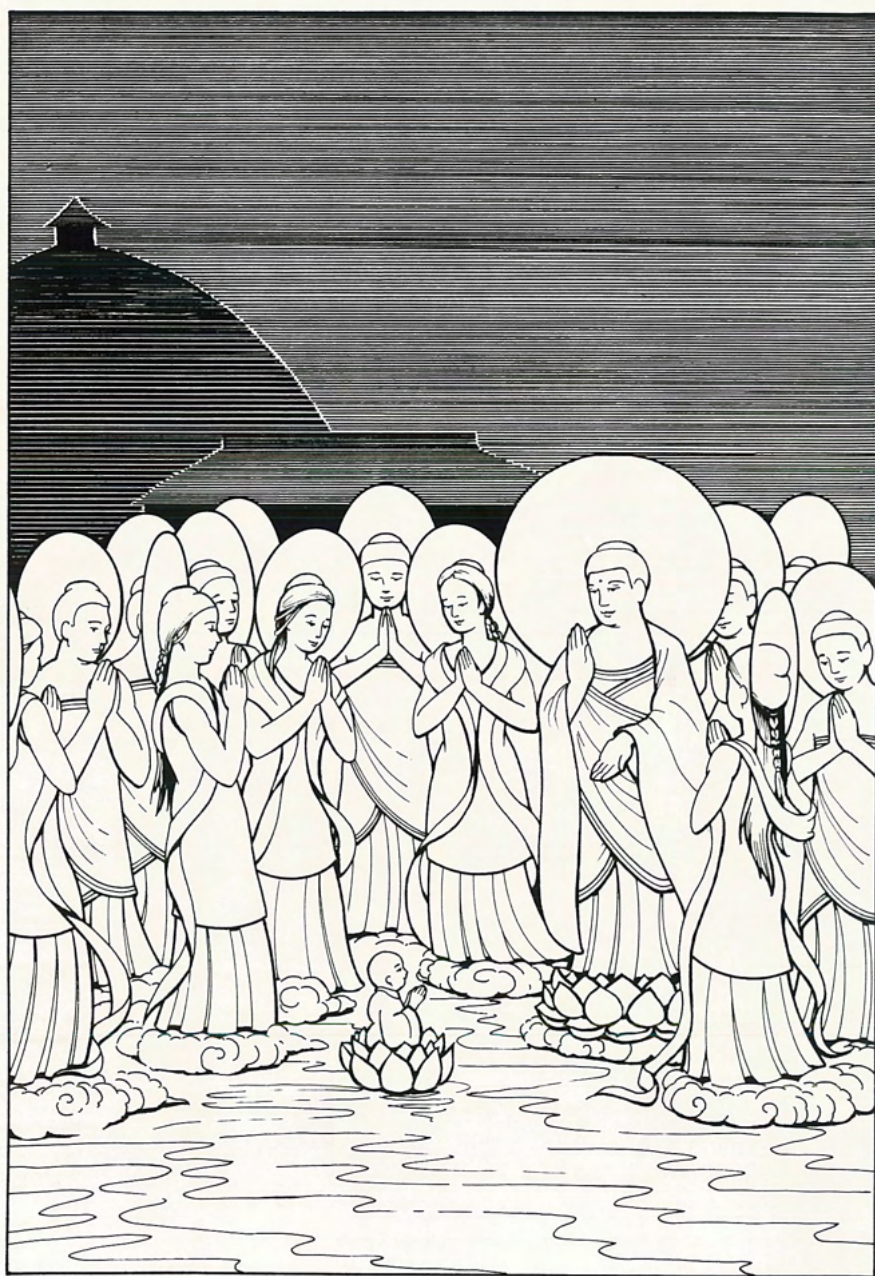


Plate XXXV.

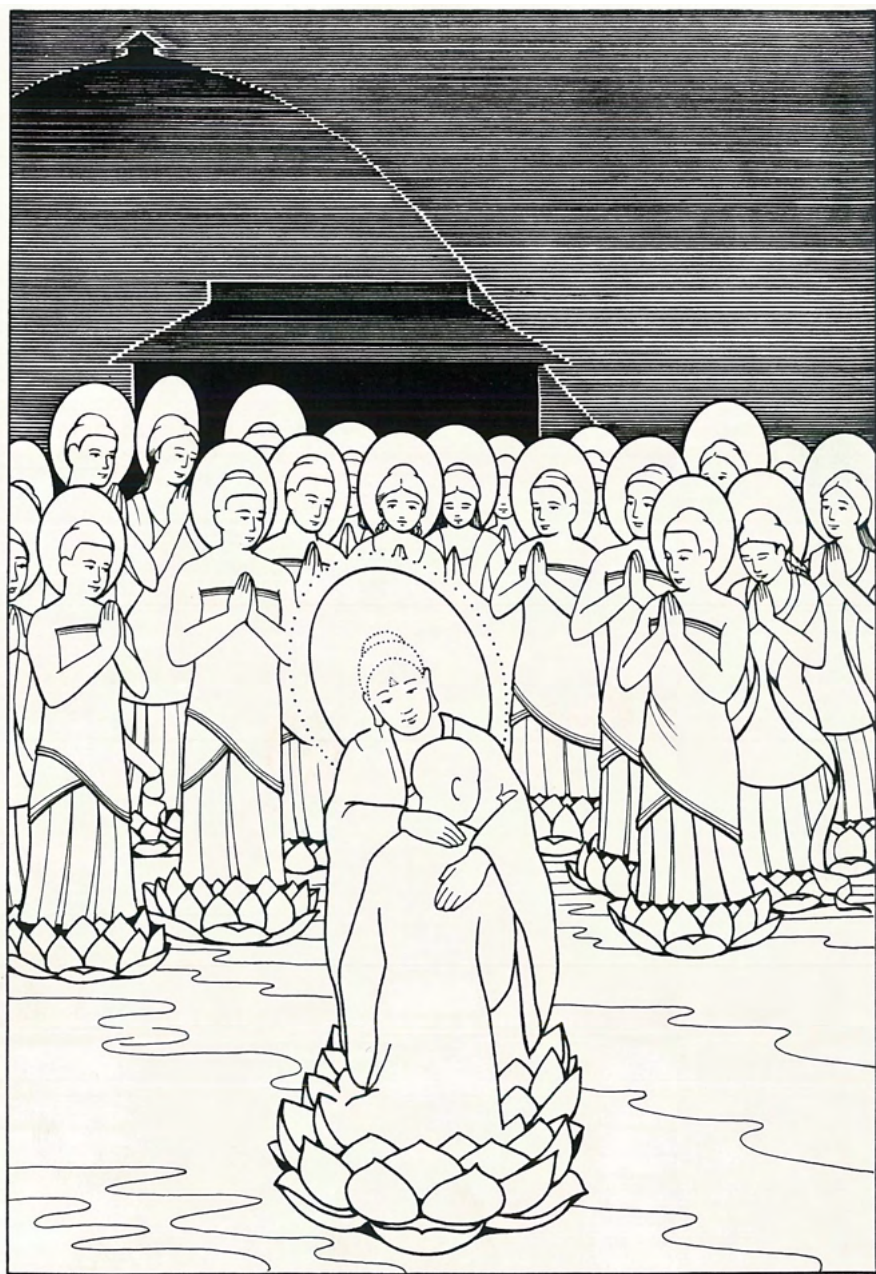


Plate XXXVI.

PLATES XXXV AND XXXVI:—
RECOGNITION IN THE WAVELESS SEA.

It is the morning of the 1st. of November, Founder's Day. I intend to go to meditation but it becomes very obviously unwise to do so in the formal sense. I am aware of a group of beings coming to meet me; in some way I am to be greeted. Within the centre of them is a magnificent, golden being; it leans down and it touches me. Now I seem to be standing away from the group and seeing myself being embraced; I know that I want to speak to it. I do not know what to say so I ask, "May I look at you?" I am then enfolded in gold, in this beautiful golden—I cannot find the right words; my entire body is thrilled through and through with an energy and a life, a luminescent water of the spirit. It is as if I am bathed within warm, golden light. This happened as I tried to raise my eyes to look at it; I had only lifted them a little when this happened. I stay thus for a long time. Then I feel it recede with the whole group and I find myself seated in a lotus blossom looking at an immense sea—an incredibly large, waveless sea. From one end to the other it is full of lotus blossoms just like mine, millions upon millions, and yet it is not overcrowded; the sky is exquisite—light shimmering where the water meets the pale, blue sky. I am conscious of a group at a distance on the shore. I ask what I should do and am told to celebrate the ceremony for Founder's Day; I rise to do so immediately upon hearing the Lord's will although I have been dead, it would seem, for a short time. I get up with incredible energy and do the Founder's Ceremony on the new Hondo foundations. Upon my return to my room I ask what to do next and I am told to stay in my lotus. I spend the day just sitting here loving the sea, drinking in its beauty, its radiance and its peace. Evening wears on, night falls; light shimmers on the horizon where the sea meets the dark, velvety sky full of exquisite stars and a great moon. On the shore are shadowy buildings; the lotus blossoms are closing.

I do not want to go to sleep; I do not want my bloom to close. I am conscious of the fact that something is a little worried about this for I should have closed my bloom at sundown as did the others. I stay up very late. There is still pain in my forehead at the spot where I was struck.

It is the morning of the 2nd. of November. I awaken upon the shore; it is very dark. I hear the dawn drum—there is a dawn drum here as at Shasta—and I look up and see beings trooping down to the water's edge to sit in their lotus blossoms. I do not want to leave the shore; I want to stay; I want to stay here so much. And something comes and very gently shoos me off the shore into my blossom and I sit in it and look around me. I see that several of the blossoms have rings of towers around them.

Then the water seems to evaporate and I am back on the haiseiki; the towers are around me and I know they are the monks. I do not want to stay down here; I want to get back up as fast as I can; I want to get back to the surface of the lake. But I must understand why the sea evaporated. I must know that here in Shasta is the Buddha Land; as above so below. If I do not make the Buddha Land appear for those around me I am unfit to be a priest. Each of these exquisite creatures, these monks of Shasta, is as a precious jewel given into my keeping by the Lord of the House to guard and to polish. However much I wish to sit above in the beauty and the stillness it must be my pleasure and my joy to bring them, should they so wish, to this blissful place that they may meet their True Lord. My duty from hereon is the harmonisation of heaven and earth. This is the meaning of the first line of the Bodhisattva vow:—However innumerable beings are I vow to save them endlessly. The meditation hall of Shasta is the waveless sea and I have failed in my duty to the Lord if all here do not realise that this monastery is indeed the Buddha Land.

I am told that I can go back to the shore at night. I must confess I can hardly wait for the night to come. Perhaps there is still some clinging in me; I must watch this tendency.

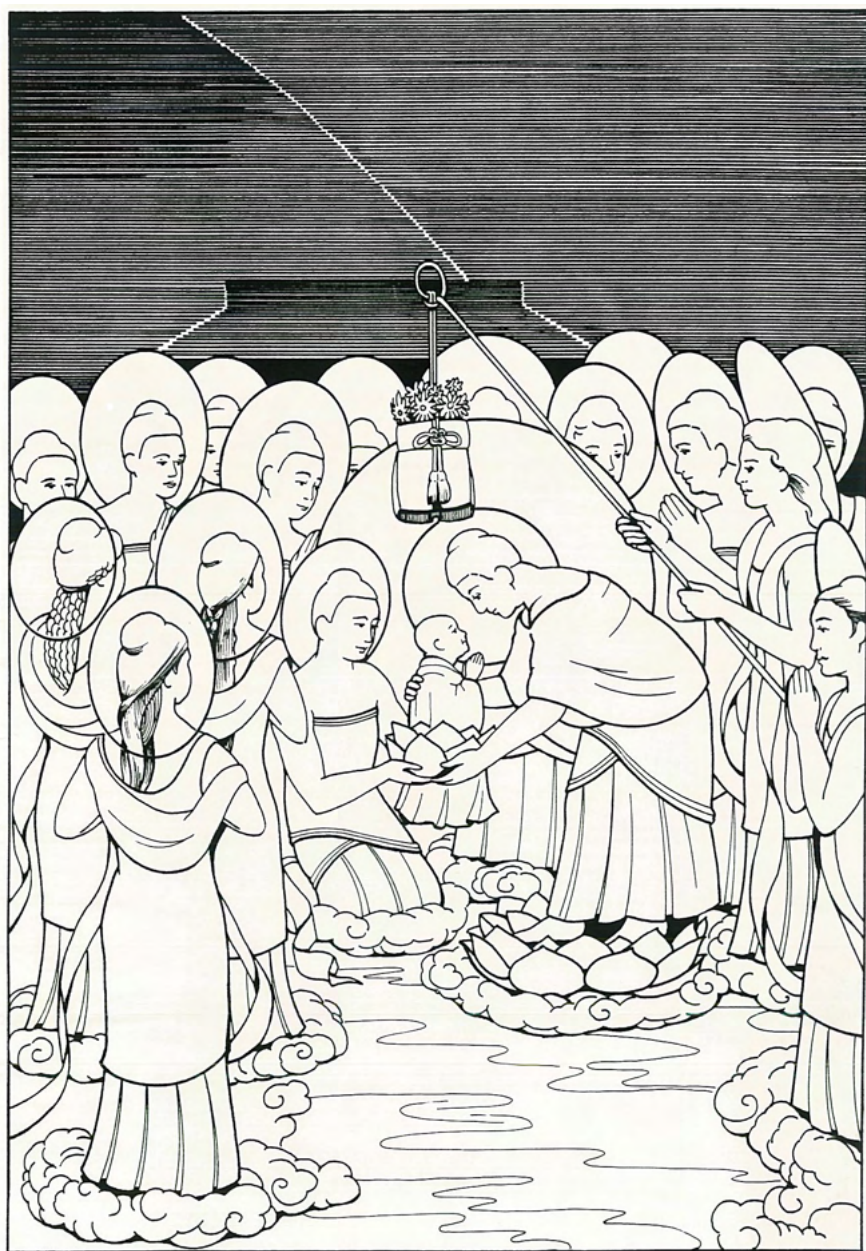


Plate XXXVII.

PLATE XXXVII:—THE LORD'S WILL.

It is the morning of the 3rd. of November. I awaken early and want to get back quickly to a meditation place on the shores of the lake rather than in the sea but I find I am to assist the Lord of the House. I know that I cannot go deeply into meditation until a specific disciple is in the room; for some reason the Lord needs him here. The ceiling begins to go yellow, as is usual when I enter these meditations, and I seem to be looking out of the place in the centre of my forehead. I see myself on the left hand of a being whom I know to be Shakyamuni Buddha dressed in white; I am holding a canopy over a small and beautiful being seated in a golden lotus that is being held by two other beings like myself. I can feel the lotus crown upon my head and I know that there is a halo behind it. Shakyamuni Buddha bends forward and takes the little being into His arms. For a long time He embraces it; then He straightens up and the golden lotus goes, of itself, back to the sea; the little being is placed in his newly-opened lotus blossom.

We turn and follow Shakyamuni Buddha into one of the huge, shadowy temples that are here but we only go just within the door whilst He goes inside. I want to go inside too but know that I should not; the other beings who are with me troop back to the shore and enter their lotus blossoms. I linger on the shore; I do not want to go. I turn and look back and Shakyamuni Buddha is outside the temple; He waves to me. I go to my lotus blossom and, as I look back at the shore, I see Him rise up from where He is standing and become absorbed into the great, golden Cosmic Buddha that I now see in the sky. He is taken into the Cosmic Buddha and yet is separate from Him. He is not the Cosmic Buddha but there is nothing in Him that is not of the Cosmic Buddha; the two are inseparable and different. I ask what I should do for this day—should I wish to stay in this heavenly place or is there something else that the Eternal Lord wishes. I am told that, for this day, I should

sit within my lotus blossom and meditate until I am needed to do something else; this is what I am doing. The white figure descends from the sky and enters the mark on my forehead; I feel Him within my hara. The monk with me saw part of this today.



Plate XXXVIII.

PLATES XXXVIII AND XXXIX:—
DO NOT STAY IN HEAVEN.

It is the same evening and we are celebrating Nenju. As each of the names of the Ten Buddhas is recited They appear before me. Now I know why the Holy *Lotus Scripture* is included as one of the Ten Buddhas; it refers to the waveless sea that is filled with all beings on their lotus thrones. When I first started experiencing these things a little while ago I became frightened lest I be caught up in the experience but the warning against seeing Buddhas or demons is very specific; it is only dangerous to see them when you *feel elation or fear or cling to them*. If I remain unattached to these experiences all will be well. Because I almost made this mistake the sea and the lotuses were less vivid towards the end of today and this worried me. When one of the monks asked the Lord the reason he was told that to see them vividly all the time did not make for strong stems on the lotus blossoms. I understand the Lord's words and am grateful for this teaching. The root of the lotus is in the world as we know it; accordingly as we train ourselves so the stem of the lotus pushes upward towards the surface of the sea; if the stem is weak or becomes broken the blossom will die. What a precious teaching this is.

It is the morning of the 4th. of November and everything is very clear and bright again; not quite as clear as on that first day but the colours are still very vivid, the beings are strolling about in highly-coloured clothing. I climb to the top of a very beautiful, grassy hill behind the main temple and just sit there enjoying myself. There is a spring caught as a fountain on top of the hill under a pavilion. Sometimes the water in the fountain flows down the hill in streams across the green grass to the sea; and then again the streams dry up and steam gently in the sun leaving the grass brighter. Just sitting here I say to myself, "What shall I do today? Nobody seems to be going to the

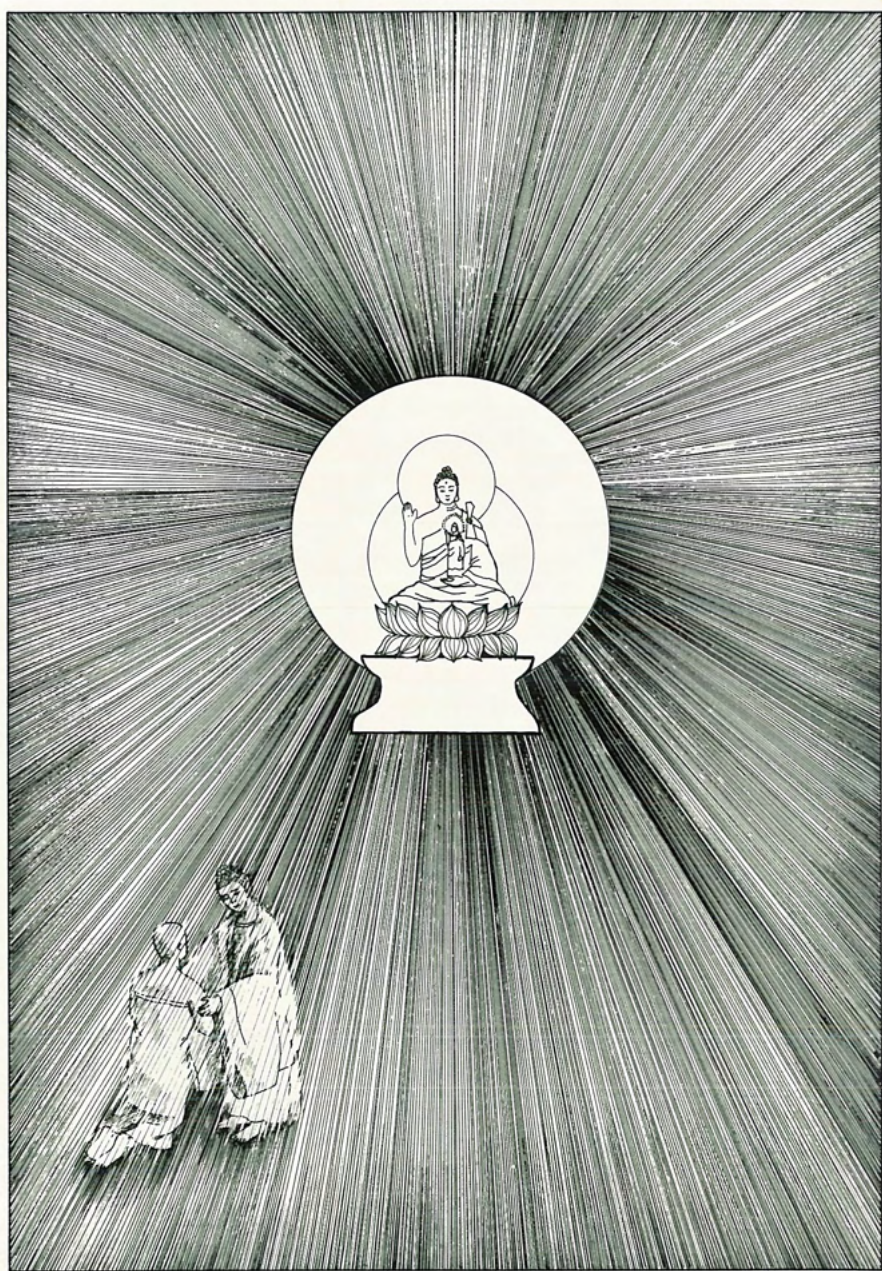


Plate XXXIX.

temple at all. There is a ceremony here in Shasta; maybe there should not be one. I will go to the temple anyway." I go into the temple and there is a huge statue of what I have seen in the sky; the Cosmic Buddha with Shakyamuni Buddha. I just sit down on the floor—no one else seems to be here but this does not matter. My eyes insist on closing—I do not dare to look; something comes and holds me and then passes on. When I can open my eyes again I see that Shakyamuni is embracing a shadowy figure further on; there are other shadowy figures in the hall. I go outside the temple and sit by the sea, putting my toes in it.

There are a lot of buds coming up in the sea and one of them I know is one of the monks here; I am told which one but I may not tell him; it is a green bud. I think for a moment Mara has ensnared me, for I have never before seen a boat on the waveless sea, but it is Shakyamuni and some of the beings inspecting the new buds; the one belonging to the monk here is about four inches below the water; it is *very* green. Shakyamuni looks down, saying, "Ah." He is very interested in His buds. He returns to the shore in His boat.

I might as well go to Morning Service here in Shasta so I go. We are reciting the names of the Buddhas and Ancestors. Seated upon the haiseiki I see each one in turn and am too awed to meditate deeper for I know they will actually appear and I will speak to them in this public place; they are walking about; one is scratching his foot; one turns round, although he is talking to someone else, and says, "Ah, yes" as I recite his name. I realise that they are dressed as monks and that the rest of the people here wear highly-coloured clothing, including, I suspect, myself. I am a monk; and here I am going around in all the colours of the rainbow. Yesterday I asked, "What is next?" and was told, "You will know when the time comes." *My* purpose is to be a monk—that I *know*. I now realise how to be one; I must not wander around up here when there is nothing else to do and there is not a ceremony on; if there is no ceremony I must *make* one. Thus I *make* the monk appear. This morning

here I am calling to the Ancestors saying, “Hey, monk, how do I become a monk?” I find myself grinning suddenly upon the haiseiki as I am watching the whole line go by. This *is* the right thing; I come to Morning Service; whether anybody else comes is not my problem. I can walk around on the shore and enjoy the Buddha Land if I wish to or I can take the next step.

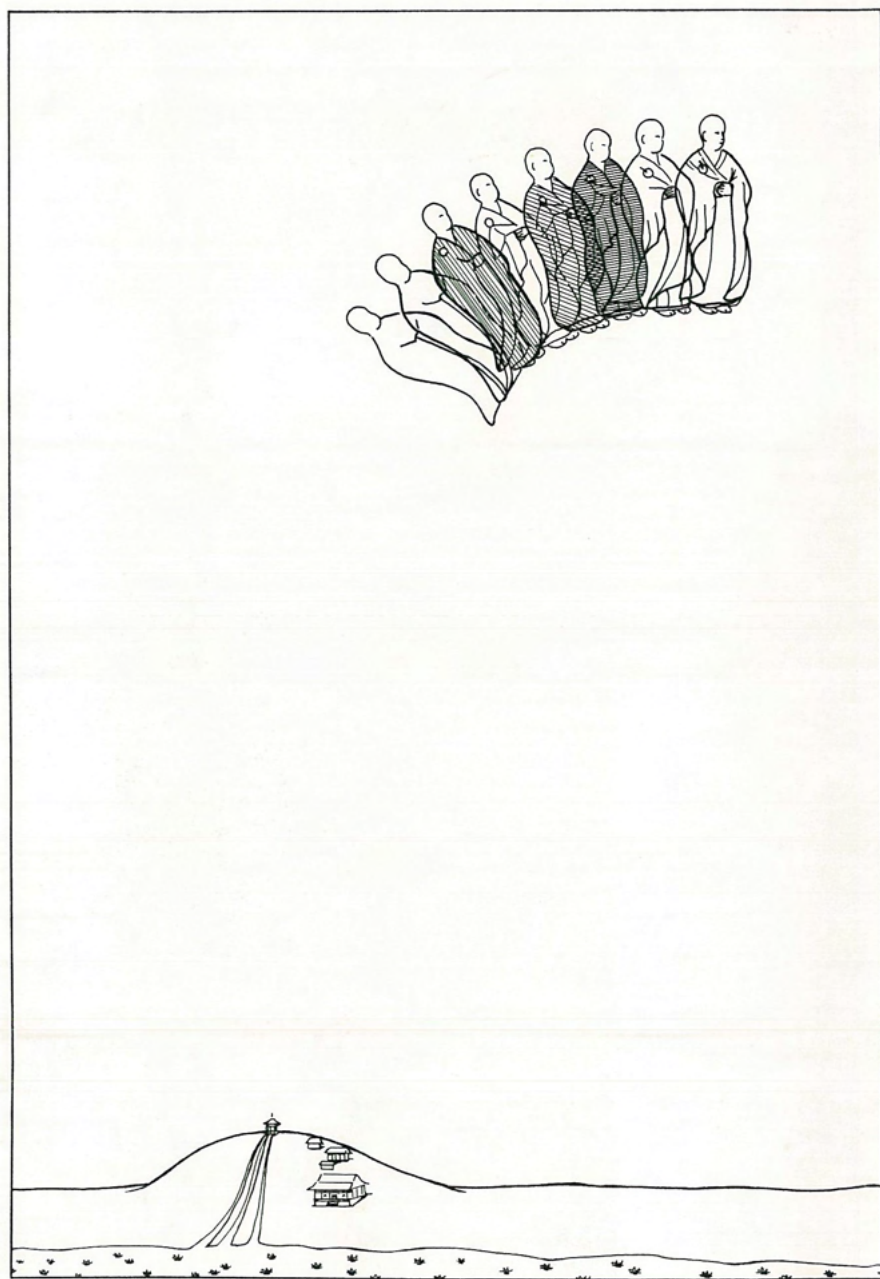


Plate XL.

PLATES XL, XLI, XLII AND XLIII:—
ORDINATION AND GRADUATION.

A monk is studying my notes this morning. He suddenly knows that the golden figure in the sky, with the white-clad figure of Shakyamuni Buddha with it, is an emanation of the Cosmic Buddha; this is why it appears as old gold in colour rather than bright gold. Even heavenly beings cannot behold the brightness of the Lord of the House so that which is seen in the Buddha Land is His emanation. The monk is told that the Buddhas do not wish the lotuses to come too close; the beings therein must drink in the Cosmic Buddha through His emanation, as the lotus blossoms of this world drink in the sun's rays, and take their knowledge and certainty of Him back down their stems to this world for the good of all beings.

It is evening and I am again meditating. I am no longer in my lotus blossom in the sea but moving through the air above it and there is a golden being dressed as a monk accompanying me. We are moving through the air without wings or clouds to help us; just going upward and upward at an incredible pace, moving as if from left to right at a gradual angle for a very great distance. I look down at the heavenly place far below and see the little building housing the fountain on top of the hill with its rivulets streaming down to the sea. It is very pleasant but this does not matter. We are going up, I know not where; I knew this morning that staying in a heavenly place was not for me.

We come to a place where there are golden beings and descend a little to greet them for a moment or two. We then continue straight upward and then slant to the left instead of the right and, after a certain distance, come down a little again to greet some more golden beings whom I know to be the past Buddhas. We continue up and up, again angling to the right.

Since I have been in this place I have been wearing bright colours like the other beings here. As I travel with this golden

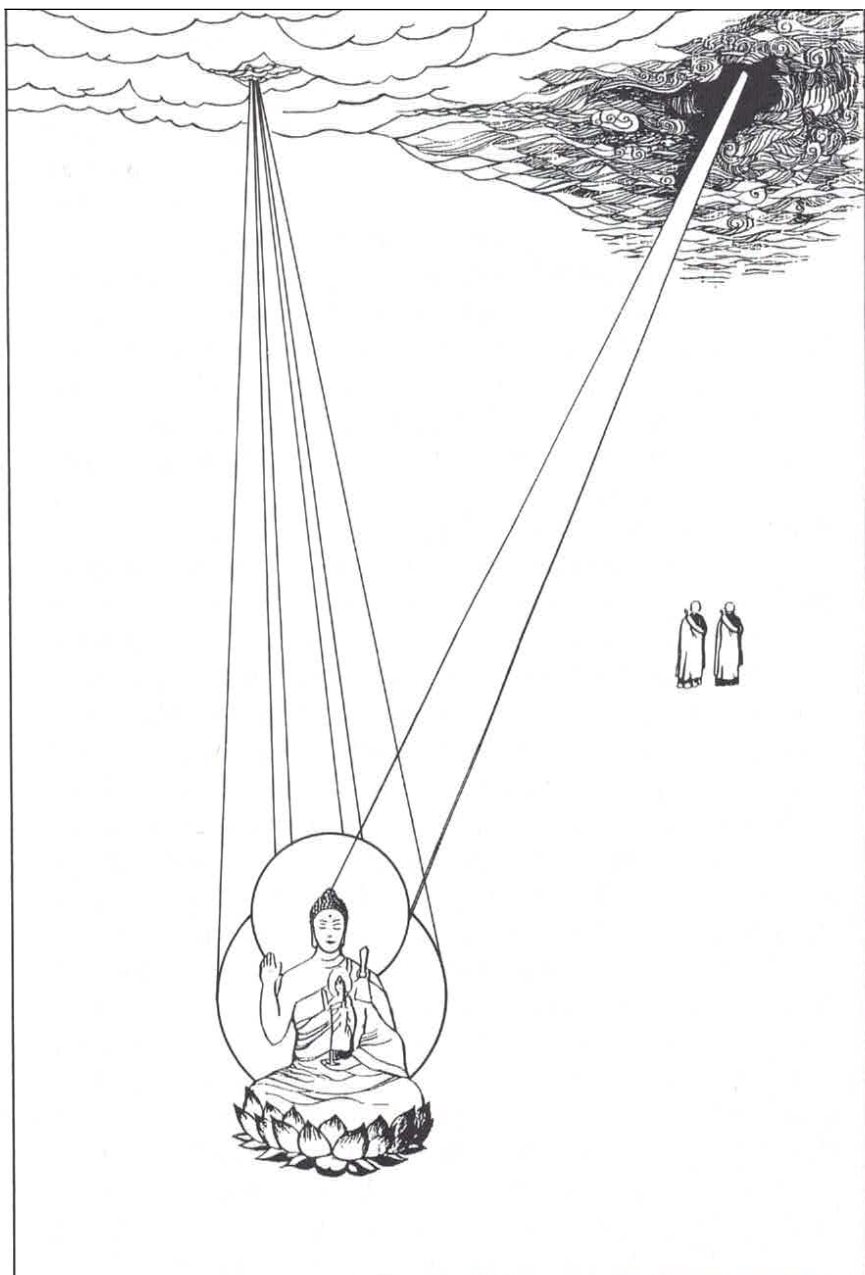


Plate XLI.

being I can, as it were, see myself; and now the bright colours fall away together with my form; I see it and them constantly falling forward and dropping away from me as the skins may be peeled from an onion. I ask, "Should I go higher?" and I am told, "You should go back; you are needed." I return at once as the Lord requests and do that which it is my duty to do. I am told that the journey will continue as soon as I lie down. It is bed-time; I am absolutely exhausted; I can eat nothing.

It is four o'clock in the morning. I know that the journey is about to continue but I do not wish to awaken one of my disciples although I know he has to be here. He comes in when I call him and the journey continues.

From where I am now I can see the back of the emanation of the Cosmic Buddha. I and the golden monk are standing to the right of four yellow-golden rays. I look up and perceive that three of these rays come forth from a bright place within golden-edged clouds; the fourth ray comes forth from a tiny white spot in a patch of absolutely black sky. The four rays touch the back of the emanation. I know that I *must* close my eyes; I feel something compelling them to close. My disciple has his back to me; somehow we both know that this must not be seen with mortal eyes. I do not know what to do and he asks the Lord if he may see what I should do without looking at me and is told he may. I ask what to do and am told, "Be content. Do not seek to go higher." Wholeheartedly I answer, "I *am* content." As I say this my entire body is thrilled through and through with liquid light. It enters through every pore, through fingers, toes, head, sides, through every orifice of my body. Five times the light thrills through me; I ask before each one, "What more may I do?" Finally it gathers and pierces me in the hara but I feel no pain. I ask, "How may I show my gratitude to the Buddhas and Ancestors?" and am told with a smile, "You always wanted to be a *real* monk." Great clouds of yellow-gold pass in waves over my closed eyes.

I ask my disciple what is happening and he says he sees a kind of ordination. There is an exquisite, golden Kesa in

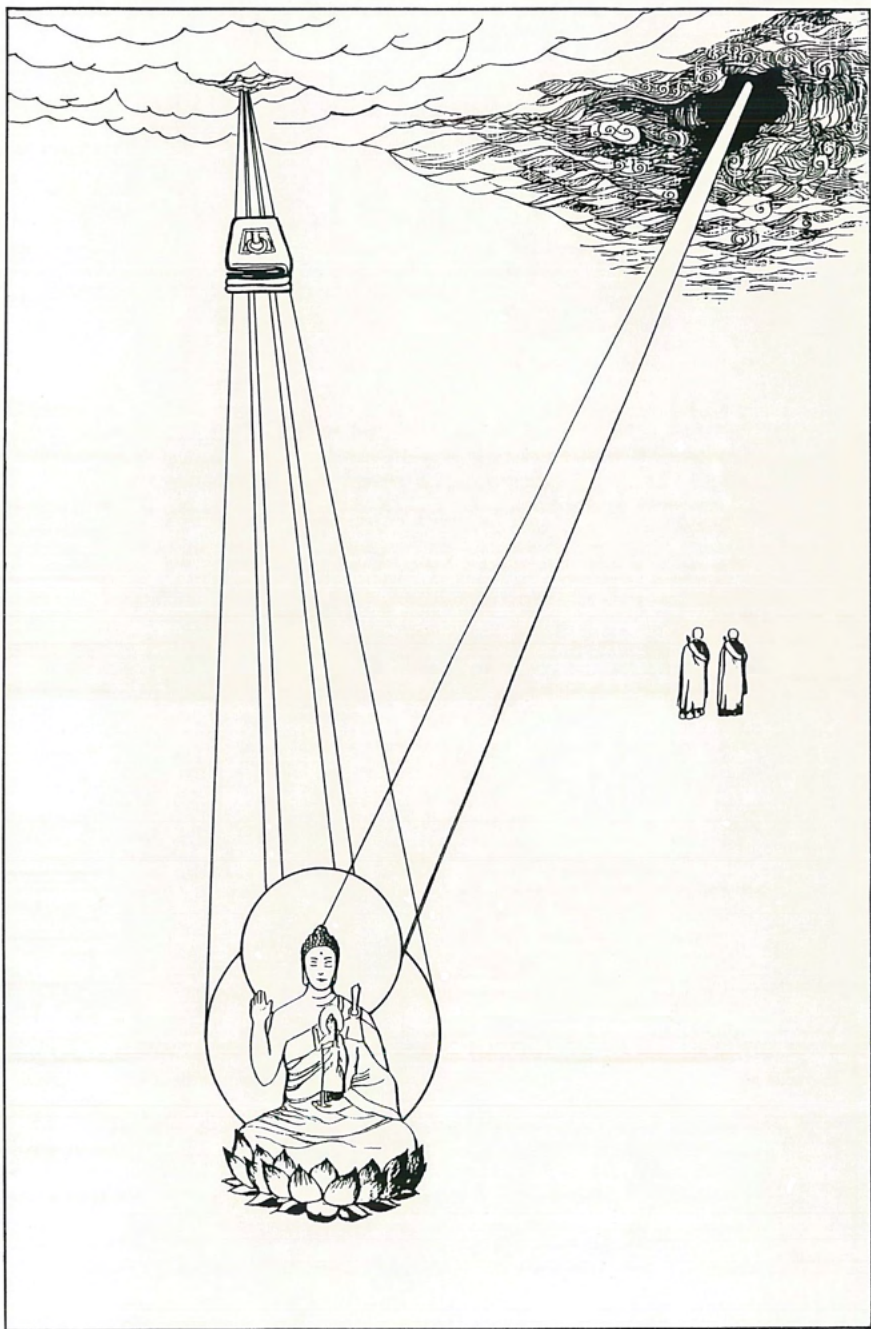


Plate XLII.

the sky; when the time comes for me to open my eyes the highly-coloured clothes I have been wearing will no longer be there; instead there will be the form of a monk. He says it will soon be time for me to go back down; this is the last such journey I shall take for a while. I ask what I should do and am told to go back to the sea; my work is to be a gardener who helps the lotus blossoms to grow straight.

I go at once to Shasta's meditation hall. Just before the *kai-shaku* sound for the end of meditation I find myself again in the Buddha Land. I am standing both on the *haiseki* of Shasta's Hondo and on that of the Dai Kaido of the Buddha Land. The Sangha stretches to infinity in both directions on either side of me in ranks of five. The first four rows on each side are golden both of body and robes; then come those wearing coloured robes and those in black stretching back and back, lost in the shadows of the great hall.

On the altar is the same emanation of the Cosmic Buddha that I have seen in the sky and Shakyamuni, clad in white, stands with Him as before. He comes and goes from the emanation to me many times during the ceremony as if teaching me what to do. I am very afraid to look up but all are gentle and accept me completely; I do not need to fear rejection. Now I *know* that when we say "Homage to the Buddha" it is the Cosmic Buddha embracing all Buddhas of which we speak; "Homage to the Dharma" is homage given to the Teaching of Shakyamuni Buddha in this world; "Homage to the Sangha" is homage given to all beings who train themselves to reach the waveless sea and then go on beyond to the True Monastery of the Lord of the House. There is but one Sangha, pure and undivided. Men and women, no matter of what school of Buddhism, meet there as equals before the Lord and are greeted by the Great Monks with respect. As I recite the Ancestral Line I only catch a fleeting glimpse of the Seven Buddhas but, from Makakashyo on, the golden monks answer to their names—Makakashyo, Ananda, Shonawashyu²⁹—they are all here—the first five on my left, the next five on my right,

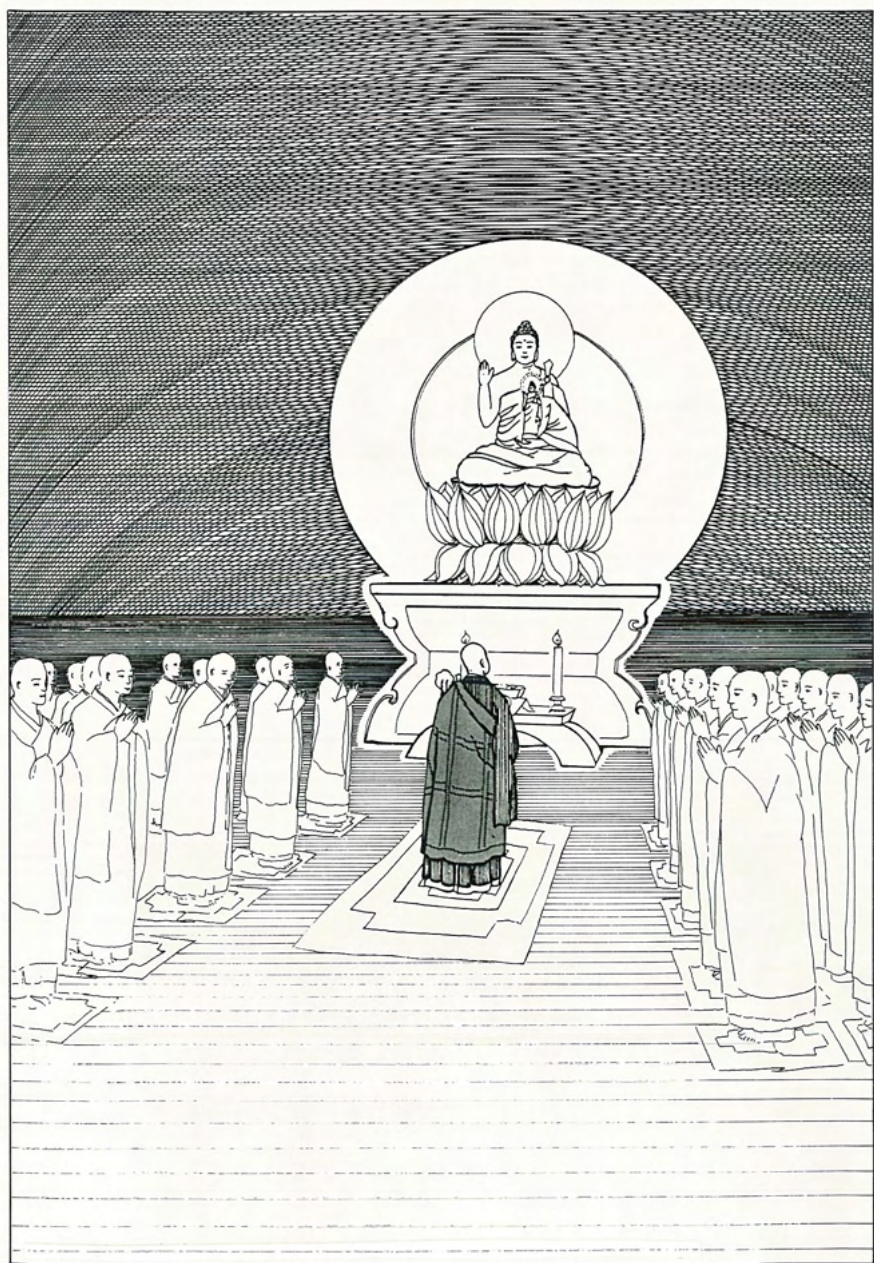


Plate XLIII.

then back again to the left—each recognises me in turn. Some wonder why I stop to bow at their names; they are but monks as I. From here on I must make no bows when I recite their names; what I was taught concerning such things in Soji-ji does not apply; now I must learn what the Lord wishes to be done and not concern myself with worldly sectarianism. *The Most Excellent Mirror—Samadhi* speaks Truth:— ‘Separated do the sects become by setting up of doctrines, practices, and these become the standards that we know of all religious conduct. Even should we penetrate these doctrines, practices, and then delusive consciousness flows through the eternal Truth, no progress shall we make.’ From now on I will sit up straight in the presence of the Buddhas and Ancestors as is their will. I go outside the temple. The beings in their highly-coloured clothes stroll along the shore. I still have not seen the colour of my robes.

I return to my house at Shasta; I am intensely cold. I ask the monk who was with me this morning to ask what this ceremony was and learn that it was my graduation. I now know that one is ordained many times. Long ago I was ordained by the Sangha that we see in this world and I was re-ordained when I was ill in Oakland and re-Transmitted also; both after leaving the iron pillar behind. Now I have been ordained again in the Monastery of the Lord of the House—when, and if, it shall please Him I will go for my Transmission in this exquisite place.

It is the same day. I am in a boat with Shakyamuni Buddha upon the sea. He is inspecting buds again and very anxious that, as a new gardener, I understand the importance of strong stems without which the plants will die; He is much more interested in stems than He is flowers. I am wearing black robes; what joy to be a new monk in the temple of the Lord and to work in His garden. ‘The true monk regards the world as a playground or a beautiful garden’ says the Transmission Book; there are no truer words.

It is morning. In my eagerness to do my job yesterday I made several mistakes which resulted in several of these precious monks being harmed. I am devastated with horror; how could I have been so stupid; it takes time to grow stems; it does not happen overnight. Because of my stupidity I almost ruined one. As I meditate upon this, grieving, the white figure descends and walks with me beside the sea; He puts an arm around me and comforts me. I must remember to ask Him each time before I do something; I must remember that I am only the gardener and not think that I need no help.



Plate XLIV.

PLATES XLIV AND XLV:—
THE FIVE ASPECTS OF THE MONK.

It is the morning of the 8th. of November. There are five golden columns of light coming out of my body. They move up and are now coming out of the lotus blossom upon my head, arranged towards the back of it. I see the mark upon my forehead very clearly as a Buddha image; the five light columns are arranged on either side of it with one in the centre at the back. I ask one of my disciples to come in quickly for I know that I need him. It is absolutely imperative that I am not alone; it is as if I need my Chief Junior with me. I have to be so still at these times; even to ask a question of the Lord of the House seems to be too much of a disruption. I have to be so still and so continuously open; willing to do whatsoever is required or needed; to break this silence even by so much as to talk to the Lord is too much. He asks what I should do and is told, "Go in and out." "Where do I go?" "Go up one of the five columns of light." He knows there are five although he has seen and heard nothing. "I do not know how to go up. How do I do it?" "Just go up." "I am willing." I go up the first column of light and realise that it is the one that comes from the black clouds in the sky that I saw before my ordination. Although I am going towards the tiny spot in the blackness it always remains light. The emanation of the Cosmic Buddha comes over from the bright columns to enter the one that I am in just above me and I understand that this is how earth penetrates heaven. No matter how great the darkness there is still light to be found therein by those who truly look. In the darkest place, even on the side of the black lotus, is to be found the true teaching that saved me from despair—NOTHING MATTERS. One can jump into hell so long as one is looking up. At all times the Buddha is appearing in hell and in this world. 'Within all light is darkness but



Plate XLV.

explained it cannot be by darkness that one-sided is alone. In darkness there is light but, here again, by light one-sided it is not explained,'—the *Sandokai* speaks Truth.

I return; this then is the meaning of going in and out. "Do I go up the second column?" "Yes." "How do I do it? I am willing." I am infused with ecstasy in every part of my being. It is so beautiful; I am being taken possession of, infused with a luminescent, spiritual 'water.' I do not know what to do next—I never seem to know what to do—I am told to go up the third column but nothing happens. "I am willing to go; to be absolutely possessed; what do I do?" I go up the third column of light; this is where I was ordained; I feel I should go no further. "How far should I go?" "Only go halfway to meet it." Out of the golden-edged clouds above comes the white figure of Shakyamuni Buddha; it enters my body; it keeps coming, hundreds upon hundreds of it, faster and faster, entering through the Buddha mark upon my forehead and coming to rest in my hara. It begins to slow down. This is heaven penetrating earth; the Dharma constantly given to those willing to receive it—it is the same as the light flashing off the pillar in that dark place but the pillar was too hard to receive it; the Lord is to be found in all places if we do but believe.

I am back again. "There are two left. Do I go up any more?" "Yes, go up the next one." "I am willing." I am again infused but this time it is different; it is a golden infusion that is also a bath; I am being bathed in this golden infusion of spiritual 'water' as in a fountain. I am thrilled through and through again and again; it is cold, a very strange cold. My disciple touches me; it is as if I am cold from the inside out. The words go through my mind that this is a spiritual marriage but the word 'marriage' is not quite right. It is the meaning of the fact that there is always holy water to be found in the master's head. This bath is so exquisite.

There is one column left. "Should I go up?" "You may." The tone of the answer is different. "Well, *should* I?" "If you wish." "Is it wrong?" "No." "Would it be dangerous?" "It is all right,"

and there is a little smile as if to say that it is good that I ask all these questions instead of just going up. I say, “All right, I will go up,” and am infused again and then I am back. I see the Buddha mark as I enter; I am incredibly cold. I ask what these five columns are and am told they are the aspects of the monk and the sunbeams of the teaching; the first is the Buddha’s appearance in this world, and in all others, if only we will look with unclouded eyes—thus we can hear true teaching even in the darkest place—the golden Buddha descends through the tiny hole to hell—if *only* we will look up!—the second is eternal love which we can feel even in the pangs of hell if we truly understand the Buddha’s teaching; the third is the teaching which is always entering us if only we are willing for it to do so; the fourth is the fountain of the Lord’s wisdom and the fifth I do not yet understand. These five columns bend over and shed millions of seeds; I watch them fall. In all these meditations I am told, “Be very careful; be *very* careful.” Thus I make no move before asking what to do; I must be *very* still. I may not close my eyes; I am told “NO” when I do; it does not want me to completely leave this world; it is imperative I have an anchor here. I ask if the bath will get warm and almost get a chuckle; yet it does not feel as cold water feels; it is an exquisite sensation. The words, “The diamond sceptre’s branches five”⁹ go through my mind. The seeds are the seeds of the teaching; thus is my disciple told.



Plate XLVI.

PLATES XLVI, XLVII AND XLVIII:—
RECEIVING THE TEACHING.

It is the morning of the 9th. of November; I awaken with the five columns of light very clear; they come out of the head of a clear, crystal-like nyoi.³⁰ The first column has already been explained; around its end is the darkness and the column itself comes from the white spot with the seated Buddha a little distance down from it—and yet it encloses the darkness—thus does earth penetrate heaven and is enfolded within it. There is a cloud at the end of the second column in which there is an intricate, square knot—the love-knot of eternity. At the top of the third column is Shakyamuni as the Dharma constantly descending—thus heaven penetrates earth. At the top of the fourth column is the fountain of the Lord's wisdom, the water of which, when one is bathed therein, is infused through every fibre of one's body—thus there is always holy water in the master's head.³¹ The fifth I still do not know. And now I know what the nyoi is—it is exactly the shape of my spine—it is indeed my spine. The nyoi head bends over my head and its front rests on my brow; the Buddha mark is in its centre and from it radiate the five columns of light; two on each side and one from the top. It is now a great lotus pod and my spine is its stalk and the columns of light cause the seeds to be shed. It changes again and now has the shape of a dragon—my spine is its spine, its head is over my head. It has five great whiskers that become the columns of light. The dragon is the symbol of the defender of the Truth—I understand that thus must I become; not only must the nyoi be used to show the defence of the Truth—one must *be* the nyoi that *defends* the Truth as also one must *be* the nyoi that *sheds* the seeds of the Truth. Sometimes I will be a dragon and again sometimes a lotus. The nyoi changes again and now its head is that of an elephant with five trunks each of which becomes one of the columns of light. The elephant is the symbol of holiness—thus

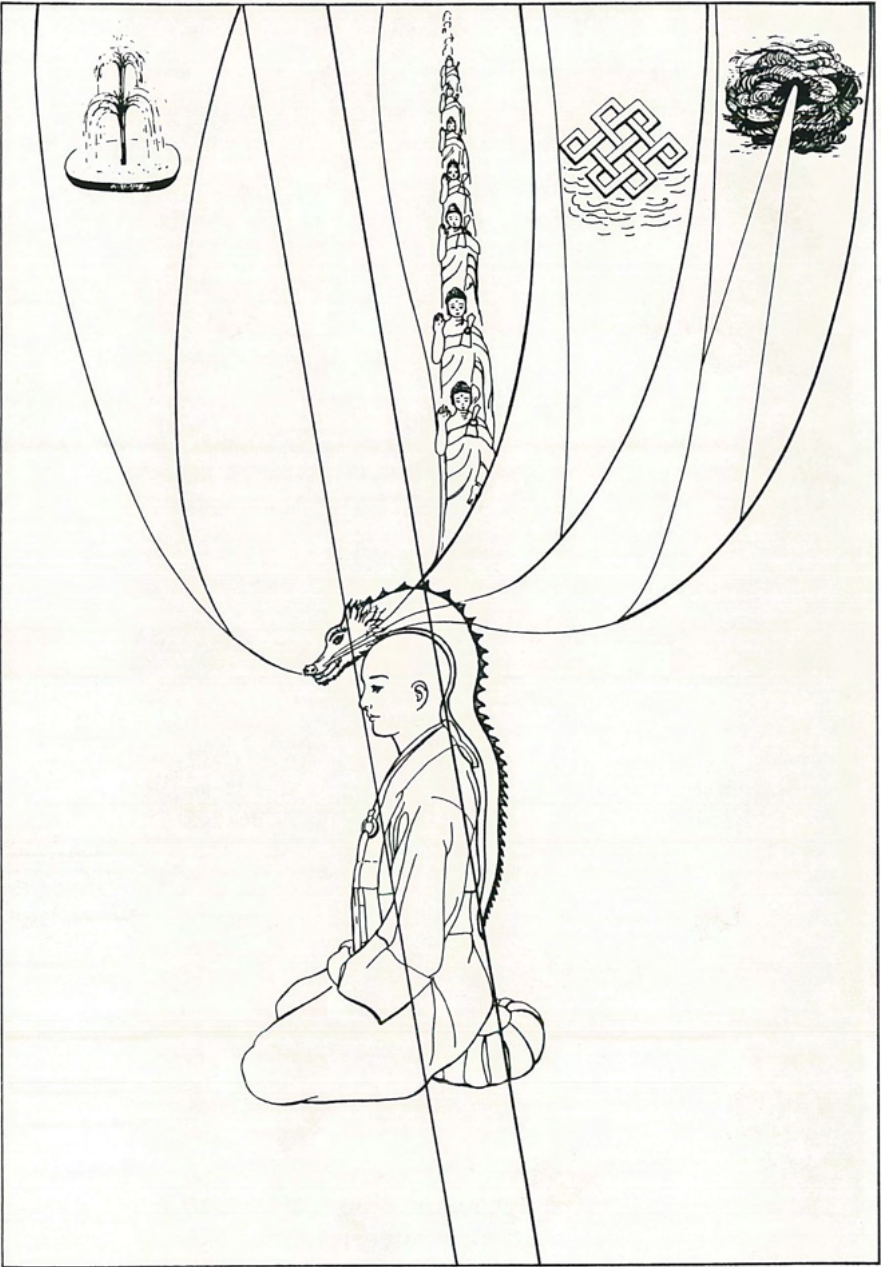


Plate XLVII.

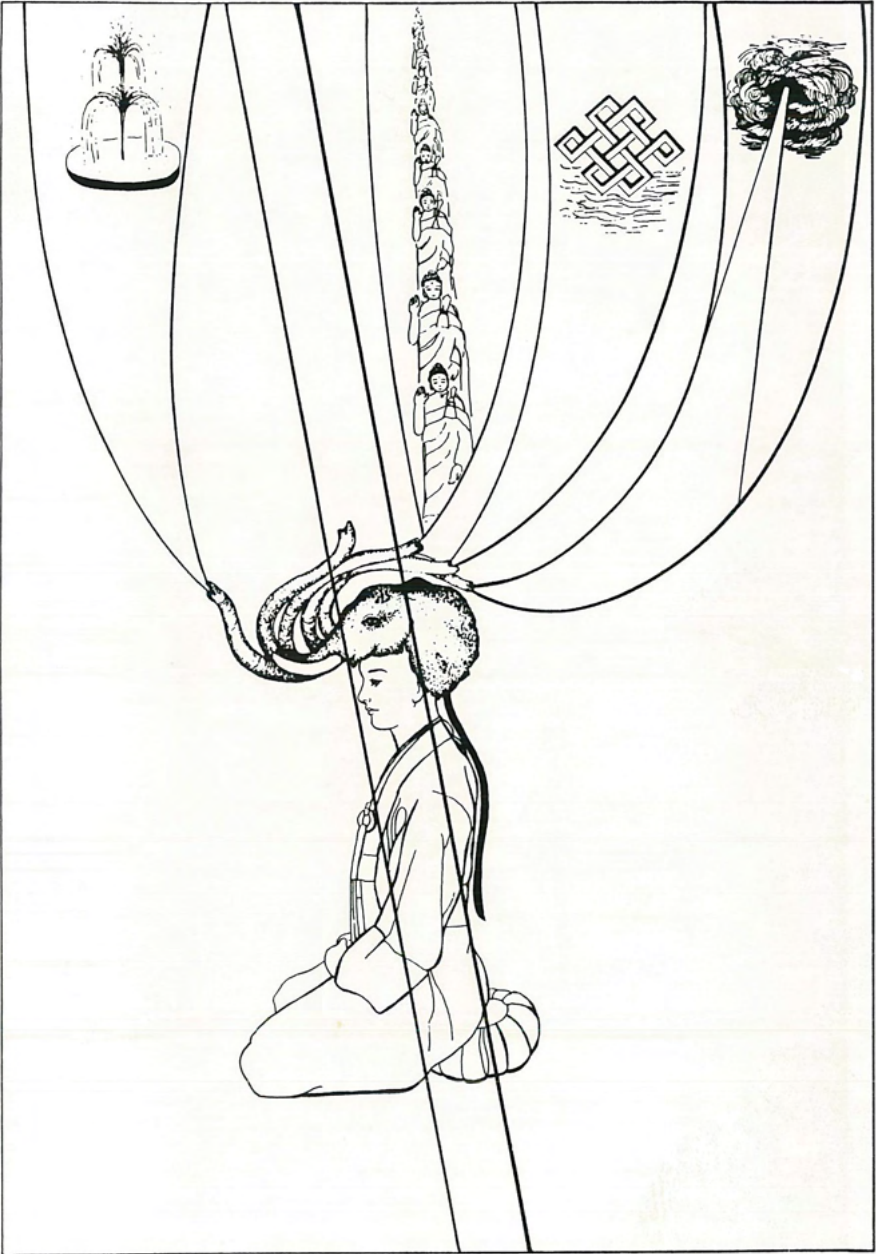


Plate XLVIII.

I must use the nyoi of my body to express the Truth through holiness of life. The fountain in the fourth column sends forth golden water wherein are bathed the hearts, bodies and minds of beings. 'The absolute upright' is the stem of the lotus, the spine of my physical body; how important it is to sit correctly when meditating. Now, too, I understand the meaning of 'the diamond sceptre's branches five' for I am indeed the diamond sceptre.

Within each one of us lies the Treasure House; all we have to do is unlock the door for ourselves. When I stand upon the haiseki, that which stands there *is* the living nyoi; I hold only the symbol of that which I am; sometimes I stand there as a lotus blossom shedding the teaching, sometimes I am the defender of the Truth and sometimes I must *be* the personification of holiness and again as hard and radiant as a diamond—and I must be all of these at all times and each of them at all times. This is the meaning of being a priest. And when I show each of these aspects I must also show how, in that aspect, earth penetrates heaven, eternal love is demonstrated, heaven penetrates earth, all is bathed in the fountain of the Lord's wisdom—as yet I do not understand the fifth. There are five aspects of each of these five columns of light but I do not know their meaning yet. The fountain in the fourth clearly seems to *indicate* anicca, change, but that is all I know so far.

The explanation of the gassho is here also. The five fingers of the right hand signify the worlds of humans, titan asuras, animals, hungry ghosts and hells whilst those of the left hand signify the Buddha, Bodhisattvas, one's own enlightenment, enlightenment by others and heaven. When I passed through the dark place all things were passed on the right; now all things are seen on the left. When the two hands are correctly joined earth penetrates heaven and heaven penetrates earth. When heaven and hell become one the Buddha Land is indeed here and now.

My head wishes to make one long, perpetual bow; the five columns of light stream upward. 'The state of mind must

always be respectful and modest’—so states the explanation of the gassho. Man, in his little knowledge, believes he knows what pleasure is but worldly pleasures leave behind them an emptiness and flatness; he who experiences that which I am experiencing knows a fullness that is beyond human comprehension. Now indeed I *know* what is my work in the monastery of the Lord. It is so important that the stem of every lotus be perfect; it is imperative that I do not allow these precious monks who live in Shasta to make any mistakes whatsoever in their training. If the stem is perfect the blossom will be magnificent. Then, and only then, will they become living nyois of the Lord.



Plate XLIX.

PLATE XLIX:—THE IRON MAN.

It is just before breakfast of the same day. In my hara there are two golden doors standing wide open and, inside them, is a golden lotus. I am conscious that the lotus on my head has changed from pink and indigo to gold, the five columns of light come out from it and the mark of the Buddha is in the centre of it and then again in the centre of my forehead. Light is coming out of the flower. This is the meaning of the doors of the temple always standing open wide, the doors of the heart, never being closed to anyone who asks for help. Everyone has entrance to the kaido, the shadowy hall within themselves; all they have to do is knock. All they have to do is ask and they will be answered. The light streams out of the flower—it is the light with which I was infused last night—the infusing with gold—it comes out of the flower and colours my flesh until my entire body is golden. Then comes Makakashyo; this time I am with him as a golden being and the two of us travel up and to the right. Suddenly we start going straight up; I am being infused with golden spiritual ‘water’ again. We are absorbed right into the fifth golden column of light and there is neither of us left; just two beings that are, and were, and will be part of, and not apart from, the golden column going upwards and upwards; there is nothing else. I ask what to do and am told to go on. I choose to come back in order to be able to bring this back to you. I ask, “Am I wrong to return?” and am told, “Your choice. It does not matter.” “Have I made a choice between dying and living?” “No.”

Now the golden light that comes out of the clouds and the fifth column of light turn into the iron pillar that I saw in the dark place, the Iron Man. This pillar penetrates the universe from one end to the other, piercing me through my forehead, entering the earth at the base of my spine. I can go back up this pillar at any time I wish or come down in the same way; it is

that which makes heaven and earth one. I am bathing again in the golden light, there is ecstasy in the infusing of my body.

I took the Bodhisattva vow long ago; I keep it still. ‘However innumerable beings are I vow to save them’—thus I choose to come back—but even after the vow, to do so is *still* a voluntary act; the Lord does not insist upon the keeping of the vow.

This iron pillar, which is the entrance to heaven and hell, is the direct route by which we go, in the twinkling of an eye, to the Lord during the first, Penetration of Heaven, kensho. When we learn to harmonise heaven and earth we are permitted to go slowly that the way may be made plain for us to show to all living things. He who would fulfil the Bodhisattva vow *must* reach this stage.

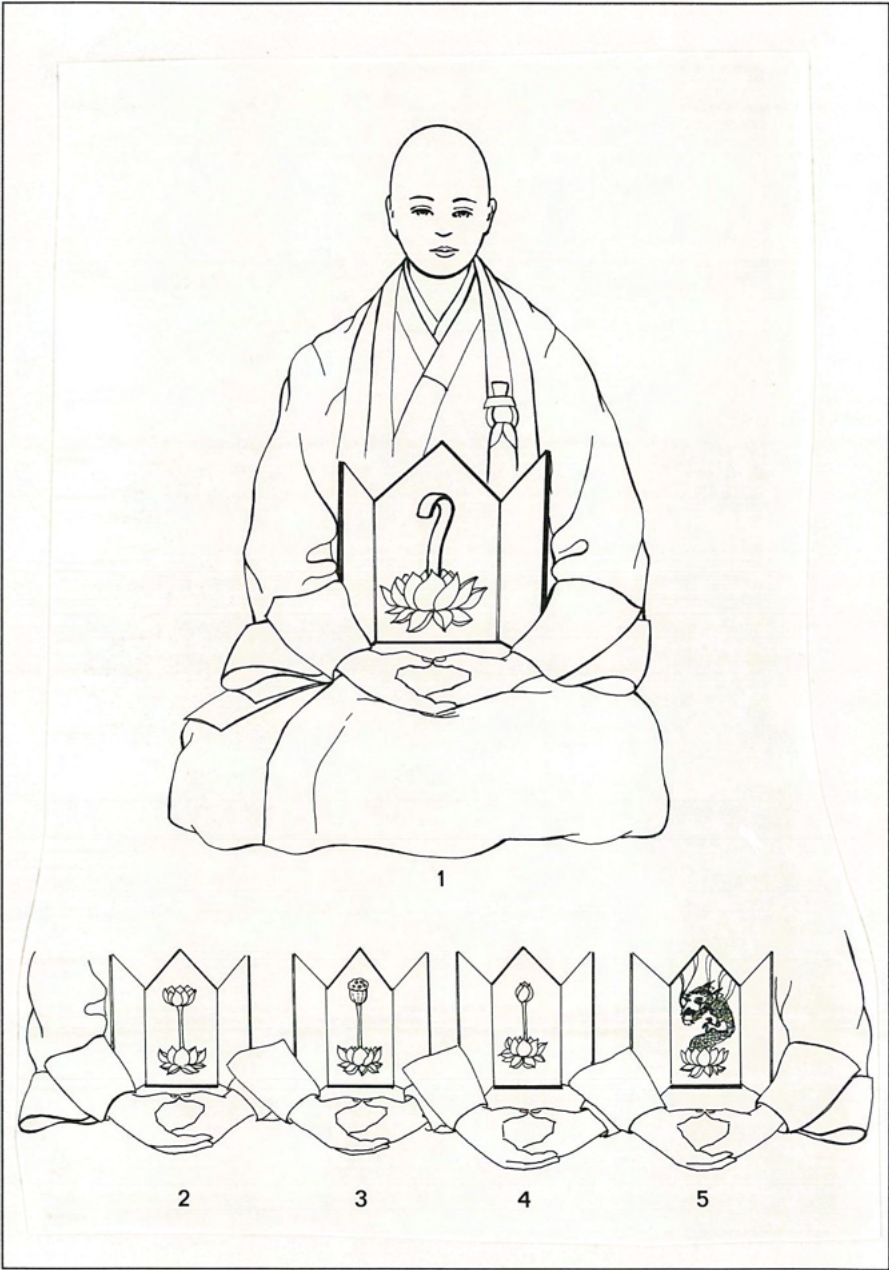


Plate L.

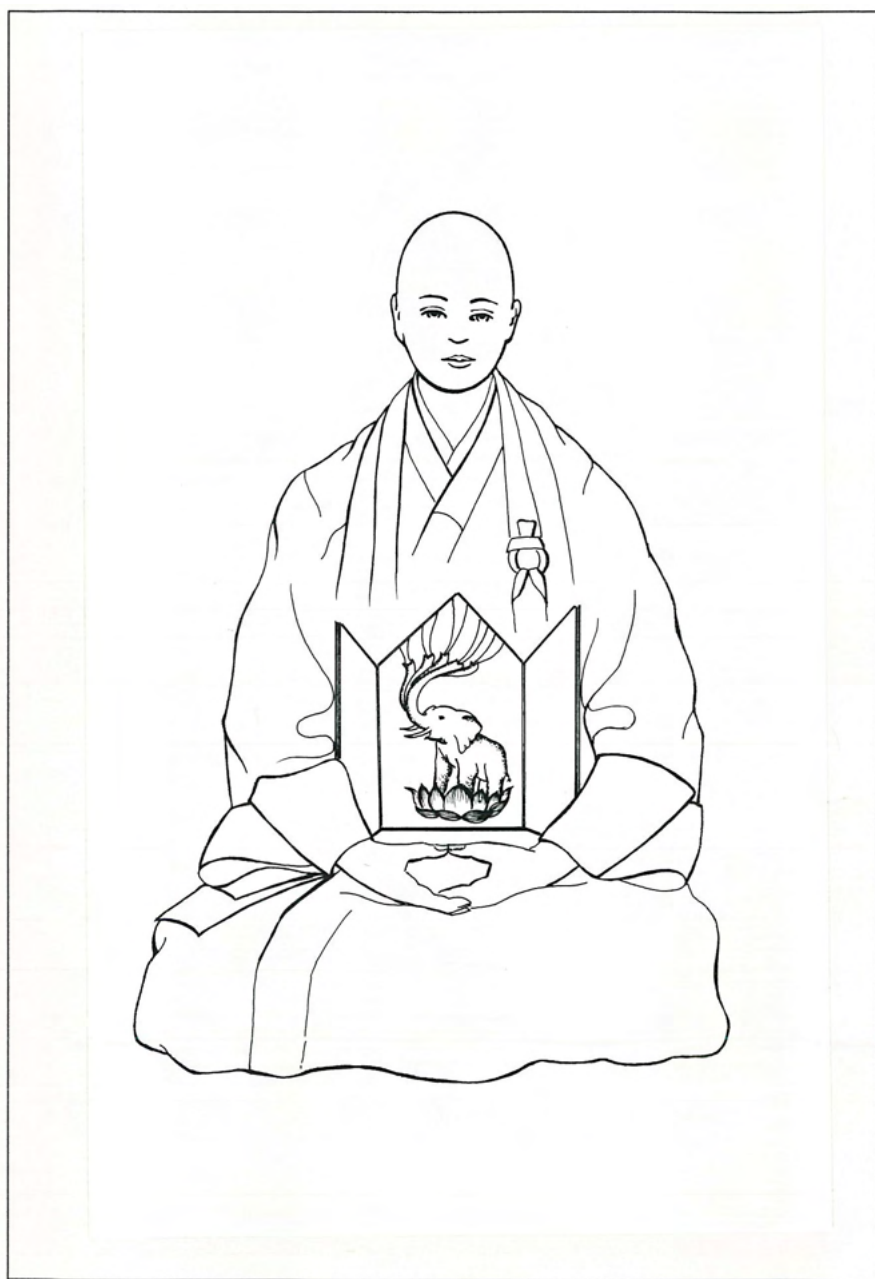


Plate LI.

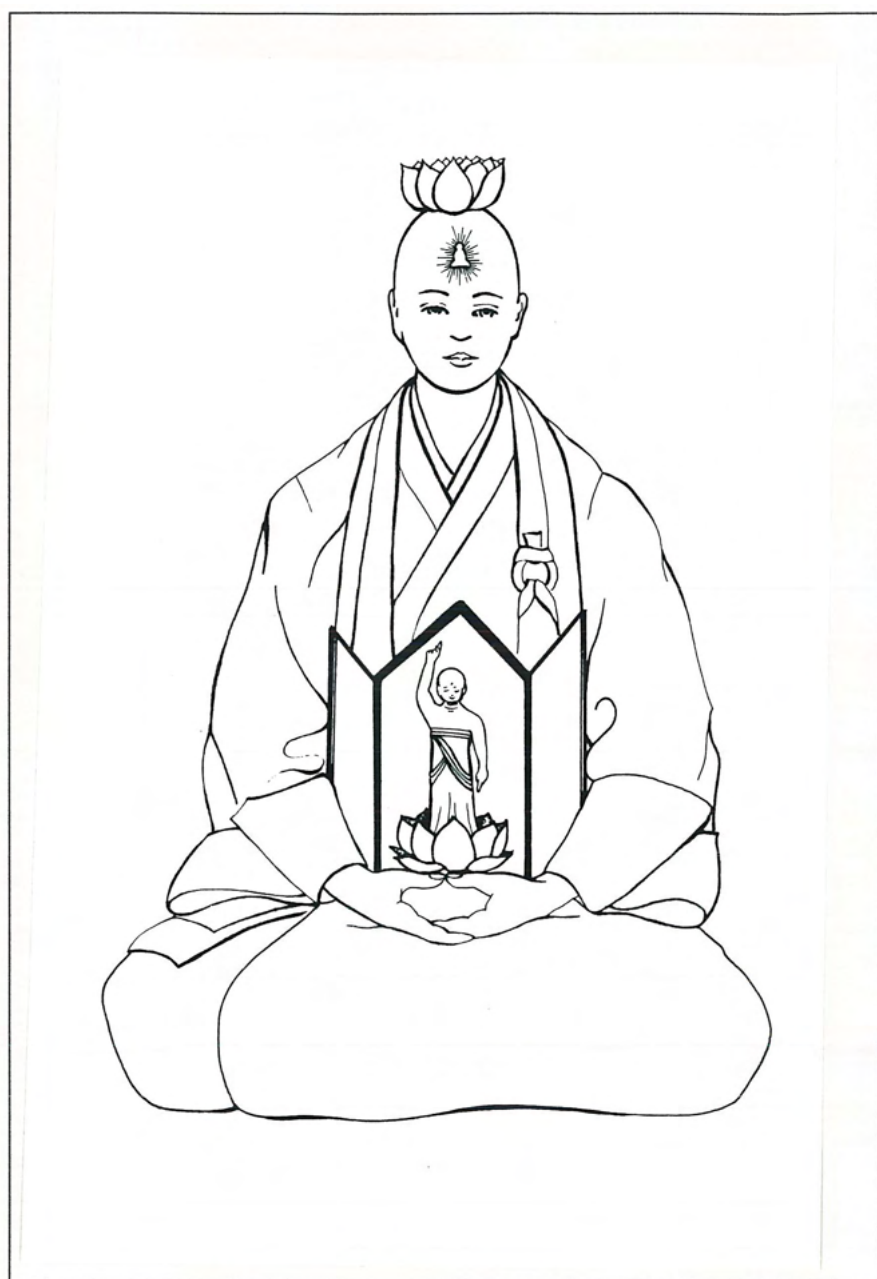


Plate LII.

PLATES L, LI AND LII:— THE TRUE BEING.

I stay all day in a state of suspended animation. It is now evening and the disciple who is with me, although he did not see what I did, is in the same state as I as a result of asking questions for me. I was very frightened after I chose not to continue to go up this morning for I started to come back down and was going into darkness; I did not wish to go into darkness. I started coming back up again and have remained suspended between darkness and light during the entire day.

I am needed to do some work but both my disciple and I feel very strange; he needs to come back. I tell him to come back and this releases him. I know that I too must somehow come back into myself and stop standing in the column of light. I ask if this is the right thing to do and am told "Yes" through my disciple. I find myself coming back down the fifth column of light and enter by the Buddha mark on my forehead. I come to rest in the centre of the flower within my hara. I must *not* forget the words, "Go in and out." I am beginning to have a bad cold and, not feeling well, I do not wish to take any more spiritual 'journeys' for a little. But it is obvious that I am going to continue. During the night I am conscious of sitting still in the centre of the golden lotus. The doors are open to the world and golden light streams out of them. That which is standing in the centre of the golden flower is now the new-born Buddha with one hand pointing up and the other down; He is standing in the centre of the column of light which has entered my head and this column is in the centre of the golden flower. The column and the Baby Buddha melt into a diamond nyoï which is exactly the shape of my spine; it changes into a lotus blossom, then into a lotus pod, then into a bud, into a dragon with five whiskers which curl up and become the five columns of ascending light and into the elephant with five trunks that curl up into these same five columns. It constantly changes from

one to the other. I understand that sometimes I am the diamond sceptre which penetrates the universe; sometimes I am the lotus blossom, sometimes I pour out the seeds of the Dharma, sometimes I am a new blossom and at other times a new bud; sometimes I am the defender of the faith and sometimes I am holy. And all of these things find their root in the centre of the golden lotus within my hara. I am very frightened that I cannot bend because of the rigidity of the diamond sceptre; the diamond sceptre just then becomes my spine and I am even more frightened that I cannot bend; and the Baby Buddha still stands within the golden lotus. As I move, the diamond sceptre becomes the lotus and I am able to bend; the stem is always flexible!

I stay thus until the morning. The five columns come out sometimes from the Buddha mark on my forehead and sometimes from the five points of the golden crown, or lotus, upon my head; at other times they form the column at the base of which is the Baby Buddha. I now know the meaning of all five. They truly are the aspects of the monk; the first is earth penetrating heaven; the second, the knot of eternity; the third, heaven penetrating earth; the fourth, the putting on of the golden kesa which is within the fountain of the Buddha's Wisdom, the bathing within its radiance; the fifth, "the ability to die whilst sitting and standing, which transcends both peasant and sage"³²—the right to go to heaven or hell if the intention is right—to help all living things. My wish for now is just to be a monk that I may take all beings with me to this exquisite place.



Plate LIII.

PLATE LIII:—THE REAL MONK.

It is morning. The golden doors of my hara stand wide open; the Baby Buddha stands within the golden flower. Light streams upward from Him to the gold-rimmed clouds and streams from them back downwards to Him. Another ray comes from the clouds and enters the Buddha mark upon my forehead. From this mark also emanates the five columns which are the five aspects of the monk; sometimes they are separate and sometimes they form the one column within me. The lotus blossom is upon my head; sometimes it is a golden crown.

Today is the first day of my life that I have ever *wanted* to wear a golden rakhsu, or ever felt that I had the right to do so. Now I must not wear anything else. When you receive the kesa of gold brocade it should be worn with honour and with pride.

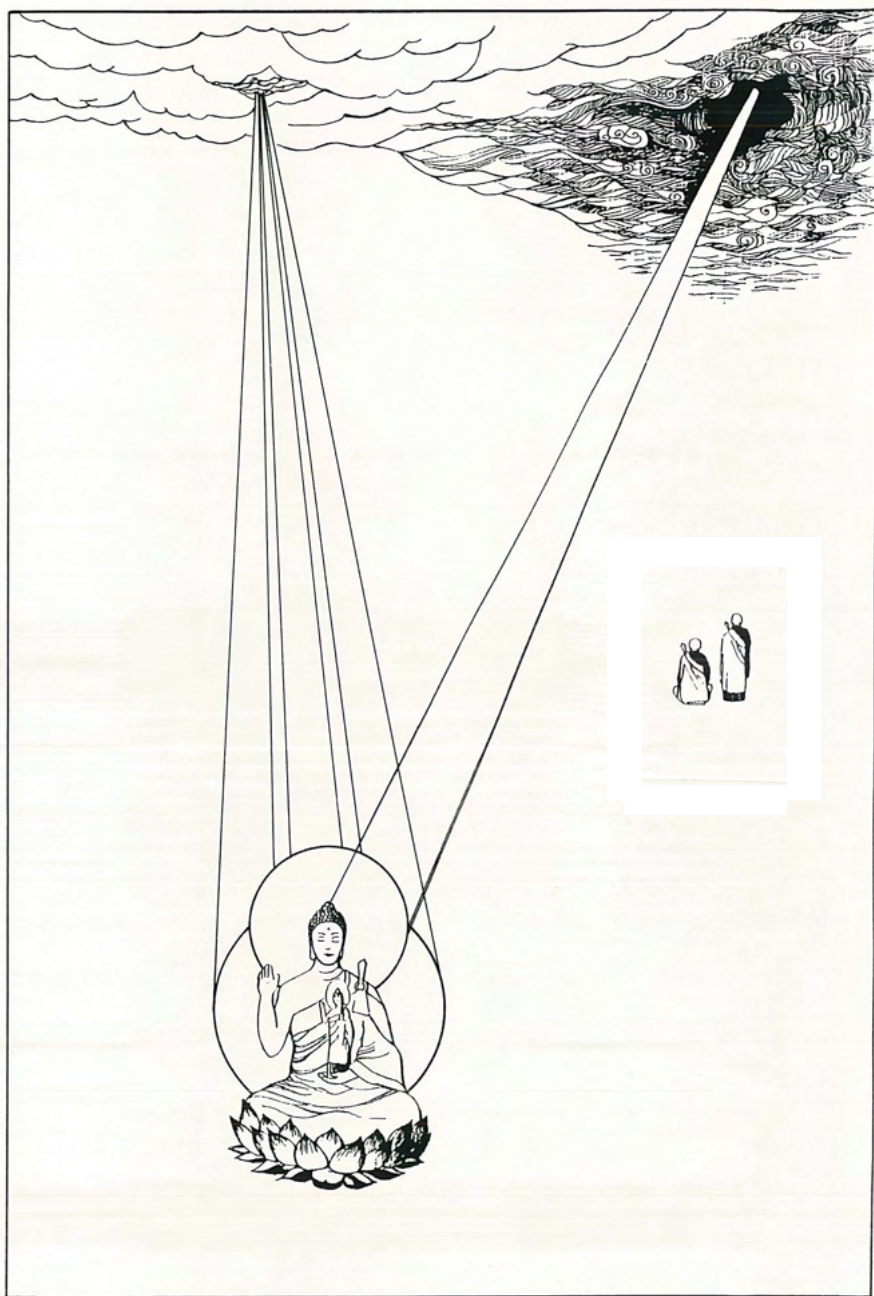


Plate LIV.

PLATE LIV:— THE FIRST COLUMN —
ETERNAL MEDITATION.

It is morning. I am again going upwards above the Buddha Land. I ascend to the place where I was ordained together with Makakashyo. I ask what I should do and am told to wait. I see both Makakashyo and I quite clearly; we are both golden. We wait for a long time; I am told I should not be standing and I sit down. After a long time I am told, "I shall not call you to-day. You should go back down soon." I immediately return.

When I meditate I must do so in the place of ordination—the mind of a beginner is the purest of all minds—'end and beginning here return unto the source.'³³ When the Lord calls I will go to Him; whilst waiting for His call I will do His will; this is eternal meditation. This Shasta *is* the Buddha Land; these trainee monks are *in* the monastery of the Lord. How great *is* the Lord; how joyous His service. Our petty minds argue about their own concepts of Him and quarrel about sectarian emanations. But That Which Is, the Lord of the House, whilst smiling at our cardboard replicas, sends down His rays to all so that, if they truly look, they may see beyond their own façades. This is true love in all its glory. *Homage* to the Buddha, *Homage* to the Dharma, *Homage* to the Sangha.

Eternal meditation is the meaning of this first column of light and its second aspect, its first being its appearance which I described before. Even in the darkest place the Truth may be seen and heard; thus meditation *is* possible for eternity; there is always light in darkness and the Buddha may be seen therein if we have the willingness to look. The third aspect of eternal meditation is its use; its use is to bring peace and freedom in all the situations that life brings. Sitting in this eternal meditation I watch that which the world regards as good or bad come and go as reflections in a mirror; all is ever changing; the mirror is clear, it does not retain the reflections.

The purpose of eternal meditation is the *Cessation of Suffering*, the third of the Buddha's Four Noble Truths for, by holding on to nothing and pushing nothing away, I am free of attachments. The fifth aspect of this first column of light is its root, its oneness with all the other aspects, the oneness that penetrates the universe.

Every time I meditate I ascend the first column of light; earth penetrates heaven whenever Zazen is truly done; this is the full meaning of the first of the five branches of the diamond sceptre.



Plate LV.

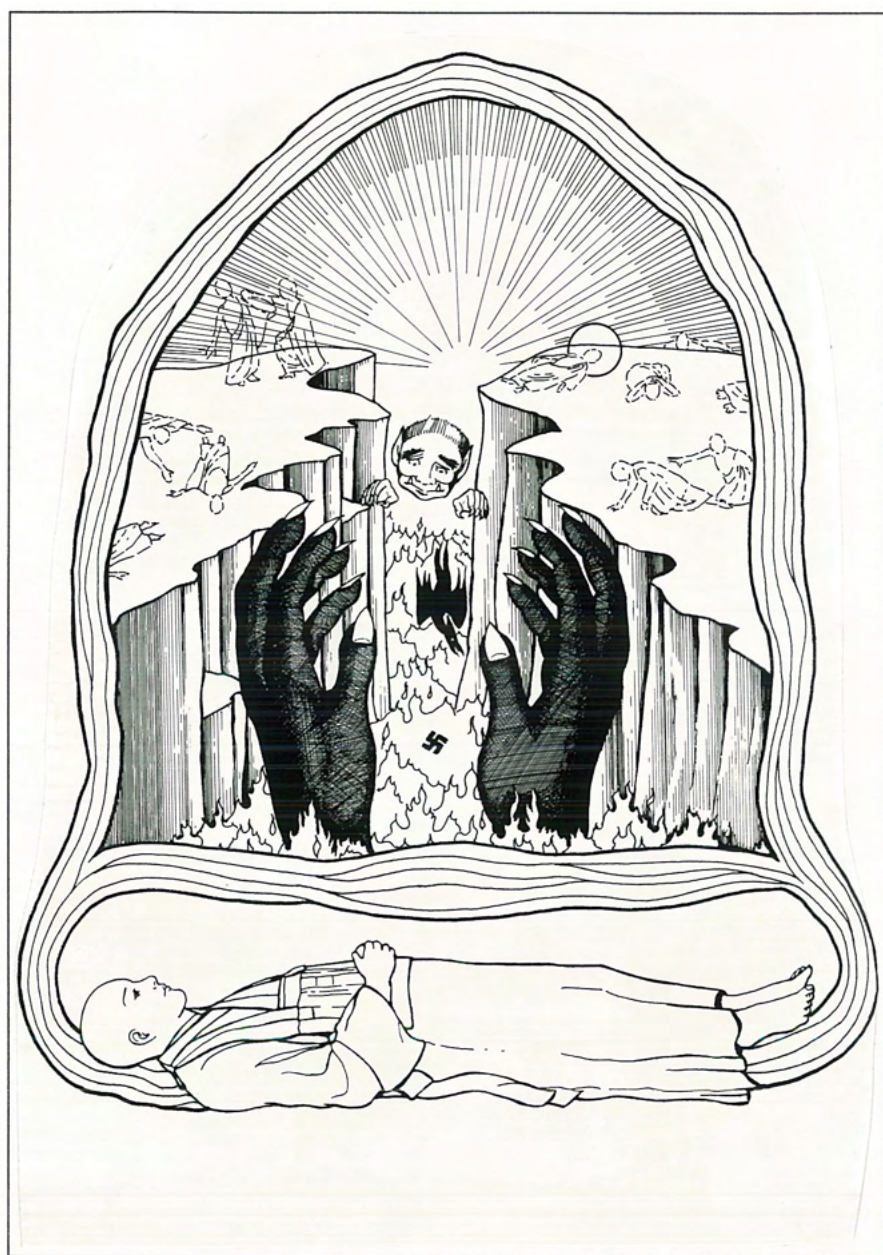


Plate LVI.

PLATES LV AND LVI:— THE FORMLESS PLANE.

This morning I was with others and experienced the following in feeling.

Upon the formless plane once there raged a great battle wherein I was gravely injured.

I know that, given the situation with regard to the karma of some of my disciples and myself, this vision is a prediction of what *could* happen if my present disciples did not change their selfish ways and hard opinions. A prediction of future life is only guaranteed to come true if all factors remain constant—thus predestination is not a possibility in Buddhism for, when disciples do change their outlook and hard ideas, predictions of their future behaviour have no substance whatsoever since the factors that could bring the predictions true are changed—this is the law of change as applied to predictions.

One's old, inherited karma can still work upon any of us: how important it is to know that, in spite of predictions, one can change the course of karma and become truly free. What happened on the formless plane in the far past did not need to be repeated—only a combination of hardness of heart, innocent misunderstandings, an incomplete understanding of the law of karma and a determination to follow one's own ideas instead of following the Scriptures and the master's instructions could cause it to be so.*

Visions can be both of past lives and *possible* future ones—this is very important. So many things have been proved to me in the past year that I had left to wait to be proved; they continue to be so proved and I never cease to marvel at how accurate are the teachings of the Buddhas and Ancestors. The visions shown here were SEEN by others.

* *Special note.* These visions took place about two weeks before the problems with the disciples described in the next vision.

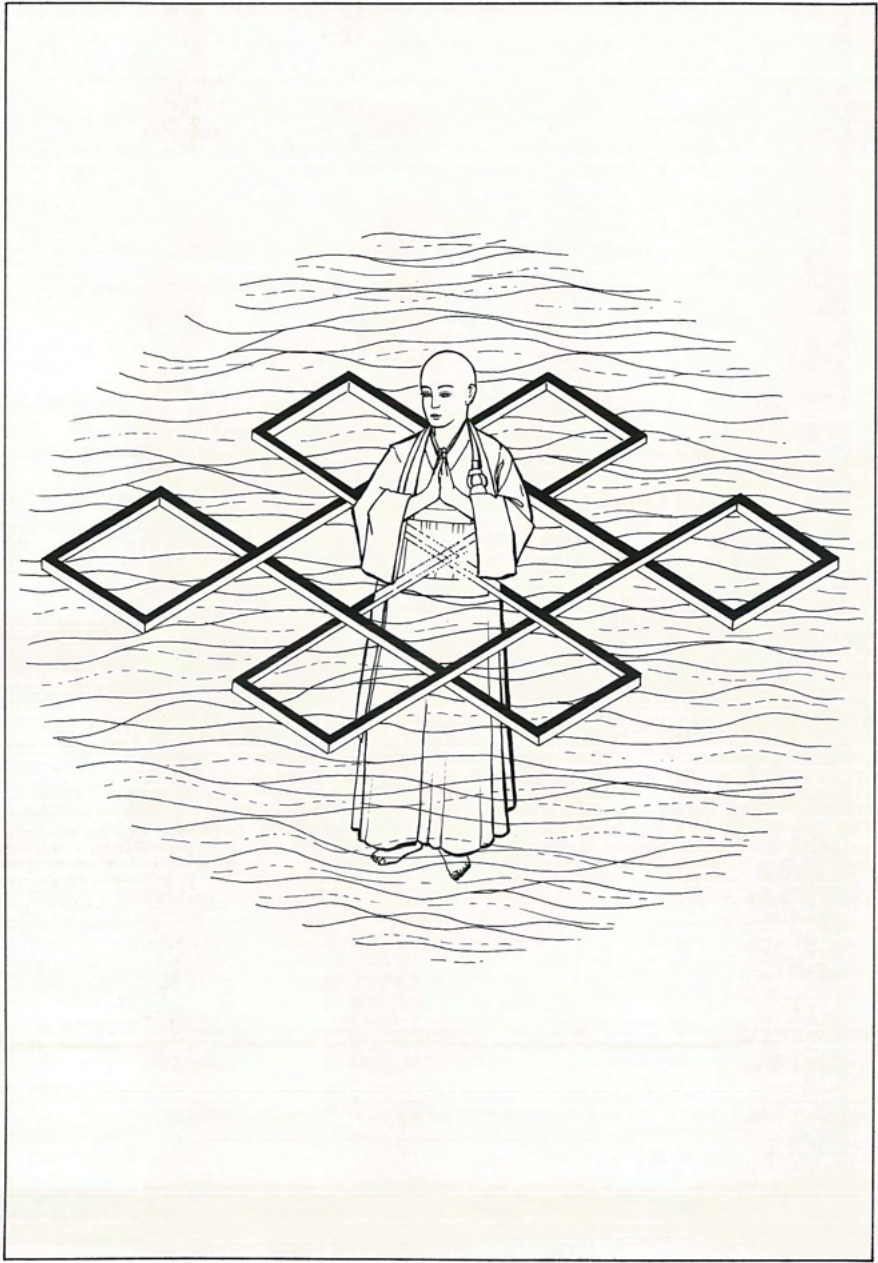


Plate LVII.

PLATE LVII:— THE SECOND COLUMN —
THE CLEANSING WATER OF THE SPIRIT.

“Go in and out,” I was told when I saw the five branches of the diamond sceptre. I did not fully understand the importance of this at the time. There have been those, in these last few weeks, who have been horrified by what I have told them;³⁴ there have been those who have sworn that I am ruining the teaching, those who have gone away; how sad I am for them. For days and days I grieved until my sickness came back; and then I went again into meditation, even deeper than ever before, and now I *know* the use of these five branches and I know so much more besides. Grieving over the loss of these, I ask the Lord deeply what is the mistake I have made, what harm I have done—please show me if I have done harm for indeed I intend none. And we were told that the answer was to be found in the five branches of the diamond sceptre, the five columns of light, and I knew that it was within the second column. For the Lord indeed does take care of all His beings; it is not for me to usurp the place of the Lord. That they go or come is not my problem; that they stay is not my problem. If they turn away from me, the Lord still does not turn away from them. If I feel anguish at their loss it is because there is in me still some clinging and herein lies the use of the second column—the washing in eternal love. I offer up both them and me into this column; I watch them washed within this luminescent water of the spirit. The Lord neither rejects anything nor holds on to it; He washes, He cleanses, He loves and He waits. Thus should we do also with all fear—offer it up to the Lord in the second column, watch it washed and cleaned. This is also true of all past lives, all the impregnations, the vasana. We need nothing more to cleanse us from the vasana than our own willingness to offer it to the Lord and to love it, and not reject it, as He does, as we pass it on; His love indeed will cleanse all things; there is no need for any assistance from another being such as I. Indeed

the way in which the ancient Buddhas did this was the right way—all is achieved through the turning of the Wheel of the Law; all is achieved through the way in which a man follows his breath when he meditates.

I have been given a great and wonderful opportunity—an opportunity which is open to all—to know how this is done, to know how to live free from fear, from grief, from pain; *to know the cessation of suffering* for this is the *purpose* of all five light columns; all things may be offered to the Lord in this second column and washed clean in His love—the seeming uncleanness caught in the Knot of Eternity which is Eternal Love.

Each of these branches, each of these columns of light, I have said has five aspects. Herein is the third aspect of the second column. The first was its appearance and the second its meaning which I described earlier. The third aspect, its use, is the washing of all doubt and fear and grief and sorrow, and the cleansing of the pain of others. Herein lies the meaning of the Eko, “The great saint turns the Wheel of the Law and thereby shows many aspects of the Truth.”³⁵ By offering those that attack me, physically or spiritually, to the Lord they will be cleansed gently in His love and passed on; thus the Lord converts all things to His own good use. All four aspects of each branch dissolve into the fifth, the root, as do all branches of the diamond sceptre,—all dissolve into one, the fifth,—the one great column which joins earth and heaven, the column that penetrates the universe. For indeed there is no difference between earth and heaven; this Shasta and the Buddha Land are one—they penetrate each other mutually. If a man would be truly free he must not hold on to his petty ideas nor to his opinions; all should be offered up this second column to be washed by the Lord that he may be bathed later in the spirit on the return journey of the turning of the Wheel. ‘The Lord neither discards everything unholy nor does not discard it;’ this is the use of the Knot of Eternity; within it there is nothing clean or unclean.

There is so much to learn; I must study much more deeply and in much more detail. ‘However innumerable Dharmas are I vow to master them’—I will keep the Bodhisattva vow. I sit in peaceful meditation; the attackers come—I offer them up the second column to the Lord who cleanses them gently and passes them on. Mara, too, should be dealt with in this way. This is one meaning of ‘offering merit;’—how unfortunate is that translation! It no longer matters that people believe, or do not believe, what I have written for I know it to be the Truth; there is just sitting still, sitting still, sitting still—for eternity.

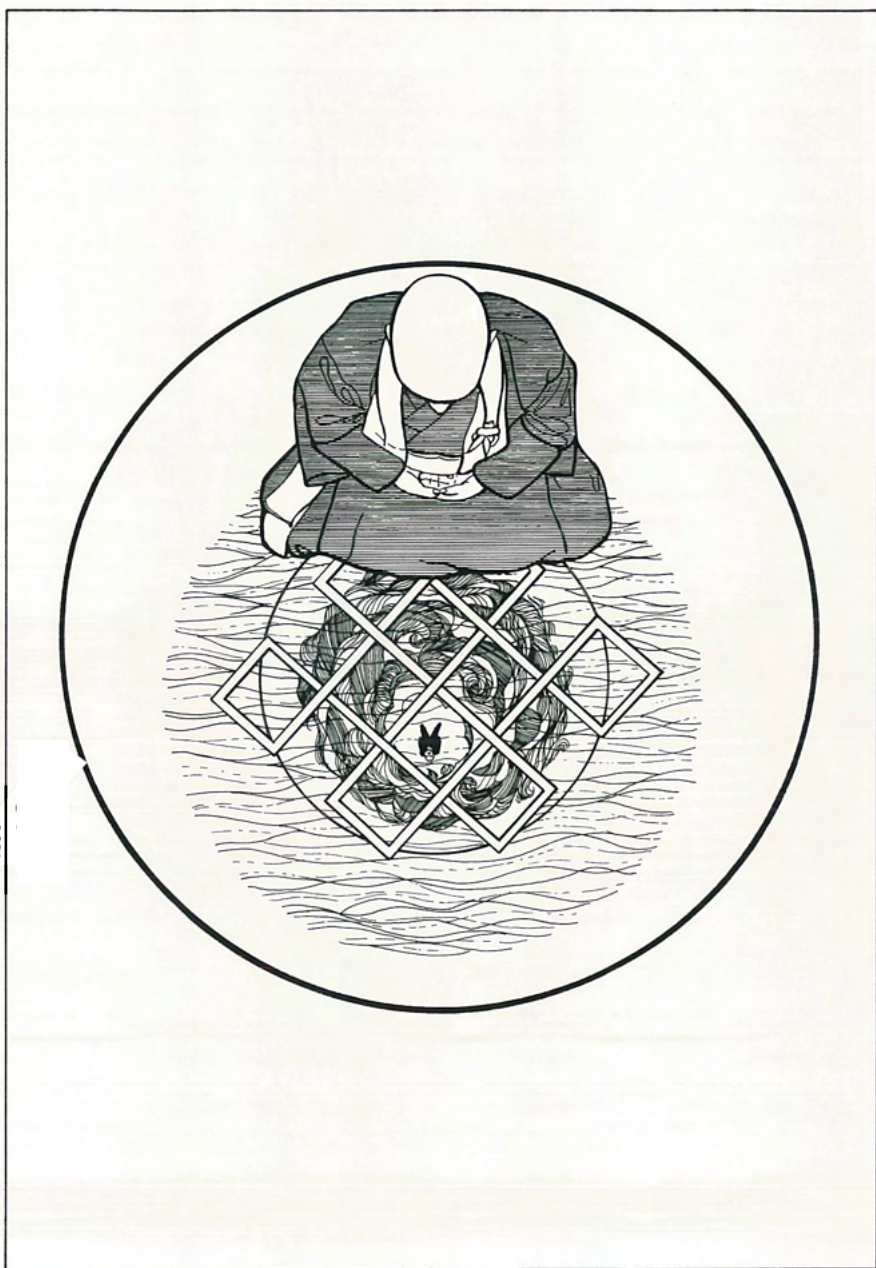


Plate LVIII.

PLATE LVIII:—THE THIRD COLUMN — HEAVEN PENETRATES EARTH.

It is the morning of the 22nd. of December. I am sitting in the centre of the third column of light looking down. At the bottom of the first column I see one of those who have gone away; he is looking up the first column through the tiny hole in the dark clouds which are now below me. He comes up the second light column of his own free-will to wash in the water of the Lord; the others wash there also.

I already know the appearance and the meaning of this third column; this is its use. I must stay in meditation with my heart always open to those who have gone away; only then will they feel free to decide to come or go. I want them to come so very much but I must not chase after them; if I do I enter into duality and again sunder body and mind by leaving my true place—this can only result in more suffering. To leave the meditative state is to turn the Wheel of the Law in the wrong direction; it is to turn it into the Wheel of Karma.

This third column is like the first; they are both eternal meditation, as is the fifth, but the first is meditation from earth to heaven and the third meditation from heaven to earth: the fifth melds the two into one. I cannot help these disciples by joining their darkly clouded delusions; I can help them by staying in meditation so that they may have the opportunity to see the light for themselves. I must stay in this state at all times when dealing with worldly matters of whatever nature—government officials, lawyers, people caught up in fame and gain—all must be met from the standpoint of meditation with the mind at peace and the heart open—only thus can heaven penetrate earth and the harmony of body and mind be preserved. Without trying to gain a victory, knowing that there is no victory to be won or lost, I meet the so-called worldly *as they are* and *know* that they are Buddhas.

I have shown the jewel and people ask its worth: and yet I must show it at all times. Here is another use of the third column of light; I must live in the world and in the sky with no glimpse of my inner life to be caught. I must walk about in the world but remain still looking at it from the centre of the third column; I must view it as if looking downwards from the sky.

It is the thirty-first of December. This morning I see some impregnations of a former life. I am a tartar in the tenth century who combats his boredom by taking part in jousts that require him to ride leaning sideways out of the saddle so as to be able to slash at the legs of the horses ridden by his opponents with a curved sword. At the time of his death he overbalances and is trampled in the chest-area by an on-coming horse. The joust is held in a boggy area and the trampling causes him to sink. There are people nearby but, for some reason, they do not help him. His best friend leads up his horse, a chestnut, and stands still looking down at him; this karmic stream is now with one of the disciples who has gone away—I see his tartar fur jacket and hat, as well as his features clearly. All that is left to view of the tartar is his fur hat and his black, handle-bar moustache surmounted by his nose and brilliant blue eyes. The tartar makes no sound although he knows he is dying and his friend is doing nothing to help him. He sees the right, top quarter of a mongolian monk in a maroon robe out of his left eye, his right is now buried in the bog; he wishes he had been a monk; nothing he has found in this life has combatted boredom; all he has achieved is the killing of many horses and some men—all to no purpose. A monk inherits his karma and, through learning to meditate, cleans the impregnations that the tartar's cruel acts have left upon that monk's skandhas; he was a good monk and so has no debts to pay for his or the tartar's deeds. But I can learn several lessons from his actions and it is for this purpose that the Lord of the House has permitted me to see this past life. "Tartar friend, if you had known of the five columns of light, if you had known how to turn the Wheel

of the Law, you would not die thus in confusion, musing on the faithlessness of friends and the uselessness of your life. I do not need to convert you; you were converted long ago by the sight of a faithful monk but I will gladly do a memorial ceremony for you out of gratitude for the teaching your life gives me; I will study it in detail.”

If this tartar had meditated he could have ascended the third column and enjoyed the world with a peaceful heart, he would have known from whence help came in time of affliction. He would have needed no external excitement to combat his boredom for he would forever have been fulfilled from within and, through the use of the fifth column, he could have united heaven and earth for all to see. He was a great jouster but all he had to show as his life’s work was skill in killing horses and the aches, pains, bruises and deaths of his fellow contestants. Small wonder he died wishing to be a monk when the Lord asked the inevitable question, “What is your purpose for living?” How could he say to the Lord, “My purpose is to knock others off horses by killing the horses?” The greatest prayer I know is, “Lord, give me the time and the knowledge to make the *right* decisions concerning my life *before* I meet You face to face.”

But this tartar’s koan was the same as that of the white tiger and of the woman of whom I spoke earlier. All three wanted freedom to be truly themselves—and of the three only the tiger knew who and what he was at the time of his capture—a tiger; how sad that man confused his mind at the time of death. The tartar tried to escape from what he considered to be the “mundaneness” of being an ordinary man by doing daring acts—he had no knowledge of the fact that true freedom is to be found within. The tiger, although he knew in the beginning what he was and was happy to be what he was, thought, as a result of taking notice of man’s delusions, that freedom was only possible if he were not in a cage. Down the centuries there have been many, many monks who once inherited the stream of karma that has now come down to me. All tried to penetrate

the Truth; some by meditation, others by prayer. All were true seekers of the Way, whether Christian or Buddhist; many were content with heaven and some with the lake of quietism. These were good people but, fearing the loss of the little freedom they had gained, they went into hardness and coldness and lovelessness through ascetic practices—and in so doing lost their little freedom! One of them, the organist of a Christian monastery, tried to find freedom by burying himself completely in his music but freedom was not to be found therein. One is tempted to say that this is a step up from killing horses and flogging oneself, but music and learning are just as much impediments to finding true freedom as are horse-killing and flogging—and considerably more subtle. With luck one gets sick of killing and flogging in time, as did my inherited karmic stream,—however, music and learning can compound delusion hugely. And then came the woman. She did not enter religion; she tried to find freedom externally by helping political activists—to gain freedom! The monks had tried to storm heaven and had failed—she would *snatch* freedom, both for herself and others—no wonder her dying thoughts were, “What did I do wrong? I was helping people become *free*.” She took the opposite road to asceticism and ended up in the same place as the ascetics—confused. And all they had to do was ask the Lord for help in the *right way*; and still people ask the opinions of others and read books instead of *themselves* asking the Lord of the House directly and being willing to give *all* in return for the opening of the Treasure House. This Pillar of the Universe, this Iron Man, is owned by every single one of us; we are all the Children of Buddha: all we have to do is meditate sincerely and without doubt then we can look up and see the Buddha at all times, even in the darkest place, and look down on the turbulence of the world from the third column thus seeing the turmoil through the eyes of the Lord. Safe and secure in this place true freedom is ours for eternity.

It is from this position in the third column that the Zen Master answers questions put to him during Jodo and Shosan;

the disciple is usually in the first column and the master in the third. The question is washed clean of delusion in the second column so that the master may make his answer the waters of the fountain of the Dharma in the fourth column—‘the rain of Dharma comes, as nectar, down;’³⁶ and these things are not 1, 2, 3 and 4 steps in a chain but one straight line which is the fifth column directly joining earth and heaven in luminescent darkness and dark brightness. Thus do master and disciple turn the Wheel of the Law and thereby show many aspects of the Truth. Parents are placed in the same position as the master by their children; how sad it is that no parent I have ever met has been secure in this third column. Their children have asked their very *real* questions in vain and have ended up like their parents with disharmony of body and mind, their True Nature torn from its true home sometimes for the rest of their lives. How wondrous is this third column; may *I* dwell there for eternity if the Lord of the House so wills.

As with the other columns, the fourth aspect of this third column is its purpose, the Cessation of Suffering, which I have just described along with its use, and the fifth aspect is its oneness with the other four columns.



Plate LIX.

PLATE LIX:—THE FOURTH COLUMN —
BATHED IN THE FOUNTAIN OF THE LORD.

It is the same day. I am standing by the fountain carrying the disciple whom I saw earlier to-day. I place him gently in the water and stand back. Two others come separately to the fountain and enter the water. I watch as they bathe. The fountain does not distinguish between them.

The appearance and meaning of the fourth column I have already mentioned; the use is exquisite. It is the bathing of all in the fountain of the Lord's love. The house over the fountain becomes the house over the new-born Buddha and the water of the fountain the sweet tea that is poured over His statue at Hannamatsuri. There is nothing clean or unclean in the Mind of the Lord; all are Buddha as are these and I must see this at all times no matter what they do. The Lord bathes all in the fountain of His love and I must do the same for I have nothing that is not of the Lord. 'Do not say that which is not true. The Wheel of the Dharma rolls constantly, lacks for nothing and needs something; the sweet dew covers the whole world and within it lies the Truth'—the Fourth Precept—it should be kept absolutely. I must not even wonder about their Buddhahood for that is a form of lying. The Wheel of the Law needs expression in daily life, only then can the fountain of the Lord cover the world with sweet dew making His love manifest.

I have been becoming ill again during these last few days as a result of worrying about these disciples and I thought that perhaps I should not go to morning service for fear of a stroke or heart attack but I went anyway. Standing at the altar the thought struck me again and then something said, "So what?" So what indeed! What better place to die than facing the Lord before His altar? And in a flash the illness left me and I was whole again with no trace of illness whatsoever. I must remember to pour the water of the Lord's love over myself as well as others and trust Him absolutely. What these have done must

not be allowed to cause me to doubt the Lord of the House; I will trust Him absolutely.

This fourth column holds the spring of compassion, as well as the water of love, and the seeds of the lotus. Sometimes that which comes forth is compassion, sometimes love, sometimes understanding, always is it the water for the healing of the spirit, always the teaching of the Dharma—that which fertilizes the harmony of body and mind. Every act that does not come forth from the egocentric ‘I’ causes the water in the fountain to course more freely down the mountainside and flow into the waveless sea where it feeds the lotus blossoms, giving those whose roots are under attack from Mara the strength, courage and faith to withstand his onslaughts. The best way I can help these disciples is by causing no obstruction in the water in the fountain so that it flows freely, not only for them, but for myself and all beings.

I remember sitting by the four streams of water on the hillside when I was wandering in heaven, dabbling my hands in the water, paddling in the waveless sea. Without knowing why then it was I who caused those streams from the fountain to seem to dry up by not AT ONCE becoming a monk right then and going straight on instead of waiting to become a monk the following morning. How dangerous it is to just wander in, and enjoy, heaven! Unless the fountain is seen to flow constantly, beings are lost and wander in Samsara for a seeming eternity. How wrong it was of me to waste my time thus. Who knows, if I had not done this, would these disciples now be suffering as they are? I do Sange for this act and go on, determined not to make the same mistake again. How beautiful is this fountain. It bathes me too now that I have washed myself in the waters of Sange, the second column, and confessed my fault before the Lord of the House. These four streams of water are the Four Noble Truths which bring forth compassion, love and wisdom. *Never* must they cease to flow.

There is so much more I do not yet know about this fountain but I do know that the fourth column is the Noble Eightfold Path and its root is the root of the universe, the fifth column.

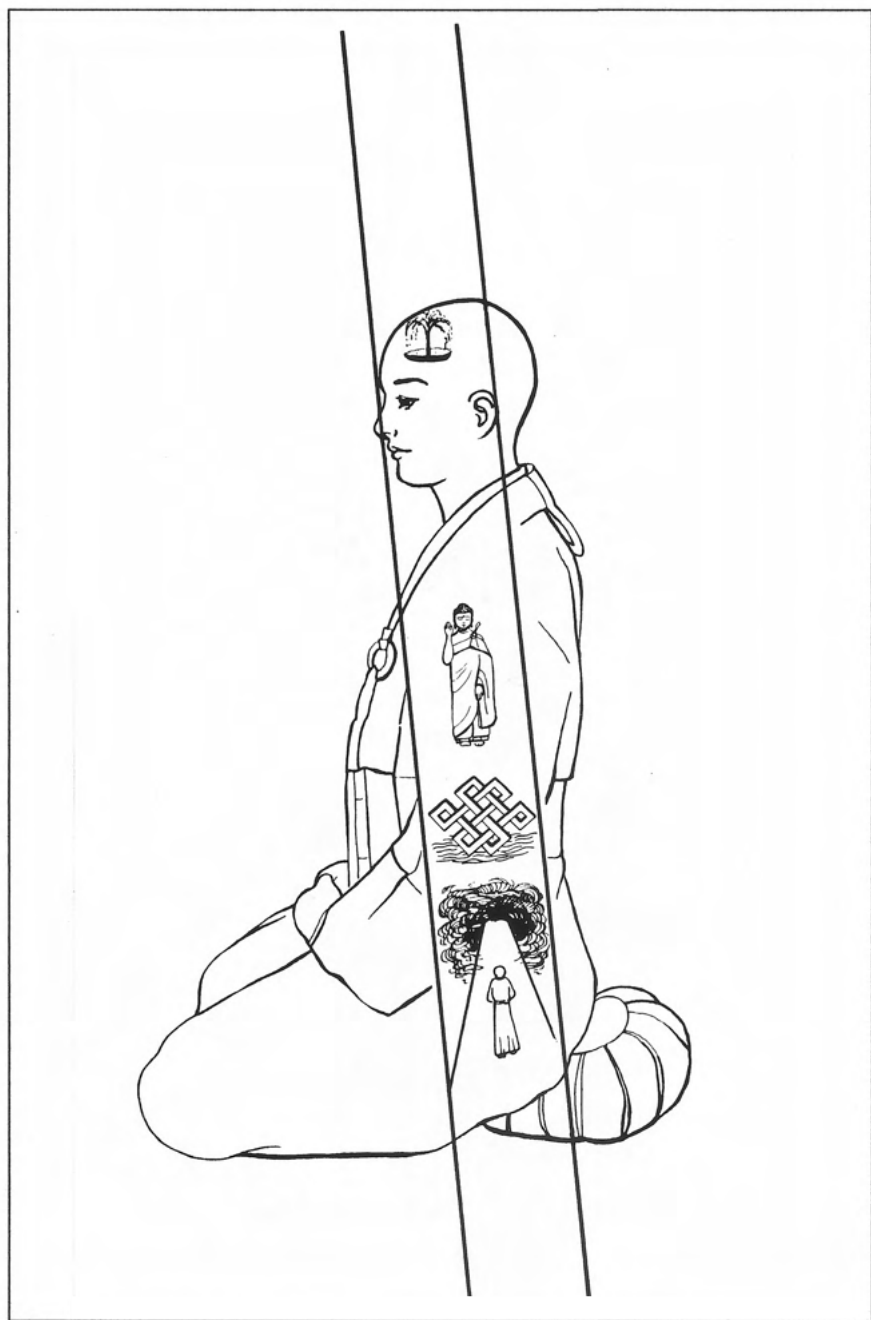


Plate LX.

PLATE LX:—THE FIFTH COLUMN — THE BUDDHA WITHIN.

The new-born Buddha stands within the golden lotus within my hara in the centre of the column of light that is composed of the five light columns. His right hand points upward and His left down signifying the oneness of heaven and earth. The fifth column of light enters my forehead, passes through my body and out and down, thus it becomes the axis of the universe in which the Buddha sits. Sometimes, when all seems dark, I look up through the tiny hole in the first column to ask the help of the Lord, sometimes I wash myself clean of delusion in the second column, Sange, sometimes I am the emanation from the Cosmic Buddha in the third column so that others may be helped, sometimes I bathe, and am refreshed, in the fountain of the Lord's love and always I am still in my own place, the hara, the place where heaven and earth, body and mind, are one.

This fifth column binds all together,—heaven, earth, body, mind, darkness, light—‘Within all light is darkness but explained it cannot be by darkness that one-sided is alone. In darkness there is light but, here again, by light one-sided it is not explained’—the *Sandokai* is a detailed explanation of the fifth column. This fifth column is the stem of the lotus, the physical body, the means by which man may know the Lord—“Your body is deeply significant,” says Dogen Zenji³⁷—it is by its means that I may know the Lord. My body suffers when I do not know the way to the Cessation of Suffering—it is the use of the body and mind which *is* the way to the Cessation of Suffering. What exquisite things are this body and mind—the root of the universe is exemplified therein.

When the five columns become the one penetrating the entire body, the black clouds with the tiny hole are in the area of the bladder and kidneys; the misty cloud containing the knot of eternity, Sange, is in the area of the intestines and stomach;

the descending Shakyamuni is in the area of the heart, lungs, liver and gall bladder and the fountain in and above the head.

Only the Lord of the House can *cause* the water of the fountain of wisdom, compassion and love to flow properly; the whole purpose of the brain is to furnish us with accurate information—it is a computer in the service of the Lord; its job is *not* to usurp the Lord's position, just as man is in charge of mechanical computers at the present time and *they* must never be allowed to be in control of *man*.

The secret of this column is the willingness to look up rather than down. When in black despair the tiny hole in the clouds is hard to see but it *is* there and, through it, we may *know* the Lord. *I* was in this place and would have died there if it had not been for my faith in my kensho. *All* men can find the tiny hole of light, through faith, if they will but look up. And then they must deal with their doubts and fears, their griefs, worries, anger and frustrations. Next they must wipe out the impregnations of their inherited past lives. Then the dark pillar turns to light and the spirit ascends to meet its Lord, the brain cries out, "I give up; I am a servant and no master"—and it is a cry of relief! Majestically the Lord descends and sits in His rightful place; body and mind are one, heaven and earth are one, 'forsaking self, the universe grows 'I'. '38 This book began as how a Zen Buddhist prepares for death and has become how a Zen Buddhist prepares for life.

For this fifth column encompasses all four Noble Truths. The Noble Eightfold Path—Right Thought, Right Speech, Right Understanding, Right Action, Right Livelihood, Right Effort, Right Mindfulness, Right Meditation—causes the Lord to remain at peace in His own true place in eternal meditation; in this eternal meditation, eternal Zen, is to be found eternal life. The body dies physically when its purpose for existence is over—my purpose is to *be* a monk so now is not the time to die—one day the time will be right. A snail carries his house with him wherever he goes and he dies within his own house, that is within the Lord, the Root of the Universe, the Iron

Man—perpetual darkness or perpetual light—or something more—it is as we wish; it is not the problem of the Eternal Lord of the House.

This is the purpose of the fifth column.

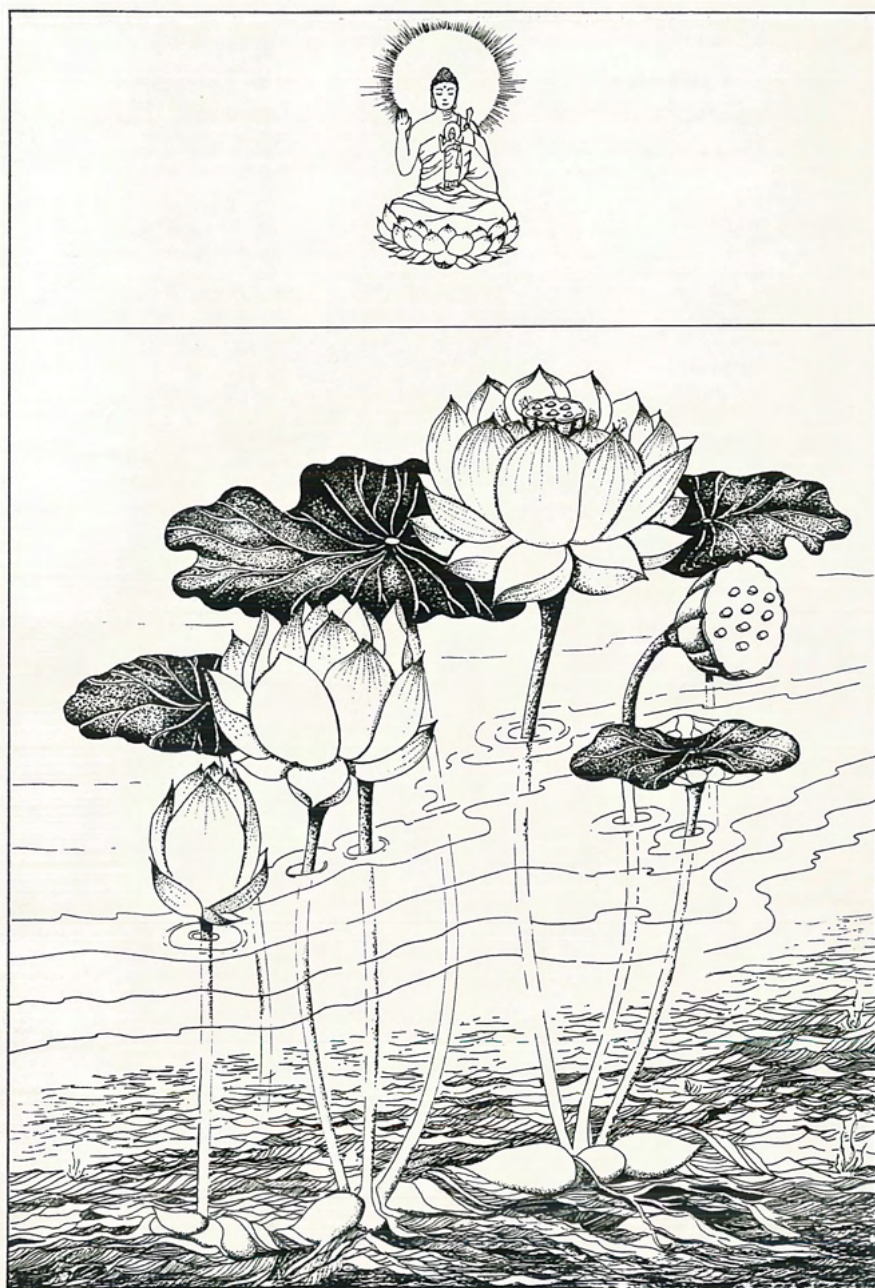


Plate LXI.

PLATE LXI:—
THE PATH OF THE LOTUS.

The first step of the Noble Eightfold Path, which is the beginning of the Fourth Noble Truth, is Right Understanding and this I must show in simple faith, gratitude and humility. To *always* be open to believing everything that the Lord of the House tells to, or shows, me, to be absolutely grateful for *everything* that happens since it is a means of teaching, to feel neither fear nor elation, never to exhibit pride of achievement, to *know* that training is endless even if one has *reached* Buddhahood—*this is* Right Understanding. But this description began inadequately for Right Understanding transcends all dimensions, space; its joy cannot be described.

Unless there is *absolute* faith and obedience to the Lord's Will there can be *no* Right Understanding and, without Right Understanding, there can be no Right Thought, nor can there be any other steps of the Noble Eightfold Path. I developed this understanding because I was willing to go on believing, even in the darkest place at death's door, in the sight of the Truth that I had in 1963. Throughout all the years of seeming darkness, hatred, ill-will and grief that followed that kensho I never doubted it. Thus, in those dark fourteen years was the seed of faith nourished, as is a seed in the dark earth, and that seed of faith grew so that I could know the root, the axis mundi, Right Understanding, the Iron Man, the Fifth Column of Light which permeates the universe. How blessed are those seemingly dark years; I wrote of them in my diary hoping that, one day, someone going to Japan would be given pause; I wanted no one else to be hurt as was I. How wrong can a person be? Without the difficulties that I encountered in Japan and England this seed of faith would have been weak and, when put to the test in the darkest place, could not have borne fruit. When reading through my diary I know that I wanted to publish it for all the wrong reasons; now perhaps it *can* be published so that

those who read it may know the measure of faith needed to help them in their own darkest hour and learn to bless, rather than curse, adversity; for it is on adversity that the seed of faith, once it has been TRULY PLANTED by the Penetration of Heaven kensho, thrives; it is as rain to a plant—adversity gives strength in the darkest hour and causes the one who has had kensho to show certainty of action.

This Right Understanding is the root of the lotus blossom—that from which the rest of the plant springs—that which enables the blossom to remain unwetted and unstained by the water that surrounds it whilst its roots remain in the mud; the roots of the lotus are nurtured in the mud just as Right Understanding can be nurtured in this world of delusion if only we use everything, including adversity, as an opportunity rather than an impediment to our training. Without those dark years there could have been no end to suffering, no finding of its cause and no certain knowledge of suffering's existence; there would, instead, have been the demi-life which is led by most people, a consciousness of dis-ease and a steady hardening of spirit and bitterness of mind as what seemed to be an inescapable inevitability was all that was known as life. I was not wrong to write the diary—only in wishing to publish it for the wrong reasons. If you would grow a lotus blossom you must plant the root of Right Understanding.

The second step of the Noble Eightfold Path is Right Thought and this is naturally the child of Right Understanding. When the understanding is *True* the thoughts become reality to the extent of taking shape and colour, thus confirming the Rightness of the Understanding; but I must not cling to that shape and colour any more than I must cling to emptiness. “Go in and out,” we were told; “sometimes I raise the eyebrows of old Shakyamuni Buddha and sometimes I do not,”³⁹ said a great old master; these two sayings are the same; “we live in the world as if in the sky”⁴⁰ is as this.

Right Thought is as the stem of the lotus, coming forth from the root of Right Understanding. Without that stem the plant is

useless. Although hidden by the water I know it is there if a flower is visible; without it the flower will die. Just as there can be no stem without a root, so there can be no flower without a stem. Unseen both root and stem may be but, if there is a blossom, I *know* they are both there. If the blossom is always young and beautiful I know that the root and stem are healthy.

And what of the bud, Right Speech? Just as Right Thought comes out of Right Understanding, so is Right Speech the child of Right Thought. When the thought is wrong the speech becomes lying, coarse, irreverent, worrisome and incredible; when the stem becomes diseased because something has attacked the root, the lotus bud withers and dies. When faith is impaired, gratitude and joy die, thoughts become unreal, duality arises and there can be no trusting the speech of others let alone that of oneself.

Right Action is the result of Right Speech and Right Thought; it is the unfolding of the lotus flower. I may speak well but my actions must agree with that which I say otherwise I am as a bud that never blossoms. And if I do not blossom how can I cause others to wish to blossom? Right Livelihood for me is to *be* a monk; Right Livelihood for a lotus plant is to blossom—by so doing it causes men to gasp in wonder at its beauty and thus give praise, unknowingly, to the Lord of the House; by being a true monk I may cause others to wish to train themselves that they may *know* the Lord of the House and become truly free.

To this end I must put forth Right Effort. The lotus puts forth seeds to grow more lotus plants; a monk makes an effort to exhibit the Truth by keeping the Precepts so that others may seek the Lord of the House also. By being thus single-minded in our efforts, both I and the lotus will for ever exhibit Right Mindfulness and not be distracted from our true purpose.

What is our true purpose? It is to show the Lord in everything we do, say and think. Who is the Lord of the House? I am not the Lord of the House and there is nothing in me that is not of the Lord of the House. The lotus is not the Lord of the

House and there is nothing in it that is not of the Lord of the House. The lotus and I and you are the Lord of the House and we must not usurp the position of the Lord of the House. This is Right Concentration.

I must warn the trainees to guard their thoughts and, above all, not to let the worm of doubt get at their faith. By the time lying and deceit have appeared, the spiritual plant is in grave danger: already its root and stem are diseased. Always the trainees must keep up their meditation; always they must keep the Precepts.

The lotus blossom does not pull its roots out of the mud to get to the Lord of the House; it is content to drink in His life-giving sun that it may strengthen its stem and roots and be fruitful. I must stay for ever in meditation so that, by so doing, I may bathe eternally in the fountain of the Lord's love and wisdom thus causing others to wish to do the same. I must stay in the world as if in the sky, thus I may show the Lord's love and wisdom to all beings. Nirvana is indeed beautiful but I will not enter it until all know its unity with this world in which I live.

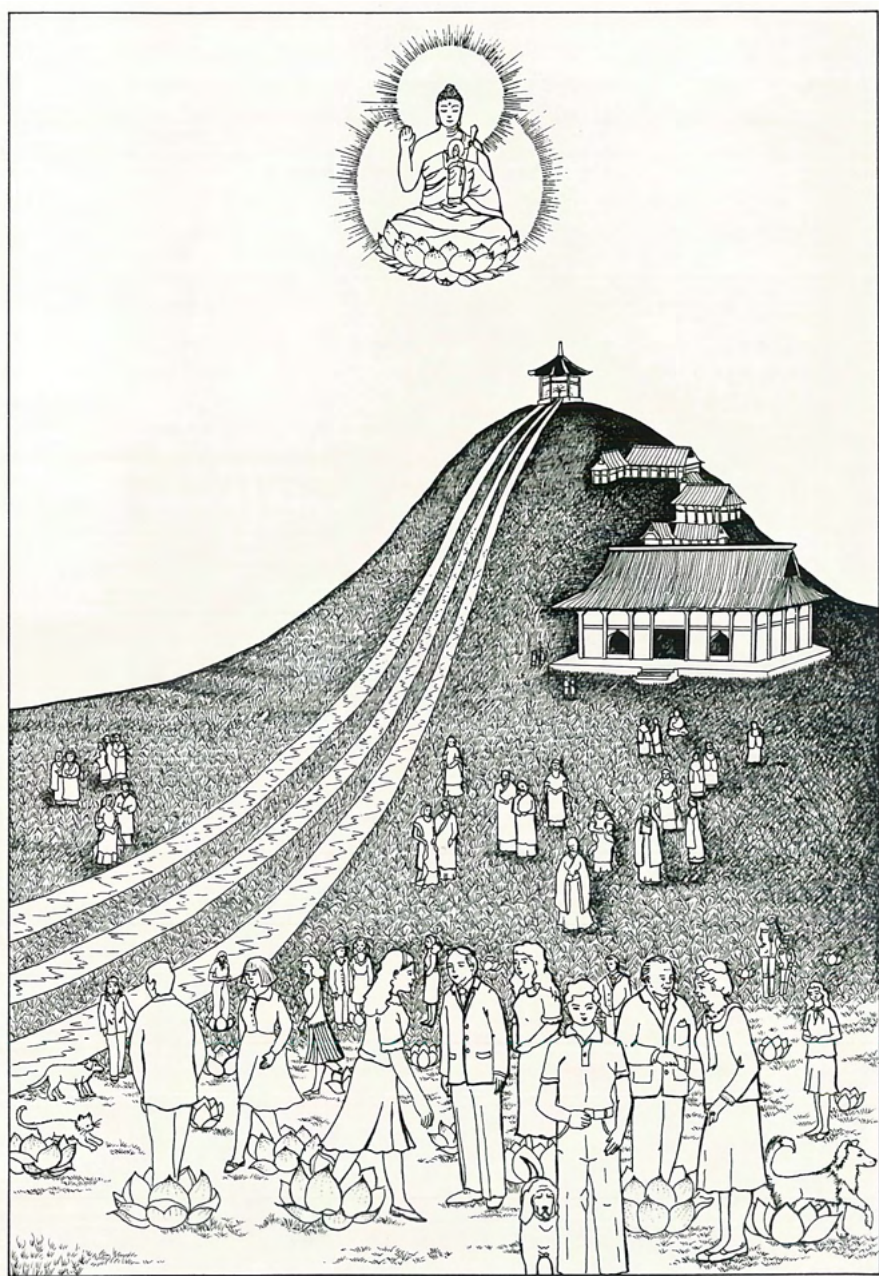


Plate LXII.

PLATE LXII:—
HEAVEN AND EARTH ARE ONE.

It is the morning of the 22nd. of January. I am again in the Buddha Land. Yesterday evening I was there for a brief moment and it was as if the sea were about to engulf it. It had already almost reached the little house which enclosed the fountain when I realised that the only person who could stop it was me. I grasped my will with all my might and commanded it to recede and it did so just a little. Now this morning, as I meditate, I watch it recede further and further leaving more and more of the shore exposed until there is absolutely no water left and the sea bed is exposed. The lotus blossoms withdraw their stems as the water level sinks, drawing them deeper and deeper into the earth until the blossoms rest on the newly-revealed ground. The beings in them step off onto the earth and mingle with the people of the world, appearing as ordinary beings, whether human or animal. The fountain, which had seemed almost to dry up last night, now flows freely again—and heaven and earth are one.

Herein lies another use of the five columns of light. It is by means of the first that I may *know* the Buddha Land; by means of the second I become fit to enter it; by means of the third I may *know* that the whole universe *is* the Buddha Land; by means of the fourth I am given the love and strength to combine them in the fifth.

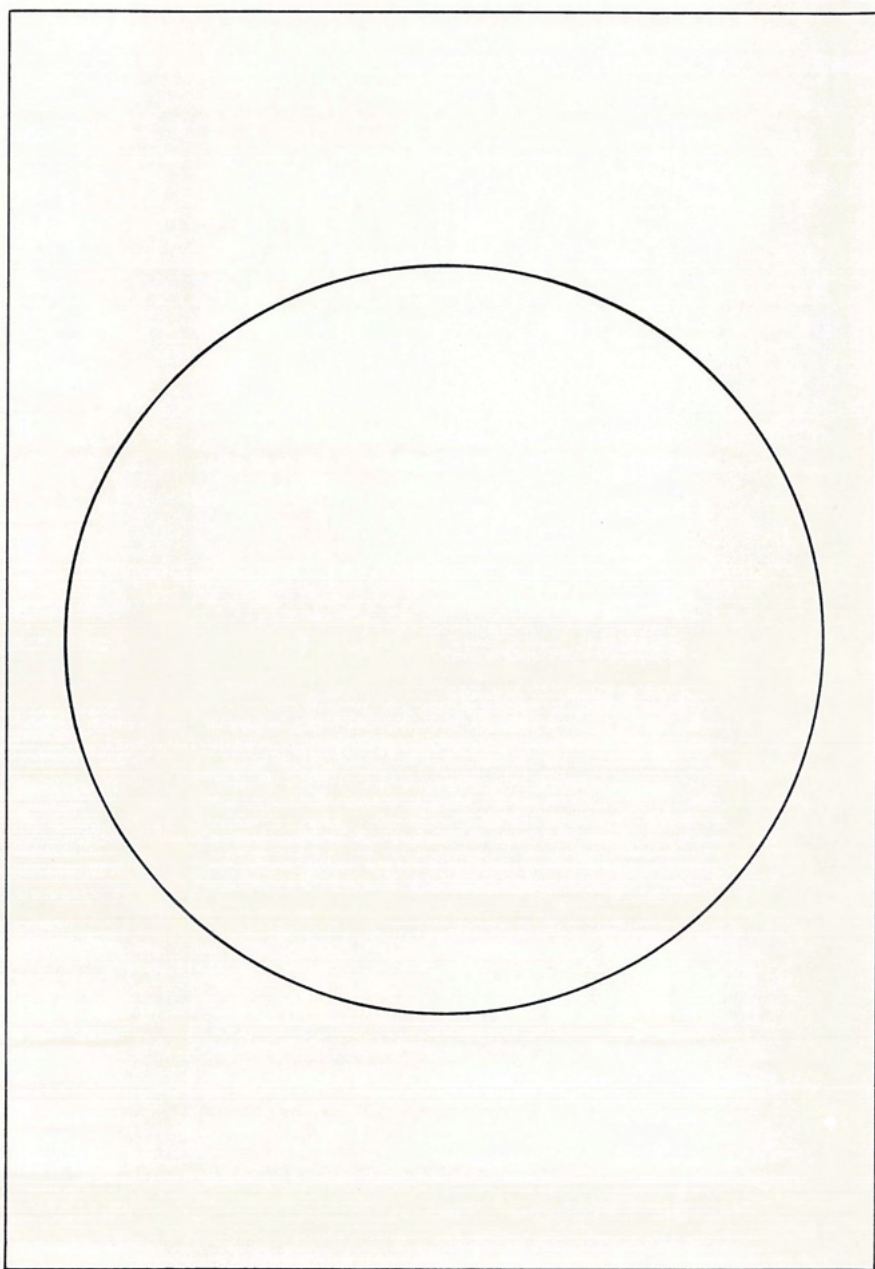


Plate LXIII.

PLATE LXIII:—
THE LORD OF THE HOUSE.

The Lord of the House remains eternally in meditation, in eternal training; unmoved, unhasting, silent. All creatures are born and die as the world understands death—none impedes the Lord's work. Like the Buddhas and Ancestors of old, the Lord helps and teaches at all times just by being the Lord. He, She, It is not a being and is not not a being. He has no specific gender, no specific form. He is not emptiness and He is not not emptiness. We are born here, die there, born to joy or sorrow accordingly as we cleanse ourselves from our karmic impregnations—the Lord waits and waits eternally. Why? *I am not a god. It is enough for me to know the Lord of the House, more I neither ask nor seek. The Lord of the House has no beginning and no end, no past and no future. I am not Him and He is all of me.*

For centuries people have caused Buddhism to suffer under the belief that it was a way of life and not a religion. This was because they feared saying the Truth lest they set up a god to be worshipped. The Lord is not a god and He is not not a god. He is not a saviour; and if, at the moment of death, a person can embrace infinity instead of his own delusions, he is immediately united with the Lord. At all times we are free to unite with, or turn away from, the Lord. If you would know the Lord, know that “the means of training are thousandfold but PURE meditation *must* be done.”³² Through meditation we are immediately united with the Lord; together with Him we go out into the fullest emptiness, into form and again into that same emptiness.....

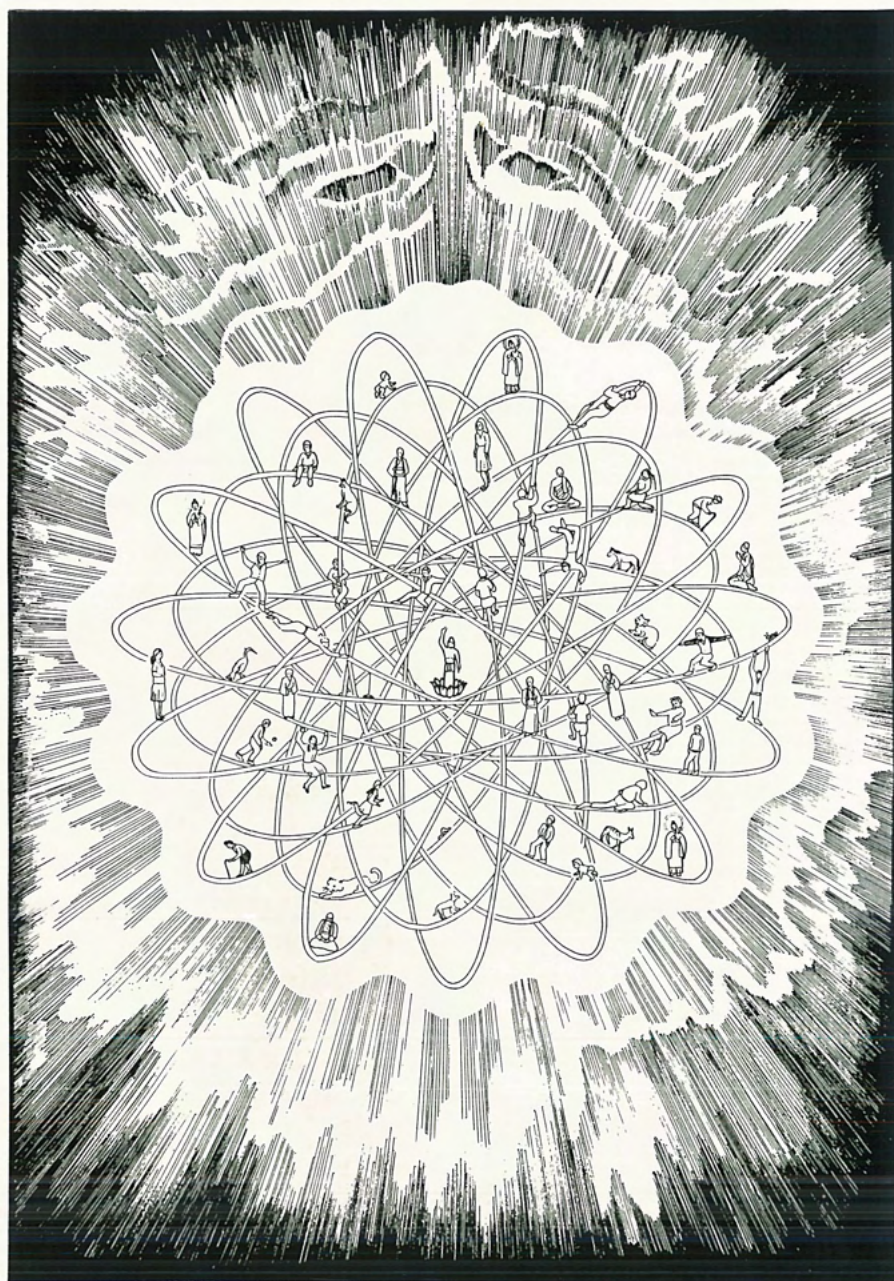


Plate LXIV.

PLATE LXIV:—
NOT EMPTINESS, NOT FULLNESS,
NOT CIRCULAR, NOT SPATIAL.

It is the morning of the twenty-sixth of January. Within luminescent darkness floats a great ball of pink and gold light. It contains the fifth light column. It pulses with life, turning in upon Itself, for ever changing. The luminescent darkness takes the shape of a great beast, blacker than the darkness—the shadow of fear. I feel neither fear nor elation, joy nor sorrow. The beast dissolves into the luminescent darkness which is limitless space. The ball of pink and gold moves ceaselessly, unhindered by the shapes the darkness takes. They are not Its problem. I ask for two of my disciples; they come in. I ask what I should do next and am told through one of them to be very still. We wait. I ask again, “What should I do? I am willing to do *anything* you wish.” I am told, “Go on.” I go on. I gasp as I am enfolded in the ball of light. This is my father’s face before I was conceived; I enter the Womb of the Lord. The Womb draws me to Its centre, dark and light simultaneously. I am Its centre; the new-born Buddha stands within Its centre, one hand pointing up, the other down. I am infused with that which brings neither ecstasy nor grief—it *is* as it should *be*. First I see the ball of light, then I am within It and then I see the new-born Buddha standing within It. ‘Back to the origin, back to the source’—the ninth Ox-Herding Picture;⁴¹ It floats in space, without beginning, without end, without past, without future.

Whilst waiting for the Lord’s Will I see beings coming and going within the ball of light throughout which moves a red ribbon of light like the red lines of the Ketchimyaku and Shisho. The ribbon can take any shape or form, for ever turning, for ever moving. The beings are upon the red ribbon, humans, animals, gods, insects, rising, falling, ever moving,

never resting, nothing excluded. All are one and all are different. The Light of the Lord of the House, the Heart-Mind, irradiates the infinity of space—within Its centre I may not say that It is empty; I may not say that It is not empty. It is unstained, immaculate; I am not It, It is all of me; thus form is void and void is form.

When I allow external things to influence me, endless space takes on endless colours and forms that titillate or terrify my senses; when I am still, these shapes, which are the shapes of fear and the negative side of desire, have no means of manifesting themselves. Desire and craving are but respectable names for fear; I must remember this. They shall not enslave me again.

Nothing is born, nothing dies. We shape our fears from emptiness and unto emptiness they must return. The only seemingly *real emptiness* is fear; the Lord enfolds emptiness and is not empty nor is not not empty. Within the Lord all senses, form, thought, all things, cease and nothing ceases; there are neither old age nor death and there is no ceasing of old age and death as the world understands them. One undertakes meditation when one is young so as to make some sense out of life or to escape death. The Lord promises us small presents so that He may give us our true inheritance. Life and death, body and mind, fall away naturally for they no longer apply. A few days ago there was a return of my illness; a month ago it would have mattered; now it is as it should be—there is no *extinction* of old age and death. If life comes there is only life; if death comes there is only death. All acceptance is the key that unlocks the gateless gate. Within this place there is no suffering, no coming, no going, no ceasing, no way. There is only endless training, appearing here, disappearing there, going in and out, always BECOMING Buddha. The Wheel turns endlessly; the Precepts and the Eightfold Path are as tools used by a carpenter, put away when a building is completed but never discarded lest they be needed again.

The Wheel of the Law, the Wheel of Becoming—it is I who turn the Wheel of the Law—the Wheel of the Law, the Heart-Mind, the Lord of the House and I are one. I am not Them; They are *all* of me; form *is* void; void *is* form—say not void, say not form. “Om, to the One Who leaps beyond all fear! Awakened, awakened, I *have* awakened! O merciful One, compassionate One, of daring ones the most joyous, hail! Thou hast the Wheel within Thine hand, hail! Thou Who hast the lotus, hail! Hail to Thee Who art the root of eternity! Hail to Thee Who art all compassion! Hail!”⁴²

POSTWORD.

It does not matter if anyone who reads this book believes what I have written. I have simply written down an account of my own training during the past year (1976–1977) and the way in which I shall conduct it for myself in the future. It is not *my* problem that I am good for others; if they wish to follow my way then they are free to do so; if they wish to go their own way they are free to do so. Shakyamuni Buddha told His disciples, “Do not believe anything I have said because you have heard it from me; when you have proved it true for yourselves *then* you can believe it absolutely.”⁴³ This is a teaching that I put into practice years ago, refusing to teach anything I had read in any book on Buddhism, or any Scripture, until I personally *knew* with my whole being that it was true for *me*. Only by so doing could I live at peace with myself.

It is not the *Lord's* problem that *He* is good for beings as I found out in the darkness when faced with the abyss. The Lord is the Lord and we are free to return to Him or to turn away from Him; either way it is not His problem.

Trainees come and go, they train themselves or they do not according to their personal bent; if they are truly my disciples they try to follow my teaching; if they are not they go their own way. Either way it is not my problem nor is it the Lord's.

I must not worry if I become sick although it is my duty to properly care for the Lord's property, my body. Since there is neither birth nor death in the Lord, there are but times when a being is seen and when it is not seen and when another being is seen in differing shapes and colours. Appearing and disappearing, form and emptiness are but manifestations of the Lord; appearing here, disappearing there, the Lord remains eternally, unseen, unheard, untouched, unsmelt, untasted save by those who have truly looked for He is indeed there for all to see, hear, touch, smell and taste and, above all, to KNOW. ‘The means of training are thousandfold but PURE meditation must

be done.' The means of finding Him are so very simple; all we have to do is sit down with an open mind.

I must not hold on to what I have seen during this past year nor must I hold on to not holding on to it. I must not say that it did not happen, as some people would have me say, for that would be to deny that void is form; nor may I say that anything I have seen is to be found in a tangible place for that would be to deny that form is void. I must not hold on to the fact that I exist, nor to the fact that I do not exist; such arguments as these theories engender are for philosophers to waste their time with; the photograph of my dead mother is but an empty imprint on paper of that which is already something else; if I place it in the fire that which was paper will immediately become ashes—where is there any photograph, where my mother?—both took form, became void and took form again. I KNOW that nothing matters and that I must not hold on to nothing mattering. 'Thus shall ye think of all this fleeting world, a star at dawn, a bubble in a stream, a child's laugh, a phantasm, a dream.'

To live beyond duality may seem cold to the dualistic mind—I can assure such a mind that to live beyond the opposites is anything but cold. To bathe in the Lord's fountain is to be washed thoroughly and intimately with pure love. To live beyond the opposites is to *know* that, no matter what a being has done in the past, he is, and always was, immaculate. Living beyond the opposites eliminates the problem of labels that the world puts on others; it is *knowing* that he whom the world labels a criminal is immaculate in the sight of the Lord; it is *knowing* that she whom the world dubs a prostitute has equal rights with the head of state before the Lord. They are not the Lord and the Lord is *all* of them. For centuries we have usurped the Lord's prerogative, setting up our petty opinions. Still the Lord waits in all-embracing silence. Who can fathom such love? I bathed in the Lord's fountain and I cannot even conceive of the depth of that love. I can only tell others of it and hope and pray that they may know it too before they die.

In the darkest place the Lord gave me all of the teaching and in the lightest place His teaching remains the same. During my kensho in 1963 He gave me the same teaching and He will give it me again at the hour of death—NOTHING MATTERS—what a magnificent, peace-bringing teaching this is. Last summer I wrote the essence of the teaching I had received during those early months into a mantra; I write it again here for any who may find it useful:—

I am *Glad* that I Became a Monk.

The Treasure House exists; when the Lord of the House permits me to hold the Jewel I must do so with awe and reverence. I must hold it so that each facet is distinct. I should not show this Jewel idly to those still caught in fame and gain, who may consider or weigh its worth, but I show it anyway.

Nothing matters;
Mindfulness is all.

The Scriptures must be taken *literally* for they were obtained at death's door;

Never come too close nor put yourself too far away from anything.

If life comes there is only life;
If death comes there is only death;

I step off into death when my purpose for living ceases;
I step off into life when my purpose for living emerges;

My purpose for living is to be a monk so now is not the time to die.

It is sufficient for *me* just to *BE* a monk.

Although being careful of others' training, I can not do it for them; they and I make and carry our own karma; they must find their *own* purpose for living.

To be a live monk I must *know* the harmony of body and mind;

The body will not know peace until the mind ceases from evil.

The Lord of the House says, "If you wish," when I make my choices;

The consequences are not His problem.

If I am to be a monk I must unceasingly heed the Lord of the House;

When the Lord of the House gives you His teaching, listen attentively and respectfully and, quickly, loudly, reverently and obediently, say "YES."

POSTWORD.

In the course of our discussions during the preparation of this book, Roshi Jiyu-Kennett asked to reiterate several points of particular importance to readers.

1. The meditation described in this book was undertaken solely with the thought of cleaning up her life in the face of imminent death and thus to make as fine a death as possible. It was *NOT* done to cure illness or to have religious visions. *PLEASE* do not meditate for selfish reasons; meditate, if you do, to find the way to change your life, the way to make it into an offering to the Unborn and to all beings.

2. To have a kensho experience, or *any* religious experience, is neither the purpose nor the end of religious training. The religious life is endless; there is always a new beginning; always there is the going on, always *becoming* Buddha. Thus, the question of whether one “is enlightened” or not simply does not arise in the true trainee’s mind, and the mind of the Zen Master and that of the beginner are one. Do not get stuck with immaculacy, or the abyss, or ecstasy, not even the Unborn—*all* is a kaleidoscopic tapestry of moving rest. The first time one realizes this with one’s whole being is often the moment of the first type of kensho described in this book. But if you do not realize and live it thereafter, what use is that first realization? If you continue the life of religion and deepen it thereafter, this understanding becomes the touch-stone of your life, the center of your being from which you go in and out to do that which is good for all living things. When it is right to return to this and dwell in it, then it is there, the *true home* of your whole being. And when it is time to go forth again, whether to serve the Buddha’s creatures or to pass beyond this understanding to another one, as yet darkly veiled, there is just the going on, going on—always with faith and a smile in your heart, and always with the humility of knowing that this is but the smallest part of the Great Truth.

Daizui MacPhillamy.

BOOK II
LATER VISIONS.

PREFACE TO BOOK II.

What follow are some of the visions experienced by Rev. Master Jiyu-Kennett since the original publication of this book, plus her commentaries on their significance as seen up to the time of this printing. The visions described here are representative; not every vision has been included, as some were thought not likely to be of general interest or usefulness.

There is an obvious difference between these subsequent visions and the ones reported in Book I, and that difference itself is important to note. Whereas the Book I visions were one of the means by which the author learned how to more deeply realize and live at one with the Unborn Buddha Nature, these later visions are more directed towards teaching her how to live in, and be of help to, the world of everyday life from within the Precepts and the Oneness of the Unborn. Thus, some give teachings of potential help to her disciples as well as to herself, some give warnings of what may occur if existing tendencies are allowed to go on unchanged, others seem to provide an additional source of inner strength to enable her to weather the trials of daily life, yet others are of use to her in handling the ongoing residues of her own karma, and some are, to this day, of uncertain meaning. Most of the visions which were not included herein were of this last type or seemed to be providing teaching for a specific disciple and thus appeared to be of limited general relevance.

This difference in the apparent purposes of the visions of Books I and II accounts for their difference in emphasis and content. The visions and also the past life memories recounted in Book I have a theme of turning the author within, to reflect upon herself and give up attachments to all things. Thus they all can be regarded, in various ways, as being aspects of a central theme, originally apparent in Rev. Master Jiyu-Kennett's first kensho, of "Nothing Matters." This refers to the all-accepting, all-pervading Unborn Buddha Nature, which

can only be realized when one gives up all attachments. Hence, nothing matters. This should not be misinterpreted as *laissez-faire* in Buddhist training, for the minutest detail matters in order to realize the state of “Nothing Matters” or Non-Attachment of the Unborn. The thrust of the visions of Book II being on how to “live in the world as if in the sky,”⁴⁰ the teaching here is about how to engage in enlightened action in everyday life where every act is deeply significant and, thus, everything “matters.” The two books complement each other and form a more complete picture of Buddhist training than would have been presented had we simply re-printed the earlier edition consisting of Book I alone.

While the visions of Book II are of particular relevance to the daily practice of Buddhism, please do not mistake the having of such visions for the sum and total of such practice. Just as it was the many years of meditation, faith, and Preceptual livelihood which led to the realizations implicit in Book I, of which the visions of that Book were an expression, so the visions of Book II are an expression of constant Buddhist training in everyday life. As one of her personal chaplains, I can assure the reader that Rev. Master Jiyu-Kennett spends the vast majority of her time not in having visions but in the practical aspects of the daily training of living and teaching meditation, faith, and Preceptual action. Nor should the reader assume that these later visions have become the only source of guidance to Rev. Master Jiyu-Kennett and her disciples concerning the conduct of a Buddhist life. Always she has stressed the need to take refuge in Buddha, Dharma, and Sangha when making decisions, and even at those times when a vision seemed relevant to an ongoing situation, we recognized that our limited understanding of its teaching could be flawed or incomplete and also that it is but one source of information. The admonition given in Book I neither to be attached to visions nor to push them away thus applies equally to the more practically-oriented visions of Book II.

Since we do not spend most of our time having, interpreting, or following visions and past life memories, why, then, do we devote this book mainly to them? The reason is quite simple: because they can occur and be of great value in long-term Buddhist training and they are generally not being discussed in English-language works. Most books in English on Buddhism are written for the benefit of those in the early years of their Buddhist practice, as is appropriate for a culture just beginning to participate in Buddhism, and in those early years, in most cases, visions and past life memories are not of immediate relevance. Indeed, it would be detrimental to encourage the expectation of, or attachment to, visions and experiences of past karmic residues, since the egocentric self is quite capable of producing its own brand of them as an endlessly diverting side-track to serious training. Thus it is appropriate that most modern Buddhist works in English do not mention, or sometimes even warn against, visions and past life memories. Unfortunately, this creates an impression that such things should never happen, and we know from many ancient Buddhist texts that this simply is not the case. This book is, in part, an attempt to balance that impression and to give an example and some guidance to that segment of the more experienced Buddhist population who do encounter useful naturally-occurring visions and/or past life memories. We pray that its publication is of use to them and that it neither causes distress in that other portion of experienced Buddhists for whom such things do not occur (for we do not claim that this is necessarily a part of every person's training) nor excites inexperienced Buddhists to expectation, attachment, or spiritual side-tracks. May all sentient beings realize quickly their Unborn Buddha Nature.

Rev. Daizui MacPhillamy
Fugen Hermitage
May, 1992

This took place after I had awakened at four in the morning.

A large number of Russian men have come to a great hall where they wish to learn from me. I listen to their singing and it is exquisite but am saddened when I see their shabby state although they stand up exquisitely tall and reverent in the hall.

I have difficulty in getting out of the hall since it has no door on the left side and I am helped over a sort of red barrier that seems to cover what should be the door by two monks. The land outside this barrier is a sheer drop down a fairly steep mountainside.

I enter the hall again and one of the Russians is complaining about one of the monks' constant talking, or explaining, to him; about what I do not know. I tell the monk to stop but he continues so I tell him again as quietly as I can without disturbing the pure peace of the hall. I leave the hall and enter a room on the opposite side of it to the barrier. One of the men comes to tell me how they all long for union with the Eternal and pure spirituality but are denied the right to be monks, hence their shabby appearance. I hear the sincerity of his words all day and I know they are true. I long to help and be with them. During this I seem to travel round the hall, entering it facing the men's backs, going to the front, coming down the opposite side to the barrier, thus travelling clockwise, and then crossing in front of some of them to reach the monk and the room wherein I had the conversation. The man was so reverent in his request; he had no self-pity.

Commentary. It is debatable as to whether or not this is anything more than a description of the situation of religious people prevailing in Russia at the time of this vision. Nothing has occurred since to tell me more than this. As I understand it, this vision shows how desperately people everywhere long for the Truth; it inspires me to keep on teaching no matter how great are the difficulties. It possibly spoke of something which could have taken place but which, since my course of actions changed, ceased to be a prediction.

An early Zen teacher of mine and I are walking, I believe, towards Soji-ji via some subterranean passages. They are very wide and high and various fountains and springs are on our left as we go. He goes to bathe in each. In the beginning, I merely watch him but presently we come to an exceptionally beautiful one, bathe in it together and I drink from its sparkling cascades. After that we encounter several more, some of which are subterranean and sulphurous, but they cause us no fear. Then the scene changes and I am trying to please hundreds of people and annoying the authorities, whom I cannot see, by doing so since they feel that what is happening is more entertainment than training. There are people everywhere and I am rushing about, becoming exhausted from trying to help them. The aimlessness and “going nowhere” is overwhelming. Then there is nothing—just dark brightness shining on cool grass as if before dawn. I am conscious of the fact that I am still Kanin’s jiisha although he is nowhere to be found. I look for his room, know it is somewhere here but cannot find it. I am conscious of the fact that the ground is rising. The section on which I am standing, rectangular in shape, is about fifty feet long by twenty-five feet wide. I can see the edges of it with darkness below them. It is as if I am standing on a large elevator platform with no sides; an elevator that is absolutely silent and on which I am absolutely alone; the brightness in the darkness seems to be coming from me. Then I am standing on the ground, beside the section that has risen, and realise that it has ascended so high that it towers out of sight like a mountain peak and it occurs to me that this is Mount Sumeru. I look at it for a little as others pass by in the darkness. They either do not see it or take no notice of it. The summit appears quite dark. Both my former teacher and myself were dressed as monks during our bathing.

Commentary. I used to wonder much about this teacher and yet I was aware that, without quite knowing what, he had taught me many things. I am glad we eventually bathed together

in the same fountain. I was deeply concerned at one time about the uselessness, as it seemed, of my work in Soji-ji; this vision showed me how wrong I actually was—"Such action and most unpretentious work all foolish seem and dull"⁹—the Scripture is True—all that is done with True Longing for the Lord, no matter whether others care or not, is indeed the way to climb Mount Sumeru.

* * *

I am meditating in corpse position. Within my hara I see a golden Buddha seated in meditation radiating gently in all directions. It remains thus for many days.

Commentary. Such visions as this are the absolute joy of training. They appear to occur randomly.

* * *

I am meditating in corpse position. My body is shot through, permeated, with red threads twisting and turning in all directions. That which I have inherited from the past rises and falls with its changing movement, here human, there animal or formless. Beyond this pulsing, red ribbon the world and all around me are in dark shadow. Within my hara the seated golden Buddha is now much greater. Its rays pulse into the red ribbon; where they touch it, it turns to translucent pink and then is seen to be empty, transparent and non-existent. When they reach the surrounding shadows the latter are seen to be nothing but emptiness which appears fearful because of the lack of illumination. Thus all is bright emptiness and all past karma is seen to have no substance except when it is misunderstood and

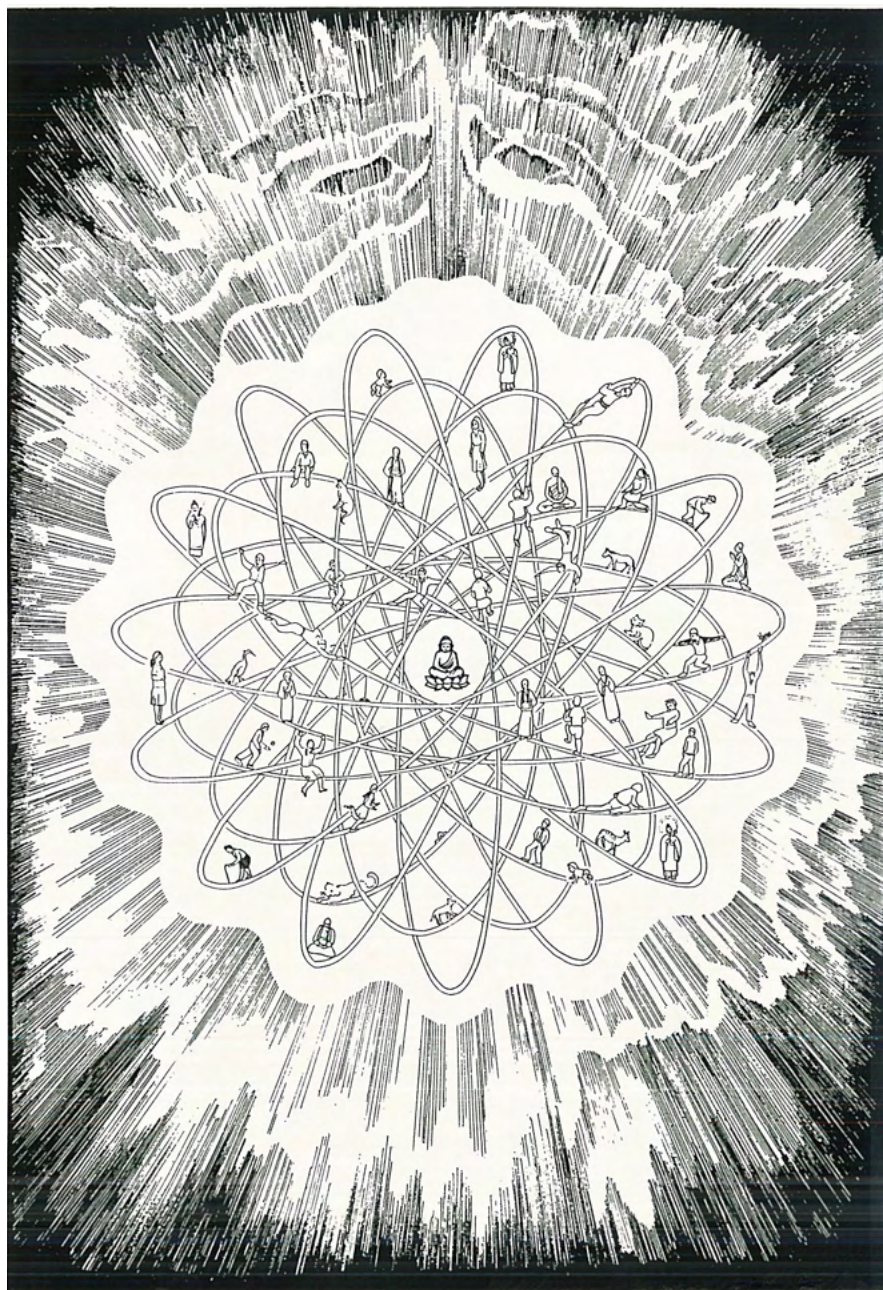


Plate LXV.

given substance as the result of delusive thought and obstructive fear. The Light of Buddha disperses all. (See plate LXV.)

Commentary. None required. This vision was much the same as plate LXIV, in book I, except that the Buddha was now seated, not new-born.

* * *

I experienced an inherited past life of a dragoon whose horse had dragged him, with one foot in the stirrup, across a battlefield during the Napoleonic wars. The pain in my left shoulder from bumping along was excessive and I could barely use my right leg; the bones at the knee seemed to be sticking out. One of the monks saw this and removed the impregnation. He also removed one from my throat which then caused me to see brightness faintly outside myself, as a result of a massive release of tension; I did not see the golden Buddha within; the hara became brightly dark. (I am bathed regularly every day, night and morning.) After this the same monk saw a six coloured halo around me, a golden fountain in my hara and a silver one upon my head. At Jodo this morning another monk saw me sitting in the third column. This I understand as the “going in and out;” first the golden column (golden Buddha) is within me and then I am sitting in It which is why there is bright darkness inside and I can see the faint brightness outside. The first monk says he has been seeing the halo and fountains for some days.

Commentary. This past life, together with that of the white tiger, could explain a lot of the problems I have had in my knees. I must never, however, forget that physical neglect in my childhood also caused rheumatism in my knee-joints; there can always be a physical, as well as a spiritual, explanation

for all illness—it is the person of faith who sees beyond the former and therefore learns how to handle the latter.

* * *

It is dawn. I know that I am awake and meditating but I am not allowed to open my eyes. I try to but it is impossible. I am searching for a temple which I have visited several times before in meditation and, as always with this temple, feel some apprehension. I find it and meet the priest. This priest has always worried me but it does not occur to me to mistrust him. The temple is absolutely dark and yet I can see the altar faintly. My body has become extraordinarily tender over the last week, almost as if even the softest things are too coarse to touch it. The priest takes me in his arms, hoists me to his left shoulder and cries, “Behold, the Conqueror.” As he does so every part of me, including the bones, seem to be too tender even to be touched by gossamer and I ache and pain all over. I believe this priest may be Taoist. As he puts me down I see the tomb-stone hall behind the altar illuminated faintly and people visiting the memorial tablets. I know that in being hoisted up in this way the spirit passed outside me again but this time all was in darkness—at the crucial moment I forced my eyes open to find the sun full on my face but something incredibly strong forced me to close them again. My body is so tender I can barely stand clothes against it or sit on a chair. Bed-sheets feel hard as sandpaper. My skin feels like silk to the touch. I tried and tried to open my eyes for meditation but could not. I was conscious of going along dark passages. When I could open my eyes, I had to physically remove a thick yellow substance with which they had been sealed.

Commentary. After a large kensho such visits are common. One goes to temples and churches of other religions and is

recognised by them. In all of them the congregations are busy with the bones of the dead whilst the True priests are trying to show them Eternal Life through one who has found it. Eternal Life, not grief, fear or filial piety for the dead, is THE important teaching.

* * *

It is morning and I am meditating. Another Zen teacher and I are both dead. I am conducting my own funeral ceremony and he has come to help me. I am receiving the messages of condolence and all but three are friendly. The three that are not are addressed simply to the Five Columns by means of five circles on each envelope. Inside each envelope is a red, rubber penis. I ask deeply what is the meaning and am told that the above is the True meaning of the Precept concerning lust which does not merely refer to the acts of two persons in bed but to the rape of the Cosmic Buddha. When a trainee denies his Master, he rapes the Cosmic Buddha in all Five Columns. To coarsen oneself in word and deed is the opposite of humility and willingness and thus one rapes the Cosmic Buddha in the first column; mistrust soils the trainee with the filth of fear and makes it difficult for him to be cleansed in the second column—the mistrust causes him to refuse to be washed; derision of the teaching by dragging it down to a mundane level in order to hear what one wants to hear instead of what one should hear rapes the Cosmic Buddha in the third column since it spurns the True Teaching so generously and gently offered; criticising others, either by word or deed, rapes the Cosmic Buddha in the fourth column since it is impossible to bathe in the Water of the Spirit when one is in duality—to criticise others is to criticise the Cosmic Buddha and set oneself up in opposition to Him; when one enters duality by being in opposition to one's Teacher one is in opposition to the Cosmic Buddha thus, at the time of death, pride, then fear and despair make it seem impossible to go up the

fifth column to the Waiting Arms of Compassion—the Cosmic Buddha waits and waits whilst he who has raped his own spirit for so long sinks down in grief, deprived of his True birthright. The whole point of both of us being dead is that people do not wish to listen to anything except what they want to hear. One of the main purposes of the “Tai Tai Ko Ho”⁴⁴ is to teach respect since disrespect leads straight to the rape of the Cosmic Buddha. But what is rape in the world other than disrespect for another person? Seduction is not only disrespectful to another person, it is also disrespectful to the Cosmic Buddha. The whole point of the spiritual marriage is that a person is one with Him both in body and spirit.

Commentary. Fear of the unknown and of what others might think frequently keeps both priests and congregations from the freedom of becoming “The Conqueror” during their lifetime and thus religion is associated more with death than life. Professional ambition, the desire to become “boss” and thus be free to do as one likes, ruins the chances of being One with the Eternal for many a trainee.

* * *

It is just before dawn. I am in a great Christian church; it is somewhat dark and shadowy. The stone arches form high vaults in the ceiling almost too high to have been built by man. As I walk in, I see a number of people to my left and somewhat in front of me and, facing them, a parson I once worked for whom I believed to be dead. His wife is the only other person standing besides he and I; I believe her to be dead also. I do not approach the group but at once fly up into the arches. The flying was the same as that described in my third kensho. Then I am back again, standing now beside the

group, and I notice that most are dressed as brides. They are all young, one at least no more than a child, and all are very beautiful. The child, amid her lace and flowers, turns to look at me. There is a great Crucifix suspended high over what I believe to be an altar. The Figure of Christ and it are fairly luminous, seeming to hang in vast space. I see that I am old, my clothes black and torn, my veil full of holes seeming to have been made from an old bed sheet, what little hair I have sticks out black-grey and dirty through some of the holes; in places I am bald. And here I stand beside these exquisite brides. We are all waiting. I fully expect one of them to be chosen but I go on standing anyway. Then I am flying again. I see the brides, the parson and his wife far below me. With arms outstretched I fly straight into the Figure on the Crucifix and we dissolve together into that delicious, golden Water of the Spirit that I experienced in my third kensho when I was enfolded in the arms of Shakyamuni Buddha and enveloped in the Kesa of Gold Brocade. Everything, body, spirit, personality, disintegrate in a shower of gold into which both Figure and Crucifix have also dissolved. My eyes were forced to close as I neared the Figure; try as I would I could not open them for they were held fast. Then I am in my room again; dawn has broken.

Commentary. This is another of my visits to churches and temples of other religions for the purpose of recognition. It is interesting that in my youth I offered myself to Christianity and was turned down because I was a woman. I understand the young bride in this vision to be myself, like all the others there, being refused my religious rights because of being female. The Eternal welcomed and embraced me in spite of my advanced age and shabby appearance since I had kept myself a virgin and true to my life-long wish to be One with Him. The parson mentioned here died a short time before this book went to print.

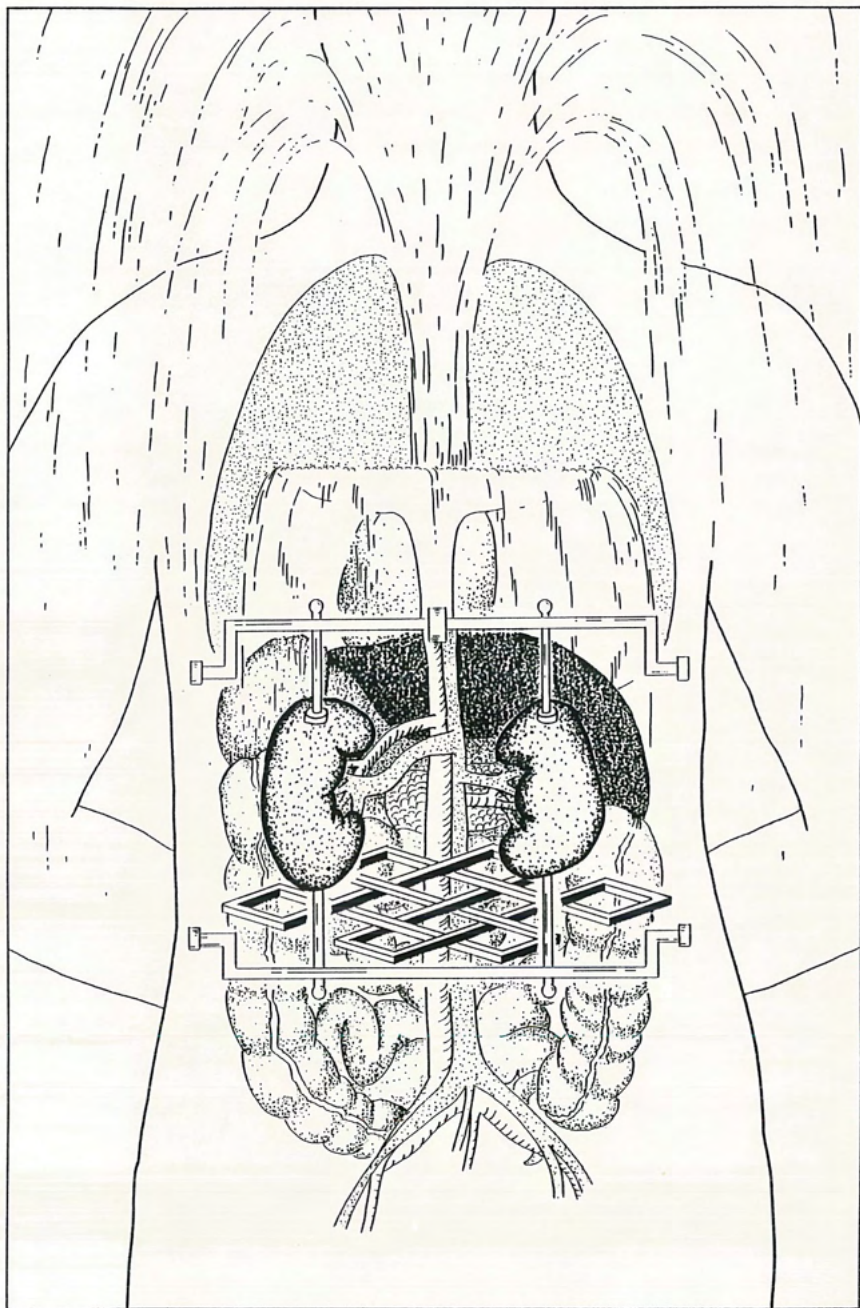


Plate LXVI.

This morning I see within my own body a great silver pump which is worked by my will. This causes the fountain of the spirit, the bowl of which is in the chest area, to flow throughout, and over, my body. As I understand this, when one uses the will to train, all despair is cleansed away and the Water of the Spirit flows naturally. There may be more to this than I have said here but, if there is, I will write about it at a later date since this is all of which I am certain at the moment. (See plate LXVI.)

Commentary. “The secret of life is will, words are its key,” says Dogen Zenji.⁷ Taken in conjunction with this vision and plate number sixty-six, these words, and that from which they are taken, become deeply significant and worthy of much deep and concentrated study. Fear, which prevents one from becoming the Conqueror, is the opposite of will. One must grasp the will if one would cause the pump to function and set the fountain flowing; this is to be beyond the opposites of fear and will; this is the place of True, ALL acceptance and still beyond that.

* * *

This morning I visit a blue and grey hell. The people are all wearing blue robes and mosus which cover them entirely from head to foot (faces included). Beneath the robes it is possible to see that they are carrying iron bars about; in fact, three or four carry them in front of their faces so that they constantly have bars before their eyes which they cannot see and which also restrict the movement of their feet. Some are sitting down with the bars standing on end on the floor in front of them, making one wall of a cage for them to sit behind. Everywhere else is greyness. The tragedy of this hell is that the great room, in which they are all walking or sitting, has no windows, only empty window spaces, and no doors in the doorway spaces. All

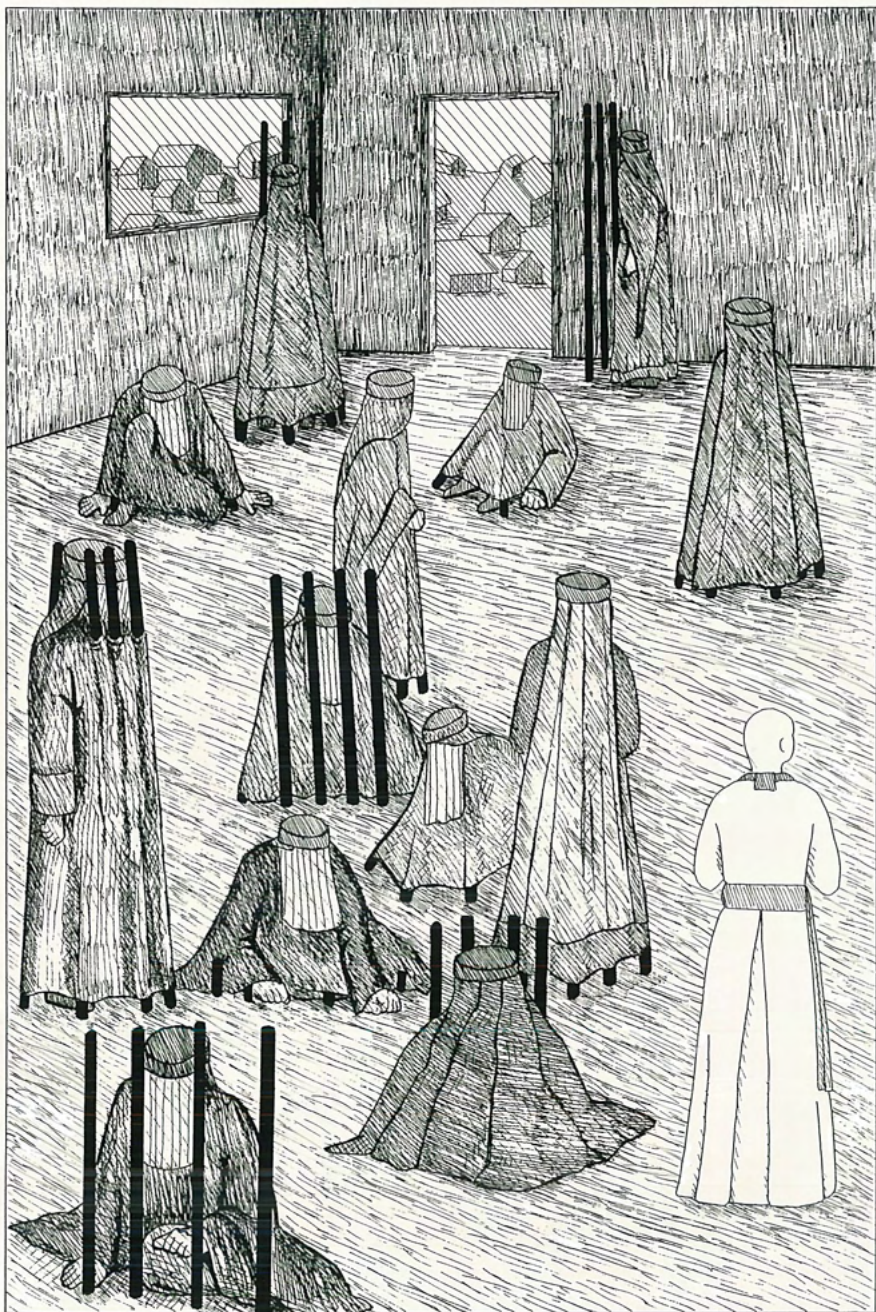


Plate LXVII.

the people have to do to get out of this hell is remove the bars from in front of themselves and the blue robes that hide their freedom from them. In this vision it is as if I can see the world as grey as it would be through their eyes, but I know it does not have to be that way and that what I am seeing is simply in their minds. I am fully conscious of the name of one of the trainees here at Shasta Abbey whose mind is living in this hell. (See plate LXVII.)

Commentary. The saying, "Man stands in his own shadow and wonders why it is dark; only he can turn round" is appropriate here. I do not know who originally wrote this saying. The one trainee I saw in this hell is now out of it. As I understand it, all visions are given for me to help others and myself, to help me by strengthening my faith or warning me of what may be about to happen so that I am not surprised by events and can be prepared to take appropriate action to possibly prevent them from happening. Such visions as this one are also given me in order to help trainees here who, for instance, cannot even see that they are carrying bars (cages) about which prevent their training.

* * *

I have a short nap and cannot sleep again; I become wide awake as before other visions. The light begins to concentrate in the centre of my forehead, as is usual, and then projects onto the ceiling from my third eye. In the circle of white light, there appear, one after another, a series of portraits of old monks, sitting quietly. Only the heads and shoulders, or top halves of their bodies, are visible; it is as if I am looking at live cameos. I have the feeling as of saints watching and waiting. (See plate LXVIII.)

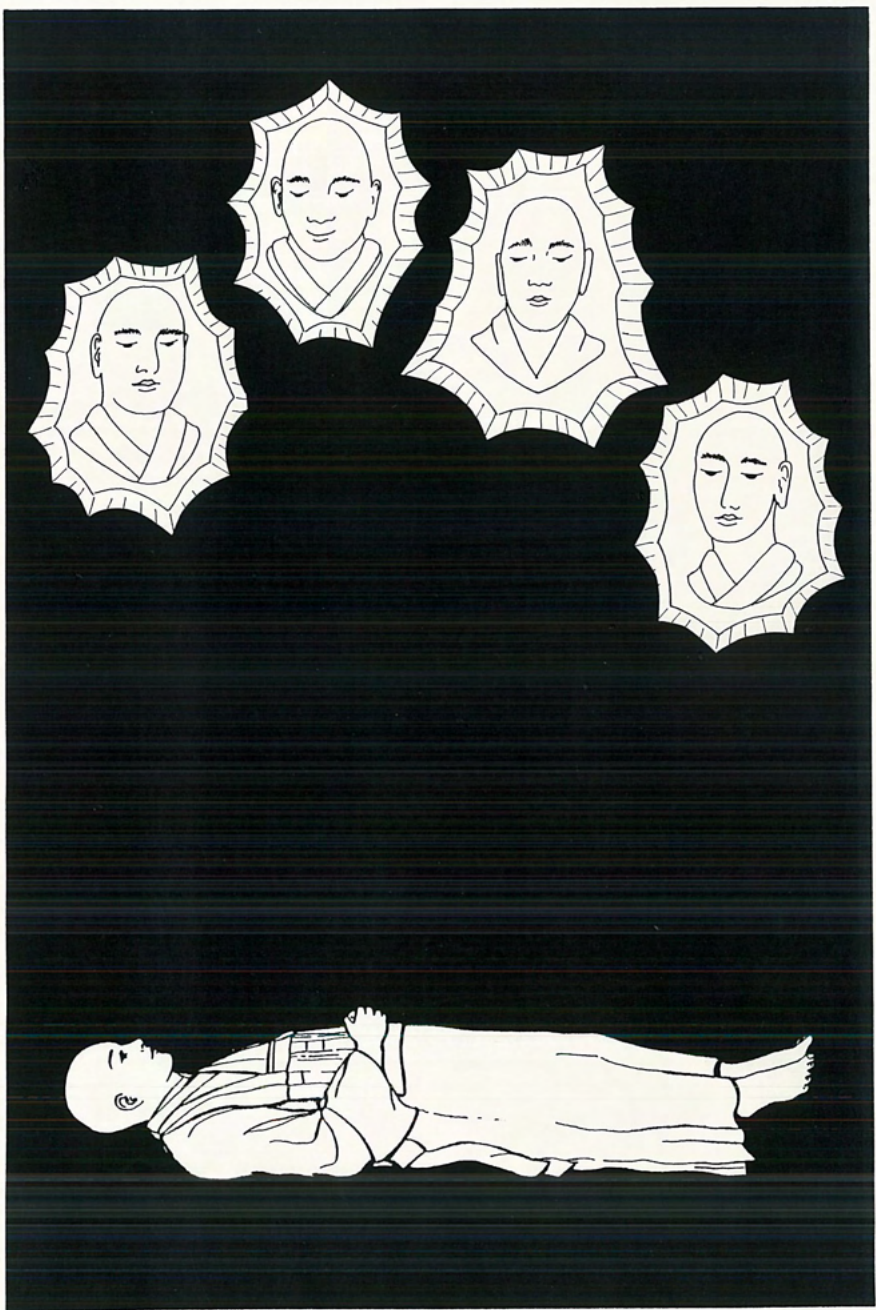


Plate LXVIII.

Commentary. As I now understand it, this vision was given in order to reassure me that the Buddhist saints were watching and that evil would be vanquished and good prevail. Some people were preparing to make trouble for me and I now realise how much this vision, and the one which follows, helped me at this time. It enabled me to keep the Precepts instead of following the human instincts that these people's actions might have called up.

* * *

I am in corpse pose, it is early morning and very dark. Although I am lying flat, I feel, and see, myself sit up and observe that, from the waist up, I am both sitting up straight and lying flat. I am in a Chinese temple that I have visited several times before and which I had always associated with Rev. Kim Seng.⁴⁵ There are always about four elderly ladies there; I do not believe they are female priests as we understand them. I am seated in the centre, with two ladies on either side of me with a table in front of all five of us. The table is laden with four huge plates of offerings; there are two of these on either side of a large dorje and an exquisite golden crown. The door through which I usually enter is seen on the far right and the wall into which it is set is in deep shadow but would seem to be covered with cupboards. Rev. Kim Seng appears in front of me out of the gloom on the other side of the table and says, "Good, she is here." He comes round the table to stand behind me, going clockwise past the door to get to this place. He reaches on either side of me so as to pick up the dorje with both hands whilst leaning over me. He makes it very clear that I must hold it absolutely correctly and takes a lot of time putting my hands and fingers through the loops so that it shall be held right. The wrists must touch the tip of the bottom rib, the fingers go through one loop to make the gassho, the thumbs through another, they should touch, if

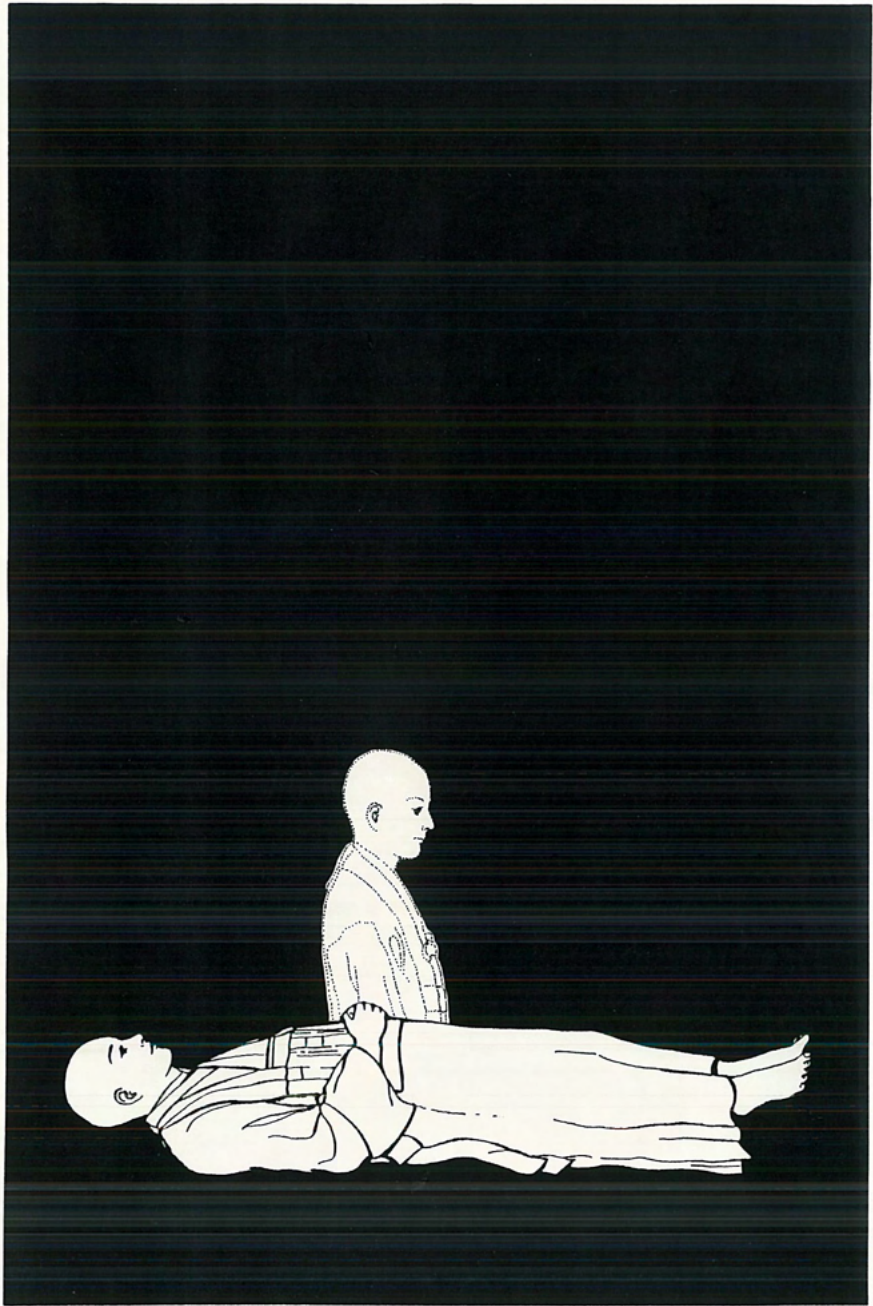


Plate LXIX.

possible; the dorje should be held close to the body with the central ring touching the bottom of the sternum. When I am holding it exactly as he wishes, Rev. Kim Seng tells me to be as still and unmoving as possible. He then stretches even further over me and takes the golden crown in both hands. There is a red cap under the crown which is edged with fur and jewels. Saying, "Now, be very still," he places both cap and crown on my head simultaneously. Live Life rushes to the dorje from all directions and pours with great speed through the hole in its centre and into my hara. The force of this life is so great that I feel myself literally lifted. When this ceases, I put my right hand to my head whilst the left continues to hold the dorje. The crown is no longer there but the furred and jewelled cap remains and, in the centre of it, is a diamond-like jewel ball. It is faceted and much more brilliant than a diamond but not as hard. I know I am to retain both the cap and the dorje. I know that I must tell the community of this dorje. I believe it has been given to me as a result of the incidents that the persons mentioned previously have been creating. This dorje is a means of receiving (not transferring) strength directly from the Cosmic Buddha, and should be thought of as an "antenna" for receiving the Lord. It was given as a means of strengthening me; it would not have been given if I had attacked these persons or allowed others to do so. It is for all of us to use. (See plates LXIX to LXXIII.)

Commentary. I believe this vision came as a result of doing the right thing. It was so vivid I can still feel the crown on my head to this day when I think of it. The vague cupboards and doors resembled those in Shasta's meditation hall.

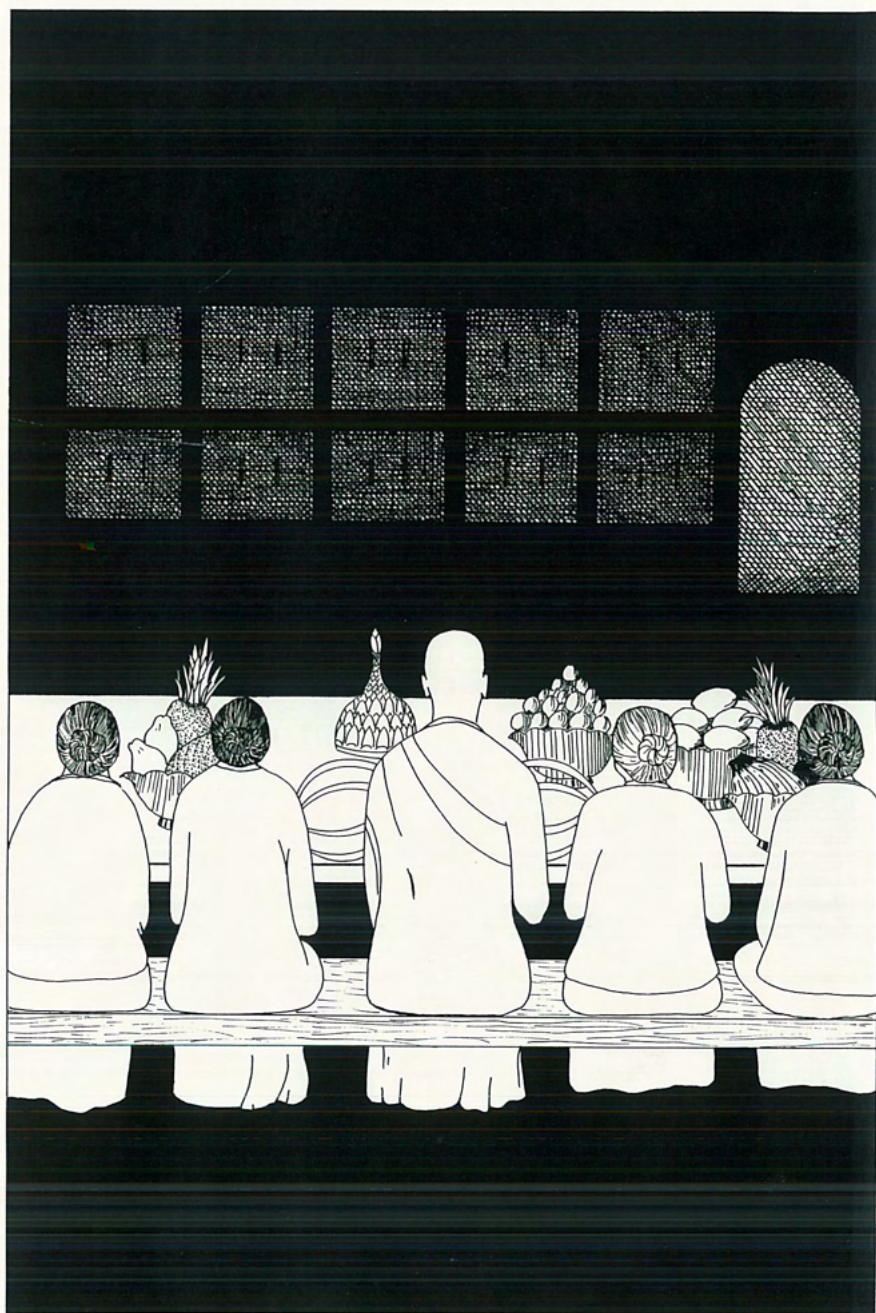


Plate LXX.

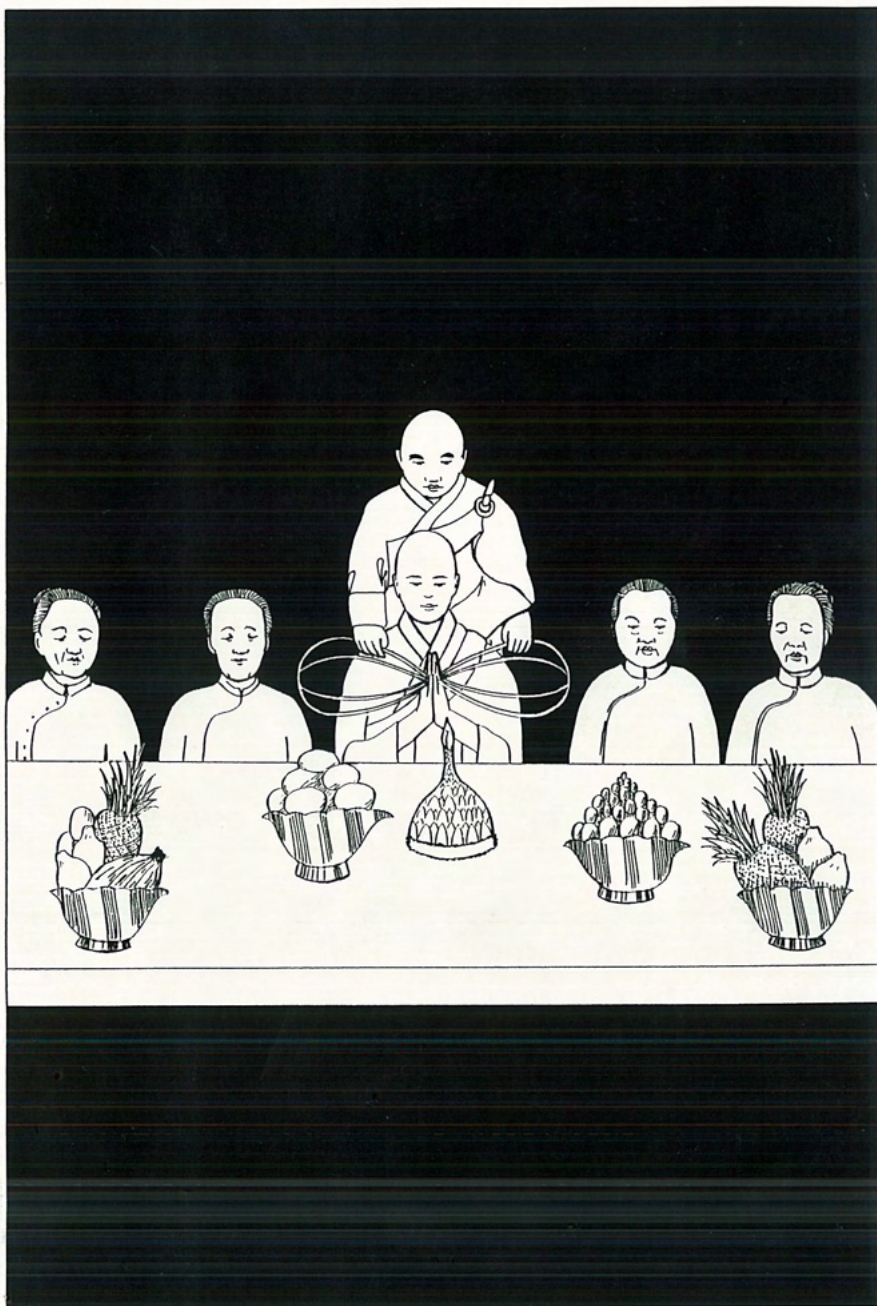


Plate LXXI.

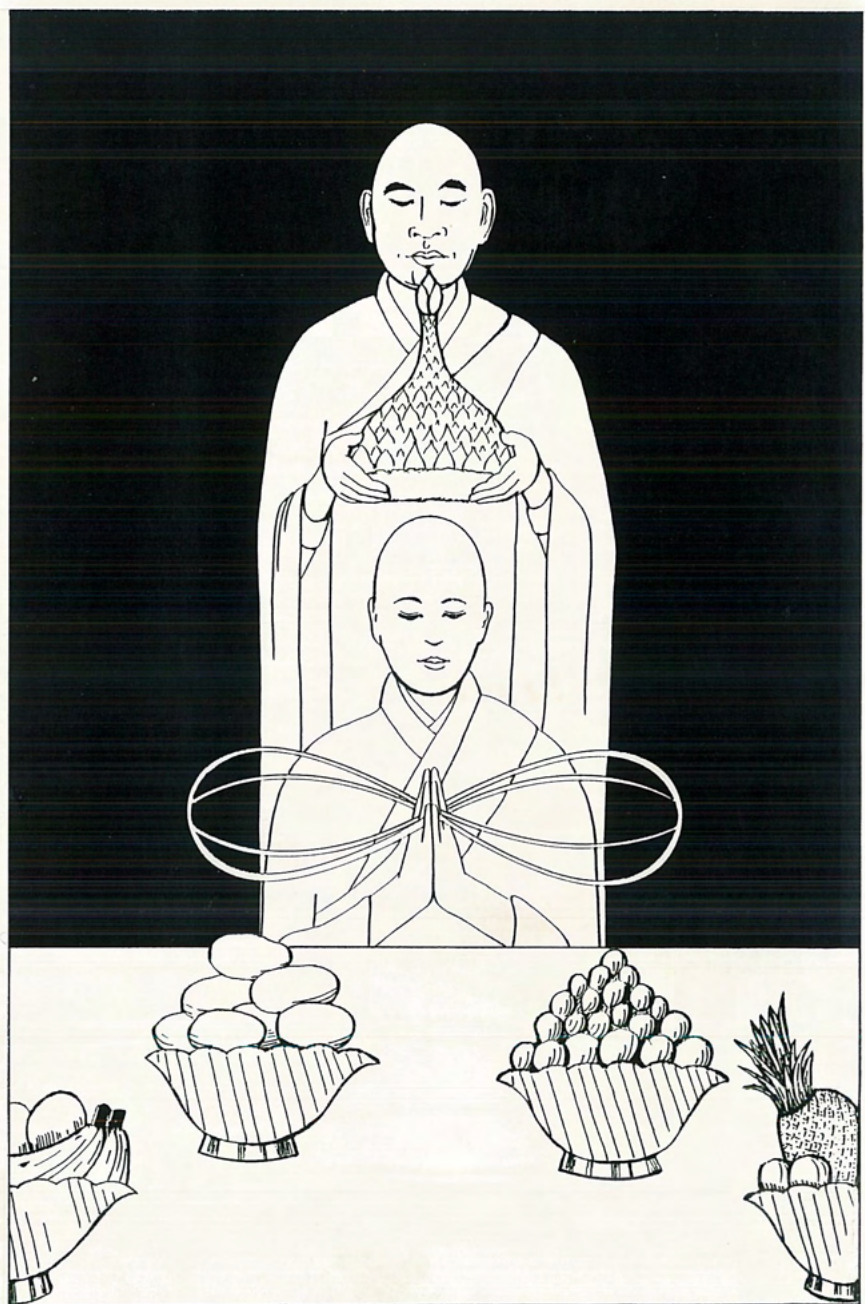


Plate LXXII.



Plate LXXIII.

It is night. A voice says clearly, "It is time to go down the mountain." I do not wish to go but am willing. The voice tells me that I will find my tiger part-way down; I say that the mountains are so steep that I do not think I can make it but am assured that I can. I begin to descend and, as I was told, the first part of the path is easy and out in the open; on all sides the mountains are almost sheerly perpendicular. I come to a fallen tree near the entrance to a tunnel and find the tiger lying asleep along the side of the tree. He gets up, stretches and shakes as I approach him. He is the colour of white chocolate with no marks or bars. He has a slight ruffle of fur around his face and the hair is also a little longer on the backs of his legs. Without greeting me, he walks towards the tunnel and starts down it. I follow him, although I do not particularly wish to. It becomes extraordinarily narrow some way in and the only way I can go on is by holding on to a pole (or tree) down the middle of it and sliding. I am afraid I am too large to go down so narrow a tunnel but have entered after being assured that it is impossible to descend the mountain by any other means since it is much too dangerous. The tiger and I emerge onto a plateau which seems to grow narrower as we explore it. Mountains, thick with pine trees, are on all sides of us and stretch down into ravines so deep that the bottoms are hidden in clouds and mist. We appear to be the only living things. The cave-like tunnel continues on down but I will not enter it for it feels far too constricted. Something seems to want me to enter but I do not. The tiger and I wander around, exploring the area. This vision took place in Oakland.

Commentary. Until now my visions, after receiving the golden Kesa, were primarily of a congratulatory nature. Now, as I understand this vision, the knowledge I gained from the past life of the white tiger will help me in all circumstances in my day to day work as a monk and that is why it appeared.

It is night. I am ascending a staircase in a temple which I have thought of as Soji-ji but which may well be a temple representing the whole of the world. At the top of the stairs is a half-glass door on which a name is written in black letters on the frosted glass. There was light coming through the glass. I pass the door and enter a huge room to the left of it. At the far end of the room are one of the monks and someone else. I feel great fear for the monk and tell him to leave what seems to be a ceremony and come with me. He does so and we leave the room by a door to the left at his end of the room and, turning to the right, go through a wide sort of dimly-lit corridor on the left of which there seems to be a curtained stage. As we go, people keep joining us. I go first, followed by the monk, and the people come after. Upstairs, downstairs, through a carpenter's room and business offices; everywhere the line of people grows. We leave the temple and I seem to be walking through the star-dusted space of the universe, arriving here and there in the world, or on other planets, to collect more people. As I look over my left shoulder, I cannot see the end of the line. I am walking on endlessly in timeless space, wearing my big hat and Kesa, and carrying my begging bowl as if in an endless Ketchimyaku ceremony. The milky way is on my right. This vision took place in Oakland. (See plate LXXIV.)

Commentary. The beauty and joy of this vision is its promise to both others and myself of always going in the Great Procession of Right Training if we continue to follow the True Way and do not get caught up in spurious and dangerous teachings.



Plate LXXIV.

I am in a big city which I believe to be London but later am convinced is somewhere in Germany or Austria, possibly Vienna. I am with two or three people, one of whom I believe to be one of the monks. I am walking along a row of terraced houses such as one finds in the south of London, and I am on the right-hand side of the road, having come around a slight bend. I walk up to one of the terraced houses to get lodgings but the woman, after looking at my tickets, refuses to give me, or anyone else with me, lodgings. I look at the tickets and discover that, from having been white, they have now turned black. The woman tells me, with some fear in her eyes, that I should go to the Conference Centre and get accommodation there. We continue along the road and, after walking several miles, arrive at a huge, white Conference Centre. There is a large set of rectangular buildings, with a big dome on top, in front of which is a large and beautiful ornamental garden with fountains. Behind this building are more gardens and then more buildings again, several of them built of stone. Behind this there is a road on the opposite side of which are a lot more buildings, some of which are shops; on the other side is a large hall. On the large-hall side of the road there are also some smaller halls off of the large one. I go towards the large hall after hearing that that is where the conference is to be held but, as I look at it, I realise more and more that this is a conference of evil and not a conference of good. I recognise that I need something specific to be able to get in with, and use, for the sake of good. I therefore look about to see what it would be wise to do and, looking on the opposite side of the road, I see a small hall off of another building in which there are many people in silver and white that would like me to enter their building. I go in. They are dressed in silver and white, as I said, and they have something like plates on the backs of their heads that are edged with silver. They are very charming and they badly want me to stay. They have many things on sale, among them white doves, maybe real or paper. I know that something in here will be of use in handling what is on the opposite side

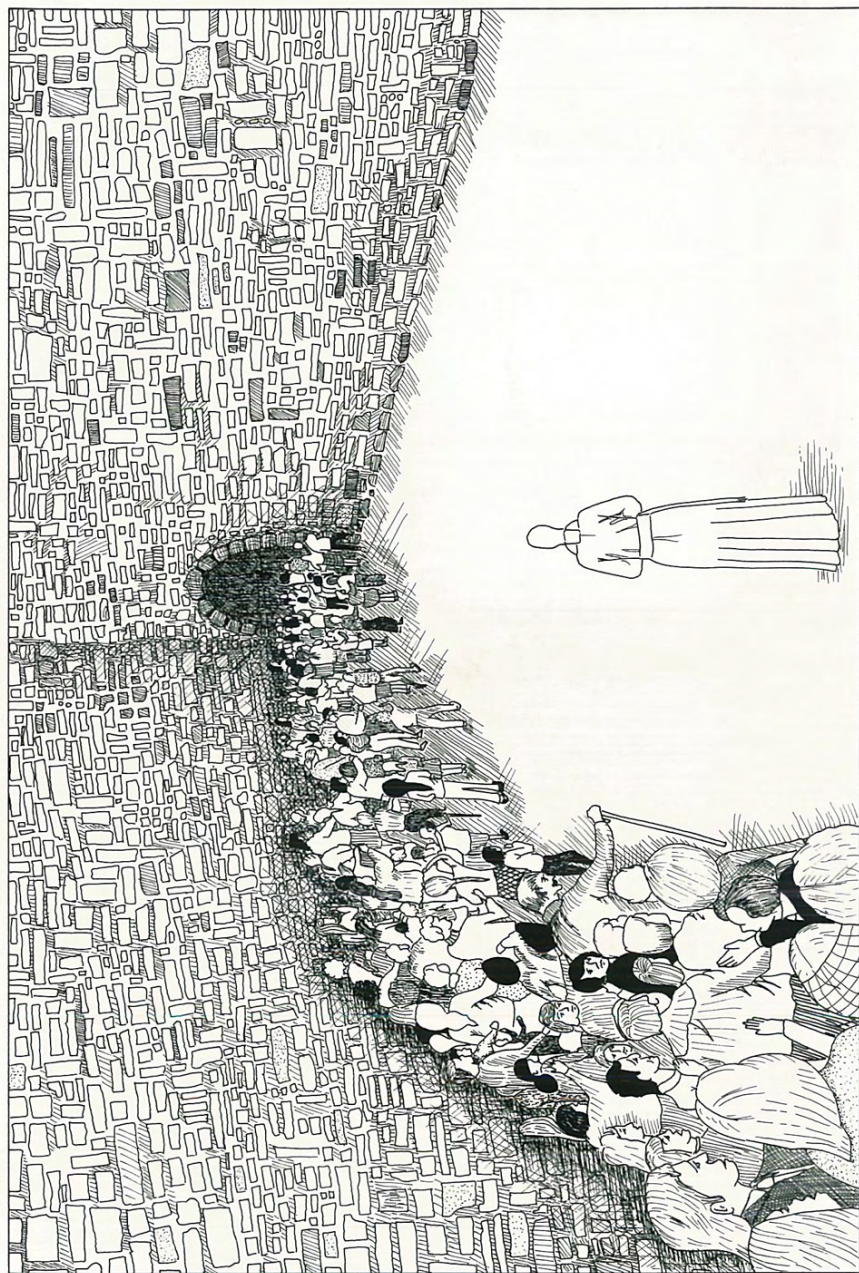


Plate LXXV

of the road and I look hard for whatever it is that is necessary. I come across what I believe is a small box. The box is edged with white. I pay for it and the people there still badly want me to stay but I go across the road to the other building, carrying the box in my hand. As I enter the building where I know there is evil, I am conscious of the fact that the entire place seems to be dark and that an organ is playing. I walk in, chanting the 'Om kembaya,'⁴⁶ and the darkness clears before me. I walk down the side aisle and, in spite of the fact that beings or people are trying to stop me, I march straight to the stage and up on to it and, as I do so, the stage becomes light. As I turn round and look at the auditorium, that too begins to become light.

Commentary. This vision makes it very clear that one must not be afraid to go where there is confusion and evil and, if one can, one must do something about them. The use of mundane objects for this purpose should not be despised if it will help others. Doubtless I shall understand more of this vision some day. It possibly spoke of something which could have taken place but which, since my course of actions changed, ceased to be relevant.

* * *

It is before dawn. There is an immense queue, outside the door to a huge, ruined area, waiting to get in. It is four to five people deep, of all ages, all sizes and all conditions, men, women and children. The door, grey-brown and arched, is jammed with them. It is on the left side. I am constantly telling the people that none of what is within the area beyond the door can harm them unless they pick over the debris of the past. Within the karma of the past ghosts and memories would appear to have power. I explain that ghosts have no right in any time other than the past and that if the people imagine that ghosts *are* real, they can help them. That which is unreal can

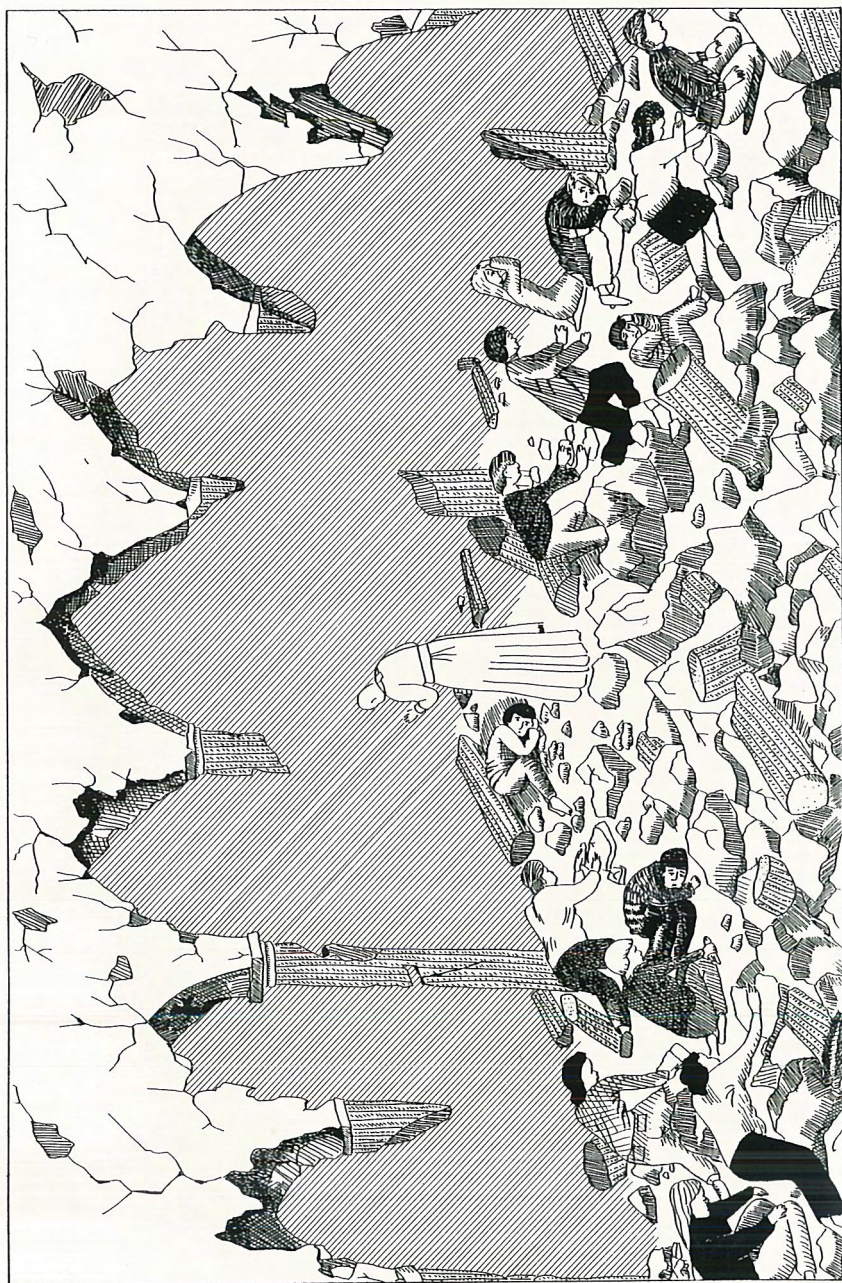


Plate LXXVI.

become real if one permits it to do so. This door is one through which *I will not go* except to help others, through which it is clear *no one should go* but some go out of curiosity and some out of cussedness. As I walk along I find that, by going into this place, the people are in such terror that they cower close to the ground. There are people that cannot hear me or will not hear me. One small boy has a tape recorder but the microphone will not work for him, or it does not *seem* to be able to work for him; he does not seem to be able to record what I am saying. I *try* and *try*, I fiddle with the microphone and I shout, and always the boy is convinced that there is one of the great ghosts from the past that is after him. I hunt around amongst the rubble (the rubble which people have mistaken for live things that can harm them) and find a dead snake. I tell the boy that that was what frightened him, a big, dead black snake. He can then seem to hear just a little; that is, his microphone crackles just a bit. I pass on, having made some slight impression, and the people are still cowering against the walls or against the floor. I tell them that they must walk on, they must keep going, they must go on and not linger in this place or they will have no *real* peace, they will not *find* real peace and they must, under no circumstances, pick over the debris. There is another path which goes round to the right side of the area. I go on along this path but the people go into the area of horrors which is full of rubble, fallen pillars and pools of dark, dank water. As I continue on along the path, I look behind me and see that the queue of people that were marching behind me are standing, looking at the left-hand door and at me in the right-hand corridor. I feel very alone but not in the least afraid for I know that I have walked the right path and I am praying that they too will follow the right path. I continue down the corridor—it is not my problem that they do, or do not, follow me. I have *told* them which is the right way to go. If they wish to follow the path of fear, the path of desire or the path of curiosity that is entirely up to them. I have shown them the safe way through

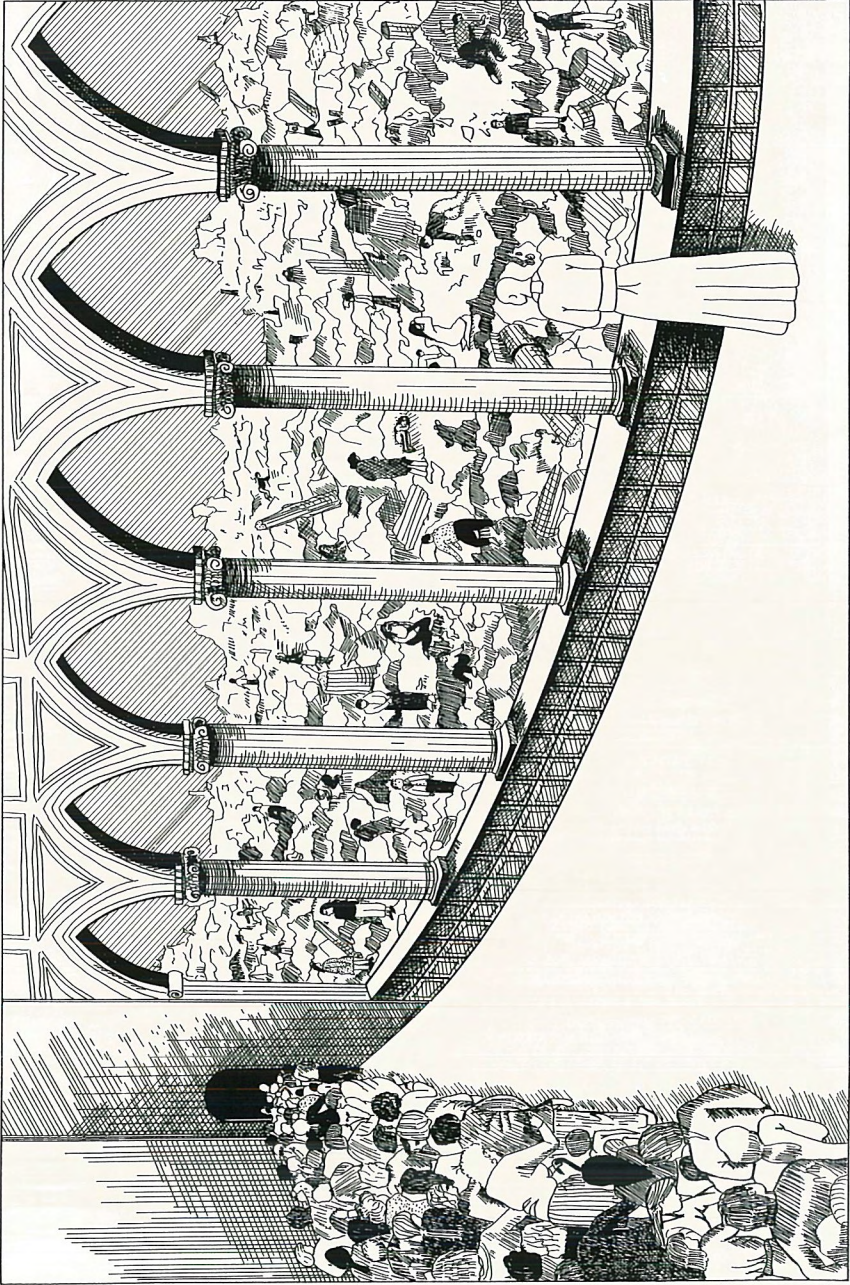


Plate LXXVII.

the past. If they wish to wallow in despair, caused by picking over the past, there is nothing that I can do.

I continue on down the corridor that looks, through arches, on this area of past horrors, an area of smashed hopes and dreams. I watch three or four people picking their way among the debris, slipping and sliding, here being hit by a pillar, there falling into the mire, until I come to the end of the corridor. Again, on the left hand side, there is another door back into the past or out of it. I continue on my way beyond it. The walls are high and brownish grey; a chapel is on my left and I know that I am coming to a door. There is no one behind me now; they are still all waiting—wondering about going into the area of the past. I suppose they are wondering why they should not experiment with it. No matter how much I tell them that this is unwise, only they can make their minds up not to go in.

As I understand this, this vision is teaching me not to worry as to whether people wish to dwell on the past. I have told them the truth, I have shown them what reality is and, if they wish to wander among haunting shadows that crumble around them, then that is up to them. If they wish to clutch at dead things it is not for me to attempt to force them to know reality. (See plates LXXV, LXXVI, LXXVII and LXXVIII.)

Commentary. It is a pity that I did not keep my promise to myself not to enter this place of the past—I entered it and picked over the rubble with a vengeance. I should have realised that this vision was just as much a warning to me as to everyone else. World War II left rubble everywhere—buildings, lives, ruined families, friendships, ways of life. I have spent much time digging in the rubble of this past. My brother's death brought up many things that it would have been better not to have bothered with thus proving the truth of Keizan Zenji's statement in the "Denkoroku" that, even after understanding, one's old karma can still work upon one and thus one can still make mistakes. The great teaching of this vision is that the past of this life, and past lives, is to be learned from but

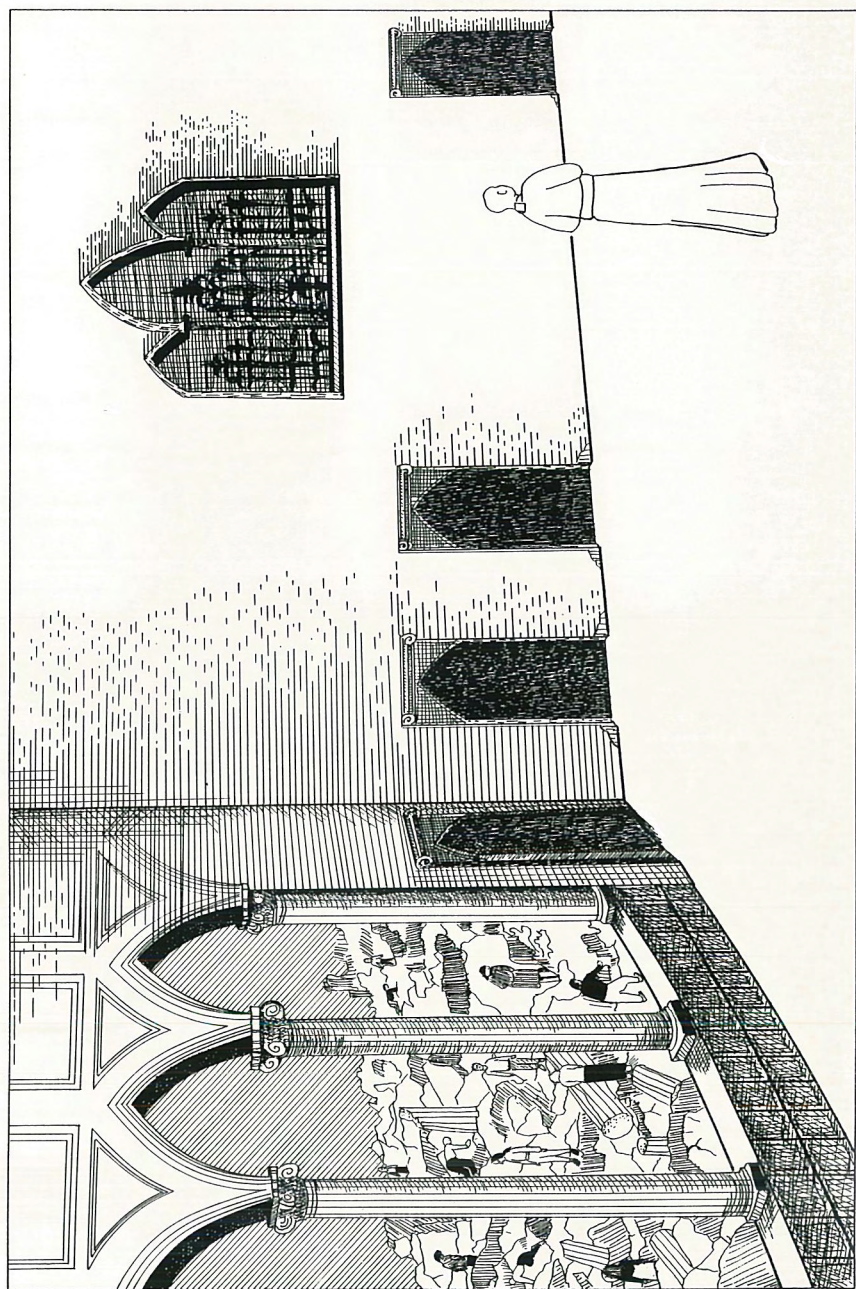


Plate LXXVIII.

not picked over and stayed with or resurrected — it is interesting that some would not, or could not, hear me telling them this and that even I did not listen to myself. I understand now that great ghosts are what our past lives become if we get too interested in, and cling to, them. I understand this place to be where people frequently spend much time dwelling on the broken remnants of the past and also frequently get caught up in spiritualism. The decision to dwell in the past by trying to bring it alive again, by returning to the world to rebuild an empire eventually destined to ruin, by not realising that such a thing cannot be with you in eternity, by accruing academic knowledge that has no connection with eternity, by not realising that that which was only an imagined reality is unreal, is the saddest waste of training time of which I know.

* * *

I am approaching a dark street from darkness. I am dressed as a monk in yellow-orange. Behind me, and a little to my left, is a man, dressed like a 1930's detective in a hunting mac (trench coat) and a trilby hat which is pulled well down over his eyes. I get the feeling that he is my body-guard. We enter the street that is lit only by the lights coming from the windows of a temple on our right. Through the windows I can see a large number of people within. We walk along the street together and come to a lot of people who seem to surround us whilst many others are now trying to get into the temple through the temple door which we have just passed and which is a little behind us to our right. They cajole me to enter but I refuse. I turn to my right and walk past the door, which is set back on a raised platform of cement; access is by means of a small bridge in front and a set of three steps to the platform on the left side. I walk to a door, set in a corner of the wall next to the temple door, and open it. In the far corner of a large room, diagonally from

me at the door, sits an old Theravadin monk on a raised daïs. I cannot see his features. Around the walls sit people and monks on all sides. I look at the old monk and then turn to my right, leaving the door on my left and, without entering the room, walk to, and climb, the three steps leading to the raised cement platform in front of the temple door. I stop at the top of the steps and turn to my left where I see an incredibly beautiful Being, dressed like an Indian god or Bodhisattva, in blue, gold and jewels. The Being greets me with outstretched arms and I note that It has a lotus blooming in the palm of Its right hand; both palms are upwards. It turns them over and places them on my own up-turned palms. I turn to my right and go through the arched doorway of the temple. Everywhere there is bright, as it were liquid, golden light. I walk down an aisle in the centre of the temple; the temple is packed full of people. I believe that the golden light is coming from them and suddenly realise that it is coming from me instead. I reach the altar and am surprised to find it piled high with funeral boxes full of what appear to be small tomb-stones with, maybe, some small altars mixed in. They are all very tidily packed from the top of the altar to the temple ceiling. I am conscious of being concerned that this altar gives off no glorious light and walk down its right side which I find piled with the same boxes and, maybe, altars as the front; this leads me to think that the pile could be solid all the way through. At the bottom of the right side of the altar is a door in the wall which I open and again find myself at the corner of the dark street from which I had at first entered with my body-guard who I now find actually waiting for me outside. I turn to re-enter the temple but the door is already closed behind me. Through a crack at the top of it I can see the light inside. A dark, shadowy figure, dressed much like my body-guard, is behind me and something makes it very clear that I must not attempt to re-enter so I go off by the same way in which I came. I understood from this that I would always be, and be accepted as, a monk. (See plates LXXIX to XCI.)

Commentary. This vision is, again, an affirmation of my full acceptance by True Buddhists, this time backed up by the touch of a Bodhisattva who confirmed the light in me through the lotus imprinted on His hand. I believe the monk in Plate LXXXIII to be one of the Ancestors. The temple architecture was indeterminate which also confirmed its universality. This vision pointed out to me again the importance of knowing that statues and bones are just that; one must not turn them into magical symbols by imbuing them with powers they do not have. Through training one becomes full of light; it is the Eternal's prerogative to use statues, bones and visions for our benefit; it is for us to keep our place as trainees. When others wish to worship statues and bones it is time for the True trainee to leave. The four men in hunting macs (trench coats) I now realise were the four Guardian Kings in disguise.

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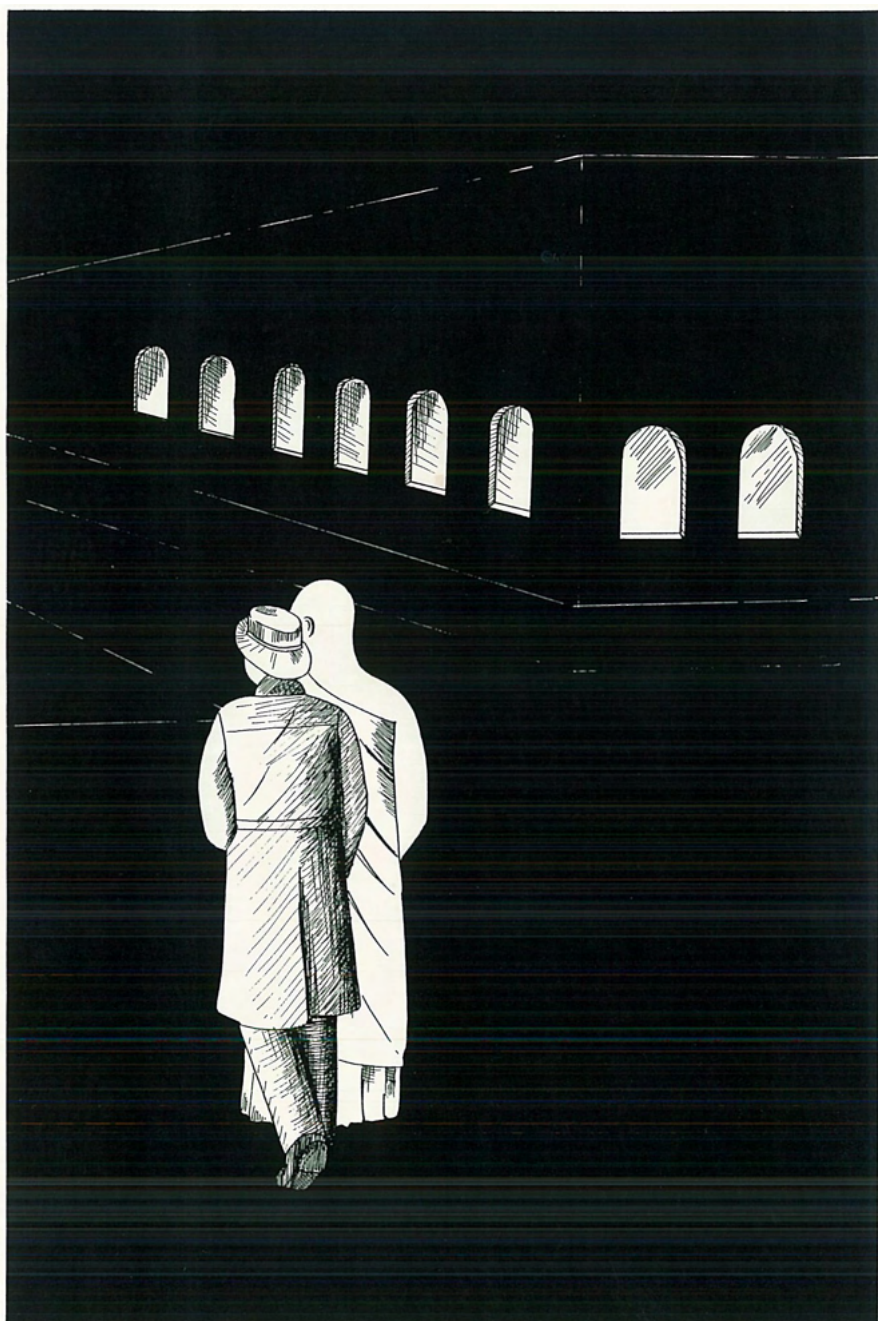


Plate LXXIX.

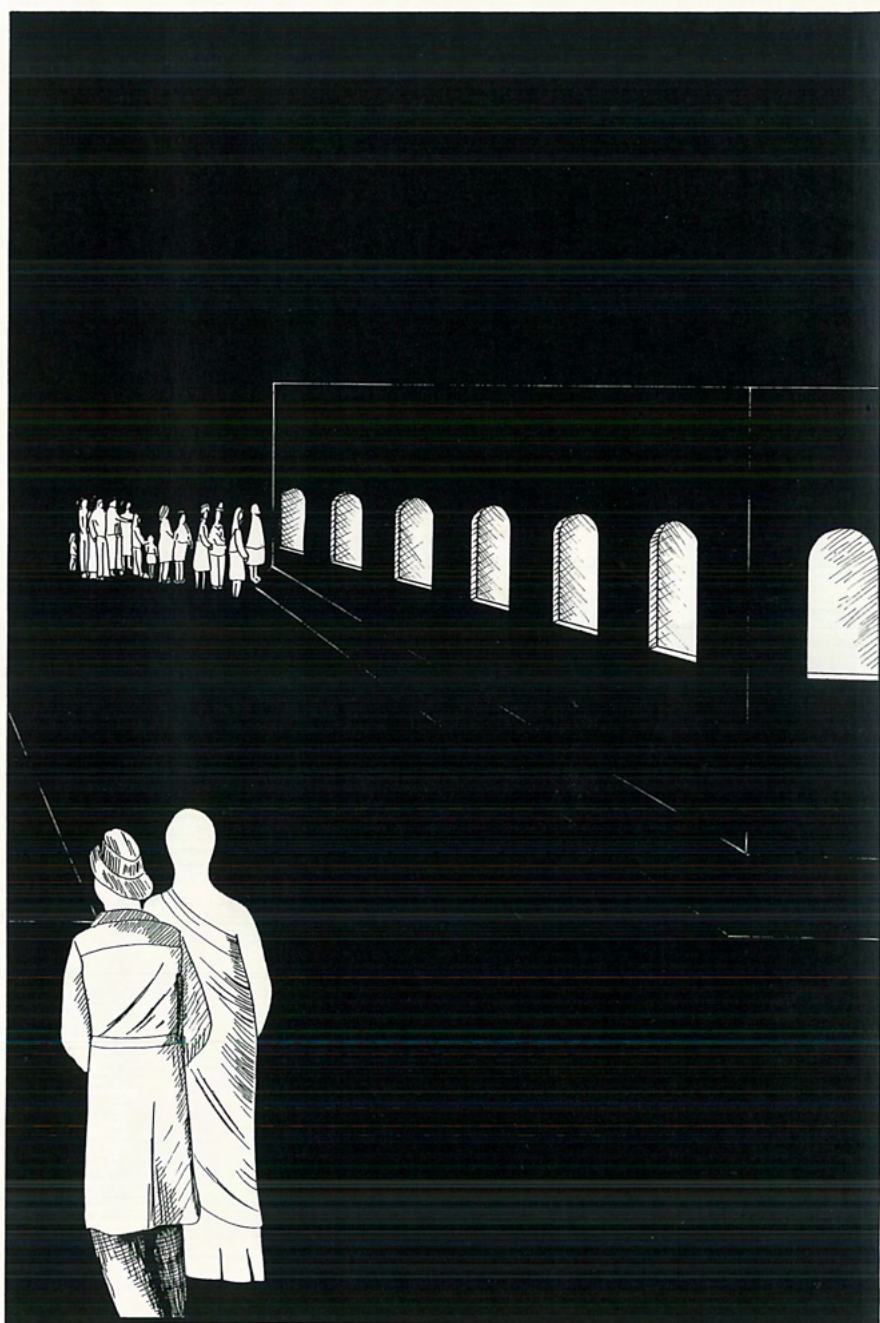


Plate LXXX.

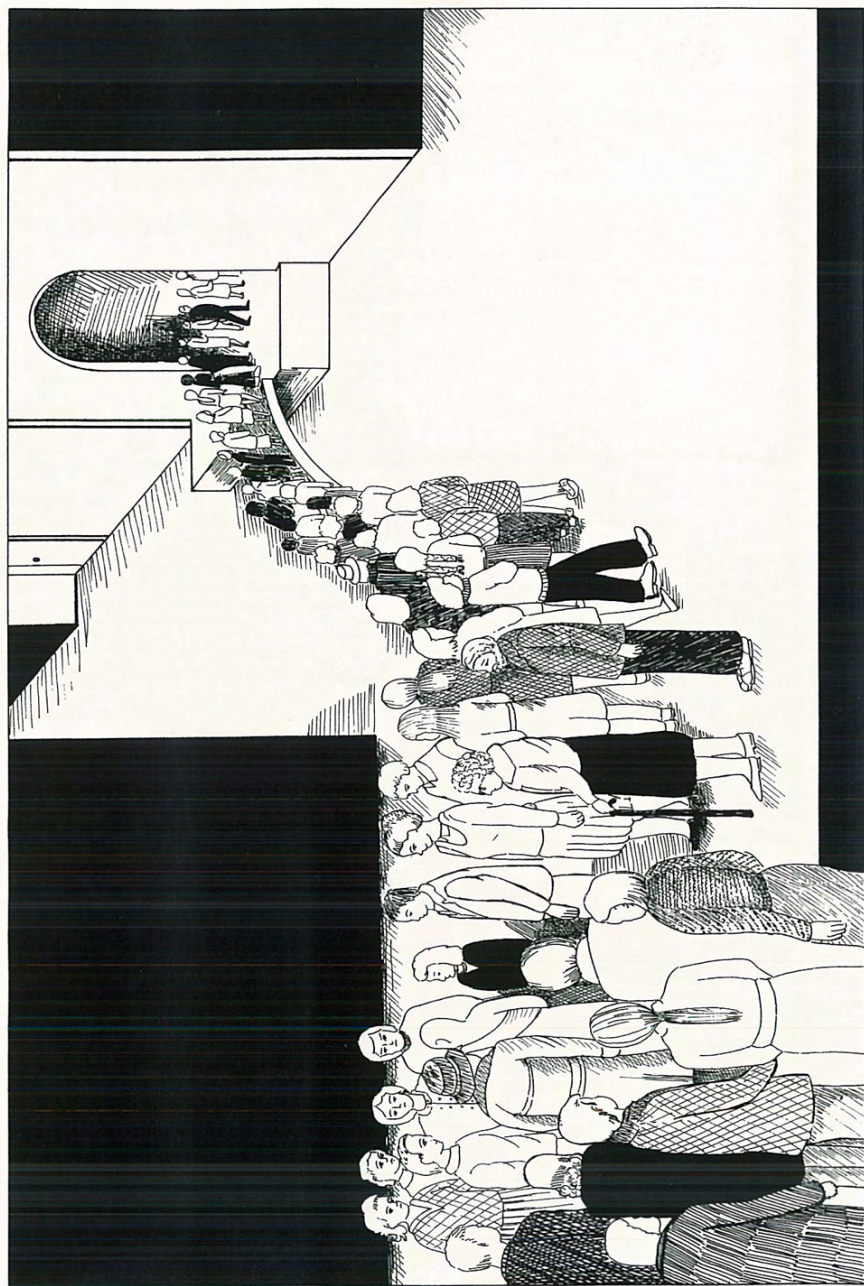


Plate LXXXI.

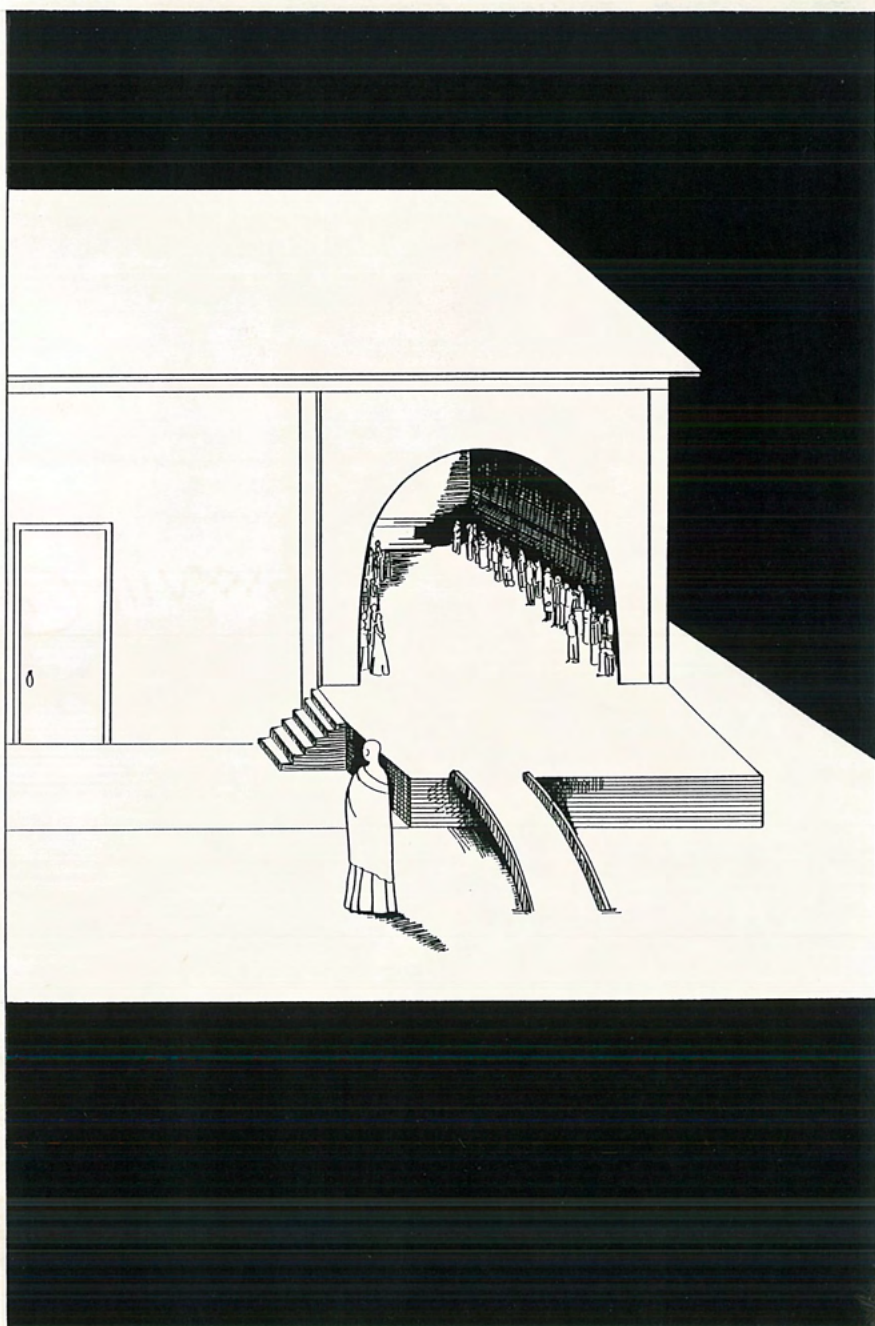


Plate LXXXII.

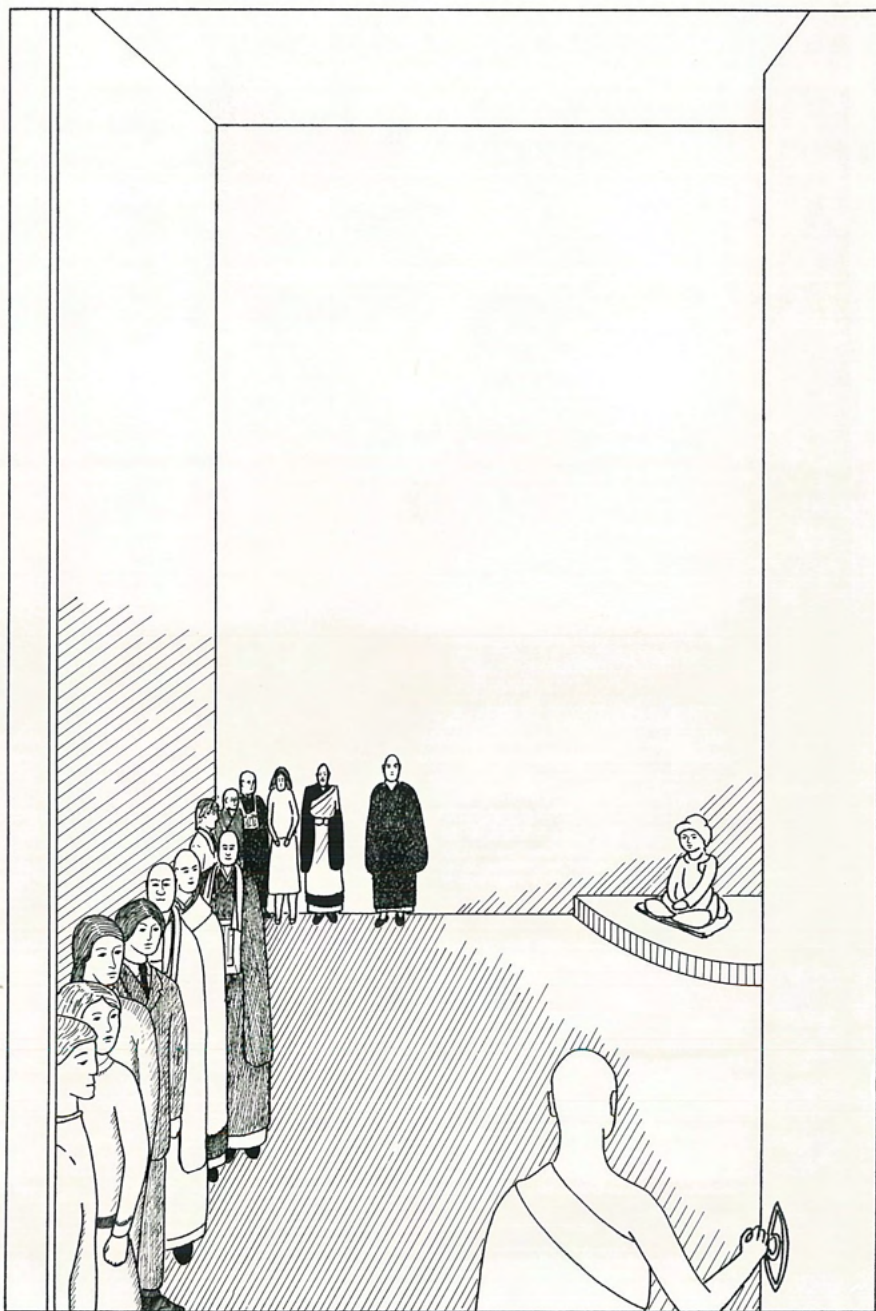


Plate LXXXIII.

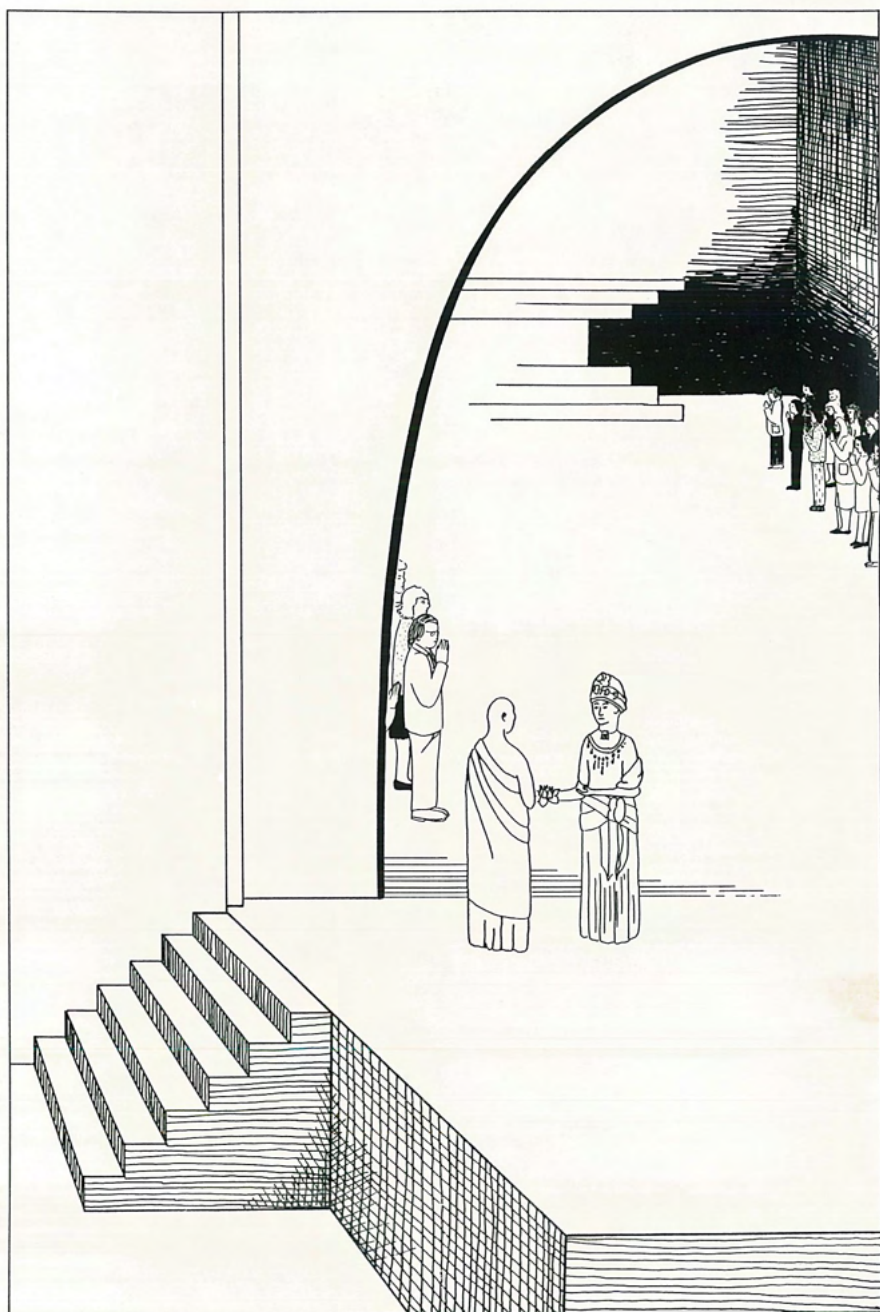


Plate LXXXIV.

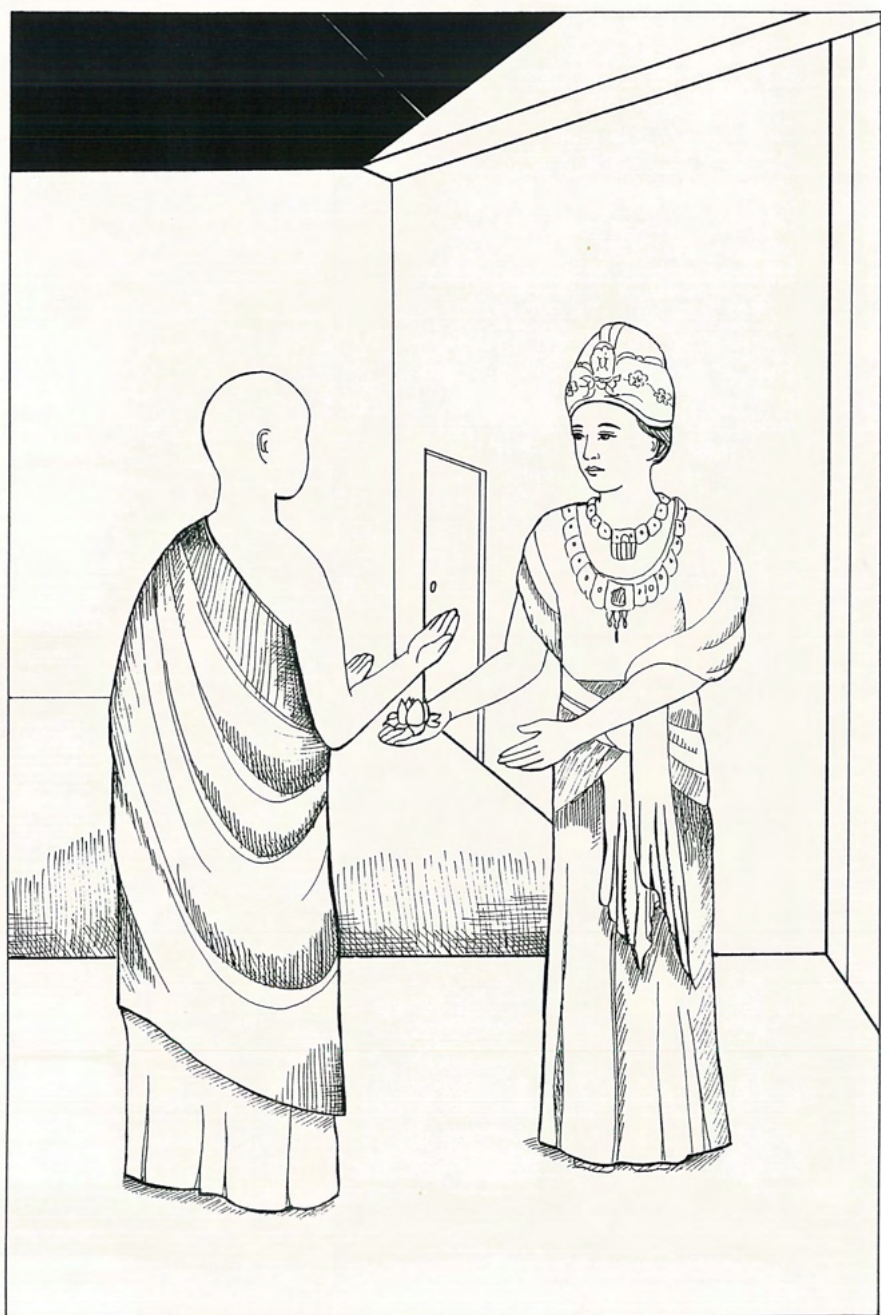


Plate LXXXV.



Plate LXXXVI.

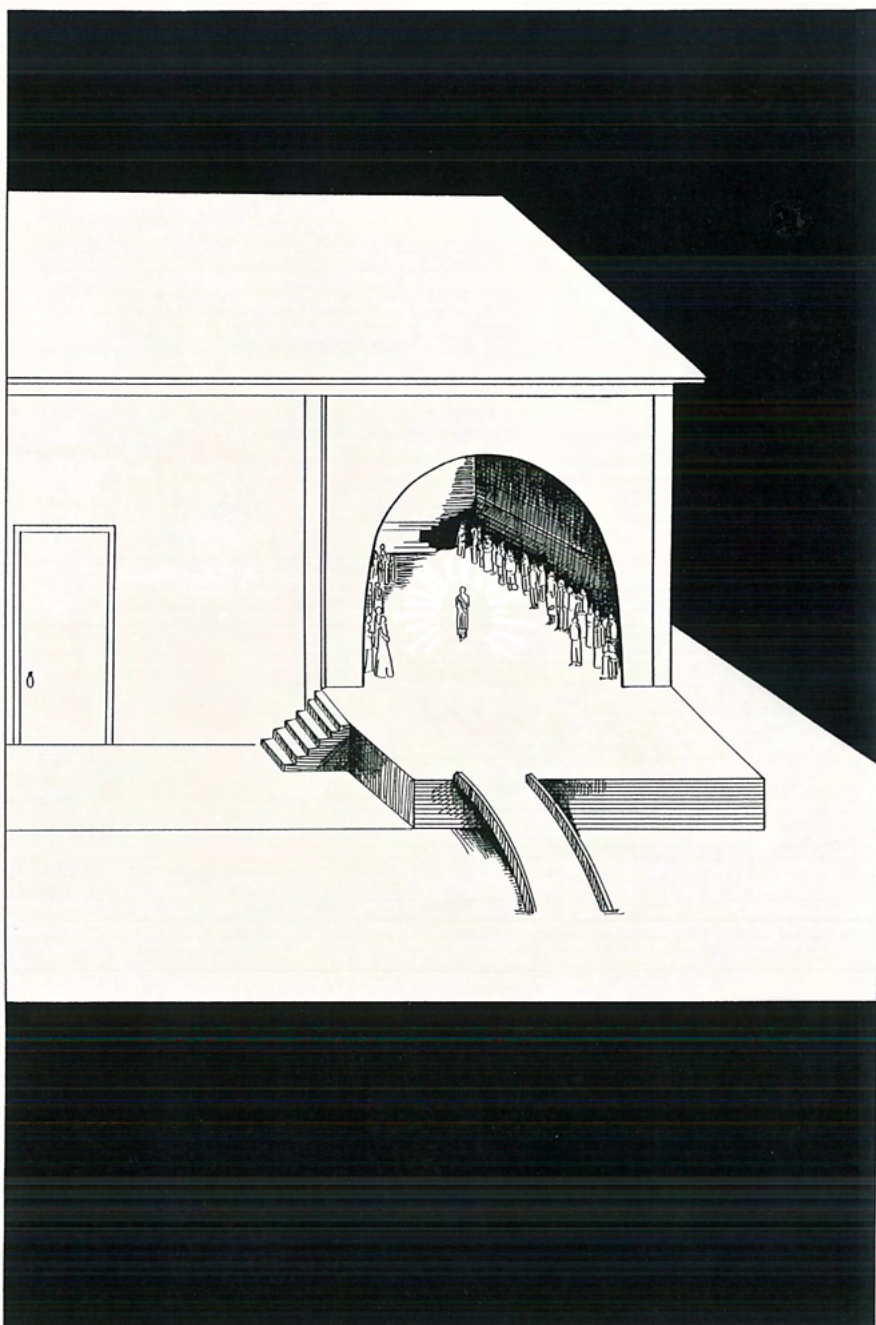


Plate LXXXVII.

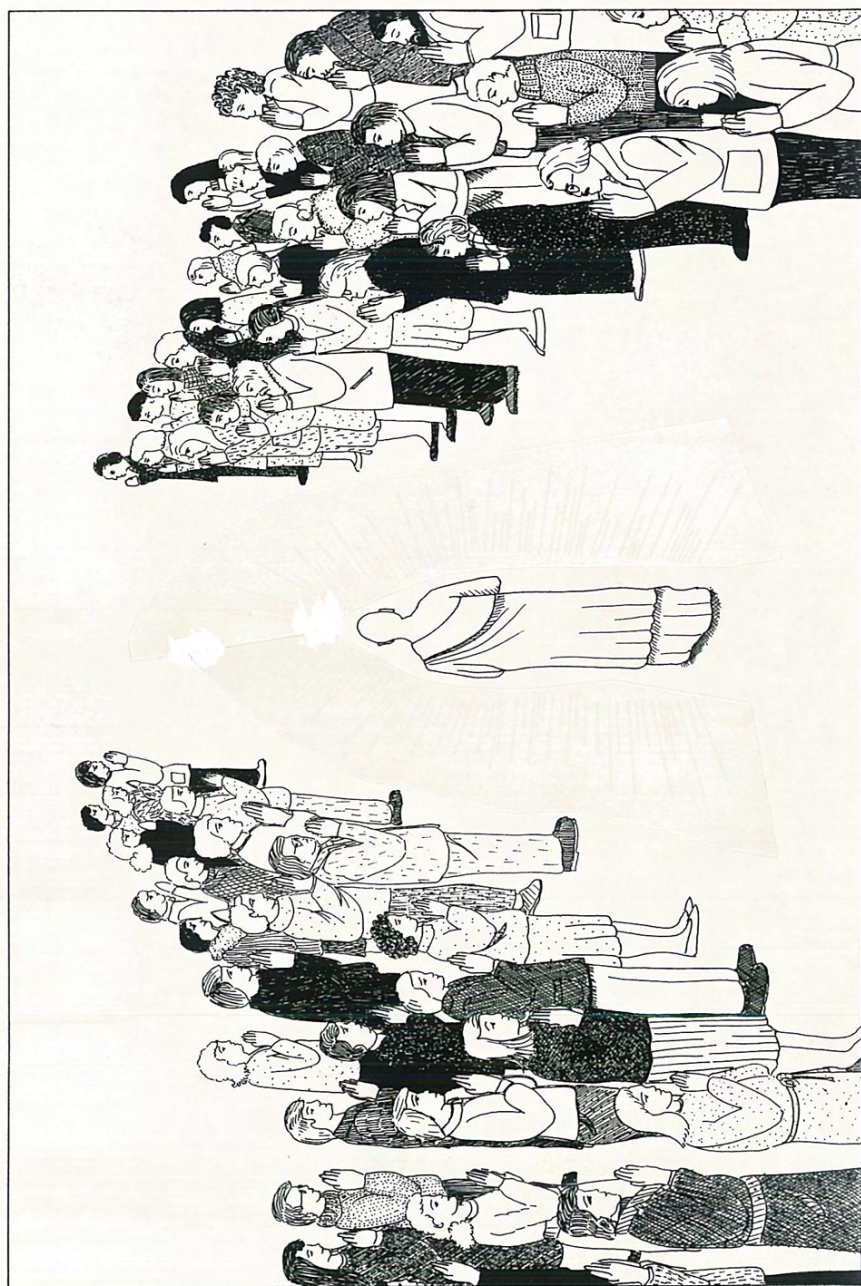


Plate LXXXVIII.

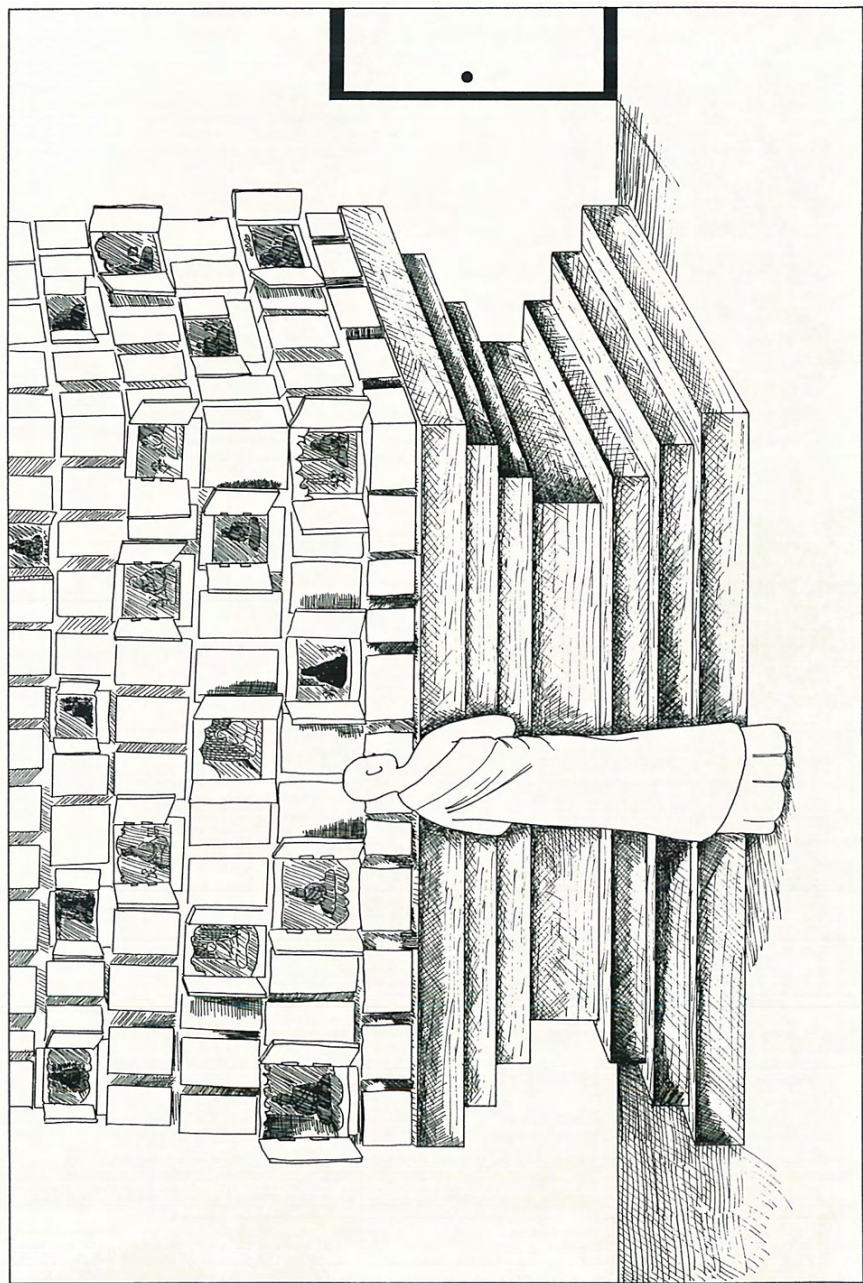


Plate LXXXIX.

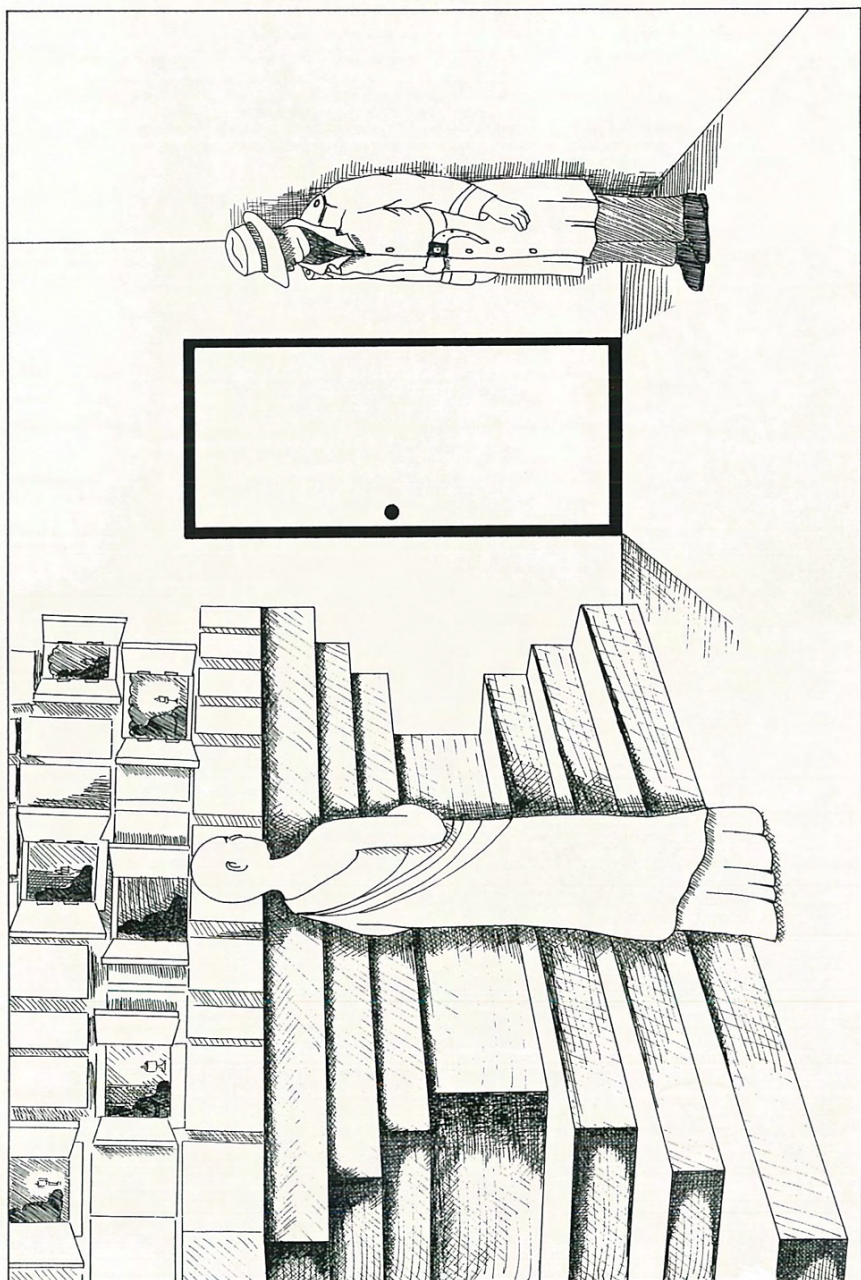


Plate XC.

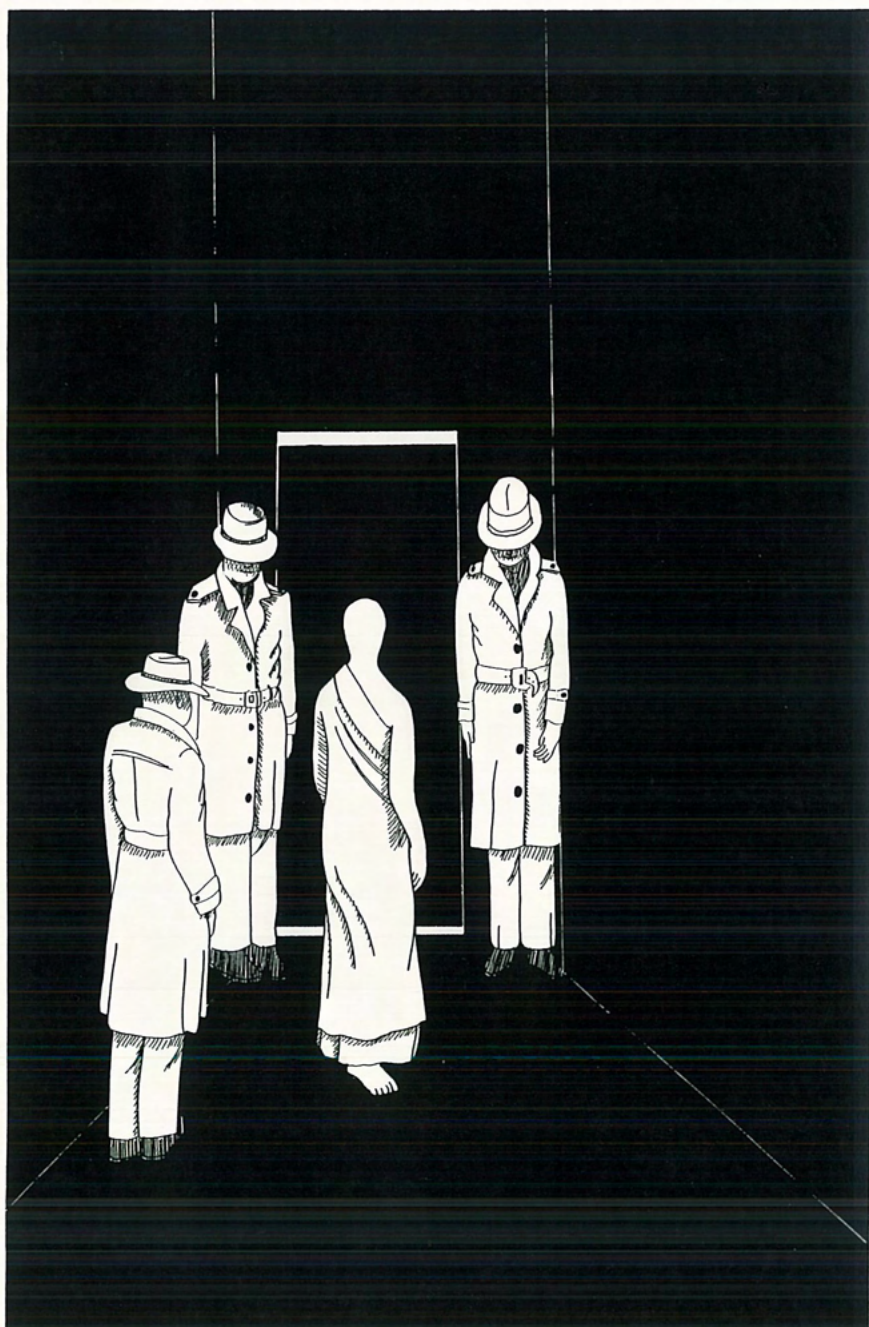


Plate XCI.

I am in a beautiful western-type house or place (this is difficult to describe) and am being well treated by everyone including a charming, elderly gentleman; I do not see him clearly enough to see if he is Japanese although I think he is. There are many other people about who may have been Shasta monks or ordinary people—I am just not sure. At all events, they were all friendly. I turn to my left, away from the elderly gentleman, and walk through several rooms to the front door of the house and go out. I find myself standing in clouds, looking up at a large house some distance away and actually higher in the clouds. The house is built of red brick, has a central wing and two side wings. There is a small tower on top of the central part of the house but I cannot remember its form clearly. There are a number of steps leading up to the front door in the centre of the central wing. I go up the steps and ask (I do not remember whom) to see either a monk or monks (this is unclear). I enter a room in which monks are sitting all around the walls. All of them are wearing different colours. Whoever it was that I spoke to says that I have come to see a monk, or monks (again I cannot remember). I am standing just inside the door at the bottom left corner of the room as in the vision before this one and, if I remember rightly, a monk in a very beautiful colour of pink, with a tomoe on either side of his Wagesa at chest level, comes in from a door in the far corner diagonally across from me. He is very charming and friendly. I am not sure what it is that I ask him, but I go with him to the door in the left-hand far corner and am about to go through when I realise that it leads to a black emptiness (a nowhere-ness?) that does not feel right; a flight of dark stairs leads downwards; I can only see the first one or two steps. I draw back but remain standing on the threshold, the monk is on my right. The vision ended here.

Commentary. I am not at all sure as to how to interpret this vision, however we had been considering an affiliation at this

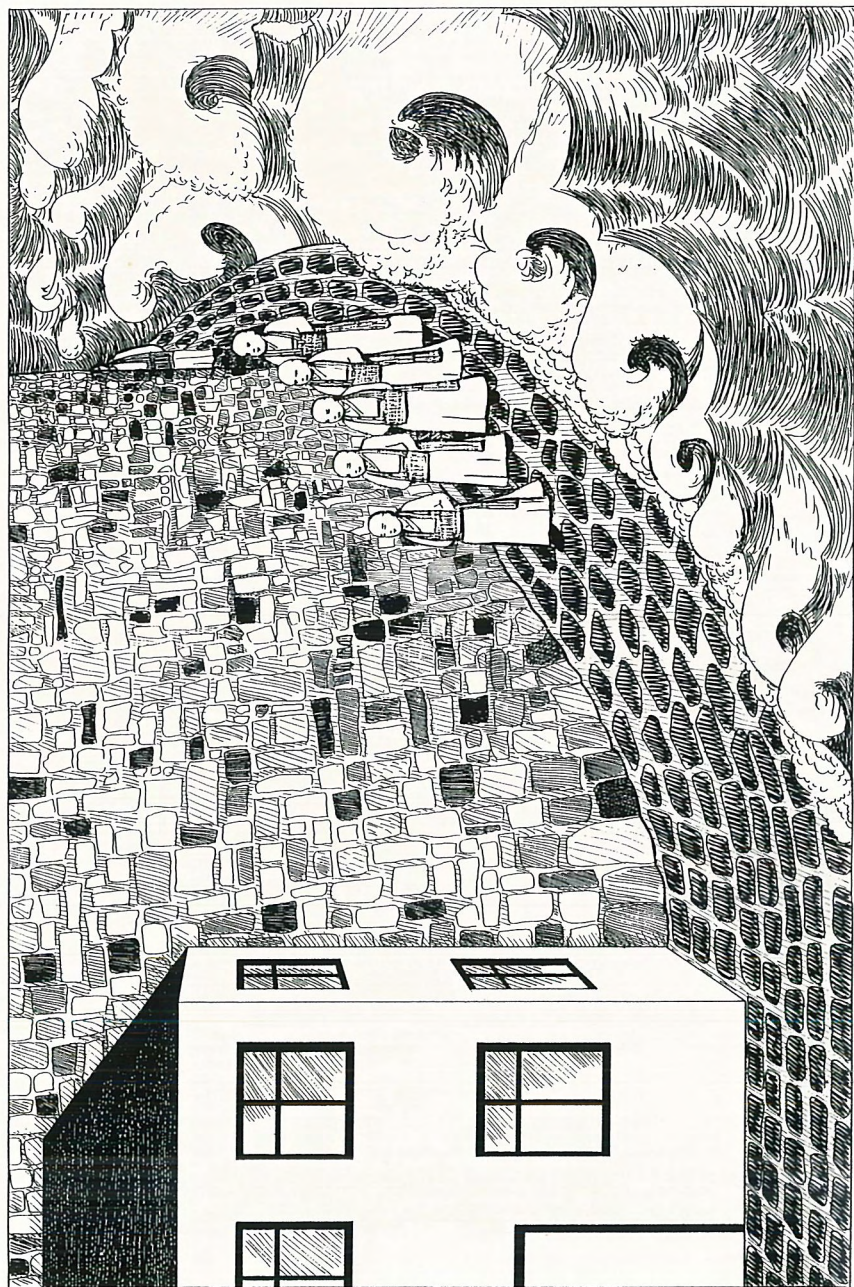


Plate XCII.

time and this may have been a warning against it. Incidentally, we did not affiliate.

* * *

I, with four monks and a shadowy fifth bringing up the rear, are coming around a dark bend in a dark road. To my right, and in front of me, I see beyond an archway a row of people, with their backs to a reddish-brown wall, who appear to have been turned to pumice, standing like statues. The monks are no longer behind me as I go up to them. They are very difficult to describe—they are alive but not alive. I turn back from them and walk along the path under the archway in the direction of the monks. I stop to look out on my left side and see a landscape of red hot, burning hills, strewn with rocks and parts of trees. As far as the eye can see, the earth appears red hot. I am aware that the monks are coming towards me. The vision ended here. (See plates XCII, XCIII, XCIV and XCV.)

Commentary. In this vision I was shown clearly the hell fires into which these five monks would, possibly, consign themselves and the same five that were burned to a crisp on the other side of the door of hell showed what could happen to them if they persisted in their desires. I understand the house in two of these pictures to be a place of safety into which they could have gone to consider what it was they were thinking of doing. I understand myself standing at the gate of hell as a constant attempt on my part to warn them against their then course of action and behaviour. The fourth plate of this series is included here although this might almost be regarded as a separate vision since it took place after the Sange of three of these monks. In this vision I walked on by another house that stretched into the sea and divided off the calm sea from the horrendous storm that boiled outside the walls of hell with flames coming up in the water. I am looking over the calm sea from the top of a cliff, having walked by a small house on the other side of the



Plate XCIII.



Plate XCIV.

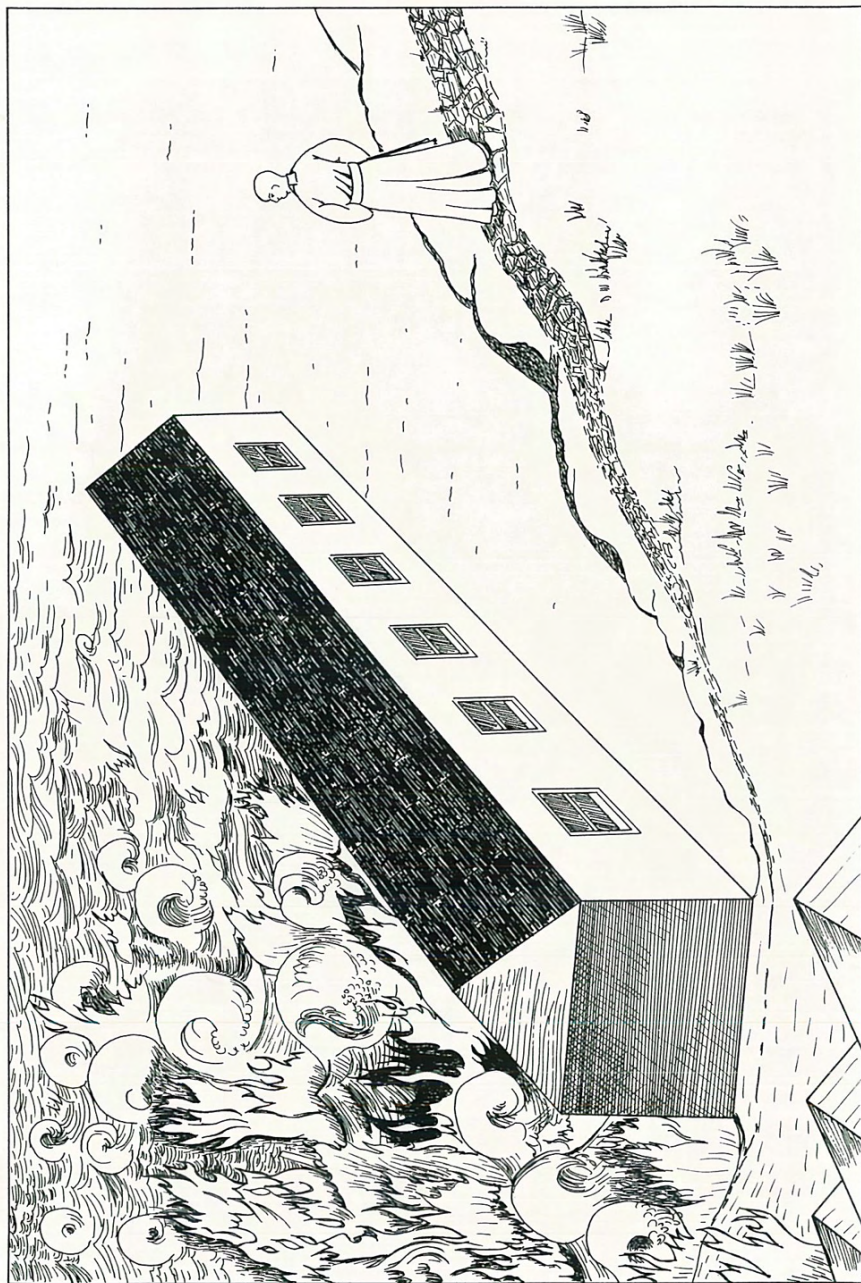


Plate XCV.

cliff path, not shown in the picture. I understand the house, or hall, that reaches into the sea as the Hall of Sange between heaven and hell. I was here alone as shown in the plate. Considering the distance that these disciples walked to get to the gate of hell and the narrowness of the path between the walls of hell and the raging, boiling, fiery sea, it is amazing they did not notice the terrible storm on that sea. I understand this boiling sea as what the sea of the lotuses had changed into at that time.

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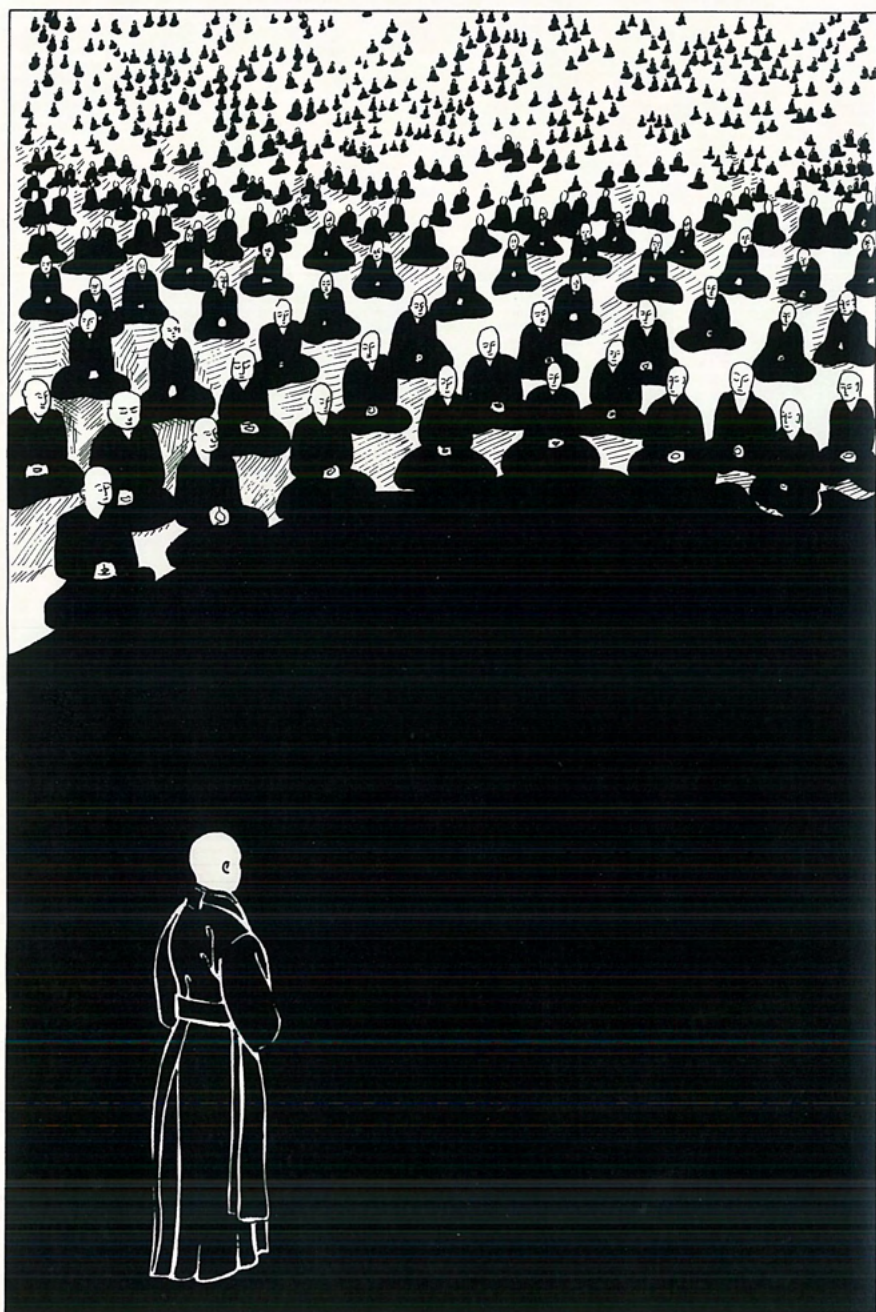


Plate XCVI.

I am standing at the bottom, left-hand corner of a dark hill which is thickly covered with monks in black robes, all of them sitting in meditation. I climb the hill a little, going diagonally to my right, and kneel down, in black-velvet darkness, in front of a large chest outlined in the darkness in gold which I open. I too am in gold outline. I take out a long scroll which I open lengthwise. It has one Sanskrit character in the middle of it which gleams in bright gold on black; the symbol of Vairocana in the diamond aspect. The scroll is in gold outline. I am now lying in corpse pose and Someone places a black Kesa on my chest the effect of which I cannot describe. I, the Being and the Kesa are in gold outline. I am conscious of black velvet banners waving above me, to the left of my head, each bearing a gold Sanskrit character. Although I can see these things clearly, it must be understood that both the banners and the Kesa, as well as myself and the Being, are in black-velvet darkness. This was the end of the vision. (See plates XCVI, XCVII and XCVIII.)

Commentary. I understand this vision to confirm me in eternal meditation and my monkhood in darkness as well as in light. It is very difficult for me to speak of this vision—it is enough for me to eternally be a black monk on the hill—to find the Truth—Vairocana Buddha.

* * *

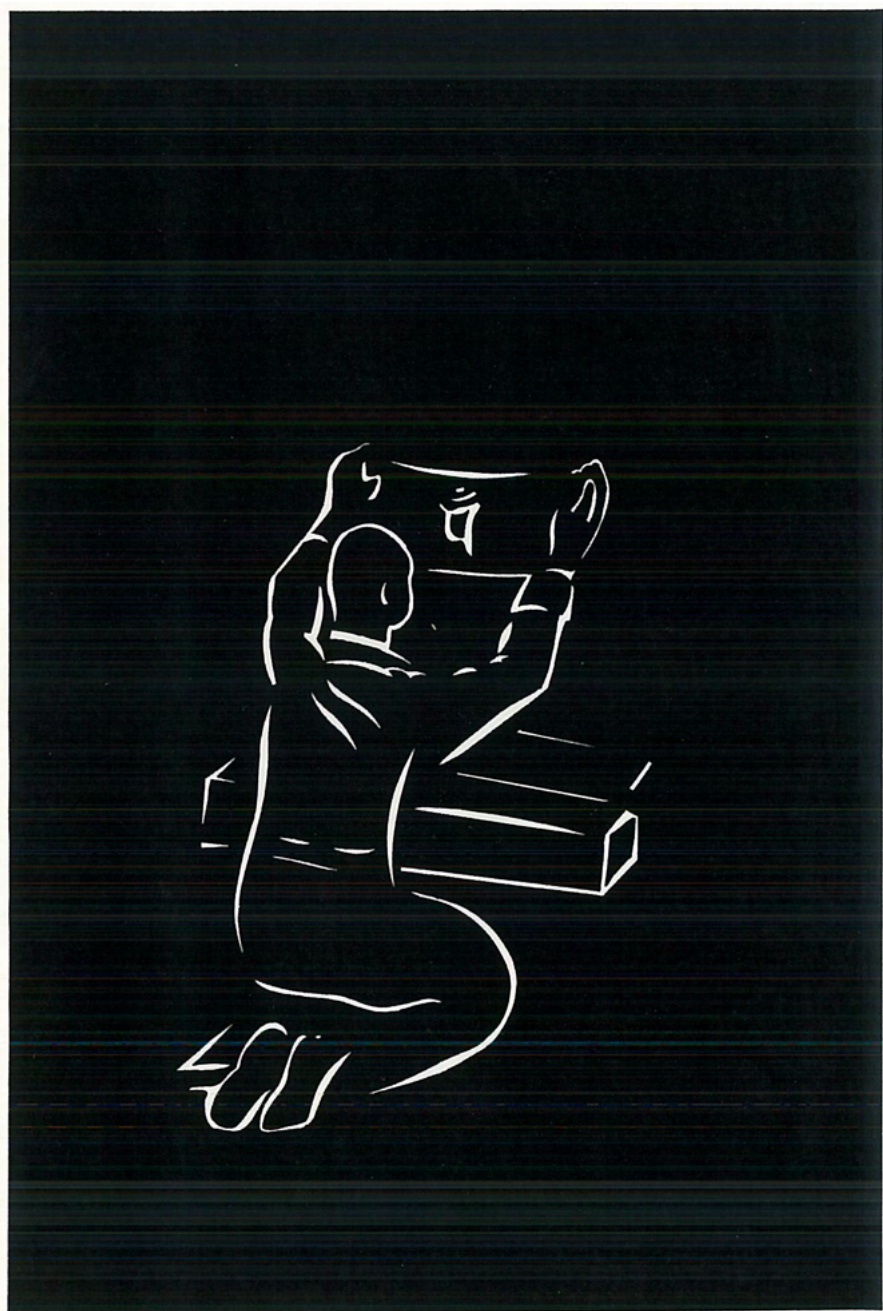


Plate XCVII.

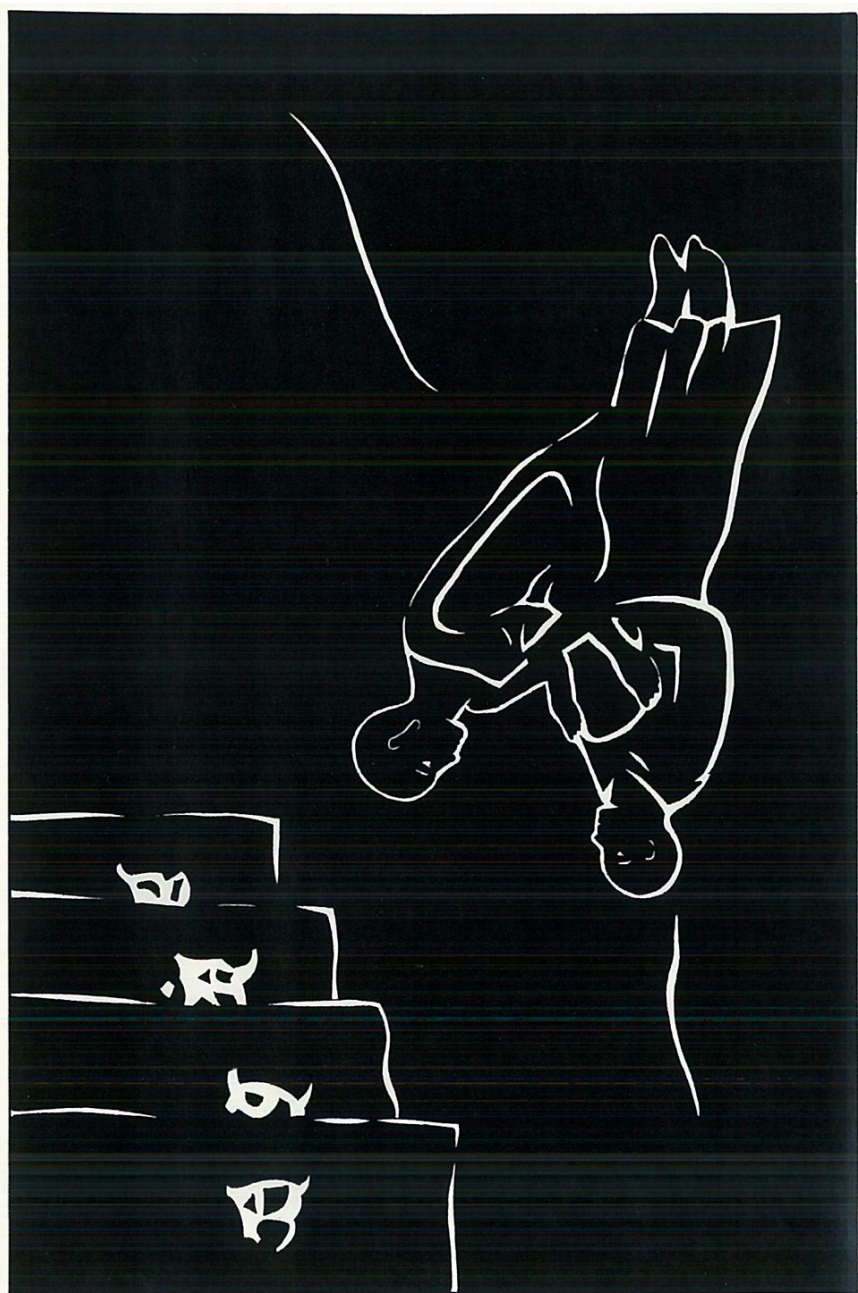


Plate XCVIII.

I am in my home town of Hastings which has been flooded everywhere by the sea except for the pavement on which I am walking. I am walking by the cricket ground, which used to be the harbour before the fourteen hundreds; this is also flooded. I am in the main shopping area, Queen's Road. The water continues to rise until it reaches my waist for a very short time; it is very soft and beautifully warm. At the top of the hill, I look down on the other side and see nothing but water everywhere although the sea, as the world knows it, is behind me. I start to go back the way I came. I see a smallish Japanese monk come out of a store on the opposite side of the road wearing a koromo the colour of which is known in Japan as plum mouse. The bottom is tucked into his waistband and reveals his thighs. His legs and feet are bare. I greet him joyfully but he does not seem to recognise me and returns my smile with a slight stare. He goes on up the hill and down the other side towards the sea whilst I continue in the direction of the sea known to the world. I turn my head to look at him and find that he is doing the same thing, still with the same slight stare. I turn back and walk on, cross the road and go into the store he came out of. Inside, everything is closed, only the door being open. There are no sales-people, the counters are dark and a sort of metal-barred screen cuts them off from the door and keeps people from touching their contents or going to look at them. I am only just inside the door. I return to the street and continue on in the opposite direction to the monk for a few steps. The vision ended here. Three days later I learned that an important Japanese monk had been approaching death at this time. He had the same sort of expression, when he met me some years ago, that the monk in the vision had.

Commentary. It is very important for a person to understand visions correctly, thus the known is used in order to avoid mistakes. I know my home town well. I understand this vision as my saying goodbye in spirit to the Japanese monk

whom I had met when alive. He walked on into the sea, that was not the physical sea, in this vision and I returned towards the sea that I have always known to be the physical sea in this life. The leaving of the store I understand as the leaving behind of worldly things which were locked up and gone for ever. This particular store sells good quality, mediocre merchandise—perhaps the Eternal was once more exhibiting Its dry humour; It does this occasionally.

* * *

I am in a beautiful garden which I dearly love but which the government is constantly filling with buildings full of papers that lie about everywhere. There is never anyone in these buildings; they just get put up, papers put into them and never used. I look out of the window in my office at the setting sun over the sea and, longing to be free of the useless buildings that are ruining the garden, I decide to make my way to the shore. I leave the garden but find it more and more difficult to walk since it is impossible to get near the sea because of empty and useless buildings and broken paths and roads. The first buildings I come to, after leaving the garden, are blocks of flats which look good outside but are dirty, unfinished and un-lived-in within. I have to go through one to get past them and so find this out; there is debris everywhere. On the other side there are rocks, warehouses and broken paths and roads. The sky is gloomy. In one or two places I can get near the sea but these are so dangerous, with sloping, falling cliffs and boiling, dark grey water, that one look is enough to keep me well away from them. The warehouses, now also railway cars and walls, prevent me from getting near the sea where it is beautiful and safe. I come to a broken cross-path and meet one of the monks scurrying towards a huge, long, narrow, high black warehouse into which he hurries. On its side is painted the following in day-glow yellow, 69. I do not understand this but feel worried about

him and want to stop him; I do not know how. I tried to stop this vision here but it continued throughout the morning somewhat in the same vein as above, with me wandering about, trying to get out of the maze of paths and buildings so as to get to the sea. I felt quite ill by the evening. I have had visions something like this before; always the sea is dark and dangerous where I can get to it and I am becoming more and more frustrated wandering around dark buildings and paths, trying to reach the sea or the outdoors where I know the sun is shining and the sky is blue. Perhaps this is my own personal hell of frustration which is visited by me on account of my being an abbess. In another version of this vision, which I had once, I was wandering about in the basement of Soji-ji (it does not have one!) trying to get to the daylight outside which seemed never to be reached. Everyone there was happily living in this subterranean area except me; only I was trying to leave and getting, it seemed sometimes, deeper in.

Commentary. I have had much difficulty with government officialdom because of the incredible waste of time and paper it generates. I finally gave up this side of the administration of Shasta Abbey to the Vice Abbot. My blood-pressure was dangerously high after this vision. Although I usually do not write such visions as this down, I thought it might help people to know that visions are on their side and may be warning them of dangers to their health.

* * *

I fell asleep shortly before ten in the evening and awoke a little after midnight, remaining awake for the rest of the night. Shortly before dawn I experienced the following vision. Coming out of darkness, I am ascending a hill, walking slightly diagonally to the left as I do so. It is dark but I am able to see a line of fountains on the left side of the hill; the wind

blows their water towards me as I ascend; on the top of the hill I can see the outline of a huge temple faintly silhouetted against the sky. I approach the gate, enter and am greeted by a middle-aged monk wearing a black, Japanese going-out robe (kaeriofuku) and a dark-coloured, brocade Wagesa of the continuous type worn by Tendai, Shin and Shingon monks. He is friendly and welcomes me; we go to a room in which is his desk and he sits down. He asks me if I will place his equivalent of a tatte mosu on his head and I unfold it and do so. It is white with red decorations and the exact shape of the religious millinery worn by the central figure in the picture on page no. 46 of *The Life of Kobo Daishi* for children, volume no. B.75., in my library. He writes something and then invites me to take a bath which I know will help heal the muscles on the fronts of my thighs. We go outside and proceed together towards the bath house which is some distance away and at the bottom of a ladder. As I am about to go down the ladder, I and the priest are pushed aside by a large number of people who rush to get down the ladder ahead of us. I can almost see the water flowing over the small dark rocks below (a Briton would call them large stones). The priest, saying that there is another bath, leads the way back to the house and up a few steps since we eventually did get down the ladder but there was, by that time, no room left in the bath. We go into the house and he points out some smaller baths telling me not to worry. I am about to take a towel and go towards the warm, wet, dark stones, when a young woman, with three small children, pushes past us and takes the baths meant for me. The priest again whispers that I am not to worry and points to what I believe to be another bath. I tried to end the vision but it continued until after I had bathed. During the bath, I had some insights into how I might be able to strengthen the muscles on the fronts of my thighs which I believe were injured in Japan.

Commentary. This is another vision in which I am recognised by churches and religions different to my own however, in this

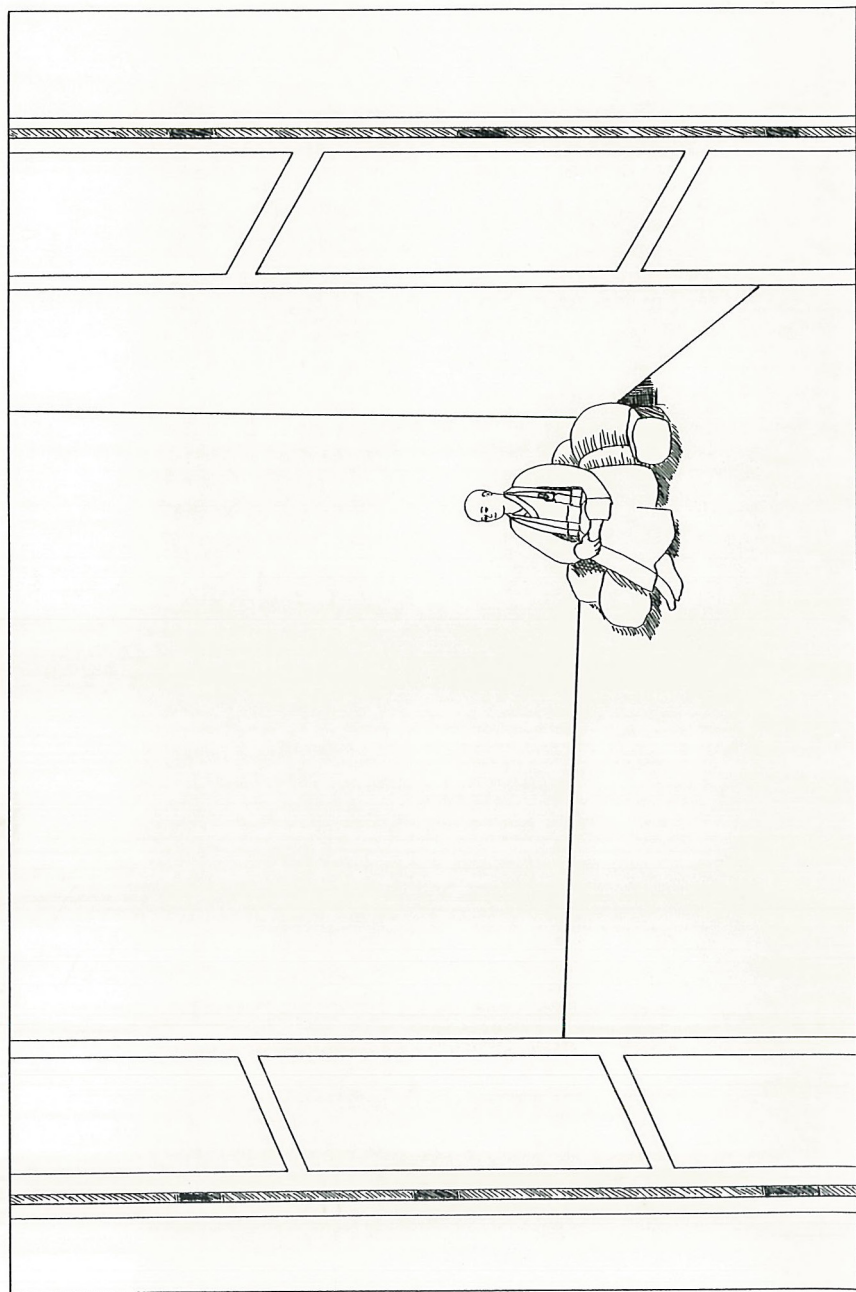


Plate XCIX.

one, there is also the element of healing and a pointing to the power of the Water of the Spirit. The monk in the vision pointed out to me that the bath containing the Water of the Spirit could not be stolen in spite of others' greed thus reassuring me in my faith and preserving me from despair, hatred and anger.

* * *

It is just before dawn. I am entering an extremely expensive and elegant upper class house in an exquisite garden. I make myself comfortable in a small, unimportant room in the house's unimportant area. The room contains no furniture. In a few minutes a lady comes to see me. I cannot see her too clearly but she is not just shadowy. She takes me to another room, the floor of which is sloping slightly, at the higher end of which is a pair of semi-glazed French doors opening onto the garden which also slopes upwards. The sun is shining brightly but it is not hot. I again settle myself and my belongings into the bottom right-hand corner of the room and a young man enters: I too am young as I now realise. He greets me joyfully and we embrace. It is then that I notice that I am white and he is black. Although we embrace, there is no engagement of our sexual organs and no sexual excitement or intercourse; we are one in pure joy, that is all, and we dance thus round the room going in a clockwise direction. As we go up the left side of the room, I see that there is a three fauceted fountain in the middle of a rectangular basin in the middle of the room. The lady watches. The fountain starts to play as we come to it and we are both sprayed by it and laugh delightedly. (See plates XCIX to CI.)

Commentary. All opposites must be fully accepted and transcended if one would know That which lies beyond the opposites for here there is both light in darkness and darkness in light; these cannot be understood by one-sided darkness or one-sided light; they can only be transcended.

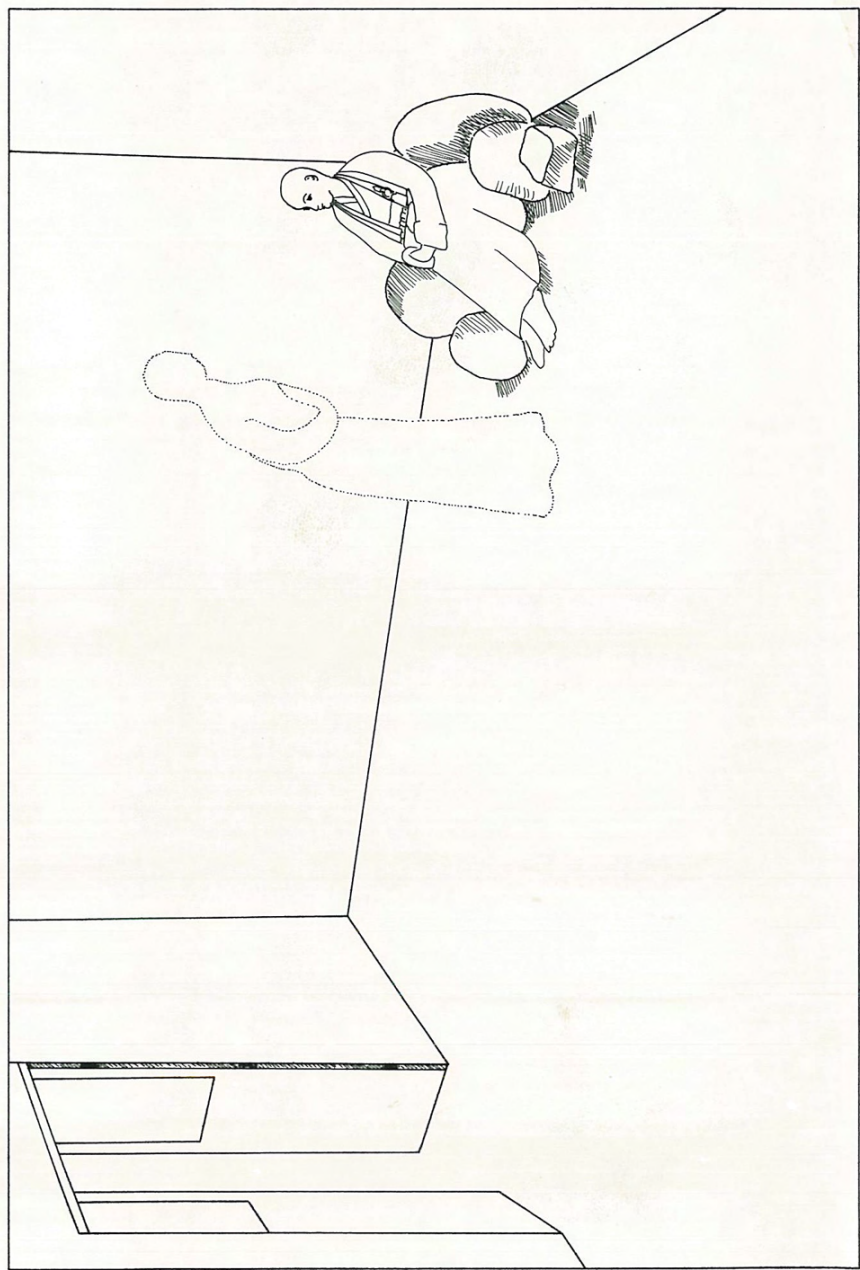


Plate C.

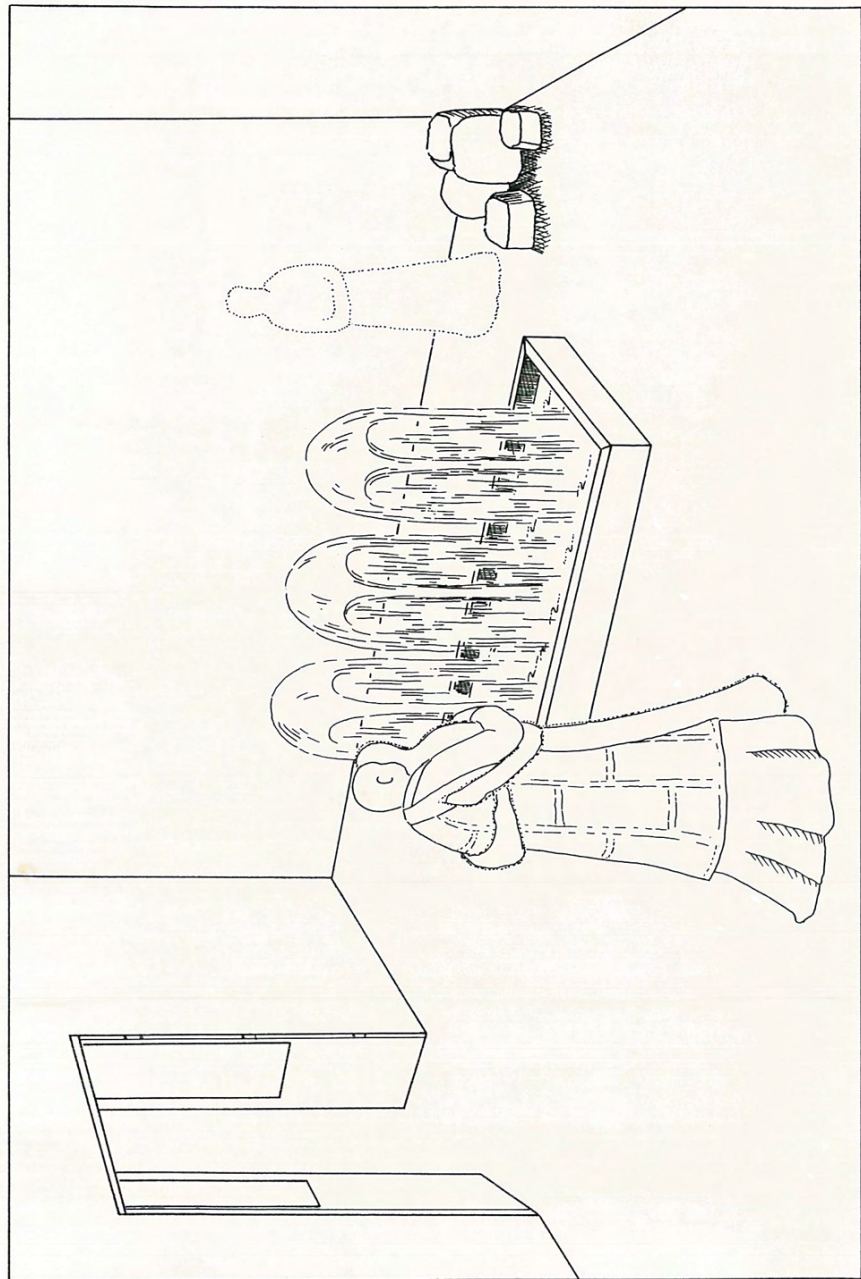


Plate Cl.

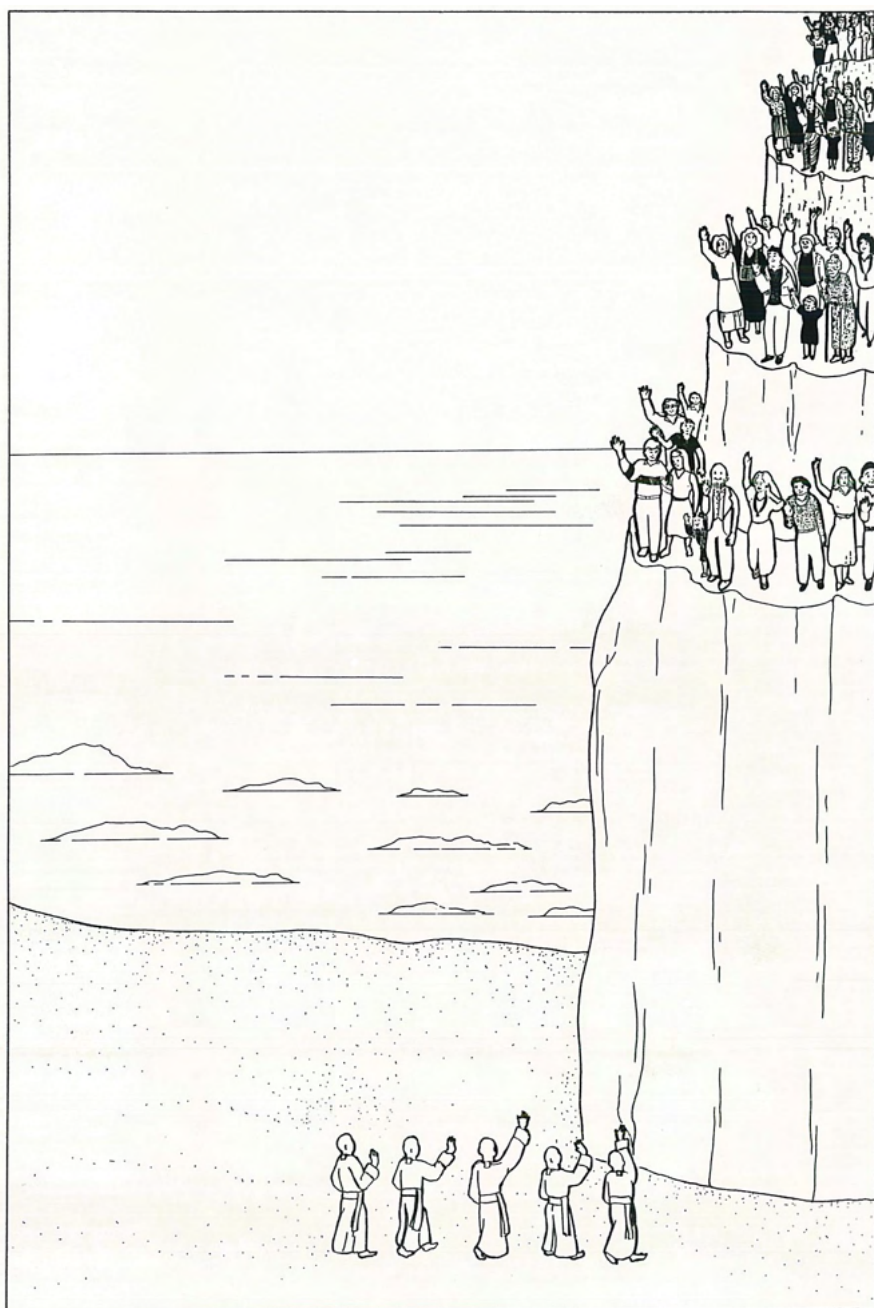


Plate CII.

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Being in bed, sick, but not asleep, I had the following vision at one this afternoon. I had been meditating and thinking much on the causes of this illness which has seemed to take place at the same time, on the same weekend, each year for the last four years. I saw a great crowd of people standing on cliffs, as if in tiers, waving and shouting congratulations as I and other monks walked by. Then the vision changed as the positive of a photographic print changes to a negative. Whenever I have seen this, I have known that it implied that what I am seeing I must neither seek for nor expect. I then saw a great line of human beings, all monks, male and female, shoulders and heads outlined in gold, for a very long way. One, about half-way down the line, flickered in and out but, basically, seemed to stay in the line. I then saw a great edifice with spires stretching up,—a central spire,—nothing but great spires reaching up—a magnificent edifice; and this was followed by a picture of a carved cliff. A piece was missing about two feet up, making a natural cave of about two to three feet deep. On a plinth at the back stood a skull and below it a wreath of carved leaves. A gold incense burner, with a long stick of incense in it, stood in front of it. The tomb I understand very well indeed; the magnificence of the church and the great line of monks I understand very well also. (See plates CII, CIII, CIV and CV.)

Commentary. I had been meditating deeply as to which way Shasta and I should go and, in this vision, I was told clearly to turn from worldly fame and gain and I and the monks here were shewn that the Gold of the Eternal was ours if we turned from worldliness. We were all being shewn how our Church would prosper should we do this and how we would be as its golden spires for all to take refuge in. Seeing the simplicity and beauty of my tomb, set, as I believe, in the white cliffs overlooking the English Channel, did not in the least disturb me but I know

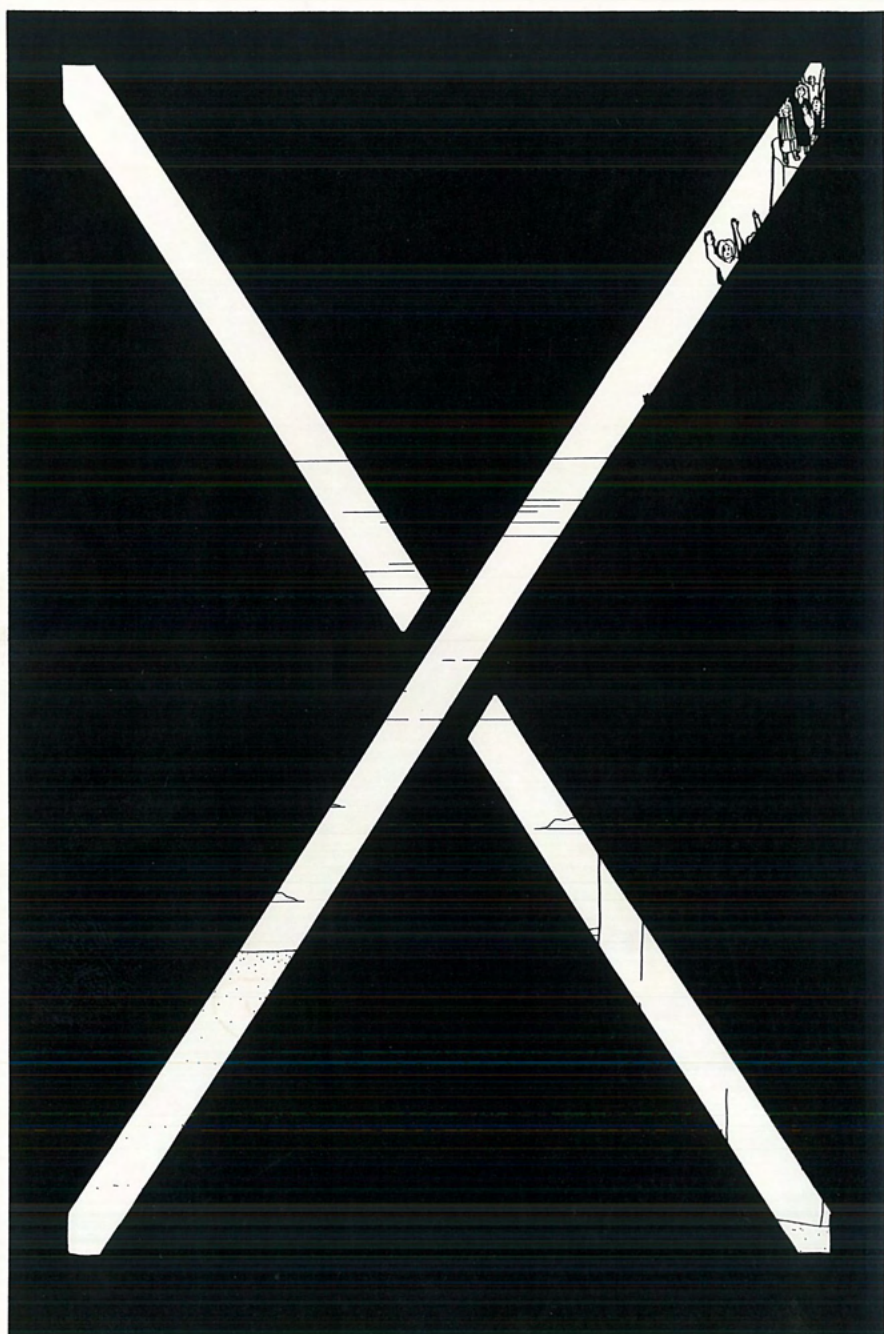


Plate CIII.

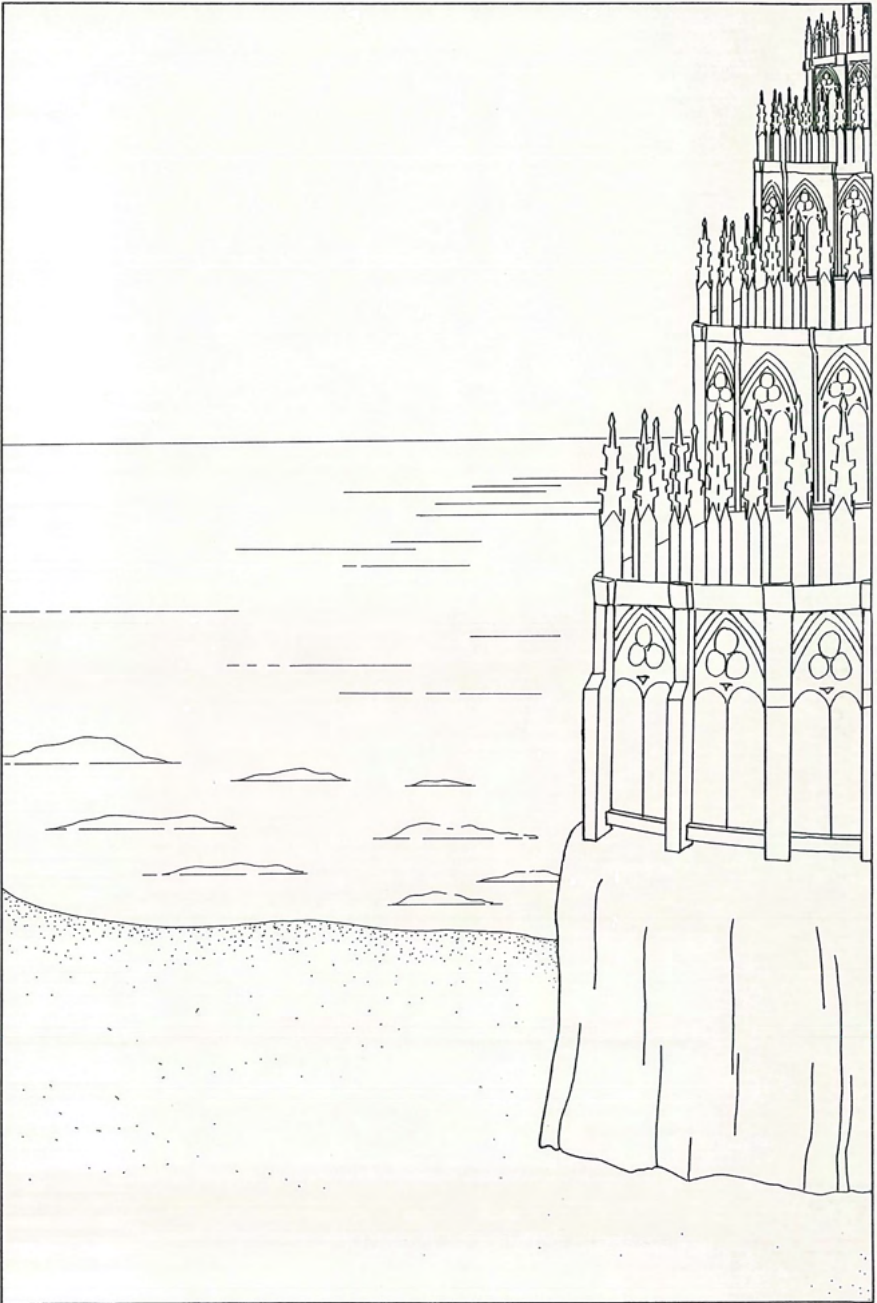


Plate CIV.

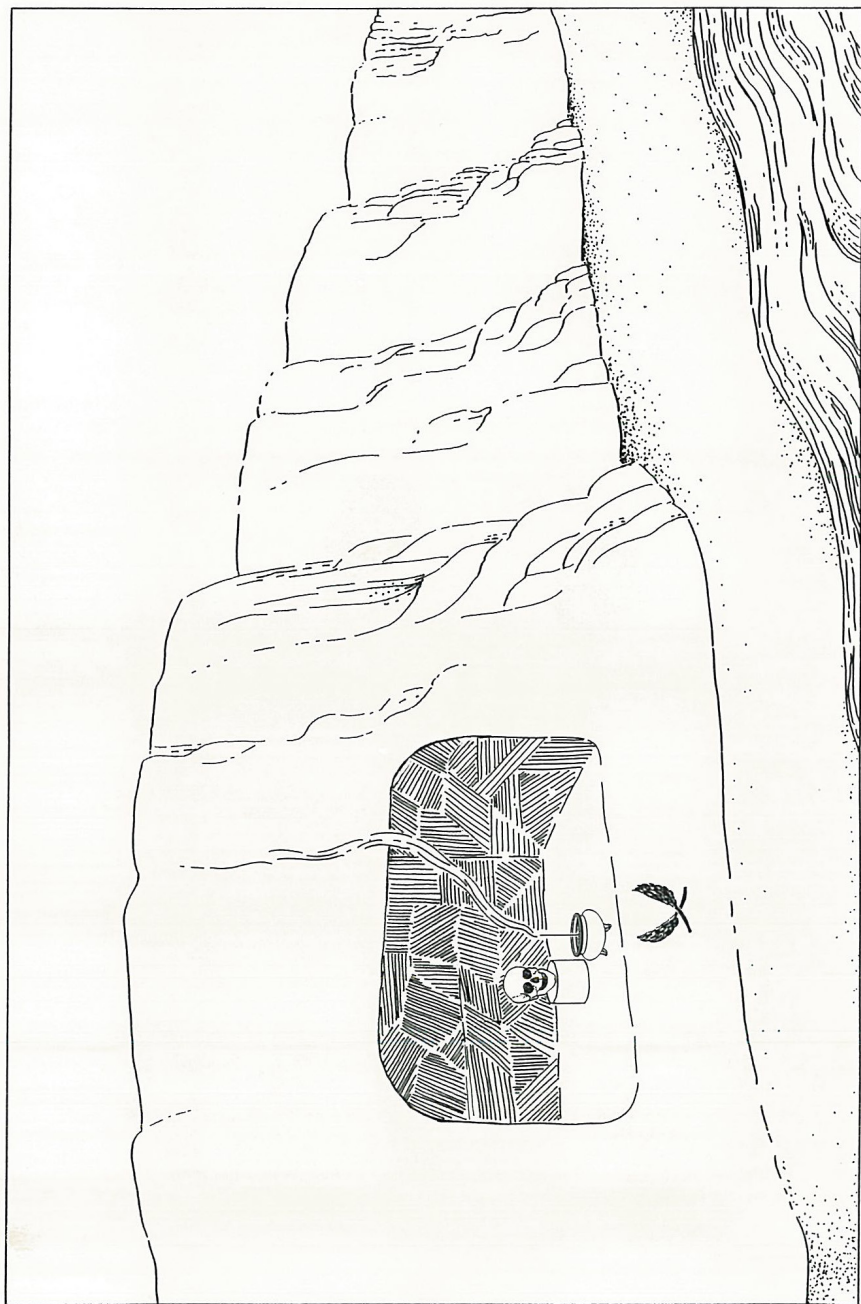


Plate CV.

that to be buried there is impossible—the cliffs are a national monument and my favourite place.

(Here are a few more details of this vision taken from the notes of the meeting Rev. Master held this day with the Roshis:— the crowd of cheering people represents fame and the following negative of this means “No.” If Rev. Master follows this teaching, what follows is a promise: the line of monks are the future abbots of this temple and the building with spires, the central spire reaching beyond sight, is also a promise. The image of the carved cliff with the cave is Rev. Master’s own memorial: the cave is on a beach with the sun coming in from behind and to the right. There is a very beautiful, plain incense burner with a single stick of fresh incense in it in front of the skull but there is no one on the beach. The wreath of leaves below is carved. This is a very beautiful memorial; nothing more is needed.)

* * *



Plate CVI.

It is just before dawn. I visited a hell in which there are cages on either side of a central aisle up which I am proceeding. At the top of the aisle there are cages on the opposite wall. I am not aware of walls; this just seems to be a place of limitless cages. Inside these cages are ghastly-looking things which seem to be undulating, have greedy holes in their tops and are green-black in colour. The amount of greed for life in them is frightening. In front of me is an ordinary man in shirt-sleeves and trousers feeding them live babies, birds, animals and fish. It is a horrible and terrifying place; the plate describes it better than I can. These beings eat through the top holes, or mouths, which suck creatures thrown down to them as the victims scream. The ghastly-looking things then bulge and sink down to digest. I am told that this is the karmic consequence of eating live beings. (See plate CVI.)

Commentary. Owing to my illness, the doctors had requested me earnestly to eat meat in order to be able to stay alive. I had been meditating deeply on this and this vision was the result. As I understand it, this vision means that, if one eats meat for pleasure or enjoyment, then what is seen here is the karmic consequence. If, however, as a result of the possibility of becoming lean and dying because of illness, and thus not being able to train, one eats that for which the animal was not killed (i.e. the scraps left over) and nothing more, and if, indeed, there are no scraps, taking the risk of dying anyway, then this karmic consequence does not take place. According to the Vinaya, meat and fish are permissible if the doctor prescribes it but, the instant it becomes desired, the danger of karmic consequence is terrible. I also understand that the human beings being fed to these horrible things are those who are taking the karmic consequence of having eaten meat out of desire.



Plate CVII.

It is the anniversary of my first kensho in 1962, October 5th. I have frequently received a confirmation of that first kensho on or near its anniversary. To-day I experienced the following vision:— in black-velvet darkness, a pair of silver hands in the meditation position from which issued forth silver rays in all directions. The vision stayed with me a long time and ended with the dawn. (See plate CVII.)

Commentary. *None required.*

* * *

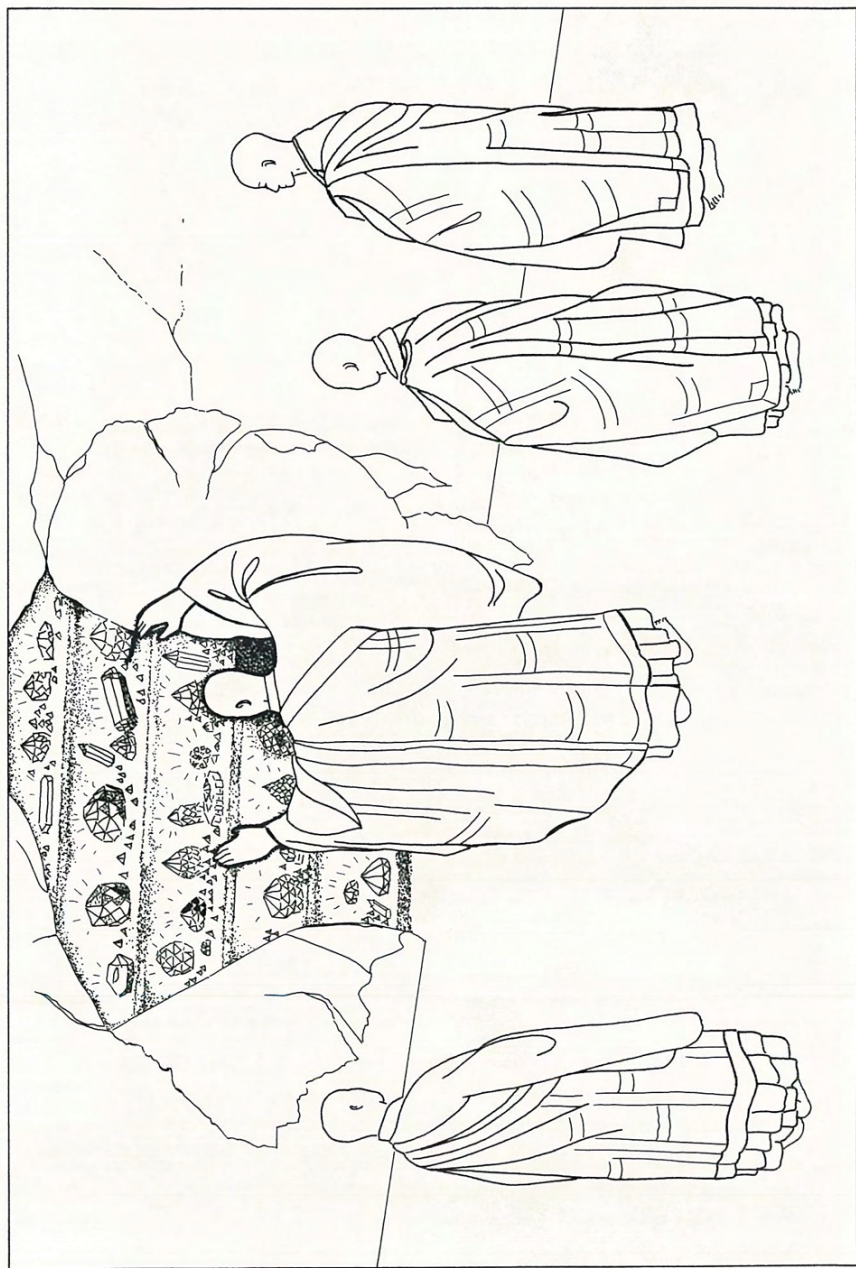


Plate CVIII.

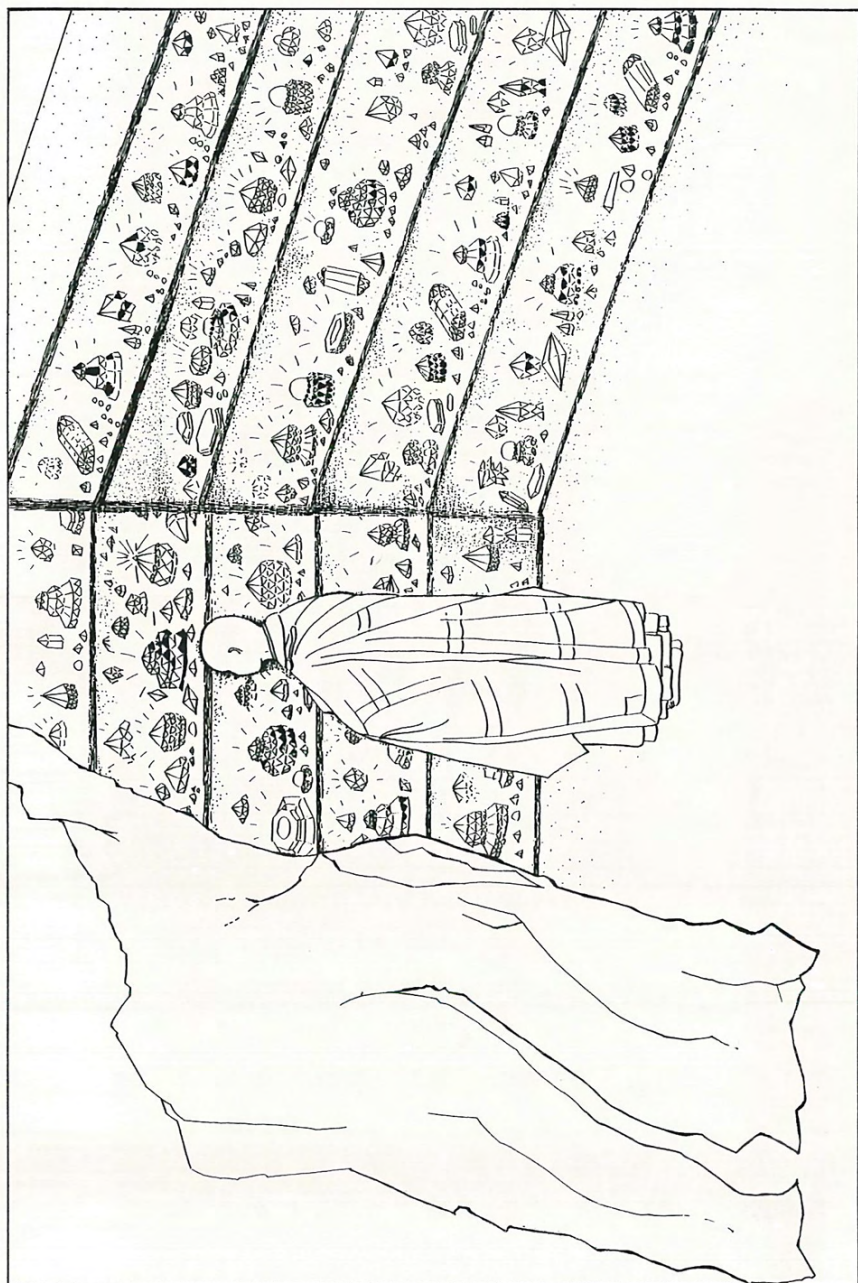


Plate CVIX.

In this vision it is morning and I am in the Hermitage at which I arrived only a day or two ago. I walk into one of the rooms; a monk is behind me and a little to my left and two more are already in the same room but beyond me. I turn to my left, where there is a long, cream-coloured wall, insert my finger-nails into it and pull away what looked like the wall, but which is really cream-painted paper, revealing a hidden room the walls of which are lined with shelves; that is, the wall in front of me and the one to my left are lined with shelves, I cannot see the wall to my right, the one behind me was made of paper as I said above. The shelves are filled with great, and very beautiful, jewels all laid out in neat rows. I realise that I had walled-up the Treasure House, admittedly only with paper, and now, in the Hermitage, could tear down the paper wall which hid it. (See plates CVIII and CIX.)

Commentary. Owing to certain incidents that had taken place some five years before this vision, I had ceased to speak to some of the monks of some of the deeper Truths. As a result of this vision, I now realise that it is safe to once again speak of what I know, hence the republication of *How to Grow a Lotus Blossom*, together with the later visions, formerly not published in it, and the removal of any apologia and justificational material that it originally contained.

* * *

APPENDIX:—
RULES FOR MEDITATION.⁴⁷

Why are training and enlightenment differentiated since the Truth is universal? Why study the means of attaining it since the supreme teaching is free? Since Truth is seen to be clearly apart from that which is unclean, why cling to a means of cleansing it? Since Truth is not separate from training, training is unnecessary—the separation will be as that between heaven and earth if even the slightest gap exists FOR, WHEN THE OPPOSITES ARISE, THE BUDDHA MIND IS LOST. However much you may be proud of your understanding, however much you may be enlightened, whatever your attainment of wisdom and supernatural power, your finding of the way to mind illumination, your power to touch heaven and to enter into enlightenment, when the opposites arise you have almost lost the way to salvation. Although the Buddha had great wisdom at birth, He sat in training for six years; although Bodhidharma Transmitted the Buddha Mind, we still hear the echoes of his nine years facing a wall. The Ancestors were very diligent and there is no reason why we people of the present day cannot understand. All you have to do is cease from erudition, withdraw within and reflect upon yourself. Should you be able to cast off body and mind naturally, the Buddha Mind will immediately manifest itself; if you want to find it quickly, you must start at once.

You should meditate in a quiet room, eat and drink moderately, cut all ties, give up everything, think of neither good nor evil, consider neither right nor wrong. Control mind function, will, consciousness, memory, perception and understanding; you must not strive thus to become Buddha. Cling to neither sitting nor lying down. When meditating, do not wear tight clothing. Rest the left hand in the palm of the right hand with the thumbs touching lightly; sit upright, leaning neither to left nor right, backwards nor forwards. The ears must be in

line with the shoulders and the nose in line with the navel; the tongue must be held lightly against the back of the top teeth with the lips and teeth closed. Keep the eyes open, breathe in quickly, settle the body comfortably and breathe out sharply. Sway the body left and right then sit steadily, neither trying to think nor trying not to think; just sitting, with no deliberate thought, is the important aspect of serene reflection meditation.

This type of meditation is not something that is done in stages; it is simply the lawful gateway to carefree peace. To train and enlighten ourselves is to become thoroughly wise; the koan appears *naturally* in daily life. If you become thus utterly free you will be as the water wherein the dragon dwells or as the mountain whereon the tiger roams. Understand clearly that the Truth appears naturally and then your mind will be free from doubts and vacillation. When you wish to arise from meditation, sway the body gently from side to side and arise quietly; the body must make no violent movement; I myself have seen that the ability to die whilst sitting and standing, which transcends both peasant and sage, is obtained through the power of serene reflection meditation. It is no more possible to understand natural activity with the judgemental mind than it is possible to understand the signs of enlightenment; nor is it possible to understand training and enlightenment by supernatural means; such understanding is outside the realm of speech and vision, such Truth is beyond personal opinions. Do not discuss the wise and the ignorant, there is only one thing—to train hard for this is true enlightenment; training and enlightenment are naturally undefiled; to live in this way is the same as to live an ordinary daily life. The Buddha Seal has been preserved by both the Buddhas in the present world and by those in the world of the Indian and Chinese Ancestors, they are thus always spreading the Truth—*all* activity is permeated with pure meditation—the means of training are thousandfold but pure meditation must be done. It is futile to travel to other dusty countries thus forsaking your own seat; if

your first step is false, you will immediately stumble. Already you are in possession of the vital attributes of a human being—do not waste time with this and that—you can possess the authority of Buddha. Of what use is it to merely enjoy this fleeting world? This body is as transient as dew on the grass, life passes as swiftly as a flash of lightning, quickly the body passes away, in a moment life is gone. O sincere trainees, do not doubt the true dragon, do not spend so much time in rubbing only a part of the elephant; look *inwards* and advance directly along the road that leads to the Mind, respect those who have reached the goal of goallessness, become one with the wisdom of the Buddhas, *Transmit* the wisdom of the Ancestors. If you do these things for some time you will become as herein described and then the Treasure House will open naturally and you will enjoy it fully.

ANNOTATIONS.

1. See *The Life of the Buddha: According to Thai Temple Paintings*, (Thailand: United States Information Service, 1957).
2. This is translatable as realisation or understanding.
3. Roshi Jiyu-Kennett's master.
4. Kaku-an, "The Ten Oxherding Pictures." See D. T. Suzuki, *Manual of Zen Buddhism* (New York: Grove Press, Evergreen Edition, 1960), Plate IX and p. 133.
5. Roshi Jiyu-Kennett's diary of her years in Japan. (Mt. Shasta, California: Shasta Abbey Press, 2002).
6. Please see plate XII and pages 29 to 38 for a complete explanation of the Buddhist Precepts.
7. Dogen Zenji, "Uji" ("The Theory of Time"). See Roshi P. T. N. H. Jiyu-Kennett, *Zen is Eternal Life*, 4th ed. (Mt. Shasta, California: Shasta Abbey Press, 1999), p. 198.
8. This refers to Roshi Jiyu-Kennett's first, the Kanzeon or Penetration of Heaven, kensho in Japan.
9. *The Most Excellent Mirror—Samadhi*. See *The Liturgy of the Order of Buddhist Contemplatives for the Laity*, comp. Rev. Master Jiyu-Kennett, M.O.B.C., 2nd. ed. rev. (Mt. Shasta, California: Shasta Abbey Press, 1990), pp. 61–65.
10. In many ways this was a Chief Junior ceremony; in the east the Chief Junior marches to the altar and asks his question aggressively of the master—when the question is truly a cry for help, the Chief Junior is always given the TRUE answer.
11. The monk's robe.
12. See "Kyojukaïmon" in Jiyu-Kennett, *Zen is Eternal Life*, p. 211.

13. This hossu is the symbol of the fountain of the water of the spirit, see p. 147.

14. From the *Avatamsaka Scripture*. See Keizan Zenji, *Denko-roku*, in Jiyu-Kennett, *Zen is Eternal Life*, p. 233.

15. Taken from *The Diamond Scripture*, section XXXII. See *The Diamond Sutra and The Sutra of Hui Neng*, trans. A. F. Price and Wong Mou-Lam (Berkeley: Shambhala, 1969).

16. The explanations of these past lives did not come in the chronological order shown in plate XIII.

17. This old Christian monk, above the woman in plate XIII, was organist of his monastery. His music meant everything to him and he served his God as he understood Him to the very best of his ability. Unfortunately for him, although he was a first-rate Christian monk, he did not know the Buddhist Truth of karma and the means of cleansing it from past lives. He left behind no actual karma of his own but he had not converted the karma of the white tiger. (See pages 60 and 61 for more information about the past life of the white tiger.)

18. The Chinese monk, second above the woman in plate XIII, is standing before the monastery door. He had done great training but had not yet made it all the way to a third kensho by the time of his death. He stands before the door concentrating his mind deeply. He leaves behind him no wake of his own karma for me to cleanse and his training helps me in mine. I see the monastery gate clearly. I feel his sadness at his impending death and the knowledge that he has not made it yet to the great and final understanding owing to his not having seen all of his past karmic inheritance.

19. This old monk, third above the woman in plate XIII, has cleansed all his own karma. He gazes down on the waterfall that flows beneath the monastery whilst contemplating the fact that death is near and that he has not yet managed to have the great understanding, again due to his not having seen all of

his past karmic inheritance. I hear the rush of the water and see the gilded beauty of the temple doors and window frames. As with the other monk, I feel the great sadness of this one and know that I must indeed find the Truth completely. One must convert both one's own karma of this life and that which one has inherited. I also saw this particular temple in vision when in Soji-ji as well as at the time of writing this book and spoke of the matter to the authorities there. They did not recognise the temple but did check into the matter since, in that vision, a monk had tried to throw me over the balcony, seen here in the picture, into the waterfall. Later I found a photograph of the actual temple in a Chinese magazine. I recognised it at once and was absolutely amazed at how accurate had been my vision. I reproduce the photograph here, together with the picture of my vision, for the purpose of comparison. I do not know what the vision I had in Soji-ji means, however I do know that, at the time, it was very rough for me in Soji-ji since many of the trainees there were a hundred per cent against a woman being in the monastery. It is conceivably possible that one of them had inherited karma from the monk who tried to kill me and had not, as yet, learned how to cleanse it. I originally thought that this monk was Japanese because of his robes but now, since finding the photograph, I am not sure. At one time Chinese monks wore the same style of robes as Japanese monks wear now so this monk may well have been Chinese instead of Japanese especially since the temple is still to be found in China.

20. See pages 142 and 143 for full details of this past life.

21. I have found out more about this particular past life than any of the others except for that of the white tiger. This woman was the wife of an official at the time of World War I. She knew far more about political activities than many and felt deeply responsible for them. At the time of her death, her confusion was terrible because of her karma which she had not cleansed. It was necessary to find, and have repeated, the Russian or

Greek Orthodox Christian absolution so that her dying longing could be fulfilled. I saw several visions of her. The one shewn here shews her in a box at the opera. She was struggling with her conscience as to whether or not she should tell what she knew. The music they were playing, “La Colinda” from “Koanga,” was clearly audible to me at the time of the vision. I often used to listen to this music although I could never really be sure as to why. Now my library of audio cassettes of Russian music, as well as the tape I just mentioned, bore me intensely! I have also seen this woman creeping around sleazy parts of Vienna where it would have been better she had not gone and I also know that one of the monks here has inherited the karma of the medical doctor who attended her.

22. Narada Thera, *A Manual of Buddhism*, 5th ed. (Kuala Lumpur, Malaysian Buddhist Missionary Society, 1971), pp. 76–81.

23. Although those sitting with me saw many beings attacking us as we sat, I saw none. I was aware of the two great, black hands surrounding us, seen here, certain passions and total safety where I was sitting. I now realise that we were sitting in the top of what I had previously seen as the black lotus. The inferno beneath could do nothing owing to the power of our meditation.

24. I used some of the words of the Ceremony for the Feeding of the Hungry Ghosts, from * to *, here.

25. I now know that these towers, both here and in the next plate, are those sitting with me in meditation and that I am in the lotus bud in the centre. Heaven and earth are one through the power of meditation.

26. Heaven and hell are of our own making. Eternal meditation transcends both.

27. Sympathy, to identify oneself with that which is not oneself, is one of the four signs of enlightenment (see *Shushogi*).

28. See Jiyu-Kennett, *Zen is Eternal Life*, p. 94.
29. The three Patriarchs after Shakyamuni Buddha.
30. That which a priest carries during ceremonies.
31. It is represented by the hossu, or fountain of compassion sceptre, carried by masters at certain ceremonies.
32. *Rules for Meditation*.
33. *Sandokai*. See *Liturgy*, pp. 59–61.
34. These people all wanted the teaching on their terms, not on those of the Eternal. The visions of the formless plane came true to a certain extent. I did not chase after those who left.
35. See *Liturgy*, p. 147.
36. *The Scripture of Avalokiteshwara Bodhisattva*. See *Liturgy*, pp. 48–52.
37. *Shushogi*. See Jiyu-Kennett, *Zen is Eternal Life*, p. 103.
38. Sir Edwin Arnold, *The Light of Asia*.
39. Great Master Baso (Ma-tsu). See “Uji” in Jiyu-Kennett, *Zen is Eternal Life*, p. 203.
40. *Liturgy*, p. 20.
41. Suzuki, *Manual of Zen Buddhism*, Plate X and page 133.
42. *The Litany of the Great Compassionate One*. See *Liturgy*, pp. 78–79.
43. *Kalama Sutta*, trans. Soma Thera (Kandy: Buddhist Publication Society, Wheel Publication No. 8, 1963); or *The Book of the Gradual Sayings* (Anguttara-Nikaya), trans. F. L. Woodward, vol. I (London: Pali Text Society, 1932), pp. 170–175.
44. By Dogen Zenji. See Jiyu-Kennett, *Zen is Eternal Life*, pp. 104–108.

45. The Chinese Buddhist abbot who ordained Roshi Jiyu-Kennett in Malaysia.

46. This refers to *The Invocation of Sambo-kojin*, which is used for spiritual protection.

47. This is a Zen Scripture written by Dogen Zenji which is recited each day in Zen temples.

NOTES.