

Zoom Zazen - Saturday 19 August 2023

Now we're practising together, the last zazen of the last summer camp at Lanau.

Ten thousand things have happened within the walls of this building. Without making any distinctions, it has been home to many Buddhas, small and large, young and old. Joys and sorrows have filled our hearts in turn, without diminishing our desire to live and to practise. The traces of all these moments will gradually disappear from our memories. They were only reflections in the mirror of the mind.

We have formed a transient and silent community in this place. We met one another in a practice that was at the same time ordinary and extraordinary. We have learned to see what cannot be seen and hear what cannot be heard. We have learned to see and to calm this despotic 'me' and to walk as bodhisattvas in the service of others.

Great Wisdom has blossomed at Lanau and its seeds, carried by the wind of the Dharma, will resurface elsewhere. In accordance with the name of our sangha, we have made the Wheel of the Law, *Tenborin*, turn here. May the merits of our practice and our *gyoji* benefit all beings.

Our practice depends on neither time nor place, as Master Dogen reminds us:

"When you practise pure, naked recollection, simply sitting, what rule are you not protecting? What is the merit that is not produced? Found your practice on deep devotion. Continue to practise without thinking about your own contentment, following the sangha and putting trust in the manner of practice of the elders."

Some people regret leaving Lanau and others say it's a good thing. But who knows really? Time does not pass in vain; it is rather the human being who, in his ignorance, passes time in vain. The radiant light of time shines as brightly in Lanau as anywhere else. The truth of life and death compels us to find the true meaning of our existence. There's no time to lose. Lanau has seen the arising of Buddhas who will return tomorrow to the world carrying in their hearts the perfume of practice. May this perfume penetrate every corner of the universe and be breathed in by all beings.

Protect your practice, cultivate the field of emptiness and, abandoning yourself totally to the Presence, become the shining light of time.

To conclude, here is a poem by Ryokan:

*"When the heart is pure, everything in the universe is pure.
Entrusting my body to the flow of things
I renounced the world so as to be free.
Silent night under the empty window,
sitting in meditation, navel and nostrils perfectly aligned,
ears directly above my shoulders,
my feeling is extraordinary,
vast, immense,
known to me alone."*
