



The Berkeley Zen Center
1967 – 2017



50 years of raising the practice

In Memory

KAN JI ZAI BO SATSU GYO JIN HANNYA HA RA
MITTA JI SHO KEN GO ON KAI KU DO ISSAI KU
YAKU SHA RI SHI SHIKI FU I KU KU FU I SHIKI SHIKI
SOKU ZE KU KU SOKU ZE SHIKI JU SO GYO SHIKI
YAKU BU NYO ZE SHA RI SHI ZE SHO HO KU SO FU
SHO FU METSU FU KU FU JO FU ZO FU GEN ZE KO
KU CHU MU SHIKI MU JU SO GYO SHIKI MU GEN
NI BI ZES SHIN NI MU SHIKI SHO KO MI SOKU HO
MU GEN KAI NAI SHI MU I SHIKI KAI MU MU MYO
YAKU MU MU MYO JIN NAI SHI MU RO SHI YAKU
MU RO SHI JIN MU KU SHU METSU DO MU CHI
YAKU MU TOKU I MU SHO TOK KO BODAISATTA E
HANNYA HA RA MITTA KO SHIN MU KE GE MU KE
GE KO MU U KU FU ON RI ISSAI TEN DO MU SO KU
GYO NE HAN SAN ZE SHO BUTSU E HANNYA HA
RA MITTA KO TOKU A NOKU TA RA SAN MYAKU
SAN BO DAI KO CHI HANNYA HA RA MITTA ZE DAI
JIN SHU ZE DAI MYO SHU ZE MU JO SHU ZE MU
TO DO SHU NO JO ISSAI KU SHIN JITSU FU KO KO
SETSU HANNYA HA RA MITTA SHU SOKU SETSU
SHU WATSU GYA TE GYA TE HA RA GYA TE HARA
SO GYA TE BODHI SOWA KA HANNYA SHIN GYO

NAMU KARA TAN NO TORA YA YA NAMU ORI YA
BORYO KI CHI SHIFU RA YA FUJI SATO BO YA MOKO
SATO BO YA MO KO KYA RUNI KYA YA EN SA HARA
HA EI SHU TAN NO TON SHA NAMU SHIKI RI TOI MO
ORI YA BORYO KI CHI SHIFU RA YA FUJI SATO BO NA MU
NO RA KIN JI KI RI MO KO HO DO SHA MI SA BO O TO
JO SHU BEN O SHU IN SA BO SA TO NO MO BO GYA
MO HA TE CHU TO JITO EN O BO KYO KIRU GYA CHI
KYA RYA CHU TO JITO EN O BO KYO KIRU GYA BO SA BO
MO RA MO RA MO KYO KI RI TOI MO KYO KU RYO
KE MO TO RYO TO RYO HO JA YA CHI MO KO HO JA
YA CHI TO RA TO RA CHIRI NI SHIFU RA YA SHA RO
SHA RO MO MO HA MO RA HO CHI RI U KI U KI SHI
NO SHI NO ORA SAN FURA SHA RI HA ZA FURA
SHA YA KU RYO KURO MO RA KURO KU RYO KI RI
SHA RO SHA RO SHI RI SU RYO FUJI YA
FUJI YA FUDO YA MI RYANORA KIN JI
CHIRI SHUNI MOHOYA MONO SOMO KO SHIDO YA
SOMO KO MOKO SHIDO YA SOMO KO SHIDO YU KI
SHIFU RA YA SOMO KO NORA KIN II SOMO KO MO
RA NO RA SOMO KO SHIRA SU OMO GYA YA SOMO
KO SOBO MOKO SHIDO YA SOMO KO SHAKI RA OSHI
DO YA SOMO KO HODO MOGYA SHIDO YA SOMO KO
NORA KIN JI HARA YA SOMO KO MO HORI SHIN
GYARA YA SOMO KO NAMU HARA TAN NO TORA
YA YA NAMU ORI YA BORYO KI CHI SHIFU RA YA
SOMO KO SHITE DO MODO RA HODO YA SO MO KO

Butch Baluyut

Peter Burkett

Pat Canaan

Malcolm Coffino

Kaaren Fladager

Andrew Goodwin

Dolly Gattozzi

Susan Green

Siras Greiner

Blanche Hartman

Lou Hartman

Ran Howes

Pat Lange

Jorge Llacer

Ann Livingstone

Alan Lew

Chris Lewis

Alan Margolis

Howard Margolis

Fred Maroth

Rebecca Mayeno

Nancy McClellan

Anne Marie Overgaard

Arthur Okamura

George Pangilla

Hillary Parsons

Gil Rosenbaum

Maylie Scott

David Simon

Judith Stronach

Fran Tribe

Wendy Tripp

Liz Toumi

Jack Van Allen

Paul Winnacker

Lin Zenkei

In Gratitude

What comes to mind when I reflect on the past fifty years of practice at the Berkeley Zen Center is deep gratitude. First and foremost for my teacher, Shunryu Suzuki Roshi. His gentle but firm and nourishing example encouraged us, his disciples, to go beyond what we thought were our limitations. He once said to us, "I have nothing to offer you but my Zen spirit." He always taught by example. He had thoroughly digested the essence of Dogen's teaching and could express it in his own authentic way to make it accessible to our generation.

He was totally grounded in the Way. What he taught was selflessness, not acting from our ego, integrity, truthfulness, no arrogance, *shikantaza* (just doing), meeting each person right where they are with full attention: the world stops here. Living our life one moment at a time. He taught us the nature of determination and steadfastness: sit still and don't give up. And the nature of compassion: if you need to change your position, you can do so without judgment. When we can accept ourselves just as we are, both good and bad, it makes it possible to identify with others and support them. One time I told Suzuki Roshi how bad I was, and he said that this was good, otherwise it is harder to help others.

He taught us what he knew, the Japanese style. His intention was not to turn us into Japanese, but to offer what he felt was the highest virtue of his culture. He didn't have to tell us what it was. We could practice and find out for ourselves! He loved his American students because of our open-mindedness and willingness to adventure wholeheartedly into a totally foreign world. One of our virtues as Americans is our openness to accept the best that other cultures have to offer. That is what makes America great, again and again.

Suzuki was not attached to Buddhism or the Soto School. That doesn't mean that he rejected it. His teaching of non-attachment was not based on rejection but on great respect for things in a world of constant transformation. To show respect for things and cling to nothing.

Back in the 60s, before his students were ordained, we recited the robe chant in the morning, but we didn't know what it meant because it was in Japanese. So one day he and Katagiri Sensei were in his office, and I asked him about the meaning of the chant. Katagiri started shuffling through the desk to see what he could find, and Suzuki stopped him. Pointing to his heart, he said, "Love."

I also wish to express my gratitude to the Japanese priests who were drawn to Suzuki and our practice. Katagiri Roshi, who came in '63, the year before me, and together with Suzuki modeled the practice. Then came Kobun Chino Roshi, the “mystic,” and then Yoshimura Sensei, the “friend.” Then when Suzuki was too ill to come to Tassajara in 1970, Tatsugami Roshi was invited to lead the practice period, and I was the shuso.

When we opened the zendo on Dwight Way, February 1, 1967, I had thought of our practice as a grassroots endeavor, served and maintained by the members. We had morning and evening zazen based on the SFZC model. Our first major work project was to refinish the splintery floor of the large, square attic to make a zendo. When we moved to Russell Street, the real work began. What is now the zendo was two apartments which we gutted and rebuilt as a sangha effort of both men and women, sangha members and carpenters. (When you need to build something interesting, the carpenters appear.) Then we raised the two-story house next to it where my office is and built the ground floor under it. To me it felt a bit like a community barn raising on a grand scale.

When I look back at all the dedicated work and contributions of our members that went into this entire building project over a two-year period, I am totally overwhelmed with gratitude. I doubt that we could do something like this today. All the conditions were in alignment, including my own naiveté.

And last but not least, I wish to extend my gratitude to all of you who have passed through this Buddha Hall and contributed time, effort, and financial support. And to everyone who has ever been a board member, a cook, a gardener, a resident, a president, a treasurer, a librarian, coordinator, Tenzo, dishwasher, bathroom cleaner, office manager, work leader, sesshin director, member of a committee, general labor, etc. There is so much more that can be said, but for now please know that I honor and respect you and all that you do, have done, and hopefully will do to make this practice place possible.



—Sojun Mel Weitsman
Berkeley, California
September 10, 2017

Accomplishing nothing since 1967—that’s how the Berkeley Zen Center banner reads as it hangs over the hall where we celebrate our fiftieth anniversary. Aside from the move between Dwight Way and our current home on Russell Street more than thirty-five years ago, we haven’t gotten anywhere. I’m not bragging ... just giving you the facts.

In the beginning, Shunryu Suzuki Roshi invited his student Sojun Mel Weitsman to find a place to sit zazen with people in Berkeley, across the bay from his home temple in San Francisco. Sojun found a comfortable old house on Dwight, moved in, rebuilt the slanted-roof attic into a zendo of intimate dimensions, and opened the doors for daily Zen meditation.



Greg Henricks, Hozan Alan Senauke & Sojun

tion. Sojun’s intention was simply to sit with whomever showed up. We did show up and we are still showing up. I can’t remember

how I heard about the Berkeley Zendo, but it was already running smoothly in 1968, when I first sat there, just as it is today. And though I was too young to sustain Zen practice back then, when I turned to practice in the early 80s, I found my way to Russell Street and was welcomed through the gate. I’ve been there ever since.

There are two aspects of Berkeley Zen Center that I cherish. Each of them is at the core of Sojun Roshi’s practice, as they were for Suzuki Roshi. The first aspect is steadiness. I see this as the confluence of two Bodhisattva qualities: patience (*kshanti*) and effort (*virya*). Our practice is to come and sit together daily. Just sit—whether it is a good day or a hard day. To support that practice, the BZC schedule runs six days a week with two or more sittings each day. But we remain a village temple, not a monastery. Mysteriously, people with jobs, families, bad backs, and sorrows take up this rigorous practice and sustain it for ten, fifteen, twenty years and more. This is unique in the



Laurie, Silvie, Alex, and Hozan Alan Senauke

wide world of Buddhism. It is the (extraordinary) ordinary way that Sojun Roshi embodies, year in and year out.

The other aspect that moves me is what Reverend Martin Luther King Jr. described as “Beloved Community.” Many of us have been sitting together, working together, cooking, arguing, attending endless meetings at ungodly hours for many years. It is not that we agree on everything, or that we have transcended conflict, but Beloved Community—or sangha in the Buddha’s terms—means that we know how to return to silence, to zero, and find a way to begin again. This has been Sojun’s vision, but its enactment has been the practice of so many people over these fifty years. Some are still here, still sitting daily and returning to silence. Some have gone from this earthly plane. Our life is a brief flash of light in the night sky, but the light of zazen persists and continues to guide us.

—Hozan Alan Senauke

Berkeley Zen Center is fifty. Who would have guessed that the wild seeds sown in loamy soil on Dwight Way would yield old growth trees and harvests of sweet, ripe plums over the next half



Ryushin Andrea Thach & Maylie Scott

century? Beats and hippies, disillusioned but hopeful—no, certainly—that

some other reality was possible besides mainstream America, arrived in San Francisco and Berkeley in the 60s. We found the Berkeley Zendo in the phone book and came and went or came and stayed. We explored, made community, and grew up. When we were ready, we found and made a home, tree by tree (from Gary Snyder’s land), board by board, book by book (at Moe’s). Mel became Sojun and learned to be a gifted teacher, though still human. We learned to practice and make a “one-room school house” into a remarkable “lay monastic practice place in the world.” We grew our families, matured our careers, welcomed new members, and helped each other grow up and transform our lives.

What do we recall when we look back over our years of practice? Our stories are about The Way Seeking Mind that brought us to Berkeley Zen Center, our first impressions and that we changed, it seems, for the better. We recall that importantly—no, necessarily—we did that changing together, forming a sincere, warm, and reliably available community. We marvel at our good fortune to be so benefited by the skills, generosity, and steadfastness of our teachers, and especially by Sojun’s constancy and kindness. We all seem to settle on this: how grateful we are, deeply grateful, for our lives in practice together. We recognize, as a long time Zen friend said on my lay



Ryushin Andrea Thach

ordination day: We “couldn’t have married into a better family.”

This project started with a conversation with Ron Nestor about what this book should be like over breakfast at Lynn and Lu’s on Grand Avenue last December. We

firmly settled on the recognition that the qualities of warmth and relatedness our founding teachers (Suzuki Roshi and Sojun) embodied have been essential elements of BZC’s longevity. Additionally, Sojun asked us to focus on the move to Russell Street and the renovation of that property. And so began

this project, which might prove the preface for a larger history-of-BZC volume sometime in the future.

Special thanks to Troy DuFrene, whose professional skills, creativity, energy, and capacity over many hours were a major force in the design and completion of this project. We wouldn’t have finished without his work.



Mary Duryee

Many thanks to Mary Duryee for her vision and encouraging hand early on. She has taken the inspiration of her shuso teas on to a separate project in progress: the “reminiscence teas.”

We are indebted to Susan Moon and Laurie Senauke for editorial help; to Heather Garnos for proofreading; to Mel and Liz for long sessions choosing from their

many pictures and scanning them in; to Ross Blum, Ko Blix, and Dean Bradley for help with photos; to Jean Selkirk for the use of her sewing records; and to Sojun and Hozan for their guidance as this volume came together.

Thanks to each of you who offered a story, agreed to be interviewed, mailed or scanned in pictures, or shared an idea for the book. And finally to the board for its encouragement and support.

Personally, I want to express my gratitude to Sojun Roshi for showing me, again, how to always say “yes.” In the key moment, when it wasn’t clear that we could complete this project, Sojun offered to do whatever we needed him to do. And once again, he came though.

Deep bows to all.

—Ryushin Andrea Thach

Mel in his early forties: Serious, a little brusque, but also accepting. Big tufts of hair grow out of his ears. He wears a red and black lumberjack-style wool shirt and has a quiet black dog, India. Liz manages things behind the scenes and hosts very naturally.



Sojun

The zendo is in the big attic of a cozy and very functional Victorian house: a perfect practice place for young, Buddhist beginner 70s people. A Balkan Sobranie Turkish tobacco can is in the hallway for donations. The living room is part library, part social lounge, and part waiting-for-zazen room. There is a



Sojun, Liz & Daniel

very steep stairway to the attic zendo (everyone remembers this.) The middle dining room table is low to the floor with zafus, inviting breakfasts, chats, and classes. The huge backyard has funky, juicy compost bins. The Dwight Way thoroughfare out front has constant and noisy traffic. Kissing on the sidewalk draws honks! Somehow it all worked. The house has a living, breathing feeling; a little but not too special. Mel keeps it serious and also welcoming.



Sojun & Daniel

Our next door neighbor is Beatrice,

an older, world-wise African American woman with a chihuahua named Butch. We post her memorable quote: “You can’t eat worry.” On the other side and across the street are apartments, a house, and a cottage with BZC folks: Alan Lew, Valerie, Kurt, Malcolm, Bill and Connie, Sarah G, Bob W., and others. They all live nearby and climb the attic stairs daily. Downstairs has room for three residents. I share with Patrick McMahon and Albert Bennoit.

Norman (then a gardener) and Kathy Fischer with their newborn twins live here for awhile as well.



Sojun, Ananda Dalenberg, Suzuki Roshi, Kobun Chino Roshi & Katagiri Roshi

Katagiri visits, lecturing from his hara: “Total Dynamic Working. Total Dynamic Working. Total...”.

The first BZC newsletter is typed and copied. The first practice committee meets in the backyard. The first small board formed. Tons of chard is grown. Susan Moon began a kid-friendly newsletter, *Garlic: The Breath of the People*.

—Ron Nestor



Dolly Gattozzi & Blanche Hartman

Blanche and Lou began sitting at the Berkeley Zendo in about 1969 or so. I was fifteen, going into tenth grade. Being the dutiful daughter that I was, I began sitting sometime that school year. I remember the steep stairs up to the little attic zendo and how peaceful and quiet it was at 5:00 AM. Or was it 6:00 AM? I can’t remember if we sat one or two periods of zazen. I graduated high school at seventeen and moved out of my parents’ home. My dad would come pick me up for zazen.



Lou Hartman

We sometimes had breakfast with Mel after soji, which was very enjoyable. Mel was funny and spoke very softly, so you really had to listen closely.

This may be a false memory, but I think it is true: Mel had long hairs growing out of the edge of his ears. One morning he took a match and burned them all off!

It seemed Suzuki Roshi came to lecture once a month, I think. That was a special treat as were the one-day sittings on Saturdays. I don't remember many people from that time except Alan Lew, may he rest in peace, and Liz. It was a warm and comfortable group to be a part of.

—Trudy Hartman

We grew up in the Atomic Age. We felt we would blow up any day, plus there was Vietnam. People



James Kenney, 1996

were searching for something. We were originally disillusioned hippies and beatniks. Many of them had done psychedelic drugs. "LSD changed my life. That's why I'm a Zen student." Our practice gave me freedom. Zen seemed untainted and un-American. No one had heard of it. It was our last taste of hope. Everything else was dead. Nixon was

impeached, ready to blow up the world. All was well despite everything.

Zazen was so hard to do that I had to do it every day or not at all. I started in September of 1970. Most of the serious students were older than I was. When I got there, the prominent ones were Maylie Scott, Dolly, Fran Tribe. I predated Ron Nestor and Liz Horowitz. The women, along with Wendy Tripp [now

Johnson], were known as Mel's Belles. Maylie Scott was the best Zen student ever. So imperturbable.

Originally, there was a commune in the downstairs of the Dwight Way house and the zendo was upstairs. It had lacquered wood and maybe twenty-five people could sit there. In the early days, there were so few of us that one person did all the service positions one week at a time. There was no authority then, just organized anarchy. It worked.

Mel sat all the periods. He was sincere, gentle, and kind but not that psychological. He was not as strict at the beginning as he was later. In the early years, he tried to teach. But he was totally incomprehensible or too simple for me. There were two big waves of people: in the late 60s and 70s and then again in the 90s. The latter were more determined and stayed around. I think Amaselu, Baika Pratt, Peter Carpentieri, and Mark Copithorne began then. Sesshins which were originally attended by fifteen or twenty in the 70s could be as large as eighty people in the 90s.

We worked so hard to make BZC an institution, and then we realized how institutional it had become. I was one of the people who helped fund the purchase of the new zendo on Russell Street in 1985 along with Sue Moon. BZC was important, more than I would have expected, because of Mel. Why? He kept his pants on. He was sincere down to his bones. SFZC was much drier, more theoretical, claustrophobic, rigid, authoritarian. BZC wasn't like that in the beginning.

I am really grateful I've had a chance to find some spiritual grace and peace.

—James Kenney

Sojun Roshi first came to my attention in the middle 1960s when he was bringing his BZC students to Sokoji on Saturdays. They were clear, enthusiastic, and energetic. It was a reflection of Mel's practice.

In 1971, Suzuki Roshi died, and I felt the need to choose a new place to sit. Looking around I found that BZC, in the Dwight Way attic zendo, had the closest feeling to what it was like to practice with Suzuki Roshi. So I signed up.



Doug Grenier &
Ryushin Andrea Thach

For a long time I was content to sit in the morning and go up to work at Lawrence Berkeley Laboratory. I didn't take much part in the sangha activities as my wife and I had three small children and a "handyman's delight" house to contend with.

That changed when BZC moved to Russell Street. The skills I learned working on my house could be put to use at BZC, getting the place set up. When we raised 1931 ½ Russell, I took care of plumbing of gas, water, and waste during the construction. That led me to a long period of practice in the improvement and maintenance of the BZC buildings (and those at Tassajara also).

Sometime around 2006, I severed my connection with BZC. I didn't really know why at the time, but after a year or so it became clear to me that the reason was the old saw: I want to spend more time with my family.

Mel remains my teacher and we are both still students of Suzuki Roshi.

—Doug Grenier

I heard about Zen when I was at college in 1967. Gary Snyder came and read his poetry and talked



Jukai, 1986

about "what was happening" on the west coast. His fearlessness and curiosity were amazing. I was determined to go to Japan and

study Zen, but after reading an article about Tassajara in *Time* magazine, I ended up in California instead. I moved to Berkeley in 1969 and heard about the



Dwight Way

Berkeley Zendo. One afternoon, I just went in and sat down. I had read some of the usual books on Zen and thought I knew what to do. A voice came from the corner, "Did you come for instruction?" It was Mel. He asked another student to give me my first zazen instruction. Later I decided to return, again ... and again.

We were a small group, and one of us would do all three doan positions at service: doan, kokyo, fukudo. Mel was welcoming, informal but not sloppy. In teaching oryoki, he instructed us very precisely. In how he did it, he conveyed it was a practice. He was dedicated to keeping the zendo open for practice. Mel was always buying books to make a library. There was a coffee can for dona-



Peter & Ryan Overton

tions to pay the rent and other expenses. He would invite people—Katagiri Sensei, Jiyu Kennett Roshi, and other priests—to give talks, and he sometimes would take us to San Francisco Zen Center. Mel was able to hold the place in a soft parental way, a custodial way. His career, his job, was to take care of the place.

When I was first at BZC, we were all pretty young. People weren't so busy in those days, so they could hang out and talk. At Dwight Way, there was a huge garden in the back. A wonderful space with an old washing machine, and a clothes line, and an ancient refrigerator. In 1973, I went to Tassajara, and except for a brief interlude in 1976, practiced there, as well

as at Green Gulch, and for some years managed the Tassajara Bakery, until Susan and I returned to Berkeley in 1984 to raise our family.

So, I wasn't around for the move to Russell Street. As I started re-engaging with BZC in the 90s, BZC was a lot more organized. It was bigger and the students seemed more committed, and there was the core of the community in residence.

The sangha had aged and economic times were different. What it took to commit and to sustain the place was now even more different (no more cigarette can on the shelf to collect funds).



Placing the altar

Returning to BZC was a bit like coming home; the essence of the practice seemed not to have changed. However, I don't think I can see the community in the same way as someone coming now for the first time. I think it has been, and still is, a place where we create a sense of how we meet each other. It has been a place to learn "life as it is in the world."

—Peter Overton



Rinso-in pilgrimage

in the back. I was working on *Tassajara Cooking*, and in April our daughter Lichen was born there in the middle downstairs bedroom.

Mel has always been distinctively more personable than most Zen priests. He's right at your level. He won't talk down to you; he won't talk up to you. Often Zen teachers seem to have a lofty standing in their own minds. I've never felt that Mel has a lofty standing in his mind. There's no drama around him. Right from the start there, it was down to earth, sweet, and intimate. He let students come and go on their own terms. He was not running an empire and he was not teaching you to follow him. Like Suzuki Roshi said, you can follow me, but don't stick to me. For BZC to be there for fifty years is astounding, phenomenal. It has grown and developed, people have stayed and gone. It's a big deal, sangha! It means that underneath there is something that is sustaining the practice of the Dharma.

Congratulations!

—Ed Brown



Mountain Seat ceremony



On a lazy summer afternoon of '78, a dozen or so of us, Zen students living at and around the Dwight Way Zendo, assembled around a picnic table in the back yard, hashing out the possibility of a zendo related business. Marginal types many of us, we wanted a way to make a living that would leave us free to practice zazen as much as possible. We brought with us a ragtag assortment of experience, from cement contracting to farming to restaurant management, but the midpoint of our abilities seemed to be landscaping. The vegetable garden that Mel (as we knew him then) and Liz kept was already a site of much of the Dharma he was showing, and the locus of many a Saturday morning work period.



Roofing the zendo

By the time we pushed our chairs away from the table we had the rough outlines of a collective. A bank account was opened, name come up with (Groundworks Gardening, after Suzuki Roshi's injunction to, when making a garden, attend first to the soil), card designed, telephone line secured (Ron Nestor answered it as well as made out payroll, taxes, etc.), and an ad soon appeared in the classified weekly, "The Flea Market." Before long we'd brought in enough work to run several jobs at once, employing a growing number of zennies. We held morning confabs daily after zazen and weekly planning and policy meetings, making decisions by consensus. The vision of a livelihood that would give us flexibility for daily practice and in particular sesshin, was abundantly realized. There was always someone who wasn't sitting who could keep the work going.

We taught and learned from each other, men and women, mostly 20 and 30-somethings, finding our way through the complexities of romance, friendship, business—and zen practice. More than one couple came out of it as did a number of lifetime friend-

ships. When the zendo moved from Dwight Way to Russell Street, we provided hands and tools for the clearing and cleanup of the over-



Shoes*

grown grounds, working alongside sangha members outside the collective—although what was inside and what outside was hard to say. We worked for and were referred by members, and members and friends with their own businesses played in and around ours.

Groundworks had a short lifetime of five full years,



Sojun

the collective structure fraying as couples formed and broke off, families sprouted up, making homes, consolidating resources around their own domestic centers. The centrifugal force of life spun us out to where we were meant to be off to next. Three or four stayed in the trades. One was licensed in art therapy, another hypnotherapy. A landscape architect emerged; one became a teacher in the public schools, another an instructor in Teaching English as a Second Language. Yet another served as attendant to a homebound person. Many of us continued Zen practice. But all of us applied what we'd learned to life.

—Patrick McMahon

*Daniel Weitsman & Amanda Milligan

I first came to the Berkeley Zen Center in September 1971, when I was nineteen. I had just arrived in Berkeley, the city where I was born, to go to Cal. But my primary reason for coming to Berkeley was to study Zen. I had been reading about Zen since I was fourteen and pretty much knew it would be my lifelong path. As a freshman at UC Santa Barbara, I had taken a class with Prof. Paul Wienpahl, who spoke about Zen Buddhism and recommended that I visit SFZC.



Dolly Gattozzi

So when I arrived at the front door of the Berkeley Zen Center on Dwight Way for zazen instruction, I was full of anticipation and excitement. Mel answered the door, kindly greeted me, and took me up those steep steps into the attic zendo with the uneven, creaky floor, polished smooth and shiny. I have wonderful memories of that zendo: early morning and late afternoon zazen and service, one-day sittings in which something invariably happened to move us to uncontrollable giggles, sitting one morning in early December when the announcement was made that Suzuki Roshi had just died. We all wept.

I remember the people who were there at the time, some still here.



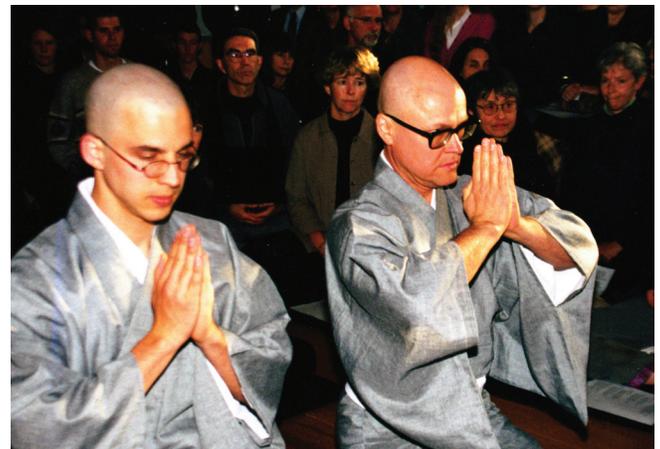
Norman & Kathie Fischer



Framed zendo

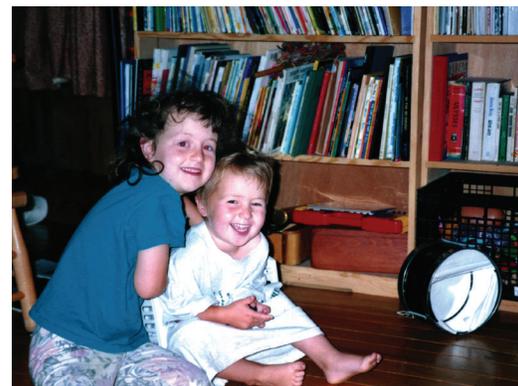
of course, Blanche and Lou. One day I answered a note left on the bulletin board. Needed: Someone to live in a house with a family, cook dinner once a week, and be an after-school companion for three children, ages eight to thirteen. The name was Maylie

Edite and Andrew with their little girl, Rhea, Sarah and Jim Jarvis, twins Peter and Ann Overton, Ron Nestor, Pat McMahon, Sue Moon, Liz, and



Eric Greene & Greg Fain

Scott. I lived with Maylie's family for two years. Sometime later I met Norman at BZC. I remember Norman and Alan Lew, Liz, Mel, Andrew and Edite, and a few others hanging around after morning zazen for Liz's freshly ground coffee, not that unusual in those days.



Alex & Silvie Senauke

During the years I lived and practiced in Berkeley, several priests came to take care of the zendo while Mel



Alan, Alex, and Laurie Senauke

was at Tassajara. I remember Ed Brown and Meg while she was pregnant, Silas Hoadley, Ananda Dalenberg, Peter Schneider, each bringing something fresh and personal to our young sangha. But most vividly and with so much gratitude I remember Mel's presence and teaching. It was his sensibilities as an artist with a keen sense of beauty, precision, and craft matched at the same time with ease, humor, and appreciation for however things turned out that, for me, characterizes the essential contribution of BZC through the years.

—Kathie Fischer



Jukai, 2010

I met Suzuki Roshi in 1967; I was a student at UC Berkeley. With my sister, I rode my motorcycle in full hippie regalia across the bridge to SFZC—on my psychedelic quest for Suzuki Roshi to get us high without drugs! He taught us to do zazen, and with a wry smile said we would realize through practice that life was suffering. We couldn't leave the building fast enough.

About two months later, gazing at a neighboring convalescent hospital and its aged population, I suddenly realized the depth of Suzuki Roshi's prediction—scary and true. I felt the ground shift under my feet, as if the river of my life changed course. Returning to

SFZC to meditate, I was redirected to BZC. In those days (1968), we had two periods of zazen, followed by breakfast.



Womens' March, January 2017

Mel, not yet ordained, didn't wear priest robes. I was puzzled by his occasional irritability; maybe he was impatient for us to leave his living room so he could have a cigarette. Looking back I recognize how much he sacrificed his comfort in so many ways for us. After zazen, I would ride my motorcycle up to Lake Anza, and shed my clothing for a morning swim—my full Zen service.

Suzuki Roshi officiated at my wedding to Peter Schireson in 1968 and we emigrated to Canada to avoid Peter being drafted. After Canada, I returned to Berkeley in 1985, participating in morning sittings and sesshin. I loved the depth of practice, which felt like being in chocolate—which I more than adore. I did feel tensions at BZC—undercurrents of negative attitudes towards women's leadership. Also, some women seemed to compete for Sojun's attention, resenting other women practitioners. My friendship with Maylie Scott, and Sojun's ability to connect even through conflict, made the glue I needed to continue practice.



Maylie Scott, Grace Schireson & Mary Mocine



Catharine Lucas

Maylie and I explicitly teamed up to support two projects—women-only sesshins and women’s images for the altar and the zendo. Both projects were ultimately instituted at BZC despite considerable resistance at the outset. Our requests to offer women’s sesshin was suspected to be a “power grab.” The ego

always plays its part, but Maylie and I believed the heart of our request was to support women’s practice. We and others continued to advocate, and Sojun hung in there with all of us. In 1998, at the ordination of Baika Pratt-Heaton and myself, the Women Ancestors’ names were chanted for the first time at BZC. It moved many women to tears.

Over the twenty years I was an active participant in the BZC community, I witnessed Sojun Roshi’s complete devotion to the center. I was impressed by his caring and affectionate teaching style. I remain most impressed by Sojun accepting my challenges, and those of others, and continuing to offer a steady relationship. Overall, from his living room to the zendo, Sojun’s warmth and devotion have guided BZC for 50 years—a truly wonderful contribution to Zen.

—Myoan Grace Schireson



Sojun's office altar



Jake Van Akkeren & Leslie Bartholic



Susan Marvin & Gary Artim



Ko Blix

When I first started coming to BZC, Sojun was occupied helping City Center find its way. It was wonderful whenever he could be at BZC, but also wonderful when it was just a few of us in the early morning, each doing his or her part to keep the practice going. My main memory is of the quiet and a sweet intimacy within a soft spaciousness, the light wood of the temple pillars casting shadows on the wooden floor. I'd like to offer a sonnet:



Bob Rosenbaum, 1996

No teacher but the welcome placid dawn;
the music of gashhos first in then out,
acknowledging unbroken mind unborn.
Sincerity the posture, even doubt

embraced without cant dogma clinging greed
Love, reverent, unspoken though it be
enfolding moment's place unbound by need
intuitive its generosity.

The spontaneity of empty form
upholds a ground enfolding practice sky.
Ungraspable mysterious no norm
insisted on, compelled to measure by.

Kind incubator be our zeal to see
just this: from "self" and "other" here leaps free.

—Bob Rosenbaum



Zaike Tokudo, 1994

I may have told this story before, for the last big anniversary. It's about how I came to the Berkeley Zen Center and met Mel. It was in the early 70s, and I had just moved to California with the idea of doing Zen practice. I looked up "Zen" in the Berkeley phone book and found the Berkeley Zendo. I had no expectations, so I wasn't surprised that the place looked so ordinary, just a small Victorian house. A tiny plaque by the front door said it was the Berkeley Zen Center. There was a small front yard with a young monkey puzzle tree on one side and a young



Sojun, Hoitsu Suzuki & Kaz Tanahashi

yucca tree on the other. (I recently drove by: these trees are gigantic now). A man was raking leaves, obviously the gardener. I asked him who the Roshi was. He said there was no Roshi, but that if I wanted to sit zazen, I could come back the next morning.

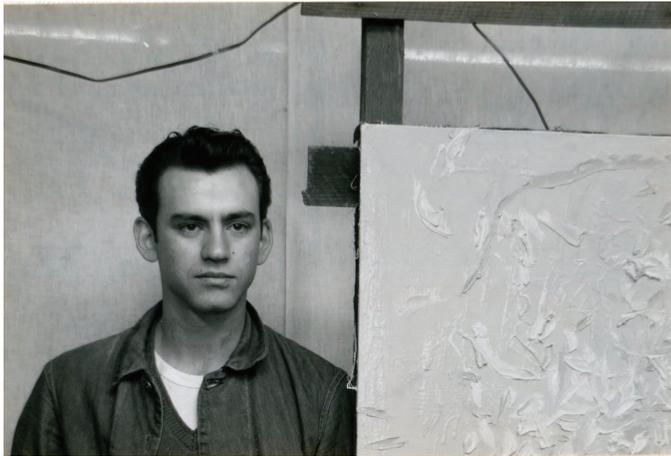
At 5:00 AM I climbed the steep, narrow stairs to the attic zendo. I could see as I ascended a priest in robes sitting next to the altar, first the lower part of him, the middle part of him, and finally, as I got to the top steps, his face. It was the gardener! Mel.

He was very low key. He worked around the place, especially in the vegetable garden in back. There was a clothesline with clothes flapping and a leaning plum tree that flowered loudly in the springtime. During all-day sits we'd work back there. I also remember sitting with Mel in the garden, having green tea, saying very little.

Mel wasn't a teacher in those early days and wasn't trying to be. He was just taking care of the place. His

style was precise but not fussy. By the mid-70s we had quite a crew there and a close sangha feeling. People lived in the basement apartment and in the neighborhood. Among the regulars were my wife-to-be Kathie and my dear friend Alan Lew (who later became a famous rabbi). After zazen every morning, we'd have coffee (Liz made great coffee) and read Herb Caen out loud from the *Chronicle*.

I wanted to go to Tassajara and finally did so in the late 70s, with Mel's encouragement. I see now how remarkable that was, considering that Mel didn't have much affinity with Dick Baker, and once you went to Tassajara you would very likely not return to Berkeley, and would become a SFZC student (this happened to me). But Mel wanted people to practice as deeply as they could, and if that meant leaving BZC, that was okay.



Sojun, 1951

Maybe it was because of my start at BZC that I wasn't so crushed when Dick turned out to be not as enlightened as people thought he was. Certainly Mel was not surprised! But I wasn't that surprised either, because though I respected Dick (and still do—he is a talented and nervy guy) I never thought he was impeccable. (It seemed in a way sweet to me that he met his downfall because he fell in love with someone.)

Some of my very best friends, Issan Dorsey and Phil Whalen among them, remained loyal to Dick. But I stuck with my sangha brothers and sisters at SFZC. Kathie and I and our boys were by then at Green Gulch with no money, no prospects, and nowhere else to go anyway.

During these years I didn't see Mel much. On the one hand, I am impressed by what an idiot I was: why



Russell Street

didn't I stay in touch? My years at BZC were so important to me, maybe the best years of my practice life. On the other hand, I am equally im-

pressed with how in practice you stay close even when you don't see each other. So I never lost my deep feeling of closeness to Mel.

In 1988, I was tanto at Green Gulch, and Mel and Reb were serving as co-abbots at Zen Center. They both came to me and offered me dharma transmission, shiho. I was surprised because I had thought



Russell Street

that only enlightened people received shiho! But there was no question in my mind that Mel was my teacher, so I received shiho from him in late October of that year at Tassajara.

I have been out of touch with BZC for a long long time now and really don't know what it's like anymore. But Mel remains the same—steady in his practice, simple, kind, loyal, unassuming (though



Russell Street

now, he has a strong consciousness of being a teacher). He stays close to home and to daily practice, not rushing

around “making an impact.” So I expect the Berkeley Zen Center retains this solid straightforward spirit, despite whatever changes may have occurred along the way.

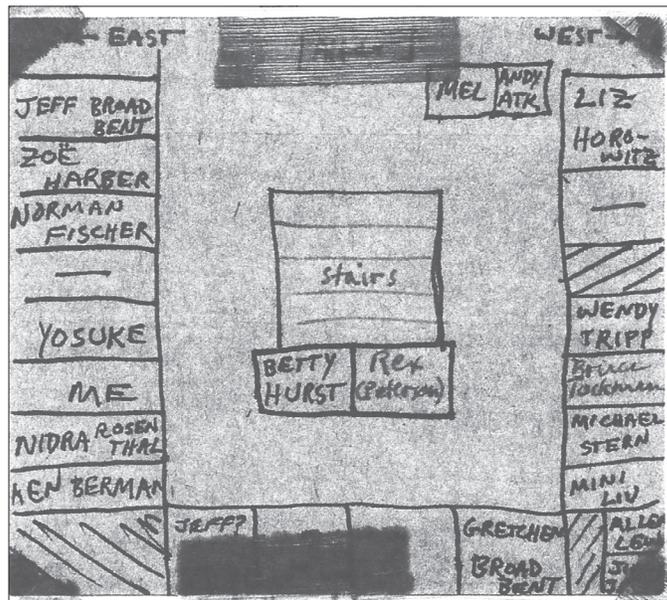
But I do stay in touch with Mel. He, Liz, Kathie and I do things together, we hang out. Not so often, but regularly. I love Mel. And this makes me love everyone who is closely associated with him. What else can I say?

—Norman Fischer



Russell Street

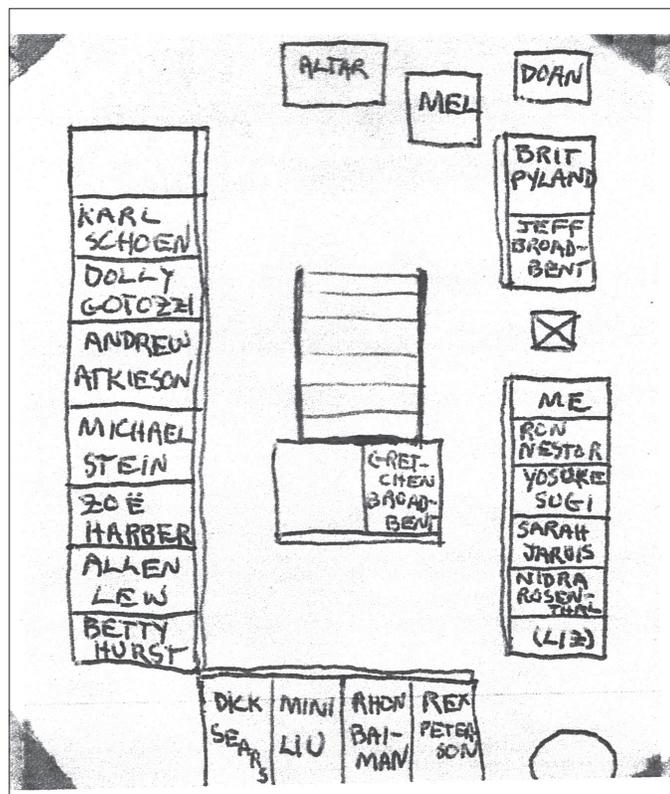
I went to Tassajara in 1967 as a guest student. Suzuki and Kobun were there. That’s where I met Mel, on a work crew. He scolded people about talking but in a pretty okay way, and made a nice impression. When I could sit more than twenty minutes, I went to BZC. It was 1968. Peter Overton and I took zazen instruction at the same time. The group was small, about twelve regulars and maybe twenty to thirty total. We’d sit on Mondays and Suzuki Roshi would



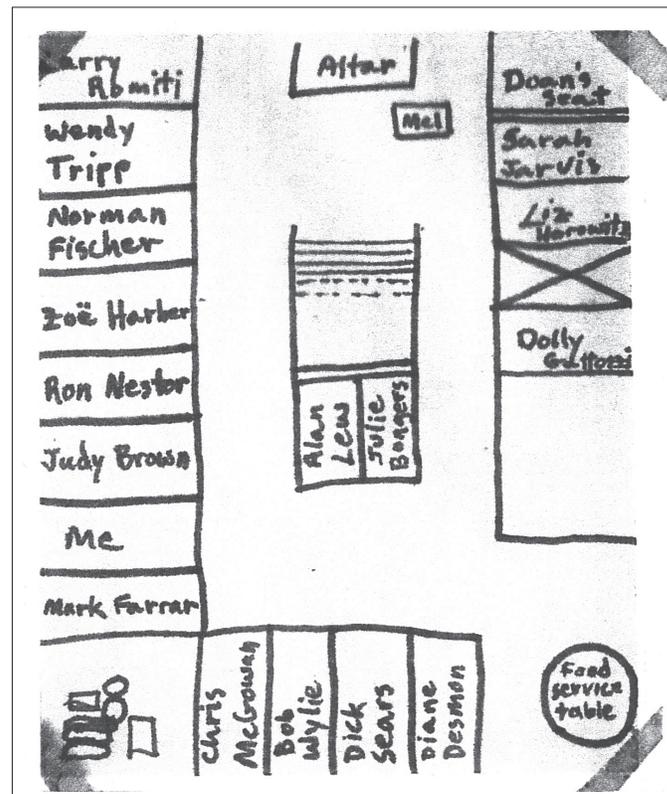
ibid.

come for a lecture. Maybe there would be twelve of us. We’d have rice gruel, fruit and tea or coffee. I remember Suzuki Roshi bowing to me in the garden. The way he bowed made such a big presence.

Our final jukai at City Center was in 1971. Mel implied that I had to sew and do jukai. The zendo, upstairs on Dwight Way, was kind of homemade. Some people thought it was second rate, but I loved it. We chanted the “Sandokai” in Sino-Japanese.



Dwight Way sesshin seating chart



ibid. All seating charts courtesy of James Kenney

When Sojun was gone in 1973, Ed Brown and Meg came. Blanche and Lou, Peter Overton and Richard Burack were the board. (Rebecca had been the first President). The rent for the Dwight Way house back then was \$300. The practice at BZC was genuine and sincere, and Mel was a good person to be around. That was before he was giving talks or formally calling our conversations dokusan. Many people wanted to help out. It was easy to get people to do things. Rent money was raised each month by donations into a tobacco can.



Donation tin from Dwight Way

Many of the great teachers and translators were around including Edward Conze, Bill Powell, Carl Bieldlsfelt, Sum Bae Park and Bob Harp. We would take seminars. Conze taught the *Heart Sutra* and Nagarjuna. At that time, Alan Watts was under appreciated. I was just at the right place at the right time.

—Britt Pyland



Ron Nestor

The owner of the building on Dwight Way was difficult, and efforts to buy the house didn't succeed. Mel traversed Berkeley by bike for a couple of years, looking for a place we could own. He wanted a property in which Zen residents could live, with the rental income paying for the mortgage. We came very close but were outbid in a dramatic afternoon telephone bidding session for

another property with wonderful owners in West Berkeley. Standing next to the phone, Liz, Mel, and I went back and forth raising our offer in response to the unseen other party, somewhat like a poker game. They raised us again, and we finally folded, getting over our heads financially at that point. Mel seemed depressed afterward, but in retrospect Russell Street turned out to be much the better choice!



Liz & Daniel

Soon after, a friend of Patrick's told us about the Russell Street property because she knew the owner. At Mel's suggestion, I put little notes on nearby members' doors, asking them to stop by, take a look, and report back. The responses were 100-percent positive. Mel agreed. The owner wanted a group like ours, a community, for the four-building compound. This had always been his vision for the property. We fit! The total cost of Russell Street was about \$215,000 (the good old days).



Russell Street demolition

We moved into Russell Street in the fall of 1979, after going through a formal hearing with the Berkeley Board of Adjustments over parking and use issues. Before the hearing, I went door to door in this new Russell Street neighborhood collecting signatures of agreeable neighbors.

“Yes, let the Zen people come,” wrote one. Not all neighbors agreed, some fearing we'd be weird. The Hare Krishna group was then front and center in Berkeley. One young neighbor asked at the hearing, “What is Zen anyway?” A Board member replied, “Maybe you could go and ask them.”

Moving to Russell Street from Dwight Way happened rapidly. Knowing that inanimate objects also preach the Dharma, we brought bricks from our Dwight Way paths, old windows, and also a maple tree, which we planted out front.

Once we were reasonably settled, the conversion to what we really needed began in stages. Sojun and Bill Milligan were suddenly inspired to get moving one afternoon and took sledgehammers to the sheetrock wall in the 1929 downstairs apartment, which divided the two bedrooms. A temporary zendo was born. This very small zendo had the narrowest aisles in the world. During afternoon zazen, we could hear animated conversations out on the sidewalk that went along with our own repetitive inner dialogues.

The fundraising and building of the zendo in—

was it 1981?—was truly a Bay-Area, Zen-community, all-out enthusiastic project. At least six months of passionate (might we even say argumentative?) design-committee meetings in Sojun and Liz's living room resulted in the plans. Our big fundraising mailing was easy; everyone wanted to help. The original budget estimate of \$35,000 eventually swelled to a final budget of \$70,000.



Shaping zendo posts



Raising zendo beams

We bought Alaskan cedar on sale that we learned about from a lumber company flier we received in the mail. We had it milled to our specs. Jon Grubb and Reed

Hamilton, top-notch BZC carpenters, led the way with other BZC carpenters and tradespeople. General labor from the sangha, Ned, our architect, and folks from SFZC lent a hand. The big lunches in the courtyard for all the workers were a joy.



Zendo construction

A blue side-by-side, two matching-unit railroad apartment at 1931 Russell was gutted and just the shell kept

for the new zendo. Adapting the new exterior to the old shell was the project's biggest challenge. The zendo doors, works of art, took months of obsessive thought and effort from an associated wood worker, William. We cut and skinned trees for the zendo pillars on an expedition to Gary Snyder's Nevada City property. The carpenters enjoyed this careful and meticulous work that they didn't usually get to do in their cost-conscious commercial projects.

The first period of zazen in the new zendo occurred on the bare plywood before the final floor boards were laid. During this historical early-morning sit, a fly noisily buzzed around the zendo making him or herself known to us lovers of peace and quiet, the perfect teaching to launch a zendo.



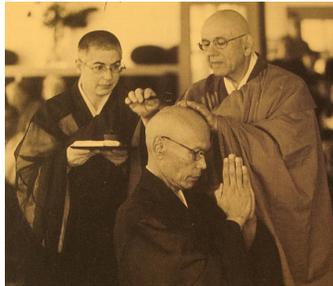
Raising 1933½

The next big project in 1982 was to raise 1933½ Russell high enough to create two apartments from what was originally a dingy and dark, low-ceiling basement, last used for candle making by a former tenant. A specialty house-raising company somehow raised the entire building on jacks. It was

amazing! Bill, Connie, and their daughter Grace lived upstairs and had to reach their home each day by a ladder. Next was the pouring of the new foundation, adeptly directed by BZC member and concrete

contractor Bill Milligan. The big cement truck piped in the concrete from the street while our crew guided the slushy stuff into wood forms our carpenters had constructed. Somehow it all worked. After that, BZC carpenters skillfully constructed the two new apartments: handmade maple kitchen counters, plenty of windows, everything simple and compact.

A funky, small, old wooden garage structure in the northeast corner of the property was taken down and a dokusan hut constructed in its place. Sojun in particular worked on this project, creating the hut where he would later devotedly park himself.



Victoria Austin,
Butch Baluyut & Sojun

—Ron Nestor

It has been thirty-nine years since I arrived at BZC on Dwight Way. I began zazen practice in Paris at the zen center of Taisen Deshimaru Roshi. When I arrived in San Francisco in June 1978, I went to SFZC. They recommend the Berkeley Zen Center since I lived right around the corner on McGee Street. Soon after arriving, I had dokusan with Sojun Roshi, who was called Mel at the time. He struck me as a sincere, compassionate, and luminous being.



Ken Knabb
& Denkei Raul Moncayo

I sat in the afternoons the first two years and then I began sitting in the morning with the move to Russell Street. I began sesshin practice that year and remember the five-day sesshin when Sojun's son Daniel was born.

The zendo was in the community room. I cooked with Maylie in the kitchen that was in the back of the house where the current zen-

do is. The first time I was head server, I learned I had to drop my prior experience as a waiter. I miss Maylie, Fran, and Rebecca as well as the other elders, of whom I have many fond memories. I also miss Baika who, together with Hozan, Ross, and Ron, formed the early group of regular practitioners in the years after I arrived.

In only a few lines I could not possibly do justice to all the people that should be mentioned in the history of Berkeley Zen Center. Many people have come, some have left, some have come back and stayed, and some have come back and left again while new members continue arriving in search of the Dharma. In one form or another we live within the concentric circles of the Three Treasures.

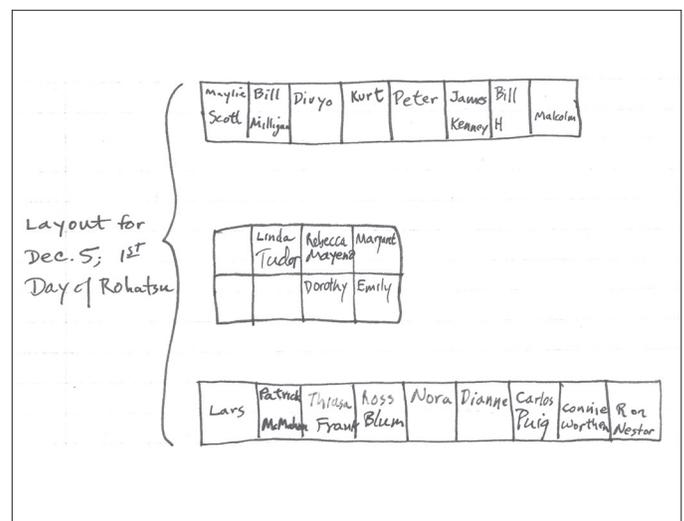
Three *vivas* for BZC!

—Denkei Raul Moncayo

What I love most about Berkeley Zen Center is that it is always there. I can count on its thereness.

I started practicing regularly at BZC in 1976. Since then, the address has changed from Dwight Way to Russell Street, but the feeling of down-to-earth abiding hasn't changed. I love this about Mel, too. Year after year, he sits in his spot beside the altar, like a breathing Buddha statue. His address has changed, too, from the tan to a chair, but he's as steadfast as ever.

I practice now with Norman Fischer and the



Seating chart, Rohatsu 1996

Everyday Zen sangha. Norman's on the road a lot, and other senior sangha members often take his place. We have no temple, and we rent our practice spaces. We don't have to worry about leaky pipes or governance. We're a clouds and water sangha, ready to move on. But thereness belongs to BZC.



Fran Tribe & Sojun

I'm not sure what Gertrude Stein meant when she said, of Oakland, "there's no there there." But no one would ever say that about Berkeley Zen Center. It's about as there as you can get. And when you go there, there turns into here!

Mel and BZC have been embodying Buddha's teachings for fifty years, but I have to admit that they've



Family practice

done a poor job of conveying the teaching of impermanence. I've gone away sometimes—for months, and once for a year—and whenever I come back, I see that dharma gate, the wooden door with the sliding latch. On the other side: the tatami smell, the big old bell. And there's that Mel, most times, sitting beside the altar.

I'm grateful to the many devoted dharma brothers and sisters who daily co-create BZC, and especially our vice-abbot Alan Senauke. I myself served variously for years—on the board, the practice committee, and editing the newsletter—so I have a sense of how

much work is involved. I know it's not always smooth sailing.

These days, unless I'm out of town, I come through that beloved dharma gate every Saturday morning to hear the talk. Mel is my root teacher and BZC is my home temple.

Thank you for being there for me, dear Berkeley Zen Center.

—Sue Moon

I came to Berkeley Zen Center in October 1976, two days after transplanting myself from the East Coast. I had recently spent over a year traveling through Europe and North Africa with only a backpack, had had a "spiritual experience" in the Sinai Desert (after which I felt unique and special), and came home with the sole goal of studying Zen Buddhism.



Jukai, 1996

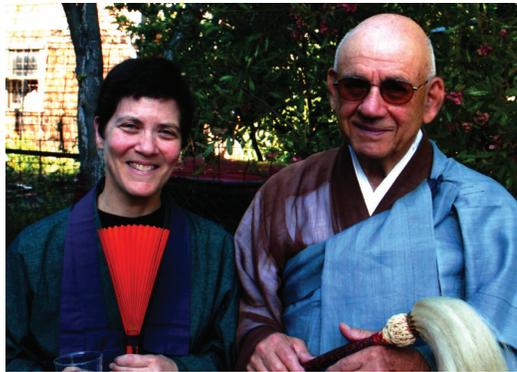
I was a college dropout and had read Paul Reps' *Zen Flesh, Zen Bones*. I found a room in a house in North Berkeley for \$50 per month.

My friend Bill, the only person I knew in California, had heard about the Berkeley Zen Center, and we went together for zazen instruction at the location on Dwight Way. We entered the house and waited for our instructor. I could see a kitchen towards the back, as we stood before a large bulletin board. I could see that someone named Mel was in charge.



Dolly Gattozzi & Ann Livingstone

The zazen instructor was Patrick McMahon. He showed us up a ladder to the attic zendo. He sat between Bill and me and demonstrated the posture, swaying side to side and in circles, his eyes mostly closed. I kept sneaking peeks at his face, thinking he was half dead, or going to pass out soon.



Karen Sundheim & Sojun

In fact, I feared I would pass out from fear of the formality, the big backs of meditators

whose eyes faced the wall, and the forty long minutes of silence. It took me years to feel at ease. Twenty years later I had jukai. I no longer felt unique and special. I had decided to sew a rakusu in order to deepen my practice; I didn't realize it would lead me to relaxation and acceptance. Taking the vows for lay ordination felt like both sowing and reaping.

—Karen Sundheim



Laurie Senauke, Silvie Senauke, Karen DeCotis & Lisa Bruzzone

Although I began my Zen practice at Green Gulch Farm, I returned to Zen practice after my “lapse” to BZC. It was a profound homecoming that has completely organized my practice. I became a resi-

dent in the early 90s and quickly bonded with some like-minded folks with whom I enjoyed the forms very much. We expressed our own Zen love affair by dubbing our reign the T'ang Dynasty of BZC. We thought much of ourselves, but also brought much love and care to the practice. This has carried me for twenty-five years.

Sojun Roshi became my perfect fit—the calm and steady buoy to my excitable and turbulent ocean. He always expressed faith in my intention and practice. My confidence in relating to the great matters of kindness, compassion, birth and death steadily grew. He still glared when I missed a bell or was too hasty with aligning altar items. Although I have been away many years, he always answers my calls and letters, encouraging me to enjoy my life, grieve my losses, accept and practice that Ordinary Mind is the Way.



Baika Pratt-Heaton, Laurie Senauke, Karen DeCotis, Sojun & Rebecca Mayeno

His students, my other beloved teachers, have furthered his great wisdom. Maylie Scott and I once found ourselves at a dokusan impasse, so she had us stand up and bow and bow until my storm subsided. Appropriate Response.

Many times when speaking with Hozan, I thought I would receive crisp Zen arrows of direction, but he joined me in the humanity of a sane practice as a trusted friend. Complete empathic seeing.

And others ... thank you.

There is no way I would have grown up, such as I have, without the Berkeley Zendo in which to sit, offer tea, perform skits with mouthfuls of oatmeal.

Please, pass the gomashio.

—Karen DeCotis



Sojun & Laurie Senauke

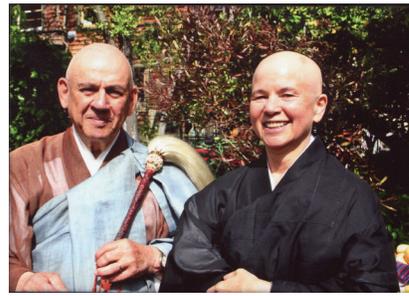
During my practice period as shuso (head student), there was one thing I could not remember to do. After morning and evening service, the shuso is supposed to walk out of the meditation hall right behind the abbot, instead of waiting with everyone else. Twenty years of the habit of waiting proved too strong—I couldn't remember my new role at the right



David Weinberg & Catherine Cascade

moment, and finally someone would nudge me or say my name, to remind me to go out. After the fourth or fifth time, when I'd followed Sojun Roshi into his office and we broke the silence, he turned his dragon eyes on me and said, "This is the problem we have with you—you don't step forward when we need you to step forward." Part of being a teacher is knowing the right time to say something. Waiting for the pivotal moment, recognizing it, and being willing to step into it. Sojun Roshi was—all at the same time—talking about this, demonstrating it, and pointing out a way I could practice it myself.

—Laurie Senauke



Sojun and Alexandra Frappier

I came to BZC in 1997 after 5 years of residential practice at the San Francisco Zen Center to practice with my current teacher Sojun Mel Weitsman. For

me, BZC has proven to be a safe place to gradually open myself up to sangha. Over time I came to accept and be accepted by my fellow dharma brothers and



Nancy McClellan & Ko Blix

sisters. I am deeply grateful to them for their willingness to practice and be with me on this path. I have found that this is a place where I can go through my darkest and lightest times by engaging with people rather than disengaging from

them—letting people see only my positive side. I know how difficult this practice can be, and also how beautiful it is. As is said in the Sandokai, by Sekito Kisan, "In the light there is darkness, but don't take it as darkness, in the dark there is light, but don't see it as light. Light and dark oppose one another like front and back foot in walking." Waking up again I ponder these words ...



Bodhidharma by Alexandra Frappier

—Seishi Yusho Alexandra Frappier



Sojun, Gerry Oliva & Rebecca Mayeno

One day in April 1995, after practicing for 6 years at Green Gulch and SFZC, I was inspired to commit to practice at BZC. Maybe it was the recent death of my dad or maybe Sue Oehser’s encouragement while sitting in a hot tub at our swim club. As I entered the path, I noticed Dolly Gattozzi mowing (or at least trying to mow) the front lawn with the ancient lawn mower. I said, “Hi.” She nodded. Trying to engage, I related my practice history and intention to “officially join” BZC. She said, clearly not impressed, “Just come for a while.” Like Dolly, I am a New Yorker, so I was not deterred. Some months later she approached me and said with some authority, “There’s a sesshin sign-up sheet on the bulletin board. You can sign up—NOW.”

Dolly embodied the tough love side of Zen: put your money where your mouth is. The ancient lawn mower is a metaphor for not giving up on anything or anyone because of difficulties. (This year Gary Artim found a place to sharpen the blades. It actually cuts the grass now.) The patience and encouragement of our abbots and sangha continue to smooth the rough edges of so many of us.

Some time later Rebecca Mayeno (yenta, inspired clay sculptress, priest, and sewing teacher), raced up to me and said, “Today’s the sign-up deadline for sewing a rakusu.” I argued that I hadn’t discussed it with Sojun. She dragged me over to Sojun and said “Ask him.” I did, and she supported my sewing effort with patience and humor. Rebecca held annual sculpt-

ing workshops. She showed slides of statues, one of which was Jizo Bodhistava. My Jizo statue remains in my entryway. Inspired by Jizo, Judy Fleischman and I initiated an annual Jizo ceremony at BZC.

For five years my main practice was sitting quietly as much as I could and not engaging with the general sangha activities. During one sesshin Sojun said, staring in my direction, “I will be doing dokusan and would like to see those who have not talked to me before.” Afterwards I started seeing him as my teacher. After some time he called me in and offered me the newly established position of art coordinator. I experienced the art as a wondrous Dharma gate, one that could be shared with others. Sojun’s consistent, quiet presence, acceptance, kindness, and intuitive knowing what to do—and when—have allowed me and many others to put down our roots in our own ways and in our own time. BZC is all of this and much more.

—Gerry Oliva



Essence of the Way

It’s been great to be a part of this bigger phenomenon called Berkeley Zen Center and to have been taught by numerous bodhisattvas and our founder, Sojun. Let’s plan for the next fifty years!

Pass the gomashio, please.

—Gary Artim



Susan Marvin & Lihang Chang

One of several kitchen mentors, folks who taught me cooking at BZC, was Rebecca Mayeno. One morning many years ago, Stan Dewey and I were working in the kitchen with Rebecca, the head cook. Stan and I didn’t know each other very well at that time.

It was time for serve-up, and the last two third-

bowl casseroles were to be brought in by Stan and me; everyone else was in the Zendo by this time. I can't remember who did it, but I'll say it was me: Pulling the last casserole out of the oven, somehow it landed on the floor upside down! The dish was Rebecca's favorite, baked eggs, a savory blend of beaten eggs, milk, herbs, and cheese.



Susan Marvin
 Stan and I squatted down, facing one another intensely, each on one side of the casserole. Stan asked, "What are we going to do?" and I immediately replied, "We're going to put it back in the casserole, less the layer touching the floor because that's what Rebecca would do." We did just that, brought the bowls into the zendo, and we never mentioned the incident again until a couple of years ago at a holiday party at Liz and Mel's house. We told the story there, laughing as if it had just happened that day. I still think Rebecca would have done the same thing, and with a wide smile on her face.

—Susan Marvin

Does A Dog?

So tell me, Daisy, destroyer of tennis balls and pine cones,
 Those big brown black-lab eyes,
 Does a dog have Buddha-nature?
 What about your new friend, Lola?
 She reeks of strong puppy-nature, that's for sure!

Sunday, I moved the zafu to the garden shed.
 Bare wood, a pile of boards for an altar.
 Tonight the rain drums on the roof,
 Dribbles from shingles to puddles on the path,
 Transports me across time and space to the attic
 Of the big old house on Dwight.

No roosters here, nor fire trucks,
 Only Daisy snuffling through the bushes.
 She steps into the light from the candle,
 Her big, blunt snout hovers over the altar
 Next to the incense. Without a sound
 She sets in place an old wet pine cone.

—Bud Bliss



Catherine Cascade, Karen Sundheim & Nancy Suib

I first encountered Berkeley Zen Center 280 miles north at the Arcata Zen Group. Sojun's deshi Maylie Scott had passed away short-

ly before I arrived, but AZG was still going strong, and I was grateful for the offering of zazen six days a week. It was an unsettled, profoundly uncomfortable time in my life. Following three years of cloistered monastic training I was on my own, getting used to wearing civilian clothes and a full head of hair, and very much at sea about how to take the next step.

AZG was in transition, too, and invited Maylie's Dharma brother Hozan Alan Senauke for a teaching visit soon after I began practicing there. On Sunday morning during tea and cookies following his talk, I approached Alan with some trepidation. Seeing myself as a monk who flew the coop, I expected a cautious reception if not outright disapproval.



Catherine Cascade & John Moge

Instead, Alan met me with the warmth I've come to know as the hallmark of Suzuki Roshi's lineage, especially as it's carried forward at BZC. He offered his support and gave me his phone number. Some months and many conversations later I walked through the gate on Russell Street for the first time. Later still Alan ordained me into Suzuki's lineage and I came to live and train with him at BZC.

Two hundred eighty miles north in Arcata, Alan extended the warm hand of BZC's practice. And I received it.

—Catherine Cascade



Ross Blum & Sojun, 1996

“I grew up at Berkeley Zen Center.”

—Ross Blum



Ross Blum & Baika Pratt-Heaton, 2012

Fifteen years after first setting foot in Berkeley Zen Center, I knelt before Sojun and accepted a ring from my daughter Columbine to place on the finger of my bride, Laura Moriarty. What luck!



Heiko John Lake

It had thundered and hailed earlier, and now the sun was out. It was quiet and still in the zendo. With family and friends we sat silently and chanted the *Heart Sutra*.

The ceremony included taking refuge in the Triple Treasure and receiving the precepts. Sojun explained their meaning in mar-

riage. “Trust this life to each other. This is to take refuge in Buddha...Treat each other as Buddha...know each other in every way... please know that you live and are lived by your wife, your husband, family friends, and all sentient beings.”

Laura and I repeated the refuges and precepts after Sojun. “I will not...” During my years at BZC, I had learned to say them in



Lisa Nelbach and Rondi Saslow

the spirit of joining with others in a loving way. I was grateful to be asked to say them now at the beginning of a new life of love and practice.

I took the ring from Columbine and put it on Laura, and accepted mine. “You have been married here in this Wisdom Hall.” Off script, we kissed.

—Nick Robinson

My most vivid and memorable moment from my almost thirty years at and around Berkeley Zen Center is the moment I received my Dharma name in



Jukai, 1997

1997. Up until that point, all of the Dharma names I had heard, including those that had already been given to others during the ceremony that day, were descriptive in nature: Still Mountain, Calm Waters; Deep Silence, Clear Vision; Peaceful Samadhi, Serene Garden; names like that.

I completely trusted Sojun-roshi to give me a name that would be suitable and helpful for me. I'll never forget the moment when he looked me in the eye and said, "Peter Carpentieri, your dharma name is Kai Ho, Ho Getsu: OPEN UP, LET GO, EMBRACE MOON!" Wow! My Dharma name was a set of instructions for living! Just what I needed at the time.

My emotions were a mix of humility, embarrassment (that I needed a Dharma name that told me what to do!), and deep gratitude. I have used this name as a mantra over the years to great benefit, though I am not quite sure what "embrace moon" means. (My koan...) Nonetheless, I think I am working on that portion these days, though in the end, all three instructions seem to lead to the same place.

Thank you, Sojun Roshi, for giving me the perfect name for me, one that has served me well, and one that I embrace fully. And thank you to every fellow sangha member along the way, for supporting me on my journey, and always welcoming me back with open arms when my attendance has diminished.

—Peter Carpentieri



Sojun & Ken Knabb



Ben Clausen, Judy Fleischman & Sue Oesher

I have lots of fond memories from BZC's fifty-year history, but I think I'll focus on our Mountains and Rivers sesshins.

M&R sesshins are a combination of zazen and backpacking developed by

Gary Snyder and his friends in the Ring of Bone



Sojun

us city slickers. He was very receptive to the idea, and we started doing annual two-day M&Rs in 1995. Eventually, by popular demand, we lengthened them to three or four days.

M&R sesshins are indeed sesshins, not just camping trips. To and from the campsite we hike in silence.

At the campsite we do two periods of zazen in the morning, then breakfast and break, then reading and discussion (usually of



Bud Bliss

Dōgen's "Mountains and Rivers Sutra"), then lunch. Afternoon is free time, typically spent taking a nap, exploring the beach, or hanging around the campsite quietly chatting. At 5:00 p.m. we return to silence with zazen, dinner, break, then two periods of zazen on the beach facing the ocean, watching the waves roll in and out over the sand as the sun slowly sets and the stars gradually appear.

So far we've done thirty-three M&Rs with hundreds of different participants, some coming from as far away as Colorado, Maine, Ohio, Oregon, or Tennessee. The first four were organized by Greg Henricks, Richard Haefele, and Paul Ridgway. I took over from 2000 through 2014, then passed the responsibilities into the capable hands of Zosie Calame and Kelsey

Hermann. Sojun Roshi—enthusiastically taking part until he was eighty!—was the teacher for most of the earlier M&Rs, succeeded by Leslie Bartholic, Walter Kieser, Gerry Oliva, Hozan Alan Senauke, and Ryushin Andrea Thach during the last few years. Special thanks also to Walter and Ko Blix for their invaluable assistance as “camping consultants” on hand to help less experienced participants, and to Stan Dewey and Bud Bliss for their steady support in many different positions.



Zazen at Mountains and Rivers

The sesshin director’s tasks are pretty demanding and often require creative improvisation. During the



Mountains and Rivers discussion

two weeks leading up to an M&R, my life was almost totally devoted to dealing with camping reservations, answering email queries, reassuring people who were nervous about how hard it might be, shopping for supplies, figuring out job assignments, discussing menus with tenzos, etc., culminating in the orientation meeting on the eve of our departure, where I

brought out all the group gear, went over the guidelines, distributed maps and job instructions, and arranged carpools—all while trying to maintain a calm state of mind and a reassuring demeanor before a diverse assemblage of excited but sometimes apprehensive participants.

It was always a big relief to finally get on the road the next morning, where I could relax with my carmates on the way to our traditional stop at a Point Reyes



Sojun, Marie Hopper, Ken Knabb & Mark Ray

restaurant for a hearty breakfast. Then the exhilarating moment of setting out on the trail—up hills, through trees, across meadows, then down toward the ocean. Once we arrived at the campsite, things tended to fall into place as we settled in and simply followed the schedule. A few unpredictable problems inevitably came up, but dealing with them together produced a lively sense of camaraderie, and in the process we all had a lot of fun. You folks who haven’t taken part don’t know what you’re missing!

—Ken Knabb



20s & 30s backpack sesshin, 2015

Zen Details

In a Zen temple, all the details are Zen.
Your seat is Zen, a round black pillow, and before
you sit down you do your Zen bows and what
you're wearing is Zen, a bib called a rakusu,
and how you eat is Zen—it's called Oryoki and

you eat in the Zendo, with three bowls for your
food and
at the meal's end you wrap the bowls in three
cloths,
each one with its own purpose so acquiring a
cloth
that meets the need precisely consumes
your attention along with current events, your
aching
back and what you're getting for supper.

Take the Wiping Cloth, for example which is
what I'm now doing, it's got to be absorbent
enough to wipe your bowls dry but it needs a tad
of stretch, you don't want it to wrinkle and
Sarah found exactly the right fabric six years ago
made me this cloth I still treasure

it's getting more and more frayed at the
corners—there's a point in the ritual where
you grasp the edges and snap the cloth crisply
and the last time I did it my Wiping Cloth ripped
and things have been kind of strained
between Sarah and I lately we had a dispute
over a new temple policy and I told her

some feelings, I thought in confidence, but she
repeated them later in a public setting but
I can't bring myself to give up on this cloth it's
too
venerable somehow, I'll get some iron-on webbing
and a scrap of cloth napkin, strategically iron
the scraps and the webbing on over the fraying,
it's going to look different but it will work pretty
well

and when next I see Sarah I'll ask her to tea
to patch the worn parts of the fabric between us.

—Tamar Enoch

Limerick #1

A priest of the highest esteem
Her practice with intention extreme
She moved to Arcata
And planted tomatas
Now she goes back and forth
In her dreams

Limerick #2

Long before the Plymouth Barracuda
A question begins the Great Heart Sutra
With a Mantra Supreme,
Like a boat in a stream
Do, you see it now, o Shariputra

Los Cuatro Votos del Bodhisattva

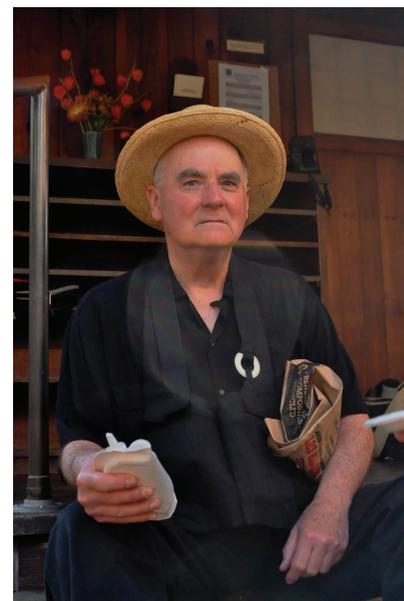
Los seres vivientes son innumerables, promento
liberarlos.

Los deseos son inagotables, promento elimi-
narlos.

Los Dharmas son ilimitados, promento domi-
narlos.

El camino del Buda es insuperable, promento
alcanzarlo.

—Charley Ware



Charley Ware



Courtney Gonzalez, Meghan Collins & Joel Feigin



Ed Herzog & Stan Dewey

This morning I awoke with my hands in gassho and with my head full of words of yours—words from the third of the four lectures on the lay ordination ceremony that you just gave at the San Francisco Zen Center, words that in effect said that in a world in which all is grace it would be most fitting for us to live a life of gratitude. It would be most fitting for us to lead a life in which we went about with hands in gassho before the birds who bathe and preen in front of us each morning, before the motorists who honk their horns and shake their fists at us each morning, and before the mailman who delivers letters and packages and entry forms for all sorts of sweepstakes and rip-offs to us each morning.

Such a life of gratitude is the type of life that I would like to lead, with one addition—that addition being with hands gassho before Abbott Sojun Mel Weitsman each morning.

Thank you for your ever-wise and ever-penetrating words and example

—Billy Barrios



Alexandra Frappier, Bruce Coughran & Sojun



Carol Paul



Jed Appelman



Shelley Brock & Greg Denny



Jukai 2013



Walter Kieser & Mary Duryee



Kelsey Hermann & Sojun



Fulani Offutt



Mark Copithorne & Stephanie Solar



Judy Fleischman & Mary Beth Lamb



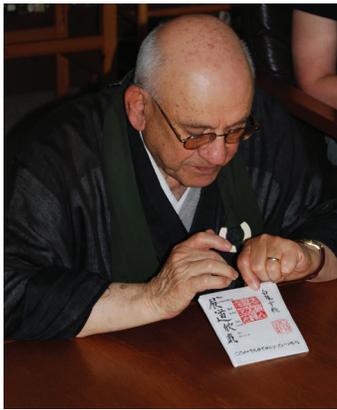
Kiká Hellein, Troy DuFrene & Heather Garnos



Blanche Hartman & Linda Hess



Katy Guimond & Ken Powelson



Sojun showing lineage papers, 2008

Sewing Buddha's Robe

| as of 2017 | people | ceremonies |
|-----------------|--------|------------|
| zaike tokudo | 302 | 58 |
| lay entrustment | 14 | 9 |
| shuso hossen | 44 | 44 |
| shukke tokudo | 30 | 22 |
| shiho | 31 | 31 |

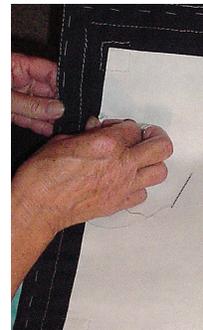
Approximately 400 rakusu and 60 okesa have been sewn since Sojun ascended the mountain seat in 1985.



Blanche Hartman, BZC's first sewing teacher, 2008



Victoria Austin, Sojun & Hozan Alan Senauke, 2009



zaike tokudo, 2011



Sojun's 80th-birthday rakusu



Linda Galijan, Rebecca Mayeno & Jean Selkirk, 2003

remembering the practice

zaike tokudo, lay entrustment, shuso hossen,
shukke tokudo & shiho at the Berkeley Zen Center

1985 - 2017

zaike tokudo

Richard Baker

November 13, 1982

☸ Zenkei Chûdô Mal Coffino
Shûgetsu Myôzen Meghan Collins
Ryushin Daiki Sarah Grayson
Soon Sodo Ron Nestor
Tokusan Tetsujyô Mark Shiozaki

January 1, 1984

☸ Soshin Jien Maylie Scott

Sojun Mel Weitsman

June 9, 1985

Hanko Shinto Anna Marie Hanson
Danin Shinki James Kenney
Reiho Gekka Dale King
Ninzan Jido Tom Lomax
Gettan Myoko Susan Moon
Daian E-Shin Diane Rizzetto
☸ Taigaku Toju David Simon
Myosen Mitsuzen Nora Sugahara

June 6, 1986

Genryu Daiki Carlos Puig
Fuyo Tatsunen Theresa Bacon
Shinun Doshin Michael May
Jose Anjin Connie Milligan

June 7, 1987

Hoan Myoke Ronna Adler
Seishi Tetsudo Ross Estes Blum
Hoetsu Reishin Ellen Courtien
Hosho Seisui Jim Parolini
Hosho Engetsu Marie Murray Parolini
Kushin Myoan Grace Schireson
Hozan Kushiki Alan Senauke
Hoga Joshin Lorinda Sheets
E-Den Mushin Eugene Stetch
Megoku Sando Jeanne-Francois Blancette

June 19, 1988

Zenmon Myokai Catherine Abel
Jôsui Gekkyo Darlene Cioffi
Kûgen Daiyu Robert Dittler
Genmitsu Denji Janice Enger
Butsoji Shinki Joy Gilcrease
Mukai Shinshin Shannon Hickey
Ritsumei Anjin Larry Hoard
Baika Enshô Andrea Pratt
☸ Hôzo Sanyô Jack Van Allen

June 25, 1989

Hakuun Kodo Steve Belsito
Seiko Taikan Moffett Hall
Myôshin Hôryô Peter Schireson

June 24, 1990

Mangetsu Seidô Laura Berman
Shinshi Tatsunen Richard Haefele
☸ Yakukai Seitoku Alan Margolis
Hôun Zenki Mary Mocine
Inmo Denkei Raul Moncayo
☸ Mokushô Butsushin George Pangilla
Daiten Kyômyô Judy Smith
Hôgaku Gyôdô Keith Walker

June 8, 1991

Hokai Shinko Matt Chapman
Koshin Daiki Steve Kelley
Tokuden Shinki Mark Lancaster
Koshin Myoka Wendy Lewis
Taido Rengeho Charlie Paine
☸ Shinka Reigen Hilary Parsons
Sensan Zendo Bill Smith
Ungen Shin do Albert Benoit
Bunshin Shido Merrill Collett
☸ Getsumon Tokuden Dolly Gattozzi
☸ Daishin Mitsuzen Rebecca Mayeno

March 14, 1993

Seifu Sodo Anne Busse
Zanka Ikushin Kathy Galvin
Hodo Kisen Ann Greenwater
Kogaku Reido Linda Groteluschen
Honden Kyoki Greg Henricks
Seika Hoshu Dede Hine
Koka Eishin Agnes Kaji

May 1, 1994

Toniku Junsui Marjorie Cox
Ushun Hokei Kathleen Dickey
Chodo Kaiku Robin Gregory
Chushin Chikudo Chris Jones
✿Kaigan Hosei Chris Lewis
Meikyo Onza Bob Rosenbaum
Kogen Kaion Lois Silverstein

August 13, 1994

Bushin Anko Lise Cineceros
Gengetsu Seijun Jana Drakka
Koun Genji Jonathan Gustin
Shoshin Seishu M.D. Kearns
Zensen Ninzan Steve Kent
Kansei Gengan Steve Malowski

May 5, 1995

Kisan Kyosho Stan Dewey
Hou Reika Paul Durham
Kakushin Seishi Al Elsmore
Sentei Konku Susan Marvin
Kika Sōka Debbie Massey
Meigyaku Gensei Damaris Moore
Jumyo Seishin Sue Oehser
Shinko Ando Rondi Saslow
Tenzan Kakuho Clay Taylor
Kaishin Jindo Jin Young

April 27, 1996

Enjaku Roka David Abel
Nyusho Ninchi Thelma Bryant
Kiho Shoko Linda Eby
Kogetsu Kaishi Colette O'Keefe
Shishin Ji-E Barbara Sandidge
Nyu-U Hosho Karen Sundheim
Ringa Mitsuko Alexandra Yurkovsky

May 3, 1997

Rinshu Myojin Maria Teresa Alvarez
Enzan Chōtoku Gary Artim
Kaiho Hogetsu Peter Carpentieri
Heishin Tando Greg Denny
Kyokutan Ikusei Melody Ermachild Chavis

Kodo Shinchi Linda Galijan
Jakusho Tanzen Eric Greene
Shosan Jiden Keith Heller
Shoto Tetsuyu Anne Jennings
Tenfu Ninshu Tony Jones
Yojitsu Ichimi Catherine Lucas

June 20, 1998

Shinsan Gyonin Adam Chase
Genzen Seishi Mark Copithorne
Shinku Myou Paul Cotton
Nyuka Chujitsu Lucero Dorado
Ikufu Zenshin Greg Fain
Seiki Reido Nancy Farr
Anzan Jakushu Marty Kovach
✿Seiu Shinshi Nancy McClellan
Rozan Choshin Adelheid Noe
Getsumon Kaiho Vivian Pon
Myogen Yudo Vanessa Ramirez
Kawakaze Shuetsu Marion Spotswood
Kaigen Meishu Nancy Van House
Kanshin Joku Marion Yu
Gentoku Shishin Tim Zaragosa

June 19, 1999

Itsugan Ju-E Amy Hutto
Zenha Waki Andrew Keitt
Ongetsu Kaimon Ann Kennedy
Seisen Ikushin Gerry Oliva
Sanfu Kakushin Paul Ridgway
Kaitan Seido Claire Rubin
Hoshu Myoto Rob Schwartz
Hōsho Kanshin Julia Sommer

June 10, 2000

Guho I-shin Gregory Mayfield
Getsuro Anan Amaselu Meyer
Jinsha Rensho Peter Parise
Hakubi Onko Rosie Rosenthal
Sangetsu Tokudo Jean Selkirk
Kokushin Kikyo Ellen Woods

June 8, 2001

Gisen Jakuryu Richard Satz
Shishin Seiku Laura Schmidt
Yoho Keido Malcolm Fairbrother
Myoju Shintaku Teresa Lesko
Honshin Jundo John Rubin
Hoshin Bokuren Jake Van Akkeren

June 16, 2002

Anzan Tokugyo Jed Appelman
 Shinko Seiwa Leslie Bartholic
 Shogetsu Junki Diana Bartle
 Muso Togen Perry Goodwin
 Kisen Hoshin Marie Hopper
 Kosan Shinshi Walter Kieser
 Antei Shujin Anne Larsen
 Gyoshi Kirei Bob Lyons
 Kogen Yûdo John Mogey

June 7, 2003

Gyosho Shinshi Kellie Hobbs
 Jakusan Seishi Kalle Nemvalts
 Shinshin Shosei Sherry Smith-Williams

June 12, 2004

Honkyo Jôsû Mary Duryee
 Genkô Kôsei Francesca Genco
 Hotô Genkan Ed Herzog
 Junki Genko Blake Tolbert
 Sankei Zôhō Robert Vergara

June 11, 2005

Shinshi Tengen Steven Burkhart
 Sangetsu Seikyo John Busch
 Shinsen Shoka Kate Day
 Seisui Myoki Ellen Doudna
 Ichika Jakushin Tamar Enoch
 Kando Kai-e Greta Pearson

June 10, 2006

Myoka Eido Colleen Busch
 Seisui Shishin Gemma Cubero
 Seisho Ninkyo Kate Gilpin
 Seishin Jinshu Barbara Llewellyn
 Shingetsu Enman Bill Milligan

June 16, 2007

Jundo Ankyo Bud Bliss
 Henwa Jôsan Max Erdstein
 Kisen Shôka Courtney Gonzalez
 Gentoku Kago Kanako Harada
 Onki Neusan Jim Tomlinson

June 14, 2008

Myoho Nindo Richard Beeson
 Meisô Ishin Judy Bertelsen
 Zenkû E-shin Zosie Calame
 Jitsuen Myoki Sonia Gaemi
 Henkai Gyôjun Peter Pfaelzer
 Maikô Kaishin Ellen Webb

June 13, 2009

Kyoshin Jôku Joel Feigin

Genshin Shôhō Denise Forest
 Junki Ninrei Matt Gillam
 Zendo Shin-I Deborah Good
 Shômen Myoju Veronica Reilly

June 19, 2010

Chôdô Kaikû Dean Bradley
 Shidô Junkô Shelley Brock
 Kansan Ansei Katy Guimond
 Igyô Zuiken Ken Powelson
 Gendô Kotô Barry Waldman
 Jintoku Anshin Oliver Zahn

June 11, 2011

Junraku Kishu Jeff Taylor
 Shôgen Ninrei Maria Winston

June 15, 2013

Genzan Seitoku Bruce Coughran
 Kômatsu Kansei Paul Farber
 Doko Kiká Susan Hellein
 Seidô Kaishin Tom Painter
 Rôrin Nyûji Stephanie Solar

June 14, 2014

Reifû Onsei Troy DuFrene
 Engetsu Onkô Stephanie Seaborg
 Kaijaku Junkyo Linda Hess
 Seitoku Shinkon Joe Gaston

June 6, 2015

Kô Shin Dai Ki Michael Cole
 Mon Shin Hô Etsu Jeanne Courtney
 Shin Sen An Ryu Heather Garnos
 Ten Fu Hô Sei Kelsey Hermann

September 12, 2015

Shin Getsu Sei Myo Teri Jo Tinus

June 4, 2016

Mei Un Sei Toku Afsaneh Askari
 Jun Sei Tai San Ben Clausen

June 3, 2017

Hei Ko Shin Kan John Lake
 Ji Dô I Shin Matt Haug

Norman Fischer**July 1, 1992**

Sekishun Kanshi Karen DeCotis

Maylie Scott**March 19, 2000**

Yakuso Ryushin Andrea Thach

David Wineberg

June 16, 2002

Gensho Shoan Sharon Gregory
Shunka Jundo Karen Pfluger

Mary Mocine

June 16, 2002

Sokyo Seishin Mimi Saunders

June 7, 2003

Hokashi Koshin Liam Morrissey

June 11, 2005

So Yu Tetsu Ji Susan Chacin

Hozan Alan Senauke

June 7, 2003

Jushin Nindo Mark Ray

June 12, 2004

Kokaku Juten Brian Blix

June 10, 2006

Hoka Taikin Elizabeth Flora

June 16, 2007

Soka Myogen Jesy Goldhammer

June 14, 2008

Koun Shogen David Corbett

June 13, 2009

Seiki Togaku Jason Straub

Myozan Hondo Vince Nocito

Reikon Yugen Katherine Ogburn

June 19, 2010

Kosen Kanshin Annette Herskovits

Kosei Myō-do Sonia Tamez

June 11, 2011

Yūzan Genryū Andrew Corson

June 16, 2012

Daishin Kenji David White

Chogetsu Ko-on Jen Taylor

Shoen Kannei Jen Copeland

Shishin Hongo Fulani Offutt

June 15, 2013

Shinki Mukai Mike McVey

Kanyo Meishi Margret Wotkyns

June 6, 2015

Jinkai Myogen Deb Self

June 4, 2016

Hokan Seido Peter Wolak

June 3, 2017

Kō Ryū Gen Shin Tim Lane

Myoan Grace Schireson

June 14, 2008

Mitsu Ko Myojun Nancy Suib

June 19, 2010

Onjō Kōshin Lisa Nelbach

Shosan Victoria Austin

June 13, 2009

Genro Karen Catherine Galloway

lay entrustment

Sojun Mel Weitsman

✿Gertsumon Tokuden Dolly Gattozzi October 27, 2002

Sekishun Kanshi Karen DeCotis..... June 7, 2003

Myōshin Hōryō Peter Schireson³ July 18, 2004

Tsuzan Gensho Doug Greiner June 11, 2005

Ekai Uji Laurie Senauke June 11, 2005

Shinshi Tatsunen Richard Haefele June 11, 2005

Nyu-U Hosho Karen Sundheim January 10, 2010

Meikyo Onza Bob Rosenbaum January 10, 2010

Heishin Tanso Greg Denny January 10, 2010

Soon Sodo Ron Nestor March 5, 2012

Tenzan Kakuho Clay Taylor July 7, 2014

Hoshin Bokuren Jake Van Akkeren July 10, 2017

Shinko Sewa Leslie Bartholic July 10, 2017

Mary Mocine

Shugetsu Koka Meghan Collins May 30, 2009

shuso hossen

Sojun Mel Weitsman

| | |
|--|-------------------|
| Daikan Nonin Don Chowaney ¹ | 1986 |
| Shosan Gigen Victoria Austin ¹ | 1987 |
| Sokaku Ryotan Kathie Fischer ⁴ | 1987 |
| Meiya Honshu Susan Wender ¹ | 1988 |
| ☸Kushin Seisho Maylie Scott..... | December 16, 1989 |
| ☸Kanshin Lin Zenki ² | 1989 |
| ☸Engetsu Honshu Fran Tribe..... | June 17, 1990 |
| Saisho Sokan Leslie James ¹ | 1990 |
| Kaishin Gotsuzen Barbara Isaacson ² | 1990 |
| Taitaku Josho Patricia Phelan ² | Spring 1991 |
| ☸Daishin Mitsuzen Rebecca Mayeno..... | July 1, 1991 |
| Seido Eishu Lee de Barros ¹ | 1992 |
| Sekium Kodo Gail Simpson ¹ | 1992 |
| Immo Denkei Raul Moncayo..... | June 28, 1992 |
| Kushiki Hozan Alan Senauke..... | June 15, 1993 |
| ☸Daigan Tatsudo David Lueck ¹ | Spring 1994 |
| Soon Sodo Ron Nestor..... | June 14, 1994 |
| Myoko Onkan Mark Boydston ¹ | Spring 1995 |
| Kushin Myoan Grace Schireson..... | June 18, 1995 |
| Seishi Tetsudo Ross Blum..... | June 24, 1996 |
| Sekishun Kanshi Karen DeCotis..... | June 23, 1997 |
| ☸Getsumon Tokuden Dolly Gattozzi... .. | December 7, 1998 |
| Shinshi Tatsunen Richard Haefele..... | December 6, 1999 |
| Kankai Muji David Weinberg..... | December 11, 2001 |
| Tsuzan Gensho Doug Greiner..... | June 25, 2002 |
| Ekai Uji Laurie Senauke..... | June 22, 2003 |
| Baika Ensho Andrea Pratt-Heaton..... | June 20, 2004 |
| Myōshin Hōryō Peter Schireson ³ | July 18, 2004 |
| Ikufu Zenshin Greg Fain ¹ | April 1, 2005 |
| Heishin Tando Greg Denny..... | June 26, 2005 |
| Nyo-O Hosho Karen Sundheim..... | June 18, 2006 |
| Meikyo Onza Bob Rosenbaum..... | June 23, 2007 |
| Seisen Ikushin Gerry Oliva..... | June 22, 2008 |
| Yakuso Ryushin Andrea Thach..... | June 21, 2009 |
| Seishi Yusho Alexandra Frappier..... | June 27, 2010 |
| Shinko Seiwa Leslie Bartholic..... | June 19, 2011 |
| Ango Jika Sara Tashker ¹ | December 19, 2011 |
| Kisen Hoshin Marie Hopper..... | June 24, 2012 |
| Hoshin Bokuren Jake Van Akkeren..... | June 23, 2013 |
| Kogen Yudo John Mogeys..... | June 22, 2014 |
| Sentei Kokyo Susan Marvin..... | June 14, 2015 |
| Kosan Shinshi Walter Kieser..... | June 12, 2016 |
| Honkyo Josu Mary Duryee..... | June 11, 2017 |

Hozan Alan Senauke

Kano Kenshin Catherine Cascade November 8, 2009

shukke tokudo

Sojun Mel Weitsman

| | |
|---|--------------------|
| ☸Kūshin Seisho Maylie Scott..... | January 3, 1988 |
| ☸Engetsu Honshu Fran Tribe..... | January 3, 1988 |
| Hozan Kushiki Alan Senauke..... | April 21, 1989 |
| Seido Eishu Lee de Barros ⁴ | September 24, 1989 |
| Komyo Hozo Kathleen Gustin ⁴ | September 9, 1990 |
| ☸Daigan Tatsudo David Lueck ⁴ | September 9, 1990 |
| Houn Zenki Mary Mocine..... | September 25, 1994 |
| Zenen Dairyu Michael Wenger ² | September 25, 1994 |
| ☸Zenshin Myogyoku Idilio Cenicerros ² .. | August 3, 1997 |
| Kyoshin Myoten Wendy Lewis ² | August 3, 1997 |
| Seishin Gyoji Arlene Lueck ² | August 3, 1997 |
| Baika Enshō Andrea Pratt-Heaton..... | January 31, 1998 |
| Kushin Myoan Grace Schireson..... | January 31, 1998 |
| ☸Shunko Enjo Mike Jamvold..... | February 15, 1998 |
| Kankai Muji David Weinberg..... | May 5, 1999 |
| ☸Daishin Mitsuzen Rebecca Mayeno..... | June 5, 1999 |
| Inmo Denkei Raul Moncayo..... | June 5, 1999 |
| Ikufu Zenshin Greg Fain..... | April 20, 2002 |
| Jakusho Tanzen Eric Greene..... | April 20, 2002 |
| ☸Eika Jakuko Butch Baluyut ² | July 12, 2003 |
| Kodo Shinchi Linda Galijan..... | April 17, 2004 |
| Yakuso Ryushin Andrea Thach..... | October 8, 2005 |
| Seishi Yusho Alexandra Frappier..... | April 8, 2007 |
| Kogen Yūdo John Mogeys..... | October 3, 2010 |
| Seisen Ikushin Gerry Oliva..... | September 30, 2012 |
| Ango Jika Sara Tashker ⁴ | June 16, 2013 |
| Junki Ninrei Matt Gillam..... | April 12, 2014 |
| Zendo Shin-I Deborah Good..... | November 22, 2014 |
| Shinsen Gyokukō Karen DeCotis..... | April 9, 2016 |
| Genzan Seitoku Bruce Coughran..... | September 23, 2017 |
| Kyoshin Jōku Joel Fegin..... | September 23, 2017 |
| Shi Ken Sei Getsu Carol Paul..... | September 23, 2017 |

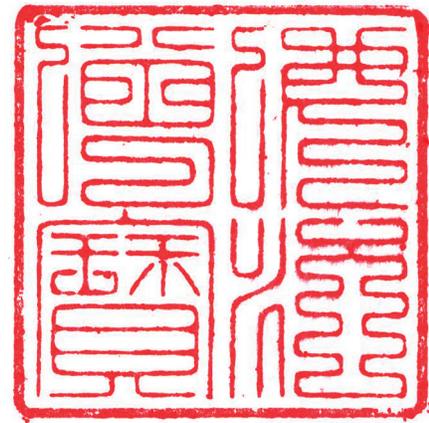
Hozan Alan Senauke

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| Kano Kenshin Catherine Cascade ⁵ | August 27, 2004 |
| Myozan Seido Alexander Kantner ⁴ | August 9, 2014 |
| Nanzan Shunki Harold Schoecklmann ⁶ .. | February 8, 2015 |
| Juen Ryushin Friederike Boissevain ⁶ | February 8, 2015 |

shiho

Sojun Mel Weitsman

✿Shunpo Zenkei Blanche Hartman¹ ..February 8, 1988
 Zoketsu Rinsho Norman Fischer¹October 25, 1988
 ✿Daitso Myogen Steve Stucky¹ September 25, 1993
 Daido Ryokan Steve Weintraub¹..... September 25, 1993
 Zendo Ryushin Paul Haller¹ September 27, 1993
 Taitaku Jōshō Patricia Phelan¹ September 21, 1995
 Ryuge Kojun Gil Fronsdal¹ September 22, 1995
 Jusan Kainei Ed Brown¹..... September 24, 1996
 ✿Engetsu Honshu Fran Tribe⁷October 4, 1997
 ✿Kūshin Seisho Maylie Scott¹ September 15, 1998
 Hozan Kushiki Alan Senauke¹ September 15, 1998
 Shosan Gigen Vicki Austin² September 15, 1999
 Zenen Dairyu Michael Wenger² September 15, 1999
 Teishin Yozen Peter Schneider² July 11, 2002
 Chikudo Tekkan Lew Richmond² December 29, 2002
 Burai Hokai Teah StrozerSeptember 12, 2003
 Daijaku Doyo Judith Kinst¹February 15, 2004
 Kokai Shinshu Roberts¹February 15, 2004
 Hōun Zenki Mary Mocine¹ May 6, 2005
 Kushin Myoan Grace Schireson¹ May 6, 2005
 Inmo Denkei Raul Moncayo..... December 24, 2010
 Sōkaku Ryōtan Kathie Fischer⁸.....July 10, 2011
 Ikufu Zenshin Greg Fain¹April 18, 2012
 Kodo Shinchi Linda Galijan¹.....April 18, 2012
 Jiryu Fugan Mark Rutschman-Byler⁴July 22, 2014
 Unzan Kakudo Peter Overton December 21, 2015
 Yakuso Ryushin Andrea Thach December 21, 2015



Hozan Alan Senauke

Kano Kenshin Catherine Cascade .. November 11, 2009

Myoan Grace Schireson

Myoshō Baika Andrea Pratt-Heaton³ January 23, 2010

Tekkan Lew Richmond

Myoshin Kushan Peter Schireson³May 1, 2012

Ryokan Steven Weintraub

Kankai Muji David Weinberg August 21, 2012

¹ Tassajara Zen Mountain Center

² San Francisco Zen Center

³ Empty Nest Zen Center

⁴ Green Dragon Temple / Green Gulch Farms

⁵ Arcata Zen Center

⁶ Wind & Wolken Sangha, Gettorf, Germany

⁷ Kaiser Walnut Creek

⁸ Muir Beach