

We need to be reminded of this delicate balance because it doesn't come naturally. Maybe a few people, like our teacher Zen Master Seung Sahn, can be generous without holding on to anything at all. That's what we encourage our monks to do. I'm sorry if our monks haven't been so good at that yet. It's not that simple to receive with no conditions. Because we sunims are often on the receiving end of generosity, our practice also, as sunims, is to receive with no condition. Not "this is my gift," but "this is a gift to the sangha." And "easy come, easy go." That means that our practice, our center, has to be simple and clear and strong. Then we understand, "that gift isn't mine, it wasn't given to me personally, but to all the sangha, to everybody." This way of thinking requires some retraining. Our whole mind has to be retrained because we tend to say, "That's my thing. That's mine! It was given to me, and now I'm going to make it mine." So it requires a lot of retraining, it's not easy, and it takes practice. But it's possible, and keeping this selfless mind will help our sangha to grow. But we also need the givers to be unconditional. There are so many benefits to be had from giving unconditionally.

Yesterday, our Korean group of people went to the Jetavana Monastery, or what remains of it. There are only archaeological ruins at this point, but still it has the feeling of a monastery. This is where the Buddha stayed for 24 Kyol Ches, 24 rainy-season retreats the Buddha stayed there, in Sravasti. There were many sunims from many different traditions, all practicing—chanting, bowing, walking. There were many different colors of robes, many different colors of faces. And the atmosphere was just one of tranquility. Yeah, there were some people trying to sell all kinds of stuff, tourist guides and trinkets, but the overall feeling of the place was that you could relax, that you could rest there. You could be a refuge. I hope that our sunims become like a refuge, that they don't have opposite mind, with two opposite political agendas going on inside. The world is already so full of that. If our sunims can be a refuge, I hope that our lay practitioners and teachers don't forget that, and help our sunims to be a tranquil refuge that people can find peace with.

Thank you for your attention and your listening. ♦

## The Deer Came to Us

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*Impressions of the Whole World is a Single Flower trip.*  
Max Schorr

At the end of World War II, Zen Master Man Gong plucked a petal from the Korean national flower, the Rose of Sharon, dipped it in ink, and wrote a rough calligraphy that read: "The whole world is a single flower." Zen Master Seung Sahn founded the Whole World Is a Single Flower (WWSF) conference as a way to bring people from many different countries and traditions together in the spirit of unity and harmony. In October 2011, the ninth triennial WWSF conference was held in Nepal, with pilgrimages to major Buddhist sites in India. The talks above by Zen Master Dae Bong and Zen Master Dae Jin were given during this conference. Below is an excerpt from recollections by Max Schorr, one of the conference participants. Further material is planned for the upcoming issue of Primary Point.

After dinner, wander around Varanasi with my roommate James from Kansas. A hectic, frenzied evening scene with no sidewalks and tuktuks, bikes, cars, trucks, cows, motorbikes vying for space on the road. This is not Kansas.

Breakfast with the Hong Kong Sangha. Corrin, completely generous, unfolds a world. Stories of joining the practice clearly translated by Shirley. An offering from the tea master. An invitation from Crystal to exercise on the courtyard lawn. Who knew it would be Bodhidharma's original moves? Secret energy invigoration movements that transcend time and would serve many of us

on bathroom bus stops across Bihar.

Off to the market. Off to Deer Park in impossible traffic. Twenty minutes to turn out of the hotel driveway. Twenty more minutes to drive down the block. Looking ahead at gridlock as oncoming traffic swells into our lane. Honking, stuttering, stopping in the mad Varanasi streets. And then the revelation of Sarnath, more welcome than shade in summer or sun in winter. Wide open calm recess. Monument to teaching. Open your mind just to walk in. We walked around the stupa and chanted. Then we chanted Kwan Seum Bosal and the deer came to us.

Arriving at the Chinese Temple there was no power. The beds were firm, wood boards with a thin pad. Live upright. Get over to the Mahabodhi temple. Walk around the stupa. See that tree. See the pilgrims. All the different robes. Hear the sacred chants.

It is all ordinary, but there is no place like here. Open your mind. Pay attention. Be where you are. Fully. Now. One hundred percent. Around and around with barefoot steps, one by one, and hands clasped.

We walk to the Burmese Vihar, where I lived 10 years ago while studying abroad. Siddaram! My barber from 10 years ago. Shanti Deva! who did my laundry 10 years ago. We remember each other with recognition-gaze beyond words.

Happening. Happening. The sweet somber death town Kushnigar. Reclining Buddha. That heaven of a birthplace, Lumbini. A long silent walk. Plenty of shade and quiet energy. A tear goes down your cheek when you hear these beautiful dharma talks from our masters. You can have a silent breakfast forever. ♦