

Note: The following two articles were speeches given on September 27, 2016 at the 25th Anniversary Celebration for Kwan Lin Chan Lin in Singapore. (The temple name literally means “Kwan Um Zen Monastery.”)

Man of the Mountains

Gye Mun Sunim JDPS

Originally coming from the mountains,
Speaking in the mountain tongue.
Hawking pine breeze in May,
Priceless in the human realm.
—*Mengan Siyue*

I am a man of the mountains who likes to speak in the mountain tongue. City folks, if you do not understand, do not blame me. In the heat of May, I bring the cool pine winds from the mountains. City folks, I am afraid you do not know how to put a price to it!

“Originally coming from the mountains, speaking in the mountain tongue.” Who is the man from the mountains? What is the language of the mountains, the mountain tongue?

This is a metaphor. It means that both you and I have the mind of the Buddha, we are people of the mountains and the sound of truth is the mountain tongue. When the cool pine winds, which arise from the emptiness of all dharmas, blow onto the burning vexations that plague the human realm—that is truly priceless! Those who understand do not even need to fork out a single cent. Close your eyes and look inward. There, you will find a limitless



Photo: KYCL Archives

source of cool breeze.

Five fives is twenty five. What is “five fives is twenty-five”?

As Kwan Yin Chan Lin celebrates its 25th anniversary this year, we have a poem to share with everyone:

Originally coming from the mountains,
Speaking in the mountain tongue.
Hawking pine breeze in May,
Priceless in the human realm.
Five fives is twenty-five.

What is “Five fives is twenty-five”? Investigate!

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Warning! There Is a Tiger Loose!

Zen Master Dae Kwang

This year we celebrate the 25th anniversary of Kwan Yin Chan Lin. Traditionally, we measure our lives with anniversaries, birthdays, weddings, graduations . . . many kinds of remembrances. However, in the end, it’s not how many anniversaries we’ve had or how long we’ve been here that’s important. What’s important is what you did with your time. The same is true of Buddhist temples and Zen centers.

In the early nineties I was fortunate enough to accom-

pany Zen Master Seung Sahn to Singapore on a teaching trip. I had met a very interesting and sincere monk from Singapore in the late 1980s in Korea, and now we were going to visit him. His name was Gye Mun Sunim.

After our arrival we were sent off in a very small boat to an island to pay a visit to his temple. As the boat landed I noticed a banner hanging above the dock, which read, “Warning! There is a tiger loose on the island.” Coming from America I was quite shocked. I was used to bears and