

Center Voice

Fall 1993

the newsletter of the Center for Sacred Sciences

Special Focus: Compassion

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Christmas Day Service

CSS will be holding a special service on Saturday, December 25, Christmas Day, at 11:00A.M. We will be celebrating the holiday season so there will also be refreshments, including cookies! It will be a good time to bring your children and friends.

In this issue . . .

This issue of *Center Voice* is about compassion and its relevance to spiritual awakening.

In Joel's article, "The Law of Love," page 3, he emphasizes that transcendent knowledge of truth is not enough: no one passes through the gate of liberation without love. "Compassion opens the heart to Love, which expresses itself in a spontaneous impulse to alleviate suffering in all its forms." As the root delusion of possessing a separate self diminishes, we begin to realize how profoundly we partake of all human experience. Once we see that we are not cut off from the suffering of others, compassion becomes our natural state.

Mike's article, "Hey, Buddy, Can You Spare an Insight" is a little like the tale of a medieval knight's quest: he goes forth to discover compassion in a shopping mall parking lot, bearing his cross, a sign reading "FOOD for the NEEDY, PLEASE HELP." Turn to page 10 to find out about his quest.

In "Dreams as a Teacher of Compassion," page 13, Jennifer tells how a particular dream expanded her awareness and deepened her spiritual practice.

In this issue we have an article on Kuan Yin, page 6. In upcoming issues we will be continuing this feature with more articles on various spiritual and religious figures from different traditions. We also have poetry and prose from the Cloud Mountain retreat last spring. We hope to expand this feature with more writings in upcoming issues. On the Library page (page 15) you'll find news and happening in the library, and short reviews on books which focus on the significance of compassion.

Our next issue, spring 1994, will be on devotion.

—the editor

Center for Sacred Sciences

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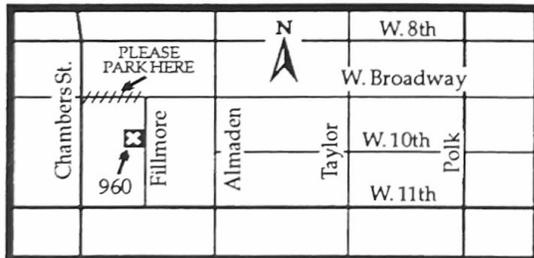
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The Center for Sacred Sciences is a non-profit, tax-exempt organization dedicated to the creation and dissemination of a new Worldview, based on the wisdom of humanity's great spiritual teachers, but presented in forms appropriate to our present scientific culture. Our programs draw on the teachings of the mystics of all traditions, as well as the evidence of modern physics. Among the Center's current offerings are Sunday Programs with meditation and talk by Joel Morwood, meditation classes and retreats, and workshops and study groups. Joel also leads a weekly Practitioners' Group for committed spiritual seekers, as well as being available for private consultation. The Center also maintains an extensive lending library of books and tapes covering a broad spectrum of spiritual, psychological, and scientific subjects. Other than a small stipend for our bookkeeper, the Center has no paid staff. We rely entirely on volunteer labor to conduct our programs, and on donations and membership dues to meet operating expenses.



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Center News:

In June, Joel and Jennifer travelled to Palo Alto, California at the invitation of George Heaton, Sita de Leeuw, and Mora Dewey, who had arranged for him to give a talk at the Minerva Bookstore. About forty people attended and there was lively discussion afterwards. The following day Joel led a workshop on the "Transformation of Suffering" at George and Sita's house, while Jennifer went book shopping for the CSS library. Among her finds were two out-of-print books, *Living Buddhist Masters*, by Jack Kornfield and *The Tawasin of Mansur Al-Hallaj*, as well as a hard-to-get copy of *Unity and Reform* by Nicholas de Cusa. If you are interested in having Joel speak to a group in your area, write to Jennifer at our mailing address, 1430 Willamette #164, Eugene, OR 97401.



Cloud Mountain Retreat, Spring 1993. Top row, from left: Ann, Gene, Fred, Katie. Middle row: John, Bonnie, Carla, Therese. Bottom row: Mike, Joel, Bev.

CSS held an Enlightenment Day party August 13 at Mike and Ellen's house. A special surprise was arranged for Joel as it was the 10th anniversary of his enlightenment: the Eugene Highlanders came with bagpipes and drums. They began playing in the street and marched into the yard. They played Amazing Grace for Joel (his favorite song). They then did a highland fling and played several other songs before marching off. Along with food and friendship, the evening included Fred doing a reading of quotes about enlightenment from Joel, Achaan Chah, and Franklin Merrill-Wolff. Then Gene performed a tongue-in-cheek song he composed about Joel's life (derived from Joel's book) sung to the tune of the Beverly Hillbillies.

We are sad to announce that our beloved Dharma Cat died in June. He was an extraordinarily wise, compassionate and tranquil cat and we'll all miss him curling up in our laps during Sunday services and Wednesday meetings. He died of old age and his death was painless. May we all be so blessed. ❖

THE LAW OF LOVE

by Joel

There is an ancient story, different versions of which appear in several traditions. Essentially it goes like this:

Once there was a Spiritual Seeker who, after mastering many disciplines and enduring much suffering in the world of delusion, arrived at the Gate of Nirvana (or Heaven as it's sometimes called). Before admission, however, he had to pass an examination by the Gatekeeper. First the Gatekeeper checked the Seeker's life records to verify he had kept all the necessary precepts. Not only had the seeker kept all the necessary precepts, he had observed countless supplementary ones as well. Next, the Gatekeeper queried the Seeker about the most esoteric aspects of the highest teachings. But the Seeker was able to answer all the Gatekeeper's questions without hesitation, thereby revealing the profound depths of insight he had attained on the path. Finally, with his clairvoyant vision, the Gate-Keeper scanned the Seeker's heart and mind, looking for any attachments the Seeker might still be harboring for the world of delusion, but he could detect nothing.

"Looks like you've passed all the tests," the Gatekeeper said and was about to admit the Seeker into Nirvana when suddenly he heard a barking sound. Glancing at the Seeker's feet, the Gatekeeper saw a little lame dog jumping up and down excitedly.

"What's this?" The Gatekeeper asked.

"My dog," the Seeker replied.

"But you can't take a dog into Nirvana!"

"You don't understand," the Seeker tried to explain, "this dog has been my faithful companion through all the hardships of the path. I can't leave him behind now."

"Well, you'll just have to. Those are the rules!" The Gatekeeper answered gruffly. Then, noticing a look of hesitation cross the Seeker's face, he adopted a more reasonable tone. "Listen, friend, you've worked very hard to get here. There's only one more step to take and you will be free of delusion forever. All your sufferings will have an end and you will enjoy Eternal Bliss. The only thing you have to do is give up this last little attachment to your dog."

"I don't know," the Seeker said doubtfully, and glanced at his dog.

But even the dog urged him not to forego this golden opportunity. "Listen, O Seeker," he said, "you have already been very kind to me, and I'll always be grateful. Please, don't deny yourself Final Liberation on my account."

Suddenly the seeker made up his mind. "I won't do it," he told the Gatekeeper firmly. "If abandoning my companion is a condition for Liberation, then I renounce Liberation." And with that, he scooped the little dog up into his arms. "If you must go on suffering, then I'm going to suffer with you. Come on, we'll return to the world of delusion together."

Still cradling the dog, the Seeker started back down the path by which they had come. But hardly had he taken two steps when he found himself once again facing the Gate to Nirvana. He wheeled to the right, then to the left, but no matter in which direction he turned, there was the ubiquitous Gate.

"Is this some sort of trick?" he asked the Gatekeeper angrily.

"Not at all," the Gatekeeper smiled. "You've just passed the final test. In renouncing your desire to attain Liberation for yourself alone, you have overcome the last barrier. Delusion has been destroyed. There is no world of suffering to return to. Welcome to Nirvana."

Although this story may seem like nothing more than a childish fairy-tale, it illustrates a fact of the utmost importance for the spiritual seeker: **THERE IS NO LIBERATION WITHOUT LOVE.** For while it is true that GNOSIS (direct knowledge of Reality) is the key that opens the Gate, no one actually passes through

it unless they give everything to Love. This is why Jesus declared that all the laws governing spiritual life are finally subordinate to two Great Laws: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind . . . (and) . . . Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."¹

cont'd

Nor is this teaching exclusively Christian. In the *Bhagavad Gita*, Krishna tells Arjuna, "whoever loves me without other desires, and has no ill will toward any creature at all, he comes to me."² Likewise, the Buddha instructs his disciples "to do no injury to any living being but to be full of loving kindness,"³ while the great Sufi master, Ibn 'Arabi, summed up his whole path by saying: "Love is the creed I hold; wherever turn His camels, Love is still my creed and faith."⁴

If one understands that ignorance causes the delusion of self (and its consequent suffering), then it is fairly easy to see why Gnosis puts an end to this delusion and why mystical teachings place so much emphasis on cultivating cognitive insights. It is harder, however, to see what role Love plays in all this. If

Freedom is attained only through "knowing," why bother to cultivate something that seems purely emotional? What does "loving" have to do with "knowing?"

By examining one of mysticism's central paradoxes, we can better understand why the cultivation of

Love is so indispensable to the spiritual path. Virtually every seeker is, initially at least, motivated by a desire to free him or herself from suffering and to attain happiness. And yet the very self which desires to end suffering constitutes the root delusion that causes suffering. Therefore, as long as there remains any trace of a 'self' seeking freedom from suffering, suffering will continue and the way to Gnosis will be blocked. It is for this reason that mystical teachings always direct the seeker towards a perfect SELF SURRENDER. But this injunction only leads to a further paradox, namely: how can the self surrender itself?

Therefore the first task is to locate one's self. Obviously no 'self' can be surrendered unless it can be found. This involves an inquiry based on the question "Who am I?" In every experience the seeker tries to determine exactly to whom the experience is occurring. While such an inquiry does not reveal what the self *is*, it does produce insights into what the self is *not*--i. e., it is not bodily sensations, thoughts, feelings, memories, emotions, etc.--all of which are realized not to belong to any 'I' but to be merely transitory phenomena arising and passing in consciousness. But while such insights are absolutely necessary for purifying the mind of delusions, they can also be quite disturbing.

"By examining one of mysticism's central paradoxes, we can better understand why the cultivation of Love is so indispensable to the spiritual path."

Not having found any 'self', the seeker may begin to imagine that the Reality being sought is a purely negative condition--a total vacuity in which no activity whatsoever occurs. For if there really is no self, what would be the motive for any form of action, spiritual or otherwise? Ruminating in this way, the seeker may fall into a "dark night of the soul," and be filled with inertia and despair. Moreover, if at this stage the seeker has a strong *experiential* insight into his or her own selflessness it may generate not an expected bliss, but intense fear.

Thus, rather than being relieved of suffering, the seeker midway on the path is apt to find that his or her suffering has actually increased. And to make matters worse, this increased suffering usually produces an

even more powerful sense of 'self', because it is during the experience of suffering that the 'self' seems to be most substantial. And yet, despite the appearance of failure, this turn of events presents the seeker with one of the richest opportunities for practice so far. This is why, instead of

turning away from suffering (as the worldly person does), spiritual teachings instruct the seeker to "look into it," for if the 'self' is to be found anywhere, it is precisely here, in the midst of suffering, where the self is felt most vividly.

For many seekers the encounter with this teaching (or rather the realization that it must be taken seriously) signals a turning point. Out of fear some will abandon the path altogether. Others will continue doing their practices but only in a half-hearted manner. But those who take the teachings to heart, and press on to investigate the nature of suffering itself, will make a profound discovery--i. e., SUFFERING IS NOT PERSONAL. It does not *belong* to anyone. Rather, it is a universal feature of all human delusion. Wherever there is self, there is suffering.

Although some may suppose that such an insight would lead to a stoic indifference to the plight of others, its actual effect on the one who experiences it deeply is quite the opposite. Because suffering is no longer felt to be *personal* (i. e., "owned" by the seeker), *all* suffering (whether one's own or another's) becomes *shared* suffering, or "suffering with"--which is what *compassion* means (from the Latin *compat*, "to suffer with [*com*] another.")

cont'd

Of course, the seeker has been urged to "practice compassion" from the very beginning, but with the insight that "suffering is impersonal," this exhortation is suddenly seen in a new light. Whereas, before the seeker tried forcibly to generate feelings of love and kindness (and usually with only sporadic success), these feelings now begin to flow effortlessly, as a natural response evoked by a common predicament.

Consequently, although the seeker has still not been able to find any 'self', he or she has found something else of inestimable value. Compassion opens the heart to Love, which expresses itself in a spontaneous impulse to alleviate suffering in all its forms. Thus, the question, "What would motivate activity in the world if there were no self?" finds an immediate answer in the seeker's own experience—Selfless Love. And the more the seeker becomes capable of Love, the more *selfless* actions automatically replace *selfish* ones. This, in turn, brings new confidence and new joy to the seeker's practice. Joy arises because selfless action is naturally unhampered by any fear of loss or desire for gain, and confidence increases because the seeker begins to intuit that the long-sought-for Reality is not some kind of negative condition as first imagined—in fact, it is not any "condition" at all! Rather, it is the Unconditioned Source of this very Love which periodically floods the seeker with a happiness never before experienced. Thus, instead of being reluctantly pushed towards Liberation by suffering alone, the seeker is now actively drawn to it in a positive way.

Yet, despite this new illumination, which Love brings to the seeker's path, the sense of 'self' still persists (for "suffering with" still implies a plurality of selves.) What's more, as the seeker enters on the final stage, even Love will be temporarily eclipsed. With the continued failure of any practice or discipline to disclose a 'self' that could be surrendered, the seeker begins to slip into a profound state of Kenosis (emptiness.) Having exhausted every option the will simply dries up, desires vanish, and all efforts cease—including those motivated by Love. And yet it is here, in this emptiness of effort, that the seeker may suddenly discover why no 'self' could ever be found: **THERE WAS NEVER ANY SELF TO BEGIN WITH!** In Reality, both 'self' and 'world' are but the imaginary forms in which **CONSCIOUSNESS PERFECTLY REALIZES ITSELF.**

This is the dawn of GNOSIS whose revelation, if fully apprehended, terminates all seeking and brings the path to an end. *Full* apprehension, however, depends on

avoiding one last pitfall into which many an overzealous seeker has stumbled. The problem is that with the dawning of GNOSIS there also comes an experience of a Bliss so overwhelming that it can easily be mistaken for the Ultimate Reality of CONSCIOUSNESS ITSELF. If, instead of identifying with CONSCIOUSNESS itself, the seeker identifies with Bliss, and clings to it, then the real import of Gnosis will be lost. And while the Seeker may enjoy this Bliss for quite some time, like all experiences, it, too, must eventually pass, plunging the Seeker back into the realm of suffering and delusion.

Bliss⁵, then, is the last barrier, and there is only one way to penetrate it. What is required at this critical juncture is an unconditional self-surrender to CONSCIOUSNESS'S one and only law, which is THE LAW OF LOVE. When even Divine Bliss can be freely sacrificed in obedience to this Law, then there is not a trace of anything left to cling to and both 'self' and 'world' vanish forever.

Thus, the moment of ABSOLUTE FREEDOM, attained through Gnosis, must in the very next moment be transmuted through Love into an ABSOLUTE SLAVERY—and yet, in Reality there is no contradiction between these two moments, for to be the perfect slave of love is to be perfectly free of self, and to be perfectly free of self is to be the perfect slave of love.

May all beings Realize this for themselves! ❖

July 1993

Notes

¹ Mt XXII:37-40

² Kees W. Bolle, trans., *The Bhagavadgita* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1979), XI:55.

³ Paul Carus, *The Gospel of Buddha* (Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co., 1921), 126-127.

⁴ Moulvi S.A.Q. Husaini, *Ibn Al-'Arabi: The Great Muslim Mystic and Thinker* (1949; reprint, Lahore, Pakistan: Sh. Muhammad Ashraf, 1977), 99.

⁵ We are talking here about manifest or experiential bliss, not the unmanifest or inherent bliss of Consciousness Itself.

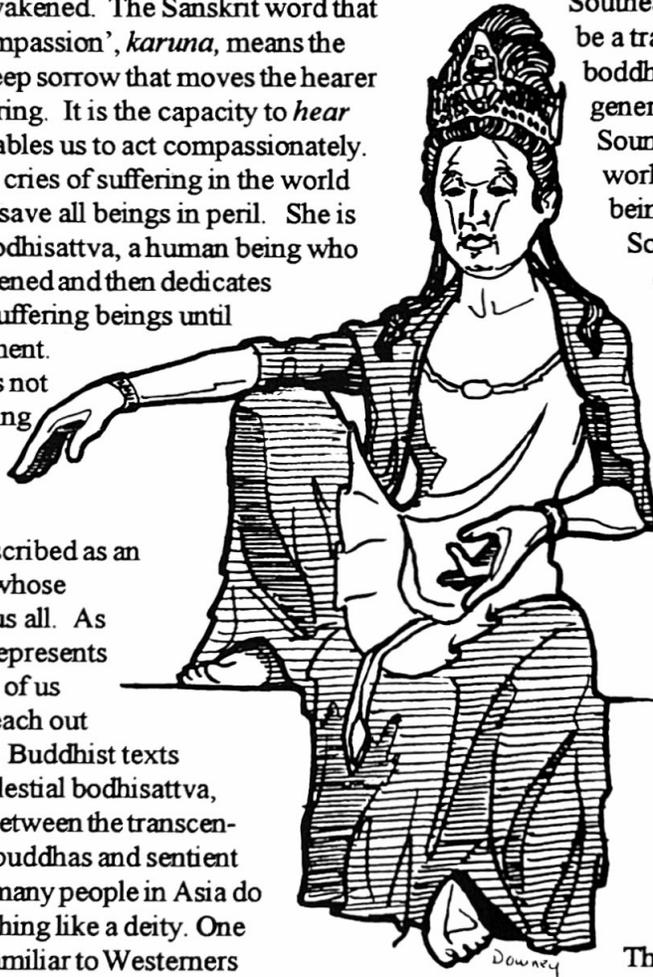
Hearer of Cries: The Boddhisattva of Compassion, Kuan Yin

Melody Carr

The great mercy of enlightenment is embodied in the Chinese bodhisattva, Kuan Yin. Her name means Hearer of Cries and her power is the awareness and strength of compassionate love.

For Buddhists, when compassion fuses with wisdom the mind is awakened. The Sanskrit word that we translate as 'compassion', *karuna*, means the anguished cry of deep sorrow that moves the hearer to respond to suffering. It is the capacity to *hear* this sorrow that enables us to act compassionately. Kuan Yin hears all cries of suffering in the world and reaches out to save all beings in peril. She is not a deity, but a bodhisattva, a human being who has become enlightened and then dedicates herself to helping suffering beings until all reach enlightenment.

Yet Kuan Yin is not simply a human being either. To contemporary Westerners, Kuan Yin can perhaps be best described as an archetype, a being whose essence is alive in us all. As a bodhisattva, she represents that quality in each of us that can hear and reach out to suffering beings. Buddhist texts describe her as a celestial bodhisattva, one who mediates between the transcendental realm of the buddhas and sentient beings. However, many people in Asia do regard her as something like a deity. One comparison more familiar to Westerners might be to the Christian concept of a saint. The reality of these celestial bodhisattvas is explained to John Blofeld by a Chinese recluse who says to him, "Believe me, the *Bodhisattvas* are as real as earth and sky, and have infinite power to aid beings in distress, but they exist within our common mind, which, to speak the truth, is itself the container of earth and sky."¹



Kuan Yin has an interesting history. For most Chinese and Japanese people (she is called Kwannon in Japan), Kuan Yin is incontrovertably feminine. Yet the bodhisattva of compassion is regarded as a man in India and Tibet (and in some other places in Southeast Asia). Kuan Yin's name is said to be a translation of the name of the Indian bodhisattva "Avalokitesvara," which is generally understood to mean, "Perceiver of Sound." As the protector of the material world, Avalokitesvara is often described as being able to take numerous different forms.

Sometimes he is shown as possessing eleven heads and a thousand arms. One of his heads sees in each of the ten directions (the four main directions, four intermediate ones, and up and down) and one head represents Amitabha Buddha (the embodiment of the infinite light) of whom he is considered an emanation. His thousand arms reach out everywhere to save those in peril. His mantra is the famous "Om Mane Padme Hum," which means the jewel in the lotus, the indestructible clarity that flowers in compassion, the union of awareness and action.

In Tibet, each Dalai Lama is the current incarnation of the bodhisattva of compassion. (The Panchen Lama, the other leader of Tibet, is the incarnation of wisdom.)

The Dalai Lama lives (or did, until the Chinese invasion) in the Potala in Lhasa. The Potala is the mountain or paradise of compassionate existence that is the domain of the bodhisattva of compassion.

Unlike Avalokitesvara, who transforms himself into many different beings, typical images of Kuan Yin emphasize her humanity, showing her as very human and very feminine—sometimes as a slender woman

gracefully reposing at ease or as a sweet-faced mother figure with a child, expressing powerfully the maternal qualities of nurturance and merciful watchfulness, very like that of the Western Madonna.

The bodhisattva of compassion plays a central role in one of the oldest and most important of Mahayana Buddhist sutras, the "Heart Sutra" (Prajna Paramita Hridaya). The "Heart Sutra" has been called the summation of Buddhist thought. Many Buddhists recite it daily. In it Sariputra, one of the Buddha's disciples, asks Avalokitesvara for instruction in the practice of prajna paramita, the perfection of wisdom. (Most English translations use the name Avalokitesvara as the name of the bodhisattva in the sutra.) The sutra begins:

Avalokitesvara Bodhisattva doing deep
Prajna Paramita

Perceived the emptiness of all five conditions,
and was freed of pain.

O Sariputra, form is no other than emptiness,
emptiness no other than form;

Form is precisely emptiness, emptiness
precisely form;

Sensation, perception, reaction and conscious-
ness are also like this.

O Sariputra, all things are expressions of
emptiness, not born, not destroyed,

Not stained, not pure; neither waxing nor
waning.

Thus emptiness is not form; not sensation nor
perception, reaction nor consciousness...²

In these words the sutra expresses the central insight of Buddhism: all things in their essential being are empty. This use of the word 'empty' sounds funny to Western ears, for we imagine emptiness to be mere blankness; another way to consider this concept might be to think of it as 'openness'. When something is absolutely ('absolutely'-?) open nothing can remain in it (or *as* it). The five conditions which are mentioned in the sutra are 'skandhas' (lit. 'heaps'), the five elemental building blocks which compose sentient beings: form, sensation (feeling), perception (recognition), reaction (impulse or initiation), and consciousness. We are nothing other than layers of these things and our "selfish-ness," the sense of something uniquely existent which we possess, is the ultimate folly and cause of our suffering.

Why is it the bodhisattva of compassion who is asked about the perfection of wisdom in the "Heart Sutra?" In Buddhism wisdom and compassion are not two things, the awakened mind sees and expresses them as one. Compassion is the activity, the skillful means, of wisdom. Through wisdom we see that we are not different than any other being, and through the action of compassion our belief in and attachment to our isolated, independent existence dissolves.

Kuan Yin is described as the universal gate or door to enlightenment. In the Surangama Sutra, meditation on the sense of hearing was said to be the route the bodhisattva of compassion took to become enlightened. Because of its pervasive nature and power to dissolve distinctions, (sound can penetrate the obstacles that seem solid to our vision) meditation on hearing turns the self back to understanding its own nature as empty. And all the buddhas and bodhisattvas present agreed that this is the clearest and easiest way road to great awakening.

Kuan Yin teaches us to listen not with ears alone, but with the heart of compassion. Thus we are urged to pay attention to:

The wondrous voice, the voice of the one
who attends to the cries of the world
The noble voice, the voice of the rising
tide surpassing all the sounds of the
world

Let our mind be attuned to that voice.

Put aside all doubt and meditate on the
pure and holy nature of the regarder
of the cries of the world

Because that is our reliance in situations
of pain, distress, calamity, death.

Perfect in all merits, beholding all sentient
beings with compassionate eyes,
making the ocean of blessings limitless,
Before this one we should incline.³ ❖

August 1993

Notes

¹ John Blofeld, *The Bodhisattva of Compassion, The Mystical Tradition of Kuan Yin* (Boston: Shambala, 1988) 36.

² From the sutra book used by the Zen Community of New York, quoted in "The Heart Sutra" *Tricycle* (Spring 1992) 25.

³ Sutra quoted by Thich Nhat Hanh, *The Miracle of Mindfulness* (Boston: Beacon Press, 1976) 59.

Writings from Cloud Mountain May Retreat 1993

During the retreat, participants had the chance to write of their experiences. Here are some of their writings

Retreat Memoirs II

Sitting in the garden with the Buddha
Suddenly a cat out of nowhere jumps
 into my lap.
The thought—"Oh here's God!"
How perfect—if only I could greet
 each being with "Oh here's God"
without judgment
 category
 history
just open to their presence.

Bev

Of Cats and Birds

The day I left for retreat I learned what I had suspected, my cat Tawna was dying of kidney failure. I had been giving her medication for four months, but it wasn't having the positive effect the vet expected. Coming up to Cloud Mountain I was feeling fairly depressed and resistant to her death. I found myself trying to avoid thinking about it and saying out loud, "I hate this!"

At the start of the retreat, Joel showed us the example of trying to grasp or push away smoke rising from burning incense. He spoke of practicing equanimity. While eating lunch I saw a cat outside grooming itself and felt pleasure but then that reminded me of Tawna which was extremely unpleasant. I immediately tried to think of something else to "escape" from this uncomfortable feeling.

Later, on my walk up to the lake, thoughts of Tawna arose again, but this time I just let them be

without trying to push them away. I felt a deep sadness which completely filled me with a sweet ache inside. Instead of overpowering me as I feared it would, this feeling lasted just a few minutes and then dissolved as a flash of yellow from a Wilson's Warbler caught my attention and joy filled me.

Throughout the remainder of my stay at Cloud Mountain feelings of sadness would arise again as thoughts of Tawna crossed my mind, but there was no more resistance, they would simply come and go.

Carla

A couple of months ago I had a near death experience and from that experience I learned that I alone face death, and what I learned from this retreat is that I alone face life.

Meet Life

the feel of a cold floor
a soft breeze against
your face.

The rise of anger in your chest.

The sadness in your heart.

Then nod and smile (because you
can't shake its hand) and say
oh, it's nice to meet you.

I walk differently today.

I no longer hurry from place to place.

There is no place to go.

Ann

A Teacher Laments

Other gurus have students by the thousands,

all robed in the finest hues;

Mine are but a raggedy band,
a miserable motley few.

Theirs are all well-mannered: They
know how to bow
and keep a proper distance,
content with their beliefs.

Mine are all full of questions. They
pester me day and night,
and give me no relief.

When other gurus put their treasures
on display,
their students "ooh" and "aah" respectfully,

but would never think to touch
so much as a single gem.

Mine, on the other hand, raid my vaults
at will,

helping themselves to whatever they
please:

then they have the gall to claim
my treasures actually belong to them!

Alas for me, it's been like this
from the very beginning.

While other gurus have acquired
much along the way,
my teacher robbed me blind,
and left me with nothing.

Now my wretched students aim to carry
even that away.

Joel

His Student's Reply

You taught us many things with
great wisdom and passion
we practiced day and night about
equanimity and compassion.

We liked the practice of forgiveness
listening to the rain
our hearts were filled with
compassion
our knees were filled with pain.

You read us many pages
of the teachings of many sages
you illustrated very well
how we've kept ourselves in cages.

You taught how good and bad
do not exist, there is just isness
and if we want to be happy in this life
we should make this our business.

You have taught us to give even
if it is just a dime
we also realize all of this is
going to take a very long time.

I'm sorry to have robbed you
and calling all I learned as mine.
Thank you for the reminder that
all of this comes from the Divine.

We are very grateful
for the teachings you bestow
and all your selfless service
in the hope that one day we'll know.

Anonymous

“Hey, Buddy, Can You Spare An Insight?” by Mike

“Get a job!” yelled the passenger in the black pickup truck roaring by. I had been standing at the exit of the shopping center with my sign for a few minutes now. As I settled into my role of beggar, the drifting breezes of noxious exhaust fumes combined with the noises of traffic on this busy road to welcome me to the world of the have-nots. “FOOD for the NEEDY, PLEASE HELP” ready my cardboard sign, much like the signs I had been seeing too much of around Eugene lately. If I thought I knew what this practice would show me, I was to be proved wrong.

I am thankful that at this time in my life I don't need to beg for my food. What had brought me to this shopping mall exit was a frustration with my practice of the precept of Charity that our practitioner's group has taken on. Our precept requires us “not to be possessive of people or things, but to give unsparingly of my assets, both material and spiritual, for the alleviation of suffering.” I had been working with this precept, and gained various insights, over a number of years. Although I didn't think of myself as a particularly charitable person, I had discovered early on that I wasn't as tight with money as I thought I was. In fact, one of the problems I discovered with charity was that it felt too *good* to give, and I had trouble deciding where to set my limits. If another being was truly in need, any amount I gave seemed less than adequate. On the other hand, I didn't think I could just empty my wallet for every beggar I saw, or it wouldn't be long before I was out there on the street begging with them. It didn't seem like that would be helping anybody.

Lately the Universe had seemed to be “yanking my chain” on this issue. This took the form of people with “will work for food” signs that seemed to be almost everywhere I went. I had given money to one of these young men a while ago. I usually ignored these people, thinking they were just looking for an easy buck. This day, for some reason, my heart opened with compassion, but I didn't know how much to give. I ended up giving him five bucks, but I felt unsettled. If he really was in such dire straits that he was reduced to begging

by the side of the road, five dollars seemed like such an insignificant contribution to his aid. On the other hand, as I rode away on my bicycle, I found myself wondering if I had been played for a sucker. Maybe he wasn't destitute at all. Maybe he didn't even want a job. Maybe he just needed money for alcohol or drugs. There didn't seem to be any way to know the truth, and my initial feelings of compassion gave way to uncertainty and confusion. The discursive mind had done its thing once again, and for a long time after that, I just averted my eyes whenever I saw one of those people with their signs.

My precept kept prodding something in me, and I could never be really comfortable with this way of dealing with things. Events brought these feelings to a head one cold and blustery day last winter when I had to make a trip to the bank. Upon entering the parking lot I had to pass a man with one of those signs. I ignored him, as had been my habit of late. Parking by the bank, I saw a woman a few cars down from my spot with all her car doors open. A spare tire leaned against her car (which was full of camping and household stuff) but there was no sign of a flat tire. A big puddle of water on the otherwise dry pavement by the car completed the scene. As I was wondering if I should ask her if she needed any help, I noticed another seedy looking man about thirty feet away at another exit with another “will work for food” sign. My mind drew a connection between this woman and her dilapidated car and the man begging close by, and

cont'd

I decided that this looked kind of weird, and I just didn't want to get involved. I ignored these people as I went about my business, hoping that the woman wouldn't call out to me and make me even more uncomfortable. On the way home from the bank, I averted my gaze while passing yet another person begging with a sign. I was getting irritated. Didn't they have any better way of making a living than standing out in the bitter cold making people feel guilty?! I wished that they would all just go away. I didn't like the way this made me feel at all.

Our Wednesday evening Practitioner's Group was focussing on the precept of Charity, so I shared my feelings and frustrations and asked Joel for advice for further practice in this area. His response (it felt more like a challenge) took me by surprise. Make a sign for myself and beg in a parking lot, he said. See what it feels like to be on the other side. I was pretty sure I would not have any major "selfimage" problems with the practice, but Joel thought I should do it anyway. So I accepted the challenge, deciding to do it for an hour or so during our trip up to Cloud Mountain for the Spring retreat. We would leave an hour earlier for the retreat so that I could do my experiment while my traveling companions had lunch near Portland.

One of my main concerns was not to be dishonest for the sake of a spiritual practice. I could not have a sign that said "Will work for food" when that was not really the case. I did not want to add to the cynicism of anybody that might actually offer me work by refusing it. I finally settled on the wording "FOOD for the NEEDY, PLEASE HELP", reasoning that if I was questioned I would say that anything donated would be given to a local charity that provided food for the needy. This way I was not really lying with my sign, but I wasn't entirely comfortable with the morality of it, either. As it was to turn out, this was not an ideal solution, as I shall relate shortly. But, with this decision I was able to make my sign and complete the other preparations. Dressed in worn out jeans, old ripped shoes and tattered denim jacket, and carrying an old Army duffel bag, I was ready for my undercover role.



After pulling off the freeway in Lake Oswego, my companions headed off to lunch as I took up my position at the exit of a small shopping center. Standing there holding my sign, I tried to mentally adopt the role of a person so poor that I needed to do this. I saw car after car leave the parking lot, nice expensive cars, with bags and bags of groceries on the back seats. It seemed like I must have been invisible, because few if any drivers even seemed to glance at me. I noticed various feelings arise in consciousness, feelings of isolation and separation from society, feelings familiar from my younger, poorer days.

As I stood there longer, examining my own feelings, I expanded the inquiry to take in those around me. I looked closely at the people driving out of the parking lot who were avoiding looking at me. I knew their discomfort, having felt it so often myself. The aforementioned pickup truck with the passenger hollering at me to "get a job!" made me wonder how much pain and discomfort were behind those hostile words. A shiny red car with two attractive young women in it approached the exit. The driver averted her gaze, but the passenger looked right at me, seeing me with a heart of compassion, but looking down as they passed me with a look of great sadness on her beautiful face. I felt sorry that my presence had brought pain to another.

Ten or fifteen minutes later, a car pulled up in front of me, halting traffic behind it, and the driver motioned me over. He handed me a very large bag of food from Arby's and a giant soft drink. Confusion raced through my mind as I tried to decide what to do. Because of a medically limited diet, I could not eat this food, and I didn't want to waste it. I felt pressured by the traffic being backed up behind his car, and I stammered something about not being the needy one myself but that I was collecting non-perishable donations for charity. As I refused to take the gifts from his hands, he gave me a very disgusted look, took the food back and drove off. It wasn't until I got back to my spot at the side of the road that the realization fully dawned upon me that he must have bought that food just for me. The bag had been very full. It seemed a deeply generous act of compassion on his part, and I had really screwed it

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up. I won't bore the reader with all the details of the self-recrimination that went through my mind over the next hours and days. Suffice it to say that I felt very bad for spoiling his expression of compassion, and maybe making him just a bit more cynical. He probably thought I was just running a scam for money and wasn't in need at all. At this point I wasn't feeling particularly good about this experiment.

Standing in the cool breeze and thin sunshine for another twenty minutes or so, I watched many, many cars go by, driver's eyes averted from my presence. I felt fine to be there, there was no feeling of embarrassment, just periodic pangs of guilt over the aforementioned incident. I noticed that the reaction to me often seemed to differ according to the relative socioeconomic level of the driver. More well to do people in nice cars seemed to go to greater pains to not see me, the determination visible on their faces. People in older cars, who looked like they had little themselves, often seemed much more accepting of my existence, sometimes looking at me, and maybe even giving a shrug or wry smile.

Then a couple in an older but well cared for black car pulled up in front of me. The woman in the passenger seat asked me if I was the needy one. I said no, and briefly explained that I was doing this to see how it felt to be on the other side of charity. The man asked if I was part of a group, that they had seen "you guys" all over the place today, at different shopping centers up and down this road. I told them that I didn't know anything about any others, that I was just doing this on my own. This middle aged couple told me that they were both unemployed, but that they had just found some money in the parking lot, and wanted to pass their good fortune on to someone who needed it more than they did. I told them quite frankly that I really didn't need the money, and that they could probably use it more than me. But no, they didn't want it, and would be much happier if I would take it. So I took the money and promised I would pass it on to somebody in need. I thanked them, and they drove off, leaving the three dollars in my hand, and a warm feeling in my heart, to have been treated with such loving-kindness by complete strangers.

Shortly after this, my traveling companions returned, and it was time to go. On the rest of the trip up to our retreat at Cloud Mountain, I found myself reflecting on my experiences. As is usually the case, the insights I gained through this spiritual practice didn't have much to do with what I thought they might

be going in. The feelings I had while begging were somewhat familiar feelings of isolation and alienation, feelings I had felt in my younger days. These were not particularly surprising, nor was I surprised at my lack of embarrassment.

The insight that truly surprised me was gained in this case more by paying attention to others than to deep introspection. For in paying attention to the reaction of others to this man with a sign begging for food, I learned something very important about suffering, and it wasn't the suffering of those without enough to eat. It was about the suffering of those of us with lives of relative abundance. As I looked at the faces of those people with their nice cars and overflowing bags of groceries, those faces being so careful not to look at me, I saw the suffering of the closed heart. I saw the suffering of the walls we build against unpleasant things, against our own feelings of guilt or inadequacy, walls against the fear that we ourselves could be destitute someday. I saw hearts closed for that moment in suspicion, thinking maybe I was just out to take advantage of them. I saw eyes that would much rather see just the "good" parts of life, and would prefer that the "bad" parts go away. I saw the suffering of people imprisoned behind their own imaginary barriers of separation and fear and isolation. I saw myself.

What brought this insight so crisply into focus was what I saw in the faces of those who stopped to help. There was an openness of heart, a compassion, a joy in those faces that moved me deeply. All those others, as they passed me by, were cut off from their own inner joy by their distrust, fear, anger, or feelings of hopelessness or helplessness. Those few charitable souls who stopped had the light of love and joy in their eyes. In that moment, there was no imaginary wall separating them from this stranger at the side of the road, no imaginary barrier separating them from that inexhaustible well of love and compassion within them. What they gave to me was much more valuable than food or money, what they showed me was another way of being. Another way of being that was no less myself than the suffering of separation. For that gift, I thank these strangers, these friends, these manifestations of Consciousness Itself, from the depths of my heart.

We've probably all heard stories of arrested panhandlers found to have wads of money in their pockets and Cadillacs at home. When I lived in New York I heard that many beggars make a very comfortable living at it. I suspect that many of these stories are true.

continued on page 14

Dreams As A Teacher of Compassion

by Jennifer

Most of the time we get teachings from live teachers, books, and video tapes. Normally we don't look to our own dreams as a source of spiritual teachings. However, I had such a dream. It was about how to end suffering.

In the first segment I go to a nurses' training clinic but everyone is too busy to train me. I interpret this episode to mean that I will not be able to find an end to suffering just by learning medical techniques.

Then I go to hear a spiritual teaching. The event is to take place inside an American Indian's medicine tepee. The woman (from the first segment) who was too busy to train me came to the event but the Indian and his medicine tepee never arrived. The nurse coming to this event indicates that I'm getting closer because it seems even a medical person can learn something here. However, because the Indian fails to show up, I interpret this episode to mean that I will not be able to find an end to suffering just by listening to spiritual teachings.

The third segment starts at the Oregon coast in a rhododendron nursery. The rhododendrons are lush, beautiful, and in bloom. Both the rhododendrons and the coast symbolize peacefulness and calm to me. Full of peace and equanimity it seems to be a place beyond suffering. However as Joel and I are walking through the gardens a man comes and tells me it's time for my test. He sets up a table right where we're standing among the rhododendrons.

At first it seems like a clerical test. After completing the test, the man grades it and tells me I did pretty well. A woman who is helping him shows me one of the clerical questions that I got wrong and explains it in detail. But then she says that they weren't the important ones that affect whether you pass or not.

The man comes back with another woman; he sits opposite me at the table and one woman sits on each side. Now I'm looking over some of the last questions on the test. They are Buddhist questions to which I've given quite long answers that sound rather erudite, complete with quotations from Buddhist books and journals. But the man tells me that one of the answers is "not quite right," and he reads where I wrote "all the sentient beings cry out." These words referred to an image I held concerning the nature of the Buddha's

compassion. I saw the Buddha sitting in meditation with his mind full of peacefulness and equanimity. He has compassion for all beings, but he experiences their suffering as the din of all sentient beings crying out like the distant drone of insects.

Somehow all this makes my heart feel funny and I get claustrophobic among all these tight dense rhododendrons. We all get up and walk to a cliff that overlooks the ocean. It has a small fence to prevent people from falling. Two huge rocks jut out below and slope steeply down to the crashing waves. It's quite foggy and you can't see the horizon. There are several groups of people standing near the fence. A child tells his mother that he wants to go swimming, but she says it's too cold. You can see that it snowed earlier this morning and, although it has melted off the ground, several layers of suspended snow are visible in the ocean. We see a little group of people on the rock below close to the water. Just above us on a higher part of the cliff are some teen-age boys. Out toward the second rock I see something floating but can't make out what it is.

I'm feeling much better now, but because of the fog my heart still has a "close" feeling that is uncomfortable. One of the teen-age boys has a rifle, and we all become agitated as we watch him prepare to use it. He fires on the small floating thing near the second rock. There is an explosion and a big flash of flame. Everyone screams and I scan the second rock to see if anyone is on it. It's as though a film of gasoline is on the ocean. The flame becomes a roaring fire and rushes in a wall across the water. While still burning all over the water, it starts rushing up the first rock. I stand on my tip toes so that I can see the people below. They're screaming and running from the flame. One man is too slow and it catches him. Suddenly it's all over him. I hear myself crying "oh no, oh no." The other people all get away and the flame stops shortly after overtaking the man, but his whole body is being burnt alive. I'm crying "oh no, oh no" because I don't know what to do to help him. He falls on the wet rock and the flames slowly die out. I remember my "ambulance practice" and dedicate any good "karma" or "merit" that I may have accumulated to him. The flames die out and he lays very still, and I have the feeling that he will live.

cont'd on page 14

Dreams, continued from page 13

My heart feels like it's breaking and it's still crying "oh no, oh no, oh no."

When I wake, I'm surprised not to hear my voice crying out.

My interpretation of the third episode of the dream is as follows: Since I couldn't find a way to end suffering through medical training or spiritual learning, I searched for a peaceful spot (the rhododendron garden by the coast) where suffering wouldn't arise. I thought I could escape suffering like the Buddha did, by finding a state of equanimity. But the test showed that this was a misperception of the mystics' teachings about the end of suffering. Thinking that the end of suffering is any form of permanent equanimity (material or spiritual) becomes a kind of prison. This is why I had the feeling of my heart being claustrophobic. This claustrophobic feeling was symbolically reflected by the snow drifting in the ocean and the fog obscuring the horizon. Only love and compassion, symbolized by the fire on the water, can break through the frozen heart. But you have to be willing to fully experience suffering, even something as awful as watching someone being burnt alive. Thus I took the dream to be a teaching that the end of suffering is not to run away from it but to embrace it with compassion. Of course I had heard this teaching from mystics before, but the importance of the dream (as opposed to just hearing the teaching) was that it gave me a firsthand experience of this insight.

Finally, the dream has also affected my spiritual practice. About a year or so ago I started the "ambulance practice" while doing walking meditation in the evenings. When I would hear a siren (fire engines, police, or ambulances) I would say a little prayer: "Whether you're a good person or bad person, whether you're sick, your house is burning down, or in trouble with the law, may your suffering cease quickly. I dedicate any good merit I may have accumulated to you." Since the dream I've expanded the practice. I say it whenever I notice a suffering being (people at work, people walking down the street, transients, animals, and still ambulances—sometimes now in the middle of the night). I try to actively notice when people and other beings are suffering rather than passively waiting for a siren to sound. And I've changed the prayer: "Oh being (name if known), may your suffering bring you great insight, may your suffering cease soon, may you find enlightenment in this lifetime. I dedicate any good merit or karma I may have accumulated to you, now and forever. Amen." ❖

June 1993

Hey, Buddy, Can You Spare An Insight?

continued from page 12

I also suspect that there are many out there who **do** need to beg to survive. I don't know that there is any way to tell one from the other. So what do we do? The choice of response will always come down to the personal level. We see a beggar on the street, and what do we do in that moment?

I can't prescribe a strategy or set of rules any better than anyone else can. But I can share what I learned from myself and others as I did this practice. What I saw so clearly was that turning away, closing down, and setting boundaries is suffering. It doesn't necessarily bring some karmic retribution down the road, the payoff is right here and now! And compassion, open-heartedness and generosity is its own reward. Not in the future, not in heaven, not in your next life, the reward is here and now, right in the doing itself! That eternal joy is ours if we don't close our heart to it!

Having done this practice and gained these insights, I wish I could say that I am a completely different person, generous to a fault, a bodhisattva of compassion. That has not been the immediate result of these insights. But my experience is surely changing. When I see someone begging now, those old cynical and suspicious thought may still arise. But there is a new mindfulness now, and those thoughts don't have the power they once did. I notice, when I start to turn away, that it doesn't feel good, that it feels closed off and small somehow. When I notice these feelings and let them go, and reach out and give, in whatever small way, it feels connected and expansive, it feels good.

Even though habit energy continues to bring the old way back to mind, it has lost its solidity somehow. And as I continue to practice and observe mindfulness, I will grow in the direction of more compassion and joy. As we become clearly aware of the causes of our suffering, it takes no effort at all to release them. Practices like this one can do much to help us see the source of our suffering, and continued practice can bring it into sharper and sharper focus, until release is automatic. Only with this continued practice can we hope to undo the patterns of selfishness and delusion that we have spent a lifetime reinforcing. ❖

July 1993



Library Page

CSS Library Hours:

Sunday afternoons
2:00 p.m. - 4:00 p.m.



Tuesday evenings
5:30 p.m. - 8:30 p.m.

Library News:

Several changes have taken place in the library: John has been the new library assistant for several months now, and his son Michael was a big help this summer; thanks to Gene and Bryan we now have two new desks; and the library fish resigned his post for good (he was 10 years old).

Last year's book-drive was a record breaker for the number of books brought to be sold and we purchased many new titles focusing on "western" spirituality—Christian, Jewish, Sufi, and Native American. Several new books include: *First Among Sufis: the Life and Thought of Rabi'a al-Adawiyya*, Nicholas of Cusa's *The Vision of God*, and *Lakota Myth* by James Walker.

This year's book-drive will focus on two sections in the library: Science and Art. In the science section we would like to fill out our collection of the philosophical writings of the founders of modern physics such as Schrodinger, Heisenberg, and Bohr. The purpose of our art section is the study of sacred cultures through their art, as well as to have sacred images available for visualizations or other contemplative practices.

Book Reviews:

Whether it is the cornerstone of a major world religion or a subtle esoteric practice for developing inner knowledge, compassion is woven into the fabric of every spiritual tradition.

For the reader interested in compassion, our library has many resources. The Eastern Orthodox writings in *The Philokalia*, by Saint Nikodemus and Saint Markarios in 1782, describe compassion in terms of its importance as a binding force in the structural integrity of the church. In "The Wisdom of Compassion in the Word of Solomon" from his book *Bezels of Wisdom*, the 12th century Sufi mystic Ibn Al' Arabi discusses compassion in its historical connection to the Islamic tradition.

St. Catherine of Sienna, a 14th century Dominican nun, in *The Dialogue*, praises compassion in more personal terms. She says, "When you cannot see clearly and openly whether the sin is deadly . . . you must respond not with judgement but with holy compassion. In this way you will attain perfect purity."

In the *Lights of Penitence*, Abraham Isaac Kook gives us another view from the Jewish tradition: ". . . those who judge life on the basis of its true meaning, those who meditate on ideas in their purity, will recognize the nobility of compassion even when it is covered up with many veils because of an inability to manifest itself."

In Eastern religions, we have *Janeshwar's Gita*, a translation and commentary on the *Bhagavad Gita* by the 13th century poet saint which emphasizes that the struggle for Arjuna is between his compassion and duty.

Returning to Silence by contemporary teacher Dainin Katagiri discusses compassion and the Lotus Sutra from a Soto Zen point of view, and for a more technical approach relating compassion to meditative states see *Compassion in Tibetan Buddhism* by Jeffrey Hopkins.

You might ask, "What is compassion?" In Guy Newland's *Compassion: A Tibetan Analysis*, compassion is defined as the elimination of "ignorances that conceive of mental and physical aggregates in [one's] continuum to be a real, inherently existing 'I' and a real, inherently existent 'mine'."

Children's Books:

Another approach to take when studying compassion is to read about the lives of compassionate people. We have two such books in our children's section.

The first is *Mother Teresa* by Charlotte Gray, part of the "People Who Have Helped the World" series published by Morehouse. It covers Mother Teresa's early monastic life, her "call within a call," and many tales from her first years serving the poorest of the poor in Calcutta. In addition to being an excellent book on a compassionate person, it also has many photographs, a map, glossary, index, and suggestions for further study of both Mother Teresa and India.

The second is *Prince Siddhartha* by Jonathan Landaw and Janet Brooke published by Wisdom Publications. This rendering of the life of the Buddha is accompanied with beautiful water-colors. While the language is simplified for young readers, the full spiritual message comes through in both the story and illustrations.

Love is acquired by acts of love.

Theophan the Recluse

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CENTER FOR SACRED SCIENCES

PROGRAMS AND EVENTS: FALL 1993 -- SPRING 1994

Sunday meditation and talks. Sunday programs begin at 11 a.m. and include a short meditation and discourse by Joel followed by questions and answers. While donations are appreciated this event is free and open to everyone.

Sunday video presentation. On the first Sunday of most months the Center shows a video featuring one of the world's major religions or a well known teacher. This program includes a short meditation, an introduction to the video's topic, and an informal cold-plate potluck. This event is open to everyone.

Library. The Center maintains a lending library of over 2,200 books as well as extensive audio and video collections that is open to the public. For more information see the Library Page in this issue of *The Center Voice*.

Practitioner's Group. This is an ongoing study group for those who want to make a long term commitment to meditate, practice precepts, and study sacred texts together. An interview with Joel is required before joining this group.

Serving the Dream. Approximately twice a year Joel leads a course in dream interpretation from a spiritual point of view. Call for more details.

Retreats. Twice a year the Practitioner's Group goes to Cloud Mountain in Washington for a one week meditation retreat. The library also has resource files for those not in the Practitioner's Group who are interested in going on retreats.

Christmas Day Service: Special Christmas service, Saturday, December 25, 11 a.m.



SUNDAY VIDEO SCHEDULE

OCTOBER 3---*Rumi's Ecstatic World*

Dance performance to the poems of Rumi read by Coleman Banks.

NOVEMBER 7---*Ramakrishna*

Revered Indian saint of the last century and teacher of Swami Vivekananda. Includes 1928 motion picture footage and 1936 audio with disciples.

DECEMBER 5---*Mother Teresa*

Heart warming documentary on the life and work of Mother Teresa of Calcutta.

JANUARY 9---*Requiem for a Faith*

Award winning documentary narrated by Huston Smith on Tibetan Buddhism.

FEBRUARY 6---*Opening Metta*

Buddhist teacher Sharon Salzberg discusses putting loving-kindness meditation into practice.

MARCH 6---*Peace Pilgrim*

Talk about inner peace, where real peace among nations and individuals begins.

APRIL 3---*The Sufi Way*

Inspiring documentary narrated by Huston Smith filmed on location from India to Morocco on Islam's mystical core.

MAY 1---*Being Born as the Earth*

Zen Master John Daido Looi speaking on the connection between Buddhist spirituality and ecology.

CENTER FOR SACRED SCIENCES

October 1993

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday
VIDEO 11 a.m. LIBRARY 2:00-4:00		LIBRARY 5:30-8:30	PRACTITIONER B 7:20 A 8:00
3	4	5	6
TALK 11 a.m. LIBRARY 2:00-4:00		LIBRARY 5:30-8:30	PRACTITIONER B 7:20 A 8:00
10	11	12	13
TALK 11 a.m. LIBRARY 2:00-4:00		LIBRARY 5:30-8:30	PRACTITIONER B 7:20 A 8:00
17	18	19	20
CLOSED		CLOSED	CLOSED
24	25	26	27
TALK 11 a.m. LIBRARY 2:00-4:00			
31			

November 1993

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday
VIDEO 11 a.m. LIBRARY 2:00-4:00		LIBRARY 5:30-8:30	PRACTITIONER A 7:20 B 8:00
7	8	9	10
TALK 11 a.m. LIBRARY 2:00-4:00		LIBRARY 5:30-8:30	PRACTITIONER A 7:20 B 8:00
14	15	16	17
TALK 11 a.m. LIBRARY 2:00-4:00		CLOSED	CLOSED
21	22	23	24
CLOSED		LIBRARY 5:30-8:30	
28	29	30	

December 1993

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday
VIDEO 11 a.m. LIBRARY 2:00-4:00		LIBRARY 5:30-8:30	PRACTITIONER A 7:20 B 8:00
5	6	7	8
TALK 11 a.m. LIBRARY 2:00-4:00		LIBRARY 5:30-8:30	PRACTITIONER A 7:20 B 8:00
12	13	14	15
TALK 11 a.m. LIBRARY 2:00-4:00		CLOSED	CLOSED
19	20	21	22
CLOSED		CLOSED	CLOSED
26	27	28	29

January 1994

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday
CLOSED		LIBRARY 5:30-8:30	PRACTITIONER A 7:20 B 8:00
2	3	4	5
VIDEO 11 a.m. LIBRARY 2:00-4:00		LIBRARY 5:30-8:30	PRACTITIONER B 7:20 A 8:00
9	10	11	12
TALK 11 a.m. LIBRARY 2:00-4:00		LIBRARY 5:30-8:30	PRACTITIONER A 7:20 B 8:00
16	17	18	19
TALK 11 a.m. LIBRARY 2:00-4:00		LIBRARY 5:30-8:30	PRACTITIONER B 7:20 A 8:00
23	24	25	26
TALK 11 a.m. LIBRARY 2:00-4:00			
30	31		

February 1994

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday
VIDEO 11 a.m. LIBRARY 2:00-4:00		LIBRARY 5:30-8:30	PRACTITIONER A 7:20 B 8:00
6	7	8	9
TALK 11 a.m. LIBRARY 2:00-4:00		LIBRARY 5:30-8:30	PRACTITIONER A 7:20 B 8:00
13	14	15	16
TALK 11 a.m. LIBRARY 2:00-4:00		LIBRARY 5:30-8:30	PRACTITIONER B 7:20 A 8:00
20	21	22	23
TALK 11 a.m. LIBRARY 2:00-4:00			
27	28		

March 1994

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday
VIDEO 11 a.m. LIBRARY 2:00-4:00		LIBRARY 5:30-8:30	PRACTITIONER A 7:20 B 8:00
6	7	8	9
CLOSED		CLOSED	CLOSED
13	14	15	16
TALK 11 a.m. LIBRARY 2:00-4:00		LIBRARY 5:30-8:30	PRACTITIONER A 7:20 B 8:00
20	21	22	23
TALK 11 a.m. LIBRARY 2:00-4:00		LIBRARY 5:30-8:30	PRACTITIONER B 7:20 A 8:00
27	28	29	30

April 1994

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday
VIDEO 11 a.m. LIBRARY 2:00-4:00		LIBRARY 5:30-8:30	PRACTITIONER A 7:20 B 8:00
1	2	3	4
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8	9	10	11
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TALK 11 a.m. LIBRARY 2:00-4:00		LIBRARY 5:30-8:30	PRACTITIONER A 7:20 B 8:00
22	23	24	25
TALK 11 a.m. LIBRARY 2:00-4:00		LIBRARY 5:30-8:30	PRACTITIONER B 7:20 A 8:00
29	30	31	

May 1994

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday
VIDEO 11 a.m. LIBRARY 2:00-4:00		LIBRARY 5:30-8:30	PRACTITIONER A 7:20 B 8:00
1	2	3	4
TALK 11 a.m. LIBRARY 2:00-4:00		LIBRARY 5:30-8:30	PRACTITIONER B 7:20 A 8:00
8	9	10	11
CLOSED		CLOSED	CLOSED
15	16	17	18
TALK 11 a.m. LIBRARY 2:00-4:00		LIBRARY 5:30-8:30	PRACTITIONER A 7:20 B 8:00
22	23	24	25
TALK 11 a.m. LIBRARY 2:00-4:00		LIBRARY 5:30-8:30	
29	30	31	

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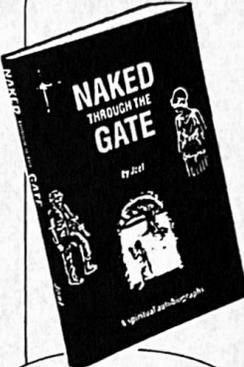
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