

—Portobello Buddhist Priory—



A Temple of the Order of Buddhist Contemplatives



*Young monks going for breakfast, Kagbeni Monastery, Upper Mustang, Nepal
(photo: Willie Grieve)*

Newsletter & Calendar of Events September—December 2017

Portobello Buddhist Priory
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— Welcome to all —

Portobello Buddhist Priory, a ground floor flat in the Portobello district of Edinburgh, opened in 1998. It is one of a handful of temples in Britain which are affiliated to the Community of Buddhist Contemplatives. The training monastery of the Community at Throssel Hole near Hexham in Northumberland was founded in 1972 by Rev. Master Jiyu-Kennett, an Englishwoman who trained within the Soto Zen tradition at one of its main monasteries in Japan. The resident Prior at Portobello is one of the senior monks from Throssel Hole Buddhist Abbey.

The purpose of the Priory is to offer lay training within the Serene Reflection Meditation tradition (Soto Zen) to anyone who sincerely seeks to undertake it, and the prior's role is to support such training. The prior and members of the congregation are also involved in activities such as religious education, hospital and prison visiting.

All are warmly invited to join in the Priory's programme of lay practice, the purpose of which is to come to know and live from our True Nature, whose expression is our wise and compassionate living.

With kindest wishes from Rev Master Favian, Prior

(For details of the day-to-day schedule at the Priory, please see back page)

- Weekend events at the Priory -

September 2017

Sunday 10th	Renewal of Precepts	11am
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October

Sunday 8th	Renewal of Precepts	11am
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November

Sunday 12th	Festival of the Founder	11am
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December

Sunday 20th	Festival of the Buddha's Enlightenment	11am
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Sunday 31st	New Year Festival	7.30-
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The Priory is open to visitors as well as trainees every day from
6.45am - 9.15pm

except Mondays, Thursday afternoons, and Sunday pm.

*(Visitors—please phone beforehand, and please note when the Prior
is holding retreats elsewhere: see inside back page)*

— Prior's Notes —

I recently watched a science news story about a woman who had regained her hearing after suffering profound hearing loss which had resulted in bouts of depression and a closing down of her social life. She described how it had been like losing a connection with her world. Fortunately medical research engineers created an artificial inner ear which was 'plugged in' on live T.V. We experienced with her the return of her connection with the world; her own voice and her husband's next to her. You could see the suffering dissolve from her face as tears of joy flowed, "*I'm like someone set free from prison!*"

Witnessing this moving event of loss and regain I felt it carried a spiritual resonance. People can come to practice with a sense of having lost a profound connection with life; a sense of not 'hearing and seeing' truly what is going on. One of the features that can cause us to suffer is the tendency as we grow up to carry forward into the present certain patterns of conditioning which we are blind to, with which we unconsciously overlay the present. It may be the 'voice' or personality traits of a significant figure from our childhood or past which we inappropriately transfer to a present day partner, friend or work colleague, where we find ourselves acting out old well-worn scenarios, perhaps expecting expressions of love and care from a manager.

Someone described feeling hurt and rejected by a bank teller who asked for two proofs of identity when opening a second account because, "they'd

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met me and knew me as an old customer”. This mismatch of personal and impersonal became confused in the relationship and perhaps triggered old unprocessed hurts from her past. In allowing the situation to come up and be held in her sitting, clarity arose; what she called a ‘Ah-ha’ moment of recognition.

Psychologists tell us as children we need to receive attention, affection and acceptance from our parents if we are to be capable of sustaining adult intimacy, otherwise we can tend to reproduce seeking patterns of dependency and need. The ego uses control to mask fear. In our practice we don’t try to remain in control of fear and the sense of powerlessness it brings. We enter into the space around and within the helplessness and feel it fully. We thereby have an opportunity to let go of the illusion of control and open to a new kind of power within ourselves; the power to face and accept what the conditions of life brings, knowing we are both held and sustained at a deeper level and can find a growing capacity to keep faith with this deep current of life.

As with all the situations of our lives they can become a source of dharma when we open up to them in our practice and the effect of doing so can be alchemical where instead of a sense of lack and dependency upon the views and opinions of others we gain a growing trust in our own refuge-taking. We can meet people with clarity instead of through a projection and see their real face and hear their true voice rather than the distortions through static of old memories and the sad re-runs of our past. This shift is away from the prison house of separation towards a genuine living out of what it means to know reality as ‘Buddha recognising Buddha’.

Hotei Comes Home —

For someone brought up in a family of Anglicans the desire to become a Zen Buddhist might appear to be without foundation. Yet early childhood influences which may seem innocent at the time can nevertheless become lodged deep within the psyche.

As a small child I went with my parents to live in Hong Kong for a year. A striking contrast from deepest Hertfordshire with different sights and smells, and not least the climate. My mother used to dress me in a bathing costume to ‘swim’ in the monsoon rain and I remember the lizards climbing the walls on the stairs up to the apartment. There was even a pet praying mantis in a cage and an amah (housemaid) to take care of the apartment and probably me while my mother enjoyed expat life. The amah took me with her to the market and bought a black hen which came home with us in a brown carrier bag. Later I wanted to visit the hen in the kitchen and couldn’t understand why it wasn’t possible. When presented with chicken for my tea I refused to eat it and was only persuaded when my mother assured me it was ‘fridge dick’ and not the little black hen.

The effect of this foreign life experi-

ence was not immediately obvious but I have always been attracted to all things oriental especially the smell of a Chinese supermarket. My parents brought many artefacts home with them as souvenirs of their stay and I now have a set of rosewood occasional tables and a large camphor wood chest which gives bed linen a wonderful smell. As an adult I was able to become a vegetarian and finally refuse ‘fridge dick’. The path to Buddhism took much longer but a lifelong interest in Taoism and the I Ching served me well in preparation. What I had forgotten from our time in Hong Kong was the Buddha my parents had brought back and who sat on my fa-



— Hotei —



ther's bureau all through my childhood. Eventually he went with my father when he retired to Brittany. My father died in 2008 but this year when I went to visit my stepmother, Lynda, my eye was suddenly caught by a familiar figure sitting in a nook on the stairs. It was Hotei, the Laughing Buddha, still smiling and with his sack of goodies but now blind in one eye.

Lynda offered him to me and so he has come to live in Edinburgh. I have made him new eyes and he sits in the living room on the ancestors table with the relics. I remembered his tummy gets rubbed to bring good fortune but

that was all I knew. It seems Hotei originated as a 10th century Chinese Buddhist monk with the name Pu-Tai meaning cloth sack in which he keeps sweets and pastries hence his attraction to small children. He has become associated with the Bodhisattva Maitreya, the Buddha to come. In Zen traditions Maitreya represents the potential of fruition through training. So for now Hotei sits with me and his laughing demeanour is a reminder that there is still joy to be found in a world of suffering.

Veronica Adamson

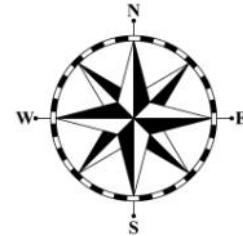
The Place Where We Are Right —

From the place where we are right
Flowers will never grow
In the spring.
The place where we are right
Is hard and trampled
Like a yard.
But doubts and loves
Dig up the world
Like a mole, a plow.
And a whisper will be heard in the place
Where the ruined
House once stood.

Yehuda Amichai

Taking Our Bearings —

I've recently been rereading Dava Sopel's gripping short book, **'Longitude'**, which describes the search for a reliable method of calculating longitude while at sea. Latitude – the imaginary lines which circle the earth east to west – is relatively straightforward to calculate, but measuring longitude – the equally imaginary lines which encircle the earth from pole to pole – was notoriously difficult and inexact, and led to the deaths of legions of sailors and untold shipwrecked vessels. Such was the importance of the problem that many European countries offered rich rewards in the 16th & 17th centuries for whoever could find a solution.



It's tempting to use this example as an analogy for other areas of our human existence; how inadequate knowledge of a vital dimension in how best to navigate through our lives can lead to great suffering.

But what took my interest initially was how attempts to solve the problem led in so many different directions, with all kinds of unexpected outcomes – for example, the famous astronomer Galileo discovered a reliable & measurable regularity in the orbits of Jupiter's moons, and thought this would provide the solution. Quite how he expected sailors to measure this on a pitching ship in mid-ocean remains a puzzle, but while it didn't solve the longitude problem, it did by circuitous means lead to the discovery of the speed of light, which up to that point had been thought to be instantaneous.

Jupiter's moons also led to much more accurate land measurement, and for the first time it was possible to accurately map the borders of different countries. I found it amusing if perhaps predictable to learn that most countries had had their size exaggerated – the ego seems not to be the only human phenomenon frequently subject to inflation – and King Louis XIV of France, when confronted with a revised map of his kingdom based on the more accurate measurements, reportedly complained that he was losing more territory to his astronomers than his enemies!

This psychological inflation of ourselves and our domains reminded me of one

of RM Favian's talks in which he amusingly described how we can so often put our 'story' centre stage. He likened it to the opening credits of a Hollywood blockbuster, in which giant letters appear –

‘The Story Of The Universe – starring **ME**’!

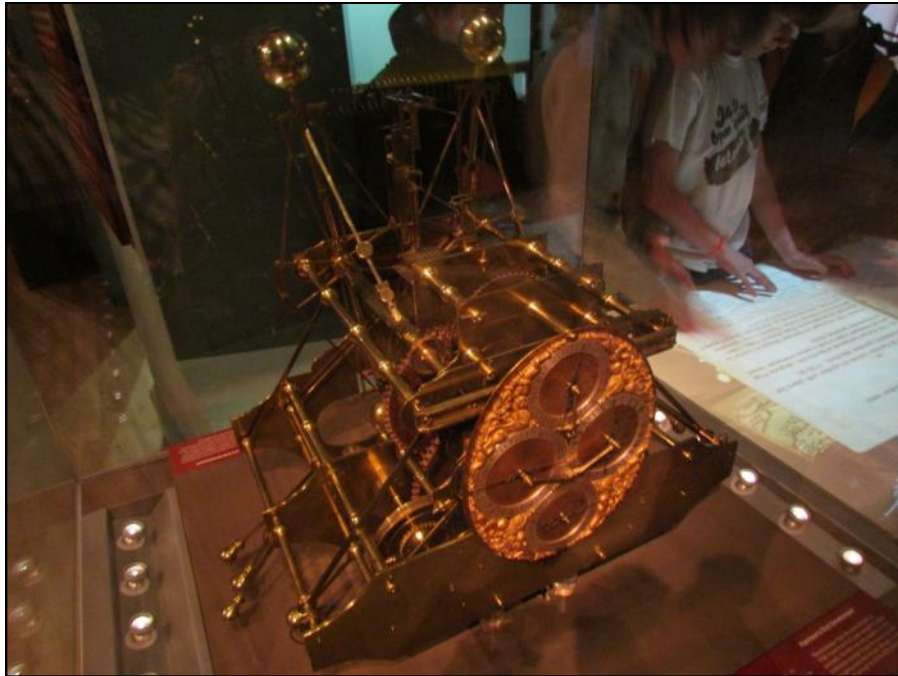
But if much of our energy can be used in rehearsing or making sense of our 'story', there can be periods where, for different reasons, that energy disappears, and we end up in uncharted territory.

Earlier in the year, I had repeated chest infections for over two months which despite antibiotics, steroids & inhalers seemed insusceptible to cure. My general system felt scoured, reserves gone; I was unwell & exhausted, listless and dispirited as I wheezed and coughed. Vitality and zest and interest in the world seemed to disappear. Even reading, a faithful standby, held no interest, and a kind of apathy took over. I noticed my thinking became reductive; what I might describe as a lack of generous thinking, a tendency to interpret things dismissively and rather bleakly, and without much feeling. Without over-dramatising what I think was a physical condition, there was a general sense of everything, or nearly everything, beginning metaphorically to turn to dust & becoming unimportant.

Clearly this condition in my case had physical roots, but it reminded me of an old word *accidie* or *acedia* which was used in past times to describe a kind of spiritual sickness, a spiritual 'sloth'. As a child, I heard my father referring to it as 'world-weariness'. In traditional religious circles it was associated with a lack of enthusiasm for spiritual disciplines; a lack of fortitude; a failure to feel gratitude. In those days there wouldn't have been knowledge of the illness of depression, and probably the two would often have been conflated.

However, *accidie* was clearly seen as a spiritual malady, and was regarded as to some extent a conscious choice, which made it one of the 'Seven Deadly Sins' in the Christian Church. Walter Benjamin described it as a moral failing, an 'indolence of the heart'. There are references to the 'dark night of the soul'.

The suggested remedies for it were various, and included being encouraged to



John Harrison's clock H1 (made in 1735) which made the accurate calculation of longitude possible

think about the plight of people less fortunate; or undertaking work of a menial nature, rather than doing nothing. An interesting suggestion was to pay particular attention to what was called 'leisure thinking' i.e. the things you think about when you don't need to be thinking about anything in particular. The implication was to try to avoid repetitively negative or frivolous trains of thought, which can deepen into a habit.

There are resonances in some of these approaches with what I understand to be Buddhist approaches to this problem. For example, being aware of 'habit energy', including mental habits of particular sorts of thought; and an orientation towards a 'letting go' rather than a pushing away, of such habits. Or of 'guarding the gates of the senses'. And even – if sitting meditation feels impossible – a willingness to undertake other practices temporarily, including bowing or full prostrations.

I am no expert in this area at all, and can only speak of a short period of experi-

encing something which shared some of the symptoms with this condition.

But one thing which stood out for me during the period was how reminding myself of Dogen's advice, to '*take the backward step*'; or to quote more fully, '*to take the backward step, and turn the light within*', was very helpful.

There's nothing new about this; we will all be very familiar with the phrase, but it's a source of continuing surprise (at least to me) how easy it is to forget it, or overlook it, when caught in some mental or emotional state which seems all-encompassing. That backward step seems to provide purchase; a kind of platform from which one can see the state one is in; and its ultimately temporary and passing nature. It helps to begin to disentangle ourselves from whatever it is we are caught up in; and to realise that it is not us. We are not the clouds, I remember someone saying; rather we are the wide sky across which the clouds pass.

This is in no way to cheapen or underestimate the suffering involved in a chronic state of depression or despair; or to pretend that there is an easy escape from it. But perhaps in its own way, taking the backward step is as important a way for us to take our own bearings as longitude was to sailors throughout history.

Willie Grieve



New website —

Impermanence is part of the nature of existence and the Priory website is certainly no exception to that rule.

The previous version, created in 2011, had started to creak in various ways: the software we used had not been updated for 3 years, and was no longer marketed; support for the software had stopped completely and a few minor problems had started to appear. Given that the website had also begun to look a bit tired and old-fashioned, it seemed like a good time for a change.

For our new software we decided to use Wix, a company with a huge number of clients. The Wix software is WYSIWYG ie you can see the page develop as you create it, rather than writing code and not seeing the result until you convert the code. This suited me perfectly as there is no need to know HTML or any other website development language. Because there is no coding involved, there are a few limitations to what is possible but these limitations are really negligible and did not cause us any problems with what we wanted to do.

A small team met several times to

agree the look of the new website. This comprised Rev Favian, Neil Rothwell, Willie Grieve and myself. They all provided very helpful input which it was then my job to implement.

Below are highlighted some of the changes introduced.

- One of the main changes is the move from the old style vertical menu to a more modern horizontal one at the top of the page. Many of the menu headings now have dropdowns to sub-menus which could be added to at any time.
- [‘Daily Lives’](#) is a new menu heading. Here Sangha members give a personal story about their Buddhist path. Thanks to Neil and Kathleen for being the first to provide articles for this. I am sure that additional contributions to Daily Lives would be welcomed.
- Under ‘Teaching’ there is a [‘Dharma Downloads’](#) page which provides information on where to access Dharma talks, articles, books and journals, most of which is free.

- Any latest news, or at least a summary of it, will now appear on the [Home page](#) in the 'Recent Posts' box. You can then link to the '**Noticeboard**' from there for more information, if required.
- On the [Newsletter page](#) you can now sign up to receive the Newsletter email sent out by Rev Favian three times a year, when the newsletter is published. Most of you will already receive this email so won't need to make use of the new facility.

I should also mention that there is now a separate format for mobile phones rather than the situation with the old website where the PC/laptop/tablet format tried to be squeezed onto the small phone screen. The mobile version is not a separate creation: the Wix software magically converts the computer format into something

more suitable for the mobile. I am then allowed a few subsequent tweaks within certain limitations, but I think it works fairly well in most cases. On the mobile there is no obvious menu but one will appear if you click on the icon (3 horizontal lines) near the top of the page.

If you find any technical problems or spot any mistakes with the website, please contact me at jipreston@outlook.com

If you have any suggestions for improvement, please contact Rev Favian or myself as seems appropriate.

The website location is still www.portobellobuddhist.org.uk

Please have a look if you have not already done so. I hope you like it!

John Preston



If You Knew

What if you knew you'd be the last
to touch someone?

If you were taking tickets, for
example,
at the theatre, tearing them,
giving back the ragged stubs,
you might take care to touch that
palm,
brush your finger tips
along the life line's crease.
When a man pulls his wheeled
suitcase
too slowly through the airport, when
the car in front of me doesn't signal,
when the clerk at the pharmacy
won't say Thank you, I don't
remember
they're going to die.

Ellen Bass

How the Wind Works

this is how the wind works hard at thinking
this is what speaks when no one speaks¹

I keep imagining the world with no people in it. I suppose it will happen one day: if not soon, then later. Strange then, all the effort we put into our lives. I'm thinking particularly of the effort I am putting into parenting my young son and the effort he's putting in too: growing into shoes and out of jumpers, standing up and falling down and standing up again. He's hardly ever still, always in the process of learning something or exploring a new object, a great wave of energy and stuff constantly entering and leaving our flat. Bags of hand-me-down clothes arrive from the parents of some older child, briefly alight, then fly on somewhere else. It's hard to get attached when it all comes and goes so fast but I still do, each stage precious because it's almost gone as soon as it arises. I can hardly remember the time before he could crawl, when he couldn't focus on a face. I look at photos but I can't connect with the image. The past is unreal; we just keep going day to day and there will never be a moment when it's done. Not until both of us are dead. Maybe not even then. And that's the beauty of it. Change. Movement. Flow. There's no way around letting go; each new skill he learns brings loss as well as gain.

I know none of this is unique to parenting. We *are* impermanent. We *can't* hold on to any thing. The past *is* unreal. But being a parent I feel this more viscerally, as if life is happening fast enough now, or slow enough, for me to see it. He is already practising in his own way. The wind works hard at thinking, Alice Oswald says, and so does he, putting the whole of himself into what's in front of him. He hasn't learnt distraction yet. Or rather it's all distraction, playful and without a point. He's doing things for their own sake, not towards some future goal. He puts the washing into the machine, then takes it straight out again, builds a tower of bricks and knocks it down without a thought: like those monks who painstakingly create sand mandalas then blow them into smithereens.

Pema Chodron talks about the lives of Tibetan women, how they learn to 'practice in the gaps'. In traditional Tibetan culture, she says, a woman's life is full of child-rearing, cooking, and cleaning, so she practices

as she walks the livestock from one village to the next, as she makes momos or does the washing up. With less time formally to sit than before, I've found this useful. It fits well not just with parenting but with the realities of lay practice. I imagine her, this fictional Tibetan woman, her posture staunch and squat, the kind eyes that don't miss anything. Mala beads go through her fingers like water. She sits at ease on some rock, beside a stream, surrounded by grazing yaks and grandchildren.

Unlike her I am always trying to do three things at once, having minor dramas, snapping at my partner (he says I should write 'long suffering partner'), and wading through various forms of chaos – half drunk cups of cold tea all over the place. The image of the Tibetan woman's serene repose only takes me so far. The reality isn't so neat or picturesque, but none of it is outside practice. That's what I'm learning: something about the ideal and the actual. There's how I think I should be as a parent and what ends up happening. My son is a real person who I can't control so the ideas I have about parenting, though helpful in orienting me, are always challenged. The actual isn't worse, just more surprising, more risky, and less comfortable. Although it makes sense to me to 'practice in the gaps', parenting also teaches me about no-gap: the way you can't separate out a piece of life and call that practice, can't rest unless you rest in motion, in the midst: of chaos; of things unfinished; things coming into being.

Being a parent, I'm finding, is partly about the very small: mundane, repetitive, ordinary tasks. Drudgery, you could say. Women's work. Cleaning. Cooking. Caring. All the things we undervalue in our culture. But within the rhythm of this activity there's a vibrant life unfolding. His passionate interest in everyday objects draws me in too. I see and hear things fresh. A stream of water falls from a cup into the bath and my son keeps trying to catch hold of it. It looks solid but his hand goes through. He does it again and again, trying to understand. I find him with an ear pressed against the radiator, bashing it with a palm. I put my own ear against it and realise he's listening to its hum – a deep and resonant gong.

Though we're often living in the details together, I've found that taking a longer view can help when things feel stuck and tough. I'm trying to get him to go to sleep. It's not going well. I feel incompetent, frustrated and afraid. He will never fall asleep and it's my fault. And then I imagine the end of my life, my last breaths, the different perspective I'll have on it

all then. That older woman who has it all behind her holds me in the tenderness of her regard. She doesn't see my current situation as hardship but as gift. This allows me to step back within myself. It allows me to keep doing what I need to for my son, even when I don't think I can.

Knowing that I will die brings a helpful perspective to daily life: highs and lows held within a bigger shape. Might there be a similar rationale for keeping in mind that we as a species will die? What happens to Buddhism as a human institution in the face of this? What happens to my practice? I remember hearing about some renowned spiritual teacher who, when asked if he was a Buddhist, said: 'I can't remember'. It really made me laugh, that, when I heard it, but right now it rings true. It doesn't sound like a rejection, but there's a freshness to it that questions something: language perhaps, or human institutions, or the questioner's hidden assumptions. For the last ten years or so I have been learning our tradition from the inside: its language and forms, its doctrines and practices. It's like I have been standing close to a wall, peering at its texture, becoming intimate with the pockmarks and the lichen. And now somebody's taken the wall away. There's all this possibility. Openness. Space. Buddha-nature does not depend on any human-made construct to flourish. It doesn't depend on Buddhism. It will continue to exist when Buddhists, and all humans, are extinct.

How does the wind think? What speaks when no one speaks? Dogen says that when refuge is taken: 'All things, earth, trees, wooden posts, bricks, stones become Buddhas'². There is a greater life that contains but doesn't depend on the human. Imagining the tender regard that a tree or a stone might bring to our predicament feels like taking refuge. Doing this I see more clearly the right kind of effort to make in parenting and practice; to love my son and trust his unfolding; to accept conditions; to hold life in open palms.

Sarah Whiteside

¹ Oswald, A. 'Severed Head Floating Downriver' In *Falling Awake*

² Dogen, E. *Shushogi*

POEM

This world of dew
Is only the world of dew –
And yet...oh and yet...

Kobayashi Issa

Forest bathing —

A recent online video looks at the practice of 'Forest bathing' in Japan and at what science and research has to say about its benefits. It seems that *shinrin-yoku* helps boost our immune systems through the absorption oils (phytonicides) that trees emit. Research has shown that forests lower blood pressure, reduce stress hormones and can also reduce depression. None of these results from research will be all that surprising to many of us who seek out and work in nature. In walking and working in the 'natural world' I feel a deep connection with it and sense our deep interconnectedness with all things.

Last Saturday I entered the hut and sat zazen — aware from time to time of rain patter, pigeon calls and the scents of a rainy day. But so much else was occurring. The phrase 'to be actualised by the myriad things' kept cropping up...and as the 'I' part of me lessened and I merged more with the flow, it seemed to describe that state. And made me return to the full quote from Dogen:

To study the Buddha way is to study the self. To study the self is to forget the self. To forget the self is to be actualised by the myriad things. When actualised by myriad things,

your body and mind, as well as the body and mind of others drop away. No trace of realisation remains, and this no trace continues endlessly."

I have been working on this quote for some time in zen practice and attempting to gradually uncover its meaning.

Later the dog and I took off in the car and we drove to Byres Hill seeking a good walk that would shelter us a little from the rain. We had a short steep climb up through the trees and into the mist, with cattle on the surrounding hills lowing. I love this walk and in the mist and rain it has a beautiful quality of timelessness and the ever

changing of space in shimmering silver greys, the tree forms glisten and the rain brings out all the colour in the bark. There are some uprooted ash trees there that are such interesting forms, sprouting and branchings



reaching up into the light from the toppled trunks. At times the self is lost and there is simply the movement of limbs, the in and out of breaths and a low background awareness of the scents, sights smells and sounds. We pass under dripping oaks and round and up to the tower and I begin to think again about interconnection within the whole, about impermanence, but no thought is necessary — it



is all as it is. Everything is occurring at all kinds of levels and it is impossible to make sense of this by rationalizing and thinking. We need to be it – to be at one with the universe without rationalizing and explanation seems to be the way.

We zigzag back down the slippery path to the car and in the car park I am aware of our reluctance to leave the wood and all it holds. But then maybe that walk in the wood, that bit of forest bathing, is simply a reminder that Buddha nature is always present and we just need to tap into it.

'Remain solitary without dependency and drop off all of reality. Mixed together with the ten thousand forms, be clear and apparent. Eminent and vigorous on each bit of ground, be like the moon stamped on the water, flowing but not flowing. Like the wind in the sky, move but do not move. Having become thoroughly like this, when you proceed, in mean alleys do not ride on a golden horse; when turning back, wear tattered robes.' (Extensive Record, discourse 316)

Jerry Simcock

A request!

I'm trying to trace a talk by Rev Master Daishin in which he interprets Great Master Dogen's famous formulation in the Genjokoan:
'To carry the self forward and illuminate myriad things is delusion. That myriad things come forth and illuminate the self is awakening.'

If anybody happens to know this talk & where it can be located, I will be very grateful to find out!

In gassho,

Willie Grieve

willie.grieve@gmail.com

POEM

The moon's the same old moon,
The flowers exactly as they were,
Yet I've become the thingness
Of all the things I see!

Shido Bunan



*Thank you to all the contributors to this issue of the Newsletter.
Deadline for next issue is mid-December 2017*





- Events elsewhere in Scotland with the Prior -

September 2017

Friday 22nd	Aberfeldy evening retreat	7.30-9pm
Saturday 23rd	Dundee morning retreat	10am-1pm
Sunday 24th	Aberdeen morning retreat	10am-1pm

October

Friday 20th	Aberfeldy evening retreat	7.30-9pm
Saturday 21st	Dundee morning retreat	10am-1pm
Sunday 22nd	Aberdeen morning retreat	10am-1pm

November

Sat 4th-Sun 5th	Highland Group retreat	
Friday 24th	Aberfeldy evening retreat	7.30-9pm
Saturday 25th	Dundee morning retreat	10am-1pm
Sunday 26th	Aberdeen morning retreat	10am-1pm

For further details please phone :

Aberdeen -	Bob McGraw or Joyce & Gordon Edward	(01330) 824339 (01467) 681525
Aberfeldy -	Robin Baker	(01887) 820339
Dundee -	Liz Evans	(07763) 188461
Highland -	Ann Milston	(01309) 696392 or hgz@inbox.com

— Day-to-day schedule at Portobello Buddhist Priory —

Daily (Every day except Mondays, Thursday afternoons & Sunday p.m.)

MORNING

7.00 Meditation
7.40 Morning service

EVENING

7.30 Meditation
7.55 Walking meditation
8.00 Meditation
8.30 Evening office

Early morning practice

You can come for early morning meditation, followed by short morning service.

7.00am –
8.15am

Evening practice

Meditation, walking meditation, meditation, evening office.
You are welcome to stay on for tea.

7.30pm –
8.45pm

Introductory afternoons

- are usually (but not always—please check dates below) held on the second Saturday of each month. A short talk will be given about Buddhist practice and the Serene Reflection Meditation (Soto Zen) tradition, with meditation instruction and discussion.

Saturday 9th September, Saturday 14th October, Saturday 11th November

2.30-4pm

Wednesday and Friday evenings

Midday service and meditation, followed by tea and a Dharma talk /discussion, evening office.

7.30pm–9.30pm

Sunday mornings

Meditation from 9.30am onwards, followed either by a Ceremony, Dharma discussion or Festival at 11am. It is fine to arrive or leave at 10.45am

9.30am–
12.30pm

Festival mornings

Priory open for meditation from 9.30am, or come at 10.45am for the ceremony.

*Portobello Buddhist Priory is Scottish Charity no. SCO31788
Prior: Reverend Master Favian Straughan*