

—Portobello Buddhist Priory—



A Temple of the Order of Buddhist Contemplatives



*Frozen boundary wall leading to summit, Dollar Law, Scottish Borders
Early winter 2015*

Newsletter & Calendar of Events January-April 2016

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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 -

January 2016

Sunday 3rd	Renewal of Precepts	11am
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February

Sunday 14th	Renewal of Precepts	11am
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March

Sunday 13th	Renewal of Precepts	11am
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April

Sunday 10th	Renewal of Precepts	11am
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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* —

A recent natural history programme showed hibernating bears in Northern Canada. As the seasons shift towards winter the inner biological clocks, hormones and metabolism cause a profound change in the bear's behaviour. All outward activity; hunting, fighting, mating stopped as the bears sought out caves and underground habitats, safe places to be still.

I was struck by a human equivalence of sorts, where our need to seek 'awakening' redirects our energy and attention in an inward movement, a retreat mode of being. The bears seemed without hesitation to entrust themselves to the earth, to gather in and around themselves and to just fundamentally be.

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I had also recently listened to a talk by Reverend Master Daishin, reminding us that deepening our training was not about simply learning Buddhist doctrine or holding to a set of beliefs. Rather it involved, in our core practice of Zazen, an ongoing letting go of all our stories, however well they have served us in the past; how we need to enter the present moment as 'seeing/being' with the enquiring posture of 'what is this', and

to gather in and around ourselves.

As practice unfolds, a dimension of faith opens up accompanied by a willingness not to cling to any certainty derived from memory or a looking to external conditions for a verification of ourselves. A quiet aliveness persists in this unknowing dark: ‘without grasping or rejecting, what is this?’ is the primary instruction for Zazen.

This Zazen is recognised not as a technique, or a means to get us somewhere else but rather a true expression of our human and Buddha nature, an undivided reality that can be realised when we relax the reflex to continually re-construct an ego self to divide us from the world.

May we all entrust ourselves wholeheartedly in this, our winter season of meditation practice and may all beings share in the merit of our training.



Rev. Master Haryo's visit —



*A gathering of the Scottish Sangha, with Rev. Master Haryo and Rev. Alina
after a Sunday morning's meditation*

We all enjoyed the company of Rev. Master Haryo and Rev. Alina in November. Rev. Master Haryo has visited many of the Temples in Europe during his visit to this 'side of the pond'.

He kindly came to Portobello, equipped with screw driver in hand and fixed door handles and hinges wherever there was a need. On the first Dharma evening he gave us something of an overview of the Order and its temples, from his unique perspective. We enjoyed a full house on the Sunday, with a delicious buffet to mark the occasion, and to send the monks on their way back to Throssel.

In gassho, RM Favian

Ian's Tree



An unexpected gift, this autumn day, warm and still, all russet and gold and green with bright blue above.

There is no expectation of Autumn, no undue demands placed, no disappointment in cold steel coloured skies and squelching glaubery paths.

This is the season when hope is left aside. The leaves will respond to sudden chill air and let go to drift down or scurry before the wind. Everything appears foreseen.

Summer has departed, once more cast out, unfairly judged a failure. Winter when it comes will be tholed until we shift our universal attitude towards the sun.

But Autumn is accepted, even wild and wet or dreich and damp, but many

times like this morning - glorious and golden. We ask nothing of Autumn and are grateful for its treasure.

Today as nearly always, we meet some first-name-only folk, once-a-week walkers. They were three so recently, now only two. Ian has gone – sadly he did not endure.

How far shall we go, says Lisa? Let's turn back at Ian's tree, Frank decides and we leave them there. Later I wonder about this tree I don't know.

At a turn in the path a tall elm lies across the burn, where it fell last year. Perhaps poorly grounded on the steep slope it overextended its reach stretching towards the light and was toppled by the wind.

Children love the recumbent old tree as a bridge and test of nerve, inventing dares and throwing sticks. The elm will be left to rot and provide for much more smaw life.

At last and bit by tiny bit and broken down the tree will turn to dust and be carried by the burn down to join the sea. I decide that this is Ian's tree.

The night comes on with a thick fog wrapping round lampposts and pale light skiddles onto pavements and seeps away to be embraced by the gentle darkness before being released to rove in the world forever.

David Campbell



Reflections From Harris

(At the end of August 2015 a Scottish sangha retreat took place on the island of Harris)



All these small islands and islets pointing the way...

sitting there, doing nothing...going nowhere...

simply being...simply being still...

the same in daylight...the same at night...

unmoved by the stars that wheel across the sky...

unmoved by the softly, murmuring sunrise...unmoved by the violent screaming storm...

am I looking at the islands?...or are they looking at me?

Eddie Shields

(— and more photos from the retreat)



The retreat group



Luskentyre beach



- and thanks to our 2 organisers, Martin & Shooie

Winning at sport

Having not contributed to the newsletter for some time and prompted by Reverend Favian's request for contributions, I felt a need to put myself forward. But what could I possibly write about? And how could I make my chosen subject come across as interesting, informative, funny or something else, qualities which I would typically judge my contributions to 'lack'. Clearly, putting pen to paper, or fingers to keyboard to be more precise, has already brought forward some insights and teaching! So what shall I write about?

Perhaps I could consider cycling as I am probably known to many as the Lycra and high-vis clad fella who turns up on Wednesday evenings. Thinking about cycling turns my attention to sport. Sport has played a significant role in my life to date. As a child I was fiercely competitive, often reduced to tears at a young age, bottling these emotions up through my teens and expressing the same instincts in different ways as an adult. Now I don't tend to play much in the way of competitive sport. I am drawn more to 'sports' such as cycling, walking and running. All very well but

what's all that got to do with Buddhist training?

Perhaps nothing! Maybe the sporting metamorphosis is all down to age – "I cannae keep up with the young ones any mare"! Or my back and joints ache so much the day after a game of golf or football that it's just not worth it anymore. Or perhaps it reflects and coincides with the more spiritual direction and focus of my life over the last ten years.



What is it to 'win' at sport, be the winner, the champion, the leader of the pack? In a very obvious way it is the person with the lowest score over eighteen holes, the team that finishes top of the league or who-

ever wins the gold medal. All well and good but when the 'winner' becomes so self-focused with creating and reinforcing the winner identity, the sense of 'me', separate from everyone else in the race and the world at large, then things can get a bit unhealthy. One doesn't have to look far to come across top-end sportspeople who have clearly walked this path. From a personal perspective many of these sorts of things have certainly been doing the rounds over my

sporting years. Buddhism has certainly helped to loosen this built up sense of me, the champion, the winner and the corresponding loser, failure, chump. Many times I have grasped after that elusive winner's podium or pushed away the untouchable and horrible wooden spoon. Through regular meditation, it is perhaps easier to see through this fabrication and dualistic understanding of the (sporting) world. I feel it is easier now to tread a bit more lightly, to see and to sit within things as they are, to appreciate more the successes of others and to enjoy the artistic beauty of sporting endeavour and excellence.

So I feel a certain movement now to more reflective sporting pastimes where there is no obvious winner. I cycle for the joy of cycling and go walking for the joy of walking and have become drawn to the intensity, camaraderie and sportsmanship that appears widespread at all levels of athletics.

I still love watching football but get less caught up with the tribalism that can often manifest and I have without a doubt passed/pushed (!) down my love of sport to my children and derive great pleasure from watching and encouraging their efforts. In fact I'm now a football coach with my youngest son's team and would just like to briefly share a story that was told at the mandatory SFA Level 1 coaching session that I

attended a number of months back. The man running the course asked us to consider what we mean by winning. Often parents, dads in particular (me certainly included), can project their own desires and ambitions onto their children and can become obsessed with "winning". He asked us to consider how we think a youngster taking part in a 100m sprint would feel after finishing last, way off the pace, plodding slowly over the finish line. Everyone responded that they would feel sad or angry or certainly a bit down in the dumps. But the young lad actually felt great, as he just knocked 5 seconds off his personal best!

In re-telling this tale I don't mean to imply that winning/fulfilment/enlightenment is dependent upon achieving another external goal, such as this. Instead, sport and 'winning' in sport is now, for me at least, more about the active and attentive taking part and doing what is good to do.

Michael O'Hara

Kiss The Earth

Walk and touch peace every moment.
Walk and touch happiness every moment.
Each step brings a fresh breeze.
Each step makes a flower bloom.
Kiss the Earth with your feet.
Bring the Earth your love and happiness.
The Earth will be safe
when we feel safe in ourselves.

*with thanks to Sarah Gray for contributing this
poem by Thich Nhat Hanh in the context of
recent atrocities in the world.*

'A great wind carries me across the sky –'

Victor Frankl was a Jewish doctor who survived as an inmate of the Auschwitz death camp, and went on to found the Logotherapy Institute of Psychotherapy which aims to help people to find meaning in their existence. He wrote a book *'Man's Search for Meaning'* which describes his experiences in Auschwitz and also lays out the general principles of logotherapy.



Victor Frankl

I recently reread this book, and came across a quote I hadn't remembered, from the Russian author Dostoevsky. He said; *'There is only one thing that I dread: not to be worthy of my sufferings'*. I read this several times, not initially grasping what he meant. It seemed an extraordinary, counter-intuitive thing to say. Surely, I instinctively thought, suffering is something we would seek to diminish or avoid, rather than to wallow in, or to feel 'worthy' of?

But the phrase continued to preoccupy me, and gradually in pondering it I began to get a sense of what he meant by it. Later in the book, I discovered a paragraph by Frankl where he says after describing the truly dreadful conditions in which the inmates lived at Auschwitz:

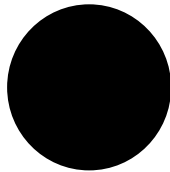
'The way in which a man accepts his fate, and all the suffering it entails, the way in which he takes up his cross, gives him ample opportunity - even under the most difficult circumstances - to add a deeper meaning to his life. It may remain brave, dignified and unselfish. Or in the bitter fight for self-preservation he may forget his human dignity and become no more than an animal. Here lies the chance for a man either to make use of or to forgo the opportunities of attaining the moral values that a difficult situation may afford him. And this decides whether he is worthy of his sufferings'.

At another point he quotes the philosopher Nietzsche who said; *'He who has a **why** to live for can bear with almost any **how**'*. Frankl says that this could be the guiding motto for all the psychotherapeutic help he offered inmates while in the camp. He goes on to say; *'Whenever there was an opportunity for it, one had to give*

them a why – an aim – for their lives, in order to strengthen them to bear the terrible how of their existence. Woe to him who saw no more sense in his life, no aim, no purpose, and therefore no point in carrying on. He was soon lost. The typical reply with which such a man rejected all encouraging arguments was, ‘I have nothing to expect from life any more.’ What sort of answer can one give to that?

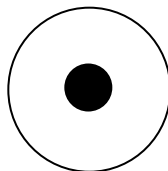
What was really needed was a fundamental change in our attitude to life. We had to learn ourselves and, furthermore, we had to teach the despairing men, that it did not really matter what we expected from life, but rather what life expected from us. We needed to stop asking about the meaning of life, and instead to think of ourselves as those who were being questioned by life – daily and hourly. - - Life ultimately means taking the responsibility to find the right answers to its problems and to fulfil the tasks which it constantly sets for each individual’.

As I read this, I remembered a piece of research which had been described in bereavement counselling training. It was a group of mothers whose children had died. Initially interviewed a few months after the death of the children, they were asked to draw a circle representing their lives, and then to draw another (black) circle within it to represent the bereavement they had suffered. The result was this:

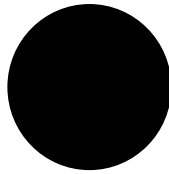


i.e. their life was, in effect, their bereavement. It was what they woke up with in the morning, and went to bed with at night. It consumed their thoughts and feelings.

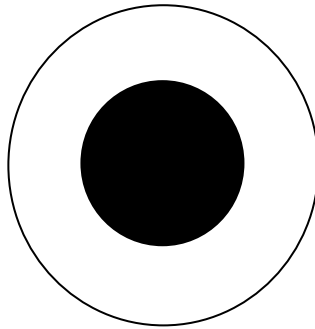
When the researcher returned to interview the mothers a number of years later, he asked them to repeat the exercise. What he anticipated was this:



i.e. that the bereavement would have become a much smaller part of their life. Time would have been the healer, he assumed. But what he discovered was this: that the bereavement was the same size:



But something else had happened. When he asked them to draw their lives now, in the context of the bereavement, he found this:



In other words, their lives had grown – they had grown as human beings in order to encompass or carry the pain and suffering of their bereavement. The importance of their deceased child, the fact of the death and all the potential that had gone with it, hadn't lessened. But somehow they had found a way to continue their lives, to pick up the burden and make it part of their lives as they continued their life's journey. I found this moving and uplifting - a demonstration of the human capacity to grow and somehow deepen or expand our lives in response to suffering.

As I grow older, I find myself becoming more and more aware of how privileged an existence I have had in all kinds of ways, not least in living in a relatively decent and democratic society where I don't have to watch what I say and which doesn't build death camps.



The Russian author Dostoevsky

But as human beings, nothing shields us from suffering and like everyone else, there have been times when I have known what suffering is and struggled to come to terms with it, to make sense of it, and to rediscover meaning and purpose. Not, of course, on anything like the scale of suffering that Frankl and his fellow inmates were forced to experience, and towards which we can only bow in recognition of the extremes of terror and pain to which they were subjected. But all suffering seems to come from a common cloth. As Nye says in her poem 'Kindness' which appeared in our last Newsletter;

'You must wake up with sorrow, You must speak to it till your voice catches the thread of all sorrows and you see the size of the cloth.'

Frankl counsels that we need to stop asking about the meaning of life in the context of suffering. When we ask about the meaning of life, in effect we put ourselves at the centre of the picture and demand that life provides us with a reason to exist. The key point is not what we expect from life, but rather what life expects from us. In this I find strong resonances with the Buddhist path we follow. Ultimately, Frankl says, life means taking the responsibility to find the right answers to its problems and to fulfil the tasks which it constantly sets for each of us.

To do this, it seems our Buddhist training suggests, we need to gently disengage the focus from ourselves, a kind of decentering. There is an old Native American saying which seems to express this very elegantly:

*'Sometimes I go about in pity for myself,
and all the while, a great wind carries me across the sky'.*

Most of the time, we tend to define responsible living as 'taking charge': taking charge of our life, planning ahead, sitting firmly in the 'driver's seat' of life with

a grip on the steering wheel, and guiding our life to where it should go. When suffering arises and the torpedo of circumstances hits us, we quickly realise we are no longer guiding our life or shaping the world to suit us (if we ever truly have been) and it seems that it's at this point we are most likely to ask ourselves about the meaning of life.

I'm reminded of RM Daizui's story of when he was a small child, on the little car-seat in his parent's car there was a small, white plastic steering wheel, and it had a red rubber centre that went 'beep beep beep' when you pushed it. *'I suspect that I drove my parents half daft, because I would grab that little steering wheel tightly and swing it around and 'beep' on the little red rubber thing while we were driving down the road. And, do you know what? That little, white plastic steering wheel was not connected to anything, and certainly not to the steering mechanism of the car! I wasn't what was in charge of where the car was going. From this perspective, life is seen to be somewhat like that. The choice, in fact, does not appear to be whether we are in or out of the driver's seat. It appears to be whether we are in or out of the 'beep beep' seat.'*

This is in no sense meant to diminish or cheapen the fierce, dislocating effects of suffering and grief, which seem inescapably to focus us for a period on our own coping with that grief or trauma. It is not an admonition to 'pull ourselves together' or to toughen up and stop feeling sorry for ourselves.

Nor, it seems clear, should we judge those for whom suffering has simply become too much and who, in the camps for example, gave up, and walked into the wire to electrocute themselves; or those overwhelmed by grief or personal misfortune who choose not to carry on.

But it seems that for most of us, most of the time, we can have the ears to at least hear what our Buddhist training compassionately requests us in the face of suffering : what is it that life is asking of us or, in that deceptively simple phrase of which we are often reminded in our training, 'What is it that is good to do?'

Willie Grieve



To Eiheiji

This year I fulfilled a life-long dream, a pilgrimage to visit ancient Buddhist temples in Japan.

Sunday 30th August was a very special day. I left Tokyo by Shinkansen, the bullet train that travels at up to 200 mph. Arriving at Fukui there is a bus direct to Eiheiji - a teaching monastery with a continuous line from Dogen Zenji in 1244 to Taihou Fukuyama, the current and 79th Abbot.

There is one gateway reserved for use only by new Abbots and the Emperor.

Monks joining the temple must stand still for four hours before they may enter.

My entrance was much easier. Although an hour early I was welcomed by a young trainee monk, Keisho, who was keen to practice his English.

I felt very privileged to have a personal guide to the complex of ancient wooden temples, situated in a steep valley and linked by long flights of highly polished wooden steps and surrounded by magnificent tall cedar trees up to 500 years old.

It is raining heavily and water drips from the eaves and the trees. I can imagine that in winter the temples, with wooden walls and paper screens, must be cold and draughty and the



snow very deep.

Keisho tells me that the monks must shovel snow every day and when they go out for alms they wear grass sandals without socks as these would get wet.

I am shown to a palatial 15 mat guest room with a separate 6 mat bedroom and a balcony at tree level. The trainee monks eat, sleep and meditate on a 1 mat space. After I have bathed, had an excellent meal and then rested we do Zazen with the other guests and a few monks. Keisho gently snores - he has

been awake since 3am. I sit on a zafu, which I have not done for many years, probably because of the familiar numb sensation that grips my legs and knees.

We are back in the Zendo at 3.30am and then at 5am are led to the Hatto (Dharma Hall) for Morning Service with all of the 163 monks. A different format of bows and sutras but a familiar ancestral line from Bibashibutsu Daiocho...

The monks are then ceremoniously handed books with lists of names to recite of all the monks and lay people who have died in the past 50 years.

The visitors, 3 Japanese women and myself, are invited as Sanroshi to of-

fer incense and our names are announced in Japanese.

After a most welcome breakfast Keisho & I have an hour to relax and talk about our families. He is the son of an Abbot at another temple in Kyushu where he is expected to support his elderly father. He was also married shortly before joining Eihei-ji, initially for one year.

And so my short visit is over and I return by bus and bullet train to the megacity of Tokyo, having had a brief glimpse of an ancient tradition that has continued for over 750 years.

Robin Baker

**Rain in Eihei-ji
Trees reaching up to the sky
Dharma all around**

More of Robin's fine photos from his trip to Eihei-ji overleaf-





At the end of August I was lucky enough to join eight others from the Scottish Sangha for the third Outer Isles retreat on Harris.

Things had been very busy for me in the run up to the retreat and on the second day I felt very tired, and, as can often happen when I feel like that, I started to feel a bit irritable. The irritation seems to come from an awareness of not feeling a hundred percent which is followed by the feeling of not wanting to be in the situation I find myself in. Added to that, in this case, was the knowledge that certain things needed to be done and my unwillingness led to a feeling of resentment, accompanied by thoughts of "poor me". As if that wasn't enough, there was also a sense that I shouldn't be so preoccupied with myself. An odd internal battle can happen in these moments of fatigue when these thoughts of "poor me" get louder and I am not sure if my self concern is just selfishness. A subtle confusion where it seems not right to think of myself, and especially when I think that I am needed elsewhere. After all, I think I "know" it is good to help others. Thoughts about thoughts spun around in my tired mind.

I suppose if there was more rational thought available in these moments then I might ask, am I *really* needed here right now? If so, am I in a fit condition to be of help? Would I be justified in asking another to do this task for me?

However, these things can be unclear to me and rational thought can seem a long way off, especially when I am tired. My mind is also, apparently, quite capable of overriding a certain amount of physical discomfort - at least, for a short while - and this makes it even more difficult to discern when I actually need to take care of myself.

Reverend Master Jiyu once said, "If you are finding it difficult to discern



Landscape on Harris

what is good to do, then err on the side of action". The universe will show you soon enough if it was not what was called for. So, in these times where I find myself torn between self concern and the desire to help I will usually go with the desire to help, and when I'm tired my mind can often be kicking and screaming along the way, as was the case this day.

This has been a very prevalent thing over the past while in my practice and my second day on Harris was a case in point. In consequence, at one stage I misunderstood a situation and upset a friend. Whilst doing that, and thinking I could see the whole picture, I did not feel that I was wrong but underneath it all I could also feel a niggle that what I'd said was not completely right either.

Fortunately, I was not training alone. I don't know whether what I'd said had been heard by more than the friend whom I'd upset or whether it was just more obvious to others that I should get some rest, but eventually another friend suggested that I take a break for a while. I then, gratefully, followed my underlying sense and went straight to my bed for half an hour.

As I lay there my tired mind continued to spin but in widening circles and decreasing momentum. As this took place a slightly larger picture came into view and I could see more of how the misunderstanding downstairs had come about and was more able to see the part that I had played in its arising. Also, the niggle that had not been so detectable in the moment of 'conflict' was now given the space to really be felt and, together with the larger picture, now showed me that I had hurt my friend and that I needed to make amends when I went back downstairs.

When I got up I apologised to my friend and after explaining things to each other I felt we were able to reconnect and move on, and that felt *genuinely* good.

After this teaching I kept more of an eye on my energy levels and was better able to see when I needed to look after myself. Thankfully, I didn't repeat the situation and enjoyed the rest of the retreat very much.

I can't really say that I have 'cracked it' when it comes to looking after myself,

though, and it still often takes something quite manifest and uncomfortable to make me aware of when I haven't. I am, however, more aware of the benefit of training with others - be it with friends, family or Sangha, who can be like a mirror for us, reflecting aspects of ourselves that we need to pay attention to. In the case above I don't think it was just a one way thing. I think we are probably all fairly careful to let each other get on with our own training in silence on these retreats but there is also - maybe due to the silence - an awareness that we are all affecting each other too. And because we share this space we can sometimes see other ways of offering help for each other, in this case it was someone making the suggestion that I take a break.

As I read over this article I can also see a more fundamental aspect to practice in situations like these. Even though it seems common for my mind to work overtime, particularly when I'm tired, when it gets to "screaming point" it is surely time to stop what I'm doing and listen (although some time before that point might be more wise). For me, it is sometimes difficult to discern whether what it is telling me is true, for example when I hear, "I am too tired to sit tonight and should just watch telly - again", or whether it is genuinely good to rest, but one thing seems true and that is that, regardless of the content, there is a deeper feeling of uneasiness that accompanies that loud "poor me" mind and that should not be ignored. It needs attention and acceptance, and then I can reconnect, maybe reassess, and hopefully better see what is truly good to do.

Maybe we could say that what I've just said is 'simply' our practice, and yet at various times it seems there's nothing simple about it, and it is easy for me to forget. I think this is where the Sangha can come in. As we see others going about their business quietly that can be a little reminder of what we are here to do, and if we are not able to see where we are straying from the path then we may receive a suggestion or a reflection which might point us in the right direction.

With a deep gratitude for these teachings and for what we share,

Shoobie



*Thank you to all the contributors to this issue of the Newsletter.
Deadline for next issue is mid-April 2016*





- Events elsewhere in Scotland with the Prior -

February 2016

Friday 26th	Aberfeldy evening retreat	7.30-9pm
Saturday 27th	Dundee morning retreat	10am-1pm
Sunday 28th November	Aberdeen morning retreat	10am-1pm

March

Friday 25th	Aberfeldy evening retreat	7.30-9pm
Saturday 26th	Dundee morning retreat	10am-1pm
Sunday 27th	Aberdeen morning retreat	10am-1pm

April

Friday 22nd	Aberfeldy evening retreat	7.30-9pm
Saturday 23rd	Dundee morning retreat	10am-1pm
Sunday 24th	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 -	Elliott Forsyth	(01333) 451788
Highland -	Shooie Ann Milston	(01997) 477378 (01309) 696392 or ann-kengo@phonecoop.coop

— 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 January, Saturday 13th February, Saturday 12th March, Saturday 9th April

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*