

—Portobello Buddhist Priory—



A Temple of the Order of Buddhist Contemplatives



Nepali boy, Pokhara, Nepal

Newsletter & Calendar of Events September-December 2018

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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 2018

Sunday 9th	Renewal of Precepts	11am
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October

Sunday 14th	Renewal of Precepts	11am
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November

Sunday 11th	Festival of the Founder	11am
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December

Sunday 9th	Festival of the Buddha's Enlightenment	11am
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Monday 31st	New Year Festival	7.30- 10.30pm
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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)



Newsletter

60th edition
September 2018
(& 20th e-edition)

— Prior's Notes —

You may have noticed how we tend to use things to distract ourselves from uncomfortable feelings. We may use social media, virtual reality games, or just over-eating, to distract ourselves from a basic sense of lack or unease and the feeling of fear that comes with them. We can come to recognise how all of these are ways the separate self-sense expresses itself in our feelings.

How do we distract ourselves in meditation? Again we tend to reach for some 'object' of mind, a story or memory and then identify and run with it. This grasping activity masks the boredom or fear and allows the sense of lack and the separate self-sense to go to sleep in the body. So the separate self-sense doesn't get truly discovered because we are always relieving it through these objects and activities. So we could say our distracting behaviour is a negative

desire to keep the fear and lack at the root of the self-sense, away or asleep. But all we're doing with this avoidance is postponing its arising. It will keep coming back as boredom, lack, anxiety etc. and it will manifest in our lives primarily as conflict in our relationships as we tend to project out the conflict within ourselves and then find it reflected back to us in our circumstances.

Perhaps we could call positive desire that which arises from our undivided nature; the wish to share the joy and creativity of our being and to respond to the suffering of others empathically. This positive desire works through our meditation helping us to discern what is arising: does it

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come from a sense of lack, as you reach for the chocolate, the phone or the decision to go shopping?

We can pause and allow the inner movement to unfold and reveal itself. Sit with the discomfort if it's there and see it more fully in the light of awareness. Put the story that accompanies the feeling sense to one side and let the bodily feeling come up, expand and relax into the space of awareness; and then perhaps eat the chocolate or watch TV because the activity itself could be an expression of positive desire or avoidance - but pausing and looking before we act is key. We need some courage with this because the arising negative feelings are so used to being relieved by distracting activity so there will be a little rebellion around this on behalf of the separate self-sense. By facing up to this in our practice, as the Buddha did with his encounter with Mara, our lives become more authentic, present and awake, and what is expressed in our relationships tends to manifest through genuine interconnection and compassion rather than self-serving actions.



Sandy's Mill Retreat

(Members of the sangha went on retreat to a cottage in East Lothian from 13th-15th July)

The retreat centre at Sandy's Mill in East Lothian is a beautiful setting for a quiet retreat. At the end of a lane with only a few other cottages around and a lovely secluded garden for walking or sitting or admiring the fragile beauty of all the flowers and the hundred greens of the green plants. Having been there on other retreats and knowing how helpful they can

be.....still there is a resistance and something that I have been looking forward to becomes more of a chore. I am familiar with that and this time I really did not feel well and part of me wanted to cancel. Speaking to Rev. Favian on the phone he said there was no need to do all the sitting periods and it would be possible to rest if that was what was needed. Re-assured a bit I took the migraine pills



Sandy's Mill (with thanks to David Campbell)



Retreat cooks at work (thanks to Debbie Sheringham)

along with me but did not need to take any more once we were there.

Friday evening was tea and a chat about the schedule. Dedication and formal sitting before bed. Willie and David had brought tents and were out in the garden. Gabrielle took Debbie, and Jerry went back to their houses which are close by. Rev. Favian, Anthony and myself all had the luxury of single rooms in this sturdy stone cottage with its soft comfy furnishings. Still tired next day and although glad to sit and allow the restless mind to settle, the body/mind patterns of familiar character were apparent: a slightly ‘thrown’ take on the whole enterprise and feelings; “ I should be doing better than this after all this time”, a sludgy gluey stuckness in the self-concern and self-judgemental tracks of old habits. Even with the Dharma chat in the afternoon there seemed to be a distancing and

judgement of these dear friends working to find a way to talk about the immeasurable and undefinable. The beauty and peace of the garden faded into the background and the wish to be there on my own seemed strong. I went to bed for a while after mid-day service and sitting and tears flowed. How often has that happened for me??? Many, many times: the softening of the mind's judgements and false ideas about everything wash out , wash away and there is a clearing out of the whole being .

Impossible to fully express and yet we are already expressing the inexpressible. We cannot NOT be Buddha Nature constantly arising each moment. The words cannot encompass or explain that luminous reality that all being IS. What to say then? Just sit. Just live. As far as possible accept the dark and the light as they weave through our every-

day existence. All the variety of arising moments and what seems good to do - flowing with the changing weather of internal/external conditions which are not separate from the whole of being/time.

There is a fresh appreciation of the vital everyday , a re-connecting with that understanding of how fortunate we are to be here together to help each other . It becomes once more

possible to be still and act from the shared deeps of our true nature. To be aware of the uncomfortable old habits and yet not act from them. To be a bit more patient with self and other.

Nothing dramatic or earthshaking, just: “ Going on, going on, always becoming Buddha”.

Kathleen Campbell



*Kathleen & RM Favian
(thanks to Debbie Sheringham)*

Namaste



It's five in the morning and still dark, we walk down the quiet lane into Boudha Square and join the throng circling around the great Boudhanath Stupa.

With our right hands we turn the prayer wheels set into the walls as we walk. In the shadows, seated monks chant sutras by candlelight, accepting dana. Blind beggars, dreaming dogs, shopkeepers, office workers, pilgrims, tourists, we are bound together by murmured prayer and round and round we go.

Morning puja in the monastery temple, sitting with sleepy-eyed boy monks, who yawn and steal shy glances at their foreign guest sipping butter tea. The hall seems made of colour - saffron and red, marigold yellow and gold wash the shining teak floors and carved columns and roof beams. Suddenly, crashing around the somniferous modulation of low rumbling chant, horns, conch shells, drums and cymbals wake up the tired and complacent.

By the side of the sludge grey and holy Bagmati River, bodies are burning. On stone steps the face and feet of a mother are washed and swaddled. The family follow behind the litter raised high in celebration and grief. Two men walk around the pyre, sons preparing to light a flame of gratitude. Smoke rises through marigold garlands, music plays, dogs mooch and monkeys fight. Downstream, thighs streaked with mud, boys pan for gold teeth.

David Campbell

Mara

Mara, my neighbour, comes knocking on my door pretty regularly.
I used to invite him in and get quite caught up with what he was up to,
Less so now,
We talk on the doorstep, bid each other farewell, and smile.

Fedor Bunge



Being incorrigibly plural

*The room was suddenly rich and the great bay-window was
Spawning snow and pink roses against it
Soundlessly collateral and incompatible:
World is suddener than we fancy it.
World is crazier and more of it than we think,
Incorrigibly plural. I peel and portion
A tangerine and spit the pips and feel
The drunkenness of things being various.
And the fire flames with a bubbling sound for world
Is more spiteful and gay than one supposes –
On the tongue on the eyes on the ears in the palms of one's hands –
There is more than glass between the snow and the huge roses.'*

This poem, 'Snow' by Louis Macneice was quoted by a guest on the Radio 4 programme 'Start The Week'. The guest had been asked about matters of belief in God (he had previously been a senior Churchman): he said he wasn't very sure. He observed that it was often maintained that you either had to completely believe in God, or completely be an atheist. He said that his personal experience had been of switching between them, or sometimes experiencing both at the same time. He had come to accept that he, in Louis Macneice's words, was 'incorrigibly plural'. I was impressed by his honesty.

He went on to explain the term 'Antisyzygy' which the Scottish poet Hugh MacDiarmid had used in a book to express the contradictions he observed in the Scottish character; the presence of 'duelling polarities within the Scottish soul', the 'Caledonian Antisyzygy', and again applied this to himself.

This idea of competing or contradictory elements within the same entity stayed with me, as did the sense of the 'incorrigible plurality' of the world – and perhaps of us as individual beings; certainly of me! I mean this in the sense that I

still have the capacity to surprise or disappoint myself (more usually the latter) in the way that I can respond in certain situations; where I seem to speak or behave in contradictory or conflicting ways which seem at odds with how I might wish to be. I sense I am probably not unique in this.

Two things occurred to me in reflecting on this: first, that we tend to hide this aspect of ourselves from others, as if there is something on some level morally reprehensible or shameful in being inconsistent or out of character or 'plural' in our being.

Secondly, a dawning realisation that I had for many years had a kind of implicit expectation that as I grew older, those contradictory aspects would somehow be ironed out; that in time I would become a fully-integrated person; what psychologists might call the organisation of the psychological or social traits and tendencies of a personality into a harmonious whole.

Well, perhaps as I've grown older, maybe, possibly a bit, I might say rather lamely. But still, I would have to confess, very much work in progress and, I sensed, unlikely within my lifetime to be a process that is ever finished. Was there something here, I wondered, that simply should be accepted? And if so, how did that sit within Buddhism and Buddhist practice?

I began to feel puzzled. On the one hand, 'incurable plurality' doesn't seem to square wholly with the fundamental interconnectedness and unity which seem to lie at the heart of Buddhism.

On the other hand, whatever the nature of this ultimately insubstantial self which Buddhism points to, we know it to be self-evidently a complex and multi-dimensional system; and one characteristic of complex systems (so I am led to believe by a friend who is a systems specialist) is to have internal contradictions.

Having by this point thoroughly confused myself, I sought the views of our Prior who helpfully pointed out that our practice of sitting directly with whatever is arising is to allow the possibility of experiencing a liberating feature: that which 'knows' the arising plurality as conflicting thoughts and feelings is not itself conflicted. It's like an open and wholly accepting, aware and alive space: because our minds deal only in mental 'objects' dualistically, this fundamental

awareness, if it doesn't get overlooked completely, is not recognised as a dynamic expression of our most fundamental undivided nature. And we can therefore be with 'incorrigible plurality' without, as the poet Keats put it, 'an irritable reaching after fact and reason', or having to be driven by a sense of lack. An unfulfilled sense of our lives expressed as lacking a recognisable psychologically integrated unity, now starts to be accepted, the Prior continued, as the movie on the screen from the perspective of the screen, certainly a part of itself, but not the defining element. And the Self that is made up of the 'myriad things' does not carry a fractured or scattered consciousness.

And on a purely pragmatic level, I might add that yearning that we were other than we are makes it, if anything, less likely to happen – rather like trying to push a piece of string across a table. Letting go of the desire to be other than we are, replete with contradictions and surprises, seems (with certain conditions) an intuitively wise kind of acceptance. The main condition, or so it seems to me, is the avoidance of complacency. Acceptance clearly does not mean switching off awareness.

Into my head comes something one of the monks leading the introductory retreat at Throssel I attended many years ago said; 'Training isn't about becoming a different person; it's about learning how to live out of our True Nature.'

With bows -

Willie Grieve



Sanghas

As we know, the term **Sangha** refers to a community of Buddhists who practise together in some way. So those of us associated with Portobello Buddhist Priory form a Sangha. Those associated with Throssel also form a Sangha. Sometimes the term refers only to Buddhist monks. And it can also refer to all Buddhists everywhere.

Sometimes, though, I find it helpful to view other, non-Buddhist groups as Sanghas. In this case I suspect it is not a technically accurate usage but as I find it helpful in my practice it has a definite value for me. The following describes some of the non-Buddhist areas where I have found viewing different groups as a Sangha to be helpful.

One of these groups is my family. This is easy to view as a Sangha as we all get on together and, at least in a general way, there seems to be less of a separation between us. Of course, this doesn't mean we don't have our differences but these are relatively minor and easy to overcome.

Another Sangha example is when a few years ago my wife, Margaret, and myself walked part of the Camino. This is a Catholic pilgrimage route

ending in Santiago in north-western Spain. There are routes starting from many countries - Spain, Portugal, France, England - all ending in Santiago. There is a real feeling of connection with other 'pilgrims' doing the Camino as you meet them and chat with them along the way. To me it felt like a Sangha of people with a common purpose, whatever their motivation for taking part in this exercise might have been.

When I was undergoing chemotherapy I felt a Sangha type of connectedness with the other patients in the ward. And I could also widen that out to include the nurses and doctors who were looking after us.

Another Sangha that I have been part of was with work colleagues although I have to say that this was the most difficult to view in a positive way as there was so much office politics going on. At times this was a real challenge. In a way, though, this sort of situation is where viewing people as part of a Sangha can be very helpful. Even when we don't naturally feel the interconnectedness it is still there.

In a sense everybody forms part of a worldwide Sangha when we realise that we are all interconnected. Viewing



people in this way is a form of Buddha recognising Buddha and puts me in mind of the Metta meditation practised by Theravadan Buddhists in which one wishes well first to oneself, then to a friend or friends and continues widening out the well-wishing until it embraces everyone in the world. It seems to me that, if we can truly view the whole world as a Sangha,

then we have at least the beginnings of seeing through the illusory separation that appears to divide us.

May all living beings everywhere, on all planes of existence, known and unknown, be happy, be peaceful, be free from suffering.

Anthony Linforth

Visiting the Dutch OBC Temples

As I often visit Holland I knew there were a number of Zen groups and temples in various provinces including two of the OBC tradition, one in the city of Apeldoorn and the other to the north in rural Friesland. In June I was able to incorporate visits to both temples. I travel in a camper van with my cat Edith and after a stay on the coast at Katwijk we headed inland for Apeldoorn. Our camp site was a few kilometres to the north of the city amongst trees and in a more rural setting. I spend a day exploring and visit the ornamental gardens at the Dutch royal country palace retreat, Het Loo Paleis. In the evening I cycled to the Dharmatoevlucht, a small city OBC temple recently relocated to a beautiful lodge house opposite the royal palace.



Dharmatoevlucht temple

Rev Baldwin knew of my plan to visit and we first chatted about the Sangha and I was then able to join a regular meditation session. Vespers were in Dutch but I was able to follow the sense and rhythm of the chants. Afterwards there was tea with a few of the Sangha members who all spoke excellent English with Rev Baldwin providing any necessary translation on points of Dharma. A curious sense of familiarity and difference, of knowing and not knowing. We were only staying a few nights so no time for another visit before moving north to the very rural Friesland.



Rev. Baldwin & members of the Dharmatoevlucht sangha

The next camp site was in an area of outstanding natural beauty with wetlands, forest and coastal areas. We pitched beside a hedge busy with little birds — Edi's favourite — and the adjacent caravan was inhabited by two portly Dutch cats who behave like hungry ghosts. The site is only a few kilometres from Langelille where the other OBC hermitage, Wolk en Water (Clouds and Water) is located. The monk, Rev Hakuun comes to visit in the afternoon with the retired greyhound Channa and we go for a walk in the forest. I spend the next few days going for long, windy cycles exploring the area and looking for storks nests. As Rev Hakuun has other commitments I am not able to visit the hermitage until Sunday afternoon. Once the house of her parents and now in trust for the benefit of OBC community, Rev Hakuun is busy with plans for future works to transform this typical Dutch home into a beautiful temple. Already there is a light and peaceful zendo and a few guest bedrooms similar to those at Throssel.

Rev Hakuun has arranged for an English Sangha member, who now lives in Holland, to join us for zazen and then tea with honey cake. Our conversation is



Rev Hakuun, Wolk en Water Hermitage

less Dharma and more about my dream to live in the Netherlands, an idea which is greeted with enthusiasm, polite encouragement and a reminder to take small steps. It occurs to me now that the latter is perhaps the difference between taking big strides and the quiet contemplation of kinin.

It feels all too soon to be leaving the Netherlands but the ferry is booked though I linger by taking a longer route north over the Zuider Zee before eventually arriving at the port in IJmuiden. I have made this crossing many times, some with much suffering and a sense of foreboding. Now there is a calm sense of peace and gratitude for all the joy, pleasure and understanding of the past few weeks. My next small step is to change the travelling accommodation from the camper van to a small caravan towed by a smaller van. We now have the caravan and looking forward to the annual bulb field visit in the Spring.

Veronica Adamson

Busy-ness and Pain

In this article I would like to share some personal experiences from my 'busy' life and reflect on how my Buddhist practice provides a deeper understanding of this 'busy-ness' and 'pain'. I hope this helps others who on occasion feel that life is getting too 'busy'.

On Mondays I tend to: wake up, meditate for 30 minutes, wake the kids, get breakfast ready, make sure all dressed and ready for school, walk to school, get shopping, walk home, tidy kitchen, have a coffee and catch up on the news, send out emails to parents for football teams, arrange lifts to football training/matches, plan football drills, sweep and dust the house, have lunch, update to-do list, make dinner, work on job(s) from to-do list, walk to school and pick up children, take daughter to swimming lesson, come home and have dinner with son number 2, take son number 2 to football training in Edinburgh, come home, have a snack, meditate for 5 or 10 minutes, chat with my wife, go to bed, all whilst responding to and sending various text messages, e-mails and WhatsApp chats. I feel busy! I'll not



bore you with the fine detail of the rest of a typical week!

The sense of busy-ness that I have been feeling of late often translates into tension, stress and feelings of being overwhelmed by what life is throwing at me. It often feels like pain. A friend who works in the NHS is often astounded by how some people can cope with what he assumes to be overwhelming pain whilst for others what he would think of as low level pain can knock some people for six. I came across an interesting article (<https://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pmc/articles/PMC2959190/>) that looks a bit more deeply into this subjective

experience of pain. The following extract quite nicely summarises the means and reasons behind why pain is a subjective experience:

Across all sensory modalities, our subjective experiences are individually unique. One texture may be pleasant to one individual, and uncomfortable to another. One flavor may be appealing to one individual and aversive to another. These experiences can rapidly shift within one individual - for example even too much chocolate in chocolate lovers becomes a negative rather than a positive experience (1). These differences underscore the fact that sensory experiences are far more than a mere extraction and appreciation of the features of an afferent signal. Instead, they are constructed from a complex convolution of afferent input with information related to our past experiences, present context, as well as the future implications and meaning of the afferent input. This process is supported by genetically determined hardware but heavily modified by psychological and cognitive factors.

This sounds kind of Buddhist!

If I take it for read that although my busy-ness/pain is a real felt experience,

it is nevertheless clearly constructed by the self from past experiences, future expectations and current reality.

In response to all situations, including those which are seemingly painful, we Buddhists are encouraged to ask; 'What is good to do?', a very practical way of getting on with life.

Taking this approach in response to the feelings of busyness and pain, I have made some practical changes to my day-to-day routines e.g. cut back the football coaching, involved another parent with the admin, taken up a new hobby, occasionally meditate in the middle of the day, trying to be more mindful when undertaking simple practical chores, turning my phone off 10:00pm...etc.

These actions all seem very sensible but I feel such an approach to busyness and pain can only take one so far. By understanding the world in such a way where 'I' am trying to cleanse and improve myself and essentially get something that 'I' haven't got e.g. peace/tranquillity or get rid of something that 'I' don't want e.g. busyness/stress/tension/pain, 'I' have set up a dualism, a separate self that is acting on or being acted upon by the outside world.

There is good news, however, as it seems that wherever we look in the dharma teaching offered by our practice, we are encouraged to relinquish this hurt, self-striving and separate 'I'. In Rules For Meditation Dogen states,

Since Truth is not separate from training, training is unnecessary—the separation will be as that between heaven and earth if even the slightest gap exists FOR, WHEN THE OPPOSITES ARISE, THE BUDDHA MIND IS LOST.

We are encouraged to approach life and training/meditation not as a separate being seeking something to improve the self, but rather to train and live as part of the interconnected whole, still 'doing what is good to do', but in a subtly different way from how this prompt to action was previously addressed. In meditation this means just sitting. No more, no less, regardless of the 'busy/painful' background thoughts, not trying to get rid of these, finding a solution nor seeking a more peaceful place.

In The Scripture of Great Wisdom Dogen points to this pure, non-dual, non-striving, interconnected place where there is no 'I' suffering from busyness or pain:

O Shariputra, in this pure there is no form, sensation, thought, activity or consciousness; No eye, ear, tongue, body, mind; no form, no tastes, sound, colour, touch or objects; Vision none no consciousness; no knowledge and no sign of ignorance;.....

Reverend Master Dashin's comments on this scripture in his book 'Buddha Recognises Buddha' (p.121) are very helpful here. He explains that through engaging with the world in this non-dual way we do not enter a passive state. Effort is still required underpinned by a deep faith in our interconnection to life:

'The effort lies in not constructing anything between ourselves and emptiness' and 'To let go we need the faith to trust circumstances as they are, without pushing them away or hanging on. Zen requires the faith to let go and wisdom is the marvelous functioning of emptiness.'

It is often difficult, I feel, to clearly understand, articulate and apply what these teachings are telling us. What seems important, however, is that in moving from the position of a separate, 'busy', 'painful' and disconnected 'I', our spiritual practice plays a vital role. It seems faith is key, a spiritual

word that suggests surrendering the 'I' to something else. As spiritual practice deepens I feel there is less separation between formal zazen and the rest of the day. We perhaps respond more fluidly to the needs of

the moment, be it just sitting, not caught up with 'busy' thoughts' or by doing what needs to be done in the midst of the 'busy' day.

Michael O'Hara

Mistletoe Dharma

In the light of recent musings on Karma, randomness, interconnectivity and the miraculous every day nature of life I thought I might recount an interesting little explorative adventure I had with my friend Abbie recently.

A week or so ago Abbie came to photograph moths at the Walled Garden, which we will use to promote biodiversity awareness. I am always fascinated to talk to Abbie as she has such a deep knowledge of plant and wildlife cycles and of niches and interconnections. Over a cup of tea and within our discussion on how to encourage and preserve biodiversity in the garden we moved on to trees and Abbie told us of an interesting discovery she had made last winter – mistletoe growing in East Lothian on Poplar trees and this was followed by much excited discussion around how we might plant some poplar in our arboretum or woodland garden and try to encourage mistletoe to grow on them – thus providing an interesting narrative around trees and biodiversity.

Abbie had taken some photographs and, later, in consultation with specialist botany recorders the trees were identified as a quite rare female Poplar hybrid known as *Populus x canadensis var marilandica*; they were planted along a field edge some time ago. On inspection some of these mistletoe clusters were over a metre in diameter. She invited me along to take a look and to consider how we might effect a transplant from the winter's seeds.



(with thanks to Abbie Marland)

A few days later we set off to view the mistletoe, Abbie having gained permission from the owner of the small orchard plot the Poplars bordered. This little orchard was beautiful – many different apple varieties, nut trees and native species – a well-kept secret garden. I have to say I was most amazed at the first sighting of the mistletoe – it was so huge and sculptural amongst the branches and shimmering leaves, backlit by misty grey sky. Such a moment – and I considered how numberless were all the contributors to this moment, how solid this ball of mistletoe yet how fluid all the causes and conditions.

We entered the woodland and climbed through undergrowth to get a closer

look and assess how high we would have to climb to get some winter berries (to propagate we would need to collect berries and then squish them on to the bark of a polar or similar tree), our conclusion was it would take a long ladder, and a person of younger years with a very long arm! Abbie told me she could get a rough idea as to how long the mistletoe had been there by looking at branching (mistletoe branches each year into two once it is established over a roughly four year period) – she had attempted to count the branchings to get a rough estimate of age, we think about ten years. As we moved around searching out the mistletoe we mused on who had planted the poplars and what could have brought mistletoe to them – Abbie suspects Black Caps who had maybe feasted on berries elsewhere and then cleaned their beaks on the poplar bark – the seed are surrounded by a very sticky, viscous substance and in wiping their beaks the black caps had given them a niche in the poplars... Blackcaps are more frequent visitors to Britain these days (with climate change). So we have here a whole series of chance events, of cause and effect and interconnection that have resulted in the first recent sighting of mistletoe in East Lothian. What I also come away with was a deep feeling of connection with nature and within it, and an extremely educational and enjoyable shared connection and adventure. These days what I keep coming back to is Dogen and Uji (Being Time), how each moment contains eternity within it, each moment contains all that has occurred to make this possible and the moment itself will be cause and effect. Moment upon moment interconnecting and flowing making an ever changing reality...ho hum, in the meantime I'm off to find a ladder and the aforementioned young person with long arm – another adventure entirely!

Much gratitude and many thanks to Abbie for a grand morning out and a wonderful encounter.

Jerry Simcock

(1) How to grow mistletoe link:-

<http://mistletoe.org.uk/homewp/index.php/grow-your-own/>

(2) To read Abbie Marland's article on mistletoe follow this link (the article is on p.9) https://issuu.com/lauramdouglas/docs/newsletter_xmas2017_2b486497544cfa



*Memorial tablet for Rawdon Goodier, Lay Minister
at Portobello Priory*



*Thank you to all the contributors to this issue of the Newsletter.
Deadline for next issue is mid-December 2018*





- Events elsewhere in Scotland with the Prior -

September 2018

Friday 21st	Aberfeldy evening retreat	7.30-9pm
Saturday 22nd	Dundee morning retreat	10am-1pm
Sunday 23rd	Aberdeen morning retreat	10am-1pm

October

Sunday 21st	Aberdeen morning retreat	10am-1pm
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November

Saturday 24th	Highland Group day retreat	10am-4pm
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For further details please phone :

Aberdeen -	Eddie Shields or Joyce & Gordon Edward	(01224) 861732 (or mobile 07870 140427) (01467) 681525
Aberfeldy -	Robin Baker	(01887) 820339
Dundee -	Liz Evans	(01337) 870402 (or mobile 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 8th September, Saturday 13th October, Saturday 10th November, Saturday 8th December

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
