

—Portobello Buddhist Priory—



A Temple of the Order of Buddhist Contemplatives



Korean figure of Kanzeon (approximately 1930, British Museum)

Newsletter & Calendar of Events September—December 2019

Portobello Buddhist Priory
27 Brighton Place, Portobello
Edinburgh, EH15 1LL
Telephone (0131) 669 9622
email: favian.straughan@homecall.co.uk
website: www.portobellobuddhist.org.uk

— 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 2019

Sunday 8th	Renewal of Precepts	11am
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October

Sunday 13th	Renewal of Precepts	11am
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November

Sunday 10th	Festival for the Founder	11am
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December

Sunday 8th	Festival of the Buddha's Enlightenment	11am
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Tuesday 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)

— *Prior's Notes* —

'What Is This'

It has been recommended that when we sit in Zazen, we bring to mind the question: **What is this?** Not as a mantra to continually repeat or as a question to think about and produce a conceptual answer, but as a way of settling us into the body/mind experience of the present moment, with some attention and open looking or seeing.

Meditation is generally said to involve two aspects: 1. Concentration or attention and 2. Insight or Open awareness. It is necessary to develop a capacity to concentrate, which has been likened to strengthening a muscle over time, hence the importance of regular sitting which gives a momentum to our practice. Without some capacity for giving attention, the mind tends to drift into habitual patterns of thinking which get identified with and help generate a separate self-sense. 'What is this', helps to focus attention, not just on any particular object of mind or body, but also on their moment to moment presence, as flowing and changing experience. With this comes a 'knowing' awareness which offers a **holding and grounding space** for whatever arises in the present moment.

This knowing awareness is integral with concentration and what becomes 'known' is the empty nature of phenomena – as a direct recognition. This insight which can clarify and deepen, releases the mind from its clinging to notions of permanent separate objects; and with a deeper self-reflecting movement produces a disenchantment with the belief that what I am is also a permanent separate self, behind or at the heart of this flow of ever-changing experience.

This recognition is one of the reasons why Soto Zen teaches that the goal of practice and the path of practice are one and the same. Nothing is gained or added to what is, but what is, is uncovered or recovered as the truth of this moment: the undivided nature.

This practice is called a 'path of liberation' because it frees the clinging mind which has reacted in self-defense to the perceived dis-satisfactory nature of life and has sought relief again and again by grasping and rejecting, in a desperate attempt to find permanency, security and wholeness. This is why the bald instruction for Zazen meditation encourages us to neither grasp hold of nor push away whatever arises.

With practice, these moments of 'liberation' leave us where we've actually always been, at the heart of this moment and one with the flow of this life. Dis-satisfaction comes to an end in such moments, not because sensations of discomfort cease to arise but because they are not impacting a constructed sense of self.

In penning these few paragraphs, it might be easy to assume practice to be a straightforward progression from delusion to liberation but of course as those who practice know, it is multi-faceted and a sense of progress often dissolves in the face of a need to keep going in unknowing, a stepping forward in the dark. The importance of faith becomes an important feature of training now. Faith arises from the growing intuition of what we might call the 'unconditioned nature of mind' which we could say is recovered from behind the screen of addictive thinking. While empty of self, so not being grasped at and set up as 'I the subject', it expresses the non-grasping sufficiency of being, one with this moment and this life. As Zen Master Mumon put it:

Though you stand at the brink of life and death, you have the 'great Freedom'.



Sitting – Just This

This – infinite space and what's within it?
Plum petal poppies
The sway of grasses and daisies
Bees buzzing in and out of foxgloves
diving and rolling in the pollen of wild roses
The scent of those roses as I brush past them
The shimmer and bend of hazels
The Geranium creep of small purple flowers
Droplets dripping from gooseberries after the rains
The quick flutter of day moths
The movement of the tall gum tree that I pause to watch so often,
day and night
The plates of elderflower, these early summer colours and the
deep vast sky.

Clouds form and pass.
Moon brightness, moon presence.

The woodpigeons that provide the background sound to our days,
overlain with songs of sparrows, skylarks and finches
Those quick bursts of light and colour, that golden the breaking
waves of barley
The drone of an aeroplane overhead, the movement and sound of
rock pebbles moved by pigeons on the hut roof
Plums and cherries forming

And the grave dug last week with Susie laid to rest.

All this in mind,
all this recording and reaction forming in passing and flowing
mind,
all this shot through with imaginings and other events received
through news...

A woman shot through the thigh and breathing in heroin
fumes

A hospital bombed, a wedding party bombed

Whale song recorded

Bach

Glen Gould playing Haydn in my head

My boy laughing and giggling in our bed all those years ago as
we played resuscitate

The warm scent of my wife as I move in to kiss her head

My mother, pale face powdered in her coffin

My father twirling his stick and diving for cover

The politics of the day

The poetics of the day

The continuous movement of the burn while buzzards screech
and glide.

Mullein question marks

That hummingbird moth

Memories of building this hut – how to hammer a nail in
straight with four blows

Sitting with Buddhas and ancestors, watched over by Suzuki and the Blue Sage

Those trees silhouetted on the field margin
The impossible colours of sunsets
The dusks and those greys, light blues, darker blues
The wind, the breeze, the swirls, the sudden gusts, the touch of a faint whisper on the cheek
Cloudbursting, all immersing heavy rain
The slow rhythm of breathing, the movement of the body, moments of non-thought, awareness, being, connection
Big mind is vast and ever happening and big mind is empty
...

With a bow

Jerry Simcock



The koan appears naturally -

A few weeks ago, I went on a cycling trip with a friend across Scotland, from west coast to east coast.

There's a pleasing simplicity and clarity about these trips: you start at A and finish at B. The tradition is to start with your back wheel in one sea, and finish with your front wheel in another. You know the trip will last for C days, and each day you know you're committed to cycle D miles, given that you've booked sometimes hard-to-find accommodation in advance for each night.

My friend had diligently trained for the trip, building up his cycling legs and endurance. I hadn't, due to other priorities, but felt fairly confident as I had been on similar trips before without much training, and trusted that my legs would prove strong enough.

The first day we cycled over 50 miles and reached where we were staying without incident. A good start: we both felt quite exhilarated, and agreed we could easily have cycled another 20 miles. The rest of the trip would be straightforward, we thought, and we looked forward to the following days with anticipation.

Day 2 proved a very different proposition. 10 miles in and I was feeling out of sorts, possibly a residue of tiredness from the previous day, and my body complaining about the treatment it was being exposed to and for which it was unprepared. The exhilaration of the previous evening had wholly disappeared. We came to a hilly section, and one hill in particular was unrelentingly steep and long. By the time I struggled to the top, I was trembling with exhaustion, my heart pounding, panting for breath, on the edge of hyperventilation. I felt a weakness upon me, and I was overcome by a conviction that I couldn't carry on. It was just too much.

From the vantage point of the top of the hill, I could see the miles ahead were far from flat. There would be many more hills, many more challenges; day after day of it. Away over the horizon lay the other sea, our destination, impossibly distant. My legs were trembling. My friend was away



ahead, unseen. I had a sudden sense of panic: I couldn't carry on, and yet it seemed impossible to abandon the trip. I would be letting my friend down: how would I get home in any case? We were in the middle of nowhere. What would I do with my bicycle? My panic began to spiral, worsened by indecision and doubt, self-judgement for not having prepared properly, and gripped by a corrosive sense of physical weakness I had never experienced before.

Can't go on. Can't not go on. As I stood, tendrils of anxiety flickering, and

locked into the apparent insolubility of the situation, a thought came to me; a thread of calmness, and the words which formed in my head were something like - give to the situation in each moment what it asks for, to the extent that you are capable. No more, and no less. Each turn of the pedals, each moment, just that.

I waited until my breathing returned to normal and my legs stopped trembling. A sip of water, a few nuts & raisins. A deep breath. I began to cycle on, slowly and deliberately, each turn of the pedals, measuring my effort with exactly what seemed to be needed, to the best of my ability, but not allowing my breathing to become more than measured. Slowly the miles passed. I stopped myself from counting, measuring, assessing.

As the hours went by, I began to study the movements of my mind. I found that all too easily I could be taken out of that hard-won place of simply giving what was needed in each moment. On the one hand, I could find myself making too much effort, trying too hard, and disproportionately tiring myself out (*'My friend is miles ahead, he'll be getting impatient' - - I should be doing bet-*

ter than this' - - 'There's a long way to go, I need to speed up' - 'I used to cycle much quicker than this' - 'what'll that car driver think of me crawling along?' - -) or slower than I was capable of ('Why did I agree to this trip?' - - 'I'm too old for this' - - 'my heart condition - 'What's the point of this anyway?' - - 'Why can't he slow down? Well, to hell with him racing ahead, showing off' - -).

But in the awareness of those thoughts, I would be able to bring myself back to just this, responding to what was being asked of me, no more, no less.

Arriving some days later at our final destination, I had the sense that I had learned something important, not just simply a technique for coping with unfitnes and physical weakness on a cycling trip.

Some days later I was rereading the transcript of RM Haryo's talk, 'The vessel and its contents' and came on this section:

'(In our Soto tradition) we don't give people a koan, so there's not that sort of focus that you bring yourself back to. Our koan is noticing what's getting in the way of just doing what needs to be done; what gets in the way of just walking; your doubts, your criticisms of other people - that's the natural koan. Which can become quite extreme. And it's not uncommon in the life of a meditator to come to where those sorts of things that get in the way can take on quite a powerful and obstructive appearance- should I continue on? What's this all about? This isn't getting me anywhere. It's usually some form of doubt, or criticism; or doubts of others. And that's the koan when it really has arisen in the way we mean when we talk about the koan arising naturally.'

So perhaps as an urban-dweller leading a largely non-physically demanding life, the situation in which I had found myself had provided me with the opportunity to experience in a particularly vivid way the koan appearing naturally in daily life.

I have a deep sense of gratitude for what felt to me an important lesson.

Willie Grieve

Acceptance

After months of waiting, several intrusive tests and changed appointments, I was off to the hospital to have my gall bladder removed.

Sitting these past months, one could say has been both 'enlightening' and certainly challenging. I must have told myself at least a hundred times; 'This is as it is'. But that's all well and good saying one must be accepting, that the operation is necessary, not a big deal, millions of people have their gall bladders removed and some people deal with far worse. But when the imaginary mind won't settle, and the habit energy runs riot, sitting on the cushion is never easy.

But it is at times like this when you become aware of how this silent, gentle practice works. Many years ago I was told Buddhism cooks slowly, and as I sat in the waiting room, waiting for my turn to go to the operating theatre, feeling anx-

ious, nervous and yes a little scared, but also above all, I had a strange sense of peace.

Feelings of anxiety are our human response to changing circumstances as we face stressful situations on a weekly if not daily basis; but I realised that my peace and acceptance was not coming from my emotional feelings, but from trusting the awareness of the reality of the situation - - this was truly 'just as it is' and that was ok.

I would also like to thank our Sangha. Taking refuge in the three treasures holds a special place in my heart, and I will always be grateful for the many phone calls and words of support I have had over these past few months.

In gassho and with bows

Gabriele Smith



North and South

In Puglia the Romans planted olive trees for shade and precious oil.

Some are still here, gnarled, twisted and entwined. Bound to the red earth in quiet groves.

A pestilence is travelling north up the heel of Italy. Neither prayers nor demonstrations will halt the advance. Some may survive, but most of these generous old trees will die.

Wealthy northern people will come to build houses without shade and farmers will learn English and become pool cleaners. The landscape will change, but not forever.

In time, our world in the north will sleep again under sheets of ice and snow.

Almost everything below will decay and die. Eventually the sun will draw us back into a familiar orbit.

Glaciers will scour and sculpt new mountains and glens. Life will return and we will be warmed to wakefulness with the chance to build new places and perhaps a better world.

Neither sooner nor later, because time is always now, I too will die. And for an immeasurable moment the world will be a lighter place. Caught in Indra's net, unfound, safe in my true home once more.

David Campbell



— Fear and Fearlessness —

Fear is something that most people experience to a greater or lesser extent, and it can sometimes feel like an obstacle in training.

The various words used to describe fear point to its different aspects. The word “fear” itself refers to the basic emotion. “Stress” highlights the external triggers of the fear, pressures in the environment which are not usually an immediate danger. “Anxiety” points to the pathological aspects; irrational fears that can impair our functioning. Anxiety is also a clinical diagnosis, but it exists on a spectrum from mild to severe, the milder end being in the normal range of experience. “Worry” highlights the stream of thoughts and visualisations in the mind which maintain or produce the fear. “Unease” is the low-level background emotion which is quite common. Anger is closely related to fear: we talk about the *fight* or flight reaction.

The experience of fear can be di-

vided into three aspects. Thoughts are often predominant, as in worry. These thoughts are often unrealistic – we think that something bad is going to happen, whereas in reality, it is unlikely. When we look back on worry, we tend to find that events did not turn out the way we thought they would. The second aspect is body sensations. These are real, physical sensations which are the body gearing itself up for flight or fight. They are harmless, being a normal body function. Thoughts and body sensations are intimately linked. The body reacts to thoughts, and arousal in the body causes temporary changes in the brain which tend to cause us to think in “black-and-white” terms rather than more subtly. The final aspect is action. All emotions are gearing the body and mind for action. In the case of fear, the action tendency is avoidance. It is significant that, in *zazen*, we do not engage in these actions, but continue to sit while the emotions arise and pass.

Fear can be thought of as an inheri-



*Japanese figure of Achalanatha, 1100-1200,
British Museum*

tance of a human body, something evolved in our ancestors to survive in difficult circumstances. Our up-

bringing can also be an influence. As children, we learn what is safe and dangerous partly by watching the reactions of the people around us, and if they are displaying a lot of fear, we will tend to pick this up. Certain aspects of our current society can also contribute e.g. an over-emphasis on external achievement. These factors again highlight the universality of fear.

Like everything else, fear is impermanent. All emotions are inherently unstable, designed to elicit a response then to subside. Sometimes, fear does not go away as quickly as we would wish. It seems to linger, but if we look closely, we see that it is constantly changing. For example, it may disappear for a while, but then an anxious thought occurs which reactivates it. This is why it can be helpful to let go of the *concept* of fear when we meditate. When an emotion initially occurs, it can sometimes be helpful to name it, as a form of recognition and acceptance, but then dropping the label allows us to see the moment-to-

moment experience, and how it ebbs and flows rather than being something solid.

There is much to be learned from fear. The willingness to sit through it strengthens our faith in zazen. We see it is possible to experience intense emotion while still maintaining the awareness of meditation. Zazen enables us to let go of the thought patterns which trigger and maintain the fear. We can receive insight into the mental investments which underlie fear. In doing so, we start to see the roots of fear. For me, this is often self-doubt and fear of fear itself, but underneath this is a wish to be caring and helpful – it's just that I can get too attached to how this should express itself. Seeing these roots helps us to stop generating as much fear. We can sense its pure and empty nature. It is a liberating process, and therefore we can welcome fear when it arises, even though it is never going to be pleasant.

Fearlessness develops out of this. Training causes us to see our fears

more clearly, and then to confront them. This can mean acting even while experiencing fear, rather than avoiding it, if that is what feels right to do. So fearlessness is not the absence of fear. We can act without being dictated to by fear, while still taking it into account. I saw an example of this at a conference I attended a while ago. It was a large conference and the person organising it was constantly responding to problems and questions from people, while giving off an aura of calmness. I mentioned this to her later, and she said that other people had picked up on this calmness, but that she was tense inside. By being aware of this tension, she was able to experience it while still transmitting a sense of peacefulness.

As we come to know fear in ourselves, we accept our vulnerability, and see more clearly how fear affects the people around us. This deepens our empathy and connection with others.

Neil Rothwell

***May we within the temple of our own hearts
dwell – amidst the myriad mountains.***

(Invocation of Achalanatha, Vespers)

Seven years ago on 29 August, my beloved husband, Ken Mills, died in Leancoil Hospital, Forres of lung cancer with secondaries.

When I have reflected on this event – one of the most major in my life and certainly the most challenging mountain since I began Serene Reflection meditation and my involvement with Buddhism – I can see how my years of practice bore fruit and kicked in during the nine month period of his illness and those final weeks when it was clear there was something very seriously wrong – perhaps terminally wrong.

To begin with, I suddenly saw during one of the short but not infrequent rows we had, how much my anger and defensive, cutting reactions hurt him. It took me a long time for this penny to drop (being a slow learner in some things!) but once I saw it, the constant returning to my heart (the temple within) enabled me to let go of my anger with him, so that I no longer wanted to hurt him when he had hurt me. And then during Ken's deteriorating health when he gladly allowed me to drive, began to lose his balance, and eventually needed a Zimmer frame and help with showering and dressing, I began to find myself in a constant state of heightened awareness – totally in the present moment (something I have never found easy), just doing the next thing and going on doing the next thing after that. I didn't go into the possibilities of the future and I didn't spend any time regretting the past. I just practised unconditional Love. I see now I was in a state of Grace and this way of being was the most helpful and supportive I could be to Ken.

We became closer than I thought possible and during the times when Ken wanted to go out (he was an outdoor person) – before the final weeks – we walked around at a snail's pace with incredibly slow days that to my amazement I totally enjoyed.

Of course there were challenges to this peaceful state towards the end – Ken being transferred suddenly from hospital in Elgin to Aberdeen and then, when the medics realised there was nothing they could do, to a 'cottage' hospital in Forres. The weeklong wait in Aberdeen for a confirmatory chest X-ray; the lack of contact with the doctors in charge of him; the maddening bleeps of the machine providing him with oxygen (resulting in such lack of rest that he temporarily became demented); and so on. I never stopped my daily sitting throughout all this and it set the stage for the day ahead and reinforced my ability to remain in the present which came so easily, so naturally, at that time.

For me this period has been one of the most tangible results of my decades of practice. So the occasions previously when I had sat there wondering whether I was meditating at all, and times of boredom and when there seemed so little space between my thoughts, have all been grist for the mill. Although my faith in just sitting has always been strong, my trust in Serene Reflection meditation – whatever quality, whether peace comes or not – has increased exponentially. And although anger has not disappeared and the Precepts need to be constantly attended to, more and more the fruits spread into my day and inform my actions.

Thanks be to the Buddha, Dharma and Sangha. Thanks be to the Scripture of Great Wisdom.

In gassho,

Ann Milston



The Holy Isle

In July, Martin and I set off in our new boat *Jester*. Our first trip was going to be from Largs to Lamlash on Arran. I was looking forward to seeing the Holy Isle which lies just in front of Lamlash Harbour.

It was a gusty, bracing sail as we adjusted to our new boat. The result being that we arrived to the south of the Holy Isle, when we had intended to take the North Channel. However we were rewarded with a view of the lighthouse on the southern tip of the island, which is obscured by trees when you are on land.



Our first night in Lamlash was a bit traumatic. Without knowing, we had inherited an old anchor that is

no longer recommended. We found out why when the anchor dragged twice. We thought it had held on the third attempt, but after 4 hours the wind got up and thanks to another sailor hailing us, we discovered that we had drifted some 300 yards. Martin had to haul the anchor a fourth time and we took refuge on an empty mooring as by now it was ten at night. This was a private mooring, but luckily the owner didn't return that night. Needless to say, as soon as we were safe again, the wind dropped to nothing.

The next morning Martin rowed us ashore to Lamlash. The town was bright and sunny and buzzing with tourists. The hotels and shops were doing a brisk trade.

I wasn't going to get this close to the Holy Isle without paying a visit, so we booked on one of the two ferries, which take 15 minutes to cross to the island.

We were greeted by a volunteer from the retreat centre, who told us a little about the Island, where we could go and what there was to see. The island is owned by Samye Ling

and there are two centres on the Island. The main one in the North is the Centre for World Peace and hosts a retreat and course programme. In the summer guests can stay at the Centre for personal retreats or holiday breaks. A closed Buddhist retreat takes place at the south of the island. As a day visitor you are not allowed in either of the two main centres, but you can visit the garden. Knowing that Gerry had recently spent some time in the garden on the island, I was keen to see it, but we decided to walk to the far end of the island and back.



The atmosphere couldn't have been more different from Lamlash. It was quiet and still, with most activity coming from the brown, soay sheep that roam the Island. Along the path to the south of the island there

are some beautiful Buddhist Icons painted on the stones. On returning back to the ferry, there is a little stone building, where we were offered a very welcome drink of elderflower with strawberries. This building also houses a small shop with a selection of Buddhist books.

As we were very tired, we decided to get the 2.30 ferry back to Lamlash, without seeing the garden.

But fate was to play a hand. The ferryman started the engine to take us back, but it failed and eventually he asked us to go back to the island. Now this began to be a problem as the last ferry was at 3.30 because after that the water at Lamlash was too low to be able to land and there were quite a few visitors on the island.



Anyway, I took my opportunity and



dashed off to see the garden, which was nearby. I'm so glad I did. It was one of the most beautiful gardens I have ever seen. Flowers interlaced with vegetable beds. The pictures I took do not do it justice. If you ever have a chance to visit, make sure you go there first. It is through a tantalising red gate.

I couldn't stay long as the second ferry arrived. The skipper of this one was a little panicked by the shortness of the time and she tried to leave very quickly. Unfortunately she forgot to untie the ropes and

the boat jerked violently as we all shouted and ran forward to untie the ropes.

By this time, it was 3pm and I was beginning to wonder if we would be stranded overnight on the island. Most people were quite anxious, but I was beginning to really look forward to the prospect. However the first ferry boat managed to solve its engine problems and we made it safely back to Lam-lash at 3.20.

But if you do go to the Holy Isle, please remember to visit the garden first.

Pam Strachan

— *Home Altars* —

All of these different Buddha statues and images are gifts to me from family and friends. Our training affects self/other in such an immeasurable way.

With deep gratitude for having encountered the teaching and being able to train,

Kathleen Campbell

— **Contrition and Conversion** —



— Form is Emptiness, Emptiness is Form —



— Dragon Seat —



— Instructions for the Cook —



*Thank you to all the contributors to this issue of the Newsletter.
Deadline for next issue is mid-December 2019*





- Events elsewhere in Scotland with the Prior -

September 2019

(No group visits)

October

Friday 18th	Aberfeldy group evening	7.30-9pm
Saturday 19th	Dundee group morning	10am-1pm
Sunday 20th	Aberdeen group morning	10am-1pm

November

Sat 2nd-Sun 3rd	Highland group weekend retreat	7.30-9pm
Friday 22nd	Aberfeldy group evening	7.30-9pm
Saturday 23rd	Dundee group morning	10am-1pm
Sunday 24th	Aberdeen group morning	10am-1pm

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) 690196 or marge2milly@gmail.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 7th September, Saturday 12th October,
Saturday 16th November, Saturday 7th 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
