



Ten Shin – Heavenly Truth

Remembering Seiki



Seiki Daishi
(Clear Bright Light)



This year, we have now finished the sesshins of November and December and the winter solstice has taken place, it is the third year since Seiki died. Sogenji Itteki Zenshi's sangha member to whom I gave Jukai, a year after leaving her home country of Latvia she died here, Seiki Zenshi.

We are honoring the third year after her death with this book, so she does not fade from our attention. We are gathering our memories, since there is not one person who does not also die, thinking about her now, about the ending of her life, I read my records of this time when she was here.

Seiki, born Dina, in Latvia in 1962 on the third of October, I am told.

I met her first in June, 2011 at a sesshin in Latvia. On June 19th she received Jukai. She had asked for Jukai specifically because her mother died of cancer, her elder sister had died of the same kind of cancer and since she shared the same blood she was passionate about receiving Jukai and she was named Seiki.

Every time she did sanzen I would tell her that her body is not all she is, a body is just one phenomena which we are manifesting. Although you cannot see it with your eyes, we must see it with our huge Mind, that we are not only a form, our huge Mind is something which does not die, and was never born. Even if we get sick, our true Mind of no form does not get sick, so not to be confused about this. We do zazen and encounter that huge mind that we are. To actually experience this we do zazen.

Seiki did sesshin several times at Hokuozan Sogenji, with the group from Latvia, and she asked if she could come to Sogenji and I said, "Yes! Anytime! Please come!"

On Oct 17th, 2014 she arrived and she announced on arrival that she wanted to die as a person of training, and I want to come here to do training until I die and realize enlightenment. I have left everything behind and done everything that is necessary for me not to return to my country. I was deeply impressed by her for arriving like that, I answered, "I understand, you are leaving everything. Sogenji will take complete responsibility."

She then began her life at Sogenji and she did everything the same as every other person here. It was as if she had no cancer. She did all the tenzo jobs, the long takuhatsu, until, as the winter turned into spring, she began to feel pain in her leg. She went by herself to the orthopedic doctor who said, "I think there is cancer in the bone of your leg."

He told her that if her leg experienced any kind of shock it would break, it was very fragile so she used a cane, and walked around very carefully, yet never missed a period of zazen or a sanzen. In order not to put pressure on her fragile leg she did prostrations sitting down in the zendo and hondo and prostrated from a standing up position in sanzen.

She passed the koan of Mu, a monk asked Master Joshu, does a dog have Buddha Nature, Master Joshu said "MU!" the koan of Nada Daishi, the koan of Master Tozen, the east mountain walks on the water, the koan of the bad monk does not enter hell, the well behaved person of training does not enter Nirvana.

She deepened and deepened her state of mind but eventually was unable to do the same way of life as the other people training, because of becoming unable to move easily. As this condition worsened she moved into the residence of the former abbot, next to the kitchen and dining room.

When it came time for her to have to be bedbound all the time the sangha took care of her food and bath and all the things with which she needed help. She used a wheel chair whenever she left her room.

She was a very silent and strict person, following the rules carefully, and when she was brought her meal she would not pick up her chopsticks to eat until the sangha also was finished chanting the meal sutras and starting to eat.

In September I was travelling to Tahoma Sogenji to do sesshin there and in Tanden Zendo in Los Angeles. I departed on the 4th of September and Seiki was at the Red Cross Hospital being taken care of while I was gone, and we received a message from the caregiver from Sogenji on the middle day of the Tahoma osesshin. It said that Seiki was refusing to take her medication and do what the hospital staff instructed her to do. She was being violent with the staff and this was troubling for everyone and if it did not stop she would be asked to leave the hospital.

Clearly she had tripped over her death, and she did not want to take orders from anyone. I then sent her a message, "When you are dying, be quiet. Die like a person of training, and die without complaining."

They told me that she must have heard these words and she became immediately quiet, took her medicines and other various orders.

When I returned Seiki was back at Sogenji and I went to visit her first thing upon returning. She said, "Thank you very much."

From summer on, her caring plan was accepted by the Hospital under the guidance of Dr. Nakashima. From then on a care manager and many nurses came to Sogenji frequently and helped take care of her and we could reach them with just a phone call.

Symptoms got worse and more painful and she could no longer come to the sanzen room for sanzen so I would go to give her sanzen where she was staying.

She was a very meticulous person and she would always change into her zazen clothes for sanzen. She waited for my coming sitting in a chair and I would sit in front of her and from her chair she would do prostrations and manifest her state of Mind. At this time she was working on Tosotsu's Three Barriers.

She was advised it was a good time to now get in touch with her family, so she wrote to her daughter in London and her sister in Bulgaria and they both travelled to Sogenji to see her.

Her daughter understood her mother's decision well and said if this is how my mother feels, this is how it should be. But her sister was panicky because Seiki did not say a single word about anything whatsoever concerning their lives together in the past.

This was confusing for her sister and she asked me why Seiki was behaving like this. I answered her that people in Christian monasteries also entrust everything to God when they enter the monastery, and don't talk about themselves at all. Seiki has entered Sogenji in that same state of mind, and this is her way of doing this.

In November, the feared fracture happened, and it could not be operated on so Seiki could no longer walk at all. She never could get out of bed and could do almost nothing and so she stayed in bed all day. The sangha shifts extended to 24 hours each day.

Seiki received a long, long letter from her husband but she was very simple about it all. The pain medicines made her sleep in the daytime and she would then be awake at night and so she asked me what to do about that and I told her to chant a mantra and put the lineage of the ancients sutra on a tape for her. She memorized it immediately and if I entered and chanted the first line she could immediately chant the whole long sutra by heart. Apparently it became second nature for her to be always chanting the sutra and it relieved the pain and helped her get to sleep.

12/20 was the day of Toji Toya, celebration of the Winter Solstice, the shortest day of the year when people celebrate their passion for training. It is the New Year celebration for people of training.

On this occasion of this year Seiki was exceptionally bright and talking non stop to all of her many helpful friends.

On 12 /25 she started to become more fuzzy, vague and distant.

On 12/29/ 2015, 1:15pm she took her last breath, at 52 years of age.

Dr. Nakajima came and checked her pulse and other vital signs and said it was a very peaceful and dignified death; this is how he wrote it on his report.

All the sangha gathered and chanted together, The Heart Sutra, The Zazen Wasan of Hakuin Zenji, and The Four Vows and in that way sent her off. I heard that a few people stayed all night in the room with her.

12/30 at 3:00 pm all of the sangha did a funeral for her, and I offered the poem,

Under the Great Wide Blue Sky of GokokuSan
Seiki has right now entered the Pure Ocean of Great Nirvana,
She has realized True Prajna
That smiling quiet face, it is the face of the Deep Wisdom of a Bodhisattva.

The doctor, the care managers, the nurses, all the people with a connection to Seiki came to see her off, the sangha carried her coffin and many stayed during the cremation as well, bringing her ashes back to Sogenji, where she will rest in the hondo until the building of the Columbarium. A small amount of her ashes will also be honored at Hokuozan Sogenji.

In this way, Seiki's being at Sogenji is written about by the many who have learned much from her, hoping that it might be helpful to people of training, I leave these words.

- Shodo Harada Roshi



“If I have five or six months, I can do it.” We were entering the parking lot to the lab where they give PET scans, after having just been through a ct scan and having her metastases confirmed. Here we were about to find out how widespread and how far along those metastases were.

She was deciding ahead of time how much time it would take her to realize her Buddha Nature, her conclusion, if she had five or six months it could be done. This was a firm, definite and determined conversation and it turned out to prove true to the very month.

Roshi was clear, “people of training take care of people of training.” From when he had been to the contemplative monasteries in Europe during the East West Exchange he had been deeply impressed with their care for their elders, care given by the younger monks. He was sure from having seen this that we should do it the same.

When Seiki wrote and asked to come to Sogenji, even saying it was most likely that she would die there, there was a quiet agreement that she was coming to do everything possible in Sogenji to awaken and to realize her true nature before she died.

She was able to realize that with putting it as priority every single day, every night, every moment. The very sharp doctors and nurses helped her to decide her own medication dosages in accordance with her wishes to keep her meditation going 24 hours a day.

On occasion she even put up signs at the entrance for NO VISITORS PLEASE, sat in whatever position she could find to stay sitting zazen, and used mantras, malas and music to keep that meditation alive 24 hours a day. She would directly instruct people who were not sitting deeply when they were on their care giving shifts with her.

It was a dynamic process for all of us, never knowing what you might find happening or not happening when you went to be with Seiki. One morning, very wide awake, she was most sincerely and honestly asking everybody in the room, “Am I dead yet? Am I born yet? Have I finished my dying yet?”

Another turning point moment was when she could not get her breath to settle and became more and more anxious, and finally remembered that Roshi had said he would come any time she called. He came and put his face close to hers and synchronized their breath. Soon she was settled and told him thank you, she was all right now. He said he would come anytime, to just call him, she nodded, but never needed to call him again.

Her regular sanzen continued through the very last day. Just as she had called it, at her funeral Roshi confirmed that she had realized her true nature in her last months, just as she had predicted she could do it six months earlier. Her determination, wit and bravery were exemplary for every sangha member, doctor and caregiver that came in to help. None of us left that process without having our life changed in some profound way, both by Seiki and by the way Roshi saw her into Being.



During our last night shift, we were with Hori, we cleaned her room, cleared all the items, she did not need anything anymore, talked to her, and thanked her for everything she had done for us. I left to get my sleeping bag and when I came back I went up to her, saw her last few exhalations and then the last breath ... I had a feeling that she waited for me to return and we were together at that moment. It was so natural, calm and beautiful - for the first time before my eyes a person had died, and this moment was filled with tranquility and harmony. I saw with my own eyes how natural it is to die, this is not a concept which horrifies all of us, makes us panic and makes us experience a lot of emotions - our mind creates all of this. In reality everything is natural and in harmony. It's difficult to say how strongly this experience of presence at the time of death influenced me, and the whole process before. We called the Roshi, there were ceremonies right away on this night. The next day and then during and after the funeral - everything was again pierced by light and harmony, there was absolutely no feeling of heaviness, fear or doom.

What is most important - with the help of Seiki I saw that possibilities are endless. If we have determination, willpower and deep faith, and what is very important: unconditional belief in yourself, in your strength and ability, then even at the brink of death it is possible to go beyond life and death. This is surely the most significant and important gift that Seiki has left us with.

This entire process and the death of Seiki has become a completely unique experience, I am overwhelmed by the gratitude to the Roshi and Seiki for what I happened to observe and participate in, I very much hope that sooner or later I will be able to give this experience in life.

-Seishin



Coming to Sogenji sometime in November, Seiki is sitting on the edge of her bed, her legs swollen with water. Tears start to run down her face as she says: "No, I don't cry because of my situation, that is how it is, but these are tears of joy seeing you."

Leaving mid December, Seiki is lying down, a lot thinner and weaker, deeply looking into my eyes. What an unusual feeling, to know that we will never meet again. A final good bye, Seiki gave me that experience of huge love without any separation.

-ShoE



Sekisan during the day and night, at the Roshi's request. Also they would go individually to see her, bring her flowers or some gifts, talk with her, touch and caress her or kiss her face. Just about ten days ago her face looked incredibly beautiful and fresh, like that of a young girl, with colored cheeks and a clear childish look in her eyes. She felt good when she heard that; "and my voice?" she asked, "it is not so very strong but it is clear," "but now my body is finished", "well yes but not your spirit, that cannot die, and you have quite reached something on that, my respects!" The conversation shifted towards the care giving person: "Junsei, can you hear me?" "Oh yes, yes!" And then she asked for the strong palliative medicine for her body which the advanced cancer was progressively destroying.

During the last few days, when her fading consciousness was not able to interact any more, we just talked to her or recited the Teidai Denpo or the mantram, Namu Kanseon Bosatsu, at her bedside. The doctor had expected her end already more than a month before, but her strong determination and the spirit of Roshi together with the Sangha still heightened by Rohatsu osesshin and reworking osesshin of this month, which we all went through together with Seikisan, kept her going until she reached a certain degree, that quiet and peaceful state of mind.

Seiki daishi's funeral ceremony was set for the next day (12/ 30) at three o'clock with the whole sangha present. Sogen Osho and the densu people had taken care of the arranging of the altar and the coffin in front of the tokonoma of the kohojo which had a big image of Bodhidharma painted by Mumon Roshi hanging there. Masakosan made all the flower arrangements. Besides the usual offerings of flowers, incense, candles, tea and water, sweets and fruits, there was also a small Ryogusen setting, as it is used in Japanese home altars for individual persons. Also, a photo of Seikisan and a shikishi with both her civil and ordination names were there, each on one side of the altar. On Roshi's desk, the incense burner was prepared and on one side of the little inkin, on the other the chrysanthemum flower on her long stem, for making the ring of the circle and then being thrown on the coffin. Roshi gave Seiki daishi a posthumous name: "Ten Shin Sei Ki". The kanji ideogram for ten meaning heaven and shin meaning truth, with also, among others, a wider meaning of: the way of nature. Roshi wrote the kanjis in the center of a bigger format shikishi, so that everybody of the Sangha could write something on it. Later it was put on the center of the altar.

The ceremony started with Roshi declaring that he would give Seiki full ordination, so that she could continue her spiritual path as disciple of the Buddha. Roshi read the Teihatsu sutra alone, followed by the Sangemon, the repentance sutra which is read three times together with the Sangha; same with the following Sankikai – giving honor to the Three Treasures, Buddha, Dharma, and Sangha. After an eko we recited together the Shin Jin sutra – offering food and receiving the wisdom of the Buddha. Next we recited Namu Kara Tan No, followed by another eko. Then Roshi gave his poem.

Finally we chanted Kannon Gyo while the incense offering hand burner was passed through; followed by a final eko and Roshi's speech. Afterwards, we had a quiet tea with homemade cookies and whoever wanted could pass by the altar, look into the open coffin and give Ten Shin Seiki Daishi a goodbye or a little gift that would accompany her. Somebody had put a baguette which she always liked to eat dipping it in olive oil.

On this day's kaichin, Roshisan announced that on the next day (12/31) at 9:30 am we would all together chant a last sutra for Seikisan, while putting the flowers from the altar into her coffin and giving her a last good bye. Then the coffin would be closed and carried to the car to take it to the crematory. Roshi, Sogen Osho and Daichi Osho would accompany while the other members of the sangha would be busy with daily activities. Since Seikisan's body was so thin, said Roshisan, it would be burned soon and he would probably be back from the crematory after an hour. He also gave indications for where to keep Seikisan's ashes in the hondo. As soon as kaichin finished and while the sangha dissolved towards its respective quarters Roshisan went to the kohojo and offered another kaichin chanting sitting by his own in front of Seikisan's altar and coffin. Next morning another offering of food for Seikisan, same as we eat, was requested by him.

-Ekei



During the time when I was a part of Seiki's caregivers team we became so close that she would even call me her brother. When the time of my departure from Sogenji had arrived after breakfast, I went to say goodbye to Seiki. It was the 22nd of December and Seiki was already very weak, often losing contact with reality. When I approached her bed her eyes were aware. Chisan was also sitting at the bedside. I said that I was leaving and she will always be there in my memories and in

my heart. Seiki smiled and nodded her head. I held her hands and then turned to leave. After taking two steps Seiki said with her weak voice: "I'm waiting there for you". I stopped and for a few seconds, there was a complete silence and I was trying to understand the meaning of her words so I could answer something, but nothing comes to mind but what seemed to be the simplest solution, that I have to die to make it happen. I felt shivers. I looked at Chisan. I could see a shadow of astonishment on her face as well. I left in silence. I didn't know what to think about it and this is exactly when I felt so peaceful because it dawned on me that everyone has to die one day, so do I, and then in one form or another, our energies will be reconnected.

I was going to have a goodbye tea with the Roshi in an hour from then. Chisan was already there in the tea room. While waiting for the Roshi I asked her what her impression was about that situation. She replied, "I told the story to the Roshi and he said that Seiki wasn't seeing any difference between herself and you." This is when I thought that maybe we don't have to die in order to connect our energies...

-Ninsei



How Seiki Went Her Ways

When Seiki arrived in Sogenji, the process that began and came to a conclusion when she passed away seems to be a trajectory from heavy to light, opaque to transparent, from being in difficulty to being at ease. Or in one expression: letting go.

One might say: this is obviously what happens when you die and that is right. But as we could see, this letting go happened gradually over a longer period of time. She did not hold on to her physical existence until the very last moment and was then forced by her sickness to give up. No, in the end she just let go. And of course, for us who took care of her in her last months, there were periods, when this letting go did just not seem to happen. Eruptions of open discontent and anger, psychotic episodes, times we could only go through with her, because we were working as a team, and people could take their breaks.

And yet: Seiki did go the whole way. She did not run in the wrong direction and all of a sudden fell off a cliff. She went all the way down to the bottom of the valley. And in a certain way, the people who took care of her took a similar road. In the beginning our being with her was characterized by a lot of engagement. Visits, cheering her up, etc. Over time it was all more about taking care of her physical body, feeding, helping the nurse to wash her, touching her hands and ears to comfort her. And the last days, when the only sign of her being alive was her breath, it was only watching her.

I remember my last shift with her, together with Seishin. At the beginning of the shift we cleaned up all the things that had become unnecessary: fever thermometer, her music player, cup and syringe. And we left only a candle and a little angel figurine. We sat at her bed. Then she stopped breathing. After a while Seishin went to call Roshi and Chisan, and Seiki's breath came back. I remember talking to her, thanking her for what we had learned from her and other things, and I felt that in her last moments, she did not want to be watched. So I looked away. Shortly after, her breathing stopped.

As I see it, she died as a free person.

-Hori



"Baguette! Baguette! I want to eat a baguette with olive oil!" After we made the trip to buy all the things Seiki wanted to eat, upon return we found out that: "This is not the right olive oil! And this is not the right baguette!" :)

I knew Seiki from before Sogenji. ... but that was a different person. Together we wrote a letter to Chisan about her deep wish to come to train at Sogenji and received positive answer almost immediately. The joy of both of us was beyond description.

The time spent at Sogenji with Seiki during her illness showed me that you can know someone all your life but not really know that person. Not really do you get to know someone until they are dying.

-SoOn



She is in her bed. Infinitely skinny, exhausted, hasn't been eating for days. There is blood in the catheter. Yet, she is asking me "Are you ok? What I can I do for you?"

Seiki's journey towards this selfless space was very bumpy and challenging. It was a journey through a lot of past suffering and darkness. When she finally passed that part of the way, she reached peace, ease and light.

It was the best gift that she could ever share with everyone who knew her. This is the highest quality gift that a human being can offer. Its vibrant reverberation pulsates in my heart, sweeping away all the difficulties. Only gratitude remains.

Seiki gave us hope and faith in the possibility of human's most beautiful and deepest transformation which heals all wounds and brings forth true love. There is nothing more important than that to do before we die... except eating fresh baguettes and mango jellies* together with the loved ones.

*Seiki's favorites

-Jiko



Seiki laughed at me,
and I laughed at her,
as I carried her in my arms to rest.

-Taigan



“A flock of birds flying south for the winter. I’m staying.” This is the only New Year’s poem that I have retained over the years. It was written by Seiki. “There is space in that poem,” answered the Roshi.

On that poem night, I had no idea about the level of intensity that I and many other from the sangha would share with Seiki in the future. During the months to come, she gave me one of the most difficult, yet positively transformative experiences of my life. Thank you Seiki for all the space you still continue to bring into my existence.

-JoKan



During Seiki’s illness, being with her and trying to take good care of her was exacerbating and unsettling. The passage of time has not changed my recollection.

Seiki taught me how not to die and for this I am eternally grateful. On the way out, we have to let go of our senseless desires. Rather than demanding of others, we are duty bound to focus on what we can give to others however small, and not on what they can do for us, however needy we may be, so that the words, “thank you,” and “I’m sorry,” are always on our lips and manifested in our behavior.

My only prayer is that when my time comes, I have the physical strength and clarity of mind to put these hard lessons into practice.

Perhaps, this is what our Seiki wanted to be and to do, but didn’t know how. With Gassho,

- Junsei



As I consider my experience watching Seiki go through her dying process, two lessons stand out to me as primary.

The first is how her gradual physical decline demonstrates the taken-for-granted, and highly transient, nature of health. When I first arrived at Sogenji, Seiki was sitting inside the Zendo, apparently fit and at ease. But this impression belied the cancer that was slowly destroying her body from within.

As Seiki's material frame continued to cannibalize itself, she moved onto the Gaitan, reserved for people with intense physical challenges and also for those who are planning to leave retreats early. Soon after that, she moved out of the Zendo building entirely, to live in a private room with the help of our collective assistance. Eventually I would hear how, earlier on a given day, Seiki's leg had broken, or how her lung had collapsed.

As her difficulties increased exponentially, I had to consider how valuable it is to possess a body that functions with reliability - and how quickly this body can relinquish its powers. I am more aware, on both a conscious and a subconscious level, of how a single accident could kill a loved one, and I notice that people who I care about are aging. They, too, will suffer organ failures and broken bones. Cancer may eliminate health slowly, but we all have death programmed into us. I no longer think of myself as young; I think of myself as not yet old.

The second lesson Seiki taught me was that her dying must have been essentially a private affair, even given the support she received from many people; and indeed, that our own death must be personally faced, regardless of our isolation or social imbrications. I feel that although I ended up spending many hours with Seiki, both in the public Zendo setting and as her personal assistant, I did not come to know her inner world in any significant way. There was a language barrier between us, and it caused some tension occasionally when I needed to understand her frail, faltering voice. We spoke in order to communicate, not to commune. As Seiki required more and more energy to sustain her vital processes, she became so introverted that it would have been both difficult and perhaps irresponsible to secure her attention for anything other than essential practical matters. There were one or two other people around who spoke her first language, and the effort it would have taken to explain her feelings to me would have been misplaced.

So while Seiki and I shared a common material space, we did not exist in the same existential space at all. Her immediate concerns were also mine, when I was taking care of her, but her deep concerns were totally beyond my scope. At times Seiki would spend many hours asleep, and I will never know what strange dreams she had, or what apparitions may have appeared to her from other realms in order to hasten her journey from this life to elsewhere.

It is true that, as each of us dies, we may be lucky enough to have people around us with whom we can share our experiences clearly and with heartfelt openness. But, that does not change the fact that nobody can die for us. Whatever difficulties may come, physical or mental, or even spiritual - they are ours; and being able to share them or put them into words does not take away our personal burden of responsibility. Are we ready to die? There is no better time to start preparing for our death than right now.

-Sebastian



When I met Seiki, she told me that she would like to be a yoga teacher for keeping her practice on a regular base.

Somehow, it's worked.

Short time later she had joined me for zazen. After that, she was always there.

From the moment she met Roshi, she was completely taken over with zazen. For her, it was the main point in her life.

Not the yoga, not other things- only Roshi and zazen was her passion.

-Myokan



Seiki was always so happy to share her experience and help people to have better life.

For her meditation was the answer to all people`s needs.

-Kodo



During Her last months in Sogenji, Her Mind was so wide without any boundaries, that She could bestow a single candy from Japan, given to me by Her friend during sesshin in Hokuozan. I've never said thank You to Her for that. Maybe Now it is the time. Thank You Seiki!

-Seigen



Dear Seiki-san,

It has been two years since you concluded your life with dignity and gratitude surrounded by your zen family. On the very day you got your diagnosis with only a few months to live, you said, "Even with this life-taking disease, I am now the happiest in my life living in Sogenji. Sangha members are my only loving family." It was indeed a shocking comment to hear in such a circumstance. I learned that you have carried heavy bundles on your back in your life. While you were fighting with the cancer, you seemed to have worked with the challenging pieces from your previous life. You taught me something very important for anybody who is finishing life. You chose what to let go and what to hang on to. When months passed by, you seemed more peaceful being free from past challenges but at the same time almost terrifying concentration on the practice. It was such a wise decision on how to live the short amount of time. Your life in Sogenji also gave me the opportunity to learn that people could go that far in quality and quantity to support the dying person. The Roshi led the way in action on how to implement their practice into your caring. It was a beautiful scene to be at your bedside acknowledging it. Your five months was filled with positive messages both as a care giver and/or a care recipient. I am no longer afraid of the last part of my life. You showed me the best role model. I hope you are still in peace there. Take care until I see you again.

Love with Gassho,

Hisako Kunitomi



Being cared for in a zen monastery
She lost her independence, identity and social attachments due to sickness.
She lost her ability to walk to a cancer ridden hip fracture.
Due to nausea from pain medications
Her sense of bodily comfort was lost and physical agony became the new norm.
Seeing into the realm beyond,
Death's messengers threatened her equanimity and removed her concept of normal perception.
Gross speech and her right arm's strength also eluded her due to a stroke.
Everything and everyone seemed to fail her.
Except...
The Buddha Dharma and Sangha.
The Roshi visiting her daily and instructing her in sanzen.
The Dharma played continually as the recording made by Shodo Harada Roshi
of the lineage of Rinzai Zen masters starting from the Buddha through to the modern.
And the Sangha led by Chisan turning a Zen monastery into a hospice with monks and nuns
attending to her care, day and night supervised by excellent hospice physicians and nurses.
She lost it all.
It was all empty.
As the tape of the realized masters played on, she continually practiced on her mala beads reciting
the lineage prayers with her one functioning limb down to her last breath.
Her name was Seiki and she became one with the lineage of Buddhas.

-Jikishin

