



Upcoming events
and topics of
interest for SENGENers
June 2017



last
peace of
the
puzzle

Welcome to the June SenGen Newsletter. This month we will focus on writings from our readers. So whether it is a poem from your own hand or words that have simply touched you, make writing and reading a part of your life. Cultivate Wisdom - Everyone has insights to share!

The SenGeners will continue to explore the theme of “The challenge of aging in today’s environment”. Please plan to join us Tuesdays June 13 and June 27 from 3 – 4:30 at the Durango Dharma Center.

Upcoming DDC events...

Monday Night speaker schedule 5:30 – 7pm

Monday, June 12

Keneen McNiven

Monday, June 19

Yong Oh

Monday June 26

Judy Gerhardt

Monday, July 3

Erin Treat (sit only)



Thursday Evening Sitting Group

Each Thursday of the month 5:30-6:15 p.m.

Sati Sunday Sitting Group

9:00 - 10:15 am., every 2nd and 4th Sunday

Extended Practice Sitting Group

First Sunday of the month, 4-6 p.m., third Wednesday of the month, 7-9 a.m.

And now to those June writings...

“She Let Go” a Poem by Rev. Safire Rose, Agape

She let go. Without a thought or a word, she let go.

She let go of the fear. She let go of the judgments. She let go of the confluence of opinions swarming around her head. She let go of the committee of indecision within her. She let go of all the ‘right’ reasons. Wholly and completely, without hesitation or worry, she just let go.

She didn’t ask anyone for advice. She didn’t read a book on [how to let go](#). She didn’t search the scriptures. She just let go. She let go of all of the memories that held her back. She let go of all of the anxiety that kept her from moving forward. She let go of the planning and all of the calculations about how to do it just right.

She didn’t promise to let go. She didn’t journal about it. She didn’t write the projected date in her Day-Timer. She made no public announcement and put no ad in the paper. She didn’t check the weather report or read her daily horoscope. [She just let go](#).

She didn’t analyze whether she should let go. She didn’t call her friends to discuss the matter. She didn’t do a five-step Spiritual Mind Treatment. She didn’t call the prayer line. She didn’t utter one word. She just let go.

No one was around when it happened. There was no applause or congratulations. No one thanked her or praised her. No one noticed a thing. Like a leaf falling from a tree, she just let go.

There was no effort. There was no struggle. It wasn’t good and it wasn’t bad. It was what it was, and it is just that.

In the space of letting go, she let it all be. A small smile came over her face. A light breeze blew through her. And the sun and the moon shone forevermore.

(from Ellen P.)

SPARK by Buddie Bertrand

AS WE PASS
HANDS TOUCH
SLIP AWAY
DON'T WE KNOW
ENERGY
IS STUNNED BY A BREATH
SUCKED-IN

WE BLINK
CONNECT FEEBLE MINDS
WHILE OUR SOULS SEARCH
IN A SEA OF SCRIBBLED WORDS
SINGING PRAISE FOR
CLOSELY HELD SECRETS
AT LAST SET FREE

WE PAUSE
TURN AWAY
SLOWLY
EXHALE AS WE
ENTER THIS THRILLING
OPEN
EMPTY SPACE

WE SIGH
LET GO
MEANDER
ZIGZAG AND RETURN
SMILE

Peonies, from *New And Selected Poems* by Mary Oliver

This morning the green fists of the peonies are getting ready
to break my heart
as the sun rises,
as the sun strokes them with his old, buttery fingers

and they open —
pools of lace,
white and pink —
and all day the black ants climb over them,

boring their deep and mysterious holes
into the curls,
craving the sweet sap,
taking it away

to their dark, underground cities —
and all day
under the shifty wind,
as in a dance to the great wedding,

the flowers bend their bright bodies,
and tip their fragrance to the air,
and rise,
their red stems holding

all that dampness and recklessness
gladly and lightly,
and there it is again —
beauty the brave, the exemplary,

blazing open.
Do you love this world?
Do you cherish your humble and silky life?
Do you adore the green grass, with its terror beneath?

Do you also hurry, half-dressed and barefoot, into the garden,
and softly,
and exclaiming of their dearness,
fill your arms with the white and pink flowers,

with their honeyed heaviness, their lush trembling,
their eagerness
to be wild and perfect for a moment, before they are
nothing, forever?

(From Martha McC)

Percival's Meditation

On the sixth day of a silent retreat things can get pretty weird. Only one more day to contemplate nibbana along with all of my missteps in trying to get there. But little did I expect a vision of enlightenment to join us in the meditation hall.



So here we are at our idyllic retreat center at Kelly Place, snugly nestled between Sleeping Ute Mountain and Canyon of the Ancients. It is late morning, the canyon winds are building and the temperature is climbing to make the meditation hall simulate dry sauna conditions for the coming afternoon.

Suddenly feeling the challenge to display my sitting skills I have volunteered to lead the next 45 minute sit just as the collective thoughts of the fellow sitters are strongly starting to focus on lunch as the next highlight of the day. Just as I assume a proper posture, give a last glance at the clock, and settle into my zafu, in the open door strides Percy. Percy is a fully grown, wild, male (I think) peacock of unknown origin. After briefly announcing himself, Percy begins to strut his stuff up the aisle to reach the front of the room. Resplendent in plumage ranging from silver grays to shimmering gold and crimson reds, he is beautiful enough to give several of the Vipassana fashionistas in attendance a cause for a craving attack.

Headed right for my zabuton, Percival first stops to check out the gold singing bowl to my right. Pecking loudly on the empty bottom, he appears to question the assembled group's ineptness in neglecting to fill it with seed. Visibly disappointed, Percy turns his attention to my Bodhi seed wrist mala. After a couple of sharp whacks dangerously close to my arterial feed, he decides these seeds are much too old for a snack and not worth his attention after all.

Turning his head 270 degrees, Percival takes a long measured look at the zabutons and their occupants on the first row. Casually, he pecks at a few neglected cracker

crumbs that have escaped from meditator's pockets over the last few days. Working his way down the row, he finds his place in an empty spot between mats two and three and with great aplomb his spindle legs fold under his body as he sinks to his knees. Unperturbed by the silent rows of meditators (observers at this point) Percy begins to alternately preen his tail feathers and occasionally roll up his single eye lids to catch a few winks. [if it be know, I have been inclined to exhibit similar behavior myself].

Forty minutes or so later, Percival is still there but, like us, becoming visibly fidgety with cramped legs from the long sit. Other than that, I cannot personally comment on the similarities of his meditation techniques.

So my problem becomes, how should I, feeling somewhat responsible, bring an end to this idyllic experience? At last, opening my mouth, I ask all to join in the metta verses for Percival.

May this sentient being be free from inner and outer harm,

May he be strong and healthy,

May he be happy and joyful,

May he live his life with ease (and with a full seed bowl).

Feeling honored and obviously ready to go, Percy first checks out Thomas's pen which acts somewhat like a worm. He plays with the small bells on a leather thong, which just could be a small snake and takes a few final pecks at a shiny female toenail (plump strawberry perhaps??). Slowly we all file out of the hall followed by Percival who has given us an experiential lesson on Mudita (sympathetic joy). Percy stays around to share a few moments with the participants but has to quickly excuse himself as it is time for walking meditation.

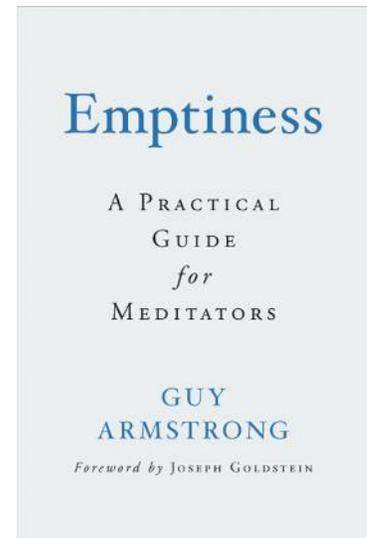
Vision recorded by RPark 5/25/17

And for your extended reading,

I recommend Guy Armstrong's new book

[Emptiness, A Practical Guide for Meditators](#)

If everything is empty, then what ceases in Nirvana and is born in rebirth? Guy Armstrong tackles this question and more in this richly informed, practical guide to emptiness for the meditator.



[Download a PDF preview.](#)

Stay tuned for an on-line class offering in the fall....

Hardcover available from Maria's (remember to ask for a DDC discount)

e-book version available from [Wisdom Publications](#)

THANKS SO MUCH FOR SENDING me future events, readings, videos and audios. Keep them coming to eandrpark@gmail.com. If you would rather not be included on future SenGen Event Calendar mailings, please let me know by return email. Ross P.



And don't forget to check out our SenGen website at [DURSENGENS](#)