



INSIDE DHARMA



"If you have come here to help me, you are wasting your time. But if you have come because your liberation is tied up with mine, then let us work together."

Lilla Watson, Aboriginal activist

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We are All Searching...

In my case, I went searching for Denise. If you've been reading *Inside Dharma* for a while, you will remember Denise as a brave woman nicknamed "Country" who is sharing with our readers the ups and downs of release.

My search was not difficult, as Denise has settled down in the Saint Louis area, where she has been working steadily for many months now.

I met with Denise during her lunch break from her landscaping job, and I found her more confident, smiling and outgoing than I remembered her from our first meeting last summer. Denise has many reasons to smile. She is doing meaningful work, successfully navigating the roller coaster ride of self-sufficiency, and making new friends along the way.

"There are new things to learn every day," says Denise. "Kalen has been great about being there for me each day, whether I start out smiling or crying or just lost. But I'm doing good. I can pay my bills, and I can do some things by myself. I can hold my head up."

Filmmaker Mark Hartsuyker is documenting Denise's progress for a documentary film he is making about the challenges faced by inmates upon their release. Denise has been very open with Mark, inviting him to see her apartment, to ride along on her morning bus ride to work, and to accompany her as she works as a landscaper.

"I have also become kind of a poster child for the Center for Women in Transition, which is where I loved before getting out completely on my own," explains Denise. "I have been doing some public speaking, sharing my story to help with fundraising. I've also made some pies, with \$1 from every first pie someone buys going to CWIT." You see, Denise has a special talent for making delicious pies. She may not have considered it a special talent, but when Kalen and other friends started tasting Denise's cooking, they recognized her skill. Denise recalls that after her first bite of pecan pie, Kalen said,

"You've really got something here. You could have your own pie business."

"The next thing I knew," Denise remembers, "Kalen was helping me buy pie plates. It's one thing to just say 'I want to help you' but it's quite another thing to really be there for somebody and believe in them and help them be successful. I can't tell you how thankful I am for Kalen and Inside Dharma and the Missouri Zen Center and all the Buddhist community coming together to give me, a perfect stranger, such a chance."



Denise sells pecan, chocolate chip toffee pecan, sweet potato and pumpkin pies, and soon she will have her own flier advertising her business. It's not just about money for Denise, though. She has bigger goals.

"I just want to get through these holidays, but I also want to help out our friend Anthony, who is getting out this week. I want to help him with the grocery store, the bus, and all the little things that can be frightening at first. These are the kinds of things I can help with because I understand."

And that's not all that Denise has planned.

"Later this month, three of us are going to Jefferson City to testify in a hearing before members of the legislature. We want to tell our stories and talk about the stories of our fellow inmates so that the government will reconsider the 80% provision in Missouri's 'three-strikes' legislation. We will urge them to put the sentencing decision back in the hands of the parole board, to leave room for alternative sentences, honor centers, and other options for non-violent offenders."

I am amazed at Denise's journey from inmate to potential pie business owner and prison reform activist.

"We are all just searching for someone to believe in us," says Denise. "When that happens, you can begin to try to prove that person right. "

--Shoshin

Searching

by Nathan Rogers
Jefferson City, Missouri

To share hopes, dreams and sorrows. To be together.

I have never met you, nor you me. I don't even know your name. But that is the beauty of love. It is within us both. What or whom we love is no consequence. It is the thought of satisfaction of another being... a blade of grass, a cacophony of sounds, the beauty of silence. But there I am again being senile.

Silence is but an abstract thought. It does not exist within the realm of external existence. When I learn true silence then my love will be complete. I will then understand being alive and the true beauty of life. You and I are two distinct beings of one thought. Material and superficial objects clouded my understanding because I allowed it. I'm not conditioned without consent. So consciousness is but a part of conditioning. You have the will to live so your heart beats, blood flows. I can slow the beat of my heart. I can speed it up. I can silence my heart if I have the will to do so. So I will myself to love what exists as it is. Without conditions or expectations. Without preconceived ideas or desires. For I no longer desire anything. Not life or death. Pain nor pleasure. That is a true understanding of love.

Everything is compared to something: hot to cold, love to hate, happiness to sadness. You must stop this thought! Everything just is as it is. Without comparison you begin to understand true vitality of life, love. Without comparison, enlightenment shines grace upon your being. It did not take years of contemplation to understand this, only a brief flash of silence. One second of silence brought 25 years of searching to a halt. I searched for what was within the silence of my mind. I looked everywhere but there. As you will do. As we all do. Why? It does not matter why. The facts do not change with questions. Questions only complicate matters of what is only very simple.

A man on a houseboat, on the clearest most beautiful lake in this world, the freshest water, looks his entire life for the fountain of youth. Exploring every river, spring and lake he could find, finally he retired to his houseboat, nearing his end. He said to himself "I'm sure glad to be home. I've spent the last 85 years searching and now I'm tired of looking." He had a couple of cups to drink from that he loved so dearly. Beautiful cups made by a widow with five children. She called them magic cups.

So the man got out his cups and discovered he had no fresh water left on the boat. He then dipped his cup into the lake and drank. But because it was wet it slipped from his hand and broke on the deck. He said "luckily, I

have another magic cup." So he went to bed. When he awoke he felt better than he had in twenty years. And when he saw the reflection in the water he was twenty years younger. "It must be the magic cup," said he, only to realize that the other one had also been broken during the night. He traveled 5000 miles to find the widow, only to discover that she had died the year before, and so he returned home discouraged and in despair he went to the city and found the exact same magic cups for sale in a shop. He asked the proprietor where he obtained the cups. The owner replied "at the cup factory." The man bought all of them and drank from each one every day.

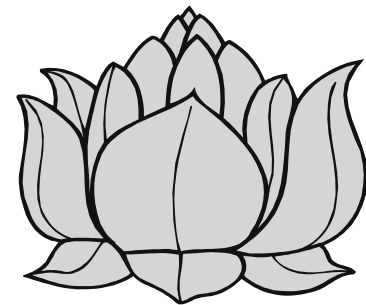
Remember that you cannot search for what is not lost.

Nothing happened. He gave them all away except for one that he took home with him. He stopped on the edge of the lake, took a drink from it, and

then he continued on his way home to the houseboat. Again he awoke twenty years younger. Finally he realized what had happened. He spent his whole life searching for what was always in front of his face. Only when he stopped searching did he find it.

Don't search for it within yourself. Don't look for it outside yourself. It is already where you are, only you must see it. It has no name. Only thousands of pages can begin to explain it. It cannot be compared or dissected. When you get it, you will know.

Remember that you cannot search for what is not lost.



Remember Not My Single Handed Crossing, But Me

by Rigel Watkins Capen
Pacific, Missouri

I am 5ft. 6in. tall and accept that I may have shrunk a quarter of an inch or so in the past few two years, I have viewed the world from this height for 32 years. I have taken up some space in the world.

My hair is gray (that which has not fallen out) with only a little of the mousey brown cast of earlier years showing through.

My face is getting wrinkled. It has deep laugh lines that extend from each side of my nose, down the face, and past the corners of my mouth.

My forehead is high and the lines across it are there to testify that I was often puzzled and bewildered for long periods of time about what was taking place in my life.

The joints in my neck pop now from looking up for so many years. For all kinds of reasons. I seldom look up to anyone or anything anymore.

My eyes are green and my gaze is usually steady and direct. But I look away when I'm struggling with some nameless shame, trying to disclaim defects in myself.

My voice is average and my speech sometimes clipped and rapid if I am uncomfortable. Otherwise I have been told that I have a pleasant voice. I like the sound of it from in here where I am. When I was younger, some people, lovers mostly, enjoyed my singing. But I no longer have the same control of my voice and sing only occasionally now, when I'm alone.

I see my arms and see the wrinkles and graying hair and I cannot believe that the arms I see or really my own. They seem disconnected from me; they are someone else's. They're the arms of an aging man. They're the arms of such old men as I myself have been sitting with on benches in the sun, their hands folded on their laps, old men that I have turned away from. I wonder now how and when these arms I see came to be my own, arms I cannot turn away from...

The truth is that I like growing old. To lose the careless ignorance of immaturity for the wisdom that comes with age. But I had to look for that wisdom. I had to earn it. Oh, it isn't that I don't feel, at moments, the sharp irrevocable knowledge that I'm growing old. That is evident every time I stand in front of the bathroom mirror and brush my teeth and comb my hair.

I grow dreamy brushing my teeth and find myself unaware, planning as I always have to make this single handed crossing, from east to west, or maybe north to south. I think of the supplies I would need and wonder, What would be the best time of year? By boat, plane, car, or bicycle? I keep dreaming until some morning twinge in my shoulder reminds me with uncompromising regret that I will probably never make that single handed crossing. But there is no turning back.

But I always say probably. Probably I'll never make that single handed crossing. Probably I've waited too long. Probably I can't turn back now. But I leave room now at

the age of 48 for the unexpected. That was not always true of me. I used to feel I was in a kind of linear race with life in time. There were no probabilities. It was a now or never time of my life.

There were landmarks placed by other generations and I had to arrive on time or fail in the whole race if I didn't pass, if the fifth grade went onto the sixth grade without me, I would be behind for the rest of my life. When I didn't graduate from college until 1993, it took me another ten years at least to realize the preceding 30 or so years were lost. But now, I begin to see that I may get to have all of it back, and that no experience longed for is really going to be missed.

And so, yes, I like growing old, I say to myself with surprise. I had not thought that it could be like this. There are days of excitement when I feel almost a kind of high with the changes I feel taking place in my body, even though I know the inevitable course my body is taking will lead to debilitation and death. I say to myself often in wonder, this is **my** body doing this thing? I cannot stop it. My body is going through a process that only my body knows about.

So often we think we know how an experience is going to end, so we don't risk the pain of seeing it through to the end.

I never grew old before. Never died before. I don't really know how it is done. I wouldn't know where to begin, and God knows, I wouldn't know when to begin, for no time would be right.

And then I realize I belong to all the women who carried my genetic heritage for generations and my body remembers how, for each generation, this matter of ending is done.

When I was 44 years old, my spouse and lover of ten years left me. I wanted her to return. I waited for years, and she did not come back. Maybe it was for the best, maybe not. We are however good friends. And I still regard her two children as my own, for I never stopped loving them, and I never had any of my own with any lover. I have been lonely for years at different times of my life, and at the same time have had trying, yet fulfilling relationships... I am a person who could love again.

So often we think we know how an experience is going to end, so we don't risk the pain of seeing it through to the end.

We think we know the outcome, so we think there is no need to experience it. As though to anticipate an ending were the same as living the ending out. We drop the old and take up the new, drop an idea and take up a new one, drop the middle age and older and start concentrating on the young, always thinking that somehow it is going to turn out better with a new start. We never really know the beginning or the middle, until

we have lived out an ending, and then live beyond it. Of course this time for me, I will not live beyond the final ending.

The strangeness of that idea comes to me at the most unexpected moments, and always as a surprise and shock. Sometimes I am immobilized by it. Then I see my body is being drawn into the earth, muscle, tendon, skin, drawn down by the earth's pull, back to the ground. She is pulling me back to herself. She is taking back what is hers.

Lisa, my mate of ten years, always wanted to have a garden. She and I would watch her father till and fertilize, and sometimes takes sacks of bone meal, and work them into the damp earth. And I would think, why not mine? Why not?

I think a lot about being drawn into the earth. I have the knowledge that one day I will fall and the earth will take back what is hers. I have no choice, yet I choose it.

Maybe I won't buy that boat, the plane, that car, or bicycle. Maybe I will. Maybe I will be able to write about my life. Maybe I won't. But uncertainty will not always be there, for this is like no other experience I have ever had, I can count on it. I have never had anything before that I could really count on. My life has been filled with uncertainties. Some were not of my making, and many were. Promises I made myself that I did not keep. Promises that I made to others that I did not keep. Hopes I could not fulfill. Shame carried like a weight, heavier by the years, and my failure, due to my lack of clear purpose. But this time I can rely on myself, for life will keep her promise to me, I can trust her. She isn't going to confuse me with a multitude of other choices, and beckon me down other roads with vague promises. She will give me, finally, only one choice, one road, one sense of possibility. And in exchange for the multitude of choices she no longer offers, she will give me, at last, certainty. Nor do I have to worry this time that I will fail myself or fail to pull it off. This time for sure, I'm going to make that single handed crossing.

So I offer one simple insight: in my life I have found two things of priceless worth, learning and loving. Nothing else-not fame, not power, not achievement for its own sake, can possibly have the same lasting value. For once life is over, if you can say "I have learned" and "I have loved" you will also be able to say "I have been happy!"

Getting Out

by John Bradin
Bowling green, Missouri

Since Rosan-sensei's visit to Northeast Correctional Center in August, we have attracted numerous new members and people who have visited our group through curiosity and genuine interest in the Buddhist teachings, and we extend our love and gratitude to Rosan-sensei and all our dear V. I.C.s, Kalen and Carol, and our wonderful friends at the Missouri Zen Center,

whose tireless efforts make our weekly meetings possible. Rosan-sensei is tentatively scheduled to return to Saint Louis from Tokyo in December, and we sincerely hope he will be able to visit us at that time.

We're also blessed to be celebrating the Buddha's Awakening Day, December 8, with our wonderful friends from the Native American group, who will be celebrating Winter Solstice, which occurs on December 21. Our banquet will be held on December 13, and it will be catered by a Saint Louis organic restaurant, and the entertainment will be Blue Pearl, a smooth jazz rock group, native American drumming, and storytelling by the native American V.I.C., Victoria.

Last month we had a visit from a member of the Missouri Zen Center, Mark Hartsuyker, who before moving to Saint Louis specialized in making training films for corporations on how to avoid repetitive motion injuries in the workplace. Mark came to talk to us about his wonderful travels around the world, especially his visits to India, Nepal, and Asia, and we discussed our ongoing frustrations with the failure of the Department of Corrections to assist in valid, meaningful rehabilitative programs for offenders being released.

Through his visit to our group, and his ongoing discussions with Kalen, Mark has decided to try and make a documentary about "getting out" which will tell the story of

Denise, a lovely lady who was recently released from the women's correctional center at Vandalia, Missouri and how she got a job, a place to live and all the necessities, and the difficulty she faces every day to stay out of prison. He also hopes to document the release of one of our brothers here at NECC on November 4, Antonio "Wiz" White, who is completing his sentence, and all the things that he has to do just to get back into society with no assistance whatsoever from the Missouri DOC and also our close friend Dan Sealock who has recently

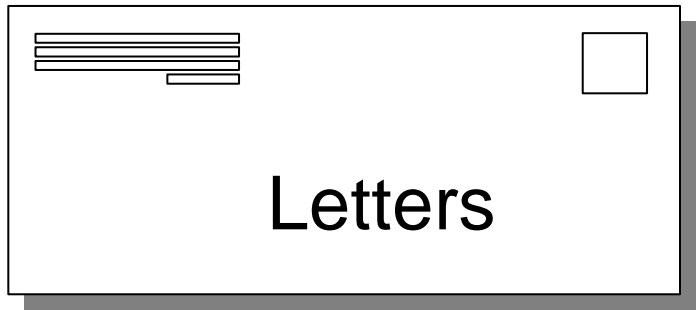
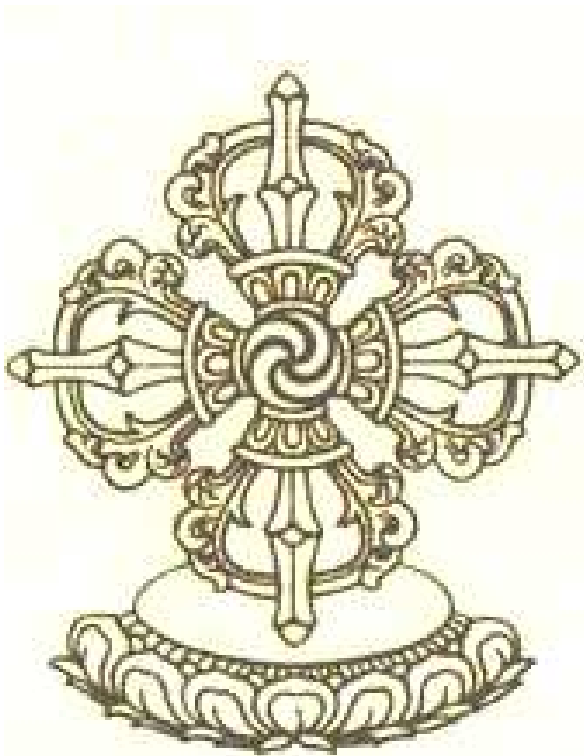


graduated from the GED program at Pacific and who overcame serious health issues and will be released soon and his efforts to overcome the daily obstacles after his release.

But honestly what is it we are getting out of? I have gotten out of prison several times but I have done actions that have caused me to return. Is the prison I am in now here at NECC any more or less of a prison then the prison of having to go to work, pay bills, fight traffic, go to worship, and conform to society's norms?

We should try to remember that this is a world of karma and nothing else. "By karma is this world lead," said Atthasalini. Our minds, our consciousness, which could be called the essence of being, is the most critically important part of a person, since it is the mind that either defiles or purifies us. The mind in fact is both the most bitter enemy and greatest friend of oneself. This is the reason the Buddha says: "By one's self is evil done, by one's self is one defiled. By one's self is evil not done, by one's self is one purified. Both defilement and impurity depend upon one's self. No one is defiled by another."

We must get out of our conditioned thoughts by exercising our free will.



A Letter to the Buddha

Dear Mr. Siddhartha Buddha,

I write to you as a humble student to say thank you, as I look upon all the wisdom you have shared with me. You see, my life was a mess and for many years I was lost in a sea of hopelessness. Even at a young age I always felt there had to be something out there that would help me understand why I felt so much pain, not just for myself but for others. So I went to my mother and father, who I just knew had all the answers. My father said, "Son, you are unhappy because you ain't got no money. Get some money and all your problems will be solved." So I did, \$20.00, which was a lot to a child in the seventies. I still had problems though. My mom, she gave me a totally different answer. "Now baby," she said, "just read the Bible and pray to God and all your questions will be answered." So I did, here I am reading and praying for guidance I felt never came. All I got was sore knees and a headache, so I gave up. I was even more confused and frustrated.

As I got older I found myself admiring superheroes that were on TV and in comic books in hopes of finding some kind of answer. All that did was fascinate me, but still left me with little understanding as to why I'm so unhappy. But I must admit if it wasn't for certain superheroes like the Mighty Thor and Hercules, I wouldn't have learned about mythology. I learned a great deal about the gods and their cultures. But I still felt empty. When I reached adulthood my family and friends started pulling me toward this or that faith. I went from Islam to Catholicism to Zoroastrianism and back to Christianity, but none of them really explain to me why I was suffering.

It seems no one had an answer to how I could make my life better, and it was to the point that I felt the only way out was to take my own life, and I did try several times, but each time I failed.

One day, a day I will always remember, a song came on the radio by a singer named Marvin Gaye called "What's Going On." He sang about so much pain and suffering that I knew I wasn't alone. If others were asking, then there had to be an answer. It was in a book on Buddhism that was given to me by a friend. As I started reading more books on Buddhism, the more I began to understand as to why I suffered and how to make it stop.

That wasn't the only thing I learned. I learned how to understand the teachings in the Bible, Torah, and the Koran. I started studying history, physics, philosophy and psychology. I started studying different languages, and now I can read and speak Japanese and Spanish. But most importantly I learned that I have bipolar disorder. The best part of it all is I'm learning how to treat myself without the use of medication through Buddhism. To me that is one of my greatest achievements.

That is why I feel the need to write this letter to you for the wonderful things you have shown me. Thank you, sir, for I will always be in your debt.

Love,
Your humble student.
Eddie Williams
Menard, Illinois

A Letter to *Inside Dharma*

To all the wonderful people at inside dharma:

We just wanted you to know what a great friend you are to the dharma! Here at south central correctional center we were experiencing great difficulty placing orders because most of our vendors would not forward us the merchandise without payment first. All of this you probably were already aware of. The reason we are writing is to say thank you from all the Buddhists at SCCC. Thank you for your help and support in the teaching and spreading of the dharma. Make peace, compassion and understanding fill you and all you touch.

Honor to the three jewels,
The Licking Buddhists



A Brief Buddhist Glossary

excerpted from the Prison Dharma Network's web page at www.prisondharmanetwork.org

A

Amitabha: Sanskrit; Amida (Japanese); one of the major buddhas of Mayahana; created Pure Land free from suffering in which one can attain rebirth by calling out his name. A deity of the tantric pantheon. The Buddha of Infinite Light, the perfected state of our faculty of perception/discrimination.

Anapana Sati: (Pali) Meditation on mindful breathing.

Arhat: Sanskrit; literally, "worthy one"; one who has attained the highest level in the Theravada school; the fruition of arhatship is nirvana.

Atisha: (982-1054) Indian scholar; in Tibet from 1038 till his death. Reformed prevailing Buddhism. Founded the Kadampa school of Tibetan Buddhism.

Avalokitesvara: Sanskrit; Kannon (Japanese), Chen Resig (Tibetan), Kwan Um (Korean); the **bodhisattva** of compassion.

B

Bardos: (Tibetan) The state between two other states of being, especially the intermediate state between one life and the next.

Bhavana: (Sanskrit, Pali) Selfdevelopment by any means, especially meditation, mind development, and concentration; meditative practices.

Bhikshu: (Sanskrit, Bhikkhu, Pali) A monk who lives from alms or offerings given by laypersons.

Bodhicaryavatara: (Sanskrit) A text of Shantideva (Indian seventh century Bodhisattva).

Bodhichitta: (Sanskrit; Boddhicitta, Pali) Compassionate wish to gain Enlightenment for the benefit of all sentient beings.

Bodhidharma: (ca. 470-543) Considered the first patriarch of Zen Buddhism; according to legend, he was the "Barbarian from the West" who brought Zen from India to China.

Bodhisattva: Sanskrit; Bosatsu (Japanese), Bosal (Korean); one who postpones his/her own enlightenment in order to help liberate other sentient beings from cyclic existence; compassion, or karuna, is the central characteristic of the bodhisattva.

Brahmaviharas: (Sanskrit, Pali) Four sublime states/virtues which elevate—loving kindness, compassion, sympathetic joy, and equanimity.

Buddha: Sanskrit; literally, "awakened one"; a person who has been released from the world of cyclic existence (**samsara**) and attained liberation from desire, craving, and attachment.

D

Dana: (Sanskrit, Pali) Basic Buddhist virtue, the opposite of greed and translates as "generosity" or "giving."

Dharma: Sanskrit; dhamma (Pali); truth or reality; the central notion of Buddhism; teachings of the Buddha; it is considered one of the three "jewels" of Buddhism; often used as a general term for Buddhism.

Dogen: (1200-1253) Japanese founder of Soto Zen; brought Soto school to Japan; he stressed shikan taza, or just sitting, as the means to enlightenment.

Dojo: (Japanese) Zen training hall.

Dzogchen: Tibetan; literally, "great perfection"; supreme teachings of the Nyingma school of Tibetan Buddhism; its adherents believe these teachings are the highest and that no other means are necessary.

E

Enlightenment: The word used to translate the Sanskrit term bodhi ("awakened"); generally used by Mahayanists

instead of the Theravada term nirvana; connotes awakening to the mind's true nature. State of perfect wisdom and limitless compassion.

G

Guru: (Sanskrit) Teacher, particularly a spiritual master.

H

Hatha Yoga: (Sanskrit) yoga of physical exercises/breath control.

J

Jodo-shin-shu: literally, "True School of the Pure Land"; school of Japanese Buddhism founded by Shinran; no monastic aspect— purely a lay community; emphasis on relying on the power of Amida Buddha (Amitabha) for salvation is more extreme than that of the Jodo-shu school; most important school of Buddhism in Japan today.

K

Karma: Sanskrit; literally, "action"; universal law of cause and effect which governs rebirth and the world of samsara; our willed actions (including mental and vocal) will have consequences for us in the future.

Kesa: (Japanese) Zen monk garment.

Kinhin: (Japanese) Formal marching during periods of rest from zazen to loosen stiff joints/exercise the body.

Koan: Seemingly paradoxical riddle or statement used as a training device in Zen to force the mind to abandon logic and dualistic thought.

L

Lama: (Tibetan) Spiritual teacher who may or may not be a celibate monk venerated as an authentic embodiment of the Buddhist teachings. Conducts and teaches rituals.

M

Mahayana: Sanskrit; literally, "the Great Vehicle"; one of the three major schools of Buddhism which developed in India during the first century; it is called the "Great Vehicle" because of its all-inclusive approach to liberation as embodied in the bodhisattva ideal and the desire to liberate all beings; the Mahayana school is also known for placing less emphasis on monasticism than the Theravada school and for introducing the notion of sunyata.

Mandala: (Sanskrit) In the context of tantra, a symmetrical design used as an object of meditation.

Mantra: (Sanskrit) String of sound symbols recited to concentrate and protect the mind.

N

Naropa: (eleventh century) Indian master/accomplished scholar; teacher of Marpa and Milarepa.

Nembutsu: (Japanese) Recitation of The Name of Amida Buddha, which in Japanese form that most Shin Buddhists use is Namu Amida Butsu

Nirvana: Sanskrit; literally, "extinction, blowing out"; the goal of spiritual practice in Buddhism; liberation from the cycle of rebirth and suffering.

P

Padmasambhava: (eighth century) Indian Buddhist who visited Tibet at the invitation of the king and taught various Buddhist principles.

Paramitas: (Sanskrit) The Ten Perfections cultivated by a Bodhisattva. They are generosity, morality, renunciation, wisdom, energy, patience, truthfulness, determination, loving-kindness, and equanimity.

Puja: (Sanskrit) Sacramental offering which may be associated with body, speech, and mind.

R

Rakusu: (Japanese) Zen monk garment.

Refuge: Generally, in the buddhadharma the practitioner takes the refuge vow, he commits himself to the Buddha as an example, the dharma as teaching, and the sangha as fellow practitioner on the path.

Rinpoche: (Tibetan) Lit: precious one. Honorific of a high lama, denotes reincarnation of a realized master.

S

Samsara: (Sanskrit, Pali) World of rebirth and death; the succession of rebirths until liberation is attained; cyclic existence.

Sangha: Sanskrit; The Buddhist community as a whole, sometimes referring to the community of Buddhist monks, nuns, and novices; it is considered one of the three jewels of Buddhism (along with the Buddha and the Dharma).

Shakyamuni: (ca. 563-422 BCE) The historical Buddha; Theravadins believe that he was the first to attain enlightenment in this age.

Shantideva: (7th century) Indian compiler and writer of important Buddhist works.

Stupa: (Sanskrit) Originally a structure built to commemorate a Buddha or other highly developed person, often containing relics; became a symbol for the mind of a Buddha.

Sunyata: Sanskrit; sunyata (Pali); literally, "emptiness"; a central Buddhist idea which states that all phenomena are "empty," i.e. dependent and conditioned on other phenomena and therefore without essence;

Sutra: Sanskrit; a discourse attributed to the Buddha;

Three Jewels: The Buddha, the Dharma, and the Sangha.

U

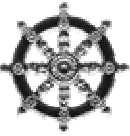
Upaya: Skillful means. Conveys the sense that enlightened beings teach the dharma skillfully, taking into consideration the various needs, abilities and shortcomings of their students.

This issue is
gratefully dedicated to

Dr. Rosan Yoshida

for his patient guidance,
his boundless generosity, and
his dedication to the Dharma.
We bow three times in respect,
admiration and appreciation.

Inside Dharma is a bi-monthly Buddhist newsletter published by **Inside Dharma**, a not-for-profit organization based in St. Louis, Missouri. *Inside Dharma* publishes Buddhist articles, stories, humor, and other writing submitted by current and former residents of Missouri state correctional facilities, local prisons and jails, as well as friends, supporters, and spiritual teachers. *Inside Dharma* is dedicated to the free giving of the Dharma. There is no charge to offenders or ex-offenders for subscriptions. If you are part of an organization that would like to distribute *Inside Dharma* to members who are not current or former residents of Missouri, please write the editor of *Inside Dharma* to be added to the mailing list. *Inside Dharma* may be reproduced, whole or in part, for free distribution. Prior permission from the editor of *Inside Dharma* is required for any use of *Inside Dharma* for which a charge is applied. All submissions will be subject to editing, and *Inside Dharma* will have the right to publish submissions, in whatever format and by whatever means it deems appropriate, in its own or other Buddhist publications. The monies from any for-profit use of materials submitted will be distributed equally between the author and *Inside Dharma*.



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