



Calligraphy by Chia-ju Chang (Kansetsu)

“Huangbo/ Han Shan”

Huangbo Mountain in Fujian Province is the original home of our Cold Mountain lineage. In last years of the Ming Dynasty, our Dharma ancestor Yinyuan Longqi (Jap. Ingen Ryūki) was ordained there at Wanfu Temple. In 1654, at the request of the abbot of Kōfuku Monastery, Yinyuan arrived in Japan with a delegation that included the master who founded Kanzan-ji, the Cold Mountain Temple, in what is now Kameoka, near Kyoto.

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Pat Andres



Teisho on the Hekiganroku, Blue Cliff Record, Case 62, "Ummon's One Treasure"

Keith Wilson

ENGO'S INTRODUCTION

With untaught wisdom he engages in the subtle action of inaction. With unsolicited compassion, he becomes your one true friend. With a single word, he kills you and saves you. In one move he lets you go and holds you fast. Tell me, who is it who comes in that way? See the following.

MAIN SUBJECT

Ummon said to the assembled monks, "Between heaven and earth, within the universe, there is one treasure. It is hidden in the mountain form. You take the lantern, entering the Buddha hall, and take the temple gate, placing it above the lantern."

SETCHO'S VERSE

Look!

On the ancient bank,

Who is that

Holding the fishing rod?

Quietly moving clouds,

Boundless waters,

The bright moon, the white

flowers of the reeds,

You see by yourself.

THREE BELLS

Thank you all so much for being here today. The obvious question is, "Where is Kurt?" Kurt phoned us as we were on our way to Lucy Stone Hall to let us know that he's down with the flu, and he asked us to go forward with the Saturday sit. A few of us had to turn our cars around and quickly drive home, but here we all are on Zoom. The other thing that I want to say is that

Emil's brother has recently died. So, we'll stop the teisho at about a quarter to twelve to chant the *Heart Sutra* five times in his honor.

Some of you may not know me, even though we've practiced together at Lucy Stone Hall or at Murray Grove sesshin or certainly on Zoom since the pandemic began! I don't know many of you. I think many of you are likely associated with Rutgers in some way and part of Kurt's academic orbit. Or, maybe you joined Cold Mountain from another sangha, as I did.

In any case, I've been practicing with Cold Mountain Sangha since about 2015. This is the first teisho I've done at Cold Mountain, so I want to give a brief introduction of myself. I've been practicing Zen since 2004. I took Jukai (lay precepts) in 2006, and then ordained as an Unsui, cloud-water monk, in 2010. I've been practicing as an ordained person since that time. I came to Zen practice through the twelve-step program that you're probably familiar with. I literally stumbled into twelve-step in my late twenties. There's a step in those twelve, the eleventh step, that says, "[we seek] through prayer and meditation to improve our conscious contact with God as we

[understand] Him, praying only for knowledge of His will for us and [for] the power to carry that out." On first reading, this step comes across as a traditional Judeo-Christian/Western view of God as separate from us, and that's exactly what it is. Yes, it's "God as we understand God," but as a person who was raised as a Unitarian Universalist (UU), that very word was a turnoff for me at first. There's also "power" and "prayer" – two other concepts that I find problematic.

The thing, though, that caught my attention was meditation, and a curiosity about it planted itself early in my experience of the program. For about twenty years it sort of germinated. I kept hearing about it. I heard other people describing it, and it sounded like they liked it. At some point, through the UU church that I had joined in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, I found a Tibetan Buddhist public service at the Bethlehem Public Library. I live in Easton, Pennsylvania, so Bethlehem is a short drive west. There was an English Tibetan nun associated with a sangha in Philadelphia who was giving public lectures. I went one night and sat with that group. We sat in chairs in a meeting room in the library. It

was very interesting. These were guided meditations, not zazen. I remember having an experience in this guided mediation where the motif was something along the lines of “the light of the universe comes in with the In-breath, and then all of your troubles and stress go out as dark smoke into the universe with the Out-breath.” I remember that as soon as that got planted in my mind, a vivid mental image of a huge puff of black smoke went puffing out into space. I remember being startled at the sharpness of the image and thought “Wow! How did that happen? I had no idea I had so much stress!” This experience was my initial foray into meditation. I didn’t sit with that group for very long, but I’d discovered something it has taken me many years to understand.

Shortly after this experience, I started trying to practice at home on my own. I bought a little buckwheat zafu and started sitting in my bedroom at the foot of my bed in the dark before I went to bed in the evening. Was that ever hard! I remember struggling to get through only five minutes of sitting. Not only did I have physical pain, primarily in my knees, but also a strong sense of mental anguish. My mind was jumping around all over the place,

as I think we all have probably experienced. But in spite of all these obstacles, I did get through that first five-minute sit, and I kept at it for a few days, maybe several weeks.

Around this time, one Sunday at church, I saw an announcement in the program for something called “zazeen” meditation—the word had been misspelled. “What in the world is that?” I thought. But “zazeen” was scheduled for six o’clock that night in the community room. And since I and wasn’t married or seeing anyone at the time, I hung around Bethlehem for the day and went to “zazeen” that evening. Of course, it turned out to be *zazen*! There was a monk who brought sitting practice to the Unitarian church each Sunday, and after receiving some instruction, I felt the pain familiar to me from sitting in my bedroom. But the sit was far longer than mine at home: it was actually 30 whole minutes! Amazingly, I did it! Even more amazing was what happened after that.

For a long, long time, I had always had the Sunday blues. You know how Sunday evenings can feel when the sun starts to go down? The weekend is over. School or work

starts early the next day. And then, on come the blues! For me, those Sunday blues went way, way back--to high school and maybe even to the First Grade. But after that evening of zazen, my Sunday blues were gone!

I still remember that we sat until eight o'clock or eight-thirty and had tea afterward. When I finally got home, it was ten in the evening. And I had been so occupied with zazen that the Sunday blues never arrived that night, and they really never came back. It was miraculous. For reasons that I still didn't fully understand, I started to feel better after that every time I sat. As you know, Kurt talks about this a lot. If you're feeling better, it's a good indication that the practice is working, and I started feeling better almost immediately. But how exactly did this happen?

That question brings us to our koan today. Just looking at the words the "One Treasure" reminds me of the name I was given when I first took lay precepts (Jukai), a name which translates as "ancient jewel." As soon as my teacher in those days had given me this name, I already had mixed feelings. On the one hand, jewels are beautiful and glimmering and desirable and

translucent and rare and valuable, all of those things. But on the other hand, rare and ancient jewels are out of reach, especially for you and me. And that's been my experience in Zen. When I read about Joshu or Dogen attaining Dai Kensho, Great Awakening, I feel that I'm very far from ever getting there. No precious jewel for me!

Along these same lines, the name I received when I ordained as a Zen priest translates as "*Hidden Treasure*." "Treasure" is normally buried in the ground or concealed in a lockbox—or both. It's hidden where you can't quite get to it. I'd like to dig down and open the box, and there I'd find the hidden treasure, but somehow I just keep digging and digging. Maybe you feel the same way at times.

My experience with this particular koan is that there are some very deeply held beliefs that persist in my adult life. Cultural karma is where these come from--the karma of the culture we're living in. I've learned that some of this karma comes my parents and my family, the people I've met over the years, and the circumstances I've found myself in. For me, one particular aspect of cultural karma has to do with measuring up, getting the

approval of others and being correct. In my case I've had a lot of anxiety and fear associated with not measuring up.

As a result, I've developed over time ways to reassure myself that I am always on my game and meeting everybody's expectations. Maybe you've heard of people "wearing masks." The masks are fundamental dishonesties that come about from living in a way that is part of our cultural karma, messages from outside that we take in. An awful lot of suffering gets created when we live behind our masks. But it's not the masks themselves that cause us pain; it's the mentality they create—a mentality of resistance to things as they really are.

A long time ago a friend told me about what are known as the seven deadly sins. This person gave me an acronym to remember them. Its "eggslap": Envy, Greed, Gluttony, Sloth, Lust, Anger and Pride. And I've seen that one or another of these seven will arise whenever I'm trying to keep my mask on and protect myself from anything that might undermine the way I want to see myself or the way I want my situation to be.

Early in my life, for example, I was taught to believe that your job is who really are, and so, over time my job became more or less everything to me, and I didn't even think of stepping back even when work made me unhappy. In order to be the perfect employee, I never said "no" to anything my bosses asked me to do, and I put as much energy as I could into earning their continuous approval. To win that approval, I was traveling all over the world—to India, Poland, and other places overseas--working dawn to dark, and missing Saturdays with Cold Mountain Zen. Then, one day, the mask came off.

I was living in Poland, perpetually jetlagged, and I had this experience where I simply didn't measure up. During a presentation to a senior manager I fumbled and stumbled after weeks of high pressure and intense work. The details don't matter so much, but in that moment I became what I had feared becoming all my life.

What happened next, however, was exactly what has happened to me time after time on the cushion. As soon as I stopped resisting, my suffering simply disappeared. Everything was completely fine! I was actually smiling as it all was

happening because I had this powerful sensation of release. My resistance had simply worn me out—all the juggling and worrying to keep on the mask. Now I could breathe freely.

So, I stepped away. As it says here: **“With untaught wisdom he engages in the subtle action of inaction”**—the effort that frees you from your mask.

You know, it takes a lot of effort to sit down on the cushion, and then to face the obstacles that are going to arise: the pain in the knees and the emotional pain. As this stuff starts to come up, it takes a lot of effort not to do anything but just to let it be there. That’s the challenge. The challenge of Zen practice for me has been allowing this stuff to just be there until I fully embody it and there’s no resistance left:

Between heaven and earth, within the universe, there is one treasure. It is hidden in the mountain form.

Hidden in the mountain form is the One Treasure. When you let go, there it is, and you’re living from the truth. And that truth is coming right out of you. You can’t make the jewel appear, but you can practice letting go, on the cushion and off,

and then One Treasure appears by itself.

Of course, I’m still far from becoming resistance-free, but every time I manage to take off the mask, the Treasure isn’t hidden in the mountain form. I get happier and happier, and I want to go back to the cushion more and more. Even when I didn’t understand, this koan has been foundational in my practice. And it’s true, just as the koan says: **“he kills you and saves you.”** The fear of not measuring up started to die when I didn’t measure up. That part of me was killed, but the truth came forward and I felt more free.

In the sutra study group several months ago, we were reading the *Lankavatara Sutra*, which describes the karmic *bija* or “seeds” lodged in the “storehouse consciousness” or unconscious mind. One of the seeds in my unconscious mind was this conviction I’ve always had that I had to measure up. And just as the sutra says, by letting that go, I made this obstacle into an ally on the path. You transform one seed, and then there’s another one, and another one after that. It goes on and on, but each time you transform an obstacle like this, you feel even better!

So, I continue to do dokusan. I continue working with koans. There's so much more to learn. I feel like I'm just now starting to practice after all these years. Maybe it's a path that never ends! I hope so. But for now, we'll have to stop temporarily, to chant for Emil's brother.



Interview with Peggy Carr

Pat Andres and Sandy Spina

CMZ: About twenty years ago, when CMZ offered zazen on Tuesday nights in Princeton, someone told me that we had a psychologist in the group. Was that you? And why did you stop coming?

PEGGY: Yes, that was me. At about the time I disappeared I had started in a Post Doc program in New York, and that program took me nine years to complete. I had to stop sitting with the group, but I kept meditating by myself.

CMZ: So how long have you been working as a psychologist?

PEGGY: Since 1984.

CMZ: That's close to forty years. You must love it.

PEGGY: Oh I do. And probably part of the reason is what I've experienced in my meditation practice. I've seen openings in my own psyche that I wasn't aware of at first but discovered on and off the cushion. As a therapist, I help other people do the same.

CMZ: What a wonderful combination – meditation and psychotherapy!

PEGGY: Yes, I'll meet people who will say, "I would never do what therapists do. I would just tell my patients to get their act together. Do this! Do that!" But telling people what to do doesn't help them at all. Each of us has to discover our own openings—no one can tell you what they are.

CMZ: Do you have a specialty within the work that you do? Do you treat a certain type of person?

PEGGY: For a long time, gender was a specialty. When I was younger, one of my degrees had to do with

that. But over time gender became much less of a focus. When I started my training, I worked with kids, and then with people in nursing homes, and after that with many different kinds of people. Now, my long-term patients have gotten to be as old as I am or even older. I tend to work with people for a long time, so we develop a deep relationship with each other. When I was back in college, the first time I had to do a research project, I did it on the subject of self-disclosure. Eventually I realized that this process was what interested me the most. Having people tell me about themselves and watching the insights come to them as a result is what really gives me the most pleasure in life.

CMZ: How has Zen practice influenced your professional practice?

PEGGY: I've been in long-term psychoanalysis myself and still talk to somebody. When I look back at my first experience of analysis, which lasted almost ten years, I realize now that I didn't really say everything that came to mind. Since then, though, I've gotten better and better at opening up-- and koan practice has played an important role. When things emerge from the unconscious, they seem to come out of nowhere

suddenly, but they were really always there—I've discovered that in Zen. And as a result, my way of practicing therapy has become much more open and responsive to the moment. These days, I think less and less about the diagnoses at all—the name I should assign to the patient's condition. I still have to use the Diagnostic Manual for insurance purposes, but I'm not really interested in that kind of terminology, which often actually gets in the way and makes spontaneity harder. But the patients themselves are often focused on that. They're so focused on what other people think of them rather than how they think of themselves or what they are working on for themselves.

One of the reasons meditation appeals to me is that no one tells you where you are, what you are, or who you need to be. You have no choice but to discover those things for yourself. Since the teacher won't tell you, you have to look inside yourself: "Where am I right now and what's this all about?" But at the same time, you discover that you aren't completely alone as you try to answer these questions. You have the teacher, of course, or the therapist, but you also encounter the Teacher deep inside yourself, and practice means having a relationship with that.

You know, back in the old days when I had just started working in psychoanalysis, the analyst was supposed to be a blank screen. Never answer a question. Never disclose anything about yourself. At the time I found myself thinking, “How am I going to do that?” Fortunately psychoanalysis has changed over the years to be more like my personal style. Everything has become relational and that’s the key thing. It’s the key, too, in meditation. I haven’t always thought of meditation as changing your relationship with yourself. But in a way, when you do a koan, really work on it, you have to face whatever the blockage is in yourself, and that’s really what happens in therapy treatment, too. It creates the place from which comes this new idea that you didn’t know you had. You realize that you have depths you weren’t aware of, and that changes the way you relate to yourself. Once you become aware of your “Big Mind,” you can see that you can trust yourself more than you might ever have believed.

CMZ: You mentioned that with meditation you’re “*undoctrinating*” yourself or undoing the indoctrination of the self that has happened over time.

PEGGY: Yes—undoctrinating. One therapist I greatly admire was Wilfred Bion, and I gained a new respect for his work when I learned recently about a group of therapists in New York who combine his ideas with Zen meditation in therapy, especially with the Zen idea of the “beginner’s mind.” Bion’s recommendation was that every time a therapist meets with a patient, the encounter should be like the first time you ever met them, with no memory of your previous conversations, and no desire that they reach some kind of insight or whatever it is that you decide. It turns out that Bion, himself, was interested in meditation and Buddhism. And in my own practice as a therapist, that being-in-the-moment has always been what I enjoyed the most.

CMZ: If you can bring somebody into the moment, do you think that’s a benefit that makes it easier for them to be able to let go of certain hesitations.

PEGGY: I would think that for every human being, true freedom would mean being here in the moment without a prior interpretation or rule about how you’re supposed to be.

But that freedom requires awareness of a special kind—

awareness of the projections that stand in the way of beginner's mind. If you think about theories of transference and counter transference, when you're the therapist, you might find yourself projecting onto your patient your own relations with, say, your mother. If your mother was often critical of you, you might assume that your patient is critical too in just the same way.

Instead of trying to be a blank slate, you need to discover your own projections in the process of analysis. And once you have discovered what those projections are, you realize that they aren't just obstacles. They've also helped you to connect with the patient! The barrier can become the bridge if know how to be aware.

CMZ: Has Zen influenced your family relationships?

PEGGY: Everyone in my family knows I'm into Zen, and it has helped me to navigate my family relationships. One of my daughters is having a baby just now, and she's so into the intellectual side of everything that it makes me feel judged or rejected. But rather than getting myself into a twist--"Oh, she doesn't like the way I am," or, "I think she ought to be more like me"—Zen helps me to see that it's

beside the point. The other person is as the other person is—seeing that is beginner's mind, too.

CMZ: Growing up, as a young person or a teenager, did you ever feel drawn to anything like this?

PEGGY: I was just trying to get out of Catholicism! When I applied to NYU for my post-doc in psychoanalysis, they said, "Why did it take you so long to come and get this training?" At first I said, "Oh, I was raising kids," but they told me, "That's no excuse!" But then I said, "My reason is that I survived Catholicism so I wasn't signing onto any more -isms." And they told me, "Now that makes sense!" I can't say that I belong to Buddhism, but I find it very interesting and I think I'm sort of against any "identifications" or identities in general. I don't struggle so much when people talk about having a "self," but when they start talking about achieving some sort of identity, I'm like, "ho hum," there's no such thing.

CMZ: Thank you for sharing so much of yourself. We know many people will read this and be inspired by the way you have woven your practice into your life to help others. Here's hoping they can find a path in their own lives to do something similar.



“Have a Good Care!”

Kangan Glenn Webb Roshī

“Have a good care!”

This is how a dear friend in Japan ends his e-mails, and it’s the phrase he uses when saying goodbye to non-Japanese friends. This phrase of his is not quite English, but it somehow tugs at my heart and may help all of us cope with the social and economic disaster of the virus infecting our world right now (March 2020). Like most of you, Carol and I are hunkered down indoors. Our son Reg just returned to Seattle after being here helping us for a week. Yesterday Carol and I took a short walk around the block, waving at neighbors along the way. My hours-long zombie-like memory lapses alternate with very normal times when I find stimulation by talking, reading, listening to music and watching TV or movies—or, best of all, by writing my thoughts down as I am now.

I first met my “have-a-good-care” friend some fifty years ago, around 1970, when he showed up at the weekly meditation (zazen) group I

directed at the University of Washington. I had spent the better part of five years in Japan while finishing my PhD and taking a post at the UW as a new professor of Japanese art history. Many of my students were from Japan, but my friend was not a student. To this day I do not know what he was doing in Seattle. But he continued to attend all weekly campus zazen sessions and off-campus Zen retreats. He didn’t speak much then, but we shared our affection for the teachings of D.T. Suzuki.

After he returned to Japan, he became a teacher of English, and we maintained our friendship by correspondence and in person when I was in Kyoto each year directing the UW Kansai program. Carol and I also visited him in Japan several times. He lives alone, like a hermit, but he has many friends, some of whom have formed a kind of fan club for him. They get together for parties and have even started a newsletter with articles about things of mutual interest. Years ago, in addition to Zen, our friend took up the Urasenke Way of Tea (*chado*), practicing it in the same school of *chado* that has been such an important part of our lives. Today he is retired, like us. Recently I’ve been thinking about his sweet words urging care.

At first, I thought his words were simply his attempt to use English

without fully understanding the language. I did the same thing when I was trying to pass my exams in French and German, and still do with Japanese. But I've known for a long time that that is not at all what our friend has done with his plaintive "Have a good care."

Over the years, I've tried to convince him to say, "Take good care of yourself" or just "Take care." But my friend, who is a Buddhist like most Japanese, finds adding those words to be divisive in un-Buddhist ways. Personal pronouns make too much of a difference between himself and others, apparently. The implication that he would be asking the person he is departing from to take good care of himself (apart from others) separates not only the two of them from each other, but from all the other people in the world, as well. That's a Buddhist sin if ever there was one! (To be clear, there never was one: sin doesn't exist in Buddhism; only ignorance that can be corrected.)

My Japanese friend is not alone in finding pronouns in English and other Western languages confusing, perhaps because personal pronouns can seem too, well, personal. But for those of us who break our brains trying to read classical Chinese and Japanese texts, where pronouns are commonly omitted, we just wish they were there so we could understand who is saying what to whom. But my friend is not

dealing with that puzzle so much as with a need to put the Buddhist notion of the meaning of life and death into practice.

The famous Four Great Vows is a Buddhist teaching that comes to mind in this case. Buddhists in East Asia (namely China, Korea, Japan, and Vietnam) recite these vows as a profession of faith based on the concept of dependent origination -- *Pratitya-samutpada* in Sanskrit -- a core teaching which essentially says that existence means taking care of each other, seeing each other in ourselves, and recognizing differences for the delusion they are.

But translations of these vows into European languages distort their meaning in a significant way. In English translations, for example, the personal pronoun "I" is always inserted but is not in the original Chinese text. This is the sort of thing that drove my friend in Japan to reject the English translations as un-Buddhist. I am offering a version of the Four Vows below to illustrate.

衆生無邊誓願度

[1] Shu jo mu hen sei gan do

Sentient beings are everywhere: [I vow to free them.]

煩惱無盡誓願斷

[2] Bon no mu jin sei gan dan

The physical illusion is so real: [I vow to see it for what it is.]

法門無量誓願學

[3] Ho mon mu ryō sei gan gaku

Buddhist teachings are infinite: [I vow to know them all.]

仙道無上誓願成

(4) Butsu do mu jo sei gan jo

Full awareness is beyond doctrines: [I vow to embody it.]

The main message I hope to convey in my language lesson is this: The sentences that we think of as the vows themselves—"I vow to embody it"--don't appear at all in the text. And that's because fulfilling each vow requires us to get beyond any sense of separateness. My friend was wiser than I realized at the time. "Having a good care" means acting from a place beyond "I" and "thou." And that's what the Four Vows ask us to do.



Brothers in the Beloved Community: The Friendship of Thich Nhat Hanh and Martin Luther King, Jr. Marc Andrus.
Berkeley, CA: Parallax Press, 2021.

Review by Pat Andres

Usually, history is written by the winner of contested narratives, competing to tell the "true" story. While the narratives explored in *Brothers in the Beloved Community: The Friendship of Thich Nhat Hanh and Martin Luther King, Jr.* are historically based, Marc Andrus tells an unusual story of a deeply spiritual connection between two 20th/21st century men whose shared mission was to change the course of "actual" history by pursuing a better way of life in a world that seemed bent on destruction.

In his Introduction, Andrus calls the book “the biography of a friendship.” On the temporal level, their friendship was brief, spanning three years between 1965 and 1968. It includes two meetings as well as an exchange of letters. Forged across cultural, religious and racial divides at a time when their countries were at war with one another, their friendship was highly improbable. Yet the bond was deep, due in large part to their mutual dedication to a “third character” in the biography—their belief in a deeper connectedness that transcends the boundaries created by history itself.

According to Andrus, the relationship across differences between these two “radiant beings” was itself “an embodiment, a manifestation” of this powerful idea of connectedness. In his account of their friendship, he argues for the equivalence of the Christian concept of God’s Kingdom on Earth with the Buddhist teaching of the Pure Land. An Episcopal Bishop in California with a strong history of activism on behalf of social, racial, gender, and earth justice, Andrus admits that when he began working on the book he himself had only a limited grasp of this concept of “Beloved Community.” And not

everyone—Christian or Buddhist—will agree with his understanding of how and where the two traditions meet. But something like this idea was a driving force in the lives of both men: the black Civil Rights leader facing violence on the streets of Selma and Washington, DC., and the refugee Buddhist monk from Vietnam, which was torn apart by civil war and the American occupation.

The Beloved Community as Andrus imagines it is global, inclusive, and non-hierarchical. It does not tolerate poverty, racism, bigotry, or militarism. It is not relegated to some far-off, heavenly realm, but rather is possible “right here in the messy, day-to-day life we all share.” Quoting Thomas Berry and Brian Swimme’s book *The Universe Story*, Andrus writes, “(T)he deepest desire of the universe is to connect.” He continues, “we want to connect with one another, with the earth, and, for many of us, with the source of meaning: the divine. Can we overcome the gulfs that divide us? Is there a path to healing, becoming whole? This healing way can be called repairing the Beloved Community.” For King this meant acknowledging “a single garment of destiny” tying us all together. For Thich Nhat Hanh, it took the form

of “interbeing”: because there is no essential “me,” our existence as individuals depends on everyone and everything else.

At the core of the Beloved Community idea, as first articulated by Harvard philosopher and theologian Josiah Royce, is overflowing Love. King understood this as the love between a personal God and mankind. Buddhism’s nontheist equivalent might be the compassion that arises when each of us discovers Buddha Nature in ourselves and finds it in everyone else as well.

As early as 1957 in a speech in Montgomery, Alabama, King places the Beloved Community ideal at the heart of the nonviolent resistance of the Civil Rights movement. Boycotts and noncooperation are merely means to an end, not ends in themselves: “The end is redemption and reconciliation. The aftermath of nonviolence is the creation of the beloved community, while the aftermath of violence is tragic bitterness.” Again, in 1960, King foregrounds its importance: “There is another element that must be present in our struggle that then makes our resistance and nonviolence truly meaningful. That element is reconciliation. Our

ultimate end must be the creation of the Beloved Community.” In 1966 King and Thich Nhat Hanh issued a joint statement after a press conference in Chicago where they were both attending a meeting of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, the oldest international peace organization in the world. They wrote, “We believe that only in a world of peace can the work of construction, of building good societies everywhere go forward.”

The day after Martin Luther King’s assassination, Thich Nhat Hanh penned a letter to their mutual friend, Raphael Gould, expressing his heartbreak, “I did not sleep last night....They killed Martin Luther King. They killed us. I am afraid the root of violence is so deep in the heart and mind and manner of this society. They killed him. They killed my hope.” Andrus writes, “Years later, the monk recalled: ‘I was in New York when I heard the news of his assassination; I was devastated. I could not eat; I could not sleep. I made a deep vow to continue building what he called the beloved community, not only for myself but for him also. I have done what I promised to Martin Luther King, Jr. And I think that I have always felt his support.’”

Andrus takes Thich Nhat Hanh's statement as an indication of the deep, spiritual friendship between the two men, a friendship born of mutual purpose that continued beyond the grave. It also, he concludes, reflects Thich Nhat Hanh's belief in King's stature as a bodhisattva who continues to work toward the alleviation of suffering even after passing from this world.

Not only did Thich Nhat Hanh continue to build the Beloved Community as he vowed he would, but he also expanded its reach to include "all life, all beings." For example, in 1970 he founded Dai Dong, a Buddhist movement on behalf of the planet, "bringing together thousands of scientists and policy makers." According to Andrus, the first United Nations climate summit grew directly out of this movement and continued through subsequent summits in Kyoto and in Rio. Further, as the founder of the Mindfulness movement and the father of what is called Engaged Buddhism, he had an impact that has become global. In a Dharma Talk delivered not long before his stroke, he calls the whole world his sangha, his Beloved Community.

The book concludes with an Appendix that calls for the creation of Beloved Community Circles open to a diversity of race, religion, gender, and class. Such Circles would be involved with issues that "raise the tension' in the dominant political and economic system." The author suggests small groups who meet locally, but whose circles could be networked across states, the country, or the globe. The small-sized local group is designed to foster intimate dialogue, while connection with a larger network is intended to foster greater impact, promoting the radical transformations that will help to make real the vision of radical connectedness shared by a black Southern Baptist minister and a Vietnamese monastic.