

## I BMC Monthly Guide - January 2006

### 108 Bows Ceremony

This month on Sunday, January 1, we will perform the 108 bows ceremony, from 10:00 to 10:30. The ceremony will be led by Thich-nu Tam Hy (Abhaya Hanasi).

### New Mail List Alert

If you have not yet notified us that you want to be on the 2006 mail list, be sure that you do so by either calling the office at 213 384-0850, email us at:

[I BMC@Myway.com](mailto:I BMC@Myway.com), or write us. Anyone who has not informed us by January 15 takes the chance of being dropped. So get those envelopes or phone calls in now.

Inmates, be sure to notify us by January 8, if you want to remain on the mail list, or we will drop you as of February.

### Help Us Ring in the New Year

Join us on New Year's Eve at 10 pm to ring out the old year and to ring in the new. As we leave this troubled year, let us join together to meditate on peace. We will meditate from 10 pm to midnight, then join together to ring the garden bell 108 times.

The bell was smelt in public in Saigon in 1975, just a few months before its fall. The women threw their gold jewelry into the smelting, giving the bell its rich sound. It arrived a few months before Saigon fell and the bell tower was constructed in Japanese style with no nails or screws. It was partially reconstructed in 2000 and has just been sanded and varnished again.

### Room for Rent for a Buddhist Practitioner

I BMC's peaceful community has a single semi-furnished room with shared kitchen and bath for rent to a quiet practitioner. Access to all meditations, retreats and classes are at greatly reduced rates. Interaction with the monks, both male and female of the three traditions: Theravada, Mahayana and Vajrayana is available also. Phone Doug at 213 384-0850 if you are interested.

### Class on Vimalakirti Sutra

Ven. Karuna Dharma is offering a class on one of the important Mahayana sutras, the famous Vimalakirti Nirdeśa on Tuesdays, beginning January 9, at 7 pm in the Zendo. The

teachings will go from 8-10 weeks, depending upon how fast the class moves. This sutra is much beloved, because a layman out does all of the monks and Bodhisattvas who come to do "Dharma combat" with him. The sutra is both humorous and feminist as well. The cost for the class is a suggested \$100. Please call Ven. Karuna at 213 382-9972 or Doug at 213 3484-0850 to sign up.

### IBMC Monks at Work

Our monks have been busy teaching the Dharma around the world. Here are a few things they've done this past year.

Rev. Kusala is advisor of the UCLA Buddhist Club. He teaches monthly at True Yoga in Thousand Oaks. He has lectured at Antioch University, Irvine High School and North Hills High School in Irvine, and Peninsula High in Palos Verdes. He just returned from a medical conference in Boston where he did a workshop for doctors and health care professionals on a Buddhist approach to health care. And of course, he still acts as a chaplain for the police department in Garden Grove.

Ven. Karuna was a major speaker at St Michael's College in Vermont where she spoke on Catholic- Buddhist Dialogue at a conference honoring the 40th anniversary of Nostra Aetate, the important Papal encyclical that changed Catholic attitudes towards non-Christian traditions. She also spoke at the Skirball Institute on Buddhist attitudes towards death and dying. In addition, Ven. Karuna traveled to Sri Lanka, Mongolia and Australia, teaching Dharma.

Ven. Shanti just returned from Sri Lanka and he oversees our grounds and building use. Rev. Chitta just returned from six months in Sri Lanka, where she taught English and Computer skills at a girls' orphanage.

### Coping with Loss by Ven. Dr. Karuna Dharma

A few weeks ago Sr. Chandana talked about loss, explaining the steps that a person goes through during times of change. Today I am going to try to give you a few suggestions on coping with loss.

I, like Sr. Chandana, do not have all the answers. But I have been through some significant losses, and perhaps I have learned a little from those.

In 1974 my mother died; I was with her at that time. Her death was not unexpected. She had ovarian cancer, which was caught too late. But that still did not keep me from terrible grief. My mother and I had been very close. I did not expect to lose her when I was only

thirty-three. I remember that I would not allow myself to give into grief in public. But, it brought some significant health crises to me, which perhaps I would not have experienced if I had been more honest. When I left for Wisconsin, my blood pressure was 115/70. When I returned to LA three weeks later it had soared to 190/95 or thereabouts. My doctor immediately put me on medication, that had the side effect of making me dizzy and a little out of it. To this day I still hover close to high blood pressure if I do not take medication.

I did all the things one should do after losing a parent: I performed the funeral ceremony every week for seven weeks, then at three months, one year and three years: which is typical of our tradition. And I would break down frequently in crying spells. It took years before I was over her death, if indeed one ever does completely get over grief.

Then in November, 1980, I lost my good friend and teacher, Ven. Dr. Thich Thien-An. Ours was a complex relationship on several different levels. Again I would not allow myself to show my grief overtly in public. In this case it was more to show a brave face in front of the hundreds who mourned his loss. His death shocked both the American and Vietnamese communities. His death, again, was not unexpected by those close to him. He died of liver cancer only 2 months after it was diagnosed. From the time of his death, ceremonies were performed unceasingly for 5 days. The funeral parlor opened up an hour earlier and closed an hour later than their usual times, because so many people were filing in to say their good byes. Not just Vietnamese and Americans. Buddhist leaders from all the traditions came and gave a ceremony for him. I remember that I was on my knees often, holding his photo, facing the altar. By the end of the five days, my knees were very sore from kneeling on the floor and I thought when the ceremonies were finally over, I felt I could never kneel again. My health crisis that came from that loss was diabetes, which I am still plagued with, although to a lesser extent.

My third loss was when I had a stroke in April 1994. Probably it was brought on by my diabetes and the stress at that time that I was experiencing at the Center.

From these three major losses I learned a few things:

Do not deny that you are going through grief. Allow yourself to grieve, because if you do not at the time of the loss, you will later. And it does not become easier when you finally do. Of course, there are things that you need to do at that moment of loss, such as making funeral arrangements. These busy times make it easier for you to cope at the time, but does not insulate you from what has happened.

Second, make sure that your family will talk about the loss openly. When Dr. Thien-An died, my youngest daughter Elan was deeply affected. I got a book for children called *Transactional Awareness for Tots*. We read through it, but when we came to the section

on feelings, this six year old stood up and said, "I don't want to talk about emotions," and left the room. Still we talked about him frequently, about the good times we had together and about memorable occasions. Yet, his loss has had a profound effect upon Elan and led to several weaknesses that she still has: one is her terrible insecurity about herself and her relationship with others. But talking about him made it easier for her to accept her loss. I remember when I returned from the hospital after his death to tell the girls. Elan said she wanted to see him. I told her no, that I wanted her to remember him as he was. But she insisted. So I took her to view him. A friend of mine held her in his arms and walked up to the casket so she could see him. I told her, "You can talk to him if you wish to." But she did not. She just looked gravely down at him for about five minutes, saying not a word, but looking intently at him in private communion. Today we still talk about him and twenty-five years later she still remembers him and the fun they had together.

More Buddhist Wisdom Stories By Rev. S'raddha Karuna (Thich Tam Tin)

Once again it's story time. Again I am going to ask you to listen with your heart. These are stories predominately from the Jataka Tales and a couple of Zen stories. They are from two books. The Wisdom of the Crows and Other Buddhist Tales and mostly from I Once Was a Monkey, retold by Jeanne M. Lee. To remind you or for those of you who were not here for my last couple of talks The Jataka Tales supposedly came from the Buddha. He used them as teaching devices to demonstrate how the monks should strive to live together, how we should all strive to live together. We really don't know how many of these stories really came from the Buddha or from his disciples or from monks or lay people. But what the stories have in common is the essence of Buddhism. Compassion, generosity, loving kindness, tolerance, etc. They may be repetitious in theme. But they are rich in color and rich in wisdom with some humor thrown in.

As I mentioned before, some of these tales will sound familiar to you. But you may not have heard them the exact way I am telling them. I have read many different versions of the same story. And sometimes the actual lesson of the story seems to change. It depends on the translation or the culture where the tales were told. I am probably adding my own little twists to the stories. I hope not too many. Again I would like to quote:

And while the Buddha sat, and all around him  
Listened, these are the stories he told.  
"My children," he said, "I have not come now among  
you as your Buddha for the first time; I have come  
many times before; sometimes as a child among little  
children, sometimes among the animals as one of  
their kind, loving them as I love you now; sometimes  
in Nature, among the flowers, I traced a way for you

and you knew it not.

"Thus your Buddha came once as a monkey amid the monkeys, as a deer amid the deer, and he was their chief and their guide."

It was the rainy season. And this season the Buddha decided he would go with the animals in a cave. And to pass the time, he would tell them stories, and they would learn.

### The Deceitful Heron

The Buddha told them he was once a willow tree on a hill. On one side of the hill was a pond. On the other side was a lake. It was summer, and it was hot. And it hadn't rained for a long time. The pond was drying up. Many fish and one red crab were crowding one another as they tried to swim in the mud.

One very hot day a black heron flew by. He saw the fish and thought that he would like to eat them all. He flew down to the pond and stood there on one leg. The fish came over to him and said, "'What are you going to do? Eat us all?'"

"No, no," said the heron. "I'm feeling sorry for you. You shouldn't be in the muddy water.. You should be in the lake"

"But how do we know there really is a lake on the other side."

"I'll take one of you there, and then you can come back and tell the others about it."

A brave fish said he would go with him. So the heron flew him to the lake. What wonders the fish saw. Lotus flowers, cool waters and lots and lots of food. The heron took the brave fish back to the pond where he told everyone the good news. And all the fish got ready to move. The brave fish was the first to go. But instead of taking the brave fish to the lake, the heron took him straight to me. He dropped him in my branches and tore the flesh off the poor creature.

One at a time the heron took the fish to me where he ate them. At my trunk there was nothing but a pile of bones. Back at the pond only the crab was left."Let me pick you up with my beak." The crab was suspicious. He said to the heron, "No. My hard shell will hurt your tongue. I will hold onto your neck with my claws."

"Let go" said the heron. However, the heron took the crab to me. "Why are we in a tree?" "Because I'm going to eat you." "You better take me to the lake right now, or I'll snap your neck." The heron got terrified and did as he was told.As soon as he got to the lake, the crab squeezed his claws around the heron's neck and killed the evil heron. As he was in the cool water, the crab began to cry for all his lost friends.

The Buddha told the crowd of animals how he also cried because being a tree, he could only move with the wind. He said he vowed that in his next life he would be born as an animal. That way he could help weak creatures against evil ones. Some of the animals were now crying, feeling so sorry for all those fish. Even the great lion was moved and said, "What an awful heron he was. I would never do anything like that. He deserved his fate."

The Buddha told them all that there was no reward for untruthfulness. There is no reward for cruelty. If you are evil to creatures, you will experience evil.

A turtle sighed. "I would like to be in a cool lake now." "That reminds me," said the Buddha. "One time I wanted to be in a better place. That was when I was born as a monkey." On hearing this a little monkey got all excited.

### The Monkey and the Crocodile

I once was a strong monkey that lived in a forest near the Ganges River. I would go to the river to drink. But I had to be very careful because the Ganges was filled with crocodiles. One day near by my drinking spot I saw a huge crocodile.

"Hey monkey, don't be afraid. Come closer I've got something I want to tell you." The monkey, didn't move. The crocodile said, "I see you here often. Don't you ever leave this side of the river?"

"No, I like it here". The crocodile said, "There are tons more fruit trees on the other side: apples, oranges, mangoes, grapefruits." My mouth began to water. All I could think about was what was on the other side of the river. All those wonderful, delicious fruits.

"I don't know how to swim. So I cannot cross the river" "No problem. Climb on my back. I will take you there." I thought how nice. I instantly climbed on his back. I so wanted to get to the other side. When we were in the middle of the river, the crocodile began lowering himself in the water.

"You're drowning me," I screamed. "Yes, that is exactly what I am doing. I want to eat your heart." I tried to stay calm and thought very quickly. Then I said, "You should have told me that before. I would have saved you all this effort. Monkeys never bring their hearts with them when they go near the water."

"Where to you leave them?" "We leave them on fig trees. There's my heart over there on that fig tree. Take me there, and I will get it for you."

The crocodile turned around and brought the monkey back to land. The monkey jumped off his back and climbed the tree. The monkey laughed. "You thought you could fool me, Poor crocodile, you cannot tell a heart from a fig."

All the animals in the cave then laughed.

A jackal asked, "Great Buddha should we never believe what creatures tell us. You were nearly eaten because you believed the crocodile."

"Well," said the Buddha, "That is not really the point. I was greedy for that delicious fruit. Therefore I was ready to believe without thinking. It is always best to have a clear mind. It is best to think before we act"

A little dove asked the Buddha, "Have you ever been a dove?"

The Wise Dove

"Oh yes," said the Buddha. And he seemed to get a little sad. "Once I was a dove living near a palace. For a while, it was a happy life. I spent a lot of time with my cousins. We flew together. Ate together. We had fun together.

"One day while we were eating some seeds a big man threw a net over us. He captured us and put us in a cage. "What a feast you'll make for the king." He was the king's chef. We were all so scared. When it was meal time, the chef brought us the most delicious food. I begged my cousins not to eat the food. But they were scared and hungry, and they ate. I only drank water. They got fatter and fatter as I was wasting away. "Please, don't eat." I kept begging.

One by one they were taken out of the cage. And we know what happened to each of them. When the chef saw me, he thought I was sick. "Get out of here," he said. And I flew away. But not with my dear cousins.

The little dove listened and then said to the Buddha, "I don't know if I could have resisted the food" The Buddha told all the animals that endurance can only be achieved through practice. Because of his practice the wise dove lived.

The next story the Buddha told was about how our actions can affect our friends.

The Three Friends in the Forest

I was once born as a golden antelope. I would often go to the lake to drink. There I met a

turtle and a wonderful woodpecker. The three of us became very good friends. We so enjoyed spending time with each other.

One day I was running to the lake to be with my friends when I heard a loud snap. I screamed in pain. I had stepped into a hunter's trap. The woodpecker and the turtle appeared. They tried to calm me down. They told me not to move or the trap would grow tighter. They told me they would find a way to get me out. The turtle decided he would chew his way the thick leather strap. And the woodpecker would keep the hunter from coming into the forest; because he was sure the hunter heard my cry.

The hunter did hear my cry. For when the woodpecker arrived at his cottage, the hunter had just stepped out the door with a knife in his hand. The woodpecker began flying into the hunter's face and pecking at it. He kept pecking at it. Really hurting the hunter. The hunter, with his face bleeding, ran back into his house and slammed the door. The woodpecker kept watch on the house. Hours later the hunter emerged. This time wearing a hat that protected his face. The woodpecker flew to his friends to warn them. I could hear the hunter coming. Just then the turtle ate through the rest of the trap setting me free. I ran off.

When the hunter saw the turtle by the eaten trap, he was so mad he threw the turtle in a sack and hung the sack on a branch of a tree. Seeing this I knew I had to save my poor friend. I let the hunter see me. I pretended to be hurt and led the hunter to a strange part of the forest. When I was sure he was lost, I picked up speed and ran back to the lake. There the worried woodpecker was flying around the sack. With my antlers I lifted the sack off the tree and let it fall to the ground. We loosened the sack so the turtle could get out.

I thanked my dear friends for saving my life. I told them that the angry hunter would find his way back and would pursue us. So it would be best if we separated for a while. I told the woodpecker to build his nest away from the lake. I told the turtle to settle in the deepest part of the lake. And I would go to the thickest part of the forest. After a time, the hunter will probably forget about us, and we could be together again.

Then the Buddha told all the animals that they must remember his words. Be kind to one and another and always be truthful. The rain stopped, and all the animals were able to leave. Then the Buddha said, "We will meet again in another life."

Two Zen stories

The Most Important Thing

Long ago in China, there was a very famous poet. He decided he wanted to study the teachings of the Buddha. He traveled very far to find this particular Buddhist teacher who was revered. "Great teacher, what is the most important thing that the Buddha taught?" The teacher instantly responded, "Do not harm anything and only do good.:"

"What?" said the poet. "That's dumb. I traveled very far for your wisdom and that's all you can say. A three-year old could have told me that."

"True. A three year-old could have said it, but it's very hard to put into practice. Even for me. Have you?"

### The Death of the Tea Cup

There was this great Zen teacher. Even when he was a young monk, he was quite smart and always found a way to get out of trouble. When he was a boy, he had a great teacher. And his teacher had a tea cup which was very old and which the teacher loved and valued greatly. Well, the boy was playing, and he accidentally broke it. The boy was devastated. He hid the pieces of the broken tea cup. When the teacher entered the room, the boy asked him, "Why do people die?"

The teacher smiled at the boy and said, "It is most natural. Everything only has a brief period to live, and then it must die." "Really?"

"Really."

"Really?" again said the boy.

"Really."

At this point the boy showed his teacher the pieces of the broken tea cup.

May you all be happy, peaceful and free from suffering.

Prison Dharma, Rev. Dr. Karuna Dharma:

I have been in contact with the U.S. Department of Justice in an effort to secure Buddhist services here. I had to look at my motive for being so persistent about trying to have services established. Was I pure in motive or was it an ego thing? I must honestly say that I do not think my ego is involved. Accepting this to be true I had to also realize that I truly do want to attempt to secure services for the many for whom it will be available, Buddhist and non-Buddhist. I try to realize and minimize any ego based motives and try to think about people like my friends. There are many here who are always asking me about Buddhism. There is a temple close by. . . They said they would look into sponsoring us as an extension of their sangha. This is a requirement, that outside sponsors

conduct any services we may be granted. . . I started asking about their lineage and at first it seemed normal. . . The next letter came from a Christian man who said that he was the meditation instructor. He went on to say that they do not inquire as to "the beliefs of our students because it is not relevant to what we are doing."

I think it is great to have many people practice meditation together of different faiths. . . I don't think there is anything that isn't Dharma or Buddhism, but this wouldn't be Buddhist services, or would it? If this service were to be admitted they may be considered Buddhist services which would "short change" those Buddhists that wanted Buddhist services. Please guide me. . .

If I take a cup of water out of the ocean, is that water no longer part of the ocean or is it a cup with ocean water in it? How is it that I can have any such thing as Essence of Mind? When my cup disintegrates what then becomes of the water? After evaporating, raining down on earth, flowing through the stream, the cup of water returns to the ocean. It seems that observing the mind is like observing outer space. Where does it end and where does it begin? It doesn't. The planets, stars, comets and space "junk" continue to float by, some bigger, brighter, some distant, yet all are in flux. . . . It seems that the more I try to see the Essence of Mind the more I believe there really is nothing to see, which seems to make it easier to understand the Dharma. Why am I to think that I should understand that or this? It seems foolish of me to be so arrogant. "To be itself is not to be itself. This is the logic of Zen." D.T. Suzuki's statement in Introduction to Zen seems to be the best explanation.

Thank you. In Dharma, Hui Neng S'raddha.

Rev. Dr. Karuna Dharma:

I wish you well and thank you for the pictures from your trip to Australia. Looking at those pictures I felt I was out there with you. Australia is such a beautiful place and hopefully one day I'll set foot in its land and embrace its beauty.

I recently had the chance to experience one of the greatest teachings of Buddhism. Impermanence. "Nothing lasts forever", is the term I use to easily relate with this teaching. In studying this teaching I've often asked myself how truly had I understood it, or how deeply I believe it. I've talked to a few people, mainly my family, about it in trying to console them with their hardships and problems in life.

Last week my mother fell ill in the visiting room. She turned really pale and weak and couldn't stand up at all. My father and I had her relax for an hour and then they left for the hospital. I asked my father to drive straight to the hospital and have them check my

mother. After they left I called home to see what was happening. No one answered the phone at home, Neither at my brothers and sisters homes. Now the fear in me was rising. What is going on? How is my mother doing? Is my mother dying? Is she already dead?

After not being able to talk to anybody, I went back to my cell and sat for a few minutes. Here's when the word impermanence came to my mind. This is it. This is the final test. This is when I'm going to know how truly and deeply I understand this teaching. With this in mind, I was surprised that I wasn't crying or I didn't feel sad at all. Then I laid down and fell asleep.

A few hours later I was sitting among my brothers in our sangha. Our priest was told about the incident about my mother and he offered to dedicate that night's practice to my mother. That was really nice. As I was sitting, I fully realized how I've understood how everything is impermanent. Everything changes, so as the fact that one of these days, my parents will go. I can only hope that it won't be for a while.

I called home again after our service in the sangha and finally I heard my mother's voice. She had had high blood pressure and low blood sugar. The doctor also suggested that she might have just got a little excited since it was also her birthday. So that was it. She was fine, once again nothing lasts forever. Everything changes. One minute she was not feeling well, the next minute she was fine. For a while I was afraid and worried that I might have seen my mother in person for the last time and the next thing I knew we were talking about seeing each other again next weekend.

Impermanence. Nothing lasts forever. What a great teaching. While sitting in the sangha that night, I thought of a haiku for my mother if this was the day she would go. I know it's a Zen tradition for monks or teachers to write their death haikus, but I think that since my mother doesn't practice Zen that I could do it for her.

Here's the haiku:

Autumn's fallen leaf  
All sixty and three years  
No coming, no going.

I thought I'd share this wonderful experience with you. I started studying the Diamond Sutra. I will soon be working on the questions. I thank you again for your guidance and teaching.

Your student in the Dharma, Michael

Dear Ven. Dr. Karuna Dharma

Thank you for sending me the two latest Guides. I've read both and wish to know if it is possible to write Jon whose letter was on the back page. The powerful words on just holding a man's hand as this life transitions into whatever comes next.

As I've been in for over a quarter century, I've seen lots of people here grow old, sickly and pass away from this existence. Currently there are many here who are old, sick, or crippled, who need compassion even if they are not very nice to others. That does make it a little extra effort to understand. As my mother's medical conditions to pile up on her, I try to support her with love, kindness, and compassion and my presence, be it a simple note on a card or a phone call. For a long time I've felt there is nothing I can do to be there for her from here. I was very wrong. A few words on a card mean a lot to me, so I now believe others when they say the same thing.

Be well, your student of life, Ronnie

Dear Abbess:

I was reading the Monthly Guides and I noted in the December 2005 Guide you included part of my earlier letter to you. I truly hope that in some way it may be of some value to another. Further, I noticed a very important point in Rev. Vajra Karuna's article Zen Koans: Doubt, Faith and Paradox, as there is a description of kokushitsu, the great bucket of black lacquer. I could not help but marvel at the description and the stage mentioned in the article. I have gone through a similar experience but did not know it by the name kokushitsu. Such moments change you in a permanent way! As my earlier article-letter piece reflects, one cannot ignore the enormity of the moment.

By rereading your portion of your response to my question and reflecting upon the section of my letter which you published, I have gained a better insight into my situation. Your caution that I should not allow my mind to get caught anywhere is very pointed! It appears that I was "creating" the very walls within believing that they may somehow lead me further! Mind watching Mind discerns the barriers and is starting to dissolve them. I am really starting to notice and experience a very deep inner calm within. It extends to even my attitude to what normally people consider a crisis situation. When one remains as such, one always makes the right decision, that harms no one, one always gives good counsel, and there is no negativity or regret that one experiences. So there isn't a problem for me in this area. In fact, I am quite happy and have a basic simple joy in my daily life which some others have remarked upon. It is odd to them, given the environment which they perceive to be a problem. One does not have to "suffer" merely because one is within a prison or institutional setting. Suffering is inherent in any level of samsara, whether it is in a prison or in a million dollar home! I have been fortunate to understand this.

As always I want to express my gratitude to you for your kindness, compassion, and instructional assistance. There have been some very deep personal changes for me over the years of study and effort. It is quite amazing that now I am beginning to live my life in a meaningful manner. The Buddha was absolutely correct when he said, "Come, try it and see." For in my own humble efforts I have realized that my steps along the Path will result in further change. All for the better!

Sincerely, Your Student, Dale

Abess Ven. Karuna Dharma. Gassho.

I hope and pray that you are well. I have been studying with you for approximately five years now and I must say the compassion and understanding along with the courses you have provided have touched me to my inner heart.

I have a totally different view of the world and the life I live and a new understanding and respect for life itself.

Throughout my studies with you I have gone through some difficult times and through it all your compassion, understanding, and teachings have provided me with a joy in my heart that I never knew was possible to attain. They say that when one searches for a teacher, they should observe the possible teacher for twelve years if needed. Well, I don't need twelve years to know you are a true teacher.

I thank you for everything you have given me and pray that we will be able to share many more teachings and experiences together. You are a lamp to my darkened mind and have enabled light to shine in a pitch-black consciousness. I will follow the ancient idiom, "The path begins when you take the first step, there is no path to follow. You create the path yourself and then can look back behind you to see where you have been."

Your student, Vajra Karuna.

January Events

Sunday Talks

1/1/06 Sitting and Meditation - 11am - Ven. Dr. Karuna Dharma

1/8 Buddhism and Old Age - 11am - Rev. Kusala Ratna Karuna

1/15 The Renewal of Life - 11am - Ven. R. Karuna Dharma

1/22 More Wisdom Stories - 11am - Rev. S'raddha Karuna

1/29 Equanimity - 11am - Rev. Jñana Karuna Vajra

Classes at IBMC

Tues Vimalakirti Nirdesa Sutra - 7 pm - Ven. Karuna Dharma

Wed Every Day Buddhism - 7 pm - Rev. Kusala Ratna Karuna

Thurs Writing Class - 7 pm - Rev. Hanasi Karuna

Sun Women's Chat Group - 7 pm - Rev. Hanasi Karuna

Special Events

1/1 108 Bows Ceremony, 10 am

Meditation - Weekday mornings: 6-7 am - led by Rev. Hanasi Karuna, call Rev. Hanasi at 385-5292 to be sure it is meeting on a particular day.

Mondays, 7 pm, Lam Rim meditation - led by Rev. Kelsang Chitta Karuna

Wednesdays, 7-9 pm - led by Rev. Kusala Ratna Karuna

Fridays, 7:30-9 pm, led by Rev. Kusala Ratna Karuna

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