

Founder's Day Ceremony

Timekeeper asks all assembled to rise.

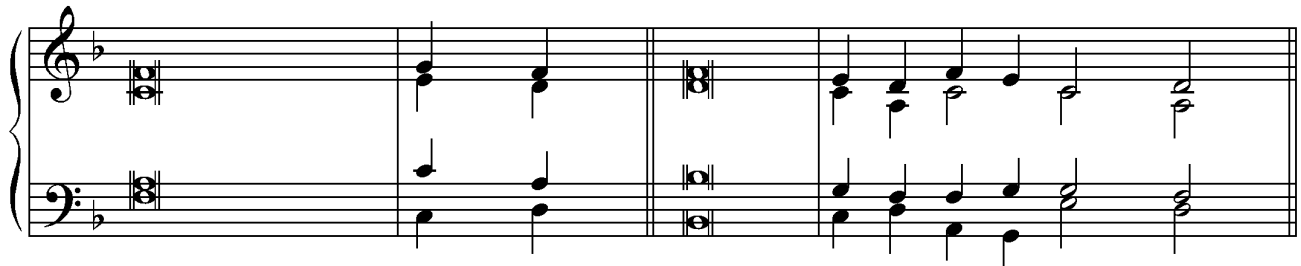
Three Full Bows: ◆^R

Doshi makes incense offering at altar.

Chant leader: The Litany of the Great Compassionate One can be found on page 70 of the chant book, and a link to the Founder's Ceremony can be found in the chat.



The Litany of the Great Compassionate One ●



Adoration to the Triple | Treasure ⇅

Kanzeon is the archetypal bodhisattva of compassion, so this is a hymn celebrating the power of compassion

All together –

Adoration to Kanzeon who is the great com | passionate one!||

Om to the one who leaps beyond all | fear! ⇅

Having adored thee, ≈ may I enter into the heart of the noble, | adored Kanzeon! ||

Thy life is the completion of | meaning; ⇅

It is pure, ≈ it is that which makes all beings victorious ≈ and cleanses the | path of all existence. ||

Om, ≈ O thou seer, ≈ world-tran | scending one! ⇅

O hail to the | great bodhisattva! ||

All, ≈ all is touched by suffering on this earth, | earth. ⇅

Do, do the | work within my heart. ||
O great victor, I hold on, hold | on! ♪
To all of cre | ation I cry! ||
Move, move, my obstructions | free one! ♪
Come, come, hear, hear, a | joy springs up in me! ||
Speak, speak, give me di | rection! ♪
Awakened, awakened, | I have awakened! ||
O merciful one, com | passionate one, ♪
Of daring ones the | most joyous, hail! ||
Thou art all suc | cessful, hail! ♪
Thou art the great suc | cessful one, hail! ||
Thou hast attained mastery in the | discipline, hail! ♪
Thou hast a weapon with | in thine hand, hail! ||
Thou hast the wheel within thine | hand, hail! ♪
Thou who | hast the lotus, hail! ||
Hail to thee who art the root of e | ternity! ♪
Hail to thee who | art all compassion! Hail! ||
+ Adoration to the triple | treasure! Hail! ♪
+ Give ear unto | this my prayer, hail! ||

Chant leader: Adoration of the Buddha's Relics can be found on page 76 of the chant book.

Adoration of the Buddha's Relics ●

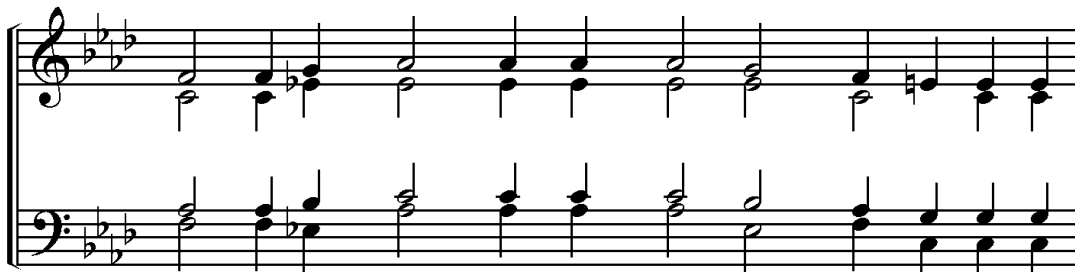
All together –



Hom - age to ___ the ___ rel - ics of the



bud - dha of mer - it ___ all: hom - age to the



bod - y of truth which is truth it - self ___ and a



Stup - a for the World of the Dhar - ma for our pres - ent bod - y.

Through the mer-its of the bud - dha, the tru - th ent-ers

in - to us and we en - ter the truth; through the ex-cel-

-ent pow-er of bud - dha we real - ize truth. Let us do on-

-ly good for all liv - ing things that we may pos - sess

the true ___ mind; let us do on - ly pure dee____(ds)

(ds) that we may en - ter the pea - ce - ful mind

which is un - chan - ging great wis - dom.

Let us pay hom - age e - ter - nal - ly *D.C. al Fine*

to the Bud - dha, to the Bud - dha, to the Bud - dha.

(Go back to the beginning and repeat the first page)

Chant leader: **The Precious Mirror Samadhi can be found on page 16 of the chant book.**

The Precious Mirror Samadhi ●

All together –

The dhar·ma of thus·ness is in·ti·mate·ly trans·mit·ted by budd·has and an·ces·tors;
Now you have it; pre·serve it well.

A sil·ver bowl filled with snow; a he·ron hid·den in the moon.

Tak·en as sim·i·lar, they are not the same; not dis·ting·uished, their pla·ces are known.

The mean·ing does not re·side in the words, but a pi·vo·tal mo·ment brings it forth.

●^D Move and you are trapped; miss and you fall in·to doubt and va·cil·la·tion.

Turn·ing a·way and touch·ing are both wrong, for it is like mas·sive fire.

Just to por·tray it in lit·er·ar·y form is to stain it with de·file·ment.

In dark·est night it is per·fect·ly clear; in the light of dawn it is hid·den.

It is a stan·dard for all things; its use re·moves all suf·fer·ing.

'Though it is not con·struct·ed, it is not be·yond words.

Fac·ing a pre·cious mir·ror, form and re·flec·tion be·hold each o·ther.

You are not it, but in truth it is you.

Like a new·born child, it is ful·ly en·dowed with five as·pects:

No go·ing, no com·ing, no a·ris·ing, no a·bid·ing;

A ba·by bab·bles - is an·y·thing said or not?

In the end it says no·thing, for the words are not yet right.

In the Il·lum·in·a·tion hex·a·gram, ap·par·ent and real in·ter·act,

Stacked to·geth·er they be·come three, the per·mu·ta·tions make five,

Like the taste of the five·fla·vored herb, like the five·pronged vaj·ra.

Won·drous·ly em·braced with·in the real, drum·ming and sing·ing be·gin to·ge·ther.

Pen·e·trate the source and trav·el the path·ways; em·brace the ter·ri·to·ry and trea·sure the roads.

You would do well to re·spect this; do not ne·glect it.

Na·'tral and won·drous, it is not a mat·ter of de·lu·sion or en·light·en·ment.

With·in cau·ses and con·di·tions, time and sea·son, it is ser·ene and il·lu·min·a·ting.

So mi·nute it ent·ers where there is no gap, so vast it tran·scends all di·men·sion.

Just a hair's breadth's dev·i·a·tion, and you are out of tune.

Now there are sud·den and gra·du·al, so teach·ings and ap·proa·ches a·rise.

With these mat·ters dis·tin·guished, each has its stand·ard,

Ma·stered or not, re·al·i·ty con·stant·ly flows.

Out·side still and in·side trem·bling, like teth·ered colts or cow·er·ing rats,

The an·cient sa·ges grieved for them, and of·fered them the dhar·ma.
Led by their in·vert·ed views, they take black for white.
When in·vert·ed think·ing stops, the af·firm·ing mind na·t'ral·ly ac·cords.
If you want to fol·low in the anc·ient tracks, please ob·serve the sa·ges of the past.
One on the verge of re·al·i·zing the bud·dha way con·tem·pla·ted a tree for ten long
kal·pas,
● Like a bat·tle-scarred ti·ger, like a horse with shanks gone gray.
Be·cause some are vul·gar, jewel·ed ta·bles and or·nate robes;
Be·cause some are wide-eyed, cats and white ox·en.
●^D With a great arch·er's skill one can hit the mark at a hund·red yards,
But ar·rows meet·ing head on, how could it be a mat·ter of skill?
Wood·en man starts to sing; stone wo·man gets up danc·ing.
It is not reached by feel·ings or con·scious·ness, how could it in·volve de·lib·er·a·tion?
Min·is·ters serve their lords, chil·dren o·bey their par·ents;
Not o·bey·ing is not fil·i·al, fail·ure to serve is no help.
With prac·tice hid·den, func·tion se·cret·ly, like a fool, like an i·di·ot;
+ Just to do this con·tin·u·ous·ly + is called the host with·in the host.

Founders' Day Offertory (Chant Leader Only):

The Dharma Body of the Buddha cannot be seen so long as one is within duality, for it is beyond birth and death, filling all things. Out of compassion for all living things the Buddha appeared in the form and figure of a human being. For this great act we bow in gratitude and pray that we may be able to illuminate our minds from delusion.

On this ___ day of September we are gathered to commemorate the death of our Founder, the great priest Houn Kyogen Zenji, and we offer incense, flowers, candles, cakes, tea and fruit, and the merit of the Litany of the Great Compassionate One, the Adoration of the Buddha's Relics, and the Precious Mirror Samadhi out of gratitude for his great compassion. His Dharma Eye was as bright as the moon, and his Light of Wisdom lit the darkness of those in delusion. Because of his deep Zen he knew true freedom, and his heart was as constant as an iron rock; he could not help but rescue all the deluded and spread Dharma.

Just as Indra pointed a blade of grass at the earth and a magnificent temple sprang up on that very spot, so, wherever a True Heart exists, the Dharma springs up also. In the same way has our Founder made possible this temple as our training place. Because of this temple's existence we can gather around our founders as children around their parents. That they could lead all seekers of the Way they were, at times, as the bright

moon; and again, at times, as the voice of thunder. When the rhinoceros tried to reach the reflection of the moon in the water, the moonlight remained upon his horns; when the elephant was alarmed by thunder, flowers suddenly blossomed upon her tusks.

The followers of our Founders spread as the branches of a tree, and the Wheel of the Dharma continues to roll; the temple prospers, and its gate shall always stand wide open for all who truly seek the Way. The offering that we place in the fathomless begging-bowl is formless and unlimited in weight and flavor, for it is the offering of our own Buddhist training that we bring today. Let us eat this daily, and pray that all within this temple may be saved thereby.

All Together –

- All Buddhas throughout space and time,
- All Honored Ones, Bodhisattvas, Mahasattvas,
- Wisdom beyond wisdom, Maha Prajna Paramita.

Three Full Bows: ◆^R

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Zazen