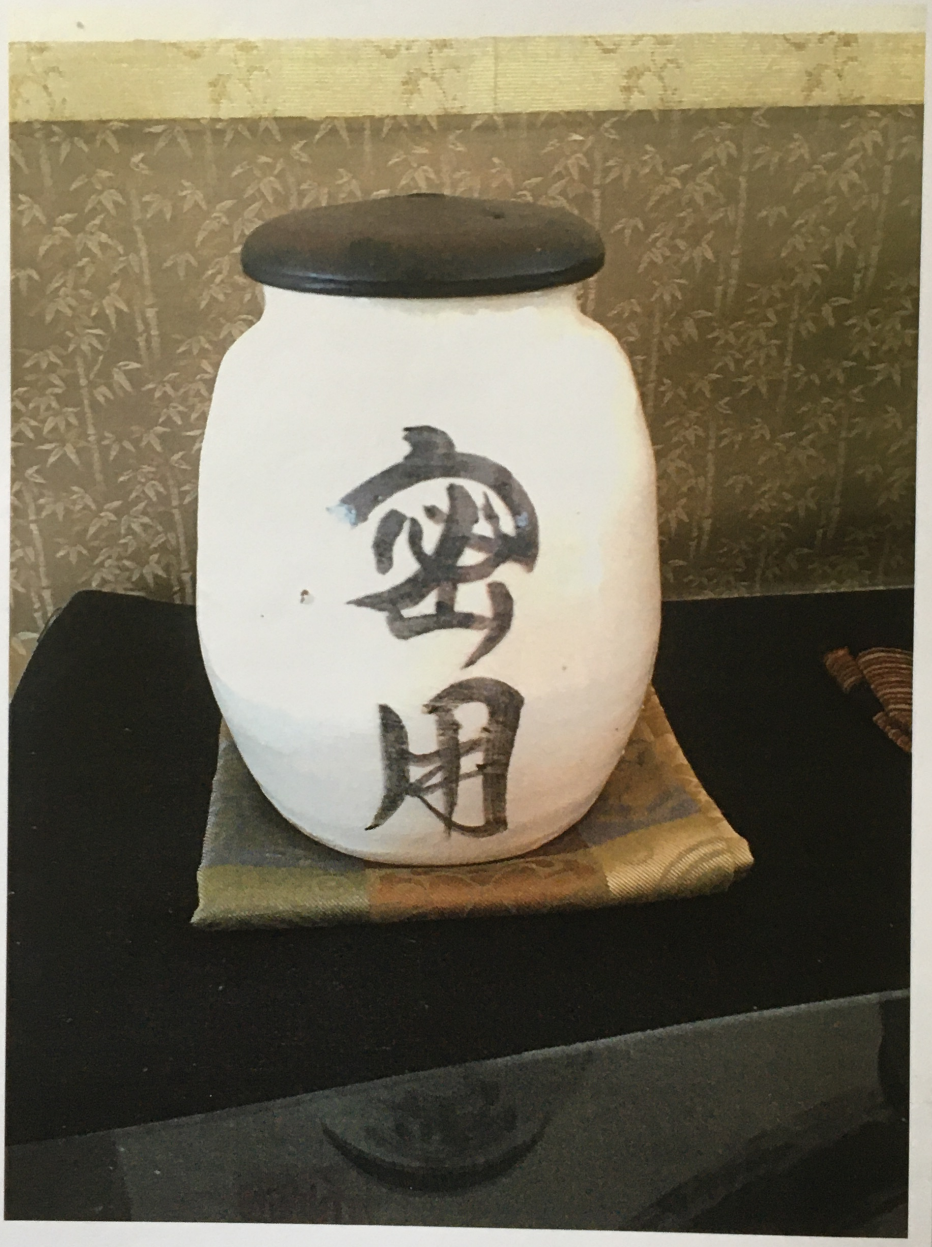
Tahoma Memorial Altar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Mitsuyu Tom Kelley

September 18, 1948 – July 26, 2008

MitsuYu had been ordained as a Hinayana monk for some years, returned to lay practice and studied many forms of the Dharma before meeting Shodo Harada Roshi in 1989.
Years before meeting Roshi, while still a monk in robes, he walked barefoot from SeaTac airport to his home carrying only his bowl.
Along with Wajun he participated in part of a year long Shamatha (single pointed concentration retreat) led by Tibetan monk Genlamrimpa in 1988, was actively engaged in studying and practicing the Dharma his entire life, and loved to talk about a wide number of topics ranging from Chan Buddhism to women's rights to inherited genetic trauma. He had a special love and connection with children as well as nature.
Tom MitsuYu Kelly was with Wajun when the earnest money was deposited for the 60 acre piece of land we now call Tahoma One Drop Sogenji Monastery, and he was the very first person to live on Tahoma's land in 1995, immediately after the land was purchased. MitsuYu lived in a tent, in the rain, without water, electricity, phone, bathrooms or structures of any sort. (One of the first actions MitsuYu & Wajun engaged in was posting "no trespassing" signs around the land as hunters came through there regularly. Wajun bought MitsuYu a bright orange hat so he would not be mistaken for a deer!) Books would mold in his tent (he probably did too), but he persisted.
One time MitsuYu went for sanzen with the Roshi and grabbed the Roshi's bell and rang it and walked out before the Roshi could say anything !

Taigan Tom Mitsuyu Doken

1504 Coffee Freeland 2008

Shōdō Harada wrote the following poem for MitsuYu on September 5, 2008 for his memorial:

Kaimyo
Thomas MitsuYu Kelley
Layman
Pure Mind
Peak of Invisible Activity
Immeasurably Pure Mind
The miserably poor*, well ripened hermit
Suddenly dying! What?
Astonishing everyone, this
Abundant person of no rank,
Nothing happening, no mishap
Invisibly acting,
Intimate friend of wind and moon
One life of dropping away everything
Living and playing in the heavens' truth
Completely Fallen Away

*from ancient Chinese – those of deepest merit are called "Miserably poor"- let go of everything, nothing extra

From the back of MitsuYu's memorial program:
Tom Kelley was the first monk to live on the land that became Tahoma-san Zen Monastery.
Mitsuyu's Vow was deep and serious.
His love of the land, trees, nature was fierce.
Anyone who knew him knew that.
He was a scholar and a person who 'walked his talk' to the utmost of his abilities.
He had a special devotion to children and to all people in need.
His commitment was deep and his ways of actualizing that commitment were singular.


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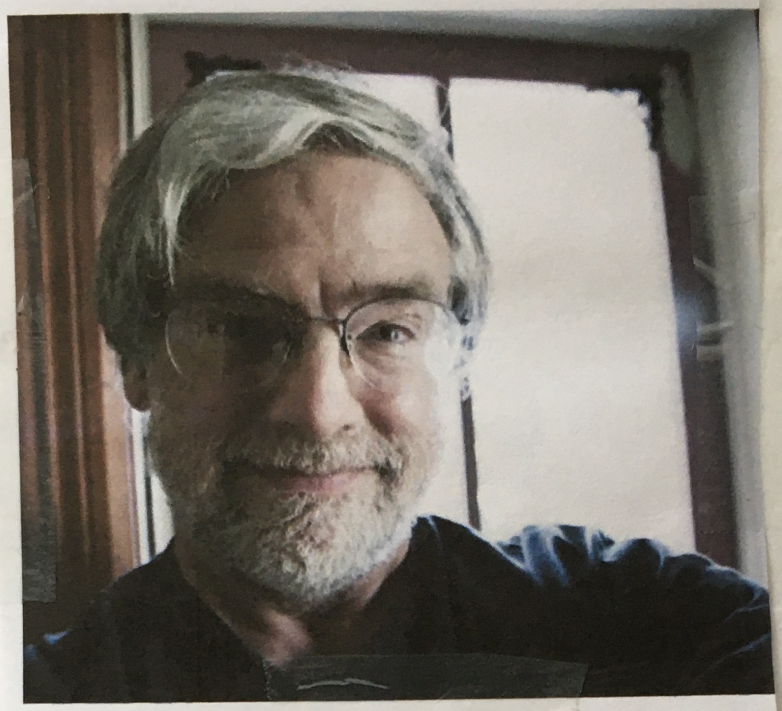


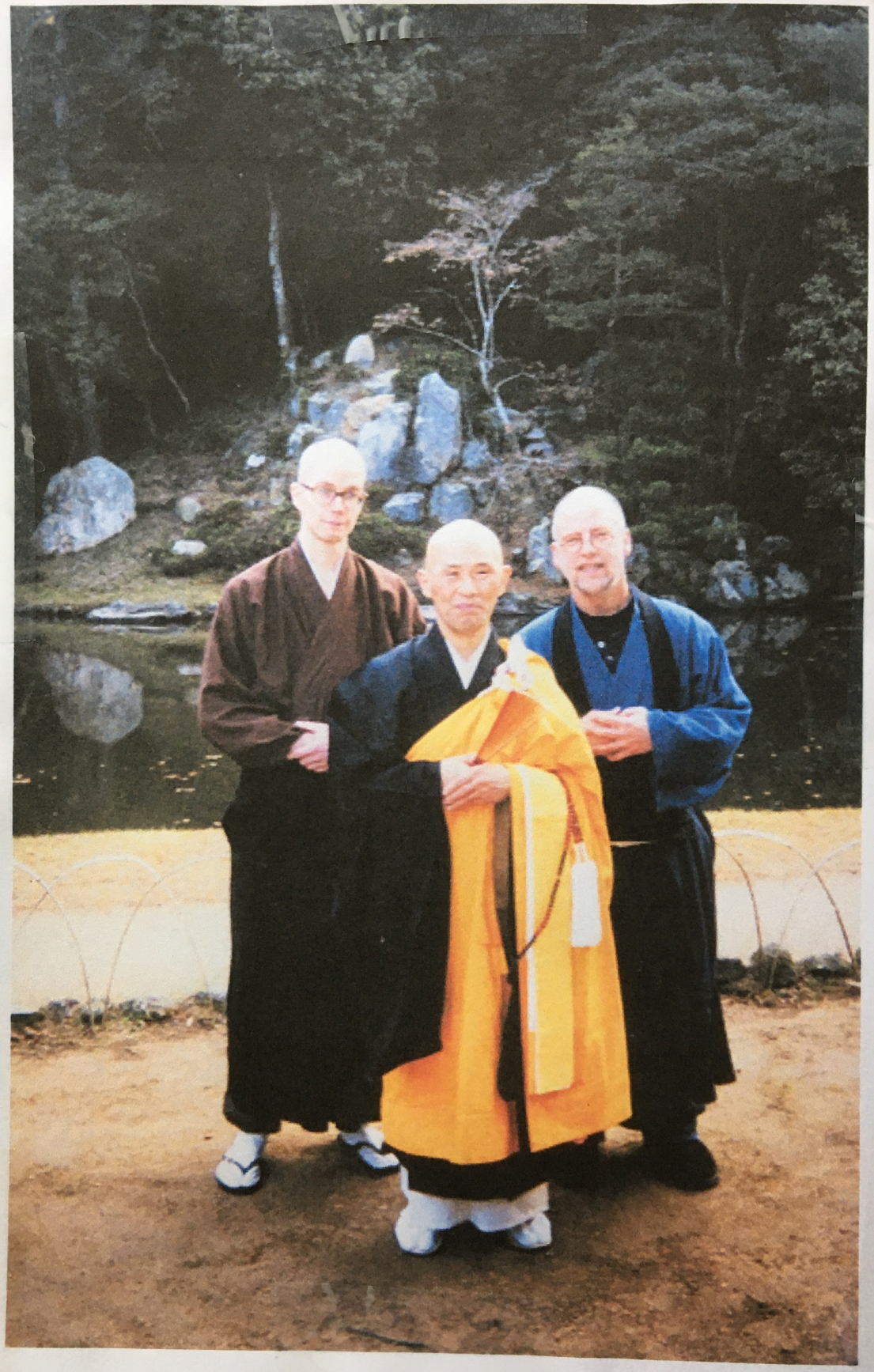
Tim Jundo Williams (1953-2011) discovered he was an artist when Shodo Harada asked him to draw the illustrations for his first book, Morning Dewdrops of the Mind. Jundo assured Roshi he couldn't draw, but then gave it a try anyway. He went on to pursue a degree in art and a career as a painter. He and his wife, Jane Shotaku Lago, maintained the Columbia (Missouri) Zen Center for many years, moving it to Boonville, Missouri, in 1990 as Boonville One Drop Zendo. Jundo inspired many people to attend sesshsin with Shodo Harada, either at Tahoma or at Sogenji.

Jundo and Shotaku worked together to edit Shodo Harada's Moon by the Window and had begun work on the book that became Not One Single Thing at the time of Jundo's death.

He is remembered for his talent, for his wit, and for his kind heart with which he befriended everyone he met.

Dosho Doken Jundo

Sogen-Ji



GenRyo Shodo Harada Jundo
Sogenji

February 2012
Tahoma-san Sōgen-ji Funeral Service for Jundo Koji

An entire life on the Pure Way,
    fostering beneficial connections.
Warm in personality, balanced in character:
Fifty-eight years, fast as a dream!
Thoughts of sorrow and regret follow one upon another…

Water flows, returning to its source in the sea.
But remember:
    Though the moon goes down it never leaves the sky.

Jundo Memorial Tahoma ALTAR

Jane Shotaku Lago and Daichi Zenni
(Jundo's wife) - Jundo Tree Planting

Myosho and Shotaku

Feb 2012 Jundo Pine Dedication

Jundo was an amazing artist

Beloved sangha friend,
Tim Jundo Shitao Williams,
2/26/53 - 12/19/11:

"True-Taoist, good friend Mêng,
Your madness known to one and all,
Young you laughed at rank and power.
Now you sleep in pine-tree clouds.
On moonlit nights floored by the Dragon.
In magic blossom deaf to the World.
You rise above - a hill so high.
I drink the fragrance from afar."
~ LiPo

Tojitoya skit. Jundo was playing Hosan during Rohatsu. He had a cushion under his samue and I was "encouraging" him with the stick as hard as possible. The sound of the whacks was incredible. It was so fun. Seisan just about peed her pants she was laughing so hard. — with Meredith Engel and Tim Williams and William Doshin Griswold

Houn Hyakurei (Ariana Florence)

Aug. 8th. 1943 - Dec. 24th. 2015

In 1969, in London England, Dessau Wheeler attended a talk on Zen by Houn Jiyu Kennett Roshi. Practicing zen with Kennett Roshi led her back to America and she moved to Shasta Abbey at Mt. Shasta in northern California to deepen her practice.

Hyakurei, was ordained an Unsui by Houn Jiyu Roshi in April 1971. Hyakurei received dharma transmission in October, 1973 and trained with Jiyu Roshi until December, 1976.

Hyakurei first visited Tahoma in 1998 when she, Gensho and Mitsu Yu Koji stayed on the land chanting sutras and sitting zazen each day in the hermitage. In 1999 Hyakurei attended sesshin with Harada Roshi and knew for herself she had found her true teacher. From that time forward she attended sesshin at Tahoma as often as she could.

Hyakurei would travel down to sesshin from her home in Vancouver, and Hyakurei often spoke of the energy she found in practice at Tahoma, giving her the strength to deal directly with her growing health problems.

Once her cancer was diagnosed Hyakurei had to reduce her work with others and focus on her own situation. Her power of practice give her extra years of life as her body weakened. At Tahoma Hyakurei was limited to working in the sewing and laundry room and her sanzen with Roshi.

Last fall, she with typical courage and determination began treatment again this time for brain tumours. Soon Hyakurei was in palliative care at Vancouver General, where she continually praised the kindness of the nurses and quickly developed a reputation for wit and ability to joke about her declining health.

Bokudo spent time with Hyakurei in her last month and shared her saying "it's nothing like I thought it would be like, everything is completely unknown, no more sushi, never again".

Hyakurei died on the 24th. of December. Hyakurei lived a rich life fully, going straight ahead, not wasting precious time.

Toward the end Hyakurei was finding conversation too hard. Toward the end Gensho would read Ryokan to her over the telephone, letting her fall asleep. Toward the end she munged two poems together and found this:

When all thoughts are exhausted
I slip into the woods
And gather like the little stream
Making its way through the mossy crevices
I too, quietly turn
clear and transparent.

Hyakurei - You are sorely missed

Houn Hyakurei Osho

1st blossom on Hyakurei's tree
in front of laundry room

Funeral for Houn Hyakurei Osho

Growing older, she clearly realized
she loved being in the mountains

Rainy days she read, sunn days
she gardened–peace and quiet Zen

For more than 70 years
she enjoyed stillness and long life

Revering both the partial and the true
her hundred spirits radiant

Soseki Frederick Olson passed away at the age of 84, 4/4/1930 - 4/1/2015.

Soseki's ashes
are not on the
Tahoma altar.
We chant his
name in morning
Sutras.
Soseki is buried
in Coupeville Cemetary

Fred Soseki Olson's funeral at the Catholic church was a pleasant affair. About 100 people came. White flowers covered the altar, and tall white candles flickered. Ave Maria was sung by an exquisite soprano. The priest and 6 attendants wore flowing white robes trimmed in gold. An organist trilled to the hymns. They brought Fred in procession in a casket covered with an embroidered white cloth. He was next to Carol the whole service. We sang 6 hymns which Fred chose over the past few years, and prayers were said for a service that lasted about an hour and a half.

The priest made a humor filled comment that until just a few days before Fred 's stroke he was sending long emails to the priest that that the priest found was beyond his own intellectual capacity. The priest said Fred was a visionary and that we need visionaries to give us a bigger scope of what is possible. He said some people may think visionaries are impractical and can be difficult to live with but that we need them to remind us of the potential for a new world and to see beyond.

They circled his coffin with a strong incense in a swinging urn burner and sang a beautiful prayer about angels taking him to paradise.

The reception was at the Methodist church down the hill with delicious sandwiches, coffee in a silver urn, and a lemonade punch. We put a lemonade in the welcome table as an ghost food offering for Fred.

The sangha was well represented with Tanya Schubert, George Jisai, Dosho, Myosho, Shojun, Kate, Jenny, Kozan, and Jennifer Lesko.

Carol was surrounded by Fred's sons and daughter and in-laws, including his 3 year old grandson who received a name from

Roshi last year and made us all laugh with his "yay!" after every song.

Carol made a joke that she and the priest had the service started at 10:40, because Fred was always late, and for so many years would come into the 10:30 a.m. Sunday mass 10 minutes late. We had a good laugh about that.

For the prayer Fred chose the words of Corinthians. Something very zen about it:

"I declare to you, brothers and sisters, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, nor does the perishable inherit the imperishable. Listen, I tell you a mystery: We will not all sleep, but we will all be changed— in a flash, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet. For the trumpet will sound, the dead will be raised imperishable, and we will be changed. For the perishable must clothe itself with the imperishable, and the mortal with immortality. When the perishable has been clothed with the imperishable, and the mortal with immortality, then the saying that is written will come true: “Death has been swallowed up in victory"

It was a beautiful ceremony.
Love, Sokei
4/9/2015

Soseki Frederick Olson

An our American flag covered Fred's coffin during the Navy Military service at the cemetery. At the end of the ceremony this flag was given to me by one of the honor guard-- "from a grateful nation for Lieutenant Olson's service to his country".
Wife Soki Carol Olson gave it, via our very dear friend Tom Susanka, to the Thomas Aquinas College which Fred so admired and supported in his legacy.

– Soseki's wife Carol Soki Olson

Henry Hank Myoshu Carey

Henry Myoshu Carey: A Remembrance

Thank you and welcome. Thank you for being here today to honor and remember Hank Carey.

My name is Ed Lorah,- Gentoku. I want to thank Hank's sister Tehan and Roshi and Chi-san for offering me the opportunity to speak this afternoon about my friend and Dharma brother, Henry Hank Carey. His Dharma name was Myoshu - a name he received right here in this zendo. I spent time with Hank over the last decade of his life, helping to coordinate his care, managing funds, buying groceries, getting him to appointments, and just visiting with him a couple of times a week.

Hank Myoshu died last month at the age of 71 years. He was a brother, an uncle, a cousin, a devoted zen student, and a friend. He was a Vietnam vet, a sergeant in the United States Army, and a combat medic who served in one of the most contested areas in Vietnam, Quang Tri province. He saw combat, and he cared for the wounded and the dying. His experience in Vietnam, something he could never really talk about, left him shattered, broken. He returned to the US to a military facility where he was hospitalized in a psychiatric unit and eventually, like many of his fellow vets, was released to drift to the streets.

It is important to say this though. Though Hank's war trauma impacted his life in profound and lasting ways for the rest of his life, it did not define him. He was an exquisitely sensitive, caring, and empathetic soul; and deeply spiritual. These are the things that the people who knew him best remember when they think of him or feel his presence close by.

Some of you didn't know Hank, or didn't know him well. To get a more complete sense of him, we need to go back more than fifty years, to the mid 1960's, to Upstate New York, when two young, sensitive, and spiritually questing kids, Hank Carey and Priscilla Storandt, found each other at Ithaca College. They were kindred spirits, both tuned in to the suffering in the world, both asking "why?", both passionate about ending the Vietnam War and frustrated that student protests were not being taken seriously. They were instant friends, and sought solace in their friendship, attending the noon mass together at Ithaca College on an almost daily basis and traveling across town for Sunday Mass at Cornell University.

At some point, Hank returned to his hometown, Portland. He and Priscilla talked almost daily on the phone, sharing their grief about the War. Hank was clearly struggling, and seemed despondent. He eventually, and rather abruptly, enlisted in the Army Medical Corps, attained the rank of Sergeant, and was sent off to Vietnam.

Hank told me once that when he returned from Vietnam, he was "catatonic" for months. Though a medic, he was involved in at least one firefight, and had killed in self-defense.

I met Hank a decade ago through Chi-san. Hank and Priscilla (before she was Chi-san) met at Ithaca College in upstate New York in the 1960's. They were both restless, questing young people and each recognized a kindred spirit in the other. They became life-long friends. Within a short time however, Chi-san went off to Japan to study pottery, later to become an ordained zen priest, and Hank went off to Vietnam. They gradually lost contact with each other as the years went by, though the bond between them never weakened.

Nearly thirty years later, Chi-san came to the Pacific Northwest, determined to find her friend. She had heard he was on the streets somewhere in, or near Seattle.

tracked him down, and they were reunited. Hank had been homeless, drug-addicted, and was severely mentally ill. He was, by the time I met him, clean and sober, marginally housed, and still suffering greatly from PTSD. He had reconnected with the VA and was receiving services, though not in any kind of coordinated fashion.

We got along well after Chi-san's introduction and I worked with Hank for the next ten years, providing case management oversight, managing funds, ordering his medications, buying groceries, taking him to appointments, and helping him maintain stable housing. In the early years, before he became too physically debilitated, we went for walks and short hikes in the mountains. Hank loved being out in nature.

Hank was always a visceral reminder to me of the consequence of war. A former athlete, a competitive downhill skier, a deeply contemplative man, his war experience permeated every bit of his being. At times, during my visits, he raged at me, shockingly and unexpectedly, but would then recover, apologize, and we could move on. His self awareness and empathy could sometimes startle as much as his rages.

Hank was, in a way, one of the lucky ones. He had a loving and attentive sister, and a live in room-mate who loved him dearly. He had stable housing and lived in the same apartment for the last ten years of his life. He had Chi-san and Harada Roshi, who had tea with him twice a year. He was even given precepts and received a Buddhist name, Myoshu.

A remarkable life, and though in many ways a sad one, it is Hank's resilience and tenacity of spirit, his essential goodness, that most of us will remember.

Dainin Jack Jones

This is Dainin's daughter, now known as Shindō. I wanted you and Harada Roshi to know that yesterday, after more than a year of practice at my temple, I formally received the precepts. I know that my dad is so proud, and hope that his dear teacher will be pleased to know that I have continued his journey.

One with Buddha. One with Dharma. One with Sangha.

I will attach a couple of photos and hope you will take time to show Roshi. One is me with my teachers, and the other is me with my parents, kids, and husband.

I sewed my rakusu stitch by stitch from hand.. And received the name Shindō, which means Trust the Way. It was a beautiful ceremony, which followed 2 weeks of a hard, long Jukai sesshin at my Abbott's home in preparation for taking our vows. I'm tired but 100% thrilled!

I hope all is well. Deep bows.

Shindō, aka Gina.
Daughter of Dainin Jack Jones

For Those Who Have Passed On at Enso House
September 12, 2018

All must die; not knowing what comes next,
each person is melancholy.

But thinking kind thoughts we live beyond that.

We all connect, then let go of love and hate,
returning straight to our true place of origin:
no birth or death

Now no more body so sleep peacefully;
like a quiet autumn evening, rest.

Poem for Enso House Memorial
Shodo Harada Roshi


時不待人