



Metta

December 2017

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My Journey

Rick Stambul



Editor's Note: Rick Stambul is the Buddhist Churches of America president-elect. These are his notes from a presentation that he gave at the Buddhist Study Center on September 27.

My name is Rick Stambul. I am honored that my friend, and your Kyodan President, Pieper Toyama, invited me to talk to you about how my work as a civil rights activist led me to embrace Shin Buddhism.

I am not a minister...I am a *bombu*...a foolish being. Yet Shin Buddhism has profoundly transformed my life. The best I can offer you is to share my story, and the karma that led me on my path to Jodo Shinshu.

I joined WLABT more than 30 years ago. As I said to some of you when I spoke to your Giseikai earlier this year, I have always separated my politics from my love and appreciation for Jodo Shinshu. I respect the differing opinions of others and I try to remember that we are all embraced under Amida's wings. However, when some of the core teachings of Jodo Shinshu are under attack, I believe there is a moral imperative to speak out as a Buddhist.

The core values that I cherish from both my political activism and my personal identity as a Shin Buddhist are similar. These include the recognition that I am fundamentally connected at my essence with every other person on this planet; that every human being is equal to every other; that all people must be treated with respect and dignity; the acknowledgement that I can't do this on my own either politically or spiritually; the moral imperative (to try) not to judge others; even more difficult, that I try not to judge myself. I embrace the Shin goal of accepting myself "as I am", trusting in the Buddha that lives inside of me, and outside of me, to guide me on the precarious white path of life.

To paraphrase Rev. Dr. Al Bloom, who recently passed to the Pure Land, in talking about Shinran Shonin: He talked from his own personal experience to those he taught. In confronting the meaning of his spiritual imperfections, he searched to learn who he really was. Among his writings are numerous confessions where he describes his persistent passionate nature: what I understand and prefer to describe as his own shame; his search for authenticity, for who he really was.

Dr. Bloom continues in commenting about Shinran...

What he describes...to me...is the heart of all humanity, for all people-when they can be honest with themselves-to realize their all-too-human moments. "Shinran was a realistic person who tried to see himself for what he really was. The deeper he probed the nature of his own human imperfections, and failings, the more real and embracing became his awareness of Amida's compassion."

Quoting again from Bloom Sensei, "I didn't know there was a spiritual philosophy like Jodo Shinshu. I was utterly unaware that there was a non-discriminatory, equalitarian, non-dualistic, non-dogmatic, non-superstitious, non-authoritarian, religious teaching whose core beliefs include and embrace every living being on the globe. Through a deepening religious understanding

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A Few Words From the Editor

Jamie Lyn Itokazu

Hello!

I know that it has been a while since you heard from us, we wanted to share with a few stories from September that we hope that you will find relevant.

Our cover story for this issue is Rick Stambul's journey to Buddhism that he shared with a few audiences in Hawaii. We were able to share most of the notes from his presentation, but he did have notes on a question that was asked that night. We will be sharing those notes in the next issue.

We also wanted to share Bishop Randolph Sykes speech given at the Interfaith dinner for Go Monshu Ohtani's visit in September. It is fascinating to find the similarities between orthodox Christian and Buddhism.

I also wanted to take a moment to thank all of you who shared your stories and memories of Rev. Dr. Alfred Bloom with us. We deeply appreciated it.

The Dharma Light Program will also be launching its Spring Semester schedule in January and we hope that you are looking forward to it. We look forward to sharing more articles and stories in 2018.

Also if you have not been receiving your newsletter by snail mail feel free to contact us and update your address. If you wish to receive your newsletter via email now, we also have the option available.

Namu Amida Butsu



The current logo from all the documents I have found was designed in 1992 under the direction of Rev. Yoshiaki Fujitani, when he was director of the Buddhist Study Center. The background of the black circle with the white stripes images a scene of the calm ocean and symbolize serene and tranquil state of mind created by the Buddhist teachings which is represented by the white lotus flower in the center of the logo.

This also symbolizes the BSC, located in Hawaii on the crossroads of the Western cultures and the Oriental cultures, which shares the better understanding of different cultures and contributes towards the peace of human beings and the world.

The white lotus flower symbolizes a stage that is associated with the state of bodhi; that of becoming awakened to the wonders of it all. When one reaches this state it is said that one has mental purity and has reached a state of spiritual perfection.



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it liberates people from religious intimidation and oppression which trades on people's ignorance and their desire for security." This is exciting stuff!

As my friend, Dr. Jeff Wilson, a professor of Shin Buddhism and a former member of my home temple, West Los Angeles Buddhist Temple...as he said so eloquently, Shinran's teaching does not encourage blind faith at the expense of one's reason and understanding. Shinjin is a deeply transformative moment of overwhelming joy, leading to a fresh approach to religion through the practice of gratitude and humility.

O kage same de –all that I am I owe to those who came before me. This is my story.

My father and mother were both born in NYC at the beginning of the 20th century. My mother, Sylvia, was born in

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Speech given to Go Monshu Bishop Randolph Sykes



Editor's Note: Bishop Randolph Sykes is Bishop of the Inclusive Orthodox Church of Hawaii and president of the Interfaith Alliance Hawaii. This speech was given at the Interfaith Dinner when Go Monshu Ohtani visited Hawaii in September.

Your Eminence Gomonsu Kojun Ohtani, the Honorable Governor Abe, and my Fellow Bishops.

Good evening and thank you for the privilege to speak with you about interfaith harmony and the opportunity we have to bring more compassion to this world and attain birth in the Pure Land.

I am an Orthodox Christian bishop who sees remarkable similarities between my faith and that of Jodo Shinshu. I also serve as the president of The Interfaith Alliance Hawai'i. The Interfaith Alliance Hawai'i is a progressive voice in Hawai'i promoting the positive healing role of religion in public life by encouraging dialog, challenging extremism, and facilitating nonviolent community activism. I and my fellow members are most grateful to Bishop Matsumoto for his support and allowing us to use the Honpa Hongwanji for our monthly meetings.

Let me explain my perspectives on the commonalities of Christianity and Buddhism, first, by acknowledging that Shakyamuni Buddha (Gautama Siddhartha), who lived centuries before the Anointed One (Jesus), brought the world an understanding that all humans have the opportunity of attaining enlightenment. This was most clearly articulated by Shinran Shonin — who received the teaching from Hōnen in the Twelfth Century — when he taught that all humans achieve enlightenment through the *nembutsu*: *Namo Amida butsu*, which we refer to as the sacred Name.

The second thing I want to emphasize is that what we understand as Christianity today has changed substantively since the time of "Christ," which means the Anointed One. What I am going to say is something with which many Christians would disagree but it is historically factual.

Just as Gautama began with a small group of followers, so did Jesus. Neither of them left us any written text of their teachings. So it was their followers who transcribed from memory the teachings of their Masters. The Buddha may best be described as an ascetic and sage, on whose teachings Buddhism was founded.

Of course over the years, and as Buddhism spread across Asia to Mongolia, Tibet, China, Korea, and Japan it gained greater understanding of the Gautama's teachings and is now a worldwide religion, the essentials of which have not changed how it defines the ultimate state of reality.

This is where Christianity has diverged from its original teaching. During his life, Jesus had a group of followers that ranged in number, according to Christian scripture, from 12 to 72. That number, of course, was only men because, as is the case today in the Middle East and even within many Christian sects, women were not counted. This was also a fact found within Roman society, where women were the property of men.

That presents a contradiction for our consideration because we know from many writings not within the scriptures that the primary supporters of Jesus' early followers were "rich widows." Roman law provided that upon the death of her husband, a woman inherited his land and wealth; it was not until her death that the eldest son inherited the estate.

This sounds like a diversion from the story but it is impossible to separate what has come down to us as the story of Jesus today from what occurred in the Roman Empire, especially during the Third and Fourth Centuries. In addition to the other religions of the times, the only two recognized by the Romans as legitimate were emperor worship and Judaism. All others were considered pagan and were fiercely persecuted. It is important to recall that Jesus was a Jew.

By the Second Century of the Current Era, the Jews expelled the Christians from the synagogues, making it necessary for them to worship the emperor. It was for failure to follow this demand that in the early days of Christianity, that thousands were slaughtered, often for the amusement of crowds.

Jesus' teachings were very simple: to love God and to do unto others as one would have done to oneself. In the West, this is often referred to as the Golden Rule. This was a substantive change from the Judaic principle he learned as a youth: an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. That was and remains essentially fundamental to Judaic and Islamic religion to this day.

Jesus was also forgiving and it is inherent in his teaching that all would ultimately receive salvation. In that respect, he provided a means similar to that described by Shinran when, in the *Tannisho*, he says, "I do not know whatsoever what is meant by the two words, good and evil."

Jesus was a man born of woman just as Gautama. In the Roman Empire, however, from the time of Augustus, the emperor was worshiped as a god and that tradition con-

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1908 and grew up on my grandfather's chicken farm in upstate New York. Her mother, my grandmother Rebecca, died in the great influenza epidemic of 1918 along with 20 to 30 million others. It is recorded as the most devastating epidemic in world history. My grandfather was unable to care for his 3 children after my grandmother's death. So my mother, for whom I have never-ending love and respect, was taken to live with the Yamanaka family in New York. She was 9. The 3 years she lived with Mr. and Mrs. Yamanaka, a childless Japanese couple, changed her life, and her view of the world forever. It also changed my life.

In 1951, my family moved from New York to Southern California. I was not yet 5 years old. I grew up in California, and spent most of my summers in upstate New York on my Grandfather's 75 acre chicken farm. We called it, simply, The Farm. My grandfather, Abraham Marcus, became my teacher, and my best friend.

My grandfather was 6' tall, a cooper and a carpenter by trade and a self-taught famer. He was tough, physically powerful, yet he was also loving. Loving towards people, and to the animals he cared for on The Farm.

As a teenager in the 1960's, I served as a foot soldier in the Civil Rights Movement. When I was about 14 my Grandfather shared history lessons ...about the political struggles of minorities throughout history; of Jewish families like ours, about my cousins who had been gassed during the war by the Nazi's, about the suffering of Black people, of Japanese Americans who were incarcerated during WWII, and of other minorities in America who suffered similar fates. He gave me books about the history of slavery; and taught me that every human being on the earth is valuable. He told me about Dr. Martin Luther King and his fight for freedom. He taught me about Gandhi, and his teachings of love in the face of hatred and violence.

In August of 1963, as a result of my grandfather's teachings, I traveled to Washington D.C. and marched alongside Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King and many others. It was that day, on the National Mall, that I first met Mickey Schwerner and heard other marchers talking about what was then called the Mississippi Project. I was impressed.

Music was also a constant presence during the civil rights movement; we sang during sit-ins, during marches, we sang at night in the fields of Mississippi; we even sang when we were in jail. It was that warm, August day in Washington that I heard a folk song sung by thousands of others in unison for the first time. When I asked another marcher what the name of the song was, he told me its title: Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on. Explain lyrics.

Those songs became a mantra that in some strange way helped dilute the fear. Music was so much a part of our daily existence facing fear, threats, intimidation, and worse.

I'm not sure, but I think it was that day, listening to Bob Dylan, and Joan Baez, and hearing Dr. King deliver his now famous "I have a dream..." speech from the steps of

the Lincoln Memorial, that I decided to take a road that would change my life forever.

But it was the words of the future Congressman John Lewis that riveted my attention:

Lewis said," We do not want to go to jail, but we will go to jail if this is the price we may pay for love, brotherhood and true peace..." "I appeal to all of you to get into this great revolution that is sweeping this nation. Get in and stay in the streets of every city, every village and hamlet of this nation until true freedom comes, until a revolution is complete."

Less than one year later, I graduated from High School, and was supposed to spend another summer on the farm. But instead, I conspired with my Grandpa to tell my parents I was with him on The Farm. Instead, I began a great journey.

On a Saturday morning in 1964 I hugged my grandfather goodbye and "went off to fight for freedom." I was 17.

By that Saturday evening, I arrived at Western College for Women in Oxford, Ohio, to begin a week or orientation with many other college students.

"The project would be dangerous. Racism was rampant everywhere but particularly overt in the South, and especially in Mississippi. The plan was to bring Northern college students into Mississippi to try to register blacks to vote, and to establish Freedom Schools where black citizens could be prepared to register and learn about their constitutional rights. White supremacists who ran the government and businesses wanted to keep things just as they were." Black people who tried to register to vote faced intimidation, loss of jobs, and worse.

I worked in Mississippi during Freedom Summer to do two things; Register African Americans to vote who had been denied voting rights because of the color of their skin; and to teach at Freedom Schools. We organized locals to build Freedom Schools...many of which still function today. The Ku Klux Klan and local white supremacists, an evil group of racist bigots, burned down 60 churches in Mississippi that year. Every day was filled with fear. We taught some adults, many of whom were illiterate, by night. My memory of the look on an adult's face when he/she sounded out their first sentence from a newspaper or book still sends chills up my spine. It was a look of triumph, a look of victory joined with the surprise that they overcome impossible odds...to read!

We tried to register Black voters. These are good, decent, kind people who asked for nothing more than to be treated with dignity and respect. We were humiliated, bullied, and beaten by a white police force and local citizens sympathetic to that kind of deep hatred.

I recall it was on a Tuesday morning after a summer rain in Tsula, Missississippi that I witnessed an elderly, frail black woman being intentionally pushed and tripped. Later, I learned her name was Sarah. Sarah had tried to help a Black

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teenage boy who was being mercilessly bullied by a white man. I clearly recall onlookers laughing at her as she fell down a short flight of wooden stairs. When I did no more than extend my hand to help her get up, I was grabbed from behind, and then beaten unconscious by a policeman standing nearby. I spent almost a week in the hospital. This was not an isolated incident. Many of us were repeatedly beaten that summer. Mickey Schwener, who had “recruited me a year earlier during the March on Washington, was savagely beaten and murdered that summer alongside two other civil rights workers, James Chaney and Andrew Goodman. It was my first experience with violent racism...and death. It was also my introduction to fear.

“Sometime later in the summer, the FBI was called in to solve these murders. As we all spent time searching for our 3 comrades, we found many dead bodies around the state; all were black people who had been killed and discarded...some in shallow graves, some in the weeds and bushes, and even some by the side of the road.” It was the first time in my life I ever saw, or touched a dead person. I reluctantly became acquainted with the smell of death. The memories of those dead men and women still live with me today in my dreams. Most all of the time, we stood up to bullying, intimidation, and threats of violence. Most all of us faced beatings, worse. And sometimes, for me, it was the violence visited on others that still haunts me to this day, more than 50 years later.

I spent time with the Johnson family, a welcoming Black family living in the Mississippi Delta. I was joined by another Freedom Summer volunteer, Craig Cummings, who was African-American. Mr. Johnson, an unassuming, usually quiet, and humble man, exposed his family to great danger by inviting us into his home. All the towns in the Delta were poor. It was unusual to see a white person anywhere in that area. This was an all-Black rural town: No sidewalks, no paved streets, and only a few street lights strung down long dirt roads. You could smell the dust in the air.

Later that summer, I recall it was a particularly hot, and humid August morning, we were indoors eating breakfast with the Johnsons. All of us could hear the sound of a pick-up truck driving up to the house as it skidded a bit in the gravel when the brakes were applied. I remember that morning as though it were last week. From the kitchen, we saw three white men get out of an old pick-up truck. One of them wore a flannel shirt. I remember being surprised by the flannel shirt because of the extreme summer heat. On that shirt was a police badge. They didn’t knock. Instead, they yelled for everyone to come outside. This was an extremely dangerous situation. Police-men never paid a friendly call on Black families living in the Delta.

Mr. Johnson looked at us, pointed to the rear door, and told us to run. I did. Craig, on the other hand, seemed

oblivious to the danger and walked right out the front door. I couldn’t make out Craig’s words, but his voice was full of anger and righteousness. I’d bolted out the back door and hid behind the house in an open shed they called a “crib” shaking in terror as I heard the sounds of people yelling. I listened to Craig being beaten by the Sheriff...or maybe it was by the others....I couldn’t tell. But I could hear them: I could hear the sound of skin slapping skin, over and over, each blow followed by what I would describe as a howl...like it came from a wild animal. It’s a terrible feeling...to run away out of raw fear, dripping wet with sweat, listening to my own heavy breathing, and hearing the sounds of Craig being hit over and over again. They left as quickly as they had arrived...suddenly and without any explanation.

Craig was left unconscious lying face up in the dirt. He was a big guy. Yet, I remember lifting him by myself into the Johnson’s pick-up. We drove him over a bumpy, rutted, dirt roads for many miles to the nearest medical help (for a black person, that is). He barely survived. I can still hear the sounds of that whipping in my dreams, and in my thoughts.

Later that summer we all encountered other situations in which we had to endure such treatment. I was arrested many times without reason. I returned home and remained active in the 1960s’s in the fight for civil rights, and in the Peace Movement during the Vietnam War. I finished UCLA, and graduated from law school having gained some minor notoriety in the activist community from a Law Review Article I co-wrote. It was about police brutality targeted at the African-American community and titled, Lawless Law Enforcement (4 Loy. Law Review 161). This is a familiar subject in today’s news. Black Live Matter explanation...But I wrote that article in 1971.

In 1972 I began practicing law and worked, from time to time, with a famous 1st Amendment lawyer in Los Angeles, Stanley Fleishman. I represented many defendants who had been unjustly charged with crimes. Their real crimes had been their race, and their political beliefs. Stanley asked if I was interested in working *pro bono*, on my own time, doing legal research in preparation for a possible lawsuit of some kind. I think it was Peter Irons, a famous activist, who was the real driving force behind the success of the Corum Nobis Petition cases ultimately brought to court by courageous legal teams formed to do so. These 3 cases sought the reversal of criminal convictions against 3 Japanese-Americans who refused to go into Camps during WWII. Those unconstitutional convictions were later reversed and, in the end, the U.S. government issued a formal apology and compensation to the 120,000 Japanese Americans who had been incarcerated in camps during World War II. The real impact for me were the statements I took and the evidence we uncov-

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tinued through at least the early Fifth Century.

The Emperor Constantine allegedly had a dream that he would win the battle to be the sole Roman emperor if he would have his soldiers paint their shields with the symbol of the cross on which Jesus has been killed. He won the battle and, ultimately, made Christianity the religion of the empire. However, there was a slight philosophical problem: how could an emperor who was a god worship Jesus, who was a carpenter and healer, unless Jesus was also a god?

To begin the centuries of debate and development of its theology, Constantine called two councils of the bishops of the Christian church to define specifically Jesus divinity and how to weave that divinity into the stories written about him as well as those that were received from the Jewish tradition.

He had another important reason for this. His was the largest empire in history, extending from Britain to just west of India and including Northern Africa. There were far too many political issues that were pulling against one another. His answer was to give everyone a common religion to unite them. Unfortunately, this simply introduced infighting among the Christians about Christ's identity and the dogmas pronounced by the Church's councils called to resolve them. This led to an emphasis on religion rather than personal spiritual growth.

The point of this short history lesson is to show that what one sees as the teachings of Jesus today are not necessarily his. More often, they are teachings in contradiction with his simple Golden Rule.

In the Orthodox Christian tradition — which has also had many years of disagreement and infighting, too — in the early second millennium, a group of monks may have likely learned from their Buddhist brothers, meditation technique they called *hesychasm* and the use of mantra that were initially seen as contrary to Christian teaching. In the end, however, these became normative within the Orthodox Christian monastic lifestyle and may easily be seen as achieving what Shinran teaches of the *nembutsu*. In our tradition, it is known as the “Jesus Prayer,” and has been in continual use for at least the last thousand years.

So, my dear brothers, we are closer than we may often think. Too often, I fear, we are overcome with concerns about teachings that are non-essential to the essential mission of compassion and the *ichinen* of *shinjin*: a time that can be called the “eternal now.”

Thank you very much.



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ered; including the gut-wrenching stories of pain, of suffering, and the humiliation of those incarcerated during that war.

I interviewed a woman whose husband had died while they were interned at the Manzanar Internment Camp. His death had been difficult and he had suffered greatly. I was so deeply touched by her story of loss, humiliation, and embarrassment, and the dignity with which she spoke about that experience, that I cried after she left. IN the midst of all this, Rev. Akira Hata, the resident minister of WLABC, entered the back room, placed his hand on my shoulder, and told me, “Everything will be all-right”. That was my introduction to Jodo Shinshu.

Hata Sensei's kindness was the first spark that lit my interest in and took me on a path leading to Shinran Shonin, Amida Buddha, and the Nembutsu. It is what Pieper Toyama might call a “Namo Amida Butsu” moment. Gradually, I began to read and listen to BCA ministers share the dharma. I have had many remarkable and gifted dharma teachers to whom I owe a great debt.

What lesson have I learned from my own life experiences about racism, and hate, that I might share with you? How are they connected to the teachings of Shin Buddhism?

One sunny, fall afternoon, I heard Rev. Dr. David Matsumoto for the first time. A gate of a deeper awareness opened for me and I entered it. He became my dharma teacher.

He teaches that Shinran reformulates the traditional scheme. Death is no longer the moment when one embraces Shinjin. It is here and now. The Pure Land is for everyone. No expectations. All are welcome...gay, straight, white, black, brown...even someone like me is embraced by Amida.

I began to try...just to try...to abandon my judgements of others. However, I found that abandoning my judgements of other, hard as it is, is easier than abandoning judgements of myself.

I became aware that we are all deeply and profoundly connected with each other. How could I judge someone else when I harbored, deep inside myself, the same thoughts I condemned in others.

How does my understanding of Jodo Shinshu affect my views on equal rights, on racism in America? If some of the core values of Shin Buddhism focus on treating every person with equal dignity and integrity, in a non-discriminatory, and equitable manner, then how do these spiritual concerns translate for me in our political world today...in 2017?

One of America's great civil rights leaders today, Bryan

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MAHALO FOR YOUR DONATIONS TO THE BUDDHIST STUDY CENTER

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We gratefully welcome memorial donations and donations in all forms. We are now on Paypal! There is a link on our website.

As of January 2013, Please make all checks payable to the Honpa Hongwanji Mission of Hawaii. Thank You.

FOR METTA

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In Memory of Makio Nishiyama
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In Memory of Dr. Alfred Bloom
Alice Tando Honolulu, HI

***In Memory of my dharma friend
Rev. Dr. Alfred Zen-Kyo Bloom***
Walter Hashimoto Fremont, CA

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Stevenson, is a lawyer in Alabama who has taken up the fight to help the poor, the condemned and the incarcerated. We have briefly corresponded via email.

Stevenson has written that in this country we don't talk enough about segregation, and its continuing effects on racial stereotypes and our own racism. We don't talk about race. As he says: "Our silence has condemned us."

To paraphrase Mr. Stevenson, when I went to UCLA my first year following Freedom Summer, I didn't want people to know I had served as a foot soldier in Mississippi. I didn't want them to know I had been arrested many times; that an occasion I had even run away from danger out of fear for my own life. I thought it might diminish me.

Stevenson has written that if he has any power, strength, and insight, it was shaped by those who survived slavery. "I came to appreciate that my power, if I have any, my strength, if I have any, my insight, if I have any, was shaped..." by my experiences in the South in the 1960s, as well as by learning about the lives of those Japanese, Chinese, and Filipino workers who suffered in the sugar cane fields of Hawaii and survived *de facto* slavery; by those Japanese-American who survived internment camps in America, beaten down, humiliated, watching their friends, their children, their grandchildren growing up and going to school under military armed guard, locked in camps. As Stevenson says: "...It's in those stories of survival that I think we have some greatness that we can offer, and not just people of color, but all of us who've learned to overcome."

I've learned very basic things doing the work that I did in the civil rights movement and in the legal struggle I

joined to overturn the convictions of Japanese-Americans for the crime of being Japanese. It's taught me some simple truths. I've learned that our humanity depends on everyone's humanity.

Stevenson says that he's come to understand that each of us is more than the worst thing we've ever done, and I agree with that. Everyone has an inherent human dignity that must be respected. It's already respected by our Jodo Shinshu teachings, and the fundamental connections we have with every person in this room; with every person on the globe. I also believe that in many parts of this country, and certainly around the world –again, I'm quoting from Bryan Stevenson-"Ultimately, you judge the character of society not by how they treat their rich and the powerful and the privileged, but by how they treat the poor, the homeless, the condemned, the incarcerated...the opposite of poverty is not wealth. In too many places, the opposite of poverty is justice." And it's in that connection that we actually begin to understand profound things about who we are and what we value in life.

I agreed to speak to you because I believe that many of you understand, as did Martin Luther King, that the "moral arc of the universe is long, but it bends toward justice." That we cannot be fully engaged Buddhists, or human beings, until we care about human rights and basic dignity. For me, the 18th vow is about those unalienable rights, and about the dignity all of us deserve. That all of our survival is tied to the survival of every person. That our visions of technology, innovation, and creativity have to be joined with visions of humanity, compassion and justice. "And more than anything, for those of you who share that, I've simply come to tell you to Keep your eyes on the prize...hold on"

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE...

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The logo for 'Metta' is written in a large, bold, black, stylized font. The letters are thick and have a slightly irregular, hand-drawn appearance. The 'M' and 't's are particularly prominent.

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Director Rev. Kevin Kuniyuki

Editor Jamie Lyn Itokazu

Contributors Rick Stambul
 Bishop Randolph Sykes

UPCOMING EVENTS

New Year's Day-CLOSED	Jan. 1
UH-Manoa Starts	Jan. 8
Zen Meditation	Jan. 9
Shakuhachi with Rev. Thomas Okano	Jan. 10
Shakuhachi with Rev. Thomas Okano	Jan. 11
BSC Cleanup Day	Jan. 14
Buddhist Discussion Group	Jan.15
Zen Meditation	Jan. 16
Shakuhachi with Rev. Thomas Okano	Jan. 17
Shakuhachi with Rev. Thomas Okano	Jan. 18
YESS Camp Car Wash	Jan. 21
Buddhist Discussison Group	Jan. 22
Zen Meditation	Jan. 23