

The Spokane Buddhist Temple gratefully acknowledges the following dues and donations. Please notify Fumi Uyeji or Liat Parker of any omissions or errors. Dues are acknowledged when received and are often times for a few months or paid yearly.

### Dues

May 21 - June 22

Leo & Yuriko Kiyohiro  
Mary Naber  
Marcelline Burdett  
Jun Yugawa  
Hisako Oki  
Leslie Green  
Rachel Scrudder  
Paul & Karen Vielle  
Joni Michels  
Colin Fitzgerald  
Jeremy Phillips  
Anne Paulin  
Joni Michels  
Colin Fitzgerald  
Jeremy Phillips  
Anne Paulin

### Donations

#### Dana

Mary Naber  
Shirley Chavez  
Jenifer Johnston  
Paul & Karen Vielle  
Jim & Shirley Bennett

#### Convention donations

Takashi Oba  
Chris & Christine Marr  
Kenna Latwesen  
Marcelline Burdett  
Jim & Shirley Bennett  
James Lea  
Janet Tamura  
in memory of Sho Higashi  
Paul & Karen Vielle  
Jeffrey Workman  
Liat Parker

### Memorial Dana

Janet Tamura  
in memory of Y. Yamamoto

JC Miyamae  
in memory Y. Yamamoto

George & Toshie Kawahara  
in memory of T. Sato

Nobuko Oka  
in memory of Keith Oka

Rachel Scrudder  
in memory of Lachen Verdery

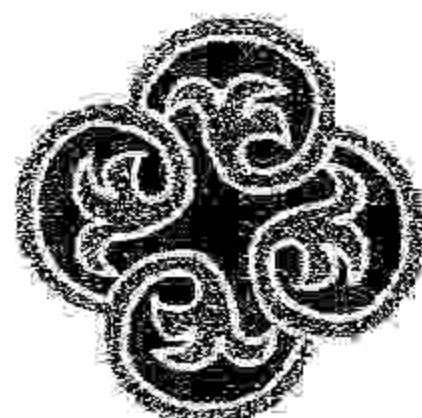
Kam & Fumi Uyeji  
in memory of Oto Uyeji

### Shotsuki-Hoyo

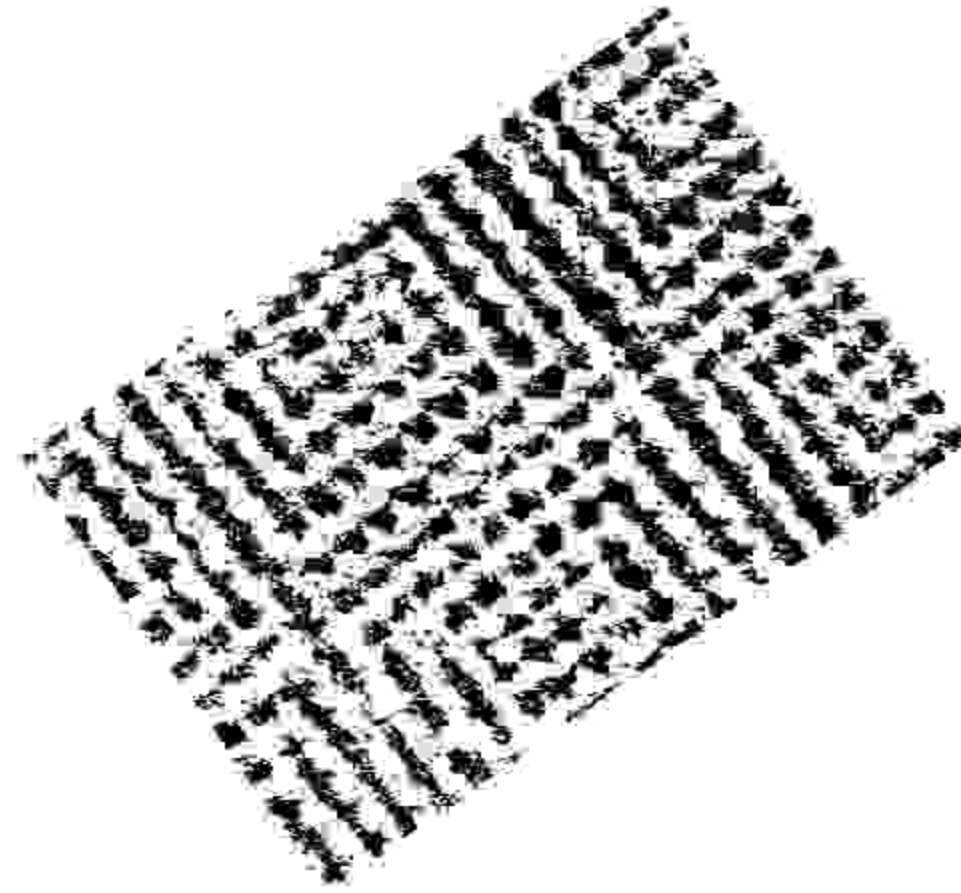
July 23 - 2006

Shotsuki-Hoyo (the remembrance service for deceased loved ones) will be held Sunday, July 23. According to temple records and other sources, a total of 6 passed away during the month of July. They are:

Taki Mayeda  
(Mrs) Katsuko "Katie" Nakagawa  
Kazue Ogohara  
Takeo "Dan" Terao  
Sutematsu Uyeno  
Osamu "Paul" Yamagiwa  
Jerry Potvin



## From the Tatami Mat. . . .



### *Second Chances*

Outside our living room window grows a huge maple tree. Every spring, I hang a little birdhouse from one of the branches in full view of the window. Almost every morning, Karen and I like to spend a few minutes sitting and watching the Great Sparrow Dramas that unfold around the birdhouse. Most of us are familiar with these avian rites. First, the male sparrows tussle and squabble with each other until one establishes ownership of the new abode. The victor then begins several days of intense chirping and fluttering to attract a female. Soon enough she appears and after brief courtship and mating rituals they set about building their nest. A new season's promise is in the making. It's fascinating to watch.

This year began no differently. By early May a male and female sparrow were busy hauling small twigs and stems through the dark porthole into the birdhouse. Day after day they worked and although we couldn't see the nest taking shape within, we guessed (from the bits and pieces sticking out from under the eaves) it was nearly finished. As the work progressed, our



excitement grew. Soon there would be a new crop of noisy little sparrow chicks. We began to anticipate the fun of watching our diligent parents trying to feed all those bobbing, tiny heads.

Then one day the unthinkable happened. The female simply disappeared; --vanished! For several days, the distraught male called-out in vain for his mate. But she was gone.

Nest-building stopped. Soon he too disappeared and all activity around the birdhouse ceased.

What a sad turn of events, I thought. But then, catching myself, I realized this was just my point-of-view talking. In reality the bird's disappearance was neither sad, nor tragic, nor unfortunate, nor anything else for that matter. I described it as sad because I had become attached to the idea of being entertained all summer by these little birds. I expected things to be a certain way and was disappointed when it turned out otherwise.

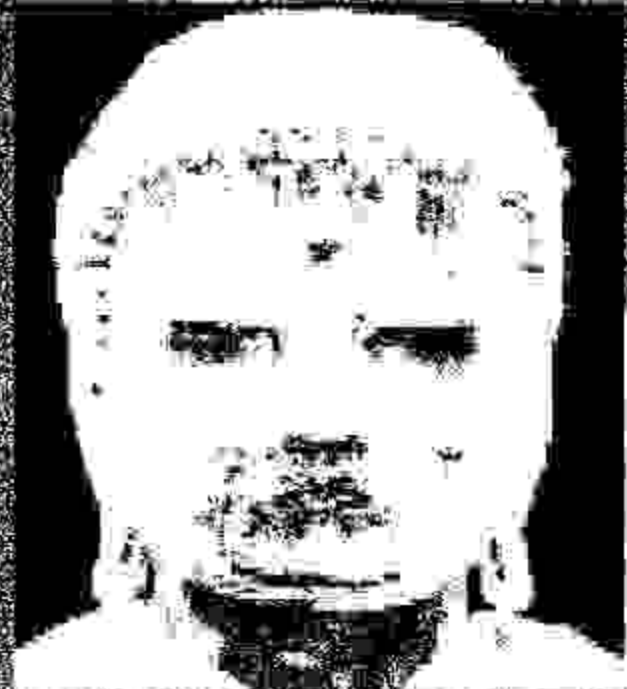
Alas, such is the nature of attachments and expectations. They're illusions of the mind, having nothing to do with the way things really are. Who knows what happened to the bird? Perhaps it wound up in the belly of the neighbor's cat or maybe it mistakenly flew into sliding glass door. I'll never know. All I can say for certain is that one day the bird was gone and what might have happened didn't. It's a perfect illustration of Buddhist truth. Everything in the universe is impermanent and interdependent. Things arise and fall away owing to the interaction of infinite causes and conditions. This truth plays itself out before us all the time, when we're alert to recognize it. I told myself to settle down and appreciate the birdhouse for what it was. Just watch and see what happens. Relax and let things unfold without forming any expectations as to what must happen.

And wonder of wonders! About a month ago a new pair of sparrows showed up and began the work anew. They soon completed the nest and judging from all the activity in and around the house, the couple is expecting! The season's promise is given a second chance! It's tempting to say, isn't this wonderful and grand! Well yes of course, it's a welcome development and I'm pleased. But this time, I'm resolved to keep my exuberance in check and simply appreciate events as they unfold in the moment. I watch as the sparrows take turns sitting on their unseen eggs and I marvel at their tenacity and perseverance.

In Buddhist truth, nothing is for certain. Everything is changing owing to infinite causes and conditions. Perhaps these two birds will succeed in launching a new generation of sparrows; -- perhaps not. But based on events so far this season, I'd say nature is disposed to granting second chances. In some sense, a second chance is like Amida's compassion. It's that inconceivable, unifying reality which sustains all Life. We don't ask for it nor are we necessarily entitled to it, but it supports us anyway. When the doctor says "Congratulations, the tests came back negative." that's a second chance. All we can do is accept it in gratitude.

Meanwhile, we'll continue to watch the dark entryway of the birdhouse. Maybe, --someday soon, we'll see and hear the flowering of that second chance. Namo Amida Butsu!

Paul Vielle  
Minister's Assistant



# Spokane Buddhist Temple

## IN THIS ISSUE:

Obon & Bon  
Odori Dance

Perry Street Faire

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Spokane, WA 99202  
509 534-7954

For comments/suggestions  
lesliegreen54@msn.com

# Announcements

**July Sangha Services** - Our Sangha Service (Sangha is the Sanscrit word for Buddhist community) is a traditional Jodo Shinshu service with chanting led by a Doshi. We meet after service for refreshemnts and discussion. Our new book study will resume in the fall.



**Bon Odori Dance Lessons** - Beginning on Wednesday, June 28th at 7:00 pm, Peggy Heyamoto has graciously agreed to teach any and all who would like to learn traditional Bon Odori dancing. We will meet for three consecutive Wednesday nights, starting on June 28th. We will meet at the gym next to the temple at 7:00 pm (June 28t, July 5 & 12) so that we will feel confident to perform at the Perry Street Faire on Saturday, July 15th at approximately 12:15 pm. Please join in the fun, it is not necessary to attend all lessons, as the dance is fun and easy to learn.

**"The Envelope Please"** - One of the most important ways we are able to keep our dorrs open and to provide the many seminars, guest speakers and events, is to ask for donations. We will occasionally include remittance envelopes with the newsletter asking for your continued support. We appreciate any contribution you make to the temple whether it be financial or by volunteering. All your efforts do not go unnoticed. Thank you for all your support!



**Perry Street Faire** - Saturday, July 15th - Once again we will join in the festivities to celebrate the Perry Street neighborhood and to support the Vanessa Behan Crisis Nursery. This year, we have been asked to provide needed items rather than a monetary contribution to the nursery. A "Wish List" is enclosed and will also be posted at the temple listing items the nursery is in demand of. Please check this list and bring an item or items with you to the park. We will also have a bin available at the temple up through July 16th where we will be accepting donations.

## Spokane Buddhist Temple Team

Supervising Minister: Rev. Don Castro  
Seattle Betsuin  
Minister's Assistant: Paul Vielle

## Board of Directors

Christine Marr, President  
Leslie Green, Vice President  
Ann Heineman, Secretary  
Liat Parker, Treasurer  
Fumi Uyeji, Auditor  
Janet Tamura, Board Member  
Jefferson Workman, Board Member  
Bonell McLeish, Board Member  
Jun Yugawa, Board Member  
Chris Marr, Board Advisor  
Doug Heyamoto, Board Advisor

## Newsletter Editor

Leslie Green

## Correction

There was an error in last months reporting of due/donations, so it was decided to reprint the entire list again, with the corrections. Please accept our appologies for this error.

### Dues

April 24 - May 20

Kazuko Kirihara  
Rachel Scrudder  
Mary Naber  
Martena Peterson  
James Lea & Judi Davis  
Thomas Lande  
Jenifer Johnston  
Paul & Karen Vielle  
Jeffrey Workman  
Jim & Shirley Bennett  
Barb Bradon  
Pat Omine

### Memorial Dana

Kam & Fumi Uyeji  
in memory of Tatsuhei & Toyo Sugikawa

Janet Tamura  
in memory of Y. Oba & S. Oba

### Donations

#### Dana

Christine Marr  
Mary Naber  
Greg & Leanne Sapp  
Jenifer Johnston  
Paul & Karen Vielle  
JACL

#### Gotan e

Kam & Fumi Uyeji  
Leslie Green  
Janet Tamura  
anonymous

#### Hanamatsuri

Kazuko Kirihara  
Hisako Oki  
anonymous

## Suprise

Was it Ella Fitzgerald who said  
that jazz music cannot be taught?  
That means that jazz is not  
the encyclopedia of chord changes and abilities  
but the one right sound that tears your heart out.  
It is like poetry, not a how-to book.  
It is like a series of cries;  
which cannot be taught as a technique,  
like a plausible replica  
that people will pay for and puts bread on the table.

Miles Davis said something in the years of his Shorter, Carter,  
Williams, Hancock, band (incomparable)  
that stuck in my mind:  
In performance - "Don't play what you know how to play.  
Play what you don't know how to play."  
What jazz music is:  
to get fully at-home with an instrument  
and to be totally surprised what comes out.  
That's why I gave away my predictable sounds and do not play anything,  
but my \$5 yard-sale radio;  
sing simple songs underneath the freeway  
and listen to the birds, lawn movers, and hums of refrigerators.



a poem by Tom Lande  
*In-Verse*