



A THIRD EYE, Genesis 1:26,27. Jan. 17, 2019

Dickson Kazuo Yagi, Vespers, Pilgrim Place, Claremont, So. California.

My wife, Ellen, was having brain surgery, Glioblastoma. My son, Nathan, and I were in the waiting room at Pomona Valley Hospital. After some hours they let us enter the recovery room where Ellen “came to” after brain surgery.

To put it mildly, Ellen was thrilled to see me and Nathan. She expected to die during surgery. She was not sure whether she was still alive on earth, or somewhere else, wherever people go when they die. When she saw me and Nathan she knew she was still on earth. What a relief! She thought she had died!

Her first question, pointing to the nurses, was: “Can I trust them?” Unsure she was alive on earth, she needed to know if the nurses were “friend or foe.” The recovery room did not look like any normal hospital room. Multiple patients were disorientated with fresh bandages on fresh wounds.

There was a nurse assigned to Ellen. There was also a man standing nearby. He was to push Ellen’s bed out of the recovery room, into the elevator and all the way to the neurological ward. He was a bed pusher, whatever his official title was.

Then Ellen had a vision! Ellen saw something that thrilled her soul. She saw the nurse full of holes like Swiss cheese and the glory of God streaming through her body. She described this to the nurse, who got so thrilled.

Ellen also saw the man full of holes like Swiss cheese with the glory of God shining through him. When Ellen described her vision, the nurse and the bed pusher both melted into joy. The nurse and the man had been quarrelling and were ashamed they had been fighting. But they forgot all of that, and the thrill of Ellen’s vision melted their hearts into joy.

Ellen, pumped full of steroids, and the nurse talked and talked excitedly. Ellen forgot Nathan and I were still there. The bed pusher was also talking excitedly. They stopped seeing themselves through their own eyeballs, their ego seeing their ego. But they saw themselves how God sees them. Full of holes like Swiss cheese and the glory of God shining through them.

In East Asia--China, Korea, and Japan—we see normal things through our normal eyeballs. But we see the spiritual world through the 3rd eyeball “*daisan no me*” in the middle of our forehead.

The Book of Genesis calls us, “the Image of God”. In the ancient Hebrew language, I think “the Image of God” means, “you are full of holes like Swiss cheese and the glory of God is shining through you.” I should check my translation of “Image of God” with Old Testament scholar, Bruce Jones.

There are two ways we see ourselves. We praise ourself for doing something good. And we condemn ourself for doing something bad. Our ego looking at our ego, sees us as good or bad. Psychotherapy may try to get our ego to see our ego as something good. But Ellen’s vision was not our ego looking at our ego. It was God looking at us and seeing what we could never see ourself. Through God’s eyesight, we are full of holes like Swiss cheese and the glory of God is shining through us. We are the Image of God. This is seeing through your third eye.

About 12 years ago, 3 o’clock on a Sunday afternoon there was a knock on our door. It was a young man about 40 years old. His mother was dying at the Health Services Center. All the family had gathered, said

their goodbyes. Was there anyone else she wanted to see for final greetings and blessings? She wanted to see me and Ellen. So her son came knocking at our door.

She was lying on a bed at the Health Services Center. Her face glowed. She said, I'm going to see Jesus. She is a hero of the Japanese community. During World War 2, she postponed 2 years of seminary to volunteer as a teacher to Japanese interned in concentration camps in Canada. How many of you knew that Japanese were also interned in concentration camps in Canada? I reminded her that she was a hero of the Japanese community. But on her last day on earth, she had no interest in praise and glory for herself.

Her heart was full of shame. Missionaries are very visible in the East. The Japanese skin color is golden and if your skin color is white, you are very, very visible in Japan. Walking on the street, riding the subway, sitting in church, you are on display 24/7. The usual missionary term of service was 5 years—4 years in Japan, and 1 year R & R, Rest and Recuperation in the U.S. then back to Japan for 4 more years.

In the middle of her 4 year term of service, her husband divorced her, abandoned her, and returned to the U. S. by himself. She could not abandon her contract in good conscience and her commitment to her missionary community.

She stuck it out for the rest of her term of service in Japan. A missionary discarded, divorced, and abandoned by her husband, her shame in full view of the Japanese church. She didn't feel free to run away home to the U.S. until the end of her term of service. How many of you would have left?

As she lay in bed perhaps her last day on earth, she did not think about her 2 years teaching Canadian Japanese in the internment camp. But she could never forget the public shame before the Japanese church of being discarded, divorced, and abandoned by her husband so many years ago. Her face glowed with a huge smile, as she said, I'm going to see Jesus.

No longer will her vision be darkened by her ego seeing her ego in shame. Not seeing herself anymore. But seeing Jesus. And seeing what Jesus sees. Through the eyes of Jesus she saw through her 3rd Eye.

My self preservation instinct chains my ego to my ego. How can my ego break loose from my ego? By looking to Jesus and seeing what Jesus sees. Jesus lives in me, and works through me. While I focus on me, I can't see Jesus. While I focus on Jesus, I can't see me. Jesus sees me as full of holes like Swiss cheese and the glory of God shining through me. This is freeing my ego from my ego. Easy to say it; hard to live it. Something to work on until Jesus comes for me or I go to him. What do you think?

Dickson Kazuo Yagi is an Okinawan American from Hilo, HI. He graduated from George Washington University (D.C.), Tokyo Union Theo. Seminary (Th.M., 1965), So. Baptist Theo. Seminary, Louisville, KY (Th.M, Ph.D, 1972). As a Baptist missionary, he is Professor Emeritus in Christian Studies at Seinan Gakuin University, Fukuoka, Japan. He was also University Chaplain (one term) and Head Chaplain of all Seinan Schools (one term). He studied for a year at U. of Hawaii in Buddhism under David Kalupahana, David Chappell, and Alfred Bloom. He is a member of the Buddhist Catholic Dialogue of the Los Angeles Archdiocese, and Chair of four other interreligious groups, including the Council for Pacific Asian Theology. For a decade he was a member of the Japan Branch of the Society of Buddhist Christian Studies、東西宗教交流学会. He resides at Pilgrim Place Retirement Community where he is Chair of the Religions Committee. He is a retired Pastor at Sage Granada Park United Methodist Church, Alhambra, So.CA. He can be reached at dkyagi@icloud.com

**Dr. Mark C. Johnson: Roads to Reconciliation**

Namu Myōhō Renge Kyo

I was born in 1947, perhaps four years later than would have been the case if my young father had not spent those four years on the Island of Attu in the Aleutians as a part of the U.S. Army Air Corps. In the somewhat inevitable providence of personal biography those four years and their intersections with Japan have continued into our recent move to Pilgrim Place in Claremont, California a few doors down the road from Rev. Dickson Kazuo Yagi. I remain especially grateful for his invitation to be a part of last April's annual commemoration at Manzanar in one of Americas internment camps of WWII.

My father died when he was 50 years old of lung and brain cancer. So, I never knew him in my adult life, though we were closest perhaps in my first adult decision, to file as a Conscientious Objector to the War in Vietnam. I filed two years before he died, and his support was a kind of self-absolution from his military service, which he felt was four wasted years of his life. Wasted is an understatement when viewed as the larger conflict between Asian and American States. While his cancer was likely a result of heavy smoking from his years in the Army and his work in the chemical processes of Eastman Kodak Company in Rochester, New York, where I grew up, some part might have been a karmic result of radioactive fall-out on Attu from Hiroshima and Nagasaki. There has been very little research on this possibility. But it has been one more factor in my activism on the issue of nuclear weapons and nuclear energy.

Providentially as well, the four-year delay put me in Beirut Lebanon as a CO in 1970 when my wife, a student at California's University of Riverside came to study and our now 47 years together began. Mary's parents met and were married in Yokohama, Japan as part of the post-war occupation and we have joked that she was "made in Japan" which helps account for her "quality" as a human being. Mary's father's suicide at a young age is often thought to be related to the U.S. Army's pressure to rush young doctors into service which may have led to his addiction and depression. Neither of our families ever spoke in detail about militarism or Japanese culture in our lives but these family histories have made us somehow more attentive to intersections when they have occurred.

During our 30+ year career with the YMCA we were delighted to host summer tours of Japanese students passing through Champaign-Urbana, Illinois at the University of Illinois student YMCA. Dean Leeper, a prior director of that student YMCA became a martyr as a "Fraternal Secretary" in Japan when he drowned helping victims in a ferry accident. The memorial to his death can be found at the Tozanso YMCA Conference Center in Gotemba, Japan. I continued to develop relationships with the Japanese YMCA for many years with Shin-ichi Sakata of the Tozanso YMCA and the Silver Bay Association YMCA Conference Center where we exchanged staff each summer. Sakata-san's wife was Korean and their marriage included stories about the Japanese-Korean residue of the Japanese Empire's occupation of Korea.

When I became the executive director of The Fellowship of Reconciliation USA (FOR) in 2007, I was quickly acquainted with the work of the Japanese Branch of IFOR and its work to preserve Article 9 of the Japanese Constitution demilitarizing the State and immunizing Japan from a goal of becoming a nuclear state. I also learned about the challenges of working from a position of Christian orientation in a non-Christian nation, and about the efforts of reconciliation and repentance regarding the Nanjing massacre.

Through the FOR, I also developed my deepest learnings about and relationship to Nichiren Buddhism in working with Jun-san Yasuda at the Grafton Peace Pagoda of the Nipposan Myōhōji in Grafton, New York. Jun-san's order has been the strongest ally with FOR in the quadrennial Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty Review at the UN and, as importantly, in work with the Native American community regarding fossil fuel pipelines crossing sacred territory all across the U.S.

This is a much longer story than we can tell here, but sadly and largely unknown is this expression of the peace witness of the Japanese in alliance and solidarity with Native Americans and environmental activists. At a worship service prior to the last Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty review in New York City, the Nipposan Myōhōji drummed us into the sanctuary with their meditative chant Namu Myōhō Renge Kyo. They were followed by a welcome from a Diné (Navaho) active in ending uranium mining in the Southwest and with an apology for having mined the uranium for the Hiroshima bomb, but also detailing the health costs of that mining operation to the Diné up to the present.

I am hoping I have made clear in the brief scope of these reflections that the reconciling work of the Japanese and Americans, grounded in mutual repentance and respect, has continued to strengthen a greater, common good across time and across borders and cultures.

Mark C. Johnson, Ph.D., became the executive director of the Fellowship of Reconciliation/USA on March 1, 2007 and served in that role until September 2013. Mark did his alternative service as a conscientious objector in Lebanon, living and teaching in Beirut from 1967-1974. He and his partner Mary served on the staff of the University Christian Center, a Presbyterian campus ministry in Beirut during those years as well. He worked for the YMCA from 1981 to 2007, and served as executive of the Center and Library for the Bible and Social Justice at the Stony Point Conference Center in New York from 2013-2017. He and Mary retired to Pilgrim Place in Claremont in 2017. They have three daughters and five grandchildren.

Tibetan Buddhist Prayer: *Tonglen*

Dickson Kazuo Yagi

Tibetan Buddhists offer perhaps the most transforming intercessory prayer--***tonglen***. ***Tonglen*** means giving and receiving. To breathe in the pain of another and breathe out to them healing. To breathe in the fear of another and breathe out to them peace. To breathe in hate and to breathe out blessing. To breathe in despair and breath out hope.

Against the survival instinct of our central nervous system, we breathe in the pollution, poisons, sickness, and hopelessness of others and breathe out to them our joy, peace, hope, forgiveness, and health. For me, ***tonglen*** is something new. I need to enlarge myself by growing in this most amazing intercessory practice of Tibetan Buddhism.

Needless to say, ***tonglen*** contradicts our basic intuitions. We naturally pursue pleasure and hate pain. To take from our friend his pain, his poisons, his disease, and to give him our peace, our pleasure, and our health—that is an unwelcome proposal for anybody. To advance one more step in ***tonglen*** is to do this for an **enemy** instead of a friend. The heart of Buddhism rises into view—No Self. We cannot really do this without denying ourself. This non-attachment to self moves toward compassion for others. Buddhism is an interdependence of all beings

in a network that Thich Nhat Hanh calls **InterBeing**. That is the central philosophy of Buddhism, **Pratitya samutpada**.

My Grandpa lay on his deathbed in a Hilo Hospital. His nasal passage was plugged for several days. They had no suction devise to help him. He was miserable. He complained when Mom, Dad, and I visited. There was massive mucus plugging his nasal passage. Without any thought or hesitation Mom covered his nose and mouth with her mouth and sucked out all the mucus. She spat it out in the sink close by. Grandpa breathed delicious air for the first time in days.

We were all horrified by Mom's sucking up the dirty mucus in her mouth, and inspired by her total compassion for Grandpa. Grandpa by his East Asian cultural instincts put his palms together in **Gassho**, the universal gesture of gratitude and worship in India, Nepal, Southeast Asia, China, Korea, and Japan. Is this not real **tonglen** in Hawaii by someone who had never even heard that word before! In interreligious thinking, the Cross of Christ could easily be seen as **tonglen** at the core of Christianity.

See: Pema Chödrön, **Living Beautifully with Uncertainty and Change** (Shambhala: 2013), 80-81, 82, 84.

Pema Chödrön, "Transforming the Heart of Suffering," **Lion's Roar**, January 11, 2018.

Paul F. Knitter, **Without Buddha I Could not be a Christian**, 2009, "Tonglen meditation," p.150.

Richard Rohr, Center for Action and Contemplation, "Tonglen," October 19, 2018, email blog.

Dickson K. Yagi, **Pacific Asian Vision**, "Tibetan Buddhist Tonglen," March, 2014, p. 1.

Donors 2018

Most donors have rich, deep personal ties with Paul and Florence Nagano from long ago. We are amazed at your determined commitment in sharing the vision and enthusiasm of CPAT. Jesus will continue to bless you and us.

Donors June 2017 to May 2018
in the next PAV issue.

July 2018

Marion/Phil Shigekuni
Michi/George Tanioka
Thomas T. Kawakami
Jack/Marian Sunabe
Kook-Hui L. Kim
Marshall/Marjorie Jones
Ida Inouye
Aiko Takeshita
Takeo H. Shirasawa
Ruth Kimi Inadomi
Betty Iwamoto

August 2018

Frank Glazier
Kathleen Kiyuna
Miyoko/John Mizuki
Sharyn F. Chow
Portia M. Fukuoka
Mary T Higashi
Beatrice S. Tabata

Carole Jan Lee
John N. Hamachi
Mitsue Shindo
Yoshihide Sakuragi
Herbert M Tsuchiya

September 2018

Alodia Corpus
Alan/Rachel Wong
Irene Ng
Dickson K. Yagi

October 2018

Jean K Shikuma
Thomas Kawakami
Marvin/Minnie Uratsu
Ruth Kimi Inadomi
Aiko Takeshita
George Nishikawa
Mary Tamura
Grace Kubo
Stephen Nagano
Mary T Higashi
Christine Iwahashi

November 2018

Thomas & Susie Sakai
Takeo H. Shirasawa
Ben & Carol Fujita

Dec, 2018

The Shimono Revocable Living
Trust (Teruo Shimono)

Dan Kuramoto
Dean Ishiki
Al Hironaka
Sharon Santos
Mas Kawashima

Jan, 2019

Gerald Wassele

Feb, 2019

Haruyoshi Fujimoto
Aiko Takeshita
Virstan Choy
Shigeo H. Kanda
John B Cobb, Jr.
Kook-Hui L Kim
Thomas & Susie Sakai
Tom T. Kawakami
Cynthia & Mark Kumagawa
Samuel E. Cox
Rev. Frederick Brenion

GOLDEN CHAIN OF LOVE

I am a link in Lord Buddha's golden chain of love that
stretches around the world.
I must keep my link bright and strong.
I will try to be kind and gentle to every living thing,
and protect all who are weaker than myself.
I will try to think pure and beautiful thoughts,
to say pure and beautiful words,
and to do pure and beautiful deeds,
knowing that on what I do now
depends not only my happiness and unhappiness
but also those of others.
May every link in Lord Buddha's golden chain
of love become bright and strong,
and may we all attain perfect peace.

This winsome poem was written in 1927 by Dorothy Hunt for the Buddhist Dharma School (Sunday School) in Hawaii. This simple summary of the Eight-Fold Path guided children to make their thoughts, words, and actions pure and beautiful to achieve the perfect peace of nirvana. It was used in the Hawaii **West Branch** Honganji Dharma Schools for children from the 1930's to 1970 in this original wording.

Dorothy Hunt's addressing this poem to Lord Buddha points to her focus on all branches of Buddhism. Each denomination names different Buddhas in their worship. Shingon Buddhists focus on their historical founder Kukai (Kobo Daishi) and the Sun Buddha, *Dainichi Nyorai*. Tendai Buddhists focus on the Lotus Sutra. Zen Buddhists focus on the founders Bodhidharma, Rinzai, and Dogen and several Buddhas. Nichiren Buddhism, Soka Gakkai, and Rissho Kosei Kai focus on the Lotus Sutra, the founder Nichiren, and the Eternal Buddha (*Kuon Butsu*). Shin Buddhism focuses on Amida Buddha.

Dorothy Hunt's addressing the poem to "Lord Buddha" (Sakyamuni Buddha) points to the one common historical founder of the many Buddhist denominations. When the poem was presented to Shin Buddhist adults in 1970, however, doctrinal issues arose. They were saved by *tariki* grace and Other Power faith (*shinjin*) through the compassion of Amida Buddha; not by Self Power effort (*jiriki*) in the Eight-Fold Path. So they would need to substitute "**Amida Buddha**" for "**Lord Buddha**" sooner or later. In 1970 the Sunday School Commission of the Hawaii Shin Buddhist **West Branch** decided to change "**Lord Buddha**" in the first sentence to "**Amida Buddha**."

The Shingon Buddhist worship manual in Los Angeles retains the original "Lord Buddha," pointing to Sakyamuni Buddha. However, the Shin Buddhist **East Branch** Worship Manual (2008) in Los Angeles addresses the poem not to "Lord Buddha," but simply to "**Buddha**." This, of course, opens the question, which Buddha? The main Sutra of Shin Buddhism mentions 21 billion Buddhas in 21 billion Buddha Worlds. Shin Buddhism East probably wanted to avoid controversies in having to decide on Lord Buddha or Amida Buddha, opting for the ambiguous "Buddha," which could be interpreted either way? And, of course, all Buddhas are *hoben* models for the one formless primordial Buddha, *Dharmakaya*. Then there is the Buddhist philosophical principal of *ichi soku ta* 一即多 (One Equals Many).

In any case, here is an amazing poem written not in Sanskrit or Pali or Chinese, but in English. It is written not by an Asian, but by a Caucasian American lady. It is recited in Shin Buddhist and Shingon worship manuals in Hawaii and mainland U. S. Japan knows nothing of this Golden Chain.

D. K. Yagi

See "The Golden Chain of Love" by Bishop Eric Matsumoto, Tatsuo Muneto, and Dexter Mar, *Metta*, Winter 2018, p. 1, 4.
Shingon Buddhist Service Book, Koyasan Shingon Mission, 1995, "Golden Chain," p. 23.
Service Book, Higashi Honganji, 2008, "The Golden Chain," p. 77.



RELEASE, by Dr. William Malcomson

"Reunion" by Sherman Alexie

"I release these salmon, I release.
 I release my father and mother, I release.
 I release these salmon into their personal rivers
 The river of bitterroot
 The river of broken bone
 The river of stone
 The river of sweet smoke
 The river of blood and salt
 The river of semen and sap
 The river diverted
 The river damned

I release these salmon, I release
 I release these salmon, I release

O salmon, I release you
 O salmon, I pray

O Father and Mother
 O Father and Mother

return to me
 return to me."

When my son was 17, almost 18, he decided that he wanted to go to Europe for a few months. A kind of "rite of passage." He had finished high school. I was worried, anxious, fearful. I knew that we would only hear from him from time to time. No cell phones then, no Skype. When he left, I cried. I said to myself that I had to release him. What I meant was that I had to release him within my mind. I had to release myself from worry, anxiety, fear. He was on his own. I had no control over him.

The older I get, the more people whom I know have died. It is hard to release them. To really say goodbye. When my wife Laurie was dying, I kept saying to myself, and sometimes out loud to her: It is o.k. to go. We will be all right. You are free.

Many of us are experiencing health issues. We can easily become attached to anxiety about our health. We can be obsessed by chronic conditions, by what is wrong with our bodies. But we need to learn to release ourselves from this inappropriate anxiety, do we not? See the doctors we need to see, take the pills we need to take, make the medical appointments, follow the instructions. Then let it go!

We can also be saddled to our aging. How many years do I have left? Let's see: I am 86, I would like to live to be 100, so that gives me 14 more years. Release that worry, Bill! Allow the aging process to happen as it will.

We attach ourselves to what used to be. When we could do so many things and had so much energy. When our children were young. When we were new in our job. When we had political leaders who had some idea of what they were doing. "Wasn't that a time!" But now is now. Release the past for it is over. This is our time.

There is a Buddhist way of meditation which I have always thought made a lot of sense. You sit and relax and then you wait for thoughts to enter your mind. Often these are disturbing thoughts. You entertain these thoughts for awhile, look at them, work them a bit. And then---you release them! Let them go! Say goodbye, at least for now.

There is a word in Sanskrit--**Moksha**. It is sometimes translated as Salvation. But its real meaning is Release. It refers to a release which is akin to enlightenment, to experiencing Truth.

At times I think of the process of dying as an ultimate releasing. A letting go. A release into the Light, maybe to a new way of Home. Who knows? Maybe we can "go gentle into that good night."

Bill Malcomson

Dr. William Malcomson

Retired in Port Townsend, WA with his partner, Barbara. Formerly Dean of the American Baptist Seminary of the West, a founder of the School of Theology and Ministry of Seattle University, former president of the Council of Pacific Asian Theology, former Theologian-in-Residence at Seattle First Baptist Church. Two sons, one of whom is a Christian Buddhist, one daughter, 5 grandchildren. Bill has a Ph. D. from Princeton in World Religions.

PACIFIC ASIAN VISION

Council for Pacific Asian Theology
P. O. Box 7270, Alhambra, CA 91802

NON PROFIT
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
Alhambra, CA
Permit No. 283

RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED

April, 2019

COUNCIL FOR PACIFIC ASIAN THEOLOGY

P. O. Box 7270, Alhambra, CA 91802

Honorary Chairpersons:

Rev. Dr. Paul M. and Florence Nagano
florencenagano@aol.com, Phone: 626-457-8177
735 Irving St., Apt. 5, Alhambra CA 91801

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Chair/President: Dickson K. Yagi
551 Harrison Ave., Claremont CA 91711
dkyagi@icloud.com; Phone: 909-398-1519

1st Vice President: Phil Shigekuni
16915 Labrador St., Northridge, CA 91343
pshig2000@verizon.net; Phone: 818-893-1581

Secretary/2nd Vice President: Michi Tanioka
216 S. Atlantic Blvd., Alhambra, CA 91801
michitanioka@gmail.com; Phone: 626-940-5834

Treasurer: Naomi Sasano
1822 W. Garvey Ave. #6, Alhambra, CA 91803
naomiw@netzero.net; Phone: (626) 524-5485

Business Manager: Larry Naritomi
809 Browning Place, Monterey Park, CA 91755
lnaritomi@sbcglobal.net; Phone 626-573-8979

BOARD OF DIRECTORS *continued*

Rev. Frederick Brenion
(Shinshu Buddhist, Higashi) fbrenion@uia.net
Marion Shigekuni
pshig2000@verizon.net; Phone: 818-893-1581

CPAT ADVISORS

Ven. Kusala Bhikshu (Vietnamese Zen)
Dr. John Cobb, Jr.
Rev. Nobuaki Hanaoka,
Dr. Divina Himaya
Rev. Dr. Hidemi Ito,
Rev. Dr. Masayoshi Kawashima,
Rev. Hope Kawashima
Rev. Dr. Kah-Jin Jeffrey Kuan,
Rev. Dr. Warren Lee, Carole Jan Lee,
Rev. Dr. William L. Malcomson,
Rev. Dr. George Martzen
Yoshitada Nakagawa,
Rev. Dr. Levi V. Oracion
Rev. Dr. John Rogers,
Rep. Sharon Tomiko Santos (Wash. State),
Dr. Yoshihide Sakuragi,
Tato Takahama,
Rev. Dr. Phyllis Tyler,
Rev. Dr. Franklin Woo, Jean Woo.