



## Presencing Issue 63 Being Met, & Guided Stalking the Wild Persimmon II





I returned to the group for our afternoon meeting and meditation. Each person shared their alone-time experiences. When it was my turn I revealed the mystery of the place I had discovered. The group must have caught my enthusiasm and curiosity. Many wanted to go and explore this place for themselves, after the meditation. There were a few more hours of light when we started out. I believed that we had a perfect right to explore the property as it was for sale and we were merely curious. Besides I now felt very strongly that we were being called into this strange environment, which at the one hand seemed quite sacred and carefully composed, and on the other hand was suffering from lack of care and becoming reclaimed by nature. We followed a skillfully placed stone pathway to a pond emptying into a small waterfall and stream flowing downhill to another larger pond. Both ponds had fall leaves and pine needles floating on their surface.

Up in the woods above us mostly hidden by untrimmed branches and leaves was a stately stone statue of a tall standing Buddha. The statue had austere composure and thus seemed a guardian figure for the beautiful garden below composed of rocks and stream, and ornate fall colored trees that had at one time been carefully tended by a skilled gardeners. We spent some time taking in the beauty and stillness and quiet windy whisper of this place and pausing for taking pictures. Down the slope below us we could see that the trail led to some long temple style buildings. As we descended the pathway we came to another garden enclosed by a U shaped complex of two meditation halls and an interconnecting sleeping area. From the state of things, we could see that these halls complete with tatami mats and traditional woodwork had not been used in some time.

Once again nature and weather had carefully started to disassemble these buildings at their outer surfaces of windows, screens, and trim. They had been carefully designed and constructed with simple lines, expensive materials, but a lack of superficial ornamentation. Clearly that emphasis was on the meditative practices that would happen inside the buildings. We peered through the windows which all had a layer of surface dust, but we could clearly see the tatami mats were in good shape and at one end of the largest hall, which could probably hold 200 persons, there was a raised dais of the type that are used by actors performing Noh plays of Buddhist and



Shinto origin. We were taking this in; peering in the windows, speculating about what had happened here and why it was deserted. Koito pointed to her left and said: "Look Jack! There is your wild persimmon tree."

Sure enough there was another garden surrounded by the adjoining buildings. In the middle of the garden was a tall but spindly persimmon tree. It was old and unpruned and had clearly "returned to the wild," as was happening to all the carefully landscaped grounds. I picked one of the persimmons to bring back with me. They were small astringent type fruit which are usually stored in shochu alcohol until they lose their bitterness. They are highly prized by some because they can be eaten long after the larger softer fruit has all been consumed. So here it was, we were only partly done with our exploration of this strangely deserted place that had obviously received tender care by many persons and now was inhabited by some cats, and one not very attentive caretaker.



buildings while peering inside. Our curiosity emboldened us, even though there was the tension of possibly being discovered, or encountering someone starring back. The adjoining building was probably half as long as the great meditation hall. Through the windows we could see animal skins, some on the floor, some hanging over what looked like racks for drying laundry... there were also some short stacks of folded futons... somebody had used this space for sleeping, relaxing, or

Next we followed the perimeter of the

preparing some kind of ritual. As we followed around to the left we descried another but smaller meditation hall with plaques and photographs at one end, at least one of a founder or teacher. We couldn't see clearly enough for my companions to read the kanji characters, so the mystery continued. Once again the buildings, gardens, standing stones, and stepping stones had been arranged so carefully that even though the wild was creeping in, the overall effect was remarkable. What had happened here, who were they; where are they now? As we looked up the hillside towards the dormitories there were many small outbuildings, winding paths, small statuary, a stupa, water basins, stone lanterns, and many different trees; pines, maples, bamboo, evergreen shrubs of many shades and textures... all intending towards untended wildness.

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my Presencing Newsletters. Some of them will give you advanced reading on end-of-life issues. Because of our current virus situation, I believe that it is very important to take the necessary precautions and make ourselves available where we can be truly helpful. Blessings. Link to Jack's Blog:

Jack Blackburn, LMP, Master's in Theological Studies, Certified Spiritual Director, specializes in body centered spiritual growth and healing. He has been a Trager® practitioner since 1986. He has been a Trager tutor since 1993, has taught Trager electives classes since 1996, and teaches a variety of classes to care giving professionals. He is a NCBTMB Approved Continuing Education Provider and AMTA National Presenter. He is a Focusing Trainer and teaches Bodywork Focusing classes for professionals. Jack is also a Reiki Master and teaches levels I, II, III and Advanced Reiki for Bodyworkers.

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