

THE SOUND OF SILENCE

by Heather Sundberg

"Is the sound coming in and bothering you, or are you going out and bothering the sound? Who's bothering who?"

– Ajahn Chah

Come people have a sense door Othat is stronger and/or more sensitive than the others. For me, it's always been the ear. I am blessed with incredible hearing. I was the teenager who could not listen to music or TV while doing homework. Perhaps that had something to do with why I was drawn to meditation in my late teens, at a time when mindfulness was not mainstream, and teens were not meditating. I loved the silence. It called to me like a siren. In the silence, I could dive into direct experience, and deeply connect with others meditating around me.

After meditating for some years, I discovered that the experience of silence is not dependent on a "noise-free" environment.

A wonderful story from Thai forest master Ajahn Chah illustrates this well. Ajahn Chah was approached by a western monastic who was disturbed in his meditation by all the noise at the monastery. Ajahn Chah listened to the monk's complaints, then began to laugh. "When you become disturbed by noise in your meditation, ask yourself this," Ajahn Chah said. "Is the sound coming in and bothering you, or are you going out and bothering the sound? Who's bothering who?"

As a young meditator, my attitude towards sound as noise, whether in meditation or in daily life, was significantly transformed by the sense of humor, benevolence, and skillful means Ajahn Chah offered. Try it out the next time a noise is "bothering" you. At the very least, even if you have to take action to decrease or stop the noise, you will do it with less reactivity, and perhaps even with a smile of benevolence towards the whole situation.

At subtler levels, there is also what Ajahn Sumedho, in the Thai forest tradition, calls "the Sound of Silence." This "sound" is literally not dependent on whether there is physical sound in the environment or not. It is a sound some people hear more easily than others. Some experience the Sound of Silence as an inner ringing or hum (which is

SEP 2016 - FEB 2017

This edition of Dharma Stream is devoted to the theme of "Silence."

Access the complete newsletter online at www.mtstream.org.

a different thing than tinnitus). Or they experience it as a visceral tone felt more somatically. Or they might experience it less as a sound, but more as a sense of space around the head area and outwards.

Sometimes the connection to the Sound of Silence becomes more intense. Sometimes it is the background tone to a whole life of experiences and activities. The Sound of Silence is an access doorway to both the experience of deepening concentration, and especially the maturing of the connection with awareness, which is available to know all things without preference.

I find the Sound of Silence to be a beautiful "background soundtrack" to a whole life lived through the lens of spiritual practice. Mindfulness invites us to remember often—the Sound of Silence is an ever-present reminder—we can tap in anytime. If you are interested in learning more, try reading Ajahn Sumedho's book, *The Sound of Silence*.

In a world of lots of noise of every kind, enjoy the silence.



DAYLONGS AND RESIDENTIAL RETREATS

September 2016 through February 2017

For the most up-to-date information, visit www.mtstream.org

SEPTEMBER 17 & 18 SATURDAY & SUNDAY

Heather Sundberg Non-residential Women's Retreat Spirit Rock Meditation Center Woodacre, CA

INFO: www.spiritrock.org

SEPTEMBER 30 – OCTOBER 9 FRIDAY – SUNDAY

John Travis Teton Sangha, Jac

Teton Sangha, Jackson Hole, WY **INFO:** www.tetonsangha.com

OCTOBER 1, SATURDAY

Heather Sundberg Chico, CA

INFO: daylongwithheather@gmail.

com

OCTOBER 2, SUNDAY

Heather Sundberg Nevada City Insight Center INFO: jeannie@mtstream.org

OCTOBER 14 – OCTOBER 23 FRIDAY – SUNDAY

John Travis Oakwood Retreat Center near Muncie, IN

INFO: www.tristatedharma.org

OCTOBER 15 & 16 SATURDAY & SUNDAY

Heather Sundberg Non-residential Retreat Calgary, Canada

INFO: www.calgaryinsight.org

OCTOBER 29, SATURDAY

Heather Sundberg Sacramento, CA

INFO: www.sactoinsight.com

NOVEMBER 4 – 13, FRIDAY – SUNDAY

John Travis and Heather Sundberg Angela Center, Santa Rosa

INFO: Carol@mtstream.org

NOVEMBER 12, SATURDAY

Dennis Warren

Nevada City Insight Center

INFO: SusanS@mtstream.org

NOVEMBER 19, SATURDAY

Heather Sundberg Sacramento Buddhist Meditation Group

INFO: www.sbmg.org

November 29-December 2 Tuesday – Friday

John Travis

Householder Retreat (4 evenings)

Nevada City Insight Center

INFO: www.mtstream.org

DECEMBER 3, SATURDAY

John Travis

Nevada City Insight Center INFO: barbara@mtstream.org

DECEMBER 4, SUNDAY

John Travis Carson City, NV

INFO: www.dharmzephyr.org

DECEMBER 10, SATURDAY

John Travis Davis, CA

INFO: davis.daylong@gmail.com

DECEMBER 17 – 23 SATURDAY – FRIDAY

John Travis, Heather Sundberg, and Donald Rothberg Spirit Rock Meditation Center Woodacre, CA

INFO: www.spiritrock.org

DECEMBER 28 – JANUARY 3 WEDNESDAY – TUESDAY

Heather Sundberg, Donald Rothberg Cloud Mountain, Washington INFO: www.cloudmountain.org

JANUARY 12 – 19 THURSDAY – THURSDAY

Heather Sundberg, Sylvia Boorstein, Donald Rothberg, and Larry Yang *Metta Retreat (Loving Kindness)* Spirit Rock Meditation Center **INFO:** www.spiritrock.org

JANUARY 22, SUNDAY

Heather Sundberg Nevada City Insight Center INFO: www.mtstream.org

FEBRUARY 11, SATURDAY

Maeve Hassett & Mary Helen Fein Mercy Center Auburn, CA

INFO: maryhelen@mtstream.org



Dharma talks by John Travis and Heather Sundberg can be found at www.mtstream.org and www.dharmaseed.org

WHAT'S HAPPENING AT THE CENTER

Ongoing sessions at 710 Zion Street, Nevada City

MONDAY NIGHT SITTING GROUP

7:00pm to 8:30pm Silent meditation and Dharma talk

1ST WEDNESDAY VIDEO NIGHT

6:30pm to 8:30pm Watch and discuss a movie together

OTHER WEDNESDAYS

Kalyana Mitta Group (Spiritual Friends) 6:30pm to 7:45pm A peer-led, interactive Dharma community gathering

OPEN TEMPLE FRIDAYS

10:00am to 2:00pm Enjoy: walking the labyrinth, spiritual library, 20-minute group sit from 11:30am to 11:50am

INSIGHT MEDITATION CLASSES

Thursdays, October 5 – November 10 7:00pm to 8:30pm Led by Bruce Pardoe Sliding scale: \$35 to \$50 Info: bruce_pardoe@yahoo.com

BOARD OF DIRECTORS MEETINGS

5:00pm to 7:00pm Sep 18, Oct 16, Nov 20, Dec 18, Jan 15, Feb 12, Mar 12, Apr 23

ADD YOUR VOICE

The online *Dharma Stream* newsletter is published twice a year by a volunteer staff. Your contributions are warmly welcomed. For consideration, please submit articles, poems, photos, and artwork by:

- Jan 30, 2017 for Spring edition
- July 31, 2017 for Fall edition

Articles should be no more than 400 words, and may be edited by the newsletter team.



SIT WITH OUR EXTENDED SANGHA

Connect with community in your local area

AUBURN

Canyon Spirit Yoga Center Mary Helen 530-887-9400 maryhelen@mtstream.org

CARSON CITY, NV

Dharma Zephyr Sangha www.dharmazephyr.org

CHICO

Heart of the Lotus Sangha www.skycreekdharmacenter.org

Chico Insight Sangha
Chico.insight@gmail.com

DAVIS

Davis Insight Group www.davisinsightgroup.org

DIAMOND SPRINGS

Metta Meditation Group Will Lister 530-306-7264 mettaphoto@mac.com

MINDEN/GARDNERVILLE, NV

O2 Yoga and Wellness Karen 775-267-2424

NORTH SAN JUAN RIDGE

Your Place Too Bruce 530-277-3470 bruce_pardoe@yahoo.com

PLACERVILLE

Sierra Insight Sangha sue@boegerwinery.com

RENO, NV

Dharma Zephyr Sangha www.dharmazephyr.org

One River Sangha (LGBT and Allies) www.oneriversangha.org

ROCKLIN/ROSEVILLE

Donna 916-532-6955 Elke 916-632-8766 donna@mtstream.org elke@mtstream.org

SACRAMENTO

Sacramento Buddhist Meditation Group www.sbmg.org

Sacramento Insight Meditation www.sactoinsight.org

INSIGHT MEDITATION CLASSES

Unity Church of Auburn
Auburn, CA
Tuesdays, October 4 – November 1
6:00pm to 7:30pm
Mary Helen Fein and Maeve Hassett
Sliding scale: \$35 to \$50
Info: Maryhelen@mtstream.org

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HEAD OF A DEITY

by Juli Marks



About the piece

MEDIUM: Watercolor on paper

"While living in San Francisco years ago, one of my favorite places to go was the Asian Art Museum, which at that time was housed in the DeYoung Museum in Golden Gate Park. I loved escaping the noise of the city to sit in the quiet, softly lit rooms by myself. I would meditate and sketch the beautiful sculptures and dream of traveling to exotic places."

This watercolor is inspired by a fragment of a wall sculpture from a temple in Central Java.

SILENCE?

by Jennifer India Scott

What does silence sound like? Thich Nhat Hanh writes about the "spirit of silence."

I think I have heard the contours of it:

In the quiet, cheerful humming of the willowy woman scrubbing the kitchen sink at the Nevada City Insight Center.

From the tentative-then-exuberant bell ringing of my 3rd-grade friend who skips through our Center—ding ding ding—as she offers a gentle reminder during Temple Care:
Be Here
Now.

With the soft flop of apricot rose petals as they flutter and drop off the well-endowed bouquet when I bump their vase while dusting. Not silence exactly.
But noble intentional sound or skillful unintentional sounds allowing or cajoling me to cultivate a welcoming attitude.
And not a "Shhhh!" reaction.
Reminding us: No separation!
And make friends with Judgments!

Birdsong, loud motorcycles, small children, wind whispers, scrubbing sounds, a cell phone jingle...

Aural embroidery at the edges of

quiet practice anchoring us right here, right now—as it is.

While we smile, breathe and find silence within.

400

FALL POEM QUIET DAY MEDITATION

by Cassandra Wahlstrom

First Storm Fourth Day Fall Season

Bright Flashing Lights Rolling Sound in Heaven Falling Water from Sky Moistened Earth Scents Waft Up Air Circulating Grass Scent Released Herbs Pungent Earth Scent on Air

Cold like Fire Crackling Sounds! Water Striking Dry Porch Wood.

BORN BETWEEN

by Barbara Tandy

Born into form
Into touch, into sound
Into light
Into thoughts, into hopes
Into complicated plans
Into complicated loves.
Into shouting.

Then stopping
Breathing
Waiting.
Looking for space between
Any space between anything
Thoughts drifting away
Hopes drifting away
Complications drifting away.
No shouting.

Then watching Breathing Listening.

What is between?

As born into form
So born into silence
Dissolved into silence.

POEM

by Linda Farley

Waking in the night
I sense the silence.
Then in the distance I hear the thunder
And lightning wakes the sky.
I lay and listen
Slowly it moves on.
Silence returns.
I slumber once more.

MAGICAL PROPERTIES OF SILENCE

by Corey Hitchcock

I find silence now mostly in wild places. But when I examine what I label and enjoy as silence, it has nothing to do with a lack of sound. Silence is malleable; it stretches and contracts. Silence has great power for such an aspect of no-thingness. It can open within a vast moment of lively communication, or flow over and through me like a friendly river of perfect temperature and pace. It is full, but can subsume anything, even sounds I would normally label as noise.

When I open the lid on my favorite box of silence there are crickets in there, and wind in the branches of the live oaks, gravel crunching on the distant road, the thud of deer jumping unseen as they run, birds of many stripes are in the silence box, tough little song sparrows who sing above traffic noise and canyon larks who bounce their song off sandstone walls. The buzz of insects, mosquitos, paper wasps, horse flies, dragon flies and bees are there, too. Sometimes the sound of silence is my heart beating or my teeth chattering.

SILENCE! Once a command from a harried teacher, now it reveals itself as related to the stars, how they sing in the night sky but don't make a sound. It is part of me, too, but where exactly is it located? Silence knows a hidden portal in me with a swinging door that can open even beside a thunderous waterfall or in a room full of chattering people.

As a child I sought the quiet corners of the house and backyard of my busy, boisterous family home. I wanted to listen to something there, something ethereal, but always present: a silent channel I could tune in, but only when not trying hard to do so. Sitting very still and watching animals, birds or pets go about their own business made that new sound unfold in me. I could sing inside with it and it would still be there.

Quietly losing myself in creating with color and shape on a surface, I come back and realize I have been away. My eternal, often unreliable narrator has been escorted out and is occupied elsewhere. Silence has wielded its special powers again, and stood in for me.

SILENCE IN THE STILLNESS

by Steve Solinsky

Reflecting on silence
I am transported to the vast
auditorium
from which it's held - stillness.
If silence is a flux state of our
material duality,
then stillness is our true
authenticity in unity with Source.

Silence may be fleeting, but stillness is ever-present to the awakened mind.
As an artist, I know my own inspiration, fascination and creative work arise from a still place of abiding within the feeling domain of that clear crystal crucible of perception.

The mind may have difficulty holding the unknown, but for intuition, it's no problem. Expand the universe of your knowing, by letting loose of what you *think* you know,

and come to your senses.



SILENCE IS ...

Group Poem

These words were written by the participants of the Daylong Retreat "Joyous Expression" on February 28, 2016, led by Patricia Dove Miller.

Contributors: Constance Alexander, Perissa Busick, Mary Helen Fein, Carol Fernandes, Maeve Hassett, Rowena Lindamood, Jan Lord, Pat Miller, Jennifer Scott, Susan Solinsky.

This "group poem" was compiled and edited by Patricia Miller, with assistance from Judy Crowe and Ingrid Keriotis. Patricia Dove Miller is the author of *Bamboo Secrets: One Woman's Quest through the Shadows of Japan*. Judy Crowe lives and writes in Nevada City, CA. Ingrid Keriotis is a Northern California poet.

Silence is the morning, barely lifting its skirt of night for the dawn.

A black diamond destination dropping me off where I must befriend shadows once again.

Silence of the birds, of the Lake, of the earth, my father lies unbreathing by the side of the country road, flat on his back.

Silence is my first silent retreat when I learned we rarely need to talk.

Thought waves undulating from me to you like invisible smoke rings in the air between us, like breath whispering through the heart gate.

Silence is white, wide open, empty and full of itself. The vastness spreads wide across the roaring ocean under myriad stars.

I want to find the key to open the door out into the spacious, undemanding, mysterious silence.

In between the cry of the morning dove, the raucous call of the crow, the howl of the coyote, silence reigns.

A bell tone, a wave of diminishing sound slipping away returning to its own quiet.

AWAKENING TO THE DAWN, INLE LAKE, BURMA

photo and poem by Steve Solinsky



I arose early that misty Burmese daybreak to the catwalk over Inle Lake, glistening in the morning dew.

Footsteps of an unknown stroller echoed in the light.

In such a perfect still moment, all I could feel was a certain gratitude, or grace.

SILENCE

by Susan Marcus

You know the feeling: coming in from the scorching heat to an air-conditioned building, or a particularly refreshing spot of shade. You feel the relief, that temporary respite from the stifling discomfort. No wonder the Buddha so often used "coolness" to express liberation from Dukkha. Heat was probably the most persistent environmental irritant of his day.

Now India has megaphones. I've heard countless dharma talks that humorously recount the incessant garbled announcements from outside shops, moving vehicles, or rooftops, so loud that they penetrate the sanctuary of monastery walls. No wonder I like the cushy, cloistered retreats of the West. And living in the woods.

My little forested cabin is shady, green, peaceful. Most of the time. Early this morning (so early to be criminal, in my opinion) I was sleeping rather soundly in the

comfort of my cool and luxurious bed when the drone of a chainsaw worked its way through my open windows into my dreams. And then well into my day. A familiar, if minor, nuisance here.

I don't notice the way I brace against it until it stops and the "coolness" of silence returns again. For those precious few moments until the din resumes, my whole being melts into the hush. But this short-lived repose merely teases with the unfulfilled promise of silence, which is all too elusive for my liking.

I see this most clearly when I am on retreat, when the silence I seek is in my mind, the outer quiet highlighting the inner noise. I yearn for the relief, the "coolness," of Samadhi. And of course that wanting, that aversion to the inner chainsaw, is the very hindrance that keeps peace at bay, until I finally tire of the striving and just watch the thoughts come and go,

without resistance. Again and again I learn this lesson, feel the suffering of craving, and yet that preference for silence is still so strong.

Today, at least, I close my windows, softening the blow. I close my eyes and sit with the sounds, remembering Ajahn Sumedho's words, "It's like this." And verses on the Faith Mind:

The Great Way is not difficult for those who have no preferences.

When love and hate are both absent everything becomes clear and undisguised.

Make the smallest distinction, however, and heaven and earth are set infinitely apart.

There is still noise, but the aversion has been silenced. For now.

PRAYER

by Susan Solinsky

It begins by saying *silentium*, silence in Latin.

Then it becomes a rhythm, a breath -

an easy wave cresting and ebbing. Slowly, inner movement starts while I repeat it 'til finally it echoes inside my chest as a short prayer, a quiet opening.

My eyes close gently. Silentium. Oh to say it in other languages, to at least try. I find words and symbols.

It has it's own life now full of new sounds,

in characters impossible to understand,

but elegant, some mysterious and lavish.

A list evolves to see and hear one word: Silence.

It becomes a mantra.

Albanian: heshtje French: silence

German: Schweigen Basque: isiltasun

Hawaiian: mumule

Bengali: নীরবতা Hindi: **থান**ি

Chinese:安靜

Catalan: silence Bulgarian: мълчание

Dutch: stilte Czech: umlčet

Danish: stilhed

Arabic: الصرب المسات

Filipino: katahimikan

Belarusian: цішыня Finnish: hiljaisuus

Bosnian/Croatian: tišina Greek: σιωπή

Spanish: silencio

Swedish: tystnad

שתיקה :Hebrew

Turkish: sessizlik

Vietnamese: khoảng lặng

Welsh: tawelwch Zulu: silence Hungarian: csend Icelandic: bögn

rectander pogn

Norwegian: stillhet Indonesian: Diam Latin: silentium

Polish: cisza Irish: silence

Luxembourgian: Hammers

Russian: типпина

Scots Gaelic: tost

Maltese: silenzju

Latvian: klusums

Mongolian: нам гүм

Slovak: ticho Somali: aamusa

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BAMBOO SECRETS: ONE WOMAN'S QUEST THROUGH THE SHADOWS OF JAPAN

A MEMOIR BY PATRICIA DOVE MILLER

Book review by Mary Helen Fein

Pat was my writing teacher for many years. She taught me much about good writing, and she was a great help to me as I completed my first book, *Loss of Deliverance*. After reading her book, I am even more inspired!

Dear Pat,

I finished your book in the middle of the night at 35,000 feet over the North Atlantic. I love traveling on a plane or a train, especially long distances which remind me that I am a Person on a Planet who is trying to pay attention to things. Anyway, it was an ideal setting for completing your book.

I didn't start to cry until you got the phone call from the prosecutor. It had been very suspenseful. And then I cried the rest of the way through that last five percent of the work. I was so filled with feelings for you.

And I loved the way you wove your story around the fabric of Japanese culture, especially the arts, ikebana, the shakuhachi, ceramics, and above all, meditation and the meditation inherent in all these practices. I loved the little details: how the Japanese women held their hands over their mouths when they laughed; the fresh smell of clean tatami mats; the proper way to sit for a woman, with her legs and feet tucked under.

It was a gift to see all the things you taught me working in action: scenes, narratives, reflection. And above all, honesty. How you showed your own mistakes, by writing sentences that started, "I wish I could have been more..." and ended, "but I didn't know enough then."

Being good to yourself about your regrets, being honest about your shortcomings, revealing yourself, not just your BEST self, being vulnerable to your reader. I appreciated that so much.

Thank you, Pat, for this enlightening book,

Mary Helen Fein

Bamboo Secrets is available at local bookstores, on amazon.com, and on barnesandnoble.com.

ONCE IN A WHILE

by Arlene Douglass

Here the wind does not ruffle a water's surface. It should! Ruffling is natural in 25 knots. But try! Stop the movement. Try! Oh, such aggression!

Here the water's surface is calm even in 70 knots the oil slick of self expression Weighs down the path! Oh, such running away!

Here the wind is quiet, the water's surface
Settles down, slipping, sinking.
The depths rise to the surface:
water on water.
Oh, such a leap, a diving, a rising!

Here, no omission, only transmission Silence on silence Spacious abiding.





MOUNTAIN STREAM MEDITATION

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MOUNTAIN STREAM MEDITATION offers the heart and depth of the Buddha's teaching for all beings, to ease suffering and to awaken to compassion and joy. As an Insight Meditation community, Mountain Stream serves as a resource for Buddhism in the Sierra Foothills of Northern California.

NEVADA CITY INSIGHT CENTER, located at 710 Zion St., is part of the Insight Meditation community from coast to coast. We invite you to explore spiritual practice in a peaceful environment that supports various kinds of mindful practice. This is a place to connect, reflect, and study.

FOUNDER AND GUIDING TEACHER John Travis is dedicated to teaching the Dharma so it remains accessible to all. He began teaching in 1986 after studying in Asia with teachers in both the Theravadan and Tibetan traditions. John is a senior teacher at Spirit Rock Meditation Center, has a private practice as a meditation counselor, and was trained in Hakomi body-centered psychotherapy.

RETREAT TEACHER Heather Sundberg began teaching in 1999 after completing a fouryear teacher training at Spirit Rock Meditation Center under the guidance of Jack Kornfield and Joseph Goldstein. Heather teaches at the Nevada City Insight Center and nationally in association with several other meditation centers.

GENEROSITY is foundational to meditation practice and sustaining the Buddhadharma. Together we invest in future generations by sharing the gift of a generous heart. Buddhist teachings are offered freely and are available to all levels of practitioners. Opportunities to contribute include financial gifts, service, time, and energy.

FOR INFORMATION

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www.mtstream.org.

