

"Go, my disciple.

You have completed your practice for this life and acquired a genuine warm heart, a pure and undefiled Buddha Mind, and have joined our *Sangha*.

Because of your complete practice your mind has transcended far beyond your physical sickness, and it has taken full care of your sickness like a nurse.

Dogen Zenji, the founder of our sect, says "Buddha Mind differentiates itself into the Three Minds: the Joyful Mind, the Kind Mind, and the Magnanimous Mind."

"The Joyful Mind", Dogen says, "is the joyful frame of mind". A man of joyful mind is contented with his lot. Even in adversity he sees bright light. He finds the Buddha's place in different circumstances, easy and difficult. He feels joy even in painful conditions, and rejoices. For us, for all who have this joy of Buddha Mind, the world of birth and death is the world of Nirvana.

The "Compassionate Mind" is the affectionate mind of parents. Parents always think of the growth and welfare of their children, even to the neglect of their own circumstances. Our scriptures say "Buddha Mind is the mind of the great compassion."

The "Magnanimous Mind" is the mind which is as big as a mountain and as deep as an ocean. A man of Magnanimous Mind is impartial. He walks the middle way; he is never attached to any side, any extreme aspect of things. The Magnanimous Mind works justly and impartially.

Now you have acquired the Buddha Mind and become really a disciple of the Buddha. At this point, however, how can I express my true heart?  
RRRRRRRRROOOAARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!

At Tassajara, sitting outside of your cabin all night through . . . at first you made your trip with the moon and stars, and then followed the ever-flowing stream of Tassajara\* . . .

July eleventh, Nineteen Sixty-nine."

SUZUKI ROSHI'S EULOGY FOR TRUDY DIXON,  
GIVEN AT HER FUNERAL

*\*On July 1st Trudy made the difficult trip to Zen Mountain Center with her brother Jack who had come from Wyoming to see her. She wanted him to see Tassajara and to meet Suzuki Roshi. At night, she slept outside of her cabin in the moonlight. On the night of the 3rd, she shared a cup of water from Tassajara Creek with Roshi and her brother, and the next day was driven back to a hospital in San Francisco. She returned to Tassajara and zazen two days later and, on the 8th, she again left for the hospital where, early the next morning, she died.*