

## Meeting Sadaparibhuta: My journey with Aunt Elinor

by Susan Hadler

Sometimes we meet someone whose buddha nature shines so brightly that they are like a lamp showing us the way ahead. My Aunt Elinor is that kind of luminous buddha. She is a form of the bodhisattva Sadaparibhuta, Never Disparaging. Here is her story.

Elinor was sent to a mental hospital in 1936, when she was 23 years old and the mother of a 2-year-old son and a 5-month-old daughter. We know now that Elinor had post partum psychosis, a condition that is treatable. It's likely that Elinor recovered within several years. And yet she stayed in the mental hospital system the rest of her life. Her husband died of a heart infection the following June, and the children were raised by his sister. Elinor was abandoned by everyone in the family until it was said that she had died.

Elinor was my mother's oldest sister, and I grew up wondering about her – who she was and what happened to her. Until I counted the number of grandchildren in my grandfather's

obituary, I didn't know that she had children or what her married name was. When I found her married name I began to look for her, hoping to find where she was buried so that I could at least bring her flowers. I searched for many years. Last year, I found her *alive* and living in a nursing home in Canton, Ohio. She was 94 years old and had spent the past 72 years in the mental health system: 42 years in the mental hospital, 16 years in a group home, and the past 14 years in the nursing home.

Even before I met her, I saw her buddha nature when, during a phone conversation, the social worker at the nursing home told me, "Elinor calls the nurses Mother and some of them call her Mother. The others she calls Dorothy or Margery." The social worker was surprised to learn that Dorothy and Margery are the names of her sisters.

Elinor made everyone around her into family! She embodies the quality of "kshanti,"

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## Cherry Blossom Dharma, by James F.

Have you ever noticed how the cherry blossoms contain the dharma? Each year, when conditions are right, they manifest quite magically. It depends on the unpredictable weather of Mother Nature and the painstaking manual care of the National Park Service. We never really know when they will manifest, which is why the Cherry Blossom Festival now lasts almost three weeks. Sometimes they last only a few days. In 2008, they lasted a record two weeks. One day the trees look barren, brown and desolate; the next day, they are popping open with pink and white blossoms, forming cloudlike images. They seem to contain the essence of the dharma: They simply change form, play with our expectations and remind us of impermanence.

When my grandmother passed away in early April 2001, I took my grief to the cherry blossoms. I nicknamed her "my favorite lady," since she had been a surrogate mother to me. I practiced walking meditation for



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# Sangha Reflections

## Meeting Sadaparibhuta, *Continued from p. 1*

or as Thich Nhat Hanh explains in *Peaceful Action, Open Heart*, "all embracing inclusiveness."

"When our heart is large enough," Thay writes, "we can be very comfortable, we can embrace the sharp, difficult thing without injury." Elinor is teaching me that if I could see everyone around me as my mother, my children, if my heart were large enough to include everyone, I would feel happy and safe and live without the burdens of judgment and fear.

The week after finding Elinor in March, my husband and I drive from Washington, crossing the Appalachian mountains to visit Elinor in Eastern Ohio. I recognize her immediately with her white hair and blue eyes so like Mother's. She is sitting in a wheelchair at the table eating dinner. I pull up a chair and sit beside her. She stops eating for a moment and looks intently at me. Then she offers to share her dinner with me. A little later she says, "Do you love me? Will you be kind to me? My mother loved me and she treated me like she loved me."

"Hello, Sadaparibhuta," I think to myself. "You speak directly to my heart. You've protected and preserved your heart through the long years without family to visit or support or care for you. You know that love is the most important quality and you call forth love in me. I bow to you."

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When Elinor finishes eating, she picks up her napkin, shakes it out and folds it with complete concentration. Two people who live in the nursing home are arguing, the TV is on, a person is moaning in a room behind us, and another person nearby is listening to the radio. Elinor's response is, "Quite a chorus." In the midst of the noise and chaos of the nursing home, Elinor accepts the life around her just as it is, and she seems to accept

herself as well. When she is tired, she folds her head into her arm and sleeps. When I rub her back too hard, she tells me, "That's awful!" I enjoy sitting with Elinor. I feel free to just sit and be present. There is no pressure to please or entertain or even talk. Elinor reminds me that the heart of practice is acceptance. It's so easy to forget and to struggle against the way things are, big things like illness and death, everyday things like traffic jams and frowns. With Elinor at this moment, all is well.

Before I began to practice, before I found the sangha, I would have fallen into sorrow and seen Elinor's life as an unbearable tragedy. Belonging to a sangha that is supportive and affectionate, I am more aware of the energy of love even when it springs from the muddy ground of a life lived in a mental hospital. The practice has given me

eyes to see Elinor as she is, not as a reminder of family shame or guilt, not as a lost soul, but as a bodhisattva who accepts life as it is with dignity and who includes everyone around her in her large heart.

Elinor puts her hand on top of mine and I enjoy the soft warmth. She has long thin fingers that can reach octaves on the piano. When Elinor was young, she was a pianist. She played the piano on the radio. It's the one thing I knew about Elinor. "I heard that you play the piano beautifully," I say. "Yes. I do play the piano. I play 'Let Me Call You Sweetheart.'" She has nurtured her spirit with music all these years. And she's given music to everyone around her. "When she first came here, she'd walk over to the piano every night after dinner and play for us. Elinor has a lovely voice and sings often," the nurse says with a smile. "Everyone here loves Elinor."

How has she managed to keep her heart open and her spirit alive? She's had so little.

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# Sangha Reflections



Thanks, Chef Pat!

What better way to celebrate than with a potluck? Yum!



Lucy, with moms Mary and Angie and professional potluck hostess Susan, was born Dec. 25, 2008.



Nicki was born to Jeanine and Colleen Oct. 15, 2009.

**The Washington Mindfulness Community welcomed three new babies to the sangha last year!**



Avala, born June 15, 2009, had a nice chat with Carole.



Jim and Freddie bade us farewell with a special song, but they're always in our hearts!



Devon, Azara, and Avala's mom Angie learned some things from Lucy.

**Meeting Sadaparibhuta, Continued from p. 2**

No family. She owns nothing. She's lived without privacy. She hasn't been able to walk down the street for a cup of tea or to see a movie. She never heard her children's laughter. "I don't want anything at all," she wrote on a sheet of lined paper clipped into a blue binder. She eats what is given. She wears what is handed to her. She has little choice except how she relates to herself and to those around her. She is not bitter or angry, although she does not suffer fools. She can be feisty. She has learned to live beautifully with herself and with others. Her life is not cluttered with things she doesn't need. I take strength from the way Elinor has survived so well with so little, that she has kept what are most valuable: her heart and her music. She is a buddha in her simplicity, her affection, and her sense of interbeing.

I locate the group home in which Elinor lived for 16 years after the mental hospitals were emptied of patients in the mid-seventies. The woman who ran the home when Elinor lived there answers the door. "Yes, I remember Elinor. The day she came here she walked up the front steps and when I opened the door she held out her arms and called me Mother! She endeared herself to me.... She loved to sing!"

Elinor is my teacher. I'm learning to be aware of, to give and receive the flow of the energy of love, to give space for love to exist and to ripen. I am becoming aware of what cuts off the flow between us, things like needless questions and extraneous comments. Elinor speaks out of her true nature and not as I might wish or expect. That is so refreshing and encourages me to be less concerned about results and more aware of what's true within and around me. Elinor always responds to love and affection. "I love you," I told Elinor. "That's the way it should be," she said.

During my last visit with Elinor just before Christmas, my friends invited her to their home. Elinor played Christmas carols on the piano. When we were ready to leave, Elinor looked over at my friend Randy and asked if he worked in the potteries where her father had worked. Elinor's mother passed away suddenly when Elinor was 16 and her father, who could have signed her out of the hospital when she recovered from the postpartum psychosis, never came to take her home. "I love my dad," she said. "I always will." This too is Sadaparibhuta nurturing love, even in the midst of betrayal and rejection.

I come from a family that tends to end relationships when pain or shame overwhelms love. When I think of Elinor, I can be aware that when the seed of love has grown small or gotten lost in the face of fear or hurt, I can find that tiny seed and with nurture it will grow strong again.

During July when I visited Elinor, I asked her, "Do you have children?" "Yes," she said. "I have two and I love them very much." That was the permission I needed to search for her children. I was able to find them, and Elinor's daughter and granddaughter came right away to visit her. In January Elinor took her last breath. During the funeral service, I read the passage on love from the Bible: "Love bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things." Tears fell as I read, knowing that Elinor was and is the love that bears all things, endures all things.

Sitting with Elinor has enlarged my heart. The weeds of mystery and tragedy and fear have withered, and Elinor has watered seeds of love and simplicity and interbeing. What an amazing surprise to find the person whom the family abandoned is the one who restores our lost connections and the love that goes with them.

*I take strength from the way Elinor has survived so well with so little, that she has kept what are most valuable: her heart and her music. She is a buddha in her simplicity, her affection, and her sense of interbeing.*



**By the lake with the gulls and geese**  
by Sankar Sitaraman

In the morning I hear the sparrows chirping  
between the boughs of the juniper.

As I walk to work I see the gulls circling  
above the silvery waters of the lake  
where other gulls and geese  
enjoy the sunshine.

At sunset as I walk home  
geese squawk across the sky  
home with their loved ones.

And in the night as I sit in silence  
and solitude  
Sometimes feeling forsaken  
by the world  
I close my eyes  
let the mind float  
until I can hear the ticking of the clock.  
The sounds of the traffic  
become indistinguishable  
from the wind beating on the windows.  
And I know  
I am not alone.  
I can feel  
the world lives within me.

**Cherry Blossom Dharma, Continued from p. 1**

two hours around the Tidal Basin, breathing deeply with each step and gazing profoundly into the cherry blossoms. I practiced on them to dissipate my pain and process my emotions. Sometimes it helped ease the suffering; at other times I felt my heart palpitating.

In my attempt to hold onto my grandmother and some of the emotions arising in me, I plucked a cherry blossom branch. I thought that it represented my grandmother in its beauty, its simplicity and its lightness. I intended to keep it as a memento of the moment by pressing it into my journal to accompany writings about my grandmother, so that I knew it would last.

Instead, the blossoms withered and became unrecognizable by the end of my walking meditation. Like my grandmother and like my emotions, the cherry blossom was impermanent. It changed into another form, reminding me of Thay's teaching: No coming, no going; no birth, no death.

Have you ever been fully present with a cherry blossom? Can you see the universe in it? Each one contains the earth that provides nutrients, the rain that nourishes it, the sun that helps it blossom and the wind that can transform its shape. While each element helps it manifest anew each year, each element also determines its transformation into another form by the end of the season: The rain breaks it apart, the wind scatters its petals, the sun withers it and the earth erodes around the tree trunk.

Like our practice, the cherry blossoms remind us that conditions create our positive and negative formations internally and externally. Are we aware that they are contained in each other? Can we breathe deeply, smile at them and gently let them go, without judgment or

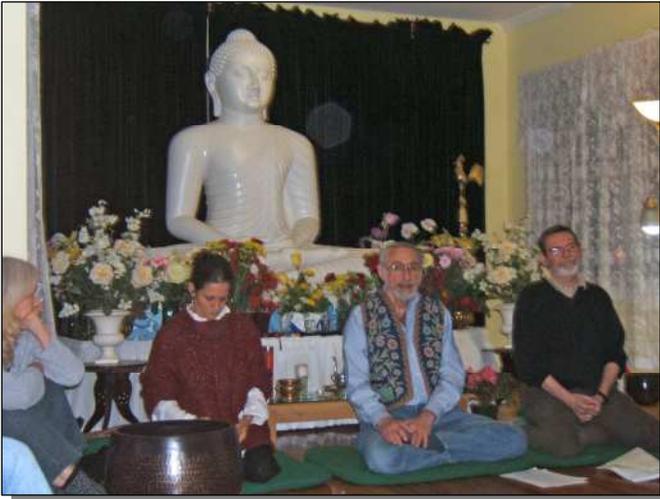
attachment? Next time you visit the cherry blossoms, try using them as a basis for the practice of mindfulness. They enable us to practice walking meditation, breathing meditation, even meditation on the sounds around us.

Ask yourself: Where is my attention? Is it on the cherry blossom? Or is it on another distraction? My practice has deepened each cherry blossom season. I gaze deeply into as many blossoms as possible as I practice walking meditation among them. I now notice how many dozens of variations there are, based on their colors, their shape, their texture and their size. Each shoot contains three to four blossoms. Each shoot contains the universe.

Sometimes my mind wanders... to the diversity of languages spoken under the trees: English, Japanese, Hindi, French, German, Russian, Spanish, Chinese, Arabic, among others... to the reflections upon the water of the monuments, the sky, the clouds, the sun and the cherry blossom trees themselves. Suddenly, I catch myself in judgment of their beauty or the surrounding sounds of happiness – or of the crowds and the noises. Then I gently stop, breathe deeply, become aware of these internal formations, and smile. I release it. I am free.



## WMC Celebrates 20 Years Together on the Path



*From Susan Hadler, October 18, 2009:* Just as my feet reach the street beside the Vihara where we meet on Sunday evenings, Lisa and Soye pull up in Lisa's car. We carry in cushions, kettles for tea, cups and treats. On our way downstairs we pass Bill, bell master for the evening, setting up the meditation hall. Right then, Jindra comes in with her arms full of pots and dishes and flowers and song sheets. It's amazing and wonderful how sangha works. Each person has something that is exactly what is needed – a tablecloth, plates and tea manifest. And then come nuts, oranges, cookies, a coconut cake and sweet bean curd. A cup hits the floor and shatters. No blame, just recognition of impermanence and laughter! The party is ready downstairs. And the meditation hall is ready upstairs.

Mitchell is sitting when I enter the hall. I place my cushion on the mat and sit, listening to familiar voices in the hall – Elisabeth and Richard, Mary, Sankar, Joseph, and Jeanine who has just given birth to a baby girl. The door clicks shut; Bill invites the bell three times, three sounds of the bell, carrying me into myself, into sangha presence, into silence. The usual vihara sounds are missing – no telephone or bare feet on the floor above, where the monks live, just deep silence. I breathe in happiness to be sitting with this wonderful sangha that has been a true refuge for so many people for 20 years. I breathe out gratitude for everyone who has sat in this meditation hall every Sunday night for so many years. I open my eyes and feel the energy of the sangha – all of us sitting peacefully together, just sitting and breathing, nothing else. I feel a deep sense of connection with everyone who has ever sat in this meditation hall, with Thay and the worldwide sangha and with all buddhas and bodhisattvas throughout time and space.

After sitting and walking meditation end, we bow to each other and to the Buddha, and Bill welcomes us. Sitting in a big circle, we learn that Joann, who conceived of this special evening and who brought it to fruition, is ill, so we send her gratitude and healing energy. Richard and Mitchell, who began this happy sangha 1,000 Sundays ago, explain how it all began...

***“We must maintain WMC so that we can take refuge in it now and leave it behind for our children, the younger generation. Enriching WMC not only enriches our lives but will enrich many generations to come.”***

~ Vien Nguyen



*Continued on p. 7*



## WMC Celebrates 20 Years Together on the Path

### ***Regional tea ceremony opens a door for Richard Brady***

"The WMC was born of two retreats given by [Thich Nhat Hanh] in June 1989, one in Virginia, the other at Omega Institute in New York. I attended the latter, where there were tea ceremonies by region on the last afternoon. Our group from the D.C. and Baltimore areas had a number of members who had received the five precepts and wanted to organize a sangha on returning home. We collected phone numbers from the group and from the similar group that had attended the Virginia retreat. In early July 1989, eight people (two from Baltimore) met at our home in Takoma Park to meditate and recite the precepts. The folks from Baltimore had met previously and told us that they had decided to form their own group, which eventually ended. We, in the D.C. area, started meeting biweekly, alternating between homes and apartments of three of the members. One memorable evening, we met in a high rise near the National Zoo and did walking meditation on the roof as lightening flashed around the perimeter of the city.

That September, Dorothy Marschak, who had driven with me to Omega, returned from Plum Village, where she had spent the summer. Dorothy told us that Thay Giac Thanh, a senior monk she had met there, was a guest at the Vietnamese Pure Land temple on 16<sup>th</sup> Street. He was the only monk there who practiced sitting meditation, and he invited us to join him. And so, our as-yet-unnamed group of five or six people began sitting at the Giac Hoang temple every Sunday evening. The evening format soon evolved to be similar to what it is today. However, our dharma sharings invariably featured a wonderful, but not easily understood, teaching from Thay Giac Thanh." ~ Richard Brady

### ***Mitchell Ratner "thoroughly enjoys" Thay Giac Thanh and nameless D.C. sitting group***

"In the fall of 1990, we were asked by the Community of Mindful Living to organize a retreat and a public lecture with Thay in June 1991. Interestingly, the only real controversy in organizing the retreat was about a name. At the time we were asked to organize the event, the community didn't have a name or identity. Some people, including me, felt that if we were going to be the organizers of the retreat, the group needed a name. Others, opposed to any sort of organizational structure, argued even against the community having a name. But, as I remember, those opposed to a name were peripheral members of the group who were not involved in working on the retreat and were willing to allow the naming to occur. So we got our name: the Washington Mindfulness Community." ~ Mitchell Ratner

### ***20 Years Later***

*Hello dear sisters and brothers,  
Hello Washington Mindfulness Community,  
Hello to you who faithfully sit each Sunday evening,  
As well as those no longer manifested,  
Because of causes and conditions.*

*Sad that we cannot be present at this special time,  
Our birthday celebration,  
Our continuation day.  
As we have been called by the Ancestors,  
To be where we find ourselves,  
To help those suffering here,  
Just as you have done.*

*Can you sense our presence?  
Our interbeingness,  
Your interbeingness,  
With its deep affection.*

*Your magic tonic,  
Your good medicine,  
Show us the Shining Way,  
Which free us of many afflictions,  
So we are no longer consumed  
By the raging fires of birth and death.*

*You are a true refuge,  
A stable sanctuary,  
One of the Three Gems  
Shining brightly.*

*You have made all the difference.  
I bow to you with deep appreciation  
Who brought us together,  
Who keep us together on the Path,  
And to tell you:*

*"I take you wherever I go."*

*Bill Menza, October 18, 2009  
Sarasota, Florida*

## **dharMedia:** In this issue... Virtual dharma discussions; fun on YouTube with Thay

### **WMC goes virtual with dharma discussions on Yahoo!**

The WMC Communications Committee has created a new Yahoo Group called WMC Friends for members of the Washington Mindfulness Community who wish to post messages and stay connected to each other. In addition to strengthening our connections within the sangha, this list offers space for extended discussion of issues related to our mindfulness practice. This list will be lightly moderated by members of the WMC Communications Committee, in case the need arises for removal of inappropriate posts. We welcome all members of the WMC to participate in discussions, pose questions, offer ideas and provide info about mindfulness-related events in this space.

Find the group's home page at this link: <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/wmcfriends>

Members of the list can post messages to it by sending an e-mail to [wmcfriends@yahogroups.com](mailto:wmcfriends@yahogroups.com). Be aware that once you send that e-mail, it will become visible to every member of the Washington Mindfulness Community that has also signed up for the WMC Friends list. Once you click "send," you can't take it back, as they say. So please exercise judgment and mindfulness in posting your comments and questions to the group.

☺ THANK YOU TO AZARA TURAKI FOR THIS EXCELLENT IDEA!

### **Thich Nhat Hanh keeps poppin' up on YouTube**

Check out YouTube for a selection of Zen teacher Thich Nhat Hanh's responses during a question-and-answer session at Blue Cliff Monastery, Oct. 6, 2009, filmed during the "Enlightenment Now or Never" retreat.

[www.youtube.com/watch?v=Uof6illriAw](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Uof6illriAw)  
[www.youtube.com/watch?v=joIPRSRegso&NR=1](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=joIPRSRegso&NR=1)

☺ THANK YOU TO BRIGITTE PICHOT  
FOR THIS dharMedia TIP!

While browsing mindfully through YouTube, check out this video called "We Live Love Mindfully." It is a preview of the 40-minute movie, "Mindful Living Every Day," featuring the art of mindful living taught by Thich Nhat Hanh and practiced by our friends in Plum Village, France.

[www.youtube.com/watch?v=OHieroZ8fpA&feature=channel](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OHieroZ8fpA&feature=channel)

FUN NOTE: Our old friend Sister Peace, formerly Jackie Randoph, appears at 0:20!

Got a media tip for your sangha buddies? Share it in *Sangha Reflections*! Reviews or notices of books, magazines, CDs, films, podcasts, web sites, etc. are welcome. E-mail your review or information to [info@mindfulnessdc.org](mailto:info@mindfulnessdc.org).

**Did you know...** you can support our sangha without even thinking about it? The Washington Mindfulness Community makes regular contributions, called *dana*, to organizations around that world that promote mindful living, including the Washington Buddhist Vihara, our host for Sunday night gatherings.

You can use this link to set up an automatic, recurring monthly donation to the WMC:

[www.mindfulnessdc.org/donate.html](http://www.mindfulnessdc.org/donate.html)



# Sangha Reflections

Dear sangha,

A year ago, the Practice Council began an initiative to incorporate learning and mindful activities for children into our Sunday evening community practice. The effort came from a desire expressed by families in our community to have a place to bring their children to learn about Buddhism and grow up with a loving and supportive community, just as we adults have enjoyed for so many years. In addition, people without children expressed an interest in opportunities to spend more time with children, teaching them and growing with them in the dharma.

We are happy to report that the result – “Friends & Family Nights” – has been a joyful and fascinating experience. We have held four quarterly “Friends & Family Nights,” and we are planning four more over the next 12 months. As we have learned more about what works and what does not on these special evenings, we have fine-tuned the format and determined a structure that we believe will be predictable and comfortable for attendees of future gatherings.

“Friends & Family Night” starts at our usual 6:30 p.m. start time with one silent 20-minute sitting meditation and one silent 5-minute walking meditation. These meditation periods are intended for people with plenty of experience being still and quiet, so it tends to appeal more to adults than to the youngsters. Thus, families with small children are encouraged to join the gathering at 7 p.m., after the silent meditation portion is complete.



### Upcoming “Friends & Family Nights”

- \* June 13
- \* September 12
- \* December 12
- \* March 13, 2011

We welcome adult sangha members who wish to lead a portion of the evening, suggest a learning activity, or share ideas and suggestions. While the Practice Council facilitates these evenings, we sincerely hope all sangha members feel free to join in planning and enjoying the experience.

Contact the Practice Council at  
[info@mindfulnessdc.org](mailto:info@mindfulnessdc.org).

### Format for the family portion of “Friends & Family Night”

Times are approximate, to allow the evening to flow comfortably from one activity to the next.

**7 p.m.** Transition period – place cushions in a circle in dharma hall

**7:05 p.m.** Mindful movement – led by an adult, suggestions from all participants welcome

**7:20 p.m.** Learning activity and dharma discussion – could be a story, a simple game, or a creative activity

**7:45 p.m.** Guided meditation to build on the day’s lesson

**7:55 p.m.** Songs and bell inviting – bring a bell from home to share!

**8:15 p.m.** Snack and social time

Activities for the remainder of the evening are intended to appeal to everyone, not just adults and not just children. This is a goal we feel very strongly about and are continually working to communicate to the community. If a “Friends & Family Night” does not connect with people of all ages, it is not truly a community event. Our heartfelt desire is to use these gatherings to build sangha across all ages.

Activities we have conducted in our first year include creating a large banner expressing what “sangha” means to us, listening to a story about gift-giving and receiving, drawing pictures of things we are thankful for, contemplating a mindful word or phrase and sharing what it means to us, and learning new songs. We are happy to report many adults were smiling just as much as the kids during these events, and we hope future activities will continue to help us all experience the dharma with the wonder of a child.

In peace and love,

Your WMC Practice Council:  
Mary Hillebrand, Jeanine Cogan,  
Susan Hadler and Steve Sidley



## Mark your calendars for these important upcoming WMC events:

### **Sangha-building Discussion Group:**

DROP IN! Share your ideas!

Wednesday, March 31, 7 p.m.

Thursday, April 15, 7 p.m.

Thursday, April 29, 7 p.m.

Home of Kathy Lutarewych,  
Takoma, D.C.

Contact: Kathy Lutarewych  
[klutarewych@yahoo.com](mailto:klutarewych@yahoo.com)

### **Sangha Reflections Planning**

**Meeting:** Help your beloved  
newsletter grow and thrive!

Sunday, April 11, 4:30 p.m.

Highlands Cafe & Grill, Petworth, D.C.

Contact: Mary Hillebrand,  
[mkhillebrand@verizon.net](mailto:mkhillebrand@verizon.net)

### **WMC Day of Mindfulness:**

Spend a day with your sangha in  
joyful practice!

Sunday, April 18, 9 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Blueberry Gardens, Ashton, Md.

Contact: Bill Jenkins,  
[worldofmuse@aol.com](mailto:worldofmuse@aol.com)

## Additional D.C. area mindfulness practice groups

### **Mindfulness Practice Center of Fairfax:**

[info@mpcf.org](mailto:info@mpcf.org), [www.mpcf.org](http://www.mpcf.org)

Guided meditation, mindful movement, classes  
and one-day retreats held at Unitarian  
Universalist Congregation of Fairfax, Oakton, Va.

### **Still Water Mindfulness Practice Center:**

[info@stillwatermpc.org](mailto:info@stillwatermpc.org), [www.stillwatermpc.org](http://www.stillwatermpc.org)

Mindfulness practice evenings held at Crossings,  
Silver Spring; Yoga Center of Columbia, Md.;  
Takoma Park Presbyterian Church, Takoma Park;  
and Circle Yoga, Chevy Chase, D.C.

### **Boat of Compassion (Thuyen Tu) Sangha:**

[thuyentu@crpcv.org](mailto:thuyentu@crpcv.org), [www.crpcv.org/thuyentu](http://www.crpcv.org/thuyentu)

Monthly mindful days held at Giac Hoang  
Temple, Washington, D.C.

### **DC Buddhist Family Mindfulness:**

[jindrackean@gmail.com](mailto:jindrackean@gmail.com), 202-375-3119 or

[vgauri@worldbank.org](mailto:vgauri@worldbank.org) or 202-441-3651

Family-centered mindfulness events held at The  
Sheridan School, Washington, D.C., and other  
area locations.

### **Capitol Hill Mindfulness Group:**

Mary Reiger, 202-544-9389 or

[jindrackean@gmail.com](mailto:jindrackean@gmail.com), 202-375-3119

Meditation, reading and dharma discussion held  
at Healing Arts of Capitol Hill, Washington, D.C.

### **Annapolis Mindfulness Practice Group:**

[mpg@uuca-md.org](mailto:mpg@uuca-md.org), [www.mpg-annapolis.org](http://www.mpg-annapolis.org)

Practice evenings held at the Unitarian  
Universalist Church of Annapolis, Md.

### **Arlington Mindfulness Practice:**

[pfguerrero@aol.com](mailto:pfguerrero@aol.com), 703-820-1524

Practice evening held in Arlington, Va.

### **Baltimore Mindfulness Practice (Fresh Breeze Sangha):**

[freshbreeze@earthlink.net](mailto:freshbreeze@earthlink.net), 410-323-2180

Practice day held at Govans Presbyterian  
Church, Baltimore.

### **Bowie Springs Meditation Group:**

[leeweimer@verizon.net](mailto:leeweimer@verizon.net) or

[azara\\_turaki@yahoo.com](mailto:azara_turaki@yahoo.com)

Practice days held at Goodloe Memorial Unitarian  
Universalist Church, Bowie, Md.

### **Columbia Mindfulness Practice:**

Judy Colligan, 410-730-4712

Practice evening held at Kittamaqundi  
Community Church, Columbia, Md.

### **Lotus Heart Mindfulness Community:**

Michael Goodman, 410-833-6685,

[www.lotusheartsangha.com](http://www.lotusheartsangha.com)

Practice day held at breathe books, Baltimore.