



TAIL OF THE OX

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DEAR SANGHA AND FRIENDS, If you are like me, then you may agree that often practice can be messy. Yes, sometimes the clouds part and our practice feels wide, open and wonderful, yet at other times those same clouds descend upon us and we may feel socked in, heavy and even discouraged. Whatever our states of mind, or the physical states of our bodies, we keep working - keep cleaning up our practice. Wherever we find ourselves, at any given moment, the words and experiences of our teacher and fellow practitioners can be both motivating and inspiring. The stories and experiences of our Sangha sisters and brothers can help us to renew our determination - to be undeterred by just how long this "little" clean-up project we've embarked on might take!

From the story of one of the Zen Centre's founding members, to another Senior Member's reflections on our bi-annual Yard Sale; from caring and tending to the Centre's altars, to ironing our robes; from a wonderful description of Spring Cleaning and Altar Dedication, to memories of the 2009 Hunger Banquet; from reflections on Rafe Martin's special Jataka Tale Sesshin, to a host of delicious recipe contributions in our special expanded 'Ox in the Kitchen' section, the Ox team is grateful for the efforts of all members and friends who have contributed to this issue. May the great clean up continue, long into the night!

~ Bruce Roberts

Founding Member: Jim McGillivray

By Marilyn King

WHAT IS REAL? This was the question that plagued James McGillivray from his early years. And those early years were hard ones because James was born in the middle of the Great Depression in 1934. He and his family lived in the Junction area of Toronto. At that time the workers lived near their place of work, which in Jim's dad's case was one of the local factories. These days they are all torn down or have been turned into elegant shops or condominiums. Back then, however, his Dad was

able to come home for lunch. They were poor, really poor. Every dollar was pinched until it squealed.

Jim went to the local school until he finished grade eight at the age of fifteen. He then left school and went to work as a sailor with the Great Lakes Merchant Marine. He really enjoyed this very hard work. The night shift was his favourite time when he was out alone on the deck surrounded by the emptiness of the water, sky and stars. "What is Real?" he

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CLEANING AND PRACTICE



Jim...

would ask himself as he stared up into the endless black of the sky.

After eighteen months, Jim left the Merchant Marine to live with his uncle who lived alone on his farm near Dundalk. He was a silent man, but Jim enjoyed working with him. He especially enjoyed the countryside, taking long walks through the fields and woods. Always those questions accompanied him: "Who am I? What is real? What if nothing is real? Would that be so bad?"

Until he was eighteen, Jim continued to work with his uncle on the farm. Always he sent home money to his family. Then, in 1952 Jim joined the army. It was the time of the Korean War and Jim enlisted in the First Battalion of the Royal Canadian Regiment as a paratrooper. Following his training in Petawawa, he was posted near Brandon, Manitoba. Then it was off to Korea. Jim can testify that war is hell, really hell; yet when he was sent off to Japan for Rest and Recreation for a couple of weeks, he would start to get restless and be ready to return to combat. There was something about it all – maybe the camaraderie – that he enjoyed and missed when he was away.

After eighteen months in Ko-

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Jim McGillivray

rea, Jim returned home. What to do now? He was restless trying this and that, but nothing satisfied. Finally, someone suggested the Fire Department. He gave it a try, and felt "I was born to do this." Most of the men in the Fire Department at that time were veterans who knew war and could understand what Jim was going through.

Now retired, Jim would stay with the Fire Department for four decades. What most sticks in his mind is the terror of being trapped in a burning building, lost in the smoke and darkness and running out of oxygen.

Even with the fear, boredom and long hours at work, Jim enjoyed the friendships among the firemen. It was much like the comradeship he found in the army: they understood one another and defended and protected each other. Yet still the questions remained with him: "I am separated from Something. I have to know: Who am I? I have to know!"

In 1959, Jim met Marilyn Mercer at a party on the Danforth and later married her. The years brought them two girls, Lisa and Robin, and one boy, Michael. Jim and Marilyn have been married for over forty years and have one grandchild.

In the Sixties someone told Jim that, if he was interested, a fellow

from Rochester named Kapleau would be giving a talk on Zen Buddhism. Jim attended the talk along with a large contingent of university kids, assorted dropouts and druggies. In the course of the evening, Roshi Kapleau asked everyone what they did for a living. Jim stood out when he declared that he was a fireman. Roshi looked intrigued and asked Jim to stay behind. They had a long talk that evening and, by the end of it, Jim was advised to find a few other like minded individuals and start an informal meditation group. It took time, but this was the start of the Toronto Zen Centre.

The first home of the TZC was a dingy place rented on McGee Street in Toronto's east end and became Jim's spiritual home. Along with the other members, Jim worked hard to clean and paint the house and to polish the floors.

Every few months, Roshi Kapleau visited and gave dokusan to his students. As well, Jim and others travelled to Rochester for sesshins. Finally Jim was given the koan Mu to work on. He became possessed by Mu. He ate Mu. He went out walking Mu. He slept Mu. *What could it be?* Meanwhile, at the fire hall, Jim found a place on the top floor to meditate whenever he could. His buddies were enormously tolerant even if they did tease him mercilessly. What was Mu?

Jim did finally discover Mu. He shakes his head and smiles, glowing when he relives that time. Through his practice those tireless questions that had haunted him all his life were answered. *He knew!*

Jim has been part of the Toronto Zen Centre from its birth and through its many incarnations over the decades. Our thanks to Jim McGillivray, a founding member of our wonderful Centre. ♦

Ironing Out

By Sara Salih

AS SOMEONE WHO'S STILL relatively new to practice, I find I have not quite got the hang of the robe (literally, figuratively). When I first started coming to the Zen Centre, I thought I would never feel comfortable enough to wear a robe, but after just a few sittings I found myself reaching for one of the red hangers in the closet without really thinking about it, and before long I had sent my measurements and a cheque to the Endless Knot seamstress. When it arrived the robe was beautiful, a perfect fit, so carefully made and with crisp creases. I was happy to wear it and to place it on its own blue hanger in the change-room closet.

Soon it was time to take the robe home and wash it, and it was then I began to feel somewhat overwhelmed by the garment.

The washing itself was easy enough, but as soon as I hung the robe up to dry, the cats who live with me were merrily lunging at the cotton ties which dangled to the floor. This seemed improper somehow, so I coiled up the ties, much to the kitties' disappointment.

It turns out my robe is the only thing I ever iron, so I had

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to locate the iron, dust it off, and retrain myself in how to put up the ironing board. I had never properly appreciated the sheer artistry of the robe, but now I marvelled (in some dismay, I must admit) at the numerous seams, the hem, the collar, the pocket, those tempting ties. How on earth should I iron this thing? I wondered. The robe was longer than the ironing board so I couldn't simply sweep the iron from end to end in a single motion. It would take some planning; there must be a right way to do this. Was there some Caring-For-Your-Robe workshop I had somehow failed to attend?

Failure was very much in my mind as I went round and round the robe with the iron, for I could only tackle one section at a time, and as soon as that part was smooth I found an unwanted crease had formed elsewhere. I was probably ironing for about half an hour – quite a long time for someone who never irons – but to my surprise I found my sense of inadequacy giving way to a calm delight and absorption in the task, a new respect and love for the robe, and a commitment to caring



Sara in her ironed robe.

for it, however imperfectly. After all, caring for my robe is caring for my practice. It is also an opportunity to appreciate the ways Zen practice and the Zen Centre have entered my life and to understand some of the challenges I'm encountering along the way. For instance: I see I am full of creases and I doubt I'll ever be able to smooth all of them away, but that doesn't mean I should give up the process of ironing or being ironed.

Once the robe was cleaned, pressed and folded, I placed it in a plastic bag with care and laid it flat so I could transport it to the Centre the following day. Looking over a little while later, I saw one of the kitties contentedly nestled on top of my handiwork. I thought of coaxing him to another spot, but he looked so comfortable I left him there. A few more creases, I thought: I'll just have to get the iron out again. ♦



The Zen Centre Yard Sale

By Schoel Shuster

IN ITS OWN WAY, the Yard Sale is a form of Zen practice. We simplify our lives by recycling things we do not need. We face having to deal with money. We relate to Dharma friends and strangers. The Yard Sale offers a rich set of activities in which our "ordinary" life and our life of practice meet and interact, all with as much attention as we can bring to it.

By donating items we no longer need, we confront our accumulation habit, our materialism, and our tendency to create a self by acquiring things. We unburden, and thereby redefine ourselves so we can live life more simply, more directly. Yes!

We price things before bringing them to the Centre, making judgments about what is appropriate for a Yard Sale. We must respect these objects, but put a price on them. Money reduces everything, making things

worthless. Can we let price and money enter our mind, and not be corrupted by them? How do we stay respectful towards these "things"?

If we help out at the Yard Sale ourselves, the slightly chaotic set-up time requires attention and energy. We jump in, carrying tables, boxes, setting out hundreds of large and small items.

9:00 a.m. arrives before we know it, and people rush in. How do we relate to these "strangers"? Are they not our brothers and sisters, our loved ones?

And if bargaining is called for, we need to retain our equanimity in what seems like a competitive situation. The customer's well-being is important, but so is raising money for the Zen Centre. The Dharma is important, but so are these people.

At the same time, working with fellow practitioners, we get to know each other in new ways. What a treat! So many aspects to each person.

Usually music is played, live or on CD, enhancing the environment for all. A member makes crepes with a choice of fillings. The bake table reminds me of its presence periodically, the smiling faces of my friends.

As the day proceeds, some workers leave, while others arrive. At 3:00 pm, cleanup begins, which usually takes longer than the set up. Goods not sold are re-boxed and the large pile of boxes, bags, and miscellany are taken in a number of vehicles to Goodwill as a donation so that others may use them. Magically the Centre is returned to its original state – uncovered and vibrant. No traces of the day's activities can be found. ♦



Schoel Shuster and Jim MacKinnon at the Spring 2010 Yard Sale

Loving Attention: Cleaning the altars

By Mihaela Poca

OUR CENTRE IS AN EXAMPLE of cleanliness. From the entranceway to the stairs, to the Buddha hall and zendo, all the cleaning is done with attention on Sunday mornings. The Sangha comes together to clean our temple. And a feeling of deep practice rises after everything is finished. Oftentimes when any of my friends come and visit, this cleanliness and simplicity is noticed first, along with the feeling of peace and love.

Around the Centre we have several altars. It is inspiring to walk by and see our True Nature looking at us from the altars. Perfect, clean, beautiful figures are right in front of us. We attend to the altars every week and there are a few members who put together beautiful flower arrangements.

The altar work requires time and dedication and it is ongoing work. All the qualities developed from doing zazen can be applied in altar work: persistence, gentleness, love, care, joy and, most of

all, attention. There are details that need to be taken care of before anything else begins. Even taking off a candle or moving an incense pot has to be done with care.

The altar team has a schedule and the altars get cleaned every week, generally on Thursdays. The candles are trimmed; they have to be no more than a certain depth otherwise they don't light properly. The wood surfaces are

wiped, and every corner and edge is lovingly worked on. Some of the figures are fragile and it is important to be gentle, to pay attention at every crease and sweep it gently with the brush. The incense pots are tricky - they take a bit more time because it takes a lot of care to make them as close to perfect as possible. Sometimes a slight movement and we have to do it all over again. The pots are a good teacher for me as I cannot rush with them; they seem well done in one light and then when you look closer there is always room for improvement.

Doing altar work is joyful. A sense of gratitude rises when spending time around the figures. They are good reminders to always look inside, to be present at every step, and to work on uncovering our true nature. It is interesting how with the eye we cannot always see that the altars were cleaned, but they feel different. Everything feels fresh, shiny, inspiring, and it carries us forward to go deeper into practice.♦

*Fresh, shiny, inspiring —
it carries us forward
deeper into practice.*

Sesshin with Stories

By Ana Pérez-Leroux

LAST MARCH, THE CENTRE WELCOMED Rafe Martin for the seven day Working Person Sesshin. Rafe is a long-time Zen Buddhist practitioner, popular author and storyteller, who has focused his scholarship and storytelling work on the Jataka tales. The

Jataka tales are stories of the previous lives of Buddha, and tell of his path. Like Rafe said, these are stories that show the Buddha in many facets: not always as a king or powerful being, but sometimes as a small creature such as a parrot, sometimes making mistakes and

paying for it, but always working for the benefit of sentient beings, and towards purification of the self. The sesshin was structured so as to put the Jataka tales at the centre of it.

At the time usually scheduled for Teisho, Sensei would welcome Rafe formally into the

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Stories...

Zendo, and Rafe would tell one of the tales, offering commentary around and inside the tale. During the weekend portion of the sesshin, Rafe's talks were followed by an exchange in which everyone was welcome to relate the selected tale to his or her own experiences and practice. The stories of the hungry tigress, the little parrot, and the crow came alive in the zendo, as Rafe's eloquent, clear voice connected us to this magnificent oral tradition dating back to the times of the Buddha. This was truly a practice of deep listening: to the Jataka tales, and to each other.

Lorraine Schubert tells us that she was attracted to this sesshin precisely because of the inclusion of the Jataka tales. Like many of us, she had some anxiety about signing up for her first sesshin, but told me "This special format gave me a com-

fort zone. I relate to stories and storytelling."

I asked her about sesshin. "The weekend was lovely. The tales were profound—the interpretation and how it connects to the practice of the Buddha Way. I cannot explain. But when Monday hit, it was much harder. We got to leave during the day and go to work. I found the transition jarring. From serene and lovely to the brutality

of my daily life at work. I remembered Sensei had told us how this form of sesshin was harder."

Lorraine described a deepening sense of awareness which increased through the week. Even still, she noted a deep contrast between the settings of the Zen Centre and her workplace: the Centre where you dedicate yourself to development of consciousness and awareness, and the work environment "where there seems to be little room for awareness, just productivity and activity."

I asked whether she had found the Jataka tale sesshin rewarding. She responded heartily "The stories gave me a space to think about the things I have done. And Rafe's way of sharing created a situation where I could feel comfortable about my own humanity. The Jataka tales are so full of humanity, and teach us how wonderful we are even with our mistakes!" ♦



Author Rafe Martin

Reflections: The Hunger Banquet

By Florencia Esteverena

MAMI, TENGO HAMBRE. (Mommy, I'm hungry) My son repeated these words again and again, while we waited for our turn. As I picked up our designated plate, he looked up at me with disbelief. Joaquin had been eyeing and trying to eat food off of another plate—one that clearly did not represent the low in-

come group we belonged to.

Every action has repercussions, as does every thought. Through every experience at the Zen Centre: be it sitting in the zendo, chanting in the Kannon room, cleaning the stairs, working in the gardens; whether it is during regular weekly sittings, sesshins, retreats, other special events... I continue to learn the

importance of working together in harmony with my fellow practitioners. To depend and be depended on. When this happens, my practice no longer becomes just my practice, it is our practice. This group effort is done with awareness, commitment and responsibility. By doing our best to follow the precepts, not only for ourselves but for the benefit of all

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Hunger Banquet...



Holding out an almost empty plate in my hand, I felt a huge responsibility and honour. I was interpreting Julia, a low-income Nicaraguan woman.

sentient beings: we become enlightened in the sense that our load is shared: your burdens are my burdens, and my suffering is your suffering.

While most of us have food on our plates and can feed our children, we don't need to go half way around the world to find poverty and hunger – it's in our neighbourhoods, in our schools.

During our Hunger Banquet, we addressed these troubling issues and shared our commitment to working for change with our families, friends and other members of our community. Seated according to our assigned incomes, we shared the insight of an Afghan medical doctor and heard the difference our donations would make locally at St Francis Table. We were able to embrace, with willingness and compassion, a sense of greater responsibility.

As I walked through those crowded tables, Joaquin by my side, holding out an almost empty plate in my hand, I felt a huge responsibility and honour. I was interpreting Julia, a low-income Nicaraguan woman. I felt her stress, her pain, but also her strength. I was swarmed with memories of many low income women and families I've befriended in rural northern Argentina – matriarchal units living in humble dwellings, in harsh conditions with minimal access to everything I take for granted (running water, electricity, a fridge full of food, education, transportation.) But when I

met these women I did not feel sorry for them, I felt admiration and was inspired to become a better person and to find ways to leave a better world, one with more justice, one with more equality than the one I was experiencing.

During the meal through an "open mike" we tapped into our collective memories of hunger. We shared a meal and discussed the importance of our daily actions. Social justice and spiritual growth go hand in hand. If we work together for our own transformation and deeper awareness, we become more open to the suffering in our societies, and it becomes easier to find local solutions to our local problems.

My first visit to the TZC was right after attending the 2003 World Social Forum in Porto Alegre, Brazil. With my practice, my heart has opened up. I feel closer to those women and to all beings. Every interaction I have at the TZC is refreshing and I leave feeling lighter, happier, and a better person. The Hunger Banquet added a greater awareness, and the presence of my son opened me to the reality of so many children going to bed hungry. This experience reinforced my commitment to this wonderful, wondrous practice that we share in the Sangha and I began to grasp a deeper meaning to our meal chant's words: "With teachers and family, with nations and all life let us equally share. .♦"

Dedication: Aiki is Love

By Fran Turner

SOME WEEKS AGO we had spring house cleaning at my Aikido dojo. As at the Toronto Zen Centre, students participate in cleaning—and besides special cleaning “events” like this spring cleaning or the Zen Centre’s annual New Year’s Temple cleaning, there is lots of effort needed to keep both practice spaces sparkling. In both my Aikido dojo and at TZC, care of the practice space is a responsibility of the members – not only a responsibility, but a part of our practice. Whether tidying the Zendo or cleaning the washrooms after a Sunday morning sitting, attending to the many needs of the Temple gardens, or sweeping the Aikido mat after every class, a cleaning schedule and the mindful attention of members ensures our practice Centres are maintained with love, reverence and gratitude.

As just one example of the difference the collective efforts of a community of likeminded practitioners can make, I wanted to share with my Zen Centre sisters and brothers a special “cleaning” that took place not long after we moved into our new Aikido dojo.

In January 2008, our Aikido dojo moved into its current space on Carlaw Avenue. The space was renovated, cleaned up prior to moving in, and dedicated with an opening seminar and a special ceremony.

Students, family and friends contributed hours not only to

making the new space functionally suitable for Aikido training, but also to make it beautiful. They put in hours taking down the former photography studio, putting up attractive dressing rooms, laying down the area for the practice mats, and moving mats and furniture from our old storefront dojo. A carpenter friend came from Boston to build the important space at the front of the dojo, designing it together with the husband of one of my students.

The main focus of the dojo is the front wall and in our dojo it is made of blond wood with a roof of cedar shingles. In honour of Japanese tradition, a space was constructed to house a miniature altar (*kamidana*) which is believed to purify the room and its *ki*. It is said that as soon as the *kamidana* is set up, all *kami* (a kind of spiritual essence or energy in every living and non-living thing)

emerge, and the space is protected by them.

Hosetsu Takahashi, a Japanese calligraphic artist and mother of one of our members, blessed us with the very generous gift of a scroll. The calligraphy says, “Aiki is love” or “Matching energy and spirit is love.” Another scroll, a gift from two friends of the dojo and created by Hiroshi Ikeda reads, “Aikido.” “Aikido” is often translated “the way of spiritual harmony.”

Aikido is a gift to the world from the founder, Morihei Ueshiba referred to as O-Sensei, or Great Teacher, a man of the twentieth century. His final instruction to his students is like a Bodhisattva blessing: “Aikido is for the entire world. Train not for selfish reasons, but for all people everywhere.”

To celebrate the opening of our new dojo at the end of Janu-



Senior students at Aikido Shugyo Dojo participating in the Dedication

Aiki...



Taigen Sensei's talk.

ary 2008, we held a seminar led by my teacher, Clyde Takeguchi Sensei, a seventh degree black belt from Washington DC. Although "seminar" sounds as though it might mean sitting around, Aikido seminars are several hours of focused training to which Aikidoists from other clubs are invited.

All of us at the dojo recognized what a huge commitment and step forward moving into our new space entailed and we all wanted the first seminar to be special and meaningful. We were all so grateful for the beauty and good feeling that resulted from the effort and wanted to deepen it. I was delighted that the dojo board agreed to invite Sensei Taigen Henderson, abbot of the Toronto Zen Centre, to lead a dedication ceremony as part of the seminar.

The ceremony was created using the Three Treasures as a model - to honour the Founder of Aikido, to honour his teachings,



Taigen Sensei suggested reading the Metta Sutra as part of the ceremony, and it fit perfectly.

and to honour the community of Aikido teachers and practitioners that support and sustain O-Sensei's teachings. Taigen Sensei suggested reading the Metta Sutra as part of the ceremony, and it fit perfectly. There were also readings from O-Sensei by senior students and Taigen Sensei gave a talk and conducted the purification with fresh water and green cedar boughs.

With Clyde Sensei's inspiring classes, the dedication ceremony, the good wishes of Aikido friends who came to train with us and the excitement generated from having moved into our new location, it was a memorable seminar radiating good feeling that cleansed our Aikido practice and the new dojo.

Even two years later, every time I step into the dojo it takes my breath away - it is a magnificent place in which to work on refining ourselves with Aikido. In so many respects, the feelings I have when I enter our Aikido dojo run parallel to those I experience each time I come to the TZC. To have the opportunity to practice both Aikido and Zen and to be able to contribute to both of these wonderful communities is something for which I am most grateful.

The greatest compliment to our Aikido dojo was the visitor who walked in, gazed about, took a deep breath and said, "This place is very special." Through my years at the Toronto Zen Centre, I have often heard those same words echoing through the beautiful house on High Park Gardens that so many have laboured over so selflessly and so lovingly for so long. To all of you, my deepest gratitude. ♦

Vesak Recipes

WALNUT SHORTBREAD

~ contributed by Diana and Laura Hurst

250 ml (1 cup) whole wheat flour
125 ml (1/2 cup) corn starch
Pinch of salt
60 ml (1/4 cup) extra-fine* sugar
125 g butter, cubed and slightly softened
60 ml (1/4 cup) finely-chopped walnuts

* Castor sugar/quick-melting sugar). You can easily make it yourself, processing granulated sugar until it is powdery - about 30 seconds.

Sift flour, cornstarch and salt into a mixing bowl, adding any bran left in the sieve. Mix in the sugar, and rub in the butter, then knead until the mixture forms a smooth ball. Knead in the walnuts.

Line a shallow, 19 cm cake pan with baking parchment and press the mixture in evenly. Prick all over with a fork and press around the edge with the back of the fork. Then score lightly into 8 wedges.

Bake at 160 degrees Centigrade for 10 minutes, then reduce the heat to 150 deg C and bake for a further 40 - 45 minutes, or until shortbread is beige to light brown in colour.

Cut through the wedges while still warm, then leave in pan until cold.

Dust lightly with confectioner's sugar and store in an airtight container.

If you double the quantities, use a 26 x 20 cm baking pan and score into 24 pieces.

You can press chocolate chips or dried apricot chunks etc. into the surface, if desired.



DAHL MAKHANI

~ contributed by Sead Kulenovic

120 g \ 2/3 cup urad dahl (whole)
30 g \ 3 tablespoons red kidney beans
Salt
20 g \ 3 1/2 teaspoons ginger paste *
20 g \ 3 1/2 teaspoons garlic paste *
120 ml \ 4 1/2 oz tomato puree *
5 g \ 1 teaspoon red chili powder (or to taste)
100 g \ 1/2 cup butter (unsalted)
120 ml \ 1/2 cup cream

* Ginger and garlic paste are nothing more than ginger/garlic with some water made into a fine paste using a food processor. I use Hunts tomato sauce for the tomato puree. A small can (ca 270ml) is what I use if I am making a single recipe.

Soak lentils and beans for 8 hours.

Drain and wash lentils 3 times. (If you don't wash them thoroughly they end up tasting sour.) Put lentils, and about 1tsp salt into a pot with 1.5l (6 1/4 cups) of water. Bring to a boil. Keep skimming the foam that will form at the surface. Stir occasionally.

Keep cooking the lentils until two thirds of the water has evaporated. You should be able to see the lentils just under the surface. Check that the lentils are cooked enough. If they are not, add some more water and continue to cook. Make sure you are not left with more water than previously described.

Add ginger paste, garlic paste, tomato sauce, red chili powder and 100g of butter. Keep in mind that you cannot add water after this. Stir until it all blends. Mash the lentils lightly against the side of the pot. This will help the sauce thicken up. Keep cooking until the sauce thickens. The original recipe says 45 minutes but that might be too long (or short). I never time this step so I am not sure. This is where you have to decide how thin/thick you like it. I like it more on the thick side.) Stir occasionally.

Finally, add the cream and cook for another 10 minutes. Stir often. Adjust seasoning. Serve on top of some rice or as a side to a main entree.

Ox in the Kitchen



In what ways are preparing and eating food connected to practice? How can I make the transition to vegetarianism or veganism? What are hungry ghosts and why do we make offerings to them? Should we eat before or after sittings? The Ox in the Kitchen is a forum in which these and other questions may be raised and addressed by members, so please write in with your articles and recipes. In this issue we feature a pizza recipe from Marilyn King, as well as a number of Vesak recipes contributed by members and friends. Enjoy!!

~ Sara Salih

White Pizza with Broccoli and Mushrooms ~ Marilyn King

Patrick and I really enjoy eating a good pizza. And I always wanted to try making it but how do you make 2 pizzas at the same time, both small enough for one person and each with different toppings? Pat is strictly a pepperoni and mushroom man, while I am vegetarian. Finally I solved the problem. Mind you, it took a recipe I really wanted to try to make me get to work on a solution.

2 Tbs margarine or butter, divided
 6 oz. mushrooms, sliced (2 cups)
 8 oz. broccoli florets (3 cups)
 1 Tbs all purpose flour
 1 cup low-fat milk
 2 cloves garlic minced
 ¼ tsp. salt
 ½ cup shredded mozzarella, divided
 ¼ cup grated parmesan, divided
 1 - 13.8 oz. package of refrigerated pizza dough



Place pizza stone or baking sheet in centre of oven, and heat to 425 degrees.

Melt 1½ tsp. margarine in a skillet over medium-high heat. Add mushrooms, and cook 4 to 7 minutes or until beginning to brown, stirring frequently. When browned, remove mushrooms to bowl and set aside. Add broccoli florets to pan with 1/3 cup of water. Cover tightly and steam broccoli in skillet 3 to 4 minutes or until tender. Set aside with mushrooms.

Heat remaining margarine in a saucepan over medium-high heat. Add flour, and cook 2 minutes, or until pale golden - stirring constantly. Stir in milk, garlic, and salt. Cook 3-4 minutes, or until mixture thickens and begins to boil, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Stir in ¼ cup mozzarella and 2 Tbs Parmesan until sauce is smooth and cheese is melted.

Shape pizza dough according to package di-

rections (I just tore off a 1/3 cup sized bit from the dough and shaped it with a rolling pin on a floured board until I had about a 10 inch round) Open oven door and slip shaped dough round onto the stone or cookie sheet for about 2-3 minutes. This crisps the under side. (If you wish, you may repeat the procedure for the other side, but for less time. If big bubbles show up on the second side, prick them with a sharp knife. This procedure prevents the soft flabby dough syndrome.) Remove cookie sheet or stone with dough on it from the oven.

Spread white sauce over dough to within ½ inch of edge, and top with mushrooms and broccoli. Sprinkle remaining mozzarella and parmesan over the top. Return to oven, and bake 15-18 minutes or until the edges of the pizza are golden and the centre is hot and bubbly. Cool slightly before slicing.

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*The thunderstorm breaks up,
one tree lit by setting sun,
a cicada cry*

~ *Shiki*

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- Sara Salih
- Vladislav Sekulic
- Lorraine Schubert
- Schoel Shuster
- Karen Stenning
- Fran Turner

Recipes...

BEAN SALAD

~ contributed by Karen Stenning & Friends

19 oz can of cut wax beans
19 oz can of cut green beans
19 oz can of kidney beans
1/2 cup chopped green pepper
3/4 cup sugar
2/3 cup vinegar
1/3 cup oil
1 teaspoon salt & pepper
2 stalks celery
1/4 red onion

Mix ingredients and stir. Refrigerate overnight. Serve.

BROWN RICE SALAD WITH CORN

~ contributed by Karen Stenning & Friends

1 1/2 cups brown rice
2 ears corn
1 cucumber
several green onions
salt

Dressing:

1 1/2 tablespoons tamari soy sauce
juice of 1 lemon
pinch of salt

Cook the brown rice (approximately 40 minutes) in water with a couple of pinches of sea salt.

Boil the corn for approximately 10 minutes (kernels should still be firm).

Once both the rice and corn are cooled, combine with cucumber and green onions.)

(Add other vegetables, raw or lightly cooked, as desired for colour and variety.)

Mix the dressing and stir into rice mixture.

BEEF SALAD

~ contributed by Gina Lee

For a medium size bowl of salad:

3 red beets
3 orange beets
5 oranges
fresh thyme
sprinkle salt
shaved almonds
olive oil

Boil beets in separate pots for 35-40 minutes.

Remove beets and peel should slip off easily.

Slice beets after they cool.

Peel oranges and remove white centre. Chop into quarters, then slice quarters in half so you have chunks of orange.

Mix sliced beets, oranges, thyme, salt together.

Drizzle with olive oil, sprinkle shaved almonds on top et voila!

