

Master Ganjin's Journey

by Linda Castro

Like the sun breaking through a gray and misty canopy,
Our voices join, break the silence, grateful to our past.

He who traveled over oceans planting seeds of Truth,
facing dangers overwhelming with no thought of self.

We are joined by the Dharma in a circle without end.

Foreign lands, does it matter?
foreign tongues may speak the same thought,
children all of one mother, now in need of care.

As we gather draw together, know all life is one,
stand beneath the same cool moonlight,
warmed beneath one sun.

We are joined by the Dharma in a circle without end.