

Funeral Resources

The earth is fragrant
With plum petals falling
On my way home
~Fuwa



Buddhist Rituals

In the Mahayana Buddhism, we pray for the dead for 49 days after passing away, 49 being the estimated time it takes for the spirit to be reborn again into a new life. Some spirits are reborn 3 days, 21 days, 49 days or 100 days after death.

[Dai Bosatsu O-Bon](#) – Honoring the spirits of our ancestors

Zen Chants, Readings, Reflections

Hollow Bones Sutra Book

- Atta Dipa
- Heart Sutra
- Four Awakened Vows

Dai Bosatsu Sutra Book

Enmei Jukku Kannon Gyo (p. 13)

Kanzeon namu butsu
Yo butsu u in
Yo butsu u en buppo
So en jo raku ga
Jo cho nen Kanzeon
Bo nen Kanzeon
Nen nen ju shin ki
Nen nen fu ri shin

Dai Segaki (p. 29) - [Dai Segaki Chant \(YouTube\)](#)

JYA-JIN NYU-RYO SHI O
SAN SHI ISHI FU IN KAN
HAKAI SHIN ISHI YUI SHIN ZO
NAMU-JIHO FU
NAMU-JIHO HA
NAMU-JIHO SEN
NAMU-HON SU SHI KYA MU NIFU
NAMU-DAI ZUDAI HIKYU
KUKAN SHI-IN BUSA
NAMU-KI KO ONAN SON SHA
NAMU-SABO TOTOGYATO BORYO KICHI-
EN
SAN MORA SAN MORA KIN
NAMU-SURYOBOYA TOTOGYATOYA
TOJITO YEN
SURYO SURYO BOYASURYO BOYASURYO
SOMOKO
NAMU-SAMANDA HODONAN PAN
NAMU-HO SHIN JIRAI
NAMU-TOHO JIRAI
NAMU-MYO SHISHIN JIRAI
NAMU-KO HASHIN JIRAI
NAMU-RIFUI JIRAI
NAMU-KAN RO YO JIRAI
NAMU-OMITO JIRAI
NAMU-OMITBOYA TOTOGYATOYA
TONIYATO OMIRI TSUBOMI
OMIRITO SHITABOMI OMIRITO
BIGYARACHI OMIRITO BIGYARATO

GYAMINI GYAGYANO SHITOGYARI-
SOMOKO
JIN SHU KYA JI JIN NIN SHI
FU SHI O SA SHU KI JIN
GEN KAI BO MON SHA KEN SHIN
SHI DO YU MI SAN ZEN DO
KI I SAM BO HA BU JI
KYU KIN TE SHIN BU JO KA
KUN TE BU HEN JIN MI RAI
I SHI SHUN SAN ZUN PA SHI
JITEN KIJIN SHU GOKIN SUJI KYU SUJI
HEN
JIHO ISHI KIJIN KYU
I SU SHU AN SHU SEN GEN
HO TA BU MO KI RO TEI
SON SHA FU RA JU BU KYU
MO SHA RI KU SAN NAN NYO
SU IN SAN NYU SHI AN SHI
SAN ZU HA NAN KU SHUN SAN
KYU MO KUI KO SEN NAN SU
JIN SHU RIN NUI SAN JIN ZU
GEN NISKUNTEI FU GYU OISHI GOTEN
NISHUN
SAN KAI KYU JIN BUDO

JI HO SANSHI ISHI-ISHI FU
SHISON BUSA MOKO SA
MOKO HOJA HORO MI

Memorial Dedication (p. 31)

One stream of a valley pours the ambrosial nectar;
Ten thousand peaks of pine wind strike the dharma drum.

On this ___ day of _____, 20____
Offering incense, tea, and Dai Segaki chanting,
Let us dedicate to ___(names)_____
...and all known and unknown
Deceased dharma sisters and brothers.

May the sun of wisdom shine ever more brightly,
And may we all cease wandering in the darkness of ignorance.
Let true dharma continue
Universal sangha relation
Become complete.

JI HO SANSHI ISHI-ISHI FU
SHISON BUSA MOKO SA
MOKO HOJA HORO O MI O O O

Other

Verses on the Faith Mind – Seng T’san

The Way is perfect like vast space, where there’s
no lack and no excess. Awakening is to go beyond
both emptiness as well as form.
All changes in this empty world seem real
because of ignorance.

The Great Way is without limit,
beyond the easy and the hard.
Just let go now of the clinging mind,
and all things are just as they are.
In essence nothing goes or stays.

To seek Great Mind with the thinking mind
is certainly a grave mistake.
If mind does not discriminate,
all things are as they are, as One.
When all is seen with a mind of equality
we return to our most intimate nature.

When the mind is fully with the Way,
all egocentered strivings cease; doubts and confusion
disappear, and so true faith pervades our life.
There is no thing that clings to us,
and nothing that is left behind.
In this true world of emptiness both self
and other are no more.

The Way is beyond all space, all time,
one instant is ten thousand years.
Not only here, not only elsewhere
truth is right before your very eyes.
One thing is all, all things are one—
know this and all is whole and complete.

When faith and the mind are not separate,
this very reality is beyond all words, all thought.
For here there is no yesterday,
no tomorrow, no today

**Soto Zen Transition
Memorial Verse**

For our great, abiding friend (name)
Who is passing from this world to the next.
S/he is taking a great leap.
The light of this world has faded for h/er.
S/he has entered solitude with h/er karmic forces.
S/he has gone into a vast Silence.
S/he is borne away by the Great Ocean of birth
and death;
May s/he, together with all beings, realize the end
of suffering,
And the complete unfolding of Buddha's Way

Zen Story

A monk asked a Zen master, "What happens when you die?"

The Zen master replied, "I don't know."

The monk said, "What do you mean. Aren't you a Zen master?"

And the Zen Master replied, "Yes, but I'm not a dead one."

A Cloud Never Dies by Thich Nhat Hahn

Video: [A cloud never dies](#)

A cloud appears from causes and conditions. It then seems to disappear, but a cloud has never been born and it will never die. It continues in different forms – the rain, the waters, nourishing the earth, in us. So there is no birth or death, just the continuous change in form. If we observe deeply, we will see that we are the continuation of our parents and that we will continue on in different forms. We are this.

Diamond Sutra

Thus shall you think of all this fleeting world:

A star at dawn, a bubble in a stream;

A flash of lightening in a summer cloud,

A flickering lamp, a phantom, and a dream.

When Buddha finished this Discourse the venerable Subhuti, together with the bhikshus, bhikshunis, lay-brothers and sisters, and the whole realms of Gods, Men and Titans, were filled with joy by His teaching, and, taking it sincerely to heart they went their ways."

— **Siddhārtha Gautama**

Poetry

Peace My Heart

Peace, my heart,
let the time for the parting be sweet.
Let it not be a death but completeness.
Let love melt into memory and pain into songs.
Let the flight through the sky end
in the folding of the wings
over the nest.
Let the last touch of your hands be gentle
like the flower of the
night.

Stand still, O Beautiful End, for a moment,
and say your last
words in silence.
I bow to you
and hold up my lamp
to light you on your way.

— **Rabindranath Tagore**

In Blackwater Woods (excerpt) by Mary Oliver

To live in this world
you must be able
to do three things:
to love what is mortal;
to hold it
against your bones knowing
your own life depends on it;
and, when the time comes to let it go,
to let it go.

When Death Comes by Mary Oliver

When death comes
like the hungry bear in autumn;
when death comes and takes all the bright coins from his purse

to buy me, and snaps the purse shut;
when death comes
like the measles-pox;

when death comes
like an iceberg between the shoulder blades,

I want to step through the door full of curiosity, wondering:
what is it going to be like, that cottage of darkness?

And therefore I look upon everything
as a brotherhood and a sisterhood,
and I look upon time as no more than an idea,
and I consider eternity as another possibility,

and I think of each life as a flower, as common
as a field daisy, and as singular,

and each name a comfortable music in the mouth,
tending, as all music does, toward silence,

and each body a lion of courage, and something
precious to the earth.

When it's over, I want to say: all my life
I was a bride married to amazement.
I was the bridegroom, taking the world into my arms.

When it's over, I don't want to wonder
if I have made of my life something particular, and real.
I don't want to find myself sighing and frightened,
or full of argument.

I don't want to end up simply having visited this world.

The Uses of Sorrow by Mary Oliver

(In my sleep I dreamed this poem)
Someone I loved once gave me
a box full of darkness.
It took me years to understand
that this, too, was a gift.

Contemplation on No-coming and No-going
by Thich Nhat Hahn

This body is not me.
I am not limited by this body.
I am life without boundaries.
I have never been born,
and I have never died.

Look at the ocean and the sky filled with stars,
manifestations from my wondrous true mind.

Since before time, I have been free.
Birth and death are only doors through which we pass,
sacred thresholds on our journey.
Birth and death are a game of hide-and-seek.

So laugh with me,
hold my hand,
let us say good-bye,
say good-bye, to meet again soon.

We meet today.
We will meet again tomorrow.
We will meet at the source every moment.
We meet each other in all forms of life.

Dewdrop World

This dewdrop world—
Is a dewdrop world,
And yet, and yet . . .
— Kobayashi Issa