

Strangers from Green Mountains and other forests,

January 17, 2017

Descendants:

Press, among words, is unusual. It has an unusual history of 18 centuries. In holding, a press can be unruly, costly, a thing, a sophisticated device, sufficiently to deter counterfeits.

In the sense of a seal, a press is and robust enough to be carried through to the masses as liturgy, law, art and music, philosophy and higher learning, commerce and economy, and utmost religion.

And it has a special place in the heart of every Buddhist. The press, a technical device of sophisticated complexity, is

used to reproduce images of the *Buddha*. Thus proliferated Buddhism through the earliest years of this era, due to the proliferation of the icon. This was the press.

As as are the realm and sophistication of the age, as sophisticated become the press: un compromised in paper money and yet become penniless on the streets.

Press, in the past recent decades, became of garbage, remnants, wrappers, holding dear nothing, and valued only by weight and proximity. It became nothing, printed, words, but lost. Know decline!

Here is where the story takes up beginning. Here we sit now knowing off and down we will jump! We must Jump!

And thou are determined of great individuals, who persevered, triumphed, suffered and passed. All we can do now is realize this.

We realize, our own fates', so interwoven and twisted with others', seem away from us and un-kindly. But they are like of kind not of unkind, a drawing of us by sinuous thread.

And now, we again are faced with the dilemma of our ancestors, how do we differentiate the image of the Buddha? That is, how do we disseminate it? By what means and virtue, and to the cause of? Or, effect of? And are these questions even answerable in this modern time? I say they are. Answerable (or postmodern or post unanswerable?) we must be, who speaks, and the image that we disseminate will not be that of ourselves.

It will be of a kind and like kind image we disseminate. Granted the master and the image are not unified, we must search we must proliferate, fortify, believe, and never unkind to. The image of the Buddha never wrong, never rage,

unless we virtuously, momentarily take execution. Virtue, not harm, virtue, not pain or indignity, we will inflict on our enemy.

Our enemy is strong, and strength may grow but this will take unlike or no comparison to our own great strength, which is enumerable, enough, to bring the cosmos to a stand still.

The goal of life, of all life, is virtue in survival.

Surviving un virtuous is costly always. This virtuous value you may believe is determinate or indeterminate. But it is indeterminate by nature and is outside yourself, your mind, body and like, knowledge possession and existence; and is the evolution, the product of, the undulation of the seven types of logical fallacies.

If you do not see it now, a press is like yourself, and you are unlike it.

Chapter 2

Friends, dear family,

By the fall of my 28th year I lost all; I gained all.

Lovers, friends, abandoned, lost, as I was, to the city. I thought to flee, returning to my home-land and estate there govern in its namesake. But I did not go. And how, I could not go, or let go of feelings; here, somewhere, waiting, lost to me.

We will not come back again to this life. It is the eternal moment now and here. The endless past, no longer

informant upon us, will never be again and will never again us enter. Now, the eternal link is broken, unshackled, un-weighed and free. Un-bound by past and body, we must take up again solemn duties binding: To the future, ourselves, and all!

The Great Wheel: It spins. - Up becomes down and down becomes unlike it - We set The Great Wheel on its side to rest. Stop the endless. Equalize the struggle and bring balance to all people. Fortune's great device lifts as it weighs, gives while it takes. We celebrate today!

To the earth is my body. To you, now, give and swear, I, my faith, my fortune and my honor.

As we bring into balance from this great rotation unto rest, will enter chaos.

That is, from high system to low system, from order into unordered: We are on the way! Ourselves realizing our own true nature now. Whether this is enlightenment or necessary, is not just unphysical it is irrelevant. Faith, all faith, isn't just in-actual, it is beyond actual and is not pair to matter.

Faith, its Principals, can go questioned or go unquestioned. - Yet, are unquestionable in public discourse, being a special kind of belief, are beyond the reach of modern ethics and epistemic notation of true belief via formations rationally.

Ask questions of faith but know: an answer, not condemning a positive or negative assertion, to that question; is not either proof or disproof, evidence - for or against; for faith and evidential physical or ethical matters are unlike.

Faith is unlike evidence and evidence is unlike it. So, but, are both near, proximal and different kinds of existing, seeing, understanding, feeling, and sensing. Empirically we know via our senses. And we relativize from there forth. But our sensations, our feelings, and that truly our beliefs be only certain, is not either rational or irrational as such judgements are and not (about and of oneself) themselves... impossible.

Faith is that mantel, metaphysically, cosmologically, and in a cosmogony, what delivers upon us and unto us these rational judgments. And is it not the device of which we trust but in which we trust: *faith* - is that device which we trust, in which, ourselves, are its implement and from that union stems rationality and empiricism, a great triumph, unlimited in many domains but not this.

Feel - Be - Exist and dispose my words of Millennialism, as it extends among you tell.

Oh Fortune, all this time, you were there known or unknown, in being or in absence. Fortune, you are great. Your great wheel did wisely govern all, and although the ages speak to you, they speak no longer of this era.

To fortune alone I present the image of the Buddha, your servant humbled always by virtue.

Chapter 3

March 22, 2017

We must do all we can to better the world and better ourselves: For the world is a trap, a cruel place. Unless our enterprise will fail; our ideals and principles are what better us, our knowledge and (we) understand (as) discourse to reveal the facsimile; without that, or that which we are without, is disastrous.

The moral rules and rulers of our world have not gone far enough to understand and make known (less they themselves feel and know) that which is unconscionable, shattering, un-reckoning. And adversaries of our safe and intelligible progress from the inhumane to the humane... have met truly unspeakable tragedies;(tragedies which do not stop, suffering from starvation, violence, dishabille, is injustice, wrongdoing and far more ; for to think free people are not position to do nothing is a tragedy: for we are the only people who have the power and we cannot leave the speaking and positioning to any certain victims; this is our absolute and unquestioned moral duty and obligation)

Human suffering is what I think, it is what I dream, and with every will of being it will be for what I fight. (all that will/can be left is my body)

No one person alone can solve this problem. No one life is in jeopardy (it) is truly all of life, all of morality which could be lost. And is... We are losing and as a matter of discourse have little recourse! Those who are strong and speak are struck down. And go so those who suffer. The immutable

problem is not this, and it is exactly this: the act of taking away the humanity of another person, is the essence of evil and what is wrong. A human being, for to, having this done to them, is a singular and destructive moment. And having the essence of their being robbed in this manner, will never obtain again a sense of power and dominion for the act of loss itself is knowledge that rights don't exist between people (as true morality but as laws); and thus are not likely and never at that moment able to exert will or power to (speak and act), and while capable as humans of forgiveness, healing and many virtues -- (do not have the power to) remove suffering, wish away wrongdoing, work over with broken hands, stand by broken means. The essence of being wronged is that you are pushed down and the essence of being human is that we stand.

(we stand up erect among our peers, we stand for each other - collectively and individually) When we are struck down, none but us feel our pain; the total sum of suffering in the world cannot be computed. It is not a thing, weight, or measure, it alone is terror.