Seeing the World with the Heart of Wisdom

Jack Kornfield · Notable Dhamma Teachers — Jack Kornfield · 51:32

Welcome back.

I was just having the vision of so many people being together in our beautiful Dharma Hall at Spirit Rock. And now we have this imagined and visioned magnificent Dharma Hall in our hearts, even though we can't be together embodied in that way. We can still be together, connected somehow in the teachings, in mindfulness and compassion. We can be together somehow in our listening and our caring.

Tonight, I'd like to talk about seeing the world with the eyes of wisdom—or maybe seeing the world with the heart of wisdom.

The Buddhist texts begin in some verses with the phrase, "Oh nobly born, oh you who are the sons and daughters of the awakened ones, of the Buddhas, remember who you really are." And this talk is a reminder of this for you. Wisdom stories—some I've told before that I love, some new ones—all of them pointing to this amazing human capacity to be awake. Wisdom with perspective, spaciousness, understanding, steadiness, responsiveness, tenderness, humor, ease. The eyes of wisdom to see the world as it is, with a graciousness and an understanding, a full presence to both enter the world and yet...

As Mary Oliver, the great poet, says: "To live in this world, you must do three things. Love what is mortal, hold it against your bones knowing your life depends on it. And when the time comes to let it go, to let it go." And in other lines she writes, "For years and years, I struggled just to love my life. And then the butterfly spoke, 'Don't love your life too much,' as she rose weightless in the wind."

To love what is mortal and hold it against your bones, knowing your life depends on it. And then when the time comes to let it go, to let it go. This is our dance, our human incarnation—to tend and love that which is ephemeral.

Now we all are living through what is so obviously a time of great challenges. The challenge of the pandemic, which has affected so many people, especially in the communities of poverty and communities of color and in countries that don't get the vaccine. I just had my vaccine. I was very honored to be able to receive one as someone who's seventy-five and older. And I also thought about all those people who need it and haven't been able to get it yet.

It's a time of upheaval in the world, as there has been in Burma and in Darfur again—not to speak of Washington, D.C. It's a time of the continuing selling of arms and the nuclear arms race, which continues to grow in some way. It's a time of continuing struggle to find racial justice and economic justice after centuries of racism. It's a time where we're all seeking to find health, even amidst the pandemic.

I remember speaking with my mother, who died about ten years ago, when we were going through another hard time. She said, "You know, Jackie"—she called me by my name when I was little—"I've lived through a lot. My father came home from the trenches in World War I. I lived through the Great Depression. I lived through World War II. We know how to do this," she said. "We know how to go through hard times."

Someone said no one knows the age of humanity, but we're old enough to know better. It's really obvious when we hear and sense the struggles that we share as a human race. The outer developments which are so spectacular—the computers and biotechnology and nanotechnology, the smartphones that have a portal into all the information across the globe—no amount of technology is going to stop continuing warfare, continuing racism, continuing climate destruction, all the things we struggle with, continuing tribalism. It's time for us as human beings to match the outer development that's so remarkable with the inner development of heart.

But how do we do this? How do we hold all these struggles? What kind of perspective and wisdom allows us to open beyond our reactivity, beyond being caught in it?

My teacher Ajahn Chah described an important moment when he'd been practicing in the jungles of Thailand and Laos for years, in caves and out with the tigers. These were the days when it really was still very much jungles, although much has been logged off and cut down by now, fifty, sixty, seventy years later. He went to see the greatest master of the day on the border of Laos, another Ajahn—Master Ajahn Mun—and told him about all his meditation experiences, his insights, his struggles, the visions, the bliss and rapture, the understandings.

The meditation master shook his head and said, "You've missed the point, Chah. Those are just experiences." He said, "There's only one question: To whom do they happen? Who is it that's knowing?" He said, "Turn your attention from the images and the experiences and all that you've described back to the one who knows, to the awareness itself"—as we did in our meditation—as if you're in a movie theater and there's the war movie and the romantic comedy and the documentary and all those things that bring life onto the screen with all their emotions. And then you turn your attention back and see the light projected onto the screen.

In meditation, we can turn our attention from the experience back to become what Ajahn Chah called "the one who knows."

This is who you are, consciousness itself. Whether it's in Zen or Advaita or Dzogchen or all the great spiritual traditions of the East—and not just there, but the spiritual traditions of the world—they all point us back to the mystery of consciousness.

And this isn't some esoteric understanding meant for a small group of people. We know this in our bones. Remember the poem from Juan Ramón Jiménez called "Yo No Soy Yo":

I am not I. I am this one walking beside me whom I do not see, whom at times I manage to visit and at other times I forget. The one who remains silent when I talk. The one who forgives sweet when I hate. The one who takes a walk when I am indoors. The one who will remain standing when I die.

We all know somehow this sense that we're not just the experiences that happen—that who we are is this mysterious witness of it all. And it happens in shock sometimes, at an accident or a diagnosis or the death of someone around us, and all of a sudden the gates between the worlds open and the sense of mystery arises. We're so wedded to our ordinary identity, and then it becomes shaken. And we go, "Oh, who am I really?"

We are the consciousness. We are part of this great dance of life that the Buddha called the star at dawn, flash of lightning in a summer cloud, echo, a rainbow, a dream—all the forms appear and disappear. And underneath it, when we get silent, we become the witness itself. And then our heart becomes tender and open to the mystery.

My friend Roger Walsh, a great meditator and meditation teacher, at one point decided, as a scholar, to read through the entire Encyclopedia of World Religions—many volumes, from Ahura Mazda all the way to Zoroaster. I asked him what he learned from it. Roger said, "What I learned is that each of these religions had a story: the origin of life, the nature of good and evil, how we might behave, what created this world." He said, "And when I read one story after another, I realized that they were all stories that we place upon the mystery."

When we stop, even in these troubled times—and especially in these troubled times—and sense the mystery, our heart can become quiet and more tender. Even the suffering, of which there is a great deal, is held in a different light. Like Zen Master Issa, who wrote this poem:

Dew evaporates and all our world is dew. So dear, so refreshing, so fleeting.

How ephemeral it all is. But now listen to this poem again, for he wrote it on the death of his seven-year-old daughter: *Dew evaporates and all our world is dew. So dear, so refreshing, so fleeting.*

So we become the one who knows. We become the wise and loving witness of it all. As we did in our meditation, we become the loving awareness that sees the ephemeral nature of life with tenderness.

But then what? I'm thinking of sitting with kids in the back of the car after we've had some great adventure, and then they speak up and say, "Now what? Now what?"

So now you remember that you are consciousness itself. You have the perspective of loving awareness. You become the wise witness. And now what?

Remember that the word for mindfulness in Sanskrit and Pali is *sati*, but it's a compound word: *sati sampajañña*, which means mindful presence and mindful response. It has two parts. So with wisdom, with the spaciousness of loving awareness, this vast perspective, we then also become responsive, steady,

tender. From this vastness, we see the world and we love it. We become that loving awareness.

With this perspective, we're able to see the cycles of life. I think of my dear friend Ari Ariyaratne, who is the Gandhi, the sage, the Martin Luther King of Sri Lanka—an extraordinary being who started Sarvodaya, which got people in half the villages of the country to help one another build schools and dig wells and support one another and feed one another. Amazing things. And he intervened in the middle of the civil war that was so terrible.

In the middle of that civil war, when the Norwegians were trying to broker a peace treaty, he called all of his followers to the great temple of Anuradhapura, the oldest temple in Sri Lanka, and 650,000 people came. He stood up and said, "It's taken us 500 years to get into this trouble of the civil war."

500 years of conflict between the Buddhists and the Hindus and the Muslims, and 400 years of colonial oppression, and 200 years of the rich part of the island separated from the poor parts.

"So to end this," he said, "I offer the Sarvodaya 500-year peace plan. Ten years of a ceasefire. Twenty years of rebuilding roads and schools. Fifty years to learn each other's language and religion. One hundred years of economic development so everyone is included. And then we have a council and see how we're doing. And we do it again and again. And after 500 years, we can make this the island of peace."

When I heard this, I could have wept. I got to tell it to the Dalai Lama at one point when I was teaching at a time he was also present, because I knew how much he carries for so long in the tragedy of Tibet. This is the wisdom of an elder who is not worried about the next election cycle or having people in a focus group. However long it takes—if we've been in conflict this long, we head in the right direction. We open our hearts and we do what's necessary. This is the wisdom of the one who knows.

The one who knows also sees with compassion the ones who forget. Anne Wilson Schaaf wrote, "The best adjusted person in modern society is the person who's not dead and not alive—just numb, a zombie. When you're dead, you're not able to do any work for the society. But if you're fully alive, you're constantly saying no to many of the painful processes of the society: the racism, the polluted environment, the nuclear threat, the arms race, drinking unsafe water and eating carcinogenic foods. Thus, it's in the interest of modern consumer society to promote those things that take the edge off, that keep us busy with our fixes, keep us slightly numbed out and zombie-like. In this way, the whole of modern consumer society functions as an addict."

We see how the world around us can put us to sleep. Noam Chomsky says, "All over the place, from the popular culture to the propaganda system, there's constant pressure to make people feel that they are helpless, that the only role they can have is to ratify decisions and to continue to consume."

But this is not who we really are, and the one who knows recognizes this. The one who knows recognizes that a modern society can feed all of its children, that we can educate everyone in our culture, that a wealthy modern society can provide healthcare for all. The one who knows recognizes there is another

possibility.

The one who knows sees that life is short. "What will you do with your one precious and wild life?" asked Mary Oliver. Carlos Castaneda's teacher Don Juan suggested we take death as an advisor, keeping death over our left shoulder. Every morning in the monasteries where I lived, it would be dark and we would gather together and sit in meditation before the breaking of dawn, before going out with our alms bowls. We'd sit in silence with candles and then do our morning chanting. And part of our chanting was a reminder: Life is short. Death will come. It is all evanescent. What matters then? Did I love well? Did I live fully?

How could we not love everyone? I remember being in a very big hospital on the East Coast when my twin brother was dying of blood cancer. I spent months visiting him, as did my other three brothers. We are all quite close and love one another. In the cancer ward where he was getting his chemotherapy and his multiple treatments, where others were all struggling, periodically throughout every hour—every fifteen minutes or so—there would be a tinkling of bells over the sound system. Finally, I asked a nurse, "What's that?" She smiled and said, "That's a new baby that was just born."

Today, 375,000 bell-tinkling new babies are born. How could we not love them? How could we not look at each one—whatever color, shape, or form, whatever their eyes and their hair and their skin—and see that they are human beings coming into this wild human incarnation? How could we not love them equally, every one of them?

"In this short life that lasts only an hour, how much, how little, is in our power," wrote Emily Dickinson. If you had a few days left to live, who would you call? What would you say or do? Why are you waiting, my friends?

The one who knows recognizes that life is short. The one who knows sees human incarnation as a realm of paradox and rests in the vastness that is our true nature. Suffering, like rain, falls on the just and the unjust. Human incarnation—form itself coming out of emptiness—is duality.

Form and emptiness, light and dark, gain and loss, birth and death, joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain, fame and shame, praise and blame—the worldly winds. They change, you know they do: praise and blame, joy and sorrow. In human incarnation, we have the ocean of tears and the unbearable beauty, and they cannot be separated and taken apart.

As the great Russian dissident Alexander Solzhenitsyn, that master writer, put it: "If only it were all so simple. If only there were evil people somewhere insidiously committing evil deeds, and it were only necessary to separate them from the rest of us and destroy them. But the line dividing good and evil cuts through the heart of every human being. And who among us is willing to destroy a piece of their own heart?"

This is the realm of paradox. Joy and sorrow, praise and blame. And every breath—the Jain monks wear a

little mask, now that everybody in America is invited to wear one, so that they don't kill any little bugs with their breath. But that's only the ones you can see. There are one trillion little bugs that live in your gut, in your digestive tract—a trillion of them. There are two billion bacteria on your skin. In one spoonful of soil, there's more life—protozoa and algae and fungus and millions of bacteria—than on whole planets in our solar system. This is the realm of birth and death, of existence and non-existence, of gain and loss, of beginnings and endings.

The one who knows sees this paradox and relaxes. As Zen Master Suzuki said to his students, "You're perfect just the way you are"—which was great news to them. You're perfect just as you are. "And there's still room for improvement," he went on. This is us. There's beauty, perfection, and room for improvement.

The one who knows sees how much we need each other. You know this, and this grows with the practice of compassion that we have. As my teacher and friend Maha Ghosananda said, "This can either be a dog-eat-dog world, or we can feed each other." No one can do it alone. No one can exist alone. We so need one another.

Liu Xiaobo, who was a prominent Chinese dissident, was jailed and tortured for ten years for speaking out about the injustices in his community, for writing about the things that were harming people. To be released from his torture, all he had to do was sign a paper saying his thinking had been wrong, that he now saw it another way. And every time the paper was brought to him, he looked at it and then he said, "I could see the faces of the villagers in my community and all they'd suffered. And I realized I couldn't sign it. They were with me. They are with me."

And I think of Aung San Suu Kyi, now under house arrest again. She fell from grace when she did not stand up against the military for what they were doing to the Rohingya. But I understand—I understood then and much more now—how she was trying to keep the military from taking over the entire country, bending in some way, hoping that she could keep democracy. Sadly, that didn't work. But the one who knows understands we're in this together. We need one another. We're part of one another.

I was sitting with Zen Master Thich Nhat Hanh at a teaching one day for a small group of us who were teachers. And someone raised their hand and said, "Thay, is there such a thing as group karma?" And he asked them, "What makes you ask?" And the student said, "Well, I wonder about the war, the American war in Vietnam. So many millions of pounds of bombs, so many people who were killed. And I wonder about the Vietnamese. Do they have a particular karma that made the war happen to them?" And he got very quiet and maybe a little bit sad. And he looked up and he said, "The war didn't happen to them. It happened to all of us."

The one who knows sees this—that our lives are entwined with all the beasts, as Chief Seattle said, for what happens to the beasts happens to mankind.

A story for you, from Karen Ziegler: "When I graduated from nursing school at age forty, the only job I could get was at a Veterans Administration hospital. The work was a challenge in every possible way. It didn't help that the veterans teased me relentlessly, asking over and over if I was married."

I am a lesbian. My growing discomfort with the question seemed only to egg them on. Meanwhile, caring for them required a great deal of physical intimacy. While changing a dressing or washing a severely ill patient, I often could tell it had been a long time since he had been touched with kindness.

Gradually, I came to love the crusty old vets and the stubborn guys in detox, many of whom were homeless. Their spirit and resilience in the face of tremendous adversity were a kind of miracle. Later, I worked on the psychiatric ward where patients could become argumentative, even aggressive. I sometimes didn't feel safe there, especially after it occurred to me that all these troubled veterans were combat trained.

Once, a large psychotic man approached me in a threatening manner. Just as I was starting to worry, an equally large Vietnam vet with dementia quietly came between us. Several other vets seemed to appear out of nowhere and stood nearby in silence. I felt safe. I'm retired now, but I still volunteer on that ward twice a week. I feel like I'm visiting my family.

The one who knows in you sees that we are in this together, how much we need each other. This is compassion.

The one who knows also understands happiness—that happiness doesn't come from possessing. We can't possess, but we can love. And it grows, like the practice we do of mudita, of shared joy.

Maya Angelou writes, "It's a wonderful day. I've never seen this one before."

And we can have the experience of gratitude. It's not happiness that makes us grateful; it's gratitude that makes us happy. There's a story of Socrates, who liked to go to the market. His students asked him, "Why do you like to go to the market?" He laughed and said, "I like to go to see all the things I'm happy without."

It's not how much you get, it's how much you give. And joy is not a luxury, and it's not a privilege. It's an expression of love. It's the heart saying, "Yes, I belong here"—amidst all, amidst the tears and the injustice and the beauty and the hope.

From an Inuit poet, Uvavnuk, who writes: "The great sea has set me in motion, set me adrift, moving me like a weed in a river. The sky and the strong wind have moved the spirit inside me till I am carried away trembling with joy."

Joy is not a luxury or a privilege. André Gide called it a moral obligation. It is gratitude that makes us happy. And the one who knows understands that happiness is not based on things—it's the happiness beyond conditions.

The one who knows in us sees with the eyes of the beloved. And you know, in almost every indigenous and traditional culture, the terms of endearment are family terms. To everyone they meet: "Oh brother, oh sister." In all these countries that I've traveled in—in Africa and Asia and various places—the men hold hands. It's a beautiful thing to see. They're not so frightened and homophobic as the men in this country have become. "Oh, brother. Oh, sister. Auntie." Auntie Kamala Harris. Uncle Donald. You know, we all have wild uncles. We know this. "Grandfather." We see one another in this way, as part of our family.

I remember the story of some peacemakers, anti-nuclear peacemakers, who had been doing large actions and demonstrations in England during a period when there was a buildup of nuclear weapons and nuclear missiles. Finally, after many demonstrations and pleas, they got to meet with the commanding general—not just of the British nuclear forces, but of the NATO nuclear forces. And when they met with him, he wondered what they would say.

They certainly thought about it for a long time before they sat down with him, worried about the explosions that could wipe away an entire city or population. And when they sat down with him, they said, "It must feel difficult. It must feel like a great weight to have to carry responsibility for all these nuclear weapons." And they said it with real care and compassion—imagine having that responsibility. And because they could feel into his responsibility and his weight and his heart, they could see with the eyes of the beloved. He responded and he said, "Yes, it's a terrible weight." And they began a genuine conversation. What can we do that makes a difference?

To see with the eyes of the beloved brings both equanimity, or peace, and love. The one who knows is an embodiment of the practices of compassion, of mudita and joy, and of equanimity itself.

Zen master Rinzai says, "Followers of the way, you who are here listening to the Dharma, when you awaken, you become a person who enters fire without being burned, goes into water without being drowned, and plays about in the three deepest hells as if in a fairground, entering the world of hungry ghosts and dumb animals without being molested by them. Why is this so? Because there's nothing such a person dislikes. Even if you love the sacred, dislike the worldly conflicts—you will go on floating and sinking in the ocean of birth and death. Fears and confusion arise depending on the heart. If the heart is open and quieted, why need you fear anything in the world? Do not tire yourselves making up discriminations of higher or lower, of good and bad, and quite naturally of itself you will live into the way."

This is the radical hospitality of the one who knows—not rushing around but stopping to look in the eyes of another, resting in vastness, inner stillness, deep listening. There's a kind of intuition that comes when we quiet ourselves, like Gandhi taking a day a week in silence in the middle of all the activities and all the demonstrations and all the marches and all the ways of trying to end the British colonization of India. Every week he would take a day in silence to listen to his intuition.

I think of Ruth Dennison, my colleague and teacher, who had a ticket on one of the 9/11 planes and was

headed to the airport, and her intuition said, "This is not the plane you should be on." If we listen, if we listen with the eyes of the beloved, if we open our hearts, if we trust our intuition, something beautiful can come of it.

I remember again the story of Vinoba Bhave. Vinoba was the most prominent disciple of Mahatma Gandhi. And after Gandhiji was assassinated, Vinoba was heart-stricken and the whole Gandhian movement fell apart. But half a year or a year later, people began to gather and say, "We need to resume our work. We need to resume the care of making a new nation, one that's built on care for all beings who are here, for justice, for things that were at least in their minds, even if they weren't yet able to fulfill them." And they asked Vinoba to lead the meeting. And he said, "No, no, I don't want to be the leader. Gandhi is gone. We must do something different." But they pressed him. "Please, Vinobhaji, you must come."

So finally he agreed. He said, "I will come if you postpone it for six months." And he walked from where he was on one side of the Indian subcontinent all the way to the other side to the meeting. He said, "I want to walk. And I want to listen."

He came to a village that was very poor, a rural village. And most of the farmers were untouchables, outcasts who were working the land of the richest people in the village. He sat under the great tree in the center of the village, and in the spirit of Gandhi said, "I come with the spirit of Mahatma Gandhi himself, with whom I worked. Let me listen to you." And they laid out their great plight. And they said, "We have nothing. If only we each had a little bit of land, we could grow food for our families and for the village."

And as Vinobhaji listened to all of them and reminded them of the great generosity and heart of Gandhi who'd been assassinated, with tears, one of the richest men in the village stood up and said, "How many acres do they need?" There were twelve families there, five acres each—sixty acres. He said, "I have land. In honor of Mahatma Gandhi, I will give them sixty acres, five acres each."

And Vinobhaji said, "No, go home, talk with your family first before you give this away." And in the morning they reassembled, and the man said, "Yes, I wish to offer." And the villagers joyfully received it.

Then Vinoba took his walking stick and went to the next village and sat under the tree in the center of the gathering place and heard similar stories from the poorest in the village. He told the story of what happened in the prior village in the spirit of Gandhi, how this man had stood up. And Vinoba, as he told the story, looked around and said, "How many of you are struggling?"

And there were thirty families. He said, so how much land would you need? One hundred fifty acres. And inspired by the story that Vinoba told, another of the rich men of the village stood up and said, in honor of Gandhiji, I will give one hundred fifty acres.

There was a celebration, and Vinoba kept walking. By the end, when he reached the conference, he had gathered 2,800 acres for the poorest villagers and began what was called the Bhoodan Land Reform

Movement, where he and his colleagues walked on foot for several years across every province in India and collected fourteen million acres of land gifted to the poorest of the poor in honor of Gandhiji. It was the biggest land transfer in the history of the modern world, all done as offerings—but all done because he was the one who knows. He rested in that heart that said, let me listen with the eyes of the beloved, to see them all with the heart of compassion and listen deeply.

And when we do, we become guided. When we rest in the one who knows, there's a kind of grace that comes if we can quiet ourselves.

Oh nobly born, say the Buddhist texts again, remember who you really are. Remember you have within you the great heart of a Buddha. This is your true nature, born into you. You are unique. No one in all the billions of galaxies has ever been quite like you.

And among the sages that I've seen, the grandmothers and grandfathers—some of them are merchants and some of them are healers, some of them are shamans, some of them are politicians, some of them are courtesans when you read the old texts—in every form, whoever you are, there is a fundamental nobility and dignity. You are consciousness itself, wending your way through this mysterious incarnation.

And the story says that you've wandered, parched and hungry, searching for fulfillment in the heart. And yet in this old story, the one who loves you sewed into your robes a jewel. You, the richest person on earth, have been going around begging. If only you look in the hem of your garment, say the Sufi masters, the jewel has been sewn in there for your benefit.

Oh nobly born, you are consciousness. You are loving awareness itself. Remember this. Yes, there is suffering. Yes, there's grief and death. Yes, there's injustice. There's also dignity and trust and a freedom of heart. And it is exactly where you are to be found. It's found in a prison cell when you're Nelson Mandela. It's found in the work you have, whatever it happens to be.

I remember a friend of mine asking a great Indian guru about grace. He was sitting at the ashram of this great teacher who was talking on and on about grace. And he said to the guru, I don't feel grace. What is this grace? What is this grace you're talking about?

The guru got quiet and looked at him with great loving eyes and said, you—you who could have an airplane ticket to fly to India, you who are studying and listening to the teachings of thousands of years to open your heart, you who have education, you who have the blessing of a human body—you are asking about grace? You are neck deep in grace.

Take a pause, a breath. Your birthright is that which cannot be broken, unshaken. Your birthright is dignity, compassion, and freedom of heart. It is here where you are.

Zen Master Suzuki Roshi says, when you realize the fact that everything changes and find your composure in it, there you find yourself in Nirvana. The abode of peace, the indestructible, the timeless. My teacher

Buddhadasa called it the great public health measure: everyday Nirvana.

Take the time to meditate. Do the practices of compassion, of joy, of equanimity. Practice being the sky of awareness. Rest in vastness. Be the loving awareness itself. And listen. And you will know what to do.

I end with a poem from Brian Andreas called "Waiting for Signs":

I used to wait for a sign, she said, before I did anything. Then one night I had a dream and an angel in black tights came to me and said, you can start any time now.

And then I asked, "Is this a sign?" And the angel started laughing, and I woke up smiling. Now I think the whole world is filled with signs—but if there's no laughter, I know they're not for me.

"Holy, holy, holy," says Allen Ginsberg. Holy, holy, holy—all of it. The world is holy. The body is holy. Holy the typewriter that writes this poem. Holy the voice, the skyscrapers, the cafeterias. Holy the mysterious river of tears under the streets. Holy the vast lamb of the middle class and the crazy shepherds of rebellion. Holy San Francisco and New York and Peoria and Paris and Tangiers. Holy Moscow and Istanbul. Holy time and eternity. Holy the desert and the sea and the visions. Holy mercy and charity and faith. Holy our bodies. Holy our suffering. Holy magnanimity—the super extra brilliant, intelligent kindness of the soul.

Take a breath.

What a journey we're on, dear ones. What a journey.

Remember who you are. Oh nobly born, you are loving awareness, born into this body. And even though you may forget, in but a moment you can come back. You can remember.

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