

along the Path

Spring 2010

The Newsletter of the Mindfulness Practice Center of Fairfax

MINDFUL EATING

By Anh-Huong Nguyen

When we come together for half-day or longer retreats, after serving our food and sitting down at the table, we take a moment to relax into our breathing with the sounds of the bell:

"Breathing in, I calm my body. Breathing out, I smile," three times. We can recover ourselves completely after breathing like that. Then we read the Five Contemplations:

- 1. This food is the gift of the whole universe – the Earth, the sky, numerous living beings and much hard, loving work.*
- 2. May we eat in mindfulness so as to nourish our gratitude.*
- 3. May we recognize and transform our unwholesome mental formations, especially our greed, and learn to eat with moderation.*
- 4. May we keep our compassion alive by eating in such a way that we reduce the suffering of living beings, preserve our planet and reverse the process of global warming.*
- 5. We accept this food so that we may nurture our sisterhood and brotherhood, strengthen our community, and nourish our ideal of serving living beings.*

Before picking up our fork or chopstick, we look at and smile to each person as we breathe in and out in order to be in touch with ourselves and everyone at the table. We see how precious it is to have the opportunity to sit and eat with our family and friends while millions are hungry.

When we become so busy, we forget who and what is in front of us, and even who we are. Mindful breathing helps us settle into the present moment, and our mind is no longer occupied by worries, sadness, or projects. At home, we should turn off the television and put away the newspaper before eating so we can encounter the food. And when the food becomes real, we become real.



Photo by Joyce Bailey

When our body and mind become one, we are at our best, and the food is brought to a place of highest reverence. Mindful breathing not only calms body and mind but also produces inner light. This helps us see into the source of our food and shows us the way home -- source of true love, gratitude and compassion. The food on our plate becomes body of the cosmos offering itself to nourish and sustain us all.

The food reveals our connection with the Earth. Looking at a slice of bread or a piece of broccoli, we see the sunshine, the clouds, the rain, the birds' song, the farmers, the lives of numerous living beings, as well as time and space. Everyday more than 40,000 children die as a result of hunger and malnutrition. Once we can see the source of our food, our heart cannot close anymore. And when our heart becomes a little bigger, we suffer a bit less.

The extent to which our food reveals itself depends on us. The more we can see into a piece of carrot, the deeper connection we feel with all lives and the greater space we find within our heart. Dwelling in this space of interbeing, unconditional love and support, we do not need to suppress our greed and craving. Neither do we risk identifying ourselves with them. We can just allow them to be greeted and embraced by the calming energy of mindful breathing which continues to come through this space while we are eating. Taking care of and transforming greed can happen right in the moment we eat.

“In mindful eating, we do not need to rush at all. We take as much time as we need to enjoy our meal. Chewing our food well is an expression of love and gratitude to our body, especially to our digestive system. When our digestive system is not pushed to work so hard to digest the food, it supports our whole physical and mental well-being.”

At the October retreat this past Fall at Blue Cliff Monastery, many of us purchased the calligraphy "You have enough," which was written by our teacher to bring home. We want to be reminded that we have enough for

happiness now, and we do not need to get more. Running after fame, wealth, power, and sex will never bring us contentment and happiness.

My family came to the US as boat people in December 1979 after spending 10 months in a refugee camp in Malaysia. My first snow was in

Audubon, New Jersey. I had never seen or touched anything so white, cold, light and beautiful. I had only seen drawings of snow in children's books when I was young. My heart was filled with excitement, joy and beauty. It was like paradise. I still remember myself looking out the window and smiling with the heavenly snowflakes.

But as the night fell, my paradise was taken away. I sank back into sadness and the pain of separation. I missed my friends so much. I missed my home. I felt so homesick for the first time in my life and did not know when I could come home. My heart felt frozen.

Some weeks later, I received a letter from my teacher. He asked me to write down all the conditions for happiness that I had. After reading his letter, I began my assignment which I thought would take only a few minutes. But to my greatest surprise, the list kept getting longer and longer.

As I continued, I witnessed the block of ice in my chest starting to melt. I felt much relief and gratitude. It was a moment of coming home for me.

We have more than enough conditions to be happy right now. It is our forgetfulness that makes us live in misery. When we return to the present moment where life is happening, this moment becomes a happy moment.

In mindful eating, we do not need to rush at all. We take as much time as we need to enjoy our meal. Chewing our food well is an expression of love and gratitude to our body, especially to our

“When our body and mind become one, we are at our best, and the food is brought to a place of highest reverence. Mindful breathing not only calms body and mind but also produces inner light. This helps us see into the source of our food and shows us the way home -- source of true love, gratitude and compassion.”

the world outside disappears. All the elements that came together for the existence of a baby

carrot are dissolving on our tongue as we chew, nourishing and becoming the cells and fluids of our body, feeding our smiles and our tears, our love, dreams and hopes.

Each cell of our body is holding all the experiences, the hope and dreams of all generations before us. Our

deepest desire is to bring more healing and happiness to our lives, share them with others and pass them on to future generations. So when we eat mindfully, we are feeding and

healing ourselves, our ancestors and future generations at the same time. There is a verse you may wish to memorize for your enjoyment of mindful eating the next time:



*Enjoying lunch in the historical dimension,
I feed all generations of ancestors
and all future generations.
Together, we will find our way.*

digestive system. When our digestive system is not pushed to work so hard to digest the food, it supports our whole physical and mental well-being. When we are 100% there chewing our food, the illusory boundary between us and

Mindful eating is a practice of cultivating gratitude and compassion. The fire of compassion will burn away twigs and logs of doubts, fear, and anger. This permits seeds of wisdom and helpful actions to sprout and grow. As long as we are still grateful, we are happy.

POT HOLDER ON FIRE

By Garrett Phelan

We had a special summer meal on the porch, the ceiling fan overhead on low, candlelight, the sounds of the bell and the five contemplations. Another beautiful summer evening. Grilled vegetables on naan bread. A cold green salad with homemade dressing. The meal was as delicious as the evening.

Jane was cleaning up in the kitchen. I was bringing in the plates and silverware to wash up. As I walked in past the gas stove I noticed that there were two cloth pot holders on the extinguished burners.

“You should not leave anything on the stove that could create a fire.”

“You should not fall asleep in bed with your pens open.”

“What does that have to do with what I just said. Can’t you just listen to what I said without attacking me.”

“Let’s rewind. I didn’t attack you. I made a remark about a mindless habit.”

And a war was on quicker than any stove fire could catch. The fire between us had ignited and we were going to provide it with all the oxygen it needed to become a three alarm blaze. I responded, “I am not your father.”

“What are you talking about:

“You always feel someone is attacking you. I made an innocent observation. Why can’t you take it and just let it go?”

“I don’t think you heard me. I commented on the black inkblots on our bedding.”

On and on we went. Back and forth. Repeating ourselves

“That’s exactly it. No one here is after you; no one is trying to hurt you.”

Still one sharp exchange after another, neither giving an inch. One of us, I actually cannot remember which one of us-- finally said, “You are hurting me.”

The other responded, “You hurt me.”

Finally, silence. A moment. A moment to take a breath.

It was not just the two of us in our cramped and hot kitchen having an argument, it was generations of both our families. Still being hurt, still fighting back as best as they could to try to stay intact. Wrong perceptions and fear hovering near the ceiling and pushing love out the door.

It was all the tension Jane’s father created around the house, especially in the kitchen, with rules hanging from lights, attached to every appliance. “Do it this way, don’t do that.” It was my mom and dad saying, “This is not good enough; you have to do better.” It was the verbal abuse, generation after generation of fear and anger. Trying to survive, but hurting most the ones loved and the ones who loved you.



Photo by Jane Phelan

Here they all were in this little kitchen. Over a pot holder we had brought them into this space and brought on them all the pain they had suffered and we now suffered.

You hurt me. I am hurt too.
I suffer; I know that you suffer too.

No. At that moment mindfulness did not stop the fire from igniting. It did not stop us from allowing our anger, our suffering and that of our ancestors to flare up in harmful ways. What mindfulness did do was allow a mindfulness bell to go off and allow us to say to each other that we hurt. That moment, in the present moment, allowed silence and just one conscious breath to

intercede and quell the flame. We could hear ourselves, we could hear the suffering of our partner and we could hear and feel the suffering of our ancestors. We were able to recognize our suffering. We realized we

were not only dealing with our hurt but we were experiencing the suffering of generations of our loved ones. We had the power to transform ourselves by that moment of mindfulness, that moment of recognition—even in the midst of a roiling fire.

I hung the cloth pot holder on the hook. We hugged. A long mindfulness hug. We apologized. The fire subsided. Our ancestors could rest again; we could feel safe, again.

“We realized we were not only dealing with our hurt but we were experiencing the suffering of generations of our loved ones. We had the power to transform ourselves by that moment of mindfulness, that moment of recognition—even in the midst of a roiling fire.”

COUPLES

By Diane Strausser

Darling, I am here for you.

Darling, I know you are there and I am so happy.

Darling, I know you suffer and I am here for you.

Darling, I am suffering. Please help me.

Remember falling in love? Ah, that delicious first phase of love. I can talk on the phone with you for three hours and then go to dinner with you. I hang on your every word and am astounded at how much we have in common. It is a sheer pleasure to do anything for you and I don't even see that you have a few quirks. Nothing about you is annoying. We refer to this phase of love as Romantic Love.

Here's the bad news: it typically lasts about a year.

Slowly and subtly, I begin to notice that you and I have some differences. Your political views really didn't bother me at first, but now I don't want to discuss anything political with you. And what's with that annoying habit you have of talking on the phone or watching sports for hours?

Frankly, there are just times that I would rather be with somebody else...be away from you.

Welcome to the beginning of the next phase of love called the Power Struggle. Here's the bad news: it can last forever.

At this point, couples either begin the emotional withdrawal process or they begin a pattern of open fighting. Or, one may just shut down and the other gets more and more vocal about the discontent in the relationship.

Hopefully, before they become entrenched in this destructive pattern, they will be introduced to our lovely path of stopping, calming and resting for the purpose of healing and transformation. For over twenty years, I have worked with hundreds of couples and have taught many different theories based on various books and methods. *Teachings on Love* by Thich Nhat Hanh is the most important book on love available today. At the beginning of this New Year, Thay encouraged us to consider and practice the four mantras. So, how do we operationalize the teaching in our lives as couples? It's one thing to know a certain philosophical concept; it can be quite another to actually put it into observable practice. One can think about and read about white water rafting, or one can go white water rafting.

The first obstacle to love is time. None of us have enough. And, most couples put their relationship last on the priority list. After work, the kids, cooking, shopping, volunteering, laundry, car-pooling... etc., I might have some time for us. That is, if I'm not too tired.

Please consider the following practice as a way to incorporate the four mantras into your daily life with your partner.

1. Set aside half an hour to an hour each day to be with each other and to develop and strengthen the emotional connection between you.
2. Establish a space in your home that has two chairs facing each other.
3. Decide on a specific time in the day when you will be together in that space.
4. Place a small table with a mindfulness bell next to the chairs.

5. Begin your time together with an embrace and hugging meditation.

6. Share the following dialogue:

- What I appreciate about you today is...
- Something new about me today is...
- Something I'm either curious about, concerned about, or confused about in our relationship is...
- One thing I've noticed is... and, what would work better for me is...
- A hope I have for us today is...

One of you will say all five things and the other person will merely listen and be truly present, maintaining eye contact. Then, invite the bell, share three breaths and the other person will share all five things. Invite the bell. You can then share conversation about anything that came up during the dialogue, being mindful and being open-hearted. Remember, that agreement is not necessary, compassion is the necessity in any successful relationship. It's okay to have a different point of view on some things. How you handle the differences determines the quality of the love between you.

7. End with hugging meditation and set an intention for your relationship.

The dialogue takes away blame, shame and judgment that often shows up in couples' communication. It starts with something delicious and positive, moves to neutral, goes to two things that can be more difficult to share and then, ends on something positive. It creates loving connection between you. "Darling, I am here for you" is so much more than a concept.

...and, don't forget to smile!!

Darling, I am here for you.

Darling, I know you are there and I am so happy.

Darling, I know you suffer and I am here for you.

Darling, I am suffering. Please help me.



Photo by Joyce Bailey

MINDFUL SPEECH AND REHAB

By Mary Anne Nobile

It is hard to be mindful of anything too long especially when you're trying to rehabilitate; mindful speech is no exception.

In October of 2007, I had a benign brain tumor (cavernous angioma) removed from my brain stem. This caused all kinds of problems including Dysarthria. Dysarthria is a speech disorder that makes it hard for people to understand what I'm saying. Even though my brain seems to think my speech is fine, it comes out differently.

I am supposed to pause after each sentence long enough for each person to understand me with emphasis on the beginning and ending of each word, and make sure I have enough breath to support the whole sentence.

God forbid I get too emotional or excited; I may not be understood at all. We all tend to get too excited from time to time. I tend to forget all the techniques I was taught. Since I want the message I am talking about to be understood, I have to make it short and sweet, not to ramble on.

The listener has to be very mindful of what is trying to be talked about as well. It helps if the listener looks at the lips of the speaker. This is quite an experience, one that I will remember long after I am well.



LOVING SPEECH & DEEP LISTENING

By Jill McKay

I come from England, a country where the words you choose and the way you say them carry layers of meaning about who you are and your place in society. My mother's family was particularly sensitive to this and so from an early age I learned to choose my words carefully because I understood that words have the power to create and define the world we live in.

My father was a prisoner of war during the Second World War. He suffered physically and mentally from the experience for the rest of his life. His suffering was so profound that he

could not speak about it, and neither could we. We were not alone in this. Many families have depths of suffering that are handed in silence from generation to generation. Bringing relief from this suffering is one of the fruits of our practice that I am

deeply grateful for.

When I came to the practice I started on the journey of learning to speak from my heart.

My desire is that the words I speak and the way in which I say them will bring me and those I communicate with more in touch with our true nature. Above all, I try not to use words as a mask behind which to hide. It is still easier for me to articulate a complicated intellectual idea than to say the simplest sentences that reveal

my true feelings: “I’m sorry” or “I was wrong” or “Please help me.” But with the help of the practice, and the energy of the Sangha I am gaining the courage to be honest with myself and to speak what is truly in my heart.

There is a phrase, “We live in a world of true becoming” that speaks to the unfolding nature of the universe and our role in it. When we sit together as a community of practice, our collective energy supports and transforms each one of us. We take that energy back into our homes and places of work, and one of the ways that energy expresses itself is through the words we choose, and the way in which we say them. We all know this. We all have experienced it to a greater or lesser extent.

Rabbi Abraham Joshua Heschel wrote that the Holocaust did not start with the Gas Chambers. It started with words. The hate filled speeches of politicians that lead to genocide don’t begin on the podium; they start with words that are spoken in the homes, schools, and offices of everyday people. The practice of being mindful of our speech is a practice of being honest with ourselves and taking responsibility for our own words. I find it sometimes takes quite a bit of ruthless honesty to inquire of myself: are you speaking words of healing and interconnectedness, or words of separation and divisiveness?

Our teacher, Thay, teaches that the way we speak to others can offer them “joy, happiness, self-confidence, hope, trust, and enlightenment.” Mindful speaking is a deep practice!

What about the opposite of speech: silence? Silence can be very hurtful. We don’t know why the other person is not responding, and we assume that they are angry with us, or offended. All our negative seeds of not being good enough, or unworthy of attention, can flourish

in the absence of a response. The longer the silence lasts, the more those seeds can grow. Since I became aware of this habit energy in myself, I try not to allow another’s silence to water my own unwholesome seeds. And I try to be diligent about giving timely and thoughtful feedback so that I am not watering the seeds of suffering in others. This is a practice for the workplace and the home!

What about the silence that is imposed on us through our own deep suffering and that of our ancestors and loved ones? When we come together to practice, we learn to cradle our own suffering and to soothe the baby of pain so that it can cause less suffering for all. Is it possible to cradle the silence? I think so. When we come together as a community, we help each other to cradle the pain that we may not yet be able to name. Our practice of calming our body, our feelings, and our mind, builds a strong cradle so that the burden of silence becomes lighter. I believe that when we sit together and practice deep listening during our sharing, we are sitting in the presence of the great Bodhisattva Avalokitesvara, the Bodhisattva of Compassion and Deep Listening. Our commitment to each other and our willingness to listen deeply are a true act of compassion, and as we still our minds and open our hearts we all are transformed at a level that is deeper than words.

It is not always easy to practice loving speech and deep listening. It is a lifetime practice. But the good news is that as we diligently commit ourselves to the practice of coming together to calm our feelings and open our hearts, we will find the way to use words to bring peace, joy, and even enlightenment to others. Or to put it another way, in the words of the Chinese proverb: “If I keep a green bough in my heart, the singing bird will come.”

MY PINE TREE

By Walt Mallory

Two years ago when I first mindfully walked around the meditation hall at the Mindfulness Practice Center of Fairfax, I noticed a tall pine tree out the window on the east side of the hall. It had only a few pine needles hanging from a few scraggly limbs. I thought about the life cycle of plants and the forest and where the tree was in that cycle. It served as a reminder to me each day that I walked that I will grow old, that I will get sick, and that I will die. The tree came to be an old friend and I looked forward to

The Five Remembrances;

*I am of the nature to grow old.
There is no way of escaping
growing old.*

*I am of a nature to have ill
health.*

*There is no way to escape having
ill health.*

*I am of a nature to die.
There is no way to escape death.*

*All that is dear to me and
everyone I love are of the nature
to change. There is no way to
escape being separated from
them.*

*I inherit the results of my actions
in body, speech and mind. My
actions are the ground on which
I stand.*

seeing its stark gray bark against each of the seasons, sometimes green leaves, other times snow or blue sky. Often it would remind me to think of my parents who passed away several years ago. Other times, it caused me to concentrate on my own mortality and what death meant to me. I felt death is but a transformation, not an end. As time passed, my tree lost all its needles. But it still stood tall and straight, even as it was transforming to its next state. Each day my friend was there to greet me with its deeply rooted silence. With the powerful winds that have come through our neighborhood, it continued to sway gently. And last night in the recent snow storm, it succumbed – the top half of my tree was on the ground, the other half, a splintered spear into the sky. My tree had started the next stage of its transformation, as a home for birds and animals, nutrients for new trees and plants. I only hope that my transformation will occur with such grace. My tree has taught me and continues to teach me. The dharma is deep and lovely.

SANGHA HUGGING

by Penny Bochtey

Every day the opportunity
To embrace what is.
But, I am mortal living–
In relative ignorance.
How shall I get my arms around this?
Showing up on Thursday nights
I do battle with my resistance-
stepping lightly within
Mindfulness Practice
together -
safely swinging
gracefully breathing,
this life's worthy endeavor.

SLOW LIVING

By Elisabeth Dearborn

Crack! I'm walking into meditation when the loop of my right boot lace catches the hook of my left boot. Down I go, rolling over. My fellow meditators from the Mountains and Rivers Mindfulness Community are forming a circle smiling at me. Are you okay? Do you need ice? They help me hobble in where I can sink into the silence with a bag cooling my knee. I focus my complete attention on loving my knee.

and, in some part of me, being aware that I have never sat in a chair meditating before. I am so used to a bench. After half an hour, I feel the pain drain out of my



Photo by Joyce Bailey

left knee, though a sense of injury remains. X-ray confirms a broken knee cap. So begins my intensive immersion in slow living.

"If it takes you fifteen minutes to walk to the dharma hall, give yourself thirty." I remember Thich Nhat Hanh giving us this assignment my first visit at Plum Village in 1994. I could do it there and, when I got home, I shifted my 6 block commute to work from its usual 15 minutes to 30. But my life didn't slow down, just my morning commute.

It takes support, commitment, intention, and practice to set a new way of life into being. I began to realize that to go slow in life required many decisions about how I wanted to live. I had to do less, for one. At first I wasn't willing.

I wanted to live too full a life most of the time, then catch up with my slow self at a Day of Mindfulness or a retreat. Gradually, my love affair with slowness began to erode my old habits.

I approached learning slowness in two ways. One was to become more aware of the energies driving my speediness. Often I found unexpressed grief. The other was to fall more deeply in love with the present moment. Imagine! that flower!

Joy and bliss as regular daily companions? It still seems like an exotic assignment, like being

sent to Tahiti in the middle of winter. Yet more and more I find I am listening to the sweetness of the day and that I can catch the driver when it's just congested thinking, not suppressed grief. Walking meditation is often what will bring me

into this awareness in my body.

Breaking my knee cap was such a help. I am so willful about going fast. During the whole of the winter holidays I moved at a slow pace. I watched the snow flakes come down, one at a time. I stood, bundled up, under the clear night sky and the beauty of Orion. Best of all, I had the most amazing days with family, all of it so simple, so slow, so joyful.

Now the cast is off, have I learned my lesson? Can I keep the slow way? What I notice most about these weeks is how much I've laughed and cried. I've been more present in my feelings, close to the tenderness, close to the joy. Thank you, dear practice, dear knee! for your teaching.

CHASING HAPPINESS AND FINDING PEACE

by Cydney Forcier

I can remember as a young child going for a walk, pulling an imaginary string behind me, and tied to the end of this string in a neat little bundle, was happiness. How could I be happy when so many around me suffered? I did not feel worthy.



Photo by Garrett Phelan

How do we get in touch with happiness, when at times it feels as if we are drowning? We know intellectually that it is right here, right now, in us and around us. At any given moment there are more conditions for happiness than we can even imagine. But trying to be happy just doesn't work. Trying just creates more trying.

With the practice, I began to shift my focus. Instead of trying to be happy, I noticed the pain I experienced when fear and anger were present. I suffered, everyone around me

suffered, and this negative energy was flowing into the universe. Even a baby thought softer than a whisper created a ripple effect, sometimes quite powerful, especially if I attached to that thought, believed what was being said without question, and held on for dear life. It created a "me and them." Over time, instead of fearing pain and suffering, I became curious. I began to turn towards pain, not away. A dharma door opened.

Society has taught us that in order to be happy, certain things should be in place. Maybe a new house, plenty of money in the bank, a nice car, great education, good job, perfect health, and how about good-looking? Or maybe to be always kind and loving, best dharma student, friend, parent, and most of all to protect everyone around us from pain. We know the list is endless and cannot be filled, because when one desire is met, automatically three or more pop up. There is nothing wrong with any one of these things if held

lightly, but no matter what we attach to, identify with, suffering is inevitable. Chasing what we think will make us happy is unhappiness itself.

Last night I could not sleep. I had been working on this article for several days and was stuck.

In complete darkness, I found pen and paper and began to write. "Before the practice, there were these brief moments in time, half moments when I touched peace and then it was gone. These were the most precious moments of my life. I did not understand how they arrived or where they went, but I knew peace was possible." I then stopped writing. I was

supposed to be writing about happiness. Where was the word “happy?” What is “being happy?” Could it be that peace is true happiness, true happiness is peace?

We know that when we are in touch with the present moment and all that is available, regardless of our circumstances, we see beauty and abundance in us and around us, melting into the universe as one.

Touching happiness might be one of the greatest gifts we have to offer. If peace is happiness and happiness is peace, then it is available right here and right now with each breath. What good news!



Photo by Garrett Phelan

*HAPPINESS
IN THE
PRESENT MOMENT
by Thich Nhat Hanh*

*The past has already gone,
and the future has not yet
come.*

*Let us not drown ourselves
in regret for what has passed
or in expectations and
worry for the future.*

*Let us release our
sadness and anxiety.*

*Let us come back to
ourselves
and establish ourselves in
what is present right
now.*

*Let us learn to recognize
the conditions for
happiness that are present
within us
and around us.*

from *The Energy of Prayer Gift Box:
40 Inspirational Cards and a Companion Book*
by Thich Nhat Hanh

UPCOMING EVENTS

(Please visit the MPCF website for updates, suggested donations and directions.)

Ongoing Activities in the UUCF Chapel (Program Building)

Morning Guided Sitting Meditation:

Opportunity to relax, sit quietly and comfortably. Practice enjoying each moment of sitting and mindful walking.

Monday to Friday 8:15-9:15 am (except Thursday)
Thursday 8:00-9:00 am

Morning Mindful Movement:

Learn to be mindful with movements. Improve one's health and vitality with soft physical exercises, Tai-Chi and Qigong. Thursday 9:15-10:00 am

Noon Guided Sitting Meditation:

Thursday 12:00-12:45 pm

Thursday Evenings Meditation with Anh-Huong:

A peaceful evening of meditation, mindful movements, walking meditation and dharma talk or dharma sharing. Every Thursday from 7:30-9:00 pm

First Thursday Tea and Cookies before Meditation and the Recitation of the Five Mindfulness Trainings

On the first Thursday of every month at meditation we read together The Five Mindfulness Trainings. Before meditation you are invited to join us for tea and cookies any time between 6:15 and 7:20 pm.

Workshops & Classes

Weekend Retreat in West Virginia led by Anh-Huong and Thu Nguyen March 26 - 28, 2010

from 6:00 pm on Friday to 2:00 pm on Sunday

Practicing mindfulness in a rural setting for the whole weekend, together with a loving and supportive community

Days of Mindfulness

**led by Anh-Huong and Thu Nguyen
Saturdays at the MPCF in Oakton, Virginia (in the Sanctuary):** Jan. 9, Feb. 27, Apr. 17, May 22, Jun. 26, 2010 9:15 am-4:30 pm

Half Days of Mindfulness

**led by Anh-Huong and Thu Nguyen
Saturdays at the MPCF in Oakton, Virginia (in the Chapel)** Jan. 23, Feb. 13, Mar. 13, Apr. 24, May 8, Jun. 12, 2010 8:45 am-1:00 pm

Weekend Retreat in West Virginia led by Anh-Huong and Thu Nguyen

June 18-20, 2010

From 6:00 pm Friday - 2:00 pm Sunday

Submission Guidelines

Along The Path is a newsletter of the art of mindful living. Practicing mindfulness cultivates understanding, love, compassion, and joy. This practice helps us to take care of and transform suffering in our lives and in our society.

Along The Path is intended as an inspiration and teaching resource for those practicing mindfulness in daily life.

Writers please submit stories, poems, photos, art and teachings on mindfulness, based on your direct experience of transformation through the practice of mindfulness. Instead of giving academic or intellectual views, the teachings emphasize simple and successful ways to transform the difficulties and limitations in our lives so that each day becomes an experience of peace, happiness, and freedom.

Along the Path

Spring 2010

© 2010 The Mindfulness Practice Center of Fairfax

This newsletter is published by the Mindfulness Practice Center of Fairfax (MPCF)

PO Box 130, Oakton, VA 22124

Phone: (703) 938-1377

E-mail: info@mpcf.org

Website: <http://www.mpcf.org>

Teachers: Anh-Huong and Thu Nguyen

This newsletter and the work of the Center are made possible by the financial support of members and friends. Contributions are deeply appreciated.

Contributions are tax-deductible and may be sent to the above address.