



JENNIE MARTINEZ PETERSON

AUGUST 26, 1942 - AUGUST 2, 2021



In birth, not an atom is added;
 in death, not a particle is lost.
 Therefore, life is called the unborn;
 death is called the unextinguished.

— Dōgen Kigen (1200-1253)

Welcome
 Michael Kieran, Zen Teacher, Honolulu Diamond Sangha

Zen Buddhist Sūtra Service
 Pālolo Zen Center Members

Hawaiian Pule
 Steve Morgan

Stories of Jennie's Life:

Family & Early Years ~ Steve Morgan

Japan & Zen Buddhist Practice ~
 Sr. Kathleen Reiley & Greg Shepherd

Hawai'i Nature Center Years ~ Jamie Nakama & Faith Roelofs

Jennie's Last Decade ~ Manfred Steger & Perle Besserman

Poetry Reading

Speaking to Jennie ~ *See note below

Silence

Music Offering ~ Clark Ratliffe

Four Infinite Vows
 (End of Formal Ceremony)

Break & Refreshments (15 Minutes)

Informal Talk Story & Sharing About Jennie (online) ~
 Winston Welch, Moderator

* Speaking to Jennie ~ Midway in the ceremony, there will be an opportunity for those so moved to honor Jennie by offering incense and speaking briefly and directly to her rather than speaking about her in the third person as we tend to do at these sorts of events. This is a traditional element of a Zen Buddhist memorial service and an acknowledgement of our interdependence ~ how each of us has been changed forever by our relationships with Jennie and how she lives on in each of us. Time won't permit everyone joining us online to take part in this element of the program but we especially encourage family and close friends to do so.



MY COUSIN JENNIE

As I scroll through the archives of memories past, I often recall a single surf session off the shores of La Jolla, California. I was 13 years old and it was the winter of 1972. My cousin Jennie had come from Hawai'i to stay with us for a couple of weeks. I was still years away from obtaining a driver's license and my cousin served as an easy meal ticket in the form of a ride to the beach. On this particular winter day, the surf was like no other. The ice cold February waters, combined with one of the roughest days I can remember, beckoned no one. The beaches were deserted. Without a wet suit, Jennie followed me into the line-up as we battled the relentless conditions. As we returned to shore, numb and a bit shaken, she had one simple response, "That was crazy." Now it wasn't what she said, it was how she said it, very calmly and with a twinkle in her eye that revealed in some strange way that she actually enjoyed the experience.

I mention this story because the occasion actually revealed two of Jennie's qualities. One was her love of adventure and the other, in the truest sense, was her "calm amidst the storm." But of all of the traits that I so admired about Jennie, that which I admired the most was her skill and willingness to genuinely listen to others, something that I poorly imitated. She not only did so out of courtesy, but did so with zeal and interest. She loved to hear the life stories of other people.

To our whole family, Jennie was very special and her nature admired by all of us. I will miss her deeply and the world will be a different place in her absence.

— Steve Morgan

Zen Buddhist Sūtras

VERSE OF REPENTANCE

All the harmful karma I have created;
from beginningless greed, hatred and delusion;
born of my body, speech and thought;
I now repent completely.

VANDANA

Namo tassa bhagavato arahato sammāsambuddhassa.

*I venerate the Sacred One, the Great Sage, the Truly
Enlightened One.*

TI-SARANA

Buddham saranam gacchāmi;

I take refuge in the Buddha;

Dhammam saranam gacchāmi;

I take refuge in the Dharma;

Sangham saranam gacchāmi.

I take refuge in the Sangha.



MAKA HANNYA HARAMITA SHIN GYŌ

THE GREAT PRAJÑĀ PĀRAMITĀ HEART SŪTRA

KAN JI ZAI BO SA GYŌ JIN HAN-NYA HA RA MI TA JI

Avalokiteshvara Bodhisattva, practicing deep Prajñā Pāramitā,

SHŌ KEN GO ON KAI KŪ DO IS-SAI KU YAKU.

clearly saw that all five skandhas are empty, transforming suffering and distress.

SHA RI SHI SHIKI FU I KŪ KŪ FU I SHIKI

Shāriputra, form is no other than emptiness, emptiness no other than form;

SHIKI SOKU ZE KŪ KŪ SOKU ZE SHIKI

form is exactly emptiness, emptiness exactly form;

JU SŌ GYŌ SHIKI YAKU BU NYO ZE

sensation, perception, formulation, consciousness are also like this.

SHA RI SHI ZE SHO HŌ KŪ SŌ FU SHŌ FU METSU

Shāriputra, all things are essentially empty — not born, not destroyed;

FU KU FU JŌ FU ZŌ FU GEN

not stained, not pure; without loss, without gain.

ZE KO KŪ CHU MU SHIKI MU JU SŌ GYŌ SHIKI

Therefore, in emptiness there is no form, no sensation, perception, formulation, consciousness;

MU GEN-NI BI ZES-SHIN I

no eye, ear, nose, tongue, body, mind,

MU SHIKI SHŌ KŌ MI SOKU HŌ

no color, sound, scent, taste, touch, thought;

MU GEN KAI NAI SHI MU SHIKI KAI

no seeing and so on to no thinking;

MU MU MYŌ YAKU MU MU MYŌ JIN

no ignorance and also no ending of ignorance,

NAI SHI MU RŌ SHI YAKU MU RŌ SHI JIN

and so on to no old age and death, and also no ending of old age and death;

MU KU SHU METSU DŌ

no suffering, cause of suffering, cessation, path;

MU CHI YAKU MU TOKU I MU SHO TOK'KO

no wisdom and no attainment. Since there is nothing to attain,

BO DAI SAT-TA E RAN-NYA HA RA MI TA KO

the Bodhisattva lives by Prajñā Pāramitā,

SHIM-MU KEI GE MU KEI GE KO MU U KU FU

with no hindrance in the mind; no hindrance and therefore no fear;

ON RI IS-SAI TEN DŌ MU SŌ KU GYŌ NE HAN

far beyond delusive thinking, right here is Nirvana.

SAN ZE SHO BUTSU E HAN-NYA HA RA MI TA KO

All Buddhas of past, present, and future live by Prajñā Pāramitā

TOKU A NOKU TA RA SAM-MYAKU SAM-BO DAI

attaining Anuttara-samyak-sambodhi.

KO CHI HAN-NYA HA RA MI TA

Therefore know that Prajñā Pāramitā

ZE DAI JIN SHU ZE DAI MYŌ SHU

is the great sacred mantra, the great vivid mantra,

ZE MU JŌ SHU ZE MU TŌ TŌ SHU

the unsurpassed mantra, the supreme mantra,

NŌ JO IS-SAI KU SHIN JITSU FU KO

which completely removes all suffering.

This is truth not mere formality.

KO SETSU HAN-NYA HA RA MI TA SHU

Therefore set forth the Prajñā Pāramitā mantra,

SOKU SETSU SHU WATSU

set forth this mantra and proclaim:

GYA TEI GYA TEI HA RA GYA TEI HARA SŌ GYA TEI

Gatē gatē paragatē parasamgatē

BO JI SOWA KA HAN-NYA SHIN GYŌ

Bodhi svāhā!

JENNIE M. PETERSON: MY FRIEND

My sorrow at learning of Jennie's passing from this realm is round and full and deep. She has been a part of my world for over 35 years, and that world is poorer without her. But while I may feel her loss, and profoundly regret not being able to say goodbye, I also must acknowledge that for Jennie, this may be just a new adventure.

By the time I met Jennie, she had already scaled mountains, sailed across the ocean, and explored archaeological ruins in remote valleys. We met at the Hawai'i Nature Center where she was a compassionate and gifted educator, and I was a grad student volunteer. Jennie had a sparkle in her eyes, a wide smile, a deep laugh, and real enthusiasm for all living things and every kind of history.

Jennie prided herself on thorough research and accuracy. She could not be rushed. But when she produced information, it was absolutely reliable. She became the Nature Center's historian quite naturally, as she kept every kind of record, and dug deep to uncover hidden facts. Jennie was a walking treasure trove of information.



Unlike many in the conservation field, who necessarily try to eliminate some organisms in order to protect others, Jennie loved every living thing. She protested loudly when a large (but common) money tree was heavily pruned at the entrance to the Nature Center. She cared for an assortment of living things, and always had pets. She could not be swayed on the matter, and while she agreed in principal that she could not raise a mongoose at work, as her supervisor I had to pretend that I didn't know she secretly kept one under her desk. It was not a battle that I would ever win.

Jennie's full and beautiful heart knew no bounds. She cared deeply about so many people and places and issues. She lived her life trying to help, be it through archaeological research or fostering a love of nature in children or protecting trees and landscapes. She was a true friend, a child of the land, and I shall miss her.

Aloha pumehana, Jennie Mae. A hui hou.

— Diana King

FOUR INFINITE VOWS

All beings without limit I vow to carry over;

Kleshas without cease I vow to cut off;

Dharma gates without measure I vow to master;

Buddha Ways without end I vow to fulfill.





IN MEMORY OF JENNIE PETERSON

I never had a sister—until I met Jennie in Honolulu 35 years ago. We couldn't be more opposite: I'm a Brooklyn city slicker; and Jennie, a wild child from El Paso, and New Mexico . . . and . . . from wherever there are trees and horses and sagebrush, birds and dogs, mongooses and frogs. In short, Jennie was a force of Nature.

She taught me about invasive species and fossils and canoes and tamales. She laughed when I murdered the pronunciation of Hawaiian street names, patiently correcting me over and over again. I loved Jennie and, in her own wild, cowgirl fashion, I think she loved me too. We agreed on everything political and loved our own particular style of shared Crazy Cloud Zen. We were each fiercely opinionated, and argued about stuff I don't even remember arguing about.

Jennie turned me into an environmental activist. We cried together about the glaciers calving and the Great Barrier Reef dying. And we loved sitting in my garden watching the birds perform their bird antics. We went to the movies together, loved everything Japanese, and each other most of all. I can't imagine her not being here on Thursdays. I can't imagine ever knowing anyone like her again.

— Perle Besserman

