

Renunciation: Week 4: Deeper Letting go and Liberation

The Zen master, Suzuki Roshi observed: "Renunciation is not giving up the things of this world but in knowing they go away." Think of all the attachments you have had over the years---to your bike, your grade school best friend, a favorite toy, a sport, a high school romance, different successes and failures---where are they now? Everything passes away. The heart lets go of them when they no longer serve us. We are still growing. The attachments of today will be gone soon. What can we replace them with that is reliable and will last?

"Whatever is subject to arising is all subject to cessation."
Buddha SN 56.11 (and several other places)

"For Munindra, renunciation became the positive assertion of dropping what might stand in the way of his deepest aspiration. Nothing—no particular food, no dwelling, no modern convenience, no special status through degrees, titles, or wealth—was as desirable as the freedom of nibbāna that the Buddha's narrative indicates is possible. That is why he used to ask his students, "There's no pizza in nibbāna; are you still interested in it?" Munindra revealed another way to be contented: It is not about how much we can acquire but how much we can release. Knowing what is most important gave him a clear direction; in turn, this freed him to make clear decisions." *Living This Life Fully: Stories and Teachings of Munindra*, Mirka Knaster

THE MYTH OF SISYPHUS

by Stephen Mitchell

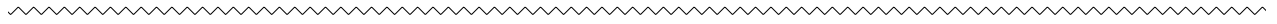
We tend to think of Sisyphus as a tragic hero, condemned by the gods to shoulder his rock sweatily up the mountain, and again up the mountain, forever.

The truth is that Sisyphus is in love with the rock. He cherishes every roughness and every ounce of it. He talks to it, sings to it. It has become the Mysterious Other. He even dreams of it as he sleepwalks upward. Life is unimaginable without it, looming always above him like a huge gray moon.

He doesn't realize that at any moment he is permitted to step aside, let the rock hurtle to the bottom, and go home.

Here is a poem by Safire Rose, called "She Let Go"

<https://safire-rose.com/books-and-media/poetry/she-let-go>



Reflection: What is your deepest aspiration or wish for yourself? What might be the role of releasing or letting go or letting be in realizing this?