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**With Effort**  
**by David M. Valadez**

Deshi: It is a diseased mind that makes a fist when the opportunity to touch another's soul, and to be touched by another soul, is at their fingertips. A diseased mind hears of the Way and turns aside. It is a diseased mind that sees what is good and chooses to do ill. It is a diseased mind that knows what is right but opts to be wrong.

Sensei: Yet the mind never knows that it is anything but well.

Deshi: The Path has been laid out for centuries, too many to count. It has been pointed out for generations, going back to the dawn of Mankind. What shocks me personally, is not how few are on the Path, but how few places there are in my own life where I am able to remain steadfast to the Way. What great significance can I truly attach to following the Way if I mostly do so only when I am here in this dojo, surrounded by these people, and donning this costume?

Sensei: The Way has ringed from the dawn of Man – you are right. Like a bell, its first note erupts into our lives and moves everything else aside. As that noise lingers, to hear it still, we require more and more effort, more effort to find its tone among all else we are doing or being. As it continues to ring, as it has rang since the dawn of mankind, we grow accustomed to its sound, so accustomed we continue on with our lives as if it is offering no sound at all. Though it is ringing still, though it has always ringed, we do not hear it. We do not hear it without effort. With effort we bring the Way to places and moments outside of this particular here and now that we are currently sharing.