

Introduction

Now that I think about it, my tea life, which began with the tea that my family always enjoyed, started around the time I was 14, and I also thought about it as a person myself, and especially after following the wishes of my two parents and visiting the Buddha's place, it lasted for about 60 years.

The place where the Buddha resides is Dasol-sa Temple, where I currently reside. As for Dasol-sa Temple, it is said to have been built by the monk Yeong-gyeong in 504 AD, and tea trees, that is, tea trees, were hidden and growing around the temple.

According to the legends of old monks at the time, it was said that the taste of this Temple's Seonghui tea was better than Hadong's Hwagae Tea, and even an experiment was conducted on it, under the same conditions as the same amount of water. As a result of boiling beef with tea from different places, it was found that the meat boiled with tea from Hwaomsa Temple was hard, that with tea from Hwagae was slightly soft and tender, and the one boiled with Dasolsa tea was so soft that it lost its shape. This can be said to indicate that Dasolsa's tea is very superior in terms of the properties of the three types of tea.

In this way, I developed a love for tea just like the impression I received from home, so I picked tea leaves to make tea, and also boiled the resulting product and drank it.

From then on, I went to Haeinsa Temple and visited the Pavilion of the Eighty Thousand Wood Tablets, which I venerated. There, I learned Buddhism from several teachers and received teachings from monks who guided me in the practice of Buddhism. At that time, I heard lectures on the teachings of the law together with several hundred or three hundred monks.

Then, on March 1, 1919, I participated in the beginning of the Korean Independence Movement because I was influenced by our predecessor, Han Yong-un. About three years after experiencing that incident, I went to Tokyo, the capital of Japan, and met with prominent monks from my home country, and had a good opportunity to become acquainted with the country's priests and renowned Buddhist monks.

Meanwhile, I found out that they were drinking tea, a sweet drink that I had enjoyed since I was a child. This seemed so fascinating to me, and I learned about the beautiful and precious objects they used regarding this tea.

So, gradually, I had the opportunity to compare the tea-drinking etiquette they practiced with what we had inherited in our country, and not only that, I also thought deeply about this.

In this way, I began to think about the nation I was born in and the region I grew up in, and at times, I felt painfully what it was like for us to go through such times, how to go through this process, and what kind of future there should be. Sometimes, while experiencing unexpected difficulties, I could never forget the taste of this tea.

In this way, I have spent more than fifty years, between half a century and a century, enjoying the joys and sorrows of tea. During this time, I was constantly thinking about it, so I wrote "The Way of Tea", which is the title of this book.