



The Aiki Dojo

道の為、世の為、人の為、合気道

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Rev. Kensho Furuya
1948 – 2007



What does it mean to be the best? We often think that being the best means being the most skillful, strongest, or fastest. One of the main things I learned being Furuya Sensei's student for 17 years was that being the best has nothing to do with anything outwardly physical.

This lesson is something that I have been mulling over for the last 23 years and one that I have just recently begun to understand. For the last 16 years since Sensei passed away, I have been trying to "become" the teacher of our school. It hasn't been easy. In the beginning, I ruled with an iron fist. I thought, "I am a martial artist. So, I will just establish myself by roughing people up." This method got me next to nowhere.

23 years ago, Sensei gave me one of the few Life corrections he ever gave me. Upon kicking me out of the dojo for rude and aggressive behavior, Sensei said, "You need to learn gratitude and appreciation." At that time, I was upset and could only hear that people complained that I was "too aggressive." In my mind, I thought, "Isn't this a martial art?" At that time, I was too young and naive to "see" what Sensei and the other students were saying. This lesson was difficult to understand as a young person who started Aikido at the age of 19 and as with all people in their twenties, I tended to get caught up in looks, six-pack abs, and physical prowess.

For some reason or another, Sensei thought I had changed so he asked me to come back after kicking me out. I had been working on myself, but I still couldn't fully understand what he wanted from me. I have come to realize that Sensei wasn't advocating that I say, "thank you" more often. His reprimand was about how I conducted myself, not only as a human being but as a person who studies and teaches Aikido.

The Best



by David Ito
Aikido Chief Instructor

Lately, I have had the opportunity to meet a lot of high-ranking teachers in not only Aikido, but in many different martial arts. Most just wanted to show people how strong they were or how well they could beat people up. Noticing their lack of etiquette and decorum, I have come to understand that being a sensei is much more than one's physical prowess.

Sensei had this air about him that made you respect him. Sensei was overweight the entire time I knew him. This may seem like hyperbole, but the first time I saw Sensei, I didn't even notice his weight. When he walked into the room that first time, I just remember this overwhelming feeling that he was a "real" martial arts teacher. I remember being so terrified of him even though he didn't even acknowledge me. I remember how I stopped slouching and immediately sat up straight when he entered, without being told to. Sensei just had this air about him that made you respect him.

刃に強き者は礼にすぐる
Yaiba ni tsukimono wa rei ni suguru
The skilled swordsman has superior manners.

Continued on page 3...



Untitled

by Rev. Kensho Furuya

Here today and gone tomorrow, they say,
 But gone is gone as gone can be.
 Where do my teachers go?
 To another happier place I pray. . .
 To teach again their great knowledge which I will never hear again.
 When my times comes too,
 Please bury me to face my masters of those wonderful days of past,
 So I will have
 no trouble to find them,
 When I awake in another place. . .

Editor's note: Sensei posted this poem to Aikiweb on 10/19/2003 after learning that Sadateru Arikawa Sensei had passed away.

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Here is a story that may help to illustrate my point. Once, I was at the offices of *Inside Kung-fu* magazine accompanying Sensei on an errand. As I waited for him in the break room, a couple of guys came in. In the course of making small talk, one of them asked me what martial art I studied. When I replied, "Aikido," they began to make fun of Aikido and say it was fake. Then one of the guys asked me who my teacher was, and I replied, "Rev. Kensho Furuya." They abruptly stopped laughing and their faces got white. Simultaneously, they both stood up and one said, "Oh sorry. Aikido seems fake, but Sensei is the real deal." Then, awkwardly, they both bowed and practically bumped into each other as they ran out of the room. These two guys were muscular and in great shape and they ran out scared. These guys ran away not because Sensei was the best and not because he was a physical force and could beat them up. They ran out because Sensei was someone to be respected.

Today it is easy to judge Sensei by his weight, but I can tell you from first-hand knowledge that people who met Sensei almost never judged him by his outward appearance. Wherever we went, people would often call him "sensei" even waiters, homeless people, and shop keepers.

The other day, I read the Japanese proverb, "the skilled swordsman has superior manners" and I pondered the question, "Why are manners and decorum so important?" Manners are important because they dictate who we are on the inside and our decorum is the product of our true inner nature. Etiquette and decorum are evident in our attitude and attitude is something that we cannot hide. Our attitude or how we conduct ourselves gives us the air or ambiance of who we are, and people can feel it. A fake person will always feel fake but when we meet someone who is authentic, we somehow feel compelled to respect them.



Thus, I have truly realized what Sensei was saying as I recently met all these high-ranking teachers. Most of them were teachers or "positional" leaders, meaning they received their leadership roles because of their rank or time served and not because they

"are" leaders or teachers. Some of these people were teachers only because they were physically skillful. With others, I was horrified by their lack of etiquette and decorum and that made me realize what Sensei was saying and the importance of that proverb on etiquette. Realizing this saddened me that I took Sensei for granted and didn't have a better relationship with him before he died.

Today, I completely understand Sensei. His assertion about my behavior is something that I am continually working on. I now understand that what makes a person "the best" is not what they can do,

but what and how they choose to do. I may know this concept with my mind, but I am still trying to understand it in my heart.

To be the best one needs to BE the best. What Sensei was trying to say is that being the best means not only being skillful but also having the best attitude. The beginnings of one's true prowess come from inside out.

Sensei was a great teacher. He was the best because his presence brought this intensity which forced you to hyper focus on your training. His presence also made you feel like you wanted to live your life at a higher level. What truly makes someone the best is that they bring out the best in you. Those guys at *Inside Kung-fu* magazine apologized, bowed, and ran away not because they thought they would get beat up but because they knew they were acting inappropriately and just the thought of Sensei made them act right. That's the true markings of a great teacher and that's what he was trying to teach me. I am forever grateful to have been his student. •



“When a person gets older, they begin to see how short Life really is and how little time they have to do what they want to do. Please take my word for it and get off your duff right now and begin to do what you’ve always wanted to do. Time waits for no one. Young people today always think there is a “tomorrow,” but, in reality, we only get a few “tomorrows” and that is it! Live in the present, be in the present, do in the present. This is the best advice I can offer. Kouinyanogotoshi (光陰矢のごとし) or “time flies like an arrow” and like an arrow, it never comes back.”

—Rev. Kensho Furuya



Normally, in any type of learning situation following the path of a competent teacher is not easy. Sometimes this path is hard, other times incomprehensible, sometimes irrational, and above all very, very demanding. However, following this path is more difficult even if we are not with our teacher every day so that we can receive their guidance, hear their explanations, or turn to them for help. It is only when it is your turn to be the teacher, that you realize how difficult and thankless it is to be the teacher.

Starting on the path of teacher is hard and you have to start being tough, dedicated, self-critical, disciplined and very, very demanding of yourself! The path is not that easy.

This year marks the 16th anniversary since the death of my teacher, Rev. Kensho Furuya. If I have learned anything in all this time, it is that nothing is easy. I now realize that he did many things every day that went unnoticed by most of us students. His efforts to provide us with a space to learn Aikido must have taken a lot of work on his part. I now realize that everything he asked of us, demanded, and taught had a purpose and a function that, like everything important and true in this life, is only revealed with the passage of time.

A Simple Teacher



by Santiago Garcia Almaraz
Chief Instructor, Aikido Kodokai

The truth is that these days I don’t know very well why people start Aikido or what motivates young people who come to the dojo to practice. When I started practicing martial arts at five years old, I was surely influenced by Bruce Lee or Jackie Chan’s action movies, or the TV series *Kung fu*. My idea of the practice of these arts was to be instructed by a great and wise master who was old and had supernatural skills. I thought that in addition to being physically trained, I would be spiritually trained as well. I

suppose that my first years practicing Judo when I was a child in the cultural center of my neighborhood was far from this romantic image that I had imagined about martial arts. I liked it but it was not what perhaps I thought it was or even done the way I wanted.

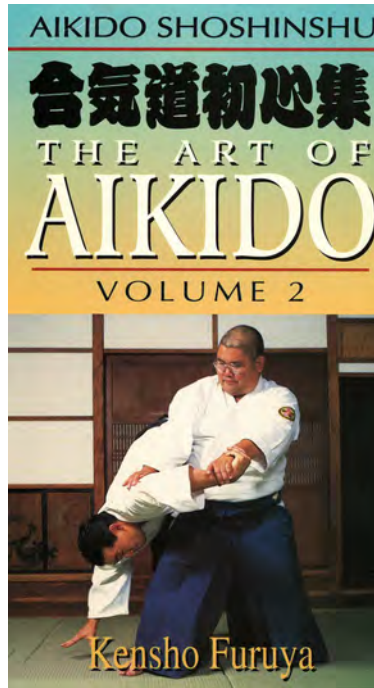
As time went by, I had different experiences, studied other martial arts, and had different teachers. With age and opportunity, I lost the illusion of the “sage master” who met those supernatural requirements that I had imagined when I was a child.

It wasn’t until I was 24 years old that fate, a magazine, and a lot of recklessness presented me with my true teacher, when I knocked on the door of the Aikido Center of Los Angeles and I met Furuya Sensei in June of 1997.

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“All my life I have wanted to be a teacher of Aikido. When I finally became a teacher, I realized that I want to become a true teacher of Aikido. This is so with everything in life.”

– Rev. Kensho Furuya



A Simple Teacher continued from page 4...

On a whim, I flew to Los Angeles to find Furuya Sensei whom I had read about in the magazine *Cinturon Negro*. As you can imagine, the chances that this would turn out badly were pretty high! When I left Spain, I didn't even know what I would find, or what the trip would be like. All I knew was that I would fly to the other side of the Earth looking for a teacher using a magazine article as a reference! The only thing I was sure of is that I had to do it.

The first time I met Furuya Sensei, he greeted me kindly and we talked for a long time (which I could only do with very basic English skills). Sensei was interested in my trip, what I was doing and how and where I was going to be during my time in Los Angeles. This was basically my first conversation with him. I was impressed with Sensei because he was just a normal human being. He made me feel at ease and I didn't feel the need to be impressed with titles, rank, or anything about him. I was struck by simply his attitude, his words and his humility. Sensei instantly wanted to help me without even knowing me. For instance, I had mistakenly rented a hotel room in a bad part of LA and Sensei realized I wasn't safe. So, he moved me to a safer and cheaper hotel that was closer to the dojo. It really made me feel like I was in the right place. Even though I was looking for a master, I realized that I had found my teacher.



From that fateful day in 1997 until today, March 2023, Sensei has been in my thoughts and accompanied me to every class, been with me in every good and bad moment of the dojo and has influenced every aspect of my life, advising me, and correcting me and above all, inspiring me to follow him on his path of what it means to be a teacher.

As students, we have a responsibility to honor our teachers and carry on their teachings after they are gone. This responsibility is what keeps Sensei alive in my heart. To me, Sensei is still alive. Every day, I try to be inspired by him and not just copy his gestures, how he combs his hair, how he dresses or how he gets angry. Those are just affectations. I try to copy his authenticity, kindness, and professionalism. Sensei's job as a teacher, which is the same job I have, is to convey the art to his students as it was expressed and taught to him by his teachers. It is our responsibility and legacy to take the best of our teachers, adapt it to our own circumstances, teach it the best way we can and always carry them in our hearts. I want nothing more than to be a simple teacher who does good Aikido like my teacher, Rev. Kensho Furuya.

Thank you, Sensei, so much for your kindness and teachings. I miss you every day. •



The longer I teach and practice Aikido and Iaido, the more I am thankful for being Furuya Sensei's student, remembering what he taught us and especially compelling us to consistently practice these teachings.

If you practiced in our dojo back then, you would know that we always practiced the basics – the four main *katame waza*, *ikkyo*, *nikyo*, *sankyo*, *yonkyo*; and the four main *nage waza*, *iriminage*, *shihonage*, *kotegaeshi*, and *kaiten-nage*, as well as various *kokyunage*, or timing throws. Iaido was even more standardized, the same class with the same techniques, over and over again.

In addition to those main basic techniques, we also practiced many other things that I would consider more like exercises than real Aikido techniques. Techniques that, to me, seem to have no practical self-defense purpose.

I have come to realize, through years of practice, teaching, thinking of these many techniques, and recalling his instruction, that they are all interrelated; that the Aikido techniques are all pretty much the same thing. However, back then, during those super naive beginner days, practice seemed like a bunch of techniques and movements collected under the umbrella term, Aikido. Yet, Sensei was able to organize all this material in a logical way and present it to us. He took a subject that was com-

plex and sophisticated, and broke it up into digestible portions.

People have always bad-mouthed Aikido except when Furuya Sensei's name came up. They would always say, "his Aikido works." They would always say he is the "real thing." I count myself extremely fortunate to have taken his *ukemi* starting when I was a white belt. My logical thinking and calculating brain would have its own doubts about Aikido as a self-defense system. Is it fake? Why am I taking *ukemi* like this and moving with the technique? Most of Aikido did not make sense to me as a fighting method, but constantly being his *uke* for classes and demonstrations would always demolish that notion completely.



by Ken Watanabe
Technical Director

I remember when I first started practicing Aikido, Furuya Sensei was still young. I remember celebrating his 40th birthday at a Chinese restaurant! When teaching on the mat, he was, in a word, very scary. I felt so sorry for the black belts who made a mistake while taking his *ukemi*. Over the many years being his *uke*, I always wondered how he seemed to become smoother and better. He was "the sensei" and so he didn't practice like we practiced. Sensei's physical strength waned, yet inexplicably (to me) somehow his Aikido seemed to get better and better, more skillful and more sophisticated.

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“There is nothing more precious than the relationships with family or friends. Everything must be done to maintain these relationships and preserve and nurture them – we are not on the battlefield! If we want a peaceful society of harmony and friendship, we must do everything to make it such.”

–Rev. Kensho Furuya



Building Blocks *continued from page 6...*

His technique was still very powerful, but it wasn't a physical power per se. I didn't feel manhandled or overpowered like someone beating me at arm wrestling. I felt like I had no choice but to fall. It was almost like a law of nature. (I just had an epiphany that maybe this is what O'Sensei meant when he was talking about "Universe"??)

Despite the inexplicable increase in skill, Sensei still continued to emphasize the basic techniques. It was Sensei who told us on more than one occasion that advanced Aikido techniques are simply basic techniques done at an advanced level. The moment our opponent attacks and makes contact, they are already thrown or pinned. He taught us that Aikido wasn't simply collecting more moves and interchanging them like Lego blocks; it wasn't adding a little bit of this and a little bit of that to make it more effective as a fighting system. There was no "plug and play." It was delving deeply into understanding the techniques, understanding the movements, and understanding the practice, all as a martial art.

This year, my teacher, Furuya Sensei, will have been gone from us for 16 years. I began training in 1988 and had the privilege to train under him for 19 years. Like I wrote earlier, I was per-

plexed. How does someone who doesn't really train in class keep improving? What is going on here? How does this happen? Is he a genius? I used to practice every day and these questions propelled me to go every day so that I didn't miss anything. I went every day and I still felt I struggled in those days. All Sensei had for practice was teaching his students.

After Sensei passed away, none of us could depend on him to be there to teach us or discipline us, but what he taught us is still there. I finally understood how he could keep getting better and better. It was the art itself that teaches us. For both Aikido and Iaido, the Way is the teacher. What we remember from our training and how we use it; that is what continues to teach us. To stay on the Way is easy; just keep doing what you're doing, thoughtfully. To stray from the Way is also easy, just do whatever you like and stop caring.

It is because of these basic techniques that I am the martial artist that I am today. Furuya Sensei's wisdom in teaching us the correct building blocks of good Aikido and good Iaido, enabled the art itself to continue to teach me. Ito Sensei and I always say how incredibly lucky we were to train under Sensei, and in a way, as long as we do good Aikido, he, and every other great Aikido teacher, continue to live on. •

“You can make many friends in life, but if you can make one real, from the heart, true-blue friend, I think that you are fortunate. You may love many people in life, but if you can find one true-blue forever love in your life, you are lucky. You can have many teachers in your life, but if you can find one true-blue true teacher in your life, you are blessed.”

– Rev. Kensho Furuya



I am sitting here thinking of Furuya Sensei, trying to write something in his memory. However, something I know about myself is that I have a very poor memory. I realized this while talking to my brother about past experiences that we had as kids. He would tell stories saying, “remember when did this or that?” For the life of me, I couldn’t remember what he was talking about. I guess this is just a function of getting older. When trying to remember things from my past, I see them more as snap shots or short films that I only experience in the third person. I can only imagine the things I don’t remember at all.

While reminiscing about Sensei, I realize the sad truth is that my memories of him are also fading away. This is a very uncomfortable realization. I started to feel bad thinking this would in some way discount the value he had on me as my teacher. Worse than that, how would this effect my technical knowledge? In the process of reconciling this forgetfulness within myself, I realized something deeper.

What I realized is that through practice, we can preserve Sensei’s teachings and hold onto that spirit. The word for “training” is *keiko* (稽古) which means to “remember the past.” Thus, through the process of training, we remember. While training, I can still hear Sensei giving out corrections and express key

Remembering



by **Michael Van Ruth**
Aikido 4th Dan
Iaido 4th Dan

points. Sometimes in class when Ito Sensei or Watanabe Sensei are teaching, I can still hear Sensei in their voices. For instance, the other day in Iaido, Watanabe Sensei was admonishing us to pull our *saya* or “sword scabbards” back more and he said, “More sayabiki!” I don’t know if it was the way he said it or if it was in his tone, but I remember feeling that it was just like Sensei used to say it.

Sensei used to say, “Always act as if your teacher is watching.” While writing this article, I realize that memory isn’t just in the mind, but it is also in our bodies and our spirits. We can hold onto our memories through our movement or in how we practice. I also realized that the person I am now is in part is due to my training under Sensei some 25+ years ago. From the way I fold my clothes the way I pack my car, I always do it like Sensei is watching me. My training under him put an indelible mark on not only my spirit but my life as a whole. This is something that I don’t want to forget. Therefore, I can’t stop training because I don’t want Sensei, his teaching or his memory to fade.

Thinking about memory this way gives me solace. I am grateful knowing that even though my memory of him may continue to fade, I can still be lucky enough to know his memory will forever dwell in my heart. •



I started studying Aikido with Rev. Kensho Furuya in 1999.

Looking back on my early days in the dojo, Furuya Sensei was a strong influence on my path as a filmmaker. Sensei was a bit of a *cinophile*, and one of my favorite memories is when he invited me into his office to watch a scene that he was particularly impressed by from a martial arts film that he was watching (I wish I could remember the film!).

I believe it was his idea to host the premiere of my first short film, *Remember Pearl Harbor*, in the dojo. The screening was a modest affair, attended by roughly 75 people, which started a series of fortunate events that helped to shape me as a filmmaker.

The dojo newsletter, which detailed all the monthly business, was mailed all over the world and somebody in Japan took a particular interest in the story of the film, which was about an American interracial couple (Japanese and German) who are separated by the events of WWII.

A couple of months after the screening I received an email from a Japanese reporter, who was interested in writing an article about me. I didn't know that the *Asahi Shimbun* was like the New York Times of Japan, and I almost didn't write back! The 60th anniversary of Pearl Harbor was coming up, and there was a lot of interest on the topic both in the US and Japan.

The Japanese reporter came to Los Angeles with a photographer and followed me around for a couple days. They wanted to see me at work, and although I was the director of my short film, I was also starting a career as a camera assistant. I got permission for the *Asahi Shimbun* crew to come to the set of a non-union short film that I was loading film for. The Loader is also called the Clapper Loader, or the 2nd Assistant Cameraman, and the loader role is responsible for ensuring the smooth running of

the camera department. I'll never forget the strange looks of "why are they following the loader around?" from the director and cinematographer!

At the same time, NHK was developing what would become a 3-hour documentary about WWII called *The Road to Pearl Harbor*. The producers of that project read the *Asahi Shimbun* article and decided to look at the events of WWII through the eyes of a

younger generation. The grandson of Prime Minister Konoe would trace his impressive family history for the

Japanese perspective. They reached

out to me to ask if I would trace my family history for the (Japanese) American perspective.

In The Movies



by James Takata
Aikido 3rd Dan

It was a really fantastic on-camera experience which took me to places including Tokyo, Hiroshima, Washington D.C., San Francisco, Fresno, and Stockton (where we found my great-grandparents' farm). The most memorable thing of all was visiting the site of the Gila River Internment Camp in Arizona with my grandmother (who was incarcerated there) and my mother (who was born there). It is one of my fondest memories and that was all due to Sensei's support of me as a filmmaker.

As an aspiring filmmaker, Sensei enlisted me to shoot and edit several DVD videos for the dojo. I learned a lot creating those projects, and decades later, he was still my most demanding client! It's funny to remember him telling me what a bad camera operator I was!

This past year I've especially missed Furuya Sensei. I wish I could share with him some of the new success that I've found as a director and thank him for all he did to help foster my career in filmmaking. Thank you so much, Sensei!•

“What I have noticed about the few really great people I have met is that they are all truly humble and kind human beings.”

—Rev. Kensho Furuya



I started training under Furuya Sensei in 1993 while I was in college. If someone were to ask me what it was like to train under Sensei, my automatic response would've been that it was intense, strict, and at times intimidating, but above all, rewarding. I guess that's why we students ended up coming back to practice day after day. Or it could've been obligation. Many things in the dojo ran well because of the fruits of the students' obligation to keep the dojo running, to show up for classes, and most of all, to keep our teacher happy – not yelling at the senior students, as he was so famous for doing. And keeping Sensei happy could've been as simple as going out to dinner after class (if we were invited of course). Although Sensei commanded respect at the dojo, at the end of the day he was still human, someone who liked to joke and laugh, and be surrounded by his students to whom he gave so much of his energy to teach. Sometimes Sensei treated us students, how he wanted someone to treat him as well, with kindness and generosity. I still remember him sitting on the extra blue mats after class, seeing students off, asking when they were coming back to class, or just making conversation.

Despite the hot temper Sensei showed sometimes during class, such as storming off the mat and up the stairs in a fit of anger if he saw that no one was listening or doing the technique correctly, there were sides to sensei I experienced which were actually kind. One New Year's, he cooked *ozoni* or “traditional Japanese soup with mochi” for a handful of us students at the dojo,

as he put on videos of Samurai *chambara* movies on a little TV for us to watch while we consumed his home cooking. I can still remember the aroma of the broth coming from his small stove upstairs, and marveled at how much it smelled like my mother's cooking. I was amazed that Sensei knew how to cook, that he actually used the little kitchen in his study, which was right behind the chair he would sit at while he worked, and sometimes napped. Later, he said that he didn't cook much because it was hard to cook for just one. I

was even more in awe that he was actually serving us food, when in those days I saw the black belts and *deshi's* serving him, at his beck and call at all times.

By the time we were slurping away the *ozoni* on those *tatami* mats in the dojo, watching movies, our bellies warm with soup and *mochi*, I remember feeling at ease. For a moment, in that dojo, we felt like a family. When Sensei passed, I really felt like I had lost a family member. Someone who I saw more than my own family, as in those days I trained intensely, going to the dojo almost everyday, sometimes taking

more than one class and then practicing after classes. I learned from Sensei not only Aikido, but what it was like to lose someone so close. Even though I experienced loss, I gained the memory of his teachings and on that New Years was able to glimpse his generous heart through a simple bowl of soup. •

Sensei's Kindness



by Maria Murakawa
Aikido 4th Dan



Furuya Sensei at Aiki Shrine in July of 1969



Though Aikido is an absolute martial art, it is still about caring for others and having compassion as human beings. As an absolute martial art – it is not about injuring and killing others, it is about understanding the value of human life.

Although we think we know about Life, we do not. If we did, we would not be hurting others and we would be more frantic about discovering the true value of Life within our lives.

We think we are so smart or enlightened because we say to others, “Take it easy!” or “Don’t worry about it!” This relaxed persona is not an enlightened view if it is not said from true enlightenment. Saying this without a strong and deep passion for Life, is only a delusion.

Don’t say anything or try to “understand” anything, just practice with your true heart. A true heart has the power to change a lie into a truth, a misconception into a reality. We try to depend so much on our logic and sense – hahahaha, this never works and only creates confusion in the end.

The flower is not aware of its own beauty – this is true beauty!

Human Beings



by Rev. Kensho Furuya

When we focus our training on our True Selves, we are no longer aware of strong or weak, fail or victory or rich or poor. We only come to know kindness, compassion, and forgiveness – the tenets of true human life.

As long as we fight, compete, or try to show our strength to others on the mats, we are only focusing on our delusional selves or our tiny selves which are only obsessed with our own egos and personal gain. This is why we must stop “thinking.” Thinking in this sense means with our calculating, discriminating minds, not the minds which are only looking for profit and gain instead of thinking with our hearts! Please put your hearts into your training•

Editor’s note: *Furuya Sensei posted this article in a slightly different format on his Daily Message on July 8, 2003.*

UPCOMING EVENTS

行事

Dojo Coronavirus update:

Currently, the City of Los Angeles and the County of Los Angeles has lifted the face mask mandate for all persons vaccinated or not. Anyone who still wants to wear a face covering in class is welcome to do so. There is also no vaccination requirement to attend classes.

IMPORTANT DATES

March 3-5: Furuya Sensei Memorial Seminar
March 25th: Senior's Intensive Seminar
April 22nd: 11:30 AM O'Sensei memorial service
April 29th: Senior's Intensive Seminar
July 8-9: Zenshuji Obon volunteering
October: Dates TBA - Spain 25th anniversary seminar

The Furuya Foundation and the Aikido Center of Los Angeles (ACLA) admit students of any race, color, and national or ethnic origin to all the rights, privileges, programs, and activities generally accorded or made available to students at the school. The Furuya Foundation and the Aikido Center of Los Angeles do not discriminate on the basis of race, color, gender identification, national or ethnic origin or sexual orientation in administration of their educational policies, admissions policies, scholarship and loan programs, and athletic and other school-administered programs.

Aikido Training Schedule

合気道 時間割

Saturdays

10:15-11:15 AM Advanced
11:30 AM-12:30 PM Theory

Wednesdays

6:30-7:30 PM Regular
8:30-9:30 PM Fundamentals @Budokan

Sundays

9:00-10:00 AM Children's Class
10:15-11:15 AM Regular
11:30 AM-12:30 PM Fundamentals

Thursdays

6:30-7:30 PM Open

Mondays

6:30-7:30 PM Regular

Fridays

6:30-7:30 PM Regular Class

Tuesdays

6:30-7:30 PM Weapons

NOTE: Visitors are welcome to observe our Fundamentals, or Regular Classes.

Iaido Training Schedule

居合道 時間割

Saturdays

8:00-9:00 AM Regular Class

Tuesdays

7:45-8:45 PM Regular class

Thursdays

7:45-8:45 PM Regular class



The Aiki Dojo

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The Aikido Center of Los Angeles

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Our dojos are committed to the study and practice of the teachings of the Founder of Aikido, Morihei Ueshiba and his legitimate successors, Nidai Doshu, Kisshomaru Ueshiba, the present Doshu, Moriteru Ueshiba and Hombu Dojo-Cho, Mitsuteru Ueshiba.

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