

# GONPA GAZETTE

I can't remember how many friends asked, "Do you have culture shock when you visit the US?" Honestly, I do not.

My first visit after living at the monastery only six months was the biggest shock: Eugene was eerily quiet and void of people...many were dressed seemingly 'half naked' having come from a country where Indians and Tibetans are always fully covered.

But that was then and this is now, and now more things are 'of one taste'. Of course there are obvious sensate differences that can't be ignored, but ultimately they are 'of one taste'.



*Raising the new temple spire at an early morning roof top tsokpa*



*The ice cream 'gadi' (cart) amid fancy hotels and highrises on Central Park South, NYC.*

One taste? How can living in a monastery in South India have the same taste as visiting old friends in US cities?

The more I am present with what...accept what is...the more I realize that nothing is inherently solid or 'real': that the only meaning anything has is what I project onto it...the more everything is of one taste...and a fine taste it is!

As Chogyam Trungpa said, "One taste is no-taste, therefore, it is every taste of every thing: pleasure and pain, good and bad. All the tastes and flavours can be included. So everything is fine".