

GONPA GAZETTE

One ani, many monks! Most people are surprised when they learn I am the only woman, foreigner and native English speaker at the monastery. Me and 150 guys. What's so strange?

There was a time when it would have been strange for me, and another time when I might have even politely declined the opportunity. In reality, I am living in community with other *people*, who happen to be male.

When I look at the monks I don't see *different*, I see *same*. I know I am not male with brown skin, hair and eyes, but in my perception those differences pale in comparison to our humanness.



Always a 'big brother/uncle' to be with.



My best teachers in how to be kind.

I have been asked why I don't live at the local nunnery. My answer is always the same: I came to India to be of service to Rinpoche and this monastery is where he needs help. I like to think I have less distractions here, because the monks don't want to hang with their mom/grand mom. At the nunnery there might be lots of socializing...but maybe I would be fluent in Tibetan!

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