

GONPA GAZETTE

I think it's a good thing I continue to surprise myself. When I tell the monks I am most reactive to they are my best friends, their attitude towards me totally changes!

They beam with awe, joy and disbelief when they hear: "Hey, *best friend...Best friend*, give me high five...Here comes my *best friend* to wash his hair...Oh, my *best friend* forgot to take his TB tablets..."



Thanks for letting your 'grandmother wash your hair. She really enjoyed it!



One of my best friends!

Surprising myself again, I spontaneously offered to wash an oppositional teen's hair (rather than have him not wash and say he did). He told me I reminded him of his grandmother, so 'grandmother' washed his hair daily until he was willing to do it! Many monks gawked and joked, but he continued to accept, which is what mattered.

The monks are my best teachers. I have been here almost nine years, and their patience with my learning curve is impressive. Slowly, slowly I am getting the hang of 'being mother to all the monks'.

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