

GONPA GAZETTE



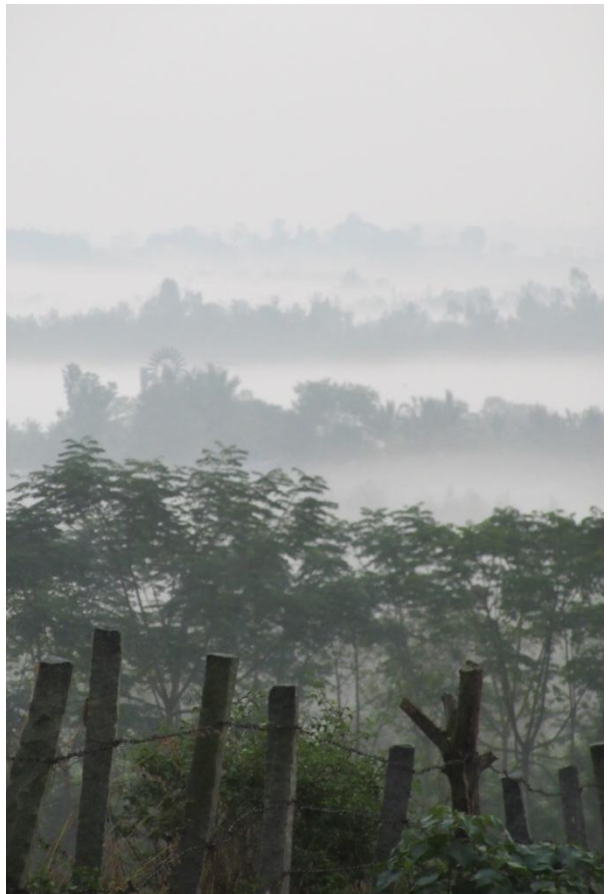
Down the 'rabbit hole for the soul'

This month included the best of times and the (almost) worst of times...guest and gifts; infirmity and adversity...The more I am present and pay attention, the more I realize it is *all* a dream: fluid and without substance.

The five (Indian) star resort/spa...the one-room cinder block lean-to home without electricity/water for a family of five. The multiple attempts applying for a required government document...the document finally in-hand. The thrice daily meds for all our sick monks...the week of bed rest as I succumbed myself...

Do I have preferences? Of course, but the 'nightmares' are never outside of me; always inside, projected out. When I think they are solid and real, I suffer.

So, row, row, row your dream boat gently down the dream stream; merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily dreaming that life is but a dream!



Ethereal...ephemeral...impermanent

NOVEMBER 2017 IN PHOTOS

