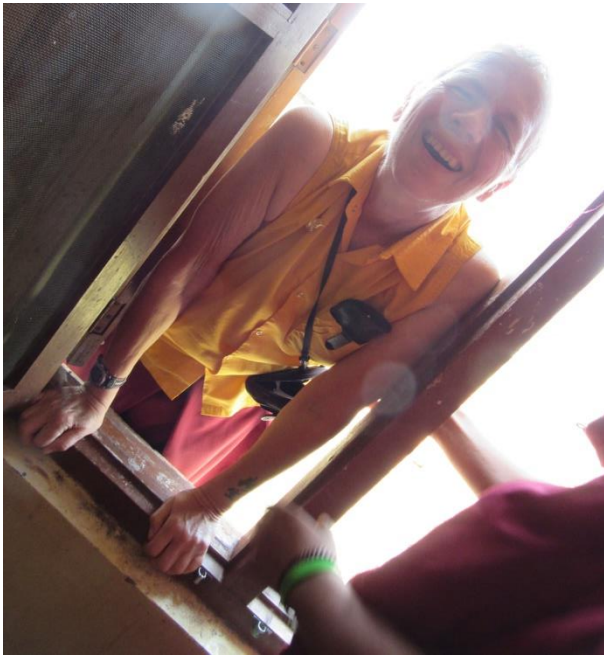


GONPA GAZETTE



Ta-da!

If we can laugh at ourselves we will always have something to laugh about, right? Most of my life I have leaned toward serious, but one thing I have learned here is to see the humour in *everything*.

The school monks laugh at how I: can't remember their names, quickly forget the Tibet/Nepali words they teach me, mis-pronounce those words, make mistakes. I just shrug, saying, "Silly Ani."

Recently, I arrived at the dorms for daily showers to hear, "Ani, key lost. Come to the back". The

one key to the dorm is lost and I have to climb in the window? What used to annoy me is now the funniest thing I ever heard! Too absurd...too hysterical...too belly-laugh-of-the-century!

'OK, I can do this'...especially with 100 school monks gawking...1-2-3 up!...as a huge hand attached to a brawny arm reaches for me! The crowd roars, gives me a standing ovation; and again I can't stop laughing!



How kind! 'Baby' steps set out just for me!

FEBRUARY 2017 IN PHOTOS



