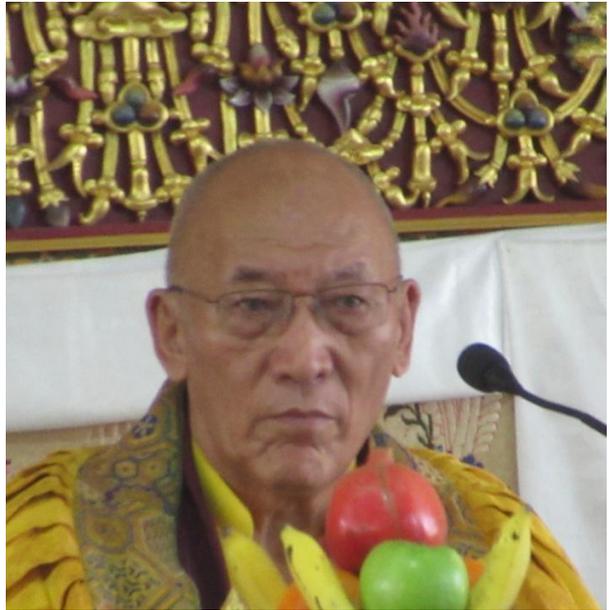


GONPA GAZETTE

Somewhere around the third week of February 2011 I moved to the monastery. Eight years in paradise? I guess it depends on your definition of 'paradise'!

Since paradise and it's opposite (hell?) only exist in the mind anyway, I would say living at the monastery is as close to living in paradise as I might ever get. Even without most creature comforts, it continues to be the *best* environment for spiritual growth...and ultimately, what else is there? Although I can clearly see changes in myself since moving here, I can also see 'miles to go before I sleep'!



HE Ayang Rinpoche, my reason for being here.

I continue to be humbled on a daily basis (which is good for us hard-headed types); to have my lack of (generosity, compassion, patience...fill in the blank) reflected back to me when I think I am being 'oh, so'; and most of all to be awed by the truth and power of the Dharma.

The minor inconveniences, which I can majorly complain about, pale in comparison to the benefits of being of service; accepting what is as it comes; and feeling immense gratitude for anything and everything that comes my way!



The temple decked out in her 'fairy light finery'.

FEBRUARY 2019 IN PHOTOS

