

GONPA GAZETTE



Badminton, Frisbee and skip ropes, oh my!

“You can’t stop the waves, but you can learn to surf”...You also can’t stop the rapids, but you can paddle like your life depends on it!

There I was standing on the verandah of the clinic for morning hair washing when a deluge of thirty exuberant new monks cascaded down the hill. Even in the best of times I would have been overwhelmed, and the visual metaphor that immediately arose was of finding myself in Class 4 rapids when I didn’t know there were *any* rapids on the river.

That was the end of January when I arrived hours earlier from six weeks away. I have been paddling like my life depended on it (it did) ever since, and the

monks and I are now into calm(er) waters.

At the time, all the new monks looked like monks that had been here before, but left. What weird *déjà vu* is *that*! It takes me several days to even remember the old monks’ roll numbers after I have been away. I was in for a ride!

Two months later we all know each other better, and my arms are not so sore from paddling. Some days I get to just float!

To my advantage, causes and conditions had already come together for me not to have the energy to do more than laugh at their antics and be goofy along with them. My lesson continues to be: when in doubt, come down to their level and clown with them like they clown to with on me!



Daily chores after morning hair washing

MARCH 2019 IN PHOTOS

