

GONPA GAZETTE



Seven little Buddhas happy to see me!

After six weeks I am still adjusting to being back at the monastery. I was only in the US three weeks, but how quickly and easily I got attached to my time being my own: getting up when I wanted, eating what and when I wanted, sleeping when I wanted... you know, the things most retirees do! Fact of life: at the monastery, my time has never been and will never be, my own!.

Aside from institutional living where we all get up, eat, and go to bed at the same time, I am 'mother' to 150 monks...you know, on call 24/7/365! My time is only my own during my required exodus from India every six months.

As soon as I step inside the monastery gate, the image arises of a mother bird surrounded by her screeching hatchlings, all demanding her time, energy and attention, and none having any patience or ability to wait! 'Ani' starts sounding like Mommy, Mummy, Amma, Ammi, and Nanni!

But if life *is* all a dream, and my outer reality *is* only a projection of my inner world and I *can* create the reality I want...then I can visualize the monks as the Buddhas they (and we all) are, and hear their cries as sacred mantra or "Welcome home Ani...We are so glad to see you...We missed you so much!"



What took you so long to get here?

SEPTEMBER 2019 IN PHOTOS

