
JAMYANG FOUNDATION

AN EDUCATION PROJECT FOR HIMALAYAN WOMEN

2016 NEWSLETTER



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Appreciating Bodhi leaves

WARM NEW YEAR GREETINGS TO ALL DEAR FRIENDS OF JAMYANG FOUNDATION!

The perfection of generosity is foremost among the virtues the Buddha taught. In a world of uncertainty, it is especially wonderful to see people put others' needs above their own. We are constantly encouraged by the kindness our donors extend to the nuns in India and children in Bangladesh. Even the smallest gift goes a long way to improve the lives of our dear students. Thank you for helping keep them healthy and happy so they can continue their studies!

Heartfelt good wishes for the coming year,

Karma Lekshe Tsomo, Director

UNFORGETTABLE

by Anna Geisseler

To celebrate my retirement after 40 years of teaching, I decided to take a break from my privileged environment in Switzerland. I wanted to support Jamyang Foundation's education projects and nourish my desire for adventure at the same time. I was able to achieve both my goals.

I arrived at Changchug Chöling Monastery in Zangla on July 23, 2016, and stayed for five weeks. This was during the kids' summer holidays. The first week, I joined the Hungarian Education Volunteer Group, which was organizing a summer holiday program for the nine young *jomos* (nuns) who attend classes at the nunnery. Together, from Monday to Saturday, for three hours a day, we provided the children with a full program of outdoor games, handicraft activities (such as making kites), singing, storytelling, drawing, and so on. The little nuns really enjoyed themselves, even though it must have been a bit tiring for them to follow all our instructions in English.

When classes started again, Tenzin Tsepal, the nun teacher, supervised the lessons each day in collaboration with one volunteer from the Hungarian group. I took the opportunity to work with a 13-year-old *jomo* who has significant learning challenges. For the following four weeks, I worked together with her in a one-on-one setting for two hours every day. The subjects we covered were English phonics, English reading, writing, math, and handicrafts (knitting, paperfolding, and so on).

Sometimes, when the nun teacher had an urgent appointment outside the monastery, for example, I was asked to teach all nine children from 10 am to 4 pm. The children ranged in age from three to 13 and were extremely independent for their young age. I found the *jomos* to be well-educated, full of excitement, and eager to learn. They especially loved singing and joking, inside and outside the classroom, and supported one another in a warm and caring way.

In addition to the childrens' classes, I taught five adult *jomos*



one class a day from 5 pm to 6 pm for four weeks. We worked with the book *Healthy Body, Healthy Mind* that was published by the Tibetan Nuns Project. To acquire new vocabulary, we focused on themes such as body parts, organs, the senses, illnesses, and the like. We also studied some grammatical structures, verbs, verb tenses, and adjectives. We described pictures and listened to stories, all on a very basic level of English.

Altogether, I observed a very good learning atmosphere at the nunnery. The *jomos* expressed a high level of interest in learning all the subjects we studied. I appreciated the *jomos'* excellent attendance and engaged participation in the English classes, especially during a season of intensive fieldwork and grass cutting in the village.

Of the nine young *jomos* attending the monastery school, five are in residence permanently. The other four live with their families in the village of Zangla and come to the monastery daily to attend classes. A total of 18 adult *jomos* are affiliated with the Changchub Chöling Monastery. During the five weeks that I stayed at the monastery, nine of these nuns were in residence and the others are living or studying in Leh or elsewhere.

Electronic communications in Zangksar are very difficult, but



they are improving. The nun teacher now has an email address and a mobile phone. Hopefully in the future, this will make it easier to inform the nuns that a new teacher will be coming to teach them. All the nuns from Zangla Nunnery send their greetings to Elles Lohuis, Jamyang Foundation's volunteer coordinator. They expressed the wish that English classes for the nuns could be arranged during the winter months. The extreme cold would make this very difficult for most Western volunteers, of course. Instead, they recommended an

English teacher named Sonam Dolma, who is a teacher at the Government School in Zangla. She is the sister of Jomo Angmo and lives in Zangla Village year round. She has just given birth to her second baby and she has agreed to teach the nuns during the coming winter.

I want to express my thanks to Jamyang Foundation for giving me the opportunity to volunteer at Zangla Nunnery. The many, very extraordinary experiences I had there have enriched my life in an unforgettable way.



Zangla nuns cleaning bowls

TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH

by *Hanna Dougherty*

Journal: Day 15 This is my third time in Padum trying to access the internet. The first, second, and third times, the internet was down at both internet cafes in town. Luckily, one of Lobzang's friends, Soodan, made it his mission to help me get in touch with folks at home. His father, a pharmacist at the local hospital, is good friends with the president of the Zangskar School District. Soodan and I drove to the president's house, explained my sad situation, and were given permission to use the single computer at the high school. When Google's colorful letters appeared on my screen, I almost cried.

From high in these mountains, it is physically impossible to get in touch with the outside world. It took me three, 3-hour round-trips to Padum just to send a few emails.

The monastery feels like the end of the Earth. The village of Zangla is located as far as the road dares to go, and the monastery is at the tail of it. Beyond it lies completely uncharted territory – gorgeous valleys untouched by human

hands. I have never felt so far away from the world. The monastery is a cluster of white, clay cottages on the side of the mountain. There's a main courtyard with a tall steeple of prayer flags, a large room for pujas (ceremonies), two latrines, a library, several small cottages where the nuns sleep, and a kitchen/dining room above it all. I am staying in the library, a beautiful room covered in tapestries and oriental rugs.

The monastery is a beautiful community of women and children working together like a well-oiled machine. Dazzling smiles are painted on the faces of everyone who lives here. The sun shines all day, but the air is crisp, so everyone is wrapped neatly in wool. Our days begin with the rising sun and end beneath the most beautiful blanket of stars I've ever witnessed. It is truly a peaceful kingdom, far away from the grime of the world I am so used to.

The school is a one-room clay structure at the bottom of the mountain. Everyday before lunchtime, I teach the



little ones – eight students between the ages of three and twelve. We work on reading comprehension: colors, days and months, simple questions and responses, geography, things in the environment, and family. These little girls are an absolute joy to work with. Their enthusiasm knocks the wind out of me. Every day as I come into class, they literally bounce up and down with joy. I have never before witnessed children who want to learn as desperately as these children do.

The children love to sing. Fortunately, so do I. We've been working on the five senses and the body parts. "The Hokey Pokey" and "Head and Shoulders" are deeply ingrained in my daily lesson plans. The children's joy bubbles out of them like rivers – great and never-ending. This morning as I said "Good-bye," we didn't stop blowing kisses to each other until I was out of sight.

The senior nuns have been magnificent to me and are starting to feel like real family. They've even taken to calling me "Nomo," which means "Little Sister." "Nomo, more salt tea?" they'll ask. "Yes, please!" I say. I never thought I'd say this – and please don't tell my past self – but I've actually started liking salt tea!

The nuns have extremely basic English skills. So far, our exchanges have been limited: "Hello," "Good morning," "How are you?" "I'm good," plus breakfast, lunch, dinner, tea, and toilet. The smiles are endless. The oldest nun, whom we refer to as "Grandmother," has the brightest smile in the world, despite her complete lack of teeth. I help her to polish silver, copper, and brass offering bowls every evening by the light of the setting sun. She wears black sunglasses that make her look like a true gangster and a crooked grin that never fails to lift my spirits.

I'm beginning English lessons with the senior nuns this week. Must admit, I'm quite nervous about this. I feel uneasy about teaching women who are so much older and wiser than myself. I'll just have to get over it. If English lessons are what the nuns want, then English lessons the nuns shall get! After all, we are all teachers in different ways. The nuns can cook, sew, and build cottages, which I could never do. What I teach them will be returned to me a million times over.

Dinnertime is always a riot. We all pile into the only room at the monastery with electricity – the kitchen. It's a small room, situated above all the other structures, with a cement floor and the constant buzz of flies congregating around the chimney. The room has raised platforms with carpets along two walls. The other two walls are occupied by an impressive display of bowls and cups, a tiny TV, and two giant wood-burning stoves.

Breakfast is usually chapatis and plain yogurt. The chapatis taste like old pizza crust, but they fill me up. Lunch and dinner may be any combination of rice and sauce, sometimes sprinkled with hard cheese that looks like crusty play-dough. Sometime they serve some dangerous-looking Kashmiri pickles.

Tea is the one constant. Morning, noon, and night, the nuns pour tea down my throat – definitely an aspect of Himalayan life that I've had to adjust to! At this point, I must have tea running through my veins instead of blood.

My spare time has been spent playing with the children, reading, helping Grandmother polish offering bowls, and writing long journal entries. I feel imbued with a deep sense of peace and simplicity in these mountains. It's a very healing environment and I'm sincerely grateful to be here.

The time has come to leave my precious internet post.

I hope the internet cafes begin to work properly in the coming weeks, with the influx of summer tourists, but I no longer trust the network capabilities of the Himalayas. I will resume my place at the monastery with a renewed sense of hope and strength after this first sign of my safe arrival reaches the States.

Now back home, I miss the children everyday. Already, I'm making plans to return. The volunteer who taught at the monastery after me said that she saw traces of me everywhere... especially in the songs! It made me unbelievably happy to hear that the students continue the lessons I taught. So grateful for everything! *Jullay, jullay!*



Below: Zangla nuns with teacher





“GOOD MORNING, MA’AM!”

by Drew Searchinger

It’s 9:25 in the morning at Sanghamitra Institute in Bodhgaya. We’ve finished breakfast, and the nuns are now practicing debate in the prayer hall. As I begin to write this, three nuns from Spiti (Tashi Palmo, Tenzin Saldon, and Tenzin Dolker) come into the office and, with glowing grins, say “Good morning, Ma’am!” “Good morning! How are you?” I respond with joy. Still smiling, they first say, “I am fine,” then opt for “I am excellent!” Giggling, they hurry back to the

prayer hall to continue debating, leaving me and the office full of happiness. Truthfully, I’ve hardly stopped smiling since I arrived.

Some of my favorite moments each day are exchanges that occur outside of class. Passing each other on the stairs en route to the roof, when they stop by my room for a quick hello or homework help, when I join the cooking crew in the kitchen to make tea – these moments best capture the sheer



Yoga class



Morning meditation

joy and enthusiasm that can be felt throughout Sanghamitra. We embrace each other with huge smiles, genuine care, and deep respect. In the presence of this incredible community, my heart is fuller and lighter than it's ever been before.

To be sure, the quality of happiness felt here comes with the diligence and hard work of the nuns. I'm impressed and inspired by the deep focus they bring to their studies and prayers. Each morning, they wake up by 5:30 am for morning *puja* (prayers) from 6-7 am, before breakfast and classes. They have evening *puja* from 6-7 pm, after classes are finished, then memorize texts and take a break for dinner together in the dining hall. The hours of memorizing texts bring a sense of great concentration to the halls of Sanghamitra. Throughout the entire monastery, one can hear the nuns reciting Tibetan quietly and quickly, eyes glued to their books, repeating the verses over and over until they are perfected. When the time comes for lights out (10 pm), a well-deserved, restful silence settles in and sleep comes quickly.

Lately, I've been teaching 3 levels of English and 2 levels of math. In October, before the Spiti nuns arrived, I taught intermediate English to the junior nuns from Kinnaur and advanced English, typing, and computer basics to the senior nuns. I also tutored the two youngest nuns, Yeshe Nima and Yeshe Dolma, in basic English. At the end of October the nuns from Spiti arrived, exhausted from their journey yet full of joy, nonetheless. Sanghamitra was abuzz with excitement from the moment they stepped out of the vans. I'll never forget how wonderful it was to meet everyone for the first

time, waving hello, and grinning ear to ear. Immediately, I knew the months to come were going to be full of learning, light, and laughter.

At the beginning of November, the majority of nuns from Kinnaur left for South India to attend the nuns' debate competition. Yeshe Nima, Yeshe Dolma, and two more senior nuns stayed at Sanghamitra to continue their studies and help manage the monastery. This transition occurred a week after the nuns from Spiti arrived, and the timing was ideal. For a few days, things were extremely active, with one group preparing to travel and another just settling in, but the nuns' buoyancy and efficiency kept a smile on everyone's face.

I'm continually amazed by the sense of responsibility and commitment everyone has in supporting the community. From cooking and cleaning, to praying, to helping each other with their studies, they treat each other with a sense of pure selflessness that I've never before witnessed. I'm extremely grateful to call Sanghamitra my home and the nuns my family. I'll always remember what Tenzin Dechen, the head nun from Kinnaur, told me a few days after arriving. As we sat on the roof and observed the full moon, she said: "Drolma (my Tibetan name), we are your students, but we're also your sisters." She spoke the truth. It is difficult to convey just how special this experience has been and how grateful I am to find myself here.

As the days tumble into weeks and time flies by, the nuns' comfort level with English and our ease with each other continue to grow. The nuns bring their great motivation and



holidays celebrated all over India the last few weeks have brought an extra sense of festivity to Bodhgaya. For Diwali, we lined the roof of Sanghamitra with small mud pots and candles, causing the monastery to glow. Everyone gathered on the roof to watch firecrackers go off throughout the town. One Monday, we made pizza in the afternoon and had a pizza party in the evening. These times of celebration together are cherished memories.

Even though our class technically doesn't start for 15 more minutes, the three youngest nuns are patiently waiting to begin our English class. We're seated beneath the neem tree, enjoying guavas at the end of lunch. Sanghamitra has five bountiful guava trees, palm trees, rows of potatoes and spinach, and many kinds of flowering bushes. These nuns are eight, five, and three years old, but they have brought their books and pencils and are ready to learn. As I look around – from the two cows (soon to be three!), to the prayer flags on the roof, to the eager young faces before me – immense gratitude for this experience fills me. Each night, I fall asleep with a smile on my face and a full heart. I feel extremely fortunate to get to spend quality time with these amazing human beings. I look forward to spending several more months of learning and living together.

I sincerely hope that all of you will have the opportunity to spend time at Sanghamitra and experience the magic for yourself. I cannot recommend it highly enough!

zest for learning to class. We often extend the class time to continue answering their questions. Ending classes with a song or a game on the day before a holiday has become a nice tradition. Lately, we've been singing "You Are My Sunshine." Another favorite is "I Can See Clearly Now the Rain Has Gone." And "Simon Says" always promises outbursts of laughter.

Every Monday, we celebrate the week's work with a visit to the Mahabodhi Temple and often some special foods. The



A HAPPY SPACE OF THEIR OWN

by *Gaela Dennison-Leonard*

Manda Gonpa (or Monastery) is, in several ways, very young. Of the ten nuns in the sangha, the ages range from 15 to 45, and eight out of ten are 30 or younger. The *gonpa* is very newly established and is still being built. The nuns devote most afternoons to gathering wood and stones, and shaping bricks from clay gathered from around the *gonpa*.

I felt incredibly lucky to be there with the women who are shaping this emerging *gonpa* in so many ways. They are working hard to make it a community that will continue (hopefully) for many years to come. If my experience while staying there is any indication, the community will be, in a word, lively. Laughter can be heard ringing through the *gonpa* at all times of day, sometimes even punctuating the chanting sessions.

Lobsang Diskit, aged 20, tended to collapse into a fit of giggles whenever I said anything in Zangskari dialect, even if I got it right. The youngest nun, Youdon, was always up for shenanigans or adventure. We would often walk to a nearby village together and would inevitably end up racing home. It was a spectacle that often made the people working in the fields pause, stare, and chuckle – the 15-year-old, maroon-robed, shaven-headed nun sprinting down the road with an inexplicable six-foot-tall blond woman in trousers. Youdon, I must say, does not play fair, so there was a great deal of pulling on belts, robes, and sweatshirts, and some deftly serpentine defense.

I loved the lighthearted atmosphere of the *gonpa*. One of the major challenges facing nuns in Zangskar, however, is a shortage of experienced senior nuns. All the nuns in the region are on a roughly even footing, without established hierarchies.

The focus at Manda Gonpa is primarily on community dynamics, rather than intensive Dharma studies. One reason is that, in the past, nuns were not trained as teachers. There is an acute shortage of qualified Buddhist teachers, male and female, throughout the Himalayan region. The nuns make up for this by creating a monastic family of mutual care and happiness. It was rare to see anyone in a solitary activity. Often, I felt that the *gonpa's* most important function was to offer these lovely religious women a supportive and loving space in which to be themselves. In the company of good spiritual friends, they happily tread the path to awakening. Does life get better than that?

SANGHA FRIENDS

by *Lama Dian Denis*

In March 2016, I had the privilege to visit and teach a group of about sixty nuns at Sanghamitra Institute in Bodhgaya. This endeavor was a collaboration between the Jamyang Foundation and The Sahle O Project – both groups dedicated to supporting education projects for girls and women in the Himalayan region in harmony with their unique cultural heritage. By offering new learning opportunities, these projects are seen as transforming lives and opening up new possibilities. Accompanying me were a few Dharma students from French Canada. The idea was to create a nurturing Dharma environment to facilitate learning across cultures, in spite of language barriers.

The day after I arrived in Bodhgaya, I learned that a group of nuns from Zangskar were not able to attend this winter study retreat in Bodhgaya because they had gotten snowed in. The nuns at Sanghamitra (ranging in age from 6 to 33) were from two other Himalayan regions: Spiti and Kinnaur. From our very first encounter with the nuns, we enjoyed a splendid collaboration and joyful interactions. Each of the older nuns was responsible for a small group of younger nuns from their own monastery. The younger nuns shared responsibility by doing small tasks, such as bringing the bowls meals, setting out cushions to sit on in the dining hall, and so on.

We sincerely appreciated the intensity of the nuns' studies. From 5 am until late at night, the nuns were busy chanting, learning texts by heart, reading, writing, and attending several different classes. Their deep involvement with

various aspects of the Buddha's teaching was a real delight for all of us to witness. In particular, we were all fascinated by the debate classes. For example, I remember seeing one of the monk teachers show a six-year-old nun how to hold her prayer beads while debating, how to place her feet, and how to clap her hands in front of the "opponent" she faced. The choreography was jubilant and perfectly executed. When we consider that these philosophical teachings were not available to women for centuries, the import of this winter Buddhist Studies program at Sanghamitra Institute is profoundly moving!

During my stay, I was invited to attend a gathering. All the nuns gathered in a large room and the two monk teachers presided over the ceremony. A few nuns were asked to come forward, stand with dignity (to counter their tendency to be extremely shy), and speak into a microphone about an assigned Buddhist topic. One by one, each took her turn speaking in front of everyone present at the assembly. The topic had to be addressed from a personal point of view. For example, that day the topic was Dharma practice and importance of the perfection (*pāramitā*) of joyful effort in one's day-to-day life. The experience was an excellent training in self-confidence and self-affirmation! For someone like me, who has been involved with the Tibetan community for decades, this was a definitive sign that times are really changing for the better in the tradition.

In my own teaching sessions, so as to not disrupt the already full schedule at Sanghamitra, I split the nuns into five smaller groups according to age. This way, for one week,



I taught five groups each day for one hour each. During this time, I ventured into teaching a traditional text of Maitreya, switching from English to Tibetan and from Tibetan to English, with the participation of my own group of Western students. In this context, learning means first to become familiar with the words and the ideas. In my classes, what seemed really important was to have access to Dharma words in English. The students were really thirsty for this. In reality, the nuns have many Dharma classes, studying with learned scholars (geshes) of their own traditions. They also have periodic English classes, which are highly valued in this day and age. Rarely, however, do they get to have Dharma classes in English. The enthusiasm was palpable.

For the younger nuns' classes, a Maitreya text was not appropriate, because it is too complicated. Instead, I used songs of realization from the great masters of the lineage, such as songs of Guru Rinpoche, Milarepa, and Tara, and also a Tara dance. The songs were much appreciated, so much so that the older nuns began peeking in on the classes and later asked us to teach them, too. By the end of the week, we concluded these classes with an evening of singing. We sang in Tibetan, then in English, and then we all danced as Tara emanations together. Sharing heaps of fresh fruit, this turned out to be a real delight for all involved!

The nuns expressed the hope that such a study program will take place again. May their wishes be fulfilled!



A VICTORY FOR VISAKHA GIRLS

by Kong Chai Marma

During my holidays this year, instead of going on a jungle adventure, I decided to visit a school in Bangladesh. When I arrived at Visakha Girls' School and asked the students to raise their hands, they all flashed me the "Victory" sign. What a lovely sight it was to see all the smiling girls looking so confident and happy.

Visakha Girls' School was named after a virtuous laywoman named Visakha. According to the Buddhist texts, during the lifetime of Gautama Buddha, this extraordinary woman became a model for others, due to her exceptional human qualities. She was renowned for her compassion, loving kindness, generosity, honesty, beauty, and intelligence.

In the past, I have visited several charitable institutions in the Chittagong Hill Tracts (CHT). Most of them were established by Buddhist monks in the noble spirit of loving kindness and compassion. Visakha Girl's School is unique because it was established especially to provide educational opportunities to marginalized indigenous girls who live in very remote villages.

On the morning of October 25, 2016, I started my 80-mile journey by motorbike towards Manikchari, which is located in the Khagrachari District of the CHT. When I reached Dosri, the village where the school is located, I found that the school was built on a quiet hill surrounded by lush vegetation. It is a full-fledged primary school, with classes from nursery to grade 5. The school is supervised by a management committee, and the classes are taught by five dedicated teachers.

During my visit, I learned that the school started in a makeshift hut with two rooms constructed of bamboo. Later, the school was rebuilt with bricks and corrugated iron roofing. Compared to many other schools across the CHT, Visakha Girl's School seems to be in good condition. From the town of Manikchari, I reached the school by traveling over a hilly, zig-zag, unpaved pathway about 3 km off the main road. Roads like this are quite common in the remote areas of the CHT.

The teachers greeted me with smiles and welcomed me to the school. After a long and exhausting journey, I was soon served a glass of cold water, drawn from the newly constructed underground tubewell by a generator-operated pump. Very refreshing! It is wonderful that the children at Visakha Girls' School now have access to pure, safe drinking water. This is something that is hard to find in many remote schools in the CHT.

After introductions, I started looking around, observing the buildings and the grounds. It was nice to have time to socialize with the children throughout my stay. I became quite nostalgic for my school days when I saw more than a hundred girls lining up for the early morning assembly. When they started singing the national anthem, "Amar Sonar Bangla, Ami Tomai Valobashi (My Golden Bengal, I Love You)," it brought back many childhood memories. When I was young, we used to sing this same song every morning at school.

In the context of Bangladesh, especially in such a remote and desperately poor area, I thought the school was well-planned. The classrooms are adequately equipped with learning tools and materials. The visual



aids hanging on the walls help the children learn in a happy mood. A management committee of 13 volunteer members oversees operation. One-third of these are women, all of whom are in leadership and teaching roles.

The children were shy around me at first, but are very well-mannered and smiling most of the time. I could see happiness in their faces. The teachers are loving and caring, and use practical teaching methods to help engage the students. The teachers speak the same language as the students, which makes the school atmosphere friendly and helps create a good learning environment for marginalized indigenous girls.

During the lunch break, I saw that all the children are provided with nutritious food, including rice, vegetables, curry, peas, and so on. The head teacher told me that they provide eggs regularly, too. One thing worth mentioning is that the Bangladesh Government recently conducted a study and concluded that the main reason children in rural areas drop out of school is that they live far away and only some can afford school lunches. Basically, an empty stomach discourages the students from learning. Despite these findings, children at most schools in Bangladesh are not provided with lunches. In that sense, the school lunch program at Visakha Girls' School is a great incentive and a major factor in attracting and retaining students. Of course, school lunches also help students stay healthy and focused in the classroom.

I was very happy to see that the grounds surrounding the school are green, with many plants and fruit trees



the founder and benefactors. Although they are poor in terms of earning power, they are full of enthusiasm.

Education is one of the top priorities of the U.N.'s Sustainable Development Goals and should not lag behind other efforts for social development. In the near future, I believe that Visakha Girls' School will become one of the most successful examples of primary education in the remote villages of the CHT and perhaps even in the whole of Bangladesh. I feel optimistic about the future of the school because of the strong commitment of the teachers and supporters. As the generous and virtuous benefactress Visakha once famously said: "One reaps what one sows."

Before I rode my motorbike back home, I thanked everyone for their dedication and hard work supporting this noble project. To help the management committee meet its goals and expectations for the school, I put forward a few suggestions. I encouraged the members to continuously advocate for the school and network with the appropriate government departments, build partnerships, engage with the community, and produce a long-term sustainable development plan.

As the children waved goodbye to me, I told them, "I will visit you again. Good luck!"

growing nicely. The children are taught to be aware of their environment and are engaged in cleaning up their own school, which teaches them civic responsibility. They are also taught basic health and hygiene.

The school premises are very spacious and the classrooms are large. There is an open playground, a separate teachers' lounge, fruit garden, dining hall, washroom, and two toilets. In remote villages like Dosri, a school with such amenities is truly a big deal.

I was impressed to hear the parents say that they volunteered doing earthwork during the construction of the original schoolhouse. They hope to do the same in the future, if needed. One neighbor expressed his pride that he voluntarily keeps guard at the school, to keep it safe after school hours, when all the teachers and students have gone home.

I feel optimistic about the future of Vishakha Girls' School. The teachers told me that the number of students will continue to increase. If it is possible to build facilities to accommodate more students, it will be no problem because there is sufficient space to expand. Some of the parents told me that they are also optimistic about the school and asked me to express their gratitude to



Zangla nun gardening

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