

Welcome to the Little Monk Stories

Inspired by traditional Zen stories, and by the monks of Zen Monastery Peace Center and their teacher, Cheri Huber

Words and pictures by Penny Sarvis



Who are monks? They are people who want to study and practice their religion all of the time. To do so they often live in communities called monasteries. There have been monks in different religions, in many different places, for hundreds and hundreds of years.

The monks in these stories are Buddhist. Some of these tales were told centuries ago in China and Japan. Some are happening right now in a monastery in California. The old stories could be new. The new stories could be old. They all tell about people walking a path toward happiness, kindness and wonder.

We offer the stories in the spirit of loving-kindness. This is one of the myriad ways we feel moved to offer the blessings of awareness practice to the world. We love to do it. It takes resources and we invite you to participate by donating as generously as you can to assist in offering the gifts of awareness to the world. It is truly a team effort. You may make a one-time donation or set up a monthly pledge. A monthly contribution of any size is a tremendous help to Living Compassion in creating a stable, consistent financial base.

Home Again



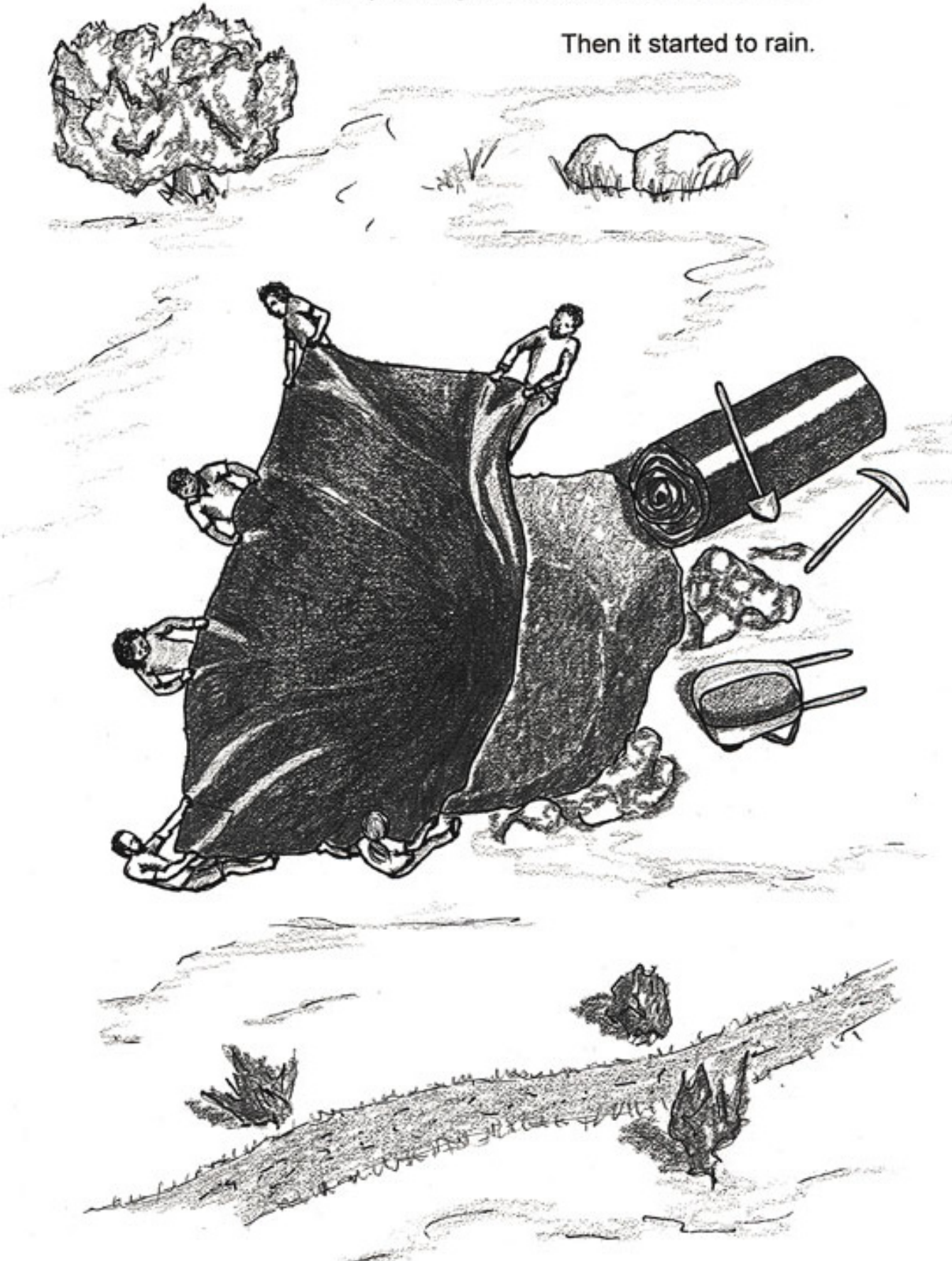
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At the monastery we were building a pond.



We put a big rubber liner in half of the hole.

Then it started to rain.



A few weeks later we were ready to put in the rest of the liner.
But wait! There was something in the hole.
I jumped in to get a closer look.





Tadpoles!
There were scads of them
in a little pond in a fold of the rubber.

We didn't want to hurt them when we put in the other liner.
So Fiona got a pail of water,



and we gently scooped up the babies and put them in the pail.

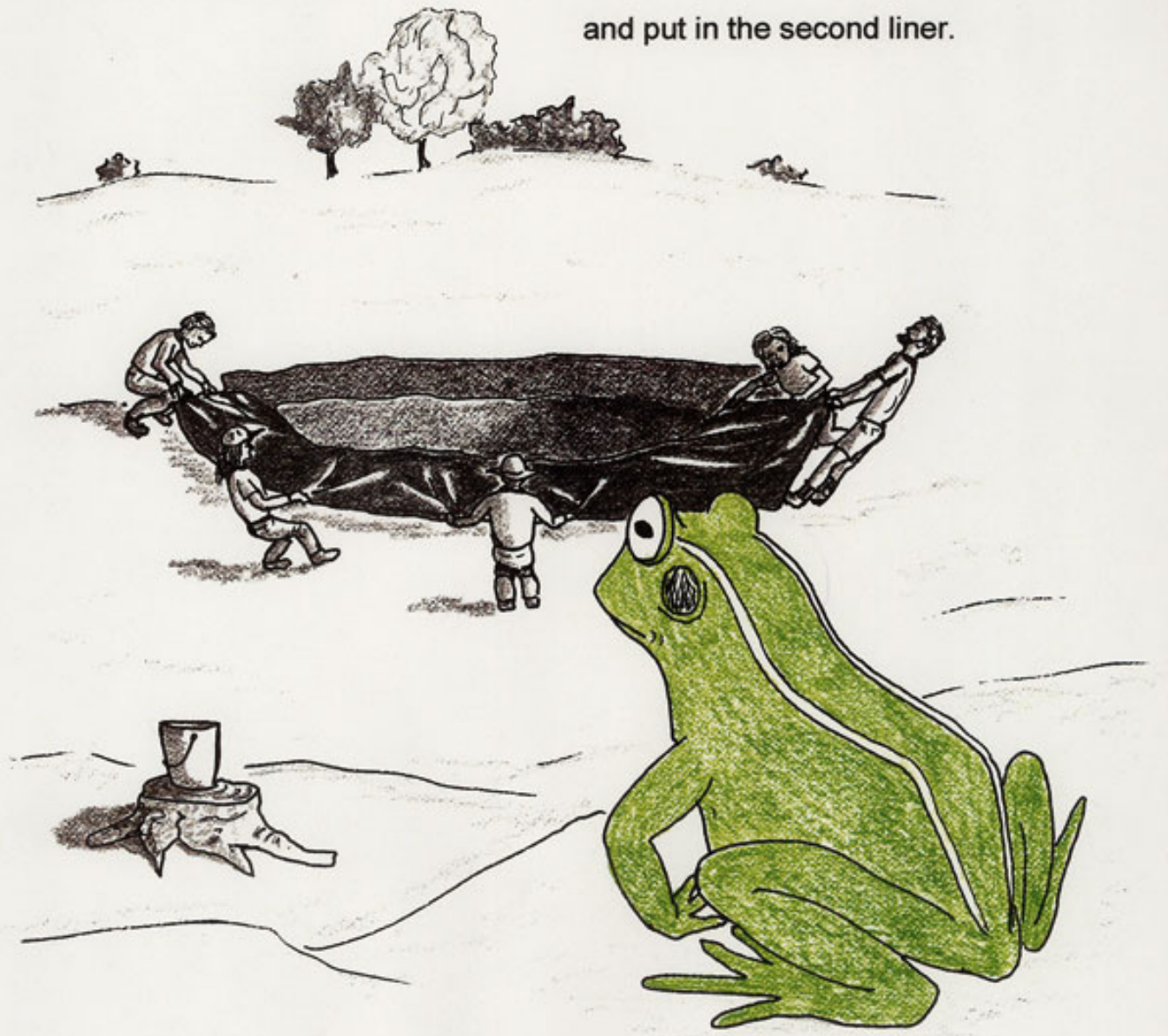




"I wonder what they see when they look up."

We set the pail on a stump

and put in the second liner.



It felt like there were watchful eyes upon us.

We poured the tadpoles back into their pond.



They were home again,
and all ready to grow up!

