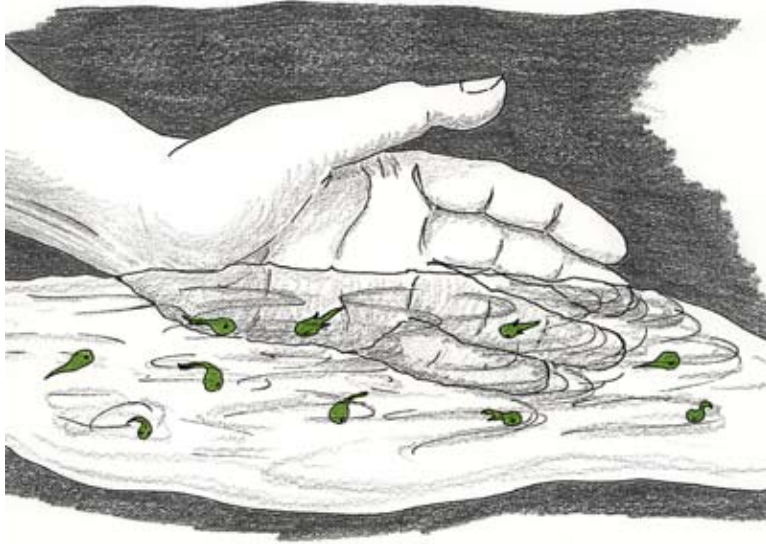


Welcome to the Little Monk Stories

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 get information about setting up a monthly pledge. A monthly contribution of any size is a tremendous help to Living Compassion in creating a stable, consistent financial base.

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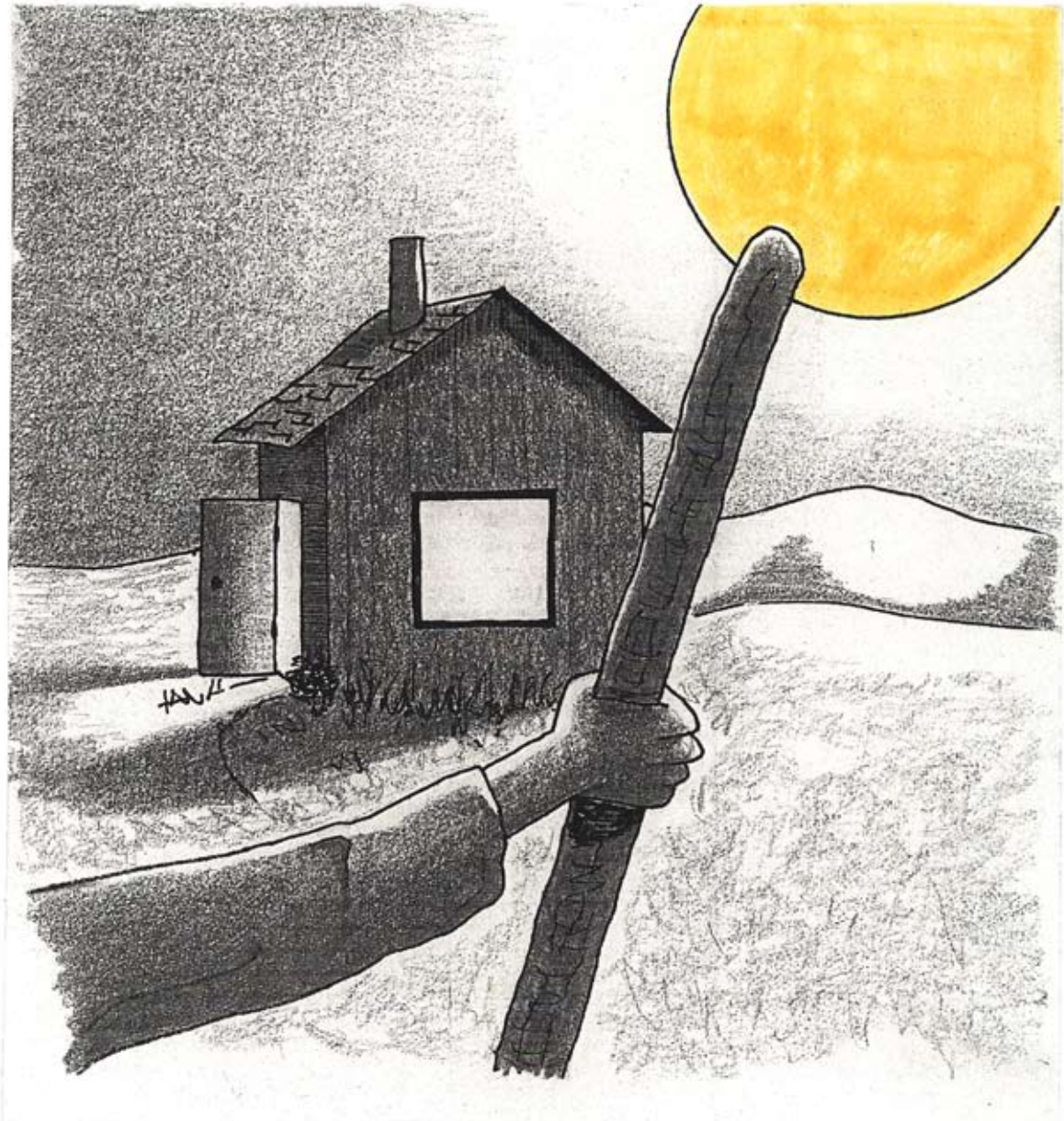
Such a Beautiful Moon



Words and pictures by Penny Sarvis



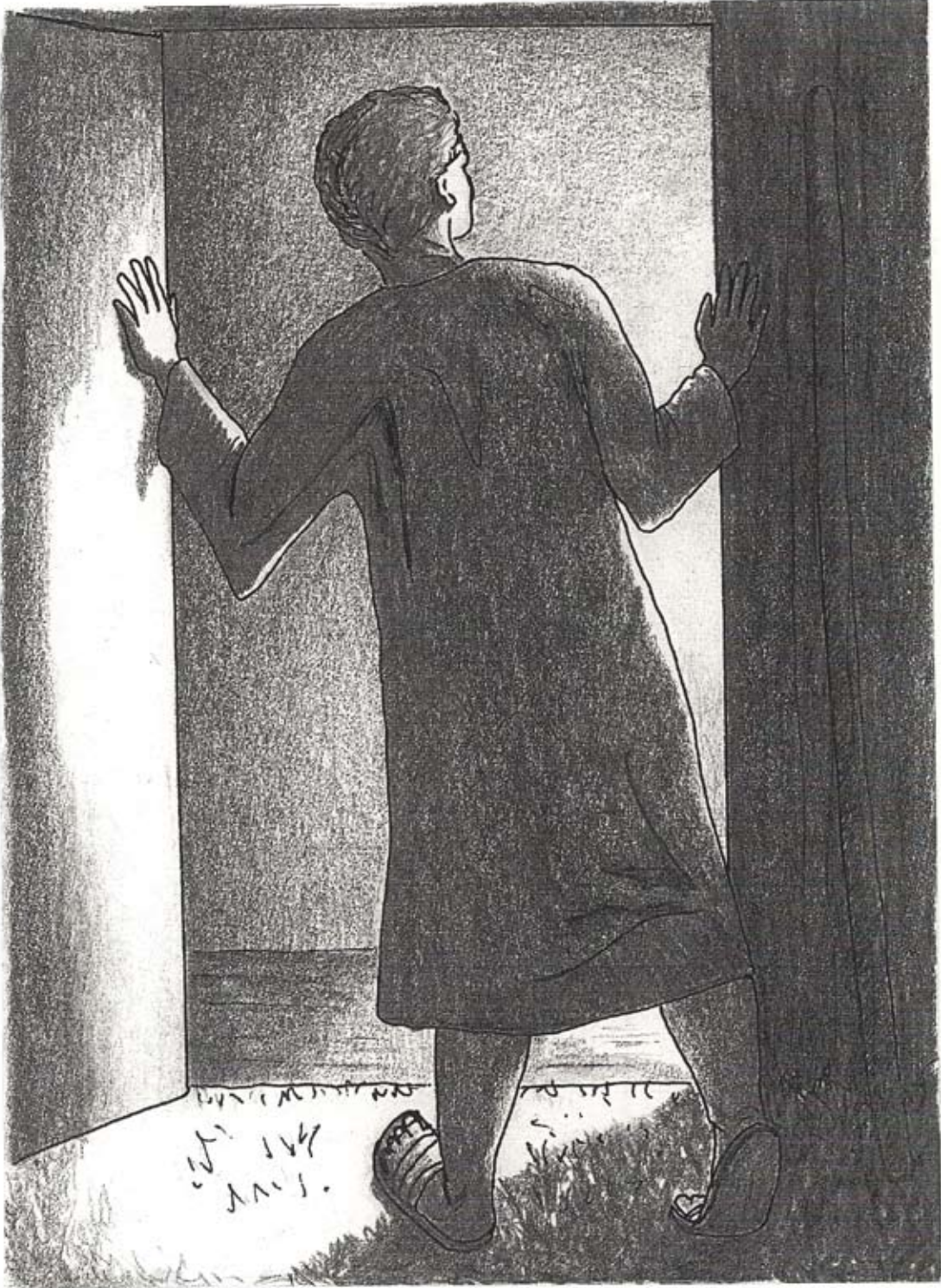
One night I was walking home to my hermitage.
The moon was full and bright.

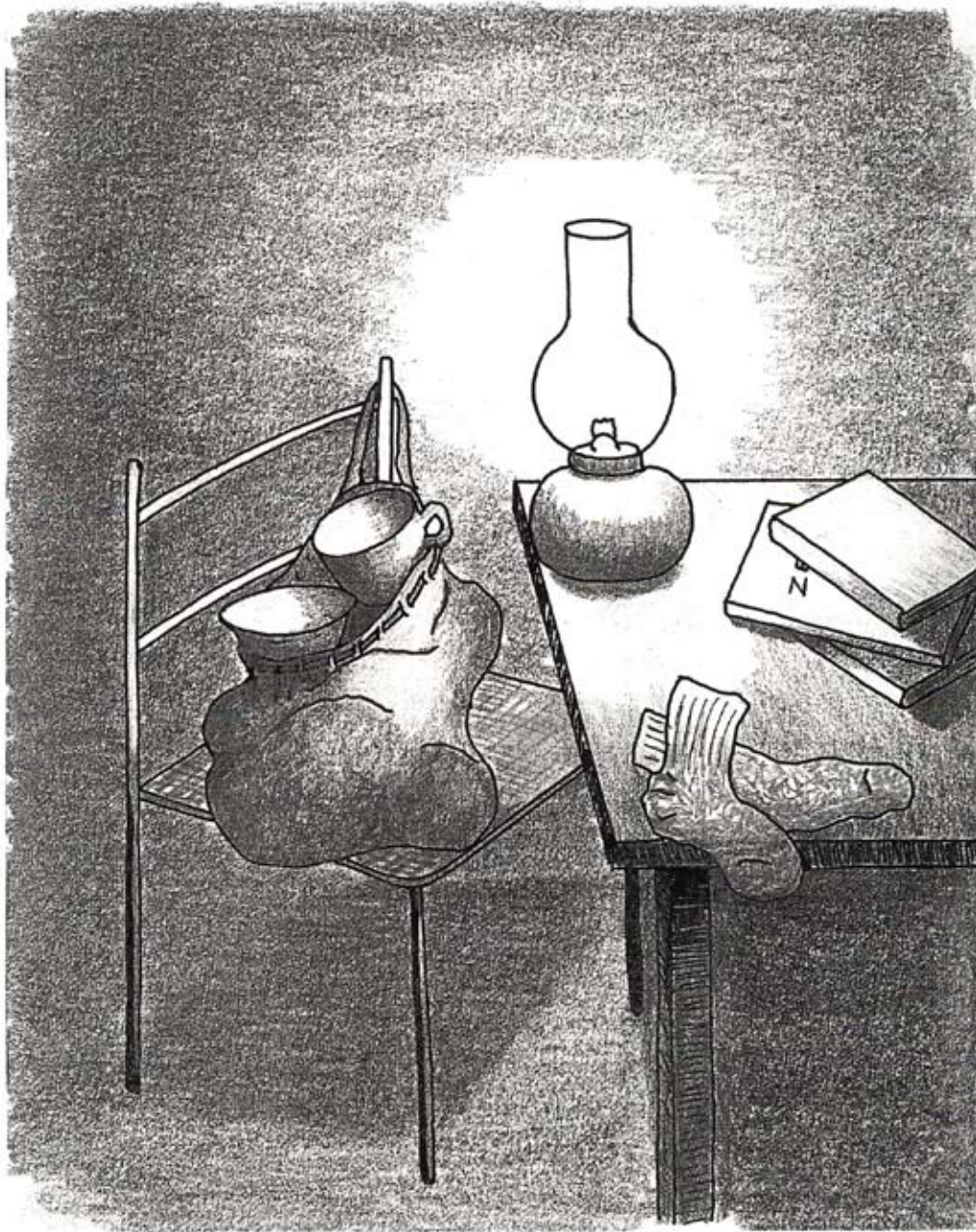


When I reached my hermitage, there was light
streaming out the window and the doorway.

I hadn't left the door open.
I hadn't lit the lamp.

I went up to the door and peered in.

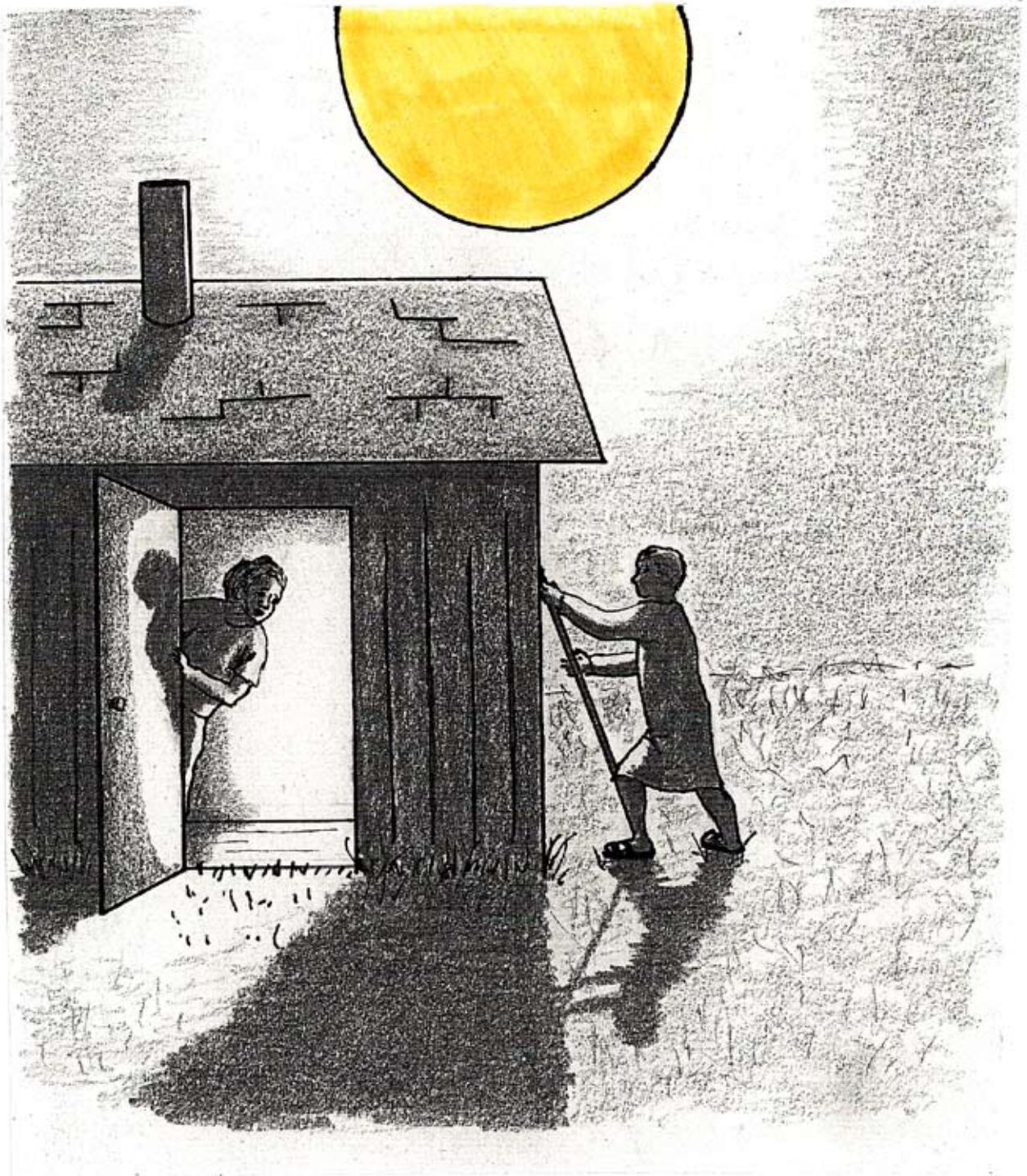




The lamp was burning.
Someone had put my blanket, cup and bowl in a sack,
and gathered my socks and books on the table.
I heard a noise in the corner.

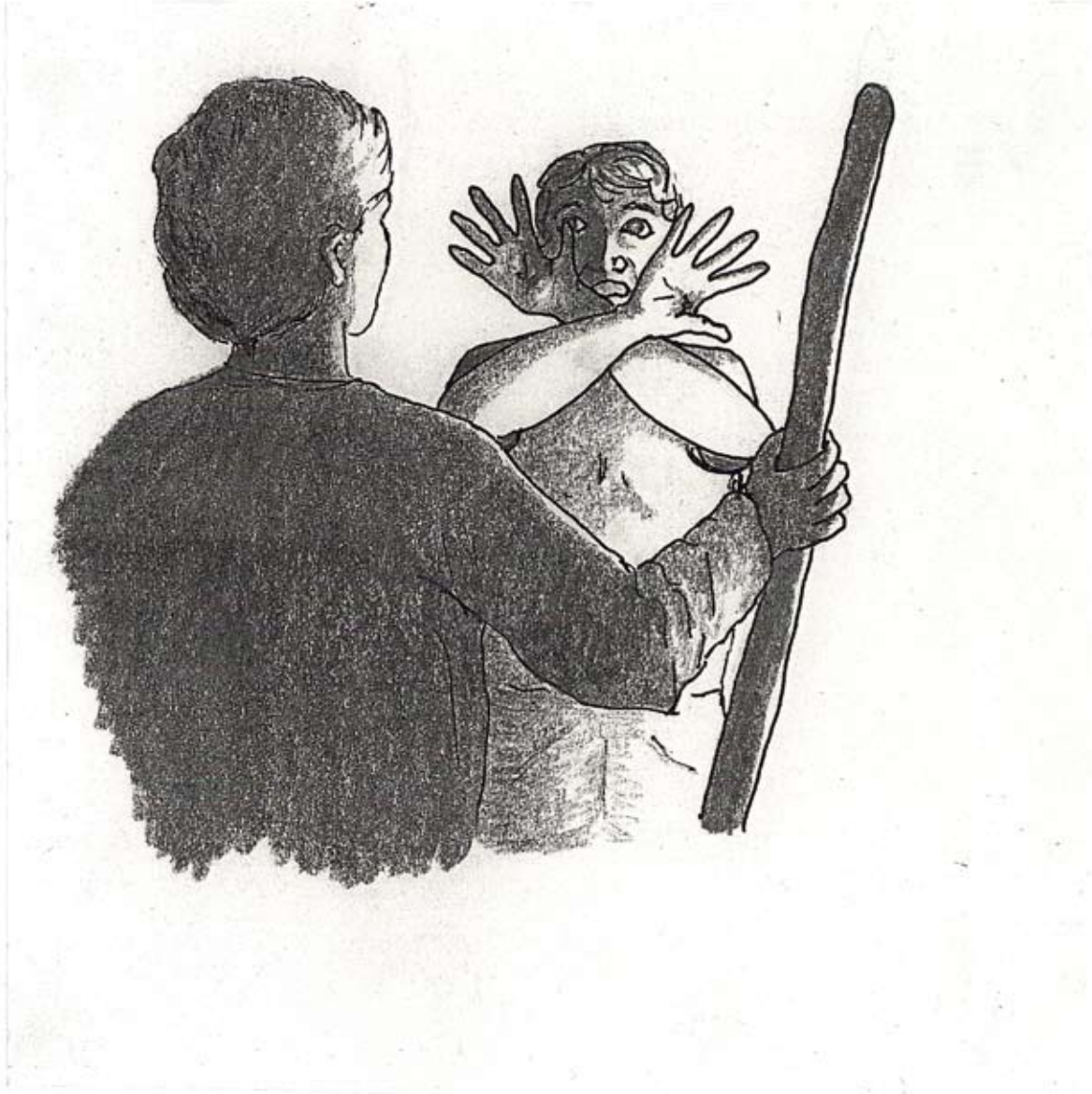


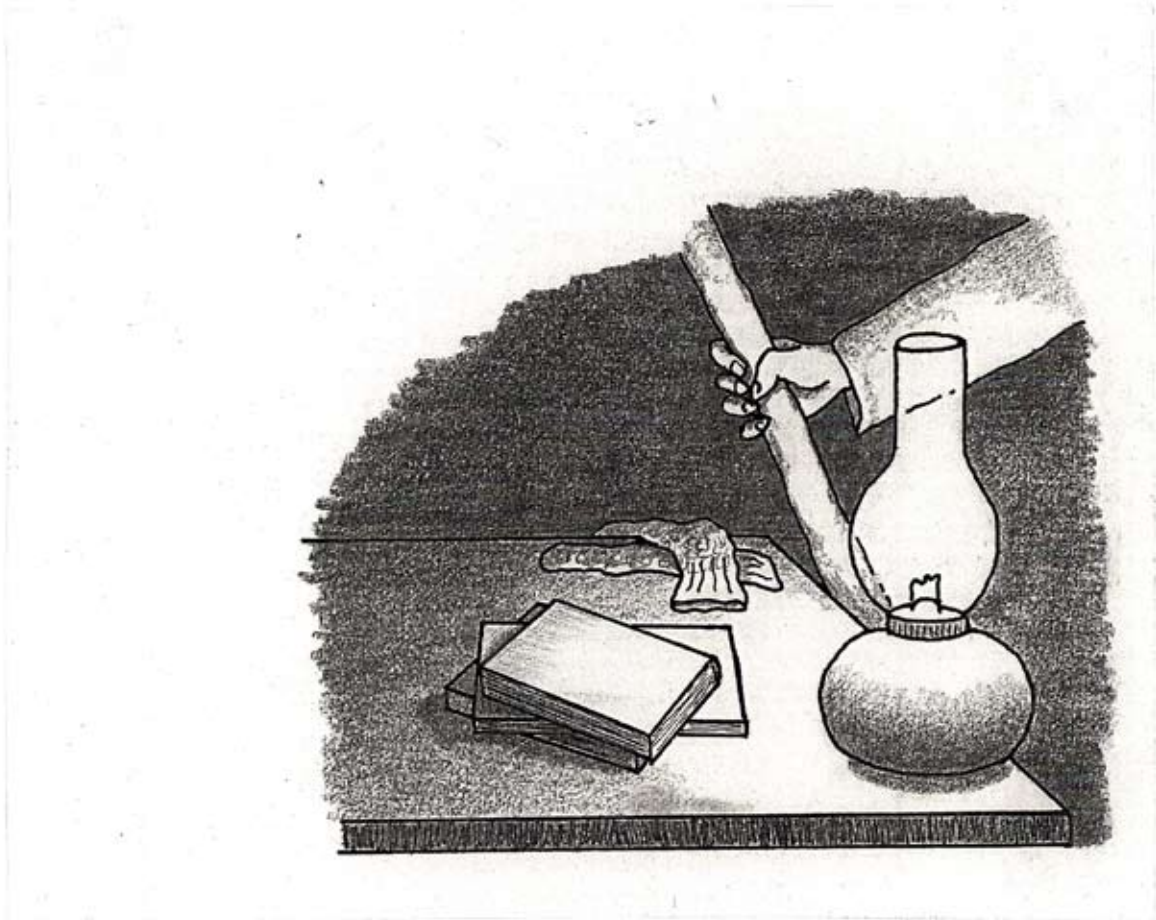
A person was lifting my other robe off its hook.
She gasped when she saw me.



I ran outside and got my stick,

and brought it in,

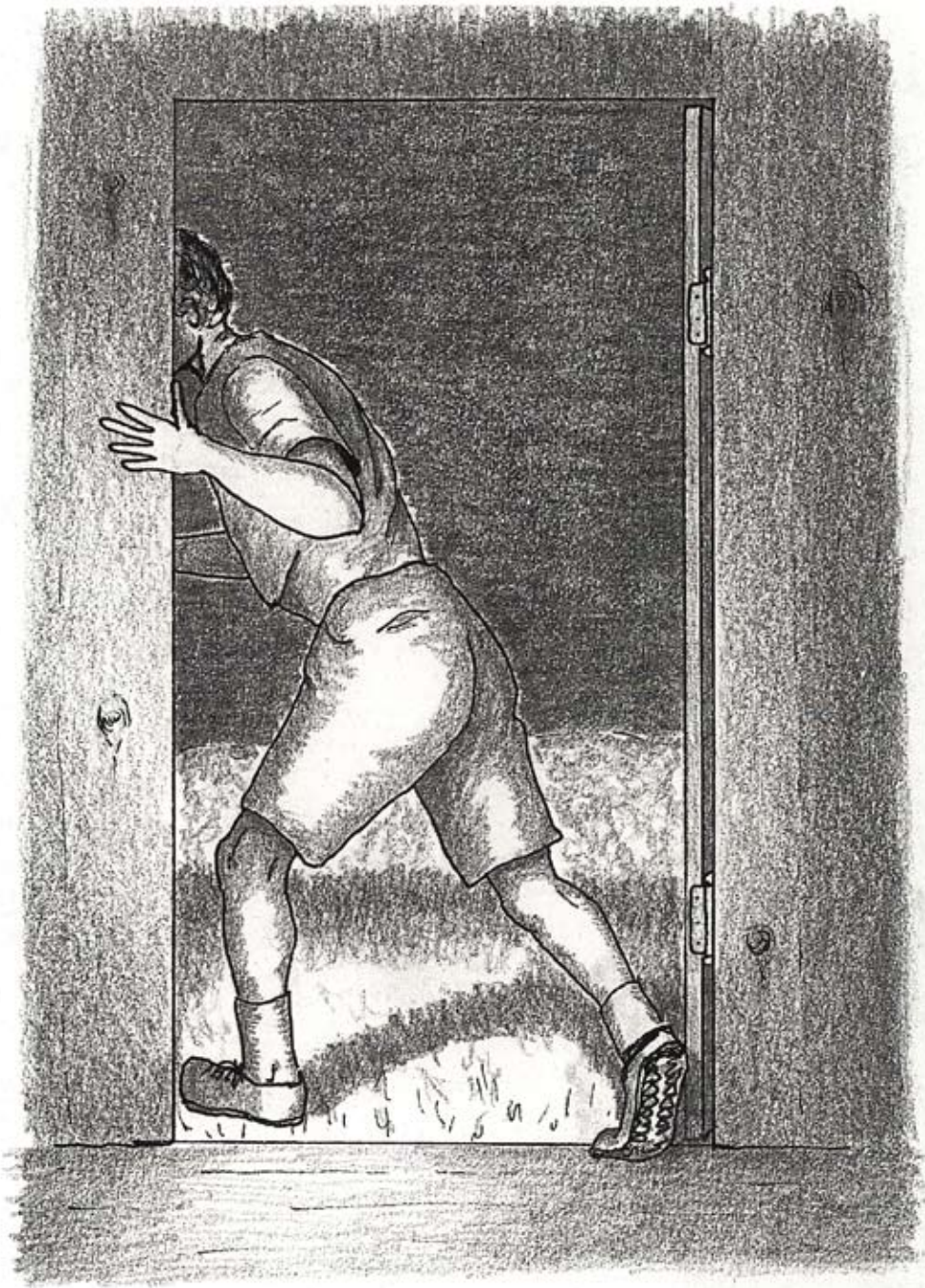




and put it with the stash at the table.



I started to add my sandals.



Suddenly she ran out the door. Without her sack!



I brought it outside. "Wait! You forgot the sack!"
But she kept running.
I felt so sad for her.
I looked up at the full moon. How beautiful.
Oh, I wish I could give her that moon.