Khang
Volume Two - Sprouting Seeds
OFFICE OF HIS HOLINESS THE DALAI LAMA

LETTER OF SUPPORT

Since our very first days in exile, the welfare of Tibetan children has been a special concern for the Central Tibetan Administration (CTA). India's first Prime Minister, Pandit Nehru, told His Holiness the Dalai Lama that the real way to serve the Tibetan cause was to give Tibetans a proper education. He followed this up by giving real and substantial support. Residential schools for Tibetans were established for those who were old enough and nurseries for the infants and orphans. Efforts were made to ensure that Tibetans would receive an education and grow up in good health as true Tibetans.

We are happy to learn that the Educational Support Tibetan (ES-Tibet), a non-profit association that operates in full accordance with Swiss law, is dedicated to educating Tibetan refugees in India in order to improve their work perspectives once they return to Tibet. Selected Tibetan students after receiving a 5-year education at the CTA-run Tibetan Transit School are further educated for two years in English, Computer Skills and Chinese by ES-Tibet. We would appeal to interested parties to extend whatever assistance, financial or otherwise, that you could help facilitate the success of this educational endeavor.

Yours sincerely,

Desang Tsering
Secretary to
HIS HOLINESS THE DALAI LAMA

April 21, 2009
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It was almost time for dawn, so I was having my daily morning wash. Gradually the sound of rain began to dim, and behind the curtain, the light was growing stronger. I opened the window...wow! There were no more clouds remaining in the sky. The dew on the leaves and the fresh green colour given by yesterday's rain was overpowering the ugliness of everything else. Everything seemed to be revitalised, like someone after a shower and a long nap. The whole of the surrounding countryside looked so refreshed. Even the air was so fresh, as if it had never been polluted, and I was sure it hadn't changed in the last ten years, and would still be the same in the next ten. The snowy mountain-top was especially beautiful.

I myself have a special love towards khang. Even my childhood nickname was "Khang Trug". In my childhood, my favourite game was playing in the khang and making snowmen. Then I would call them my mother and father- a family.

This day was also a good day for me because recently I had been dreaming of my khang-game. Luckily, the previous day's rain had brought khang to the top of the high mountain. Even though I couldn't go and play in it, at least I could enjoy the view. Khang can take me to a world without any suffering and worry, which contains only enjoyment. In my childhood, I used to go where there was khang, especially when I wasn't happy. Khang is my best companion. I remember I liked when there was khang, because when khang came everyone could blow smoke from their mouths, not only my father. Oh yes! Chasing rabbits was also a nice game, because my friend, khang, would always tell me where the rabbit had gone.

For most people, khang is just the beauty of nature, but for me, it's also a memory-the memory of everything from my childhood, my family, my hometown and my dreams.

I like khang, and more than that, I think I have a special love towards khang. In fact, it's not only love. Fate has bound me with khang. Khang gives me the courage to stand after I fall down. Khang helps me to keep my goals without caring about the hardships. It is khang which taught me to be still and not emotional, and which has kept me alive for all these years.

I love khang and I will never stop loving it. I am really grateful to God for sending me khang to be my companion forever.

_________ Tendar
When I woke up

Like a corpse, I slept for a long time, about twenty years. I was frightened and shocked by the situation of my country when I woke up.

I was educated in Tibetan schools which are controlled by the Chinese government in every academic field. They are ‘Tibetan’ in name only. In our schools, the majority of the lessons were about China. We had to memorize “I like my country, People’s Republic of China,” “Mao is our sun,” and other similar sayings, poems and paragraphs ever since I joined school. Not only I, but also my peers and young Tibetans must “study” in this way.

As a little child, with a narrow mind, I was really cheated by the cunning Chinese policies. I didn’t know Tibet was a country. Likewise, I didn’t know I was a future seed of a unique country which had been invaded by another powerful country who never speaks the truth. I had never taken responsibility as a Tibetan, even though my beloved mother country is in danger of being destroyed or ruined.

When I woke up, I cried for the silly actions of my siblings (Tibetans), because some of them are trying to fly to western countries, and some of them are destroying unity to gain money from the Chinese government, while our great Leader is travelling all over the world for Tibetan issues. People used to say that the Dalai Lama is the pillar of Tibet, so they think the Tibetan issue is the burden of His Holiness only. However, a pillar also needs supporters. Without supporters, how can only a pillar make a nice and sturdy house?

When I woke up, I realized that unity is the most important weapon to get freedom, and to wake up those Tibetans who are still drunk under the cunning policies of Chinese government is a matter which has to be handled without any delay. So, I want to encourage them to act as Tibetans, instead of only paying lip service to our nation and instead of flying to western countries for money. Unity is strength; we may not be able to get independence with weapons but at least, if we get unity we can spread Tibetan issues all over the world by using our knowledge.

Khang
E.S.T., Educational Support Tibet, is a school which seems like my real home. Everything is here. One movement in my life, one operation in my hidden wisdom, one exploration into my being has happened. How wonderful you are! I am wholeheartedly grateful to you. When the lotus are blooming and spreading fragrance in every direction, the bees gather around it.

E.S.Tibet is a revolution and a change in my lifestyle and it has shaped my life. It, E.S. T., is part of my life. It is a small campus but it is full of wisdom. I love it! Here, we can find every worthy object. We can fly through the atmosphere. We can rocket to the moon and build a beautiful castle and conquer the world. We can create a new world and we understand how to drive our sleepy consciousness. If we have no knowledge, how can we deal with our treasure even if we have housefuls of gold? How should we deal with it? How can we match it with our soul or being? How do we utilize it? Everything is in our hand if we could use it in the right way. Life and school are inseparable. School is your life, and your life is school. Human civilization and revolution starts from school. Especially for a refugee, it’s really tremendous and unforgettable. I have done nothing for it; but it treats me as a mother cares for her children. I never expected to be taken care of like this. I am really grateful to it.

It has a smaller quantity of students and good facilities compared to other schools which I have attended before. Also, the greatest thing which has happened is that I have got a nice opportunity to associate with different people from different countries. Not only through their teaching, but also, I have a wonderful opportunity to spend time with them and to understand and share the feelings of sadness and happiness with them. In my own life, the school and teachers influence me to be a human who is not only thinking of oneself but, on the contrary, of what I can do for others. I can understand that life is not to be selfish; rather it is ecological which means we have a connection to the plants and living creatures and to their environment. If you are not here, neither am I. If there are no women, there are no men too. We totally depend on our circumstances. So, to be happy on both sides is real life. That is the education which I am learning. An education is not just reading and writing but it is respecting and understanding each other. School is the place to train our hidden wisdom and intelligence.

Once I leave here, only then will I remember how wonderful the time was. Thank you very much to all the teachers and school members for offering me such a tremendous opportunity to gain some knowledge here. As for a hopeless one, you give me resources for my life. It is greater than Mount Everest. God does not come here to
patronize my life but you do. I know how you are working and struggling for our well-being without any feeling of tiredness, not only for us but also for so many students who were here before and the students who will be here. How can I repay your kindness? Anyway I will never forget it and hope for success and long life for the people who are caring for humanity.

_________ Gyatso

I wish
Things were not as they are,
People think things are not as they were.
I wish I was purified
Things remain as they were.

I wish I was a star in the sky,
I could see this planet in a certain shape.
But people cannot see their home
They believe they are superior to it though.

I wish I was a bird,
I could fly wherever I wish to.
I could sing natural songs,
And I could soothe people’s pain.

If only I was a river,
I would have flowed spontaneously,
I would have reached the ocean
And I would have an ultimate rest

_________ Gyatso
Refugee

When I was in the world of nomads with my little herd of yaks, I thought that I was the happiest person in this world. I had my parents to look after me. As I am the youngest child in my family, I was cared for as if I was the most precious one in our family. I only knew the world was as big as the place where I used to graze my yaks. In that little nomadic world I felt peaceful, because I was allowed to do anything I liked, and I felt like the king of the land.

As time passed by, the freedom of my childhood started to vanish when I came to know that there was something that was hidden beyond my thoughts. I was shocked when I first heard the story of my forefathers, who had sacrificed their lives to keep the land that is located on the roof of the world. But of course, the story as it was told wasn’t complete enough for me to get all the information to know what had actually happened there, in the land of snow.

To seek the truth I knew I had to flee from my beloved father, who was in his seventies, and the little herd of yaks who are still the biggest characters in my dreams. Sometimes I have scary nightmares in which all my yaks are killed by somebody who I have never seen before, and the blood of my yaks is sprinkled all over the grassland on which I used to spend my whole childhood peacefully.

Being a refugee, I know that it is very important to know why I had to flee the land with which I have been familiar since my childhood and the people whom I love the most. This is the tension that often causes me to feel depressed in my daily life. To avoid it is not easy for me. I have been living here, in India, for almost six years with a huge letter “R” on my forehead that tells the world that I am one of the refugees who has lost everything that once belonged to me. In this short period of time, I have experienced how hard the refugee life is. However hard it is, through the generosity of His Holiness and my dear sponsors I don’t have to be hungry and cold yet. But I can’t control the pain in my heart, the pain which isn’t curable by a doctor or with some pills.

The pain in the depth of my heart is not because of losing my near and dear ones and my little nomadic world. It is caused by the countless people, my innocent human brothers and sisters, who are not only losing their homes and lands but who are losing the most valuable gift which we call life. Maybe you, the so-called leaders, who don’t do as you promised, have been killing them because of their skin color that is different from yours. You took their land from them and forced them to flee to another country because you think they are a different race from yours. Perhaps you have been ignoring these people’s circumstances in which they are suffering from hunger and lack of
clothes just because of the religion that you suppose to be different from yours. You have been slaughtering them because you think they come from a country that is different from yours. Have you ever seen a group of people, who were recently expelled by the troops that you commanded, starving in the rough camps, in the refugee camps? Have you ever imagined that all these people are your brothers and sisters who share a big home with you? Whether they are black, yellow or white, they are human beings like you. Whether they come from south or north, east or west, they are still your siblings who are a part of your family, and who are longing for a better life as you are. Don’t you realize that yet?

Human beings are the biggest loser in this world. We human beings have started killing each other since the first civilization began, just for something that we suppose to be ours. What did we get until now? Instead, we have lost millions and millions of precious lives, the lives that once belonged to our human brothers and sisters. Is that what we are fighting for? By keeping the countries apart, we marked the bloody lines between countries which we call “borders”. To keep your country’s borders safe, you sent your troops to occupy your neighbouring country which is less powerful than yours and you mined its resources. You also forced the people to flee from their country and sent them into the hell on earth, that we named “refugee camps”. Don’t you really think that you are destroying your own country by damaging other countries’ rich resources and beautiful environments? This is the reason that I think, we human beings are fools and the big losers.

I know that there aren’t actually boundaries and borders naturally existing on this planet, but because of human being’s greed we have been trying to divide it into parts and a group of people always want to get the best part. This is the cause of countless people being killed everyday, and millions and millions of people still fleeing their lands which are the most familiar to them. So, whenever the thought comes into my mind, it brings a fresh pain to my aching heart. That is why I have no strength to hold back my tears, the tears for all my human brothers and sisters who’ve got the same name as mine, “Refugee”!!!
E.S. Tibet and what it means to me

The main target of last year’s study
My warm current home
The foundation of my future
EST is all I need!
The garden of knowledge
Founded for those nearly dried trees
Watered with sincere and altruistic water
Lucky to be one tree in this splendid garden
The cozy home for twenty-four homeless wanderers
The magnificent school for twenty-four ambitious students
The kitchen with various foods for 24 hungry and thirsty people
We are the luckiest among those countless, homeless, hungry wanderers
Through support of generous people
In the warm care of selfless staff
Under the bright light of sincere teachers
I enjoy being a student, though an idle one

________ Kunchok Rabten
A memory of a nomad boy

It was a windy day and almost all of my classmates went back to their homes cheerfully in the evening. There were a few silly students left including me. I remember that we were all standing in a line holding a Chinese text book to memorize a poem from the text book. Our legs were very cold and sore. We weren’t allowed to go home if we couldn’t memorize the poem. Actually, I had lost interest in the Chinese subject so, it was really difficult to memorize the poem, because I couldn’t read Chinese very well even though I was in fifth grade.

When it became darker and darker, all my classmates left one by one, as they had memorized the poem. The foolish boy who was still standing with a Chinese book and who glanced at his teacher uncomfortably, was me. My mind wasn’t controlled. It went everywhere. I was especially thinking about the teacher’s behaviour. I knew I was poor at Chinese but I didn’t worry about that. I worried about the teacher. What was he going to do with me if I couldn’t memorise the poem? I was really afraid of him because the teacher was a frightening man.

Finally, it became very dark. The teacher called me and asked me to recite the poem. Honestly speaking, I lost everything and couldn’t remember a word from the poem when I saw that he was holding a long, thick stick and heard his loud voice. Also, I smelt the alcohol as he was coming close to me. I was so scared.

The teacher looked very angry with me. He scolded me fiercely in Chinese but I didn’t understand the bad words he used, I was just afraid of his angry face. When he knew his words didn’t make sense to me, he started to beat me. I had no hope of avoiding that terrible thing. How I wished any teacher would appear from their accommodation to stop him, but there was no sign of a teacher. Standing with fear in front of him was the only thing I could do. He hit me on my calves and back strongly many times. I huddled with my head in my arms. I held back my voice but I couldn’t control the tears rolling down my cheeks.

After sometime, he let me go home but I was very unhappy and upset. I thought that I wouldn’t go to school from that day on. I also didn’t dare to tell the truth to my father about why I came home so late. My father treated me so kindly but I was uncomfortable that night. It was very strange. When the sun rose, I had already forgotten everything which had happened the night before until the next Chinese class…

_________Sambo

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The ideal teacher

A good teacher is not one who is educated, it is the person who has a lot of experience and knows how to communicate with students. Also he or she must know how to guide and support them during this journey. This is critical to help students make good choices and prepare them for a good future.

As a refugee student, I would like my teacher to tell me different attitudes which determine the nature of our lives. I am studying in India alone. It is far away from my homeland and my parents. Sometimes I feel that I am not able to do anything in my life. I have to tell myself, “You have to be completely independent.” At school or in society, I always studied very hard. Most of the time, I learned to be self-reliant and I have to encourage myself, “I am lucky although I left my family and my homeland. There are so many people who take care of me like my parents.” The teachers teach me that people who want to be happy must help other people to be happy; people who want to live well, must help others live well. A teacher is the person who develops students’ learning, growth and dependency on each other. The experience is much more important than learning to recognize each country on the map or knowing how to sing a song. Life isn’t just writing in a book, if we don’t experience it we won’t know it clearly.

A teacher must teach and let students know, that the only kind of discipline that works is self—discipline; discipline to do your best, discipline to do your home work and listen to a teacher’s teaching carefully, discipline to divide your time wisely, discipline to do your duty. Without our parent’s and teacher’s to warn and scold us, students who have very good self-discipline are more successful than students who don’t have good self-discipline, who just do what her or his teacher tells them to do.

The teacher can give us a chance to be a part of a group that offers lots of positive reinforcement. It is really healthy for the students when the teacher shows us how to depend on them less and less. After that we can do everything independently and totally confidently.

If the students don’t have a hope and a goal, they will have so many negative influences from other students. That’s why I hope that my teachers will always communicate well with me. One of the best things they can do for me is to encourage me, help me to discover what really makes me tick and make it possible for me to follow my dream.

At some point, I want my teacher to walk around the school and say “Hi” to everyone
who studies in that school. Also we have meetings regularly but I want to make the meetings short, focused and action-orientated. Many people think they are the most important ones so they don’t really listen, but instead are thinking about what they’re going to say next. I want my teacher to give equal attention to everyone.

__________ Tashi Dolma

“The first step in the acquisition of wisdom is silence, the second listening, the third memory, the fourth practice, the fifth teaching others.”

Solomon Ibn Gabriol.
Letter to my father

From thousands of miles away, I greet you, my Father.

I would like to take this opportunity to write the things which I have been hiding in my heart from you for a long time, my dear Father. The relationship became very distant between us since I was kicked out from middle school. I didn’t share anything with you even though I should have. I hated you very much because you didn’t let me join a high school, although you could have done it easily for me. I kept a long distance between you and me and I gave you the cold shoulder, as if I actually disliked you. I hated that you made me do farm-work for one year, and that you wanted to send me to India for your own reasons. I thought you didn’t love your only son, me, at all. But after I came to India, I realized all of the things you have done for me. I deeply regret that I misunderstood you. You love your only son a lot. You wanted to support your only son to become a good person.

My dear father, how can I apologize for misunderstanding you? I understand why you didn’t help me to join a high school. Instead of that, you let me experience farm-work for one year, because you wanted your only son to know the hardship of working in a field, so that I would be reminded that studying is easier. You sent me to India to study, not because you didn’t have any money to pay my school fees in a high school, but because you really wanted your only son to get some true knowledge and be a real, educated man. Moreover, you didn’t want your only son to ignore his own language, traditions, religion and issues like you did. But as your only son, I misunderstood you and hated you. I hope you can forgive your immature son for not realizing this sooner.

Dear Father, time has passed in a flash; you and I haven’t seen each other for more than two years. My Father, do you know, the thing which hurt you deeply is always engraved on my heart? You were proud of me when I was a child; you were full of hope for me. You used to say, “My son is very smart and intelligent,” to everyone that you knew, and you usually did tell me that you believed in me no matter what I did. I saw a happy smile that I had never seen before appear on your face when I was admitted to the best local middle school. You were so excited! It seemed as if you would go to the school. But, my dear Father, you didn’t know what kind of person I had become after I joined the middle school. Your only son, who you believed in the most, started to lie to you. Your only son wasn’t interested in studying anymore. You gave me money when I asked you and you never cared about how much I took. You just gave me three simple words, but the words made me ashamed: “Father trusts you.” Day by day, month by month, your only son, who you trusted, was finally kicked out from the school. At that
moment, my dear Father, for the first time, because you usually don’t show strong emotion, I saw helpless and hopeless tears fall down from your bright eyes. Your heart felt pain, as if someone used a knife to cut into a wound that was still new and open on your body. Your immature son couldn’t see your pain and to your surprise, I kept the relationship so distant that you lacked the love you needed from your son. My Father, the only way I think that I can remedy my faults to you is to study as hard as I can, and to not disappoint you again.

My dear father, your only son, me, understands many things since I have been living in an exile society. I dare not say I am totally changed, but I can tell you, I have changed a lot. Although I am longing for you and Mother each and everyday, I learnt how to face the difficulties of life without you and Mother’s support. I know how to stand on my own feet.

Thank you, my dear father. You showed me a way, which is most important to me. I don’t have the same conditions here that I had when I lived with you, but I am really happy to live here. I have found what you wanted me to find. Dear Father, you are the guide of my future life. Father, I love you more than anybody else. Your only son, me, can’t say I will be a well-known person, but I can promise I will be a useful and a good person. Dear Father, your only son longs for you all the time. I will forever remember that you told me to live simply but have high thinking. I am always grateful to you, my dear father.

__________Peter

"Minds, like parachutes, Only function when they open."

______Anon
Two ants

Two ants argued all morning
Both were so stubborn and strong headed
They did not want to give in
They argued and argued
I watched and watched them
In my view, they were identical
But they bickered, they are not same
One says he is stronger
One says he is smarter
One says his feelers are longer
One says his waist is slimmer
No end to this and that
Objections and disagreements
Assertions and claims
One hour gone, two hours gone
But not a sign of being quiet
Their dispute continued the whole morning
I wondered about the end, the result
A curiosity to know who will be the winner
The sun was in the middle of my sky now
The ants were terribly mad
They were both hungry and angry
Hunger made them angry, actually
And anger caused them to fight for nothing
They clawed at one another
They were in a deadly row
They employed any particle
They could get for the battle
After the big battle
The two ants were tired
So tired that they collapsed onto the ground
Both had no energy to move their legs
But still their lips were moving
“I am stronger. I am smarter.”
I saw no winner, but losers
I saw two losers who lost a beautiful morning
To a ridiculous argument.

______________Sherab Choephel
When I woke up

To tell you the truth, I really didn’t know much about the Tibetan situation when I was in Tibet because my hometown is located very close to China. I always considered Tibet to be part of China. Chinese local government officials describe Tibet as being unavoidably part of China.

I heard that the 11th Panchen Lama, who was recognised by His Holiness the Dalai Lama, was arrested by the Chinese. Gyatse Norbu is not a recognised reincarnation of the 10th Panchen Lama in the Tibetan society but I did not know why the Chinese imprisoned the 11th Panchen Lama.

I went to school for six years in Tibet. I studied Tibetan and Chinese as well as Math. I was never taught a single course that related to the Tibetan situation in either the Tibetan or Chinese languages. All the textbooks described Chinese heroes and heroines especially the Chinese chairman, Mao.

I was told that Gyawa Rinpochen is living in another country and it was not safe for him to come back but I didn’t know why he had to escape. Sometimes I wondered if Gyawa Rinpochen disliked living in Tibet because India is more beautiful.

It was in 2005 that I started my journey from my home to India. When I arrived in Lhasa, I met one of my uncles. He was a High Lama in the Dre Pu monastery in Tibet. He passed away several months ago. I stayed with him for a few days. That was when I was told why Gyawa Rinpochen and thousands of Tibetans had to flee to India and live as refugees and why the real Panchen Lama was arrested by the Chinese. Although my uncle had not been to India, he knew quite a lot of details about Tibet and the Tibetan issue because he had been living in Lhasa before 1959. However, after I arrived in India, I came to know about the Tibetan situation in more detail.

Tenzin
**My homeland**

I was born in Eastern Tibet. It is near the border of Tibet and China. It is called Gyalrong. Gyalrong is very far from the center of Tibet, so we don’t often have communication with other regions. We haven’t changed our culture’s customs and we still use the ancient Tibetan language.

My village is located in a valley, between mountains. There are forests on both sides of the valley. There are lots of natural resources and minerals on the mountains. In the valley there is a huge waterfall and lots of lakes. The lakes are connected to each other. Each lake has different colors. These colors come from the stone at the bottom of the lake. You won’t feel as if it is manufactured or artificial. You can sleep in tiny huts on an unspoilt river bank. You will be woken up by the bird’s sweet voices. The sky is blue. The sun is shining. The fields and trees are beautiful. You always get food without any artificial chemicals. The people always offer organic food to the customers or the guests. It is a famous scenic district to travel in. Most of time it has five hundred travelers a day, so people call it; ‘Paradise on earth.’

From an economic point of view, Gyalrong is the commercial heart of Amdo. People do business with people from other regions. It is also a pleasant working environment. There are good opportunities for career and employment. There are lots of factories, but unfortunately, no one implements compulsory rules for people to protect the environment.

People are very kind. They always help and give their time to those who need help. I love my home town. It is the best place I have seen in my life.

*Tashi Dolma*
My childhood

I am going to look back at my childhood, when I was in Tibet. In those years my mother looked after me. I don’t remember much of my early years but after I was a teenager, I was very happy and remember interesting days. I think those days were enjoyable and the happiest days in my beautiful life. I didn’t have responsibility in my childhood and also I never worried in the most wonderful childhood.

I remember when I played with my childhood friends. I had five friends, three boys and two girls. They were Tashi, aged ten, Dolma, aged twelve, Tsemo, aged eleven, Tsering Tashi, aged twelve, and Lobsang, aged thirteen. They were my best friends during childhood. We had different games and we also went skating on the ice in the evenings. One day, my friend Tashi, who played on the ice, hurt his forehead on the rocks and ice. It was bleeding heavily. I was very afraid that day. Lobsang went to my home and then took tsampa. We put it on the wound on his forehead. He was crying, and we also cried and hugged him, so I will never forget that day.

After that, we never played like that again. We started to play in other ways. We rode donkeys and horses. We were interested in them. They lived in the wonderful grassland. We went near the donkeys and horses. We looked after them well. So, I will never forget my enjoyable childhood.

Pema Denchen

Children are curious and are risk takers.
They have lots of courage.
They venture out into a world
That is immense and dangerous.
A child initially trusts life
And the processes of life.

By John Bradshaw

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E.S.Tibet and what it means to me.

When I was in Tibetan Transit School, one of friends told me that she wanted to take an examination to join another school. She described the school, which has very good foreign teachers and has good facilities for students, but she did not know the name of the school. That was the first time I got information about E.S.T. which is near Dharamsala and is for Tibetan students learning English. After winter vacation, I decided to try to take the examination. I did not expect that I would pass the examination, because I knew my English was very poor. I could not even make easy sentences but I just wanted to try. I wrote a very simple application which my former English teacher checked.

The morning of the next day, I took the application and went to E.S.T school. The first time I saw E.S.T. School, I almost lost my confidence. It was not the same school that I had in my mind. One of the former students of E.S.T told me about the school so I decided to attend the examination anyway. One month later, I was told that I could join E.S.T school. I could not believe it so I wanted to double check. I phoned the manager again. When I heard that it was true, I was astonished. I thought I was very lucky. Many students wanted to join this school but some of them could not get the chance to go the school to study. Before I joined this school, I could not read clearly in English. My pronunciation was very bad. Now I have been here five months already. Even though my English is very poor in our school, I think I am improving with writing, speaking and listening. All these improvements, my teachers gave me.

In India I have no relatives, sometimes I feel very lonely. Since I came to E.S.T, I do not feel lonely and miss my family as much because E.S.T is like a family school. All students help each other. All teachers treat students as they treat their own friends, especially our manager who is like an older brother, like a father who manages this school very well.

In October of this year, I got a cold. It was not serious. When I was taking a speaking test, I coughed so much that I could not stop. Afterwards, the manager called me to drink tea. He made a very delicious tea with ginger, honey and lemon for sick students because at the time, some students had colds. When I was drinking the tea my eyes were full of tears. I think that tea was the most delicious tea I drank since I came to India.

On the afternoon of the second of October, when I was taking the English listening test, I could not control my coughing and also I had a runny nose, but I forgot to take tissue paper. Our manager gave me some tissue paper. I was very shamed and lowered
my head. I did not see the expression on his face. I thought, ‘He thinks I am very lazy and dirty.’ On the morning of the next day, I was studying in the roof class; the manager brought me some medicine and told me how to take them. After five minutes, he entered the roof class again. Then he gave me a packet of tissue paper.

I heard that the manager bought some quilts for a few students. These days the weather is becoming colder and colder. Some students only have a thin blanket. Every meeting the manager asks us if we need anything and if we have some suggestions, he will try his best.

I believe I can learn many things here. I can, not only learn English, but I can also learn how to help others and how to manage a school. I learn good behaviour from all of the teachers and students. So I want to live here, I love it here. I love E.S.T. school.

_______Kalsang Kyi

Peace

We cannot achieve world peace
Without first achieving peace
Within ourselves......inner peace
In an atmosphere of hatred, anger,
Competition and violence
No lasting peace can be achieved
These negative and destructive forces
Must be overcome by compassion.
Love and altruism, which are the essential Teaching of the Buddha.

_______By H.H-D.L
My homeland

My home land is Tibet. Except for the Chinese, the world knows that it was an independent country with its own reasonable history. It is to be found on the top of the world. The beautiful landscape of my country is covered by snowy mountains. On the four sides, there are beautiful snow-clad peaks, infinite areas of lush green land, and an abundance of thick forests and waterfalls. The scenery and the environment of my country are natural and there are numerous yaks, wild animals, birds, horses and sheep all living in peace. Tibetan people had never faced any problems in their lives. They were friendly, gentle, kind and enjoyed their freedom and independence. But unfortunately, at the beginning of the year 1959, China started to enter Tibet and killed thousands of Tibetans and damaged the monasteries, breaking the statues and burning the holy books. Since then the situation of my country has become just like a hell. They encountered very difficult situations and big problems. They suffered under the Chinese occupation and every day they struggled for freedom.

H.H the Dalai Lama, has given us a good opportunity to study in exile. Therefore we have to study hard and in the future, we have to recreate our country. May we get back freedom from the hands of the pitiless Chinese as soon as possible.

Glance at the situations of my motherland
Six million Tibetan people survive in the hell
Where there are no human rights and freedom
Thousands of innocent Tibetans were imprisoned
Until death they are inhumanly tortured by Chinese

My dear brothers and sisters
Wake up; it is our time to go ahead
We are the keepers of our own homeland
We are the spirit of our country
We must the follow H.H the Dalai Lama
Make an effort for world peace

Gurme Dorjee
The importance of friendship

Friendship is the best way that we humans can share mutual joy and sorrow in good times or bad. Friends can cheer us up when we are depressed. Friends are an important part of our life with whom we share life’s pleasant and memorable moments and who give us the willingness to live longer. Enjoyment with friends is to have a good time; to laugh, to act in silly ways and to take pleasure in mutual activities together.

Friends enrich our lives and make us feel loved and cared for. Sadly many people go through life with only a few friends. It seems that some have less than that. If we have no friends, there is no one with whom we can share ideas or converse with about deep, joyful and troubling subjects. We have no one to call in times of need and difficulty. Although lots of people are around us, we will be without friends, as lonely as a stone on the ground. Other people might ignore us. Others seem different to this because they have a multitude of friends. Wherever they go people know them and like to be around them, even though we are all humans the same as each other. The best way to find happiness is to be friends with each other, as we humans like sharing joys and sorrows. As the old Tibetan saying goes, ‘Having one hundred friends is not enough but having only one enemy is too many.’ According to this statement, it’s much better to be friends with each other rather than being enemies. We should know that having good friends is the best way to stop ourselves feeling lonely.

Ngawang Palden
Sprouting Seeds

I miss you

Falling into the feeling of loneliness,
Full of suffering and torture,
Then...
Living and feeling alone in the empty house.
However I try not to, I miss you.
You will not understand that feeling.
However much I try not to, I keep on waiting for you,
But you never come near.
Thinking about your smiling appearance and charming face,
I want to meet you.
Still...
I always remember your
Kind heart...
Moreover...
I want to tell my innermost feelings to you
When I remember your pure love.
Also...
I didn’t want you to leave and us to be separated from each other.
Sweet friend,
Wherever you are,
In the dream of my land,
I will always be waiting for you.
You are my loving friend.

_______ Dicky Dolma

Don’t go in front of me,
I may not follow.
Don’t walk behind me,
I may not lead.
Just walk beside me,
And be my friend.

__________Anon

Page No(21)
The ideal teacher

In our society, people consider the teacher to be a person whose career is to teach his or her students how to get a colorful life in their future but generally, everybody can be our teacher whether they teach us something positively or negatively. We can consider the teacher to be somebody who can teach us something new which we haven’t known before. Anyway, the teacher is always with us from our birth.

Everything’s quality is dependent upon its basic structure. If the basic structure is very solid then it is very easy to add some extra good things to it. I have been a student of everybody around me even if she or he is a small and innocent child, but my ideal teachers are my dearest parents as they made the basic structure of my life.

In one’s life, the most important thing is to be a good person. It is more important than knowing how to write and read. Actually it is not easy to judge a person but I think a good person is someone who has a good understanding of power and a lack of selfishness in her or his natural character, and who can challenge the obstacles of life without issuing blame. They should also know how to respect other’s rights. So, my parents are the only ones who taught me all these things.

When I was a small child, my family was very poor and we couldn’t wear expensive clothes like my uncle’s family. We had no gifts to eat like other children but my parent’s valuable advice and encouragement always warmed my heart. When bad things happened to my family, they tried not to lose the smile from their faces and they tried to not make their children disappointed. They liked to share things with our neighbours even though we were poor. The neighbours also shared things with us without any hesitation. People never cared that we were poor; they always gathered in my home and made jokes in their free time because my parents were never mean about using things which they owned. Everybody is equal in their eyes and they tried not to hurt other’s feelings. We are a very happy family and the sound of laughter kept my small home very warm.

Everybody is seeking happiness as they are doing things to have a better life. Now I have taken my steps into this complicated society and it is not easy to deal with different people but according to my parents’ lessons, I can solve my problems within a moment. It is not because I have the ability to do something to solve that problem but my way of thinking can remove that problem from my heart.

So, my parents are my ideal teachers out all of my teachers and they are the most believable teachers for me from all of my teachers.

______________ Tsedon
An unforgettable day

One of my cousins and I were coming to India. My brother saw us off from my home to the border. When we arrived at the border, we stayed there for two days. There is a very big river between Tibet and Nepal. After two days, we separated from each other after my brother gave us some advice beside the river. I was very sad. I couldn’t control myself. Tears fell from my eyes. My brother was crying too. I saw tears falling down his cheeks. He put a very big, white and wonderful scarf on us. I keep it still. We hugged each other and said goodbye and take care. I will never forget our journey to India.

When my brother went back to my home, we continued walking through a very thick forest for several days. It was so dangerous. There seemed to be nobody in the woods except the two of us. On the first day, my cousin said that she was extremely tired. We took a rest for thirty minutes. She just slept. I knelt in front of her. During that time my brother called me to see how we were. I told him, “We are on the way to India. Don’t worry about us. When we arrive at the border, I will call you.” I heard my brother’s voice and I really wanted to cry. I saw him clearly.

After five days, we arrived at a monastery and met a monk. We asked him, “May we stay here for tonight only?” Fortunately, that monk was very kind. He took us into his room and gave us food. We stayed there for two days. He was trying to send us to the Tibetan Reception Centre but it was difficult to get there. The next day, he brought Nepalese clothes to us. We wore the clothes to the Tibetan Reception Centre so that is an unforgettable day in my life. We had many problems on the way.

Pema Dechen

The person, who risks nothing, does nothing, has nothing, is nothing, and becomes nothing.
He may avoid suffering and sorrow, but he simply cannot learn and feel and change and grow and love and live.

_______By Leo Buscaglia.
The ideal teacher

A teacher is very important for their students and a teacher is like our parents. If the teacher doesn’t have a good character and knowledge, their teaching is a waste of their students’ lives. A teacher is the guide for students. When we are very small children, we like to follow what the teacher tells us and what they do. In my opinion a teacher is a great person and a good worker. Everyone respects their reputation. I think if I become a teacher, I will talk to the students and always be kind to them and try to make students interested in their subjects. I will try to have a good character. Most students don’t like a teacher who is lazy. They also don’t like a teacher who always likes good students and ignores others. I am really hurt and angry at that kind of teacher because I am a student. I experienced that situation when I was in middle school in Tibet. That gave a bad impression to the students. Teachers should be fair to all students whether the student is good or not.

Teachers must treat all students equally. A good teacher needs a good education and also needs experience. Our Kristen is a very good teacher. I have had lots of teachers from different countries but I never had a teacher like her before. I think she has a beautiful nature and a warm heart. She is smart and has a lot of experience of developing students. She can give us the power to study well and to write about things to help us to improve. I know that most students are proud of our good teacher Kristen.

When I was a student in middle school, I had a teacher who always separated our class into two parts. In one part, he put the good students and the others were chosen as the worst. That isn’t a good idea. It is more destructive to the students’ minds. They feel bored and don’t want to come to class. Some students left the school. That is the reality of what happened in my school. So I think that, if I become a teacher, I will never do something like that because that damages students’ minds and emotions. I don’t like that kind of teacher. They create a big space between them and their students. If a teacher is like that, it wastes our time and life. It spoils our parents’ wishes and hopes.

We know different people have different ideas and different knowledge and some people have a good education, some people have less than others but the main thing is to be kind to others and to share with others what you know. We shouldn’t decide which students are good and which ones are bad. Like our parents love their children, we should treat all students equally. I wish and hope that I will be a teacher like that. If we can be that kind of teacher, we can show a good way to the people. It can help the environment, it can educate the people and it can help us to share our knowledge and to build a good character.

______________ Dawa Dolma
**My home land**

I was born in Amdo Rebong in Tibet. My home land is situated between mountains. There are trees around my home land. It is as though it is covered in green clothes from spring to autumn. My home land is in front of a big river. During the summer season, there are lots of different kinds of flowers blossoming. Some tourists came to visit my home land. They were surprised by my beautiful land which as the tourists said, is like heaven. Moreover, there are so many different natural sources of water. It also has lots of mines. Actually, the Tibetan people don’t dig the mines and coal from the mountain because if we destroy our natural environment, we will have a great problem. For example, if we cut down the forests, the earth will become bare, without skin. It will possibly become a desert area and it will probably cause flooding.

We have a unique religion that has made human beings mindful. It also gives lasting happiness and it has helped us open our eyes and show our emotions. In my home land, there are a lot of monasteries and different kinds of Stupas. In the early morning, we breathe fresh air which makes us happy. My home land is so beautiful. It has charmed human being’s eyes and minds.

My home land was so beautiful and free before the year 1949. Unfortunately, the Chinese government has controlled my delightful land since 1950. Since that time, my beautiful home land has begun to decline piece by piece; the scenery has degenerated, my mother language and religions are being lost and our sense of culture has declined seriously over the last fifty years. In 1959, we lost our country. Since then more and more Chinese people came into my home land. First the Chinese came with an army to ‘liberate it’. They said that they came here chiefly to liberate Tibetans. They made roads in Tibet. Then they went by force into monasteries. We dislike them but sadly, we didn’t have a strong president during that time and gradually they exported rare things from monasteries including Tibetan Thankas. In 1959 the Tibetan leader, the Dalai Lama also couldn’t live in Tibet. My delightful home land is becoming barren. My home is without parents and I am without a home.

Nowadays, my home is not delightful as it was before 1959 because there are a lot of factories in my home land. This makes the people unhappy and causes pollution.

_________Khagyal
Refugee

A refugee is a person who has to escape from his home and country and depend on another country or people. There are many different causes for becoming a refugee. Some become refugees because of political situations, some because of economic problems, and some even because of environmental problems and so on.

I am a political refugee, but before I came to India I didn’t realized what it meant to be a refugee. When I first reached the Tibetan Reception Centre in Nepal, there were many people in it. I thought they were travelers and tourists.

I also used to wonder how people became refugees in other countries. Since then, I came to know how difficult it is to live in another place but despite this fact, there are so many refugees in the world. We Tibetans are one of the largest refugee groups in this world because the Tibetans couldn’t live under the cruelty of China but we have a very famous leader, who leads us very well. He never leaves us hungry or cold in this strange place.

In spite of the Dalai Lama’s great care and the rather comfortable lives which we live, we can never be truly happy because we know that all of our families, relatives, sisters and brothers are suffering behind the Himalayan Mountains. I am always forced to think that we are the protectors of our country. Whether it will get independence or not depends on the younger generations. So we should try to do something to struggle for freedom. I don’t mind being a refugee for my whole life, but I really don’t want my next generation to be a miserable refugee like me. So I will do everything I can to solve our problems and throw this disgusting word ‘refugee’ away.

_________

Gurme Dorjee

“People remember winners
Nobody remembers losers.”

“If you hope to win, be prepared to take risks.”

“Winners always have a plan,
Losers always have an excuse.”

_____ Anon

Page No(26)
My God

Why do I feel so sad these days?
Please open your eyes
Look at me with your kindness
If you can
I need your help
I need your consolation
When I miss my father
I remember you
I pray to you
Could you show the right way to him
Who left this world for paradise
As he does not know where to go
Please! Could you give him a butter lamp?
Because he cannot see his way clearly
Please! Please!
Could you give him some food?
He hasn’t got any provisions for a journey
I pray to you
When I miss my father
I pray to you
When I write some words
When I go somewhere
When I do any work
I will never be away from you
Forever and ever...
My God.
My God......!!!
An untold story

A story is something through which we can share our experiences and emotions such as love, hate, happiness and unhappiness with the readers. Through a story we can show the colour of our heart to the readers. So, here, I want to tell a short story to my dear readers. This was a real story that took place during my childhood.

After my tenderhearted mom’s death, I left my home to live with my older sister, as I wished, who was married to a man with whom the marriage was arranged. At the time I was only nine years old. For me, my sister and my brother-in-law were like my real parents. They took care of me as their own son and I loved them very much. We were indeed a happy household in the beginning. After some years, there was an unexpected change that occurred between my sister and her husband. My brother-in-law started to treat my sister as his slave. He often lost his temper over little things, and he beat my sister as a jockey beats his horse in the final lap. He was willing to beat her with anything that he could get his hands on when he lost his temper. These things could be a stick, a Gokor (a piece of equipment that we usually use to hit the nomadic dogs if they try to bite people) or even a knife. She had to endure it because of the customs and traditions of my part of Tibet.

In my part of Tibet, women are always like servants, and they have to obey every order their husbands give. It seems that a man can treat his wife in whatever way he likes. When my brother-in-law was beating my sister, she used to call to me loudly, hoping for an interruption. But I myself was very scared of it and I always tried to run off when he was ready to beat my sister. The most unbearable part was that one day I came back home from grazing yaks. Palko, their eldest son, was crying by the door of our house, and he said that one of his mother’s legs had been cut off. I was shocked and rushed into our house with a horrible image in my mind. Our house had been messed up and my brother-in-law was bandaging my sister’s right leg. I asked him, with a beating heart, what had happened but he didn’t give me an answer. I took a look at my sister’s small, heart-shaped face. Then she said, in a tearful voice, that she was attacked by her husband with a knife. I immediately felt sorry for her and didn’t have the strength to hold my tears. I cried as loud as I could and I warned him, my brother-in-law, that I would tell my father if this sort of thing ever occurred again. I thought that every one was as afraid of my father as I was.

This is just an example. A lot of things like this are still happening. What about the temples in which women are forbidden to enter without any acceptable reasons? Some people say women are too dirty to be close to the statues. Some people say if a woman enters these temples, she would defile the temples, the same people who seem
to believe that they weren’t given birth to by a woman. I really don’t understand why women are as black as charcoal in these dogmatic people’s minds. To be honest, I myself didn’t know about women’s rights until I came to India but I had promised that I would never beat my wife when I got married because I have experienced that such quarrels can not bring a happy life.

As soon as I realized, that in Tibetan society, there is a huge gap between men’s rights and women’s rights, I felt really sorry for the women who have suffered and who are suffering because they have no rights. That is the reason I decided to take action on women’s rights. That is the reason I would like to call loudly to my mother, who left me behind in this God forsaken world. I want to call her name and ask for her help.

________ Choephel

“Selfishness is not living as one wishes to live; it is asking others to live as one wishes to live. And unselfishness is letting other people’s lives alone, not interfering with them. Selfishness always aims at uniformity of type.”

By Oscar Wilde
‘Be the change that you want to see in the world.’

In reality, I don’t know what will be happen in the world because I haven’t any magical power but I can guess what will be happen in the world. It will become a peaceful universe. We know what happened in ancient times; many leaders and soldiers fought with each other. It happened many years ago. After a long time some people slowly changed those horrible situations. They knew that peace is good for every human being. It doesn’t damage anything or anyone. For example, the famous Indian, Gandhi who worked for peace, wanted to give the people a peaceful life. Unfortunately, some people didn’t agree with his ideal. Some people are still against the beautiful and worthy opinion, and some people try to destroy others.

However, Gandhi knew that peace is very powerful and it gives to us a lot of energy. When Gandhi was a small child, he wasn’t a very special boy in class but he had a special mind and a quiet character. This made everybody feel good and some knew that he would become famous. Many people were influenced by him, he was a great person.

Many Tibetan people come to India. We should follow Gandhi’s example. I want to see the world become peaceful. We have no country and have no land. We still live happily. If this miserable situation happened in ancient times, most people would kill each other, thousands of people died for nations. We know that all human beings need peace. This is what I want to see in the world.

According to Gandhi’s thoughts and attitude, he struggled tirelessly and peacefully for his people. Indian people got their freedom. It was such a lovely and wonderful inner power. This is a great example for the Tibetan exile issue. I think we can clearly see what will happen in the world. If things happen as I would like, it will become a peaceful universe. Now leaders and famous people use peace and they try to walk in the middle of the path but some people are still not satisfied and harm others. They use cruelty and don’t understand the concept of peace.

Whatever happens in the world, I want to see all humans get freedom. We are a part of animal society. We have a different brain and mind and must use it well. We will be at peace with the animals and with each other.

_____________Dawa Dolma

Page No(30)
My childhood

My most unforgettable memory is when I was almost six or seven years old. My job was to guard our nut trees and forbid anybody from picking up nuts, as it was one of our biggest harvests within a year. But, to be honest, it’s really boring and hard for an active boy to stay alone under the high nut trees without any partner to play with.

One day, my best friend came to call me and said that he found many delicious grapes in another family’s garden and the grapes were ripe enough to eat. “Come, buddy!” my friend said very firmly, “Let’s go and enjoy them. Why are you always so lonely here, and why don’t you be more clever and come back after eating some grapes?” I thought for a moment. Of course, I didn’t restrain myself from acting like a child, as I was still so young at that time. Uncharacteristically, I left my job and went to pick the grapes. Many grapes were red and black hanging from the vines, and waiting for us, the two naughty guys, to eat them up. So we filled both our mouths and pockets happily. After that, we went to my grandfather’s storage area, to catch some small birds. In doing this we destroyed it and then we took everything we had in hand and played for a whole day. I totally forgot what my job was!

When I returned home it was almost evening and the sun had already set. I realized that something must be wrong and I may get some ‘present’ from my mother, for my mischief. I was exactly right. As I entered home, my mother looked very serious and seemed as though she had just come back from the field. I didn’t know what to say or to do. I asked her whether she wanted to drink some tea or not. She didn’t respond and suddenly caught my hair and started to beat me like a claw catching a small bird. But, I was quicker than her, and I escaped like a mouse begging for its life from the chasing cat. After my mother failed to catch me, she complained in a loud voice. It seemed as though she wanted to tie me to a pillar and beat me. I was so afraid and didn’t dare to go back home. I went to sleep with my friend.

The day after that, I found out that some gluttonous people had picked up our nuts, and moreover, they broke the branches too! Nowadays, whenever I think over this thing that happened, I can understand my mother. Actually, that was a very common thing that happened in one’s life, but at that time my family’s financial situation was not so good, and the nuts were one of our biggest annual harvests, so I can understand how sad my mother was feeling. But, if anybody asked me, if I had a magic power and could return to the time of my childhood, would I do the same thing again? There is no question. For me, I would definitely say yes, even though I would be beaten by my mother again or our nuts would be picked up and the tree branches broken. For the day I spent with my friend was worth getting any kind of punishment…..

ChoeDhop Thar
A life story

One new years evening, after dinner, we went into Father’s room and we tried to make it an enjoyable new year. My father said, “We are going to sing a song one by one.” The reason was that he liked songs very much, but I wanted to listen to the story of my father’s childhood. However, we started to sing from the oldest to the youngest. My father was the first one, whose song was very interesting to us, and everyone clapped as loudly as we could. We sang one by one. When it was the turn of my second youngest brother, who is very shy, he couldn’t sing any song in front of us. So my father got a little bit angry with him, and he started to tell us the story of his childhood.

He lost his parents when he was three years old and he grew up with his older brother. He also told us that they faced a lot of problems such as hunger and cold. Of course they had to spend almost their whole childhood without enough food and warm clothes because at that time the Chinese had come into Tibet and destroyed everything. His teenage life was spent dangerously in a war with a gun. When he told his story, it made me feel fear sometimes. The tears fell down from everyone’s eyes, even my mother’s. Of course, it is a life story and a very frightening one. Sometimes I think my father was very lucky because he was shot between his shoulder blades but he still survived.

Usually my father doesn’t like to talk too much. He certainly never told us his sad story before. That day was the first time he told his story briefly to us. It’s very interesting and also the saddest story I have ever heard. When he had finished telling the story, everyone was surprised and looked at my father’s face. We were all silent and we couldn’t control our tears. Really, we were all totally touched and stayed there speechlessly for a while.

__________Dolkar Tso

Life isn’t one straight line.
Most us have to be transplanted,
like a tree, before we blossom.

__________By Louise Nevelson
My homeland

My beautiful homeland is surrounded by a range of Snow Mountains except the eastern part. So we call it “Snow land” instead of homeland. People have also named it “The top of the world”. There were a lot of natural resources in my homeland. I saw a variety of wild animals living peacefully in my wonderful homeland. At that time, my homeland was a very fresh and pure place. All my people were happy. They enjoyed using such a great land in which to live and work hand in hand.

There are two kinds of occupations in my country; a farmer and a nomad in the valley or on the grassland. Most of the farmers settled below the valley and on the flat area. Nomads have no permanent place to live because they have to move from one place to another place to look for grass. When they move to a place with plenty of grass, they are very happy because the livestock survive on grass and people survive on livestock.

Since the beginning of the twenty-first century, my homeland’s beauty has gradually started to vanish. It looks live a wound on a human body, becoming worse and worse, day by day, without any care. Someone entered my beautiful homeland and excavated the natural resources. It really was a very bad time for my people. Of course, they were so sad and suffered as the land was destroyed. You know the homeland is like a human body. When the human body doesn’t get the substance which is necessary to produce energy and allow the body to function, then the body becomes weaker and weaker. Nobody can do anything when their body is weak.

The homeland is the same as the human body. When it has lost its natural resources, there is a higher possibility for natural disasters to happen such as; earthquakes, floods, decreasing grassland or plants and so on. There is no energy to protect from disasters in the homeland. Because of this situation, my people have stress and worries about terrible things.

Even though my homeland has already been damaged, many tourists from different parts of the world are charmed by its remaining beauty. I always think that I should take responsibility to keep the remaining beauty of the homeland forever because people like to live in natural beauty, not in false beauty.

__________Sambo
A beautiful garden

I was in a beautiful garden before I woke up. I was among a crowd of happy flowers. They were very friendly and beautiful. They do not have a burning desire for tomorrow. They do not have hatred of yesterday. They do not fight over bills and waste their lives doing stupid things. They are growing in different places and they appear different but they do not know what racism is. They never fight; they are far from wars and discrimination. They sing the happy songs together, they dance the peaceful dances together. I was so happy with them. It was absolute peace to be staying with them. They were warmly kind to me. They heartedly welcomed me so, I sang their happy songs and I danced their peaceful dances. I looked around to see if there was any humanity in them, but I failed to see any. I could see no human traits in them. They are totally different from humans.

Before my contentment reached my heart I was pulled back into my own world by a cry of a human. I lost my flowery world at once. I sat up and looked around but I saw nothing like the flowers of that flowery garden. I was in the middle of a big crowd of people. All of them were my race but they said nothing to me, they did not welcome me either. Of course they did not smile warmly as those flowers did. They did not even look at me once. They looked very busy. I was on a pavement where numerous people were passing me by but no one ever said one word to me. The only person who patted my shoulder had stolen my wallet. I searched for happy faces but I failed. I saw no happy faces; I saw only worried and stressed faces. I sought some peace and silence but I failed. I found no peace and silence among these violent creatures in this overcrowded and noisy society.

Everyone wants to be happy,
But none seems to be succeeded.
People are so busy
that they forgot what they really need

Sherab Choephel

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(1) Students holding a talkshow

(2) Students acting in a drama

(3) Students miming

(4) Students acting in a comedy

(5) Students performing

(6) Students having a debate

(7) Student presentations

(8) Girls with their teacher
(9) A speech begins Teacher’s Day

(10) Students dancing on Teacher’s Day

(11) Students with their PET certificate

(12) Saying good bye to three teachers

(13) Karma class and their teacher

(14) Dawa class

(15) Nyima class

(16) Group photo with all the teachers
(17) Trekking
(18) Trekking
(19) Smoke offering on the mountain
(20) Smoke offering on the mountain
(21) E.S. Trust martial arts
(22) A student with teachers
(23) School picnic
(24) Playing football during the picnic
(25) Having a barbecue

(26) A day in Funky Town

(27) At the swimming pool

(28) Boys basketball tournament

(29) Girls basketball tournament

(30) Mixing vegetables for momo

(31) Making momo

(32) Group photo
Refugee

Different people have different destinies; some are very lucky and naturally get whatever they like, some live with pain and do not have enough things for their survival. Refugees are people who cannot stay in their own country due to somebody’s force and torture so, they escape from their own land with a mixture of fear and depression, and they stay in other countries after they get the permission of that country.

When I heard the word “refugee,” a sharp feeling made me pity myself as I am a refugee and it seems the refugee is the least powerful person. Actually, nobody considers refugees to be the least powerful people but it automatically becomes like that. There is no direction to the refugee’s life, like a big ship which is in the middle of an ocean without a driver to steer it in any direction. The refugee’s life is always in danger because it is totally controlled by others like we Tibetans are controlled by Indians.

I want to yell to god, “Why is there no equality? Everyone is born as a human being. Why do some people like to show their power over poor people?” According to human greed and desire, competition is always growing between people and nations, so it has caused killing, torture, murder, hatred and destruction. Refugees; how pitiful we are. Separation gives us a lonely feeling and stabs our hearts with a sharp knife. Starvation and thirst play with our souls and drive us into a hell. We are just like sheep and donkeys in front of these local people, when they are scolding or looking down on us. Our pillow is always soaked with our tears. Our bodies tighten with fear when we hear our brothers and sisters are taken to jail. Whenever we think about our karma, we feel that we are wandering in a miserable place and feel a great depression.

God, if there really is justice, please don’t let people destroy themselves, as we all depend on each other, and everybody has the same longing to have happiness.
Love

Love,
The most powerful thing in this world,
Rich men cannot buy it,
Thieves cannot steal it,
Robbers cannot rob it.

Love,
It’s colourless,
We cannot see it with our eyes.
It’s odorless,
We cannot smell it with our noses.

Love,
It doesn’t bloom in spring,
But is always blooming between hearts,
Wherever honesty and sincerity exist.

Love,
It’s the soul of life,
The seed of peace,
And the source of happiness.

______________
Khang

Try to plant the tree of love
In the field of your hearts
And let's play
in the garden of love peacefully
My ideal teacher

I will never forget my ideal teacher; her name was Chow Tsokyi. She had long, dark hair and she was born in a small village in Amdo in Tibet. She was taller than me. She was so beautiful, her cheeks were red. She taught us Mathematics and sometimes she sang songs very sweetly. All of the people were charmed by her. She taught us Tibetan songs and Chinese two times a week. She had more courage than other teachers. Her mind and eyes were open so she was unbiased towards you and me.

One night, I hadn’t eaten dinner. At that time I didn’t have anything to eat in my bedroom. I didn’t have any money, so I couldn’t buy anything. I was so hungry. I thought about going to the teacher’s room. I met her and she saw the expression on my face and immediately she knew what I needed. Then she didn’t say anything to me for some minutes. Finally, she said “Please sit down on the sofa.” Then she asked me what happened, “Do you have a problem? Don’t be ashamed,” She lovingly told me, “You are my student, like my son.” When she said that, I felt like I was flying in the sky. Then I told her my problem. “It doesn’t matter,” she said, “I will cook dinner for you. You study here for few minutes until I make some food.”

I was surprised by my teacher’s attitude which showed great love and compassion. She had good principles and showed her emotions. Some students didn’t have any books. She wanted to buy some books to give to the students. She gave us knowledge. She was unique compared to other teachers because of her earnest mind and devotion. Then automatically, we all obeyed her and we were all happy with her teaching.

I always think the ideal teacher is paramount in society. Teachers have the influence to change you into new person. If a teacher does not have a sincere mind, she will make it difficult for students. Between this kind of teacher and their students, true love does not come easily. My ideal teacher Chow Tsokyi never had such of kinds of negative emotions and between the teacher and students came true love. It is like mixing milk and water forever and never separating them. She liked helping poor people and students. So I am going to be grateful for my ideal teacher Chow Tsokyi forever.

I have met a lot of teachers in my lifetime but I have never met another teacher like Chow Tsokyi in my life. She taught me for three years until I changed my outlook and my bad habits. So I learned from her advice and her manner. So the ideal teacher is very important in the world. If we didn’t have teachers, we would have lived in a difficult society because the teacher is like a guide for the human being. The teacher gives us eyes and courage and love or compassion. I’ll never forget my teacher. Actually, the ideal the teacher is a sun. If there wasn’t a sun in the sky, how would the world exist? The ideal teacher is like the sun in society or in our world.

Khagyal
A secret cannot be hidden

When I arrived at the Tibetan Reception Center in Nepal, I only knew that the Dalai Lama was our leader but I didn’t know anything about the Dalai Lama’s story! Why had he escaped to India or why had he left our Tibetan society behind? I didn’t know about Tibetan history, before or after the Chinese government occupied our country. I didn’t know we had our own flag before in Tibet.

When I first came to know or saw the flag in the Nepal Reception Center, I was shocked. It was explained to us that Tibet was an independent country before the Chinese occupied Tibet. I was also very happy in T.C.V. Suja and in the Tibetan exile society where religion is practiced freely. We could read Sutras in school as much as we wanted, and we could pray in the school hall. We had a class on religion. These experiences, for a long time, shocked me until I completely adapted in the school. It was amazing to me.

_____________Tsering Dolma

“I hear and I forget. I see and I remember. I do and I understand.”

___________Anon.
My second home in exile

I went to school for eight years when I was in Tibet, and I changed several different schools to study. I have experienced the school life with thousands of students. I have also experienced the school life with hundreds of adult students in my first school in India, but I have never experienced a school life in such a small school, the school I am now studying in.

E.S.T. (Educational Support Tibet) is a very small school. There are only twenty-four students and a small amount of staff in the school. The campus is not very big, but it is really big enough for this small organization or I may call it a big family. I am so glad that I can be a student of this small but fine school. I have been studying happily in the school, although I sometimes have trouble with my homework. The teachers and other members treat me as their own brother and I treat them the same (of course, there is no one who can live peacefully without problems in the world if he or she is in contact with people, i.e. some bad things are bound to happen between one person and another one. So, it is possible sometimes, some unhappy things happen between my family members and me.) I love my teachers and schoolmates like my brothers and sisters, and I love the school very much.

Frankly speaking, I did not like the school when I first joined and I did not want to study in the school any longer. I think I did not like it because I suddenly came to such a small environment. I kept a long distance between me and my schoolmates, teachers and the manager. It seemed that I was not a student of the school. I was surrounded with the feeling of unhappiness during those days. I thought it was with great regret that I joined this school. I could not find any joy, happiness and interest in studying. As time went by, I gradually changed my negative mind. I found that I need this school. I need to study with my big family. I opened my mind to speak to all the members. I shared my happiness, my sadness and everything that belongs to me with them. I could study in the school happily and I recognized that the school is the turning point of my future life, i.e. I found my aim or the ambition of my future life. It is very important that I know what the school means to me.

E.S.T is my second school in India or it may be my last school in my whole life. In this school, I have changed a lot and I have learnt a lot too. I have changed many of my bad habits like laziness, escaping difficulties and so on. I have learnt many good things like taking responsibility for everything that I need to and how to converse with people in a polite way. In this school, I have found the hope of my future life. Before, when I was in Tibet or in the Tibetan Transit School, I studied aimlessly without hope. Since I have been in E.S.T, I became a person who has hope and an aim for his future. In this
school, I understand how to take care of or consider other people. Of course, I have improved a lot in every section of my English. I sometimes think about the improvement of my studies. I feel I am very lucky that I could join this school and I’m extremely grateful to the school. I also thank the teachers and other members of the school. I have learnt many useful and beneficial things from them. E.S.T is the only school in which I can get the chance to study at college level or I can get more knowledge than I could get in other schools. It is a school that shows me a good way for my future life. The school is very important to me.

The house, all colored in white is called E.S.T and it is a school. It is not a very well-known school, but it is a very good school. It is very suitable to the students who are living in exile. E.S.T is a school I can never forget in my life and I feel grateful to the school. E.S.T is my permanent school. I love it very much.

\[\text{____________}_\text{Peter}\]

If you don’t respect the other person,
You are gonna have a lot of trouble.
If you don’t know how to compromise,
You are gonna have a lot of trouble.
If you can’t talk openly about
what goes on between you,
You are gonna have a lot of trouble.
And if you don’t have a common set of values in life,
You are gonna have a lot of trouble.
Your values must be alike.

\[\text{____________}_\text{Anon}\]
Live your life well today

Life is uncertain. I sleep tonight with brilliant dreams but can I definitely wake up tomorrow morning? No one can say I can. Human life is like tissue-paper. It is very sensitive. What I mean is, live your life happily and meaningfully today. Don’t worry about what is going to happen tomorrow. Today is in your hand. Don’t throw it into the rivers and wind. It’s a very precious thing. It’s always moving second by second. You will never get it again. Once you lose it, you have lost it forever. When the diamond is in your hand, use it properly at that moment. Don’t save it for tomorrow and do not be poor today. Do it now and use it now. Tomorrow automatically follows today. Live today fully. Tomorrow will be fine.

People always worry about tomorrow and people are going mad over tomorrow. They see poor conditions or danger in tomorrow. But today, they are being tortured by themselves for their tomorrow. People yearn to get happiness but they are confused with the idea of happiness. Why do people want to be happy in the future and suffer in the moment? The main thing you need to do to be happy is to use your full energy and intelligence at the moment in the right way when you are alert and fresh. Don’t regret what you have done. It is the past. The past is the past. It is history. You can never recreate it. If you find the real value of today, never go away from today. Rather, challenge whatever happens to you. It can be created. Be positive and be closer with your environment. Everything will be your possession. Giant consequences depend on the moment.

All in all, never postpone the vital time and stop worrying about the future. Worrying is an extra burden. Today, you are alive and fresh. Do what you can now. Be happy, even if you are in a bad circumstance. What is the advantage of being poor? Be confident with the things which you are doing. There may be some mistakes. Mistakes lead you in the right direction but if you repeat the same mistake, you are not you. You are a mad elephant. Take this significant opportunity and don’t waste your brilliant capability. We usually see the sun fall beyond the northern mountain and believe that it will rise again. It’s true that it will rise but it’s not the sun of yesterday. In fact, it’s pulling us towards our death. Death is the end of your breathing but it’s not an event to be feared. Don’t worry about death. Live your life meaningfully and satisfied. Death is relaxation.

______________ Gyatso
Can’t we even imagine a better world?

My head is always full of questions that I cannot answer. As each day passes and I move forward with an expectation to find answers for all of the unanswered questions that have ever risen in my life, more new questions arise in my mind that are much more complicated and mysterious than the old ones, but no answer has been found for any of them. For that, I am still a little child who asks ‘Why can’t human beings fly while birds can?’ A wise father may answer that childish question by saying that humans don’t have wings. But, the truly curious child never stops asking. ‘Why don’t humans have wings while birds have?’ he continues. He keeps on asking questions until his father angrily says, ‘Humans don’t have wings like birds, because humans are humans and birds are birds.’ In fact, the father has never tried to think about why humans don’t have wings. No wonder - he was given the same answer by his father when he was a curious child who wanted to know everything, and since then he has believed in his father’s words.

I have a very important question I cannot answer, and I would like to ask this question on behalf of the all curious children of the world to all fathers of the world. But we are expecting a different answer this time, not “that’s that!”

I got this question from a curious child at midnight, last night. I was talking with this curious child about two of the latest movies, ‘Avatar’ and ‘2012’, which we finished just before our conversation began. All the students in our dormitory were sleeping while that extremely curious child and I were enjoying a pleasant conversation about the world of movies. Our conversation was disturbed several times by unclear words from some of them who were sleeping. They slowly flipped like dying fish on their beds as they said words which were impossible to comprehend. They rubbed their heads as though they were taking a shower for five seconds and then became still again.

Like every conversation, our conversation went deeper and deeper as we continued. We talked about whether or not we liked “Avatar” and “2012”; we shared our opinions about the quality of the movies. I told him how a huge amount of money and time has been spent on these movies. (I watch movies more than him, so I know a tiny bit more about them than him) He told me how much he hates watching action movies. We admired the wonderful authors of the stories that are made into movies, and finally we came to talk about why authors write such stories.

“What do these authors always write stories in which something always goes wrong?” I asked. “To give us a lesson,” he answered simply. There was a little silence before he shook his head and said that he hadn’t actually read or watched any stories in which
everything goes perfectly well. “The chief reason for writing a story is to change people’s bad behavior and wicked ways of thinking,” he said, “so I don’t know why we have to write a horrible story to give a lesson to change people when we could write an ideal story as an example.” I was very impressed with his last sentence, and upset about why I didn’t think of it before. “I don’t know either; maybe it’s because of reality.” I replied as if I had already thought of it. But, then another question came. “Can’t we even IMAGINE living in a place where everyone is kind and everything goes perfectly well?”

Kunchok

Dear brothers and sisters,
Let’s imagine a beautiful world
Instead of a beautiful heaven
For we can’t enjoy
The beauty of a beautiful heaven
Until death robs all of our senses
Dear brothers and sisters,
Let’s imagine kinder people
Rather than imagining kinder gods
For we have experienced cruelty enough
When we meet kinder gods
Dear brothers and sisters
Let’s imagine a better future
Instead of trying to make it better
By pointing out all negative aspects of it
For most good things
We can see today were
Once figments of our imaginations.

Kunchok
When I woke up

Last night, I dreamt about Tibet. In my dream, it was such a great place. There wasn’t any Chinese military and weapons that I could see. Maybe everyone on both sides had realized that peace is what everyone is looking for. I was shocked that China had given Tibet back to Tibetans, which is just like a wolf letting a lamb walk away from its door-way without enjoying the lamb for lunch.

There weren’t any children working for other people. All the children I saw were receiving a modern education, including the real history of Tibet, with all the necessary facilities, so I wondered what else could be better than this?

There were only Tibetans living there, so racial discrimination was not an issue. All the elders were deeply respected. There weren’t any more beggars, thieves and swindlers around Paggor Street (A very popular street in the Tibetan capital city, Lhasa). I thought, probably, there was no-one cheating, stealing or begging for a livelihood because the people had already gotten back what they had lost. They no longer had any reason to live their lives in danger, so they went back to where they grew up or from where they had been forced out of.

There weren’t anymore political prisoners who were arrested for just an honest expression such as “Free Tibet.” Such people had been treated badly both mentally and physically by the merciless prison guards. Even after they had been released, they still needed to keep going back to prison to register their presence monthly. There were no longer bars and shops where adults could easily get alcohol and cigarettes. No more friends and relatives were separated because of gambling. There were no people with disabilities sleeping in the street, left without care, without even a shelter.

Sometime later, I heard the sound of boiling water and guitar music that sounded like “Hotel California”, but the sound was not clear enough to make sense. Suddenly I realized someone was pushing me around, so I raised my head up and opened my eyes. Then I saw, it was Cham. Now I understand that the sound which I thought was boiling water wasn’t the sound of boiling water, it was from the upper bed. My roommate was snoring and the guitar music which sounded like “Hotel California” wasn’t the sound of a guitar, it was the insect which plays its music as if in competition to see who can cry louder and wake the humans up in the dark of midnight.

With the confusion of whether it was true or just a dream I heard Cham say “Aro, you might get cold, sleep with your blanket covering you properly.” I did as he said and then tried to sleep once again and go back to my beautiful dream but I couldn’t. So I
recalled my dream again and again with one, two, and three…many cigarettes. I felt so sad that all the beautiful things in my home town were gone because of a little push. At the same moment, I hated Cham, who woke me up, for not letting me catch a bad cold. So I don’t want to wake up. I want to sleep in that dream forever. But who can avoid the hardship of destiny and what can prevent you seeing the cruelty of reality?

_________Tendar

We take our shape, it is true, within and against that cage of reality bequeathed us at our birth; and yet it is precisely through our dependence on this reality that we are most endlessly betrayed.

_______________By James Baldwin
My beloved homeland

There is no one who doesn’t like his or her own homeland. People like to say ‘my homeland is a beautiful and attractive place,’ but never a terrible or unattractive one. Today, with this great opportunity I would like to write about the land, which I love most, in two parts because my homeland where I have lived for eighteen years is totally different since China invaded it.

The land was located in the south-east of Tibet. It was naturally a beautiful place. There were many dense forests, a lot of beautiful lakes and lots of vast grasslands. All of them were seated among the Snow Mountains. Sheep roamed and horses ran freely, and yaks enjoyed eating rich grass in the vast, green grasslands. The nomads lived there free with their domestic animals. The boundless fields were full of yellow rapeseeds and wheat. The farmers were glad to be as busy as bees harvesting their rich crops each and every year. The nomads and the farmers both deeply believed in their religion; Buddhism. The splendid monasteries were built everywhere in the land. The monks and nuns were studying Buddhism in the monasteries. The nomads used to give butter and meat to the monasteries as an offering to all living beings to live well. The farmers gave their wheat and the oil made from yellow rapeseeds to the monasteries to pray for all living beings to live well too. The views of the land were extremely fantastic. There wasn’t any kind of pollution; the air was fresher that we can ever absorb now; the lakes were so clear that you could see the bottom of the lakes through the water; the forests were so dense that you couldn’t see, they were as dark as night if you went into them; the grasslands were so vast that you couldn’t find the edge. The fields were so full of yellow rapeseeds and wheat that you would get a sense of smell like you have never experienced before. The people of the land kept their culture, customs, traditions, religion and language in their lives and they stood aloof from worldly strife. The land was named Shangri-la by an English writer because of its natural beauty and the people’s kindness. This is the part of my homeland I imagined from the story which my grandmother told me and the land I long to run back to.

Nowadays, the land seems to be quite a famous and popular place. Continuous streams of visitors come to visit each and every year. Does the land remain naturally beautiful still? Are the forests still dense? Are the lakes still beautiful and clear? Are the vast grasslands still so green? Are the people of the land still as kind as before? Is the culture, customs, traditions, religion and language kept as well as before? No, indeed not. There is no natural beauty now. Most of the dense forests have become bare because the Chinese cut down woods and transformed the area. The beautiful and clear lakes became polluted, because the sewage ran into the lakes. We can’t see the vast, green grasslands anymore because they have become deserts already. The culture, cus-
sprouting Seeds

toms, traditions, religion and language of the land have nearly vanished. The people are not as kind as before anymore because most people have been ‘reeducated’ by China. Most young people are indoctrinated with Chinese education. The magnificent monasteries became a place for earning money. Moreover, there are more than fifty thousand Chinese people living in the land. Many strange traditions and customs are brought by them. The people of the land have to follow Chinese people and celebrate their festivals. In this part of my homeland I have spent eighteen years.

I love my hometown but I can’t say my hometown is an attractive place or a beautiful one. The reason why I can’t say this is that, compared to the homeland which I was told about, the homeland where I lived for eighteen years is like a person’s head without hair.

If we saw each other as more alike, we might be very eager to join one big human family in this world, and to care about that family the way we care about our own. In between, we need others as well.

The biggest defect we human beings have is our shortsightedness. We don’t see what we could be. We should be looking at our potential, stretching ourselves in to everything we can become.

_________ Peter
Mother earth gets swine flu

Oh! See my dear Mother Earth. She is coughing and sneezing every day. Day by day, Mother Earth is becoming worse. Mother Earth is breathing heavily and she cannot breathe normally. I think, “She has got the flu.” I should call Doctor Sun to look at Mother Earth. When Doctor Sun came, he immediately checked my Mother Earth, and Doctor Sun said, “Mother Earth has got a bad case of swine flu.”

“What has caused Mother Earth’s swine flu?” I asked. Doctor Sun said, “It is because, many different animals are living in Mother Earth’s stomach. There are especially, highly developed animals called people. These people have killed most of Mother Earth’s trees and those trees can help Mother Earth to clean air pollution and dust. The trees are her lungs.” I asked Doctor Sun, “What is a tree and how can a tree help Mother Earth?” “Ah! Moon, little son, see those green colors decorating Mother Earth? Those are trees.”

Doctor Sun continued, “Now let me explain to you. The little trees; how are these important to us? The tree, from the leaf to the root is very useful and beneficial to us and to animals too. First, the trees’ leaves can help us when we exhale carbon dioxide. The tree branches attract beautiful birds who sing sweet songs on them. In addition, the birds build their nests for their young ones and protect them there. The trees’ leaves or fruit become delicious food for the birds and other animals. Therefore, the trees’ branches and leaves are very useful. Secondly, when the rainy season begins, the trees’ roots can prevent loss of water and soil erosion. The trees’ roots grow very strong and the roots spread throughout all the soil. Thus, a tree can protect other plants, like grass, flowers and little newly growing trees. Thirdly, the roots of the tree can protect the soil and rock. During the rainy season, the trees’ roots are like a spider’s huge arms. The big arms spread over the soil and rocks, and make them strong. They can prevent mud and rock slides. If one tree can protect twenty meters of soil, and twenty meters of ground can grow many plants, then the trees can protect twenty meters of ground from becoming sand. If the people are planting many trees on the earth, we do not need to be afraid of desertification.”

Doctor Sun paused and looked at me. Then he frowned, saying, “Although trees can protect Mother Earth from desertification, if people are greedy for themselves, if they are happy to cut trees and destroy trees, then people will not ultimately prevent the pollution of the atmosphere, which can destroy the ozone layer. Destruction of the ozone can destroy people’s skin. Besides that, if people continue to damage the trees, the soil cannot prevent the loss of water and soil erosion. After that, the fields cannot grow food. As the soil nutrition becomes lost in the rainy season, people’s homes get...
destroyed by floods. Because of the rain, the rocks and soil fall down from the mountains. They can destroy the roads, home, and traffic. So it’s very dangerous for people and Mother Earth.”

“Then Doctor Sun, what can I do for my Mother Earth?” I asked. “We can appeal to other people to save Mother Earth’s energy and protect Mother Earth’s natural resources. Otherwise, Mother Earth cannot recover from the swine flu, so let’s please help Mother Earth recover from the Swine Flu”.

___________ Tsering dolma

The only way to keep your health is
to eat what you don’t want,
drink what you don’t like,
and do what you’d rather not.

___________ Mark Twain
‘Be the change that you want to see in the world.’

The change that I want to see in the world is that the people of the world become less greedy and realise that there are no such words as ‘You’ and ‘I’. The only big word that exists is ‘WE.’ The earth does not belong merely to people who are rich and it also does not belong only to human beings. Due to human’s greediness, our mother is at the door of death. People’s greed has been taking countless animals’ lives.

Yes, we always reply that we are living for happiness when we are asked what we are living for. It is true that we need happiness in our lives but we must be aware that living for happiness or the essence of happiness is not only about us, humans, but it involves all the living beings.

Oh my! How greedy we are, even though we know that if we want to be happy we must be free and independent. For our own happiness we have been destroying everything, using others and snatching other’s happiness. Actually there are plenty of examples in human society, but according to my personal dissatisfaction, I would like to take a small example, the zoo, where we spend our leisure time such as school vacations, special holidays and weekends in order to get happiness. Can we really get the happiness which we need? If we think and know the meaning of happiness, we can see that the animals are put in restrictive cages, some animals are chained. How can we be happy if we read about the animal’s suffering? Of course they also desire happiness. They need freedom and independence as we need them. Some of these animals are from different countries. They need different climates and different grasses, therefore, a zoo is a small hell on earth. I don’t think that the hell which we believe in is worse than a zoo.

For the sake of our own happiness we are ruining our home which we were handed by our ancestors. We are mining all sorts of natural resources and causing deforestation. These kinds of greedy things are created by us, not the animals. Sometimes I think that we are not trying to seek happiness or better lives, we are trying to fry our mother earth as soon as possible.

Tenzin
Be the change that you want to see in the world

Everything is changing, every second. Nothing can live without changing so everything in the world changes again and again. No one knows what will happen in the world. Nobody knows what will change in this world. Everybody has many different ideas or wishes in their mind about the changing of the world, of course including me. I want to see the world changing for the better in everyway:

1. Everyone would have a chance to study in university.

Now everyone can study in university but they must pay a lot of school fees to the university. Many people want to study in university but they don’t have enough money for school fees. So, they lose the chance to study in university. They also lose the chance to find a good job in this society. So we see many people without jobs, wandering everywhere. I wish the world would become a place where nobody would need to pay school fees and could study in university.

Education is very important in our life. If someone is not an educated person, they look foolish. If he or she is living in their own home maybe this won’t matter. If they go to a town or to a big city, they wouldn’t even be able to find the public toilet if they can’t read. So everybody needs to study. Education can change our karma. If everyone had a chance to study in university, everyone could become a gentleman. If all the people were gentlemen, there would be no thieves in this society. Many thieves steal things to provide food for their families. Sometimes I can understand thieves. If everyone could stand on their own feet and earn a living, nobody would need to steal things so I think that if everyone had the chance to study in university, this world would become peaceful. Everybody has a responsibility in society.

2. Everybody would enjoy free medical care.

Health is the biggest wealth. Health is very important in our life. In this society, many people don’t have enough money to pay medical fees. So a lot of people lose their life in the hospital. Plenty of people didn’t even go to hospital and died in their home because they have no money to go to hospital to have a medical check-up. I think this is a very bad situation which this world must change. If nobody had to pay medical fees, many people would be in good health and they would have a long life.

Bhutan is a very small country. All the citizens enjoy free medical care even though Bhutan isn’t a rich country. If all the citizens of the earth could enjoy free medical care, this world would become non-violent. Maybe some people think that there is no
link between non-violence and free medical care. Now I want to tell you a true story about violence and free medical care and why they are related. In Guang Thou, in China there was a young husband and his wife. The man was a policeman. The wife had no job. When the wife was giving birth to a baby in hospital, both the woman and the baby died. The doctors in the hospital didn’t give emergency treatment to the woman because her husband had no money to pay for an operation. The man took out his gun and killed three doctors and then himself. I think the man killed three doctors and himself, not only because he lost his wife and baby, but also because he hated this society. If everyone could enjoy free medical care, things like this sad story might stop happening.

3. All countries would become welfare states.

In this world, many old men and young children are wandering about, destitute. If every old man received an old-age pension, they would not need to roam the streets. Many old men are living alone in society, although they have children. If this society had enough respect for the elderly, they could enjoy their lives with many other older men. If there were many orphan schools, many children could live and study with children of the same age. They could also get love from other adults. They could learn how to love other people.

4. The world would become more peaceful.

This world has many wars, over land, over borders. Many terrorists are destroying many buildings and killing famous leaders, reporters and some foreigners. If all the wars stopped, this world would become a beautiful place. Everyone would love it.

If my four wishes come true, the world will become a wonderful place. I strongly believe our lives would be more beautiful and more comfortable than heaven. But I don’t know if my wishes can come true or not. Maybe after many years they can come true. Maybe they will never come true.
The equality of inequality

It was the small circular journey I eagerly took at the end of the year 2009 that made me realize the huge gap between rich people and poor people. I started it with a great enthusiasm to know and explore new things. I was dying to experience the beauty of new places I had never been to before and to have a conversation with interesting people whom I had never met before. I made a promise to myself to take notes about the places I would go to and people I would meet before I left. I even shared that personal promise with some of my close friends, but I could not keep that promise which I made spontaneously.

Despite the fact that I returned to school with an empty notebook, what I had seen while I was travelling is still quite clear in my mind, and I don’t think I will ever forget it. I saw a man flying over a beautiful beach for fun and a man crawling on a low-wheeled board in a dirty street for the attention of altruistic people. I saw a man spending his time in a luxurious restaurant where one meal could cost more than all the money I have ever spent in my life without knowing how generous his life has been to him and a man following those who look friendly for miles for a coin with the knowledge of how mean his life has been to him. I saw a man enjoying the warmth of the sunlight in the sand and the heat of the sunlight killing a man in the sand. In all these unequal things in the universe, the only one which is equally shared among all people is discontentment or some people call it suffering. Anyway I saw that the only equality among all inequalities is suffering.

Although I love travelling and exploring more than anything that I can possibly do, I have never been to any other countries apart from India where I am living as a refugee. That means I have to use my imagination rather than my memory or my eyes to see wonderful natural landscapes, precious traditions, strange religions (I can’t find any other word to describe them), happy occasional festivals and various people from other countries of the world. I could always be wrong about all of them.

But, fortunately and unfortunately, what I have seen in India has given me enough material to confidently guess what is going on in other countries. It has given me the insight to see the “Never contented richness” of Europe; it has provided me the opportunity to experience the “Incontrollable poverty” of Africa, it has convinced me to admire the “Destructive technology” of North and South America, and above all, it has let me know the equal suffering of the unequal fates of various people, the “wicked truth” of today’s world.

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Kunchok
For the sake of tomorrow

In this small and competitive world, most people are very keen on having and using modern electrical items like cell phones, laptops, music players, toys and transportation like cars, buses, trains and planes. Many people don’t care how these electrical items and machines are made, what natural resources are used to create them and how harmful their production is to the environment.

Most teenagers and adults try to make themselves happy by having lots of these electrical items and machines. As a result the speed of their production is rapidly increasing and the life of our mother earth is being put in danger, even though the problems are talked about regularly. Everyday, most of the news we hear is about people screaming and crying for help as earthquakes, floods, famines, droughts and other natural disasters occur.

In fact, everyone is responsible for the health of our cosy home; mother earth, as each and every one of us is living here not only for survival but for happiness, peace, harmony, freedom and meaningfulness. It can never be fair for a person to care only about their own pleasure and not the lives of others. We should be responsible for the lives of our fellow human beings. Otherwise we will cause big problems like global warming and the sickness of our mother earth, which today bring us enormous tension and fear.

At this time in the twenty-first century, doctors and nurses are very busy in hospitals caring for a growing number of patients. The increasing amount of patients shows us that our environment has been polluted. Now it is not just changes in times but human behaviour that has endangered every human and innocent animal. This is a fact that everyone should know. For a new day, for tomorrow’s sake, we humans should have good thoughts, and do better things, whether they are big or small.

Ngawang Palden
A beggar’s bowl

I saw a beggar in a corner, on a worn out rag, lying day after day. A golden bowl was beside him with three coins inside. The bowl was of gold but I did not see, I did not know. I did not believe that it would be of real gold. The beggar himself did not realize the value of his bowl. No one knew that the bowl was golden. Everybody thought it was just a worthless beggar’s bowl.

One day the beggar passed away in starvation and left the bowl alone with the rag in that noisy street. The bowl remained there for years and years. Several generations went by but no one took the bowl, no one discovered it was of gold. Everyone thought it was worthless because they were told it was worthless. Fathers advised their sons “Do not touch a beggar’s bowl. A beggar’s bowl has a devil in it.” This illogical advice had worked, worked for ages. Anyone who saw the bowl saw the advice. The irrelevant advice shadowed the real value of the bowl. In this way, for such a long time, man had not realized the glory of the golden bowl. The bowl was shining brilliantly, but it was covered up by human ignorance.

One day, centuries later, another beggar came to the place the bowl was and lay on the floor where the first beggar was lying. This bowl-less beggar was quite happy that he got a beggar’s bowl but the value of the bowl was still veiled. The shining brightness that may spill the darkness is used by no one, wasted in blind belief. We missed that because we believed others more than we believed in ourselves. Let’s trust ourselves so that we will not miss any other golden bowls.

__________ Sherab Choephel

Stepping into others’ footprints
Leads nowhere new

__________ Sherab
E.S. Tibet and what it means to me

Since the Tibetan spiritual leader, His Holiness the Dalai Lama, escaped to India with only a few of his body guards and retinues, the Tibetan exile government was started and it took root, a safe distance away in northern India in a place called ‘Dharamsala.’ Many different organisations which were set up mainly include schools and internet connection centers to get more helping hands from different countries and people. It is very difficult to manage such high quality schools and organisations so, whenever you go anywhere in ‘Dharamsala’, you can find many foreigners helping Tibetan organisations in different ways, especially many volunteer teachers teaching general knowledge and English in Tibetan schools. Each of the schools has written a line on his holiness’s forehead by looking for sponsors for those children. Therefore, the Tibetan students study very diligently in school so as not to fritter away His Holiness’s hope for us to get a better life in the future.

Tibetan transit school (TTS) is a school for the Tibetan youths who didn’t get a chance to go to school during their time in Tibet. TTS is a special school for uneducated youths who want to expand their eyes and minds to look at the world. In 2006, I didn’t go to a professional school after graduating from class twelve. Instead, I came to India for further education as I heard there are many schools set up by the Tibetan exile government in north India for Tibetan children to learn English and other subjects. I was sent to TTS as they teach youths and small children separately. I stayed two and half years in TTS and on the 11th of March 2009, I joined my present school, ES-trust.

Es-trust is a small private school. We consist of twenty-five regular members; twenty-three students, one staff member for cooking and a manager to look after us. Our teachers are mostly volunteers who usually stay for some months and leave behind an unforgettable memory for every single person. Because we all stay together with very little and live far from Tibet, all the students have a good relationship with each other and I always feel it is like a home.

Taking time to look back and retrace my steps, I realise that have come so far. I have spent more than five months in this family and this school will probably be my last school in my whole life. The amount of English I will master and what kind of future I will get depends largely upon this school. I can never forget the last tears I shed when I was leaving my family, all my relatives and my poor and remote village. Whenever I feel sad or don’t want to study anymore, I try to convince myself by thinking of the promises I made to my parents and friends, that I won’t come back if I cannot change the lifestyle of all my villagers. From the tears my brother shed when I was leaving,
I could read his feelings. It was hard for him to let me go but also a strong hope was shining in his tears, which said, ‘Never give up and don’t disappoint us when you face any tough problems in the future.’ So, what I need to learn is not only English, I also need to learn how to communicate with my schoolmates and deal with people in society. Therefore, to make every step and every minute remain a precious and valuable one is my job.

Nowadays, as I only care about future plans, the only thing I believe in, in this world is ‘knowledge’ which is the source of ability and so-called happiness because, as soon as you have knowledge, you can reward your parents easily. You can serve your country proudly if you wish. But, people without knowledge will be looked down upon by everyone even their life partner. Looking at my situation at the moment, I can’t see any strength in myself with my poor knowledge! My only hope is to continue my studies.

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**Choedup Thar**

An education isn’t how much you have committed to memory, or even how much you know.
It’s being able to differentiate between what you do know and what you don’t.

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**Anatole France**

I have learned silence from the talkative, toleration from the intolerant, and kindness from the unkind; yet strange, I am ungrateful to those teachers.

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**Kahlil Gibran**
Refugee

I am not old enough to talk about things which happened in the past and I am not qualified enough to talk about the present either. However, I am about to jot down something regarding refugees.

If you open your eyes and look around the world, people are unkind and selfish. There are millions of refugees in the world to prove how ignorant, ruthless and self-centered people are. Violent acts and negative thoughts cause people to become refugees. I am so upset about being a refugee. Nevertheless, I am very proud of having the courage to protest for the basic human rights through non-violent means.

As Tibetans, even though we were a completely independent country, we are now willing to pursue autonomy under the control of communist China. It is important to tell the truth about your situation, even if there is no hope to get back what you have lost. Getting support is based on how honest one is.

Because I am a refugee, I appreciate what sort of situations refugees are in. I lived in Mcleod Ganj for one year. Thousands and thousands of tourists come and go. Most of them spend two or three weeks there. They say, “We really miss our family, our home and friends,” although they have only been separated from them for a couple of weeks. What do you think about homeless refugees, for instance, like me? I have been here in India since the 15th of October 2004. Within that time, I have never returned and met any of my family. This does not mean I do not want to go back to Tibet, but I know it is very risky. I might be arrested and put in jail for life if I go back to Tibet. Plenty of Tibetan parents send their children to India to seek an audience with the Dalai Lama, to study modern education but mainly to preserve Tibetan culture, religion, tradition and customs. After two or three years, those children in exile need a translator to understand their own parents since they forget their own dialects and speak mixed languages, Hindi, English and Tibetan. How pitiful these refugees are!

However, we should understand our life is in danger if we cannot decrease the number of refugees mounting up. I hope the world will help refugees to live happily with basic human rights.

Dakpa
My dream, my life

I was born into this colourful world as a Tibetan. Through my body flows Tibetan blood. When I was a year old, my mother taught me how to walk. When I was two years old, my parents tried to teach me how to speak our country’s language, Tibetan. Unfortunately, at that time, so many Tibetan families in Xining city only spoke Chinese so, I could only speak Chinese. When I was four years old my mother taught me Chinese songs and poems to prepare me for school. I studied until I was eighteen when I finished class twelve. That was when I began to think about my country. I wanted to work for freedom. It even came in my dream. So, I left my motherland on the 1st of November, 2006. I can remember the date because my family and friends and so many schoolmates saw me off at the train station. I was very sad on that day as were they.

On the train, I thought, “I left in order to come back so, I will be brave,” because, I have a dream. I want to learn our Tibetan language, I want to listen to the Dalai Lama’s teachings, I want to work for our freedom and I want to study English so that I can help many poor Tibetans. That is my parent’s wish also.

I have lived in India for almost four years. I never feel lonely because H.H. the Dalai Lama and many Tibetans are beside me. Now, I am studying English in E.S.Trust school. The teachers and students are so kind and our school is in a nice area with fresh air. So, I know that I need to study hard and never waste my time in the school because I have a dream…

___________ Sonam

“The value of life lies, not in the length of days, but in the use we make of them; a man may live long, yet live very little. Satisfaction in life depends not on the number of your years, but on your will.”

______________ Michel de Montaigne

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My childhood

To be honest, I can’t remember everything that happened in my childhood. But, one thing that I can never forget, is the Tsempa (Tibetan traditional staple food which is the flour made from barley) which my tenderhearted mother gave me. It is really mouth-watering to think about even today. I don’t think there is something that is as scrumptious as the Tsempa my mother made.

When I was about six years old, my mother got an incurable illness even though she spent more than one year in hospital. She came home to spend her last few days with her beloved family. At that time, my mother could only have very little Tsempa without butter and sugar, just mixed with hot water. She used to give me a small piece of it. While I was eating it, she always used to pat my head and back. She would ask my father and my older sisters and brother to be kind to me and take special care of me, as if she was going somewhere and would never return. But I didn’t care about the message she gave us. I only cared about the Tsempa that she would give me every morning at breakfast. It was really delicious, so I used to wonder how she could make such yummy Tsempa. That was the reason I always used to beg her to teach me how to make delicious Tsempa after she recovered from the illness. She promised to teach me but my mother always shed her tears whenever I asked about her recovery.

One murky morning, I got up as usual, singing a song that one of my sisters had taught me, and I went to the tent where my mother’s bed was. I was so excited to have a piece of Tsempa that my mother would give me. When I entered the tent, all my sisters were crying in one corner of the tent. My father and one of my uncles were sitting by my mother’s bed and talking about something that seemed unpleasant. My mother was still in her bed but there was no Tsempa for me. I asked my father why she didn’t make Tsempa for me yet. My father pulled me up on his lap and told me, in a tearful voice, that she was tired and she needed to take a rest for a while and added that he would make me Tsempa instead of her. But, I insisted that I only wanted the Tsempa which my mother made. There was a short pause, and then my father said that she would never be able to make Tsempa for me again. So, I cried as loud as I could. I am sure that I was not crying for my mother death, I was crying for a piece of Tsempa. I still, sometimes, feel sorry for my father that I brought a fresh pain to his aching heart by insisting on having a piece of Tsempa.

________________ Choephel
Good Bye

Can it be
that we have only met
a bit of time ago?

And can it be
that it is already
the hour to say goodbye?

In this sad but happy
leave-taking, I remember
this is the preciousness of living:

That we have come together
and everything changes
we move on alone
an instant or a life time

Is no matter

For you have touched my heart
Dear students,

For some reason it is important to me that you know how special you are to me. I don’t know why that is, but it is so. There is an inexplicable, joyful pull of gravity on this heart. There is also a knowing that even if — and I do say “IF”, for now it is inconceivable—-if I were to one day forget your names...it would not matter, for you have made an indelible imprint on this heart. One I have no wish to erase, even if I could, and that unlike names, can never be forgotten.

Because I am curious and love to explore things like mind and human relations, I have asked myself why this is so. What feels so special about these twenty four people? Certainly, it is easy enough to describe your many outstanding qualities-your brilliance, charm, playfulness, and sincerity, to name but a few. Then I remind myself that I have encountered and worked with diverse people possessing beautiful characteristics countless times in the past. So, why do The Cute School students have such a hold on me? Do they know that I turned down the invitation to teach here three times before I agreed to even visit? And when I started last spring I told myself I would do it only for two months? Do they know that I canceled trips to Ladakah, Chamba Valley, and Delhi to teach them? Probably not….these are not the things a teacher tells her students.

That is how it usually is, isn’t it? So frequently we meet and part without really communicating what has transpired. And though I have not been able to put words on it-on what you meant to me...I am determined not to let this event pass without trying. So, what is it class Dawa? What is it Class Nyima? What magic spell have you cast on me?

I have decided that if you won’t tell me and I can not figure it out, the least I can do is thank you: for your willingness, attention, warmth, and affection, for sharing of yourselves and teaching and inspiring me. And I can also tell you: this place of thank you I will return to again and again when I need courage or nourishment.

I am deeply honored and grateful to have met you.

Dolma Lhamo
E.S. Tibet and what it means to me

‘Give an education to gain an education.’ Gaining an education was neither the purpose of this venture nor was it within the reaches of my imagination how literal this sentence would prove to be. I had decided to spend a year volunteering. It was a vaguely researched decision of the heart over the head that steered me towards India and the Tibetan community. My heart chose well. I threw caution to the wind and came to India without a plan, without direction, without expectations. Diving head-first is a risky business but it achieves depth.

And so it was with hope, excitement and a dash of fear that I began to wander. I stumbled across E.S. Tibet and after a brief introduction and tour, my heart had finished wandering. I moved into the volunteer rooms as soon as the manager agreed to take me on as a teacher. I agreed to stay for one month. After one week I asked if it would be possible to stay until Christmas. After two, I asked if I could possibly return after Christmas for another six months. I had wandered into a fairy ring with no return. My first impression of the students was the level of hospitality and respect shown to the manager, volunteers and their fellow students alike. They are relentless in this. They predicted and still predict my every need and as a sole traveller I am never left in want. The atmosphere in the school is one of warmth, compassion and understanding. They care for each other as we care for siblings. No one is forgotten or left behind. It is difficult to express how I feel about being welcomed into this family. I feel humbled and privileged.

The students have taught me humility, compassion and honesty. I have taught them English! The teacher became the student. They have shown me how I want to live my life, the importance of our relationships with others, the importance of openness with ourselves and with others. They have shown me the meaning of contentment. I will forever be grateful to each of them for our chats, debates, for spontaneous hugs, for pulling me up the mountain, for their humour and enthusiasm and for their joyful singing.

And now my time here is coming to an end, yet I feel that my life has just begun. My life as I want to now live it. The line between teacher and friend has been breached and I have made twenty-four of them, be they teachers or friends. While still I love to wander, the school had taught me how to rest, enjoy, appreciate. I will wander on but this place will remain a fresh print on my heart.

_________Eibhlin Nic Diarmada
I will be here for you only

With a grown-up family and a good life in Ireland, I was eager to try new experiences and give something back. I’ve always been interested and involved in the world refugee situation and I didn’t have to look too long before finding information on E.S.Tibet. I applied to volunteer to teach English for two months in North India at a school for young adult Tibetan refugees.

I arrived in Delhi where I was well looked after in the Tibetan quarters, then got the night bus to Dharamsala. I arrived at 7.30a.m. and was met by Lugyal the school manager on his motorbike and taken to the school in Upper Sukkar with prayer flags flapping in the breeze and twenty-three students and four other teachers having breakfast. I was presented with my own cup and given a room at the bottom of the garden which has the most amazing views of the Himachal mountains that change every day. Introductions to all the smiling faces were made and I wondered how I was going to remember all the strange names.

I rested up for a couple of days then started teaching. I was very impressed with the level of English the students have and also their enthusiasm, sense of humour and dedication to learn. More than once I’ve thought how much we take free education in the West for granted.

The students, aged between twenty and thirty-two years old, are of an age that could so easily be forgotten or over-looked which is just one reason why E.S.Tibet is such an important project. Its more than a school, it’s their home away from home and they each feel part of a family here, and it wasn’t long before I felt the same. Most mornings we, the teachers, waken to the sound of students reading aloud from their English novels, Sambo singing and the smell of freshly cooked Tingmo (steamed bread). Breakfast often includes a challenge and no-one is exempt, not even the manager who on one occasion had us in stitches at this ‘Ballet’ performance. We laugh a lot before 8a.m. classes and this ensures a great start to the day. The atmosphere in the school is something that should be experienced and it is both a pleasure and a privilege to be here. I’ve learned so much about Tibet and about the students themselves. On my second week we saw H.H. the Dalai Lama three times and attended three days of his teachings in early June.

Everyone works so hard and diligently but other activities have included an unforget-table camping trip, a tour of the Norbulingka Institute and a great day at the ‘Funky town’ swimming pool. On Saturday, classes take turns to perform a short drama presentation which is always very entertaining and it’s great to see the confidence these
performances instil in the quieter students. ‘Momo night’ is once a month and everyone is involved. We eat our fill, sing, dance and play games.

It has to be said that the level of English the students have has to be complimented. So much thought, hard work and dedication truly makes the school a role model that schools in the West could learn and benefit from.

I have had one of the most important experiences of my life and I have gained so much from the big ‘family’ that is E.S. Tibet. I will continue to promote and support the school in any way I can when I go home and I look forward to coming back. I want to say I have the greatest admiration for you all. Thank you Lugyal and all you students. God bless and free Tibet!

_________Paula Mc Mullan

Good heart

A good heart is both important and effective in daily life.
If in a small family, even without children,
The members have a warm heart for each other,
A peaceful atmosphere will be created.

However, if one of the person, feels angry,
Immediately the atmosphere in the house becomes tense.

Despite good food or a nice television set,
You will lose peace and calm.
Thus things depend more on the mind than on matter.

Matter is important,
We must have it,
We must use it properly
But in this century we must combine
A good brain with a good heart.

..................................His Holiness the 14th Dalai Lama
What is an educated person?

The factors that are involved in making a person educated was a topic raised for discussion by one of the students in the daily conversation classes held here at E.S. Trust. I wanted to write about it as I feel it exemplifies the pupil’s attitudes towards education.

The most immediate answer that may spring to mind is that an educated person is someone who has studied for a long time and has managed to retain a lot of information. This could be lots of information about one particular subject, or it could be a wider general knowledge. Alternatively, talented people such as professional sports players, musicians or artists can also be seen as educated. However, the students thought that one key component needs to be included.

They thought that only when you use your knowledge to help other people can you become educated. Only through your behaviour and positive actions can you demonstrate what you have learnt. Consequently, everyone is able to become an educated person even without attending school or college, as everyone has the potential to act in a compassionate and beneficial way towards other people.

This discussion then led to the interesting question of whether people who frequently and intentionally cause harm to other people, sometimes on a massive scale, can really be said to be educated? In addition to this, are people who selfishly make large amounts of money at the expense of others educated or simply selfish?

I think these questions are important as they affect people’s aspirations. They affect what personal qualities each society views as important, desirable and praise worthy. This can result in the belief that having a successful career, earning lots of money and having valuable possessions is proof of intelligence. I would like to take the view, as with the students here, that it is possible to show your understanding of the world in a much simpler and more powerful way. Acting considerately and thoughtfully is the best expression of our grasp of the interconnection of humanity and the fundamental similarities we all share. When we treat people unkindly, we forget how we would feel if we were in the same situation. It amazes me that some of the most powerful people in the world, who many must consider as educated, don’t seem to realise that they would experience the same pain if they were driven from their homeland or had their livelihoods destroyed. They also neglect the fact that we are often happiest when we make other people laugh and smile, or help people have a peaceful and fulfilling life.

I was surprised but impressed to hear a consensus from the students that only through positive actions can we show our genuine knowledge. Through discussions such as this, I have learnt a lot from being here, and feel they have a lot to show people about how to live a happy life.

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Luke Sinnick - volunteer