

Second Sunday or First Monday?

Description

Well, it's second Sunday here in Nepal. Or perhaps first Monday. With our sabbath on Saturday we are always a little confused the following day and often think Monday is Tuesday. It is all part of being on the other side of the world in a strange new land.

We have not taken a liking to many of the vegetables they eat here – snake gourd, bitter gourd, lady fingers (okra), bamboo, hot chiles, eggplant and various “greens”. We eat them when prepared for us, usually in a curry, but don't cook them at home. Mostly we eat tomatoes, cucumbers, onions, carrots and cabbage – after thoroughly washing of course. Fruit is also a bit of a challenge. We have enjoyed some good watermelon, grapes, bananas, mangos and pomegranate, but miss strawberries, raspberries, huckleberries, good apples, and citrus fruits. We *will* give the persimmons that our landlord gave us a try and would like to try a custard apple.



Custard Apples

We had a free day amid our paperwork and meetings this week so decided to go to the Garden of Dreams. It is in central Kathmandu and is a delightful place of refuge from the busyness of the city. It was built in the 1920's by Field Marshal Kaiser Shumsher Rana and originally had six pavilions that represented the six seasons of Nepal. Basanta (Spring), Grishma (Early Summer), Barkha (Summer Monsoon), Sharad (Early Autumn), Hemanta (Late Autumn) and Shishir (Winter). After decades of disuse and deterioration it was renovated but only half of the original buildings remain.





Us under the Moon Gate

Returning home one day Rick spotted this most unusual caterpillar by our front door. It is a Baron caterpillar and turns into a brown butterfly.



The monkeys at the park were especially entertaining this week. Here are a few pictures...



Baby monkey watching us play badminton.



Looks like she will soon have a baby monkey of her own.



This youngster's face makes him look kind of like an oldster.



Climbing back down after watching us for a while.

As we walk through the neighborhood area with every step it is apparent that we are in a foreign country. We greet people and pass the same ones frequently enough that we are friends in passing. There are so many shops that we wonder how they can earn a living. Some don't have a lot of overhead to eat up their profits though.



Corner shoe repair man. Check out his "overhead".



I think of this as the local Party Goods store because they have paper plates, cups, napkins, tablecloths and much more.

Amid the exotic creatures, unusual fruits and vegetables, and beautiful flowers we are all just going about daily life trying to do our part in making the world a better place whether on this side of the earth or the other. I'll end with a quote from a plaque in the Garden of Dreams-

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The Advice of Candide

The most famous line in Voltaire's *Candide* (Paris, 1759) is the final one: **we must cultivate our garden.**

That line is the summation of Candide's wisdom, his recognition that no matter how you choose to explain the world, the garden still needs cultivating.

Verlyn Klinkenborg, 2004

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