

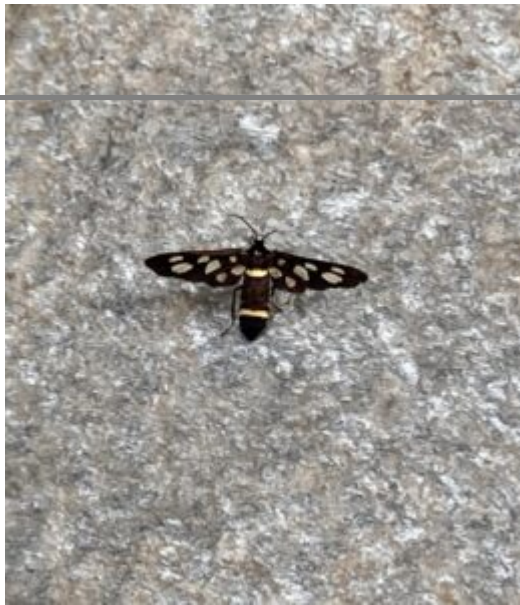
Just Monkeying Around

Description

We have had more “office work” to do this week. Part of what we do as humanitarian missionaries is to take the proposals we receive from NGO’s and submit them for approval. We need to make sure that all the needed information is included and accurate. The proposals go to the Asia Team in Hong Kong where they are evaluated for approval. Then the legal team writes an agreement that the NGO signs and we follow-up on the financial obligations and monitoring of the project.

Although we have been busy this week with the process of developing projects, we have had time to have some fun. Our morning walks and badminton are always entertaining. It is really hard to portray the nuances of life here in Nepal. It seems and every corner. A bull, a beautification project, dogs, a puppy, and a





There are many things we see that we miss photographing or that we don't feel are appropriate to capture. This morning while walking we crossed paths on a narrow neighborhood road with a man in a wheelchair being pushed by a holy man dressed in colorful orange robes with his forehead painted. They were playing recorded music and the man was holding a collection jar. It seems like a rather forward way to beg but the holy man *will* pronounce a blessing on those who contribute. It wasn't as aggressive as the woman on our street the other day that was acting like she was unable to speak, but could make grunting noises, who followed us shaking a bowl and was quite "in your face" about it. We later learned from our landlord that he has seen her talking with friends on a nearby street corner.

Some other sights include a procession of finely dressed people carrying their offerings and chanting as they headed to a temple to worship, the surreptitious looks we get as we walk along that turn into big smiles when we greet them with a "namaste", the interesting print and color combinations people choose to wear and the list goes on. I just wish words and pictures could capture all the feelings and sensory overload of the experiences we are having.

We went to visit the Kevin Rohan Memorial Eco Foundation again this week. There was a new group on expedition and we wanted to see the progress being made. We had another downpour while there and the young people took full advantage of the rain and mud.



The group in the all their glory posing in the area they dug the dirt to fill the foundation.



Filling the foundation.



A couple of elderly elders monkeying around.

We had the pleasure of attending a birthday party for a three-year-old girl from church. We thought we were going to the family's home but it turned out the party was at Self Help Nepal where the father works. It is a home/school for underprivileged and orphaned children. They have 205 residents! Since it was also a celebration for all the children with June birthdays it was much more grand than we were anticipating. Things are rarely what we expect them to be here in Nepal.



Anna and her new bike.

<http://firstthreeodds.org/wpcontent/uploads/2023/07/traditional-nepali-dance.mp4>

Traditional Nepali Dance

Our adventures at Bhandarkhal Jungle Park included monkeys going wild. Well, they were actually just outside of the park and were running across a corrugated metal roof creating quite the ruckus. Then after they tired of that game they slid down a green hose like they were on a zipline! Another was seeing a tiny baby monkey jump off of the foot high wall at the edge of the walkway. I thought it was cute because he was a little wobbly and just developing coordination. We turned to walk on that path and there were a few monkeys on the walls and one jumped down and across the path. Another tiny baby wanted to jump down but the mother grabbed him by the tail and kept him close. It was laugh out loud funny but my laughter scared the mama and made her grab her baby tight to her chest. Then I felt a little bad but it was still funny.



The monkey gauntlet as we enter the park.



Monkeys being monkeys.



Telling secrets?

We marvel at the various humans exercising in the “jungle park” with their laughing yoga, primal yells, aerobic dancing, clapping, chest pounding and one of my favorites is the chunky man dressed in what looks like a bedsheet around his waist wearing large beaded necklaces enthusiastically doing his yoga



And last but not least, monkey figures reminding us to live moral lives and “see no evil, speak no evil, and hear no evil”.



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