

15. THE SONG AT THE INN

Obeisance to all Gurus

Having meditated at Jundhagho [North Horse Gate], the Jetsun Milarepa went to Shri Ri to meditate; on his way, he lodged in an inn at Yei Ru Jang. A scholar named Yaugru Tangbha, with many monk disciples, and a merchant called Dhawa Norbu [the Moon Jewel], with a great retinue, were also stopping there. Milarepa begged alms from the merchant, who said, "You yogis are accustomed to taking the belongings of others to enjoy yourselves; why don't you try to earn your own living? It would be much better to be self-supporting!" Milarepa replied, "It is true that by following your way one may have more immediate happiness and enjoyment, but this very enjoyment will cause more suffering in the future. This is the important point you have neglected. Now listen to my song, 'The Eight Reminders'":

Castles and crowded cities are the places
Where now you love to stay;
But remember that they will fall in ruins
After you have departed from this earth.

Pride and vainglory are the lure
Which now you love to follow;
But remember, when you are about to die
They offer you no shelter and no refuge!

Kinsmen and relatives are the people
With whom now you love to live!
But remember that you must leave them all behind
When from this world you pass away!

Servants, wealth, and children
Are things that you love to hold;
But remember, at the moment of your death
Your empty hands can take nothing with you!

Vigor and health are dearest to you now;
But remember that at the moment of your death
Your corpse will be bundled up and borne away!

Now your organs are clear, your blood and
flesh are strong and vigorous;
But remember, at the moment of your death
They will no longer be at your disposal!

Sweet and delicious foods are things
That now you love to eat;
But remember, at the moment of your death
Your mouth will let the spittle flow!

When of all this I think, I cannot help
But seek the Buddha's teachings!
The enjoyments and pleasures of this world,
For me have no attraction.

I, Milarepa, sing of the Eight Reminders,
At the Guest House of Garakhache of Tsang.
With these clear words I give this helpful warning;
I urge you to observe and practice them!

Thus he sang, and his song roused in the merchant, Dhawa Norbu, such a deep faith that he exclaimed, "Dear Lama, what you have sung is indeed very true and clear and has made me think of the Dharma. Pray, instruct me how to practice the teaching of Buddha." In answer, Milarepa sang:

The rugged hermitage is the place of virtue,
The Guru with knowledge and practice is the
precious jewel
To whom one should pray with sincerity and reverence.
Without errors the teachings should be practiced.

He who feels his mind run wild,
Should apply his View
[of Voidness] for the cure. The attachments of his mind are thus freed.
How wonderful this is!

He whose mind feels sick,
Should beg the alms of Non-discrimination.
He will then experience the self-liberation
of the places to which [he travels].
How wonderful this is!

He who dislikes his meditation experiences,
Should compare and discuss them with
proficient Gurus.
To talk and live with these experienced yogis,
Surely will help his mind!

If sometimes doubts arise, and skepticism,
One should read the holy sayings of the Buddha.
With conviction in the true words of the Dharma,
Confidence and faith in one's heart will grow!

He who feels uneasy and unwell,
Should pray to his Father Guru
With all earnestness;
Thus will he be blessed and his mind made tranquil.

Again, one should think of those faithless men
Who lay their bodies down on Samsara's bed,
Who lay their heads upon the pillows of the Five Poisons
And fling the dung of their passions to the Ten
Directions.
One should search for (the physician who
can) cure them.
With the devotion of the Three Gates
one should make the diagnosis;
Through the Six Merits of the Guru-Doctor
one should give the medicine.
Thus one is assured that the Three Bodies

will be attained,
And the Five Poisonous Passions cured!

In order to beg pardon and forgiveness
One should give offerings sincerely.

Upon hearing this song the merchant was confirmed with the deepest faith toward the Jetsun. From that time on, as a layman, he followed the Jetsun's instruction in Dharma practice and became a very good yogi.

At the same time in the inn, while Milarepa was appearing as an ascetic, the scholar-doctor, Yaugru Tangbha was preaching the Dharma. His monk-disciples busily recited prayers in the evening, and sat in a crouching posture practicing Samadhi in the daytime. They even held religious ceremonies and started their sermons before daybreak.

One day, Milarepa went to the congregation during the midday meal to beg a little food. Several monks said, "What a pitiful sight this man is! He acts and dresses like a yogi, but does not practice or learn any teaching of the Dharma; without any knowledge or desire for meditation, he fails even to recite a single prayer; and he even asks alms from the priests! What a pity! What a pity!" And they all felt great pity and sorrow for him. Milarepa then said to them, "My mind is always at ease and happy, because I can practice simultaneously the various devotions, such as reciting Mantras and visualizing Devas' bodies, while learning and carrying out the teachings of the Buddha. Please listen to my song":

The Three Precious Ones, supporting all
In the realm of Non-doing Awareness-
I realize them all!
Why then should I pray to them?
Happy is the practice of Yoga
Without Mantra and muttering!

The bestower of the two Siddhis is the protecting Buddha.
In the realm of Great Illumination,
I have completely realized the Buddha
of Non-existence,
And so I need not practice the Arising Yoga!
Happy is the experience
Of identifying the Self-body with the Buddha!

The Dakinis sweep all obstacles away and
destroy misfortunes;
In the realm of Self-essence, the plane of origin,
I have completely realized them.
And so I have no need to make the ritual offering!
Happy is the Yoga
In which the six sense-organs relax at ease!

Apprehensions are the source of hindrances.
In the realm of Dharma-Essence,
I identify demon-seeing with the Perfection;
Therefore, I need do no exorcising.
Happy is the Yoga
In which I identify the Dharmakaya with apprehensions!

The words and writing, the dogmas
And the logic I absorb
In the Realm of Illuminating Consciousness.
For me, there is no need of learning.
Happy is the experience of Yoga,
The source of all the Sutras.

Whereupon the Doctor, Yaugru, said to Milarepa, "Dear Yogi, your experience and understanding are indeed marvelous. However, according to the principles of Buddhism, an object or teaching must be given from which beginners may learn; also it is desirable and helpful to encourage people to follow the Yellow-robed [monks] in the practice of virtuous deeds. Is that not so?" Milarepa replied, "This may be the teaching of your School, and you may do what you like. But my teaching is a little different. In it, if one feels he has nothing to be ashamed of, that will be sufficient! From what I can see, your way of devotion is like this-judge for yourself and see whether what I am going to say is true":

I take refuge in the Three Precious Ones;
May my compassionate Guru ever protect and bless me.

You scholar-doctor of the Eight Worldly Engagements,
How can you clear away ignorance and distraction
for others,
When you cannot conquer your own mind?

Under the white canopy, stands a lovely peacock;

But he vanishes as quickly as the lightning!
Think, my dear Doctor! Is that not true?

The kitchen of the monastery behind the village
Is a symbol of misery and cheating;
Think, my dear Doctor! Is that not so?

Attending a boisterous public meeting
Is like being driven round in a circle of fierce foes!
Think, my dear Doctor! Is that not true?

Accumulating horses, sheep, and jewels
Is like dew upon the grass
Under the warm breath of the wind.
Think, my dear Doctor! Are they not alike?

The illusory human body with its mass of passions
Is like a corpse that has been gilded!
Think, my dear Doctor! Are they not alike?

Leading women practicers, without inner experience,
Is a travesty of dignity, and a disgrace.
Think, my dear Doctor! Is that not so?

The food and offerings in the sacrificial circle
Are like the tax collections of an arrogant inspector.
Think, my dear Doctor! Are they not alike?

Divination, Astrology, and Bon rituals-
These three Dharmas-of-the-town are like
swindler's tricks.
Think, my dear Doctor! Are they not alike?

The tuneful hymns which enchant disciples
Are like the malicious invocation of the Dragon Demon.
Think, my dear Doctor! Are they not alike?

Country, home, and fields are not true possessions
But delusive, and tantalizing like rainbows

to the young!
Think, my dear Doctor! Is that not so?

To sway and dominate disciples by fraud and hypocrisy
Is like a lackey serving many masters.
Think, my dear Doctor! Is that not true?

To preach without the Essence
Is a lie and fraud!
Think, my dear Doctor! Is that not so?

If you cannot help yourself
How can you help others?

After hearing this song, Doctor Yaugru took a very reverent attitude toward the Jetsun. Rising from his seat he bowed, with his eyes full of tears, and said, "What you say is very true. Please teach me the Dharma and allow me to become your disciple."

Among the disciples of Doctor Yaugru there was a young monk called Sevan Dunchon Shawa who followed the Jetsun and obtained from him the Initiations and instructions. Having devoted himself to meditation, he attained the highest accomplishment. He was one of the heart-sons of the Jetsun, known as Sevan Repa from Dodra.

This is the story of how Milarepa met his disciple Sevan Repa at the Garakhache Guest House of Yei Ru Jang in Tsang.



16 THE BANDIT-DISCIPLE

Obeisance to all Gurus

One day when the Jetsun Milarepa was meditating in Shri Ri of Deut Jal, several bandits came to his hermitage. When they could not find any food or clothes, and learned how he lived and made his devotions, they could not help but have deep faith in him. They said, "Dear Lama, this place is very bad. Because of the unfavorable conditions, it must be very hard to get food. Please come to our country, and we will supply you properly."

Milarepa replied, "It is true that conditions here may not be favorable, but I have everything I need to further my devotion. Though your place may be better, I do not want to go there. Instead, I would like you, on my behalf, to send to your country for well-endowed devotees to come here for meditation." And he sang a song called "Welcome to Meditate in Shri Ri":

Shri Ri, that wondrous place in Jal,
Is far to circle, but near to approach.
Come here, you faithful and destined devotees
And all who would renounce this world and life.

Here is the wonderland, Shri Ri,
Far indeed from towns,

But close to meditation and accomplishment!
Come to Shri Ri, you faithful and destined devotees
And all who would renounce this world and life!

Though the water here is scarce, the
goddesses are many.
Come to Shri Ri, you faithful and well- gifted devotees!
Come to Shri Ri of Jal, you disavowers of
this world and life.

Here is the wonderland, Shri Ri of Jal.
It is a place of blessing, the palace of Dem Chog,
He who bestows accomplishments and Siddhis!
Come to Shri Ri, you faithful and well-gifted
devotees,
All you who disavow this world and life!

This is the land of wonder, Shri Ri of Jal,
Where the marvelous Guardian-brothers dwell,
They who destroy your obstacles and difficulties!
Come to Shri Ri, you faithful and destined devotees,
And you who disavow this world and life.

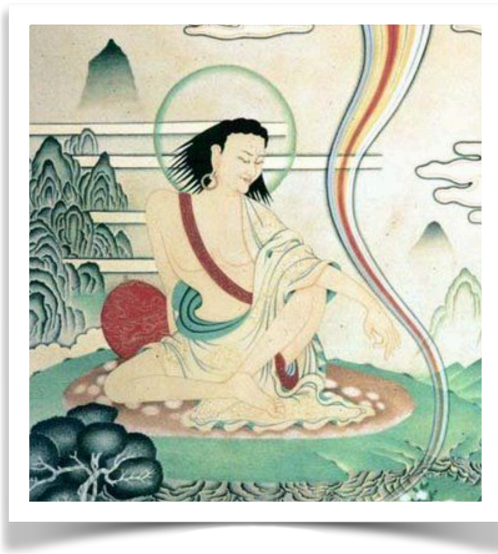
Having heard this song, the leader of the bandits was deeply moved with faith. He bowed down at Milarepa's feet and told him that he would come back to see him soon. Some time later, when he returned, he brought with him a large turquoise, but could not decide whether to offer it to Milarepa. Having a small present with him as well, he gave this to the Jetsun first.

Milarepa smiled and said, "Do not hesitate! You may offer me that turquoise, although I have little use for jewels. I will accept it to perfect your merits." The bandit leader realized that Milarepa possessed the perfect miraculous power of knowing others' thoughts. He then offered him the turquoise. After accepting it, Milarepa said, "I now give you back this jewel, hoping that you will use it to sustain your devotion."

The leader thought: "How wonderful! He has not the slightest desire for money!" And his faith in the Jetsun was confirmed. Milarepa then gave him the Initiations and instructions. After practicing them, he eventually attained superlative

Experiences and Realization. Later on, he was known as Drigom Linkawa, and became one of the heart- sons of Milarepa.

This is the story of how Milarepa met Drigom Repa in Shri Ri of Jal.



17 THE MEETING AT SILVER SPRING

Obeisance to all Gurus

One summer, the great Yogi, Jetsun Milarepa, was meditating at North Shri Ri. When autumn came and the harvest was ready, he went out for alms, but fell asleep in Upper Gog Tang. He dreamed that he saw a green girl with golden hair and shining eyebrows, leading a youth about twenty years old. She said, "Milarepa, you will have eight petals from [the lotus of] your heart. This is one of them. Please bless him and bring him up!" She then disappeared.

Upon awakening from his sleep, Milarepa thought over the meaning of his dream. He decided that the girl must have been a Dakini and that the "eight petals" must imply that he would have eight superlative, destined, heart-like disciples. "Today, I shall probably meet a Karma-exhausted disciple, and I will try my best to help him." With this in mind, he climbed the road leading to Bong. When he reached a brook which flowed like silver, he paused for another nap. After a while, a young man riding on a black horse approached and asked, "Why, dear Yogi, do you sleep here?" Milarepa parried the question by another one: "My dear patron, where are you going?"

"I am going to cross this brook to Din Ri."

Milarepa then explained, "Because of my age, I find it very difficult to wade through water. Could you give me a ride?"

The young man replied, "As I am going to play with some youths over there, I am in a very great hurry and will not be able to take you with me. Besides, it would strain my horse too much, and he might be hurt."

After saying this he went on ahead, alone, without even looking back.

Thereupon Milarepa, with sincere concentration, entered the Samadhi of Guru-Union. Holding his breath he walked softly on the water, gliding smoothly across the stream to the other bank. He looked back and saw that the young man and the horse were floundering in midstream, making a big splash. In the meantime, the boy had noticed Milarepa walk past him on the water without sinking. Although he had seen it with his own eyes, he still could not accept it. He muttered to himself, "What's the matter with me? Am I having an hallucination? [If not,] this man must have been born to float!"

When he reached the other bank, he approached Milarepa and observed his feet carefully, discovering that not even his soles were wet; whereupon, a deep faith toward the Jetsun arose within the youth. He cried out, "I did not realize that you were an accomplished Lama. I regret very much that I did not allow you to mount my horse. Please forgive me and accept my apology." Saying this, he bowed to Milarepa many times. With great sincerity and faith, he asked, "Lama, from whence do you come? To what Order do you belong? Who is your Guru? Where is your temple? What meditation do you practice? Where did you come from this morning? Where will you stay tonight?" In answer, the Jetsun sang:

Ah! My good young friend!
Listen to me, young playboy!

Do you know who I am? I am the Yogi Milarepa;
Gung Tang is whence I came.
My feet have trod all over Weu and Tsang,
While learning the orders and decrees.

From the gracious Guru Ngomi to Lama Rondonlaga,
I have studied with ten Gurus and learned the
Tantras five,
The views, and the philosophies of Dharma.
From my teacher, Lhaje Nu Chon, I learned
The fierce exorcism of the Black and Red Planets.

Though he was very expert,
He could never clear my doubts.

Then I heard people say there was a wondrous teacher
Dwelling in the South, in the river-circled Valley.
He was blessed by the Lords Naropa and Medripa,
And had experienced the mother-like Essence of Mind.
Having mastered the control of his body,
He dwelt alongside the South River.
He, whose fame had spread afar
Was the father Guru, Marpa the Translator.

Just to hear his name caused my skin
to tingle and my hair to rise.
Despite the hardships of the journey,
I made my way to him.
Just by glancing at his face, my heart was changed.
In my life, he is the only Guru,
The peerless one, the gracious Lho Draug Wa.

No money or wealth had I to offer him,
So I reduced my body to powder in his service.
From him, I learned the profound Hevajra Tantra
And the teachings of Nampa's Skillful Path.
I took the vows and won the Four Initiations
of the blessed Dem Chog.

When I realized the essence of Mahamudra,
I saw plainly the real nature of the mind;
I realized in full the ultimate "Beyond-all-Playwords."

In the Four River-like Teachings of the
Whispered Succession
I practiced the profound doctrine of the
Nine Essentials.
Having practiced the art of manipulating
the Nadis, Prana, and Bindu,
I completely mastered both the mind and Prana.

I am a yogi [who can] dwell in the sky;

Having united the Four Elements,
I have no fear of water.

For your information,
My temple is at Shri Ri.
This morning I came from Upper Gog Tang;
Where I shall go this evening, I am not certain,
For mine is the yogi's way of life.

Have you heard what I have sung,
My happy boy who seeks nought but pleasure?

After hearing this song, an unalterable faith in the Jetsun was established in the young man. His tears fell incessantly. He then handed the reins of his black horse to Milarepa, and sang:

You are the Sage unrecognized, a man of
the beyond!
You are the Buddha whom one meets so rarely.
Your instructions are the preaching of Nirmanakaya.

It seems that I have heard your name before,
But yet I am not sure.
It seems that I may have seen you before,
But again, I am not sure.

Whether the obeisance that I made you
Was sincere enough, I do not know.
If my questions were improper, my mien irreverent,
I beg for your forgiveness, for I did not know you.

This black horse of mine runs like the wind.
On his neck hangs a wondrous bell;
On his back of well-known pedigree
Is a saddle cloth, most warm and smooth;
On it rests a strong wooden saddle.
The girth is fashioned of steel from Mon.
A dainty knot adorns his reddish crupper;

Close to the headstall of reddish-gray
His forelock curls like a tiger's smile,
Shining brightly like a mirrored star.

Whip in hand, give your command;
Shake the rein, he will obey and run.

When he sees the flag before him
He will win the race!

When you cry "Run fast!" he'll gallop
at full speed.

To a man of the world, a good horse is his pride.

I give you this fine horse as an offering,
Praying that you may keep me from the hell
Into which I else would fall.

Having ended his song, the young man offered Milarepa his horse, but the Jetsun would not accept it, and told him that he had another, even better one. And he sang:

Listen to me, dear patron!
A horse of Prana-Mind have I;
I adorn him with the silk scarf of Dhyana.
His skin is the magic Ensuing Dhyana Stage
His saddle, illuminating Self-Awareness.
My spurs are the Three Visualizations,
His crupper the secret teaching of the Two Gates.

His headstall is the Prana of Vital-force;
His forelock curl is Three-pointed Time.
Tranquillity within is his adornment,
Bodily movement is his rein,
And ever-flowing inspiration is his bridle.

He gallops wildly along the Spine's Central Path.
He is a yogi's horse, this steed of mine.
By riding him, one escapes Samsara's mud,
By following him one reaches the safe land of Bodhi.

My dear patron, I have no need of your black horse.
Go your way, young man, and look for pleasure!

The youth thought, "Though he does not want my horse, his feet are bare. He must need a pair of shoes!" So thinking, he offered his own to Milarepa, singing:

Revered Yogi, jewel-like accomplished Saint,
Because there is no attachment in your heart,
You wander aimless from place to place.
Sometimes you meet dogs with sharp teeth;
At others, you walk through brambles and defiles;
And so your bare feet may be hurt.

Walking without shoes is painful;
These blue boots shall be your faithful servants.
With brass spurs on their heels
And silk-embroidered, they are costly;
A skillful craftsman made them
With the skins of elk, wild yak, and crocodile.

These boots are my mark, the mark of the young man,
Which I now offer you.
Pray, grant me your compassionate blessing.

Thus he sang; but the Jetsun would not accept the gift. He told the boy that he had a better pair of boots, singing:

Listen, you faithful young man.
This land of darkness and blind views
Is part of the Three Kingdoms of Samsara.

Full of mud is Craving Meadow,
Full of thorns is Jealous Swamp.
Savage and malignant is the furious dog of Hate,
Dangerous and steep the hill of Pride.

But I have crossed the Rivers Four
And reached the shore of the Pure Land.
I cut my boots from the hide of the
renunciation of Samsara
And with the leather of awakening from

transcency and delusion.
I made my boots with the craftsmanship
of deep faith in Karma,
With the dye of Non-clinging to the Myriad Forms,
And with the thread and rope of Devotion;
While the clasps are the Teachings of
the Three Bindings.

These are my boots, the boots of a yogi;
I have no desire for yours.
My dear patron, you may now leave for home.

Then the young man said, "Revered One, though you will not take my' boots, I still would like to offer you my reddish-green jacket which is good to sleep in, for I see you have only a thin cloth with which to cover your body. You must feel cold all the time. Please accept this jacket!" In pleading with Milarepa to take it, the young man sang:

Precious and accomplished Guru,
Freed from Ego-clinging,
You wander with no bourne in mind.

Sometimes you climb the summit of a mountain;
Sometimes you sleep soundly in a city street.
To wear a thin cloth sheet is the same as starving;
It must be still worse unclad to suffer cold.

This is my best tailored jacket
Made of the reddish-green Mandari cloth.
The front is silk,
The lining of best quality.
It is trimmed with lynx fur.
A collar of otter-skin matches the hem,
The shoulder pads are well embroidered.
It is light to wear and grand to see.
In it one does not fear a biting wind,
For it is a noble's jacket.
Please accept it, Reverend Father;
Please bless me, and grant your grace.

But Milarepa would not take the coat, and replied, "I have a jacket which excels even yours!" He then sang:

Listen, you eloquent youth!
O'er the cities of the Six Realms in Samsara,
With fury blows the evil, Karmic wind.
Driven by the senses and deprived of freedom,
One wanders between life and death, roving in Bardo!

Sometimes one climbs the summit of the mountain
In the dream-like state between life and death.
Sometimes one sleeps in the street
In the Bardo city of Samsara.

For my part, I aspire to the Realm of Reality,
And adorn the cloth of pure mind and heart
With the embroidery of immaculate discipline.

Mindfulness is the tailor cutting
My clothes into the shape of the Three Yogas.
My coat lining is the art
Of uniting the Three Key Points.
I brighten the shoulder padding
With the Great Light [which shines at the
time] of death.

I cut the hem of Bardo Enlightenment
To the "measurement" of pure Magic-Bodies.

This is my coat, the coat of a yogi;
I have no wish for yours.
Go then, young patron, and be cheerful!

Said the young man, "Revered One, since you will not accept my jacket though your clothes are still too thin, please, then, take this short coat." And he sang in persuasion:

Precious Guru, supreme being,
In the summer, in bright sunshine
When the cuckoo's song is heard,

One may go naked and not feel the cold.
But in the winter, when the cold moon brightly shines
And the blinding storm rages (in the hills),
Cotton clothes than silk are thinner,
And the piercing cold stings like an arrow!

Father Jetsun, this ordeal
Is too much for you.
Here is a gray-green woolen coat
With maroon fur hemmed
And gay in colored silk of five colors;
The cloth is of fine quality.
I now offer it to you.
Please accept it and grant me your blessing.

But Milarepa would not take it, saying that he had a better coat still. And he sang:

Gracious patron, listen closely to me.
With blindness as a guide
I wandered down perilous paths;
Buffeted by Passionate Winds, now hot, now cold,
I was drenched in the rain of Retribution-Karma.
Worn out by these ordeals,
I longed for Freedom City.

With the cloth of Ah Shea Vital Heat
Is the lapel of Four Cakras made.
My tailor is the inner Prana-Mind
Who warms Tig Le and makes it flow;
The merged Bliss-Void experience
Is the needle used for sewing;
The cloth is Inborn Vital Heat.
Now summer and winter are for me the same!

Though your woolen clothes are pretty, •
My cotton shirt is lighter and gives more comfort.
Dear patron, I do not want your clothes;
You should now go home.

The young man replied, "Although you will not accept my coat, you must be wearied by your long practice of meditation. Please be kind enough to accept my turban, which you can trade for some meat to sustain and nourish your body." And he sang:

Precious Yogi, supreme one,
Disgusted with Samsara, you look forward
To liberation from the wheel of life-and-death.
You meditate at length
And practice your devotions.

Thus you must sometimes feel the cold.
My magnificent headgear
Is the wonder of India!
Its frame of precious metal was made by
a skilled craftsman.
'Tis covered with the skin of crocodile and vulture,
And decked with the feathers of lovely birds.
Its price equals the cost of a big Yak.
I now offer it to you-the Nirmanakaya Buddha.
You can trade it for much meat
For your health and nourishment.
In summer and in winter,
I will follow and pay homage to you!

But Milarepa did not accept this offer either. Instead, he sang:

My dear young man,
Do not lose your head!
I follow the Great Naropa's Lineage,
He who has completely mastered the art of
cosmic causations.

The master of deep practice,
I fear not the element of air within,
Nor do I depend on falcon's flesh.
I feel gay and joyous in a biting wind.

On the crown of my head
Is a jewel splendid as the sun and moon,
On which sits my Guru, Marpa the Translator,

Adorned with ornaments of human bone.
He is the Wish-Fulfilling Gem, Buddha's
Transformation Body.

If you see him with the eye of veneration,
You will find he is the Buddha Dorje-Chang!
He will forever guard you like a son.
This rare turban is my secret adornment.

The sublime Guru on my head is very beautiful.
Dear boy, I do not want a turban.
Ride off with cheerful heart!

The young man thought, "This revered Lama does not accept any- thing I have offered him. Perhaps he considers my gifts too small." And so he untied the string of his neck-jewel, which was a very fine piece of jade, and sang:

Precious Guru, supreme being,
You strive for devotion with no attachment
in your heart.
To you, all material things are but delusions!
You have no wish for goods or wealth.
A deep faith in you has risen of itself in me.

'Tis shameful to begrudge one's father's hoardings;
People would despise one from their hearts:
One might well become a miser-ghost.
Therefore, I pray your Reverence,
Do not refuse this jade.
This white translucent six-edged jade
Gleams brightly like a sparkling light.
The supple deer skin, and red poppy,
Make the setting yet more graceful.
With this jade you never can be poor.
I offer it as a neck-ornament.

Pray, grant me your grace
And bestow the Buddha's teaching.

The boy then offered the jade to the Jetsun, but Milarepa still would not take it, saying, "I do not need your jade; I have a jewel which is far more precious. Listen to my song":

Listen, my dear patron,
You with a good father.
In all countries, far and wide,
I, the Yogi, roam.
In streets, at doors, I beg for food.
I am not greedy for good meals,
I long not for possessions.

There is no end to human greed.
Even with hoarded wealth head-high,
One cannot reach contentment.
I do not envy you your wealth and goods.

The greatest treasure is contentment in my heart;
The teaching of the Whispered Lineage is
my wealth;
My devotion to the Dharma is my ornament.
I deck myself with Retaining Mindfulness;
The Yogas of Four Periods are my entertainment;
The great and small Mind-Awarenesses are my
adorations.
I have no need for your neck-jade.
Dear boy, be of good cheer and go your way.

The young man thought, "Is it because I am too great a sinner that His Reverence will not be gracious to me?" He said to Milarepa, "It is natural for a supreme being like you not to want these illusory possessions. I now offer you my Three Companions.²² From now on I will never carry a weapon or kill sentient beings. I beg you to grant me the Ordination. I pray you to protect me with your compassionate grace!" Saying this, he untied his carrying pouch²³ and sang:

Oh supreme and compassionate Lama,
I have always seen an enemy as such,
And never lost sight of my foes.
From the right, I untie my wooden quiver;

From the left, I take my ornate bow,
And the sharp sword at my waist
Which disillusioned all my foes!

With these three things at my side,
I was like a ruthless bandit.
When I appeared before my enemies
Their hearts trembled and their bodies quivered.
Like frightened yaks, they fled away!

Thinking of them and my misdeeds
I feel regret and sorrow.
Today I offer you my Three Companions.
I will observe the precepts strictly
And follow you where'er you go.

But Milarepa was still adamant. He said, "I do not think that you can keep your oath. Nor do I need your Three Companions, because mine are better. Now, hearken to my song":

Listen to me, dauntless fighter.
The Five Hostile Poisons run wild
In the land of evil thoughts.
He who does not renounce the "all-important" combat,
Will be imprisoned and lose his chance for freedom!
Battles and armies are not for the yogi.

The world without is my quiver,
The Non-clinging Self-Illumination within
Is my sheath of leopard skin,
My weapon is the sword of Great Wisdom.

The Two-in-One Path is my rope,
My thumb-guard is the merit of meditation.
These are my hidden inner meanings.

Upon the bow-string of Ultimate Unborn Voidness
I set steady the notch of Bodhi-Heart;
I shoot the arrow of the Four Infinities
At the army of the Five Poisons.

There is no doubt that I shall win the battle;
I will destroy the hostile enemies of desire.
That is my way, the yogi's way of conquering.
I have no interest in your gifts.
Young patron, be of good cheer and go.

The young man said, "Revered Sir! Though you do not accept my offer of the Three Companions, I must receive your Blessing. Please, therefore, accept my belt²⁰ and knife." And he sang:

You Yogi, who are the living Buddha,
Although many know the Dharma,
Few can practice it.
One in hundreds is hard to find
Who can give proof of his accomplishment.
I would not ask the teaching from another,
E'en though he knew a world of Dharma;
Only from you, the living Buddha, the Father Repa,
Your teachings spring from much hard work,
And so I dare not ask without paying first.

In the center of Nepal, an angry river flows,
With clouds like pillars standing round.
At the lion-head of this raging torrent
Was made this sheath with silver ornaments,
Slung on my belt with gold and silver cord.
When I wear it, my whole body brightens!
I now offer you this knife and belt.
Later, I will ask you for the Teachings.

The youth then gave his belt and knife to Milarepa. The Jetsun said, "At present, I cannot give you the Teachings and instruction; neither do I want your offerings. I have a better belt than yours. Listen to my song":

Listen to me, ingenuous young man!
From my hut's roof in the snow mountain
Flows the quintessence of milk and nectar.
Though it is not made of gold or jewels,
I would not pour it into earthenware.

Around this waist of mine, the poor man
of strong will,
Is tied to a cotton belt of fanatic devotion!
The absence of pretence and hypocrisy
Is the pattern of my belt.
Bright wisdom is my knife,
Its sheath, the confidence of the Three
Measurements.
Faith and diligence in Dharma is my gold-and-
silver cord.
The beauty of the Dharma is the glory over all.

Lest goddesses punish me,
I have never asked for wealth or money
When teaching in the past,
Nor shall I do so now.
Dear boy, you may go home;
I do not want your gifts.

The young man again said to Milarepa, "Revered Sir! Indeed you have not the slightest desire for wealth or goods. Therefore, I think that you may not object to my offering you a temple in a quiet place wherein you may dwell." Saying this he sang:

You are a real yogi, an ascetic worker,
Disgusted with mundane things
And indifferent to the world.
You renounced your native land and went away!
Without a bourne in mind, you wandered everywhere.

Although one thing to you is as another,
A permanent home may help your inspiration.

Let us find a good place in the hills to
build a temple,
Let us make the pillars immaculate and tall!

Hanging above the pillars, the sun and moon
will shine.

On the broad floor of the temple
We will draw a Mandal with stone-made colors.
We will plant flowers all about
And dig a deep ditch round.
The Ka Be ornaments will be of wood,
And a pagoda with eight adornments will
make the place more beautiful.

There will be a shrine for worship and great reverence.
Pray, accept it as your dwelling.
Then at ease, you may stay in comfort there!

But Milarepa still would not accept this offer. He said, "I will not stay in any temple and make it my home. Nor do I know anything about how to please people. Now, listen":

My confused young lad!
Do you not know that this world is transient
and unreal?
When you come before the King of the Dead
Your rich man's money is of no avail.
There your wealth can never buy you off;
There you will find no place to swing a
strong man's sword,
No place to dance or strut about the stage.
Your flesh will be as dust.

Because I fear these things may happen to me,
I bind myself in a place of strict austerity.

The temple wherein I dwell in the inner unborn Mind;
The Ka Be ornament is unwavering Prana;
I erect the pillars of the Real
On the foundation of immutability.
The sun and moon are the Arising and Perfecting Yoga.

On the ground of the Dhyanic Warmth
I draw a Mandal of Clear Observation.
The experiences of Bliss, Illumination, and

Non-thought
Are the lovely flowers in my garden!
Encircling the pagoda of Ten Virtues
Is my strong ditch of Voidness.

This is mine, the Yogi's temple;
I have no need of yours.
My young patron, be of good cheer and go!

The young man said to Milarepa, "Revered Sir, though you do not want the temple, this feeble human body is liable to sickness. I have a very capable sister, who has great faith in the Dharma. I would like to offer her to you as a Jomo servant. Pray do not disdain, but please accept this offer." And he sang:

Revered Yogi, who clings to the hermitage,
Though you have fully realized the faults of women,
And have no lustful wish,
This fragile human body is liable to sickness
And so one always needs a solicitous companion.

I offer you my only sister,
Dearly beloved of her three brothers.
She is sprung from an outstanding line-
Her father and mother are of noble stock;
She is heiress to a royal tradition.
Do not mistakenly regard her as of common stock;
She is the heart-taker among the crowds,
Radiant as a rainbow, she is more beautiful
than angels.
Cotton clothes on her,
Look lovelier than silk.
Jewelry and gold adorn her head;
Sparkling jewels and pearl necklaces
Cannot match her radiant beauty;
Her grace and charm are hard to paint.
Her suitors have been many,
But to none have we given our consent.
Today, I offer her to you, the Nirmanakaya of Buddha.
Pray do not disdain my offer.

But Milarepa still would not accept it. He said "Do not talk like a fool. I have already renounced family ties. I am not interested in an ego-clinging woman. The so-called faith of the common people is most unstable and liable to change. I am an old beggar with no family and no relatives. People will laugh at you, if you give her to me. Afterwards, you will regret what you have done. I have no desire to become your brother-in-law. I have a consort who is much better than your sister. Listen":

On the whole, young lord,
Women are the cause of lust and attachment.
A qualified Illumination-Woman is indeed
most rare.
To have angelic company on the Bodhi-Path
Is a wonder and a marvel;
Yet you a little have exaggerated.
This is why the Mudra Practice is so very hard.

My wonder woman is the lust-free Sunyata.
There is compassion on her face,
And kindness in her smile.
The Red and White Elements are her clothing,
The Two-in-One Unity, her silk ornaments.
Indiscriminating action is her girdle
And the Four Blissesses her adornments.
Her necklace makes all things Taste-as-One.
She is such a charming witch-
The realization of Truth is her origin!
This is my wife, the yogi's mate.
I have no interest in your Samsaric women.
Young patron, it is time for you to go!

Knowing that Milarepa would not accept this offer, the young man said, "Although to your enlightened mind, there is no such thing as shame or disgrace, to be human and to prevent possible scandal among the people, I now sincerely offer you a pair of trousers. Please accept them." And he sang:

You Yogi, you who have nothing left to hide,
But follow the Tantric path,
Living naked in the mountains-
Your jewel-like penis, exposed so openly,

Can be seen by all at any time.

Though you are free from all ideas of disgrace
and shame,
We worldly men are shamed by indecent exposure.
Even the perfect Buddha, the fully enlightened
Being,
Discreetly follows worldly customs.

This pair of trousers are for my own wear;
They are made of the finest wool
Which my mother and sister spun.
My noble wife wove it into woolen cloth,
A neighbor's daughter dyed it for me;
And my kind uncle tailored it.

With such clothes we cover the shameful part.
To you, this pair of trousers I now offer.
Please say not again, "I need it not!"

Milarepa replied, "Dear boy, it seems that you know nothing about shame! My organ hangs there very naturally. There is nothing funny about it, so why do you laugh? In the beginning, I came from my mother's belly stark naked. When death comes, I shall leave the body without any covering. And so I shall do nothing about it now. Nor do I care to know about this self-made "shame" of yours, as you call it. Now listen":

Why, my good lad, do you take
Things without shame to be shameful?
That is merely the nature-born male organ;
I cannot understand this so-called "shame" of yours.
Of the really shameful things, you are most ignorant.

Look at sinful, evil, and meaningless deeds;
You are not ashamed of them.
Let me tell you how I keep my self-respect:

My fine wool is the Heart-for-Bodhi
With which I spin the thread of Four Initiations;
The cloth I weave is the liberation Path of Samadhi;

The dye I use is made of virtues and good-wishes;
My tailor uncle is the sense of
conscientious discretion
By whom the trousers of self-respect are made.

These are my dignified and altruistic trousers,
And so of yours I have no need!
Dear patron, you may now go home!

The youth thought, "This great man will not accept anything I offer. I had better find out where he lives and where he is going. I will try by all possible means to persuade him to visit my country." So he said: 'Though you have not accepted anything I have offered you, please come to my country; also, please tell me where you are going now. There must be a destination in your mind, or you would not choose this particular road. Pray do not conceal your intention, but please tell me the truth.'

Milarepa replied, "Son, I have nothing to hide from you. In the harvest I go to Din Ri to beg for alms. When the crops are threshed, I go to Nya Non. In the winter I remain at some remote place where only birds and marmots dwell." The young man thought, "After a few days, I shall invite him to my house to preach for us. I wonder if he will accept." And he sang:

Peerless Guru, the Transformation Body of Buddha,
You said that you are going to Din Ri to beg
for alms.
But that is a place of the damned, and has no merit.
Though vast sky hangs above,
The virtue of the people there
Is as small as mustard-seed;
Their hands are tighter than the barred
doors of the congregation hall!
The flour costs more than gold.
A hundred pleas for alms are wasted time;
Poverty and famine stalk the place.

The land of Nya Non is full of fear,
A paradise for bandits and murderers.
Lepers are there in crowds,
While burial grounds and cemeteries abound.

So fearful is that country, one dares
Not travel without a hundred friends,
Or take three steps without a guide.
That cursed place, Nya Non, is of the worst repute.

The Nepalese-Tibetan border is cold and high-
A land of snow where blizzards rage.
Its people are as dumb as mules!
Its rivers flow south to Nepal,
Where the lower valleys steam with heat
And dangerous rope bridges sway high above
the rocks.
In Nepal heat and disease endanger life,
While people in the South speak a different tongue,
And the trees are stiff like corpses.
With all my heart, I wish you would not go there,
So please postpone your journey.
Although you would not take my gifts,
I beg that you will grant my boon
And visit my country for a fortnight.

Milarepa replied, "On the whole, I cannot tolerate arrogant patrons. I am not interested in going to your country. As for Nya Non and Din Ri, I know them better than you. Hearken to my song":

You arrogant young man with strong desires,
Listen to my song with faith.
It is hard to meet an immaculate man of merit,
Hard to find a place where men of virtue live,
For times have changed.
I am a yogi who thinks and says whate'er he likes,
But I have never caused malicious gossip.
Though the flour be very dear in Din Ri,
It is not hard for me to get it.
Yet I prefer the taste of the Five Nectars,
And never gorge myself with tasty morsels.

I am an abandoned yogi, who eats for food
The inner Samadhi of Non-discernment.
Thus the desire for tasty meals has no appeal.
Cheerful and comfortable am I in times of famine.

Though the paths are perilous and dreadful,
My prayer to the Gracious One will never fail me.
The Three Precious Ones are my safest shelter
and refuge;
The goddesses in the Three Places will always
be my guides.
My inseparable companion is the Bodhi-Mind;
My protectors are the Guards of the Eight Divisions.

Since I have no possessions, I have no enemy.
Cheerful and at ease I meet the bandits.
Though Nya Non may be of bad repute,
The people there are candid and ingenuous.

As in days of old, they are straightforward
and outspoken.
Easy-going and carefree,
They eat and drink without pretension;
They keep things as they are,
And groves and forests flourish.

As for me, I take no interest in worldly wealth,
Nor am I attached to food and drink.
Contented, I care not for loitering and amusement.
When, therefore, I meditate, my Samadhi deepens.

This is why I go to Nya Non.
Having mastered the art of Dumo's Fire,
I have no fear of cold or heat;
Cheerful and in comfort I meet the falling snow.

Today I see no reason to delay my journey,
But I shall not go to your country;
Proud and haughty patrons are distasteful to me.
How can I ingratiate myself with those I do not know?

Mount your horse. as it is growing late.
My dear, contented youth, it is time for you to go.
May your health be good and your life long.

Upon hearing this song of rejection, the young man was overcome with dejection and disappointment. He said, "Revered Sir, whatever I have offered you, you would not accept. Whatever instruction I have applied for, you would not grant. I realize that I am too sinful. I now swear that I will not go anywhere, but will kill myself here in your sight." So saying, he drew his razor-sharp knife, and, pressing the point against his heart, sang:

Listen to me, Revered Yogi,
On this auspicious morning, while riding on my way,
I saw a naked man, lying beside a silver spring.

I said, "Is he a mad yogi,
Or just a foolish joker?
Exposing his naked body without shame,
He must be a fool out of his mind!"

And so, not faith, but contempt arose within me.
I rejected any thought of your companionship
and went on alone.

Of this, you, Revered One, were clearly well aware.
As if wounded badly, I now repent in pain.

When you were crossing the blue river
To reach the seat of the other shore,
I saw you fly over the water
Like an eagle in the sky.
Soaring like wind in space,
I saw you flying.
Displaying your miraculous powers,
I saw you glide over the Tsang River
And reach the other shore.

I was bewildered and overjoyed
To see such an accomplished being.
Proud and happy as I was, conceit arose

within me;
I thought that I was a well-gifted person,
Who had few hindrances and habit-forming thoughts.
I thought that I must be a good vessel
for the Dharma;
I thought that I must be a virtuous and
destined person,
Who had great merits and pure wishes.

Since the day that I was born,
I have never been so happy as today.
In the wealth, property, and comfort that I offered
You have not the slightest interest.
I have never heard of a yogi like you in Tibet;
I have never met such a perfect Buddhist,
One so marvelous and unusual.

On this auspicious day in my pilgrimage,
I made offerings and besought you in all ways!
Marvelous and unusual as you are,
You have paid no heed to what I said.
I feel that I am most ignorant and pitiful.
I realize that I am stupid and lack merit;
I am utterly confused and most disheartened.
With a feeling of frustration, I have lost my way.
I am beginning to believe I have no capacity
for Dharma!

What then would be the use and meaning
Should one chance to meet a Buddha,
If from Him one does not receive a discourse?
How can one face, and what can one tell one's
countrymen?
Rather than return in shame
I will end my life before you!
All are bound to die in time;
'Tis better for me now to die,
To die before such an accomplished saint,
When my heart is full of Dharma.

Oh, all-compassionate, revered Jetsun!
After hearing such a sorry tale from this poor lad,
With your omniscient mind, you know what
should be said.

Having heard his sincere prayer, Milarepa thought: "He has indeed great earnestness and sincerity. There must be a mutual vow⁴¹ between us. The prophecy given by the goddess in my dream seems to point to him. I must, therefore, accept him." And so he sang:

Listen to me, dear young patron!
You have a zealous aspiration for virtuous deeds.
You must be a man with little sin or evil Karma.

Since you have intense longing to solicit
Dharma [from me]
Your pride and self-conceit must be small indeed!

Diligent and enthusiastic,
You cannot be lazy.

Since you made generous offerings,
You cannot be close or greedy.

Your intelligence and sympathy are good,
So you have little ignorance or hate.

Since you pay respect and homage to me,
You must have been closely associated
With Dharma in your previous lives!

On this auspicious morning, I, the vagabond from Gung Tang,
And you, the young man from lower Jhal Khrum
Met on this blue river bank.

It seems our hopes in bygone lives arranged
the meeting;
It was our destiny to meet before the Silver Spring.
You must be one whose Karma is unstained,
Who has awakened from the habitual-thought
of the Store-Consciousness.

Young patron, I sing this auspicious song for you.
Since you have heard authentic teaching,
Will you now be keen to practice Dharma?

If faith has risen from your heart,
If you take no heed of worldly gain,
If you really want to follow me,
Know that kinsmen are the devil-planned
hindrances of Dharma;
Think not of them as real, but quench your
craving for them.

Money and dainties are the devil's envoys;
Association with them is pernicious.
Renounce them and all other things that bind you.

Delight in pleasures is the devil's rope;
Think, then, of death to conquer your desires.
Young companions are the tempting devil's snare;
Knowing they are delusive, watch them carefully.

One's native land is the dungeon of the devil;
Imprisoned therein 'tis hard
To win liberation.
Try then to escape at once;
Put all aside and strive for Dharma.
Only by instant action can you succeed!

In time your body of illusion will decay.
'Tis better to associate with Dharma now.

The darting bird of mind will fly up anyway;
'Tis better now to wing your way to Heaven!

If you believe and follow what I have said,
You will be a worthy vessel for the Dharma.
You will be given benediction and instruction;
The profound teachings of the Whispered Lineage
Will also be imparted.

My son! Ibis is the start of your journey
on the Bodhi-Path.
Even I, the Yogi, rejoice at your success.
You too, young man, should be glad and joyful!

The youth was indescribably happy when he heard this song. With great exhilaration, he bowed down at the Jetsun's feet, made many obeisances, and circumambulated him many times. Then he made a vow [to return], and departed.

Four months later, when Milarepa was staying at Manlun Chubar of Drin, the young man came with his nephew to visit him. The uncle offered a piece of immaculate white jade, and the nephew half an ounce of gold, but the Jetsun would not accept the gifts.

At that time, the Translator Bhari was building a stupa of the Tsudor Namjhal Buddha at Drin, so Milarepa said to them, "It is not necessary for me to take your offerings; you may offer them to Bhari, the Translator, and ask him to initiate you. As for the Pith-Instructions, I shall give them to you myself."

Accordingly, they went to Bhari, the Translator, and asked him to impart to them the complete initiation of Dem Chog. Whereupon, Bhari bestowed upon them the Outer Teachings of Tsudor Namjhal, the Me Ru Sinha practice for prolonging life, and the teachings of the Buddha of Performance. He also gave them the Inner Teachings of Dem Chog, that is, the Practice of Seven Words, the instructions of the Guru Symbol Goddess, and the meditation practice of the Goddess Kurukulla. After that they accompanied him to Sajya Monastery.

Then the lad returned to Milarepa and lived with him for five years. From the Jetsun, he obtained the teaching of the renowned Six Yogas of Naropa, and the teaching of the Mahamudra transmitted from the Great Master Medripa. Because he practiced these teachings diligently, Milarepa also imparted to him all the Pith-Instructions. Formerly, the young man had been called Dharma Wonshu; later, Milarepa gave him another name, Repa Shiwa Aui [the Cotton-clad Light of Peace]. Before turning to religion, he was a great sensualist; afterwards, for the sake of his devotion, he utterly renounced the world. He took an oath before Milarepa that for the rest of his life, he would never wear leather shoes, or more than one piece of cotton clothing, and that he would not return to his native land, or secure provisions for more than two days' consumption. With the greatest diligence he absorbed himself in his devotions and eventually attained good experiences. Milarepa was delighted with his improvement and sang:

I bow down to all Gurus. Great is the blessing
From the compassionate Gurus of the
Practice Lineage;
Great and powerful are the Key-Instructions
of Marpa and Mila!
You, Shiwa Aui, are industrious and hard-working.
Through the grace of the Dakinis you have
attained good understanding.

Dear son, if you want to consummate your meditation,
Restrain yourself from bigotry and empty talk;
Think not of the noble glories of the past;
Stay in the valley to which no men come;
Keep from bad companions, and yourself examine;
Yearn not to become a Guru;
Be humble and practice diligently;
Never hope quickly to attain Enlightenment,
But meditate until you die.
Forgetting words and studies,
Practice the Key-Instructions.
If you would benefit yourself,
Renounce talk and words;
Concentrate on your devotions.

Shiwa Aui replied, "You have just said that he who learns a great deal without actual practice is liable to go astray. Please elaborate this a little."

Milarepa answered, "By that, I mean there is a danger of clinging to the worldly affairs of this life without completely renouncing them. Another danger is that this person is liable to miss the key-point of the practice. In the teaching of Marpa's Line, we do not have such errors or dangers, for we never pay attention to words and talk. What we emphasize is the actual practice. Hearken to my 'Song of Dangers and Fallacies':"

Obeisance to the holy Gurus.

Listen to those high-flown words, and pompous talk;
Look at those charlatans, madly engaged
in fervent argument.
In talk they seem intent to frighten you;

In sleep, they slumber, pompous men;
They walk like haughty Mongols.
Dangers and obstacles encompass them.

The Three Kingdoms and Six Realms are jeopardized
By desires forever leading sentient beings
into danger.

There are seven dangers you should watch:
Falling into the blissful Hinayana peace;
Using your Buddhist knowledge to get food;
Inflating yourself with pride of priesthood;
Falling into yogic-madness;
Indulging in empty speeches;
Falling into the trap of nothingness.
Thus, ignorance is the cause of fallacies and dangers.

The teaching of the Whispered Lineage is the Dakinis' breath.
Never doubt this truth, but if you do,
Remember that this doubt occurred
Through the devil's influence.

Shiwa Aui, how can you ever go astray
Since you are near me, the great Cotton-clad One?

Lay down your doubts and meditate.
He who relies on the true Teachings will
never go astray.

Think not, my son, of meaningless word-knowledge
But concentrate on your devotions.
Then you will soon attain the great Accomplishment.

Whereupon, Shiwa Aui abandoned his search for word-knowledge and concentrated on his devotions with never a thought for clothing and food.

One day a friend called on Shiwa Aui. Seeing his body emaciated from lack of food and clothing, the friend misunderstood, and feeling pity for him, said, "Dharma Wonshu, you were a gay spark from a rich family. But now you look old and poor, with no clothes or food. How sad! How sad!" Shiwa Aui sang in reply:

Oh My Father Guru, the Jetsun, the real Buddha,
The Field-of-Offering for my parents!

Brothers, sisters, and all [relatives] give rise to Samsara;
But I have now renounced them.
The Jetsun is my sole companion and comrade
in the Dharma,
Alone he is my source for the Buddha's Teaching;
With him, the real Buddha, I remain in solitude.

A group of three or four leads but to empty talk,
To avoid which I stay in solitude.

Books and commentaries bring one nought but pride,
But the authentic Buddha gives
The one-sentence Pith-Instruction.
I thus renounce all books and commentaries,
Relying on the clear-cut Pith-Instruction.

The hermit-temple is a place near Buddha
Wherein I practice virtuous deeds and gather merits.

The more one has, the more one craves.
So I forsake my home and renounce my native land.

The country with no boundary-posts is the
place near Buddha
Wherein the faithful one can practice virtuous deeds.

Associates and servants cause more anxiety
and craving,
So I renounce them for all time.

A deep faith arose within the man after he had listened to this song of his former friend, whereupon he offered him many good things. Milarepa was very much pleased by this incident.

From that time on, Shiwa Aui served Milarepa until the day of his Guru's entering into Nirvana. During the course of his life, he learned the complete teachings from Milarepa, and thus was kept from going astray in his meditation experience and understanding.

The nephew, known as the foolish and powerful Sang Jye Jhab, did not act as a good Repa. He held a small temple near the edge of Nya Non. The Jetsun was slightly displeased with him.

After the Nirvana of Milarepa, Shiwa Aui went to the cave of Man Chu in the Gob Valley of Padru to practice meditation. Eventually he attained the Perfect Enlightenment and merits of the Path. He achieved the Accomplishment-of-Freedom-from-Obstacles and so was able to pass through the rocks of the cave and mount to the Pure Land of Goddesses in his lifetime.

This is the story of Milarepa meeting his disciple, the Cotton-clad Shiwa Aui, at Silver Spring.