

ਮੈਂ ਹਾਨੀ ਵਿੱਚੀ ਸਨ ਸ਼ੁਰੂ ਵਾਗਲਾ।

A Panacea for the Heart An Incitement to Virtue Through Reflection on Impermanence

ਅਤੇ।

ਸਾਹਿਬੈਦ ਸ਼੍ਰੀ ਮਹਾ ਪ੍ਰਭੁ ਸੰਕੇ ਸਾਗਰ॥
ਏ ਸ਼੍ਰੀ ਦ੍ਰਿੜੰਦ ਮਾਨ ਦੇਖੇ ਸਾਗਰ ਕੁਝ ਸੰਦੇਖ ਨ ਬੀਕੁ॥
ਕਿਵੇਂ ਸਮਾਜ ਸਾਗਰ ਨੂੰ ਬੇਸਾਥ ਸੰਦੇਖ ਕੁਝ ਸਾਗਰ ਸਨ॥
ਏ ਸਾਗਰ ਕਿਵੇਂ ਸਮਾਜ ਸੰਦੇਖ ਸਾਗਰ ਸੰਦੇਖ ਸਾਗਰ॥

Alas...

When even the peerless supreme master, Lion of the Shakyas,
And the awakened beings who are holders of the Teachings, one after another
Display the appearance of departing to another pure realm,
Thinking of this, I recognize it as my teacher, showing me the nature of
impermanence.

ਏ ਮਾਨ ਸਾਕੇ ਸਾਕੇ ਸਾਗਰ ਸੰਦੇਖ ਸਾਗਰ॥
ਸਾਡੀ ਸਾਡੀ ਸੁਣੀ ਸਾਡੀ ਪਾਪ ਕੇਤੇ ਜੁ॥
ਗਠਿਤ ਸਾਡੇ ਸਾਡੇ ਸਾਗਰ ਦ੍ਰਿੜੰਦ ਕੁਝ ਸਾਗਰ ਨ ਬੀਕੁ॥
ਏ ਸਾਗਰ ਕਿਵੇਂ ਸਮਾਜ ਸੰਦੇਖ ਸਾਗਰ ਸੰਦੇਖ ਸਾਗਰ॥

When our parents and our siblings, our beloved spouses and friends
Each in a train of stops suddenly exits onto the great path to the future lives,
Thinking of this nature,
I recognize it as my teacher, showing me the nature of impermanence.

ਕੱਤਾ ਕੁਝ ਸਾਹਿਬੈਦ ਹਾਨੀ ਵਿੱਚ ਸਾਗਰ ਨ ਬੀਕੁ ਸਾਗਰ॥
ਏ ਕੱਤਾ ਕੁਝ ਸਾਹਿਬੈਦ ਹਾਨੀ ਸੰਦੇਖ ਸਾਗਰ॥

ତ୍ରୈଷା'ପେତ'ତନ୍ମୀତ୍ତୁନ୍ତିରା'ମା'ଦ୍ଵାରା'ତ୍ତ୍ଵା'||
ହ୍ୟା'ଦ୍ଵିତୀୟତ୍ତ୍ଵା'ଏବି'କ୍ଷା'ତ୍ତ୍ଵା'ତ୍ତ୍ଵା'||

How many times have we heard with our ears the profound Dharma truth—
Reminders of the impermanence of phenomena, the four inevitable ends that
follow each beginning,
But still, since our practice hasn't merged in our mind,
How afflicted are we, deluding ourselves with misguided grasping at permanence.

ଶ୍ରୀ'କ୍ଷା'ତ୍ତ୍ଵା'ହ୍ୟା'ଏବି'ତ୍ତୁନ୍ତିରା'||
ତନ୍ମୀତ୍ତୁନ୍ତିରା'ହ୍ୟା'ମଦନ୍ତମୀ'କ୍ଷି'ଯତ'ଏବିନା'||
ଶ୍ରୋଷା'ତନ୍ମୀତ୍ତ୍ଵା'ଏବି'ତ୍ତୁନ୍ତିରା'ଏବି'||
ତ୍ତ୍ଵା'ତ୍ତ୍ଵା'ଶ୍ରୋଷା'ଏବି'କ୍ଷା'ତ୍ତ୍ଵା'||

The world, a macrocosm, is impermanent, like an illusory magic show.
The inhabitants, the microcosm, are impermanent, like last night's dream.
Thinking about the impermanent nature of everything,
We must diligently practice essence-Dharma, making meaningful use of this
human life.

ଶ୍ରୀ'ଦୂଷତ'ଏତ୍ତ୍ଵା'ଏବି'ତ୍ତୁନ୍ତିରା'ଏବି'କ୍ଷା'ଶ୍ରୋଷା'ଏବି'||
ଏତ୍ତ୍ଵା'ଏବି'ତ୍ତୁନ୍ତିରା'ଏବି'କ୍ଷା'ତ୍ତ୍ଵା'||
ଶ୍ରୋଷା'ଏବି'ତ୍ତୁନ୍ତିରା'ଏବି'କ୍ଷା'ତ୍ତ୍ଵା'||
ଏତ୍ତ୍ଵା'ଏବି'ତ୍ତୁନ୍ତିରା'ଏବି'କ୍ଷା'ତ୍ତ୍ଵା'||

And when my Dharma siblings who I wished to remain here with me inseparably
Are led away without hope of intervening, by the Lord of Death himself, I feel sad
But sadness and grief don't help; let us rouse strength of heart
And spurn ourselves to practice virtue and dedicate it with aspirations.

ତିନ୍ଦି'ଏବି'ତ୍ତୁନ୍ତିରା'ଏବି'କ୍ଷା'ତ୍ତ୍ଵା'||
ଏବି'ତ୍ତୁନ୍ତିରା'ଏବି'କ୍ଷା'ତ୍ତ୍ଵା'||

କେ ଦ୍ୱାରା ଶ୍ରୀ ନାମା ଧର୍ମା ପେଟ୍ ଦେଶା ମୁଖ୍ୟମା||
ମୁହଁ କୁଳା ସମାଜୀ ଶ୍ରୀ ନାମା ଧର୍ମା||

You are held in the refuge and care of sublime Lamas,
You have received many heart teachings and are filled with faith and pure samaya.
In this life, you dedicated yourself to listening, studying, and practising Dharma.
You will, therefore, surely find your way to enlightenment, so don't lose hope!

ବୈଶାଶବଦି ଏକାଙ୍କିତା ଶ୍ରୀ ନାମା ଧର୍ମା (Christine Monson)
ସମାଜୀ ଶ୍ରୀ ମୁହଁ କୁଳା ସମାଜୀ ଶ୍ରୀ ନାମା ଧର୍ମା
ଏକାଙ୍କିତା ଶ୍ରୀ ନାମା ଧର୍ମା ଅର୍ଥାତ୍ ଶ୍ରୀ ନାମା ଧର୍ମା

2023/11/21

This was written in Italy upon learning of the sudden passing of my dear Dharma friend Sangye Gyalmo-Christine Monson, by Sogan Tulku Pema Lodoe.

November 21, 2023.