

Milarepa continues..

Simply just hearing the name of Great Translator Marpa, I was filled with an immense joy and happiness. Every hair on my body quivered with joy, and I sobbed with unwavering devotion. I focused my mind in one-pointedly and set out carrying provisions and a volume of scripture. As I went along the path, I thought, “When, Oh! When can I meet the Lama and see his face?” And I was not hampered by any other considerations. The night before my arrival in Drowo Lung, Panchen Nāropa appeared to Marpa in a dream and granted initiation. To Marpa he gave a slightly soiled (dirt) Five-pronged Vajra made from lapis lazuli and a golden vase filled with nectar. The he said, “Using water from the vase, cleanse the tarnish from this Vajra and then mount it atop a victory banner. This will please the Victorious of the past and make sentient beings happy, thus benefiting yourself and others.” With this Nāropa vanished into space.

In accordance with the Lama’s instruction, Marpa washed the Vajra with water from the vase and then mounted it atop a victory banner. Light from the Vajra permeated the entire universe reaching to all the beings throughout the six realms. In such a state all the beings bowed down before Marpa and the Victory Banner and presented them offerings. The Victorious One then consecrated the banner. In the meantime, Marpa awoke from the dream with a slight feeling of joy. He was delighted and joyful, and at that very moment his wife entered to serve his morning meal. She said, “Oh! Lama, last night I dreamt that two women, who said they were from Oddiyāna in the north, appeared carrying a crystal stupa, slightly dirt with soil from outside. They said, ‘It is Lama Nāropa’s command to master Marpa that the master consecrate this stupa and place it on the summit of a mountain.’ You, Master, replied, ‘Panchen Nāropa has already consecrated this stupa, but I must obey his command.’ You then performed extensive consecration rites, washing the stupa with water from the vase and so forth. You then placed it on a mountain top where it radiated light as dazzling as the sun and moon and replicated numerous copies itself on the top of neighboring mountains. The two women served as steward for them all. Such was my dream. What does it mean?” She asked the Lama.

Marpa silently thought that the dreams were in accord and was elated, still he said to his wife, “Since dreams come out of nowhere I do not know their meaning. I am going to plough the filed along the path down there. Prepare what I need.” “But you have so many laborers,” she replied in ridicule. “If you, a great Lama, undertake such work, everyone will ridicule us. So I beg you stay at home.” But Lama denied her words, demanding, “Bring me plenty of wine.” When she brought him a full jar of wine, he said, “I will drink this. Bring more wine for a guest.”

She brought another full jar of wine, which he buried in the ground and covered with his hat from heat. While he plowed the field he drank the wine and waited.

Meanwhile, in my journey beginning in the lower end of Lhodrak I asked everyone I met where the most Excellent Marpa Lhotsaw lived, but I did not come upon a single person who knew of him. When I reach the pass from which I could see Drowo Lung, a man appeared and I asked him as I had to others. "There is a man named Marpa, but no one called him the most excellent Marpa Lotswa," he replied.

"Well then, where is Drowo Lung?" I asked.

"Drowo Lung is over there," he said, pointing it out.

"Who lives over there?"

"That very man named Marpa."

"And he has no other name?"

"Some also call him Lama Marpa."

With a vague concluding that this was the Lama's residence, I asked, "What is this pass called?" "The pass is called Chola Gang (Pass of Dharma). I had a joyful thought to finally see the Lama's residence from the Pass of Dharma and it was a very auspicious omen. Then on continuing my inquiries, I came upon a number of cow-herders and I asked them. The elder ones said they did not know of him, but one, a handsome in youthful wearing fine ornaments, well spoken, and his hair oiled and neatly combed, replied, "Do you speak of my father? If so, my father bought gold with all our wealth and took it to India and returned with many gem-studded volumes of scripture as gifts. He never worked in the past, while today he is ploughing in the field."

Upon hearing this from a handsome child who was supposed to be Marpa's son (if not mistaken Dharma Doti), I thought, "It sounds like him, but such a great translator would not likely be plowing in field." And I continued on my way. No later than, along the footpath a heavysset cleric with a stocky fame, wise-set eyes, and a resplendent air was plowing a field. The moment I saw him I was overcome with a feeling of inconceivable and inexpressible happiness in which the flickering perception of this life suddenly came to a halt. I remained there for a moment and then said, "It is said that the translator Marpa Lhotsawa, a direct disciple of glorious Nāropa, dwells in this area. Where does he live?" For a long while, the cleric looked me over from head to toe. Then he asked, "Where are you from? What is your business?" I replied, I am a terrible sinner from the region of Latoe in Tsang. Since he a great renowned master, I have come to request the genuine Dharma." ...to be continued...

