Thi Ap 14 — 14. Ekāsanadāyikā

English translation by Jonathan S. Walters.

Source: https://suttacentral.net/thi-ap14/en/walters

Source revision: 2d9ca8da858f94302ed6783e2717bf73d651881b

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Completeness: COMPLETE. All text of this pinned standalone English article, including header, verse/reference numbering, closing lines and footer, is preserved. Tha Ap 562–563 have no Walters articles in this edition; no whole-canon claim.

Text

Therīpadāna

The Legends of the Therīs

14. Ekāsanadāyikā

Walt 166 In the city, Haṁsavatī,

I was a garland-maker then.

My mother and my father too

went off to work every day then. Verse 1

Walt 167 When the sun was high in the sky,

I saw a Buddhist monk just then,

who was going along the road,

so I spread out a seat for him. Verse 2

Walt 168 Preparing that seat with woolen

rugs with fleece and decorations,

happy, with pleasure in my heart,

I then spoke these words to that monk: Verse 3

Walt 169 “The ground is scorched and boiling hot;
the sun is at its midday high;
the breezes are not blowing now;
the time is right to come sit down. Verse 4

Walt 170 This seat already is prepared
just for your sake, o sage so great;
having taken pity on me,
please sit down on this seat of mine.” Verse 5

Walt 171 The monk, well-tamed, with a pure mind,
did sit down there at my request.
Having taken his begging bowl,
I gave as much as it would hold. Verse 6

Walt 172 Due to that karma done very well,
with intention and firm resolve,
discarding my human body,
I went to Tāvatiṁsa then. Verse 7

Walt 173 There my well-made divine mansion,
well-fashioned by giving that seat,
welled up full sixty leagues in height,
and was thirty leagues wide back then. Verse 8

Walt 174 There were diverse couches for me,
made of gold and made of silver,
likewise some were made of crystal,
and also made out of ruby. Verse 9

Walt 175 My couch was well-spread with cushions,
covered with embroidered wool rugs
and coverlets of silk with gems,
as well as some of fur with fringe. Verse 10

Walt 176 Whenever I desire a trip,
filled with laughter and amusement,
I am going with the best couch,
in accordance with my wishes. Verse 11

Walt 177 I was fixed in the chief queen’s place
of eighty kings among the gods.
I was fixed in the chief queen’s place
of seventy wheel-turning kings. Verse 12

Walt 178 Transmigrating from birth to birth,
I always obtained great riches.
There was no lack in terms of wealth:
that’s the fruit of giving one seat. Verse 13

Walt 179 Transmigrating in two stations,
the human or else the divine,
I did not know another state:
that’s the fruit of giving one seat. Verse 14

Walt 180 I am reborn in just two castes,
kṣatriyan, or else a brahmin.
Everywhere I’m of high family:
that’s the fruit of giving one seat. Verse 15

Walt 181 I know no mental turbulence,
nor is my heart tormented then.
I also know no ugliness:
that’s the fruit of giving one seat. Verse 16

Walt 182 Wet-nurses are waiting on me,
and many hump-backed servant-women;
I am going from lap to lap:
that’s the fruit of giving one seat. Verse 17

Walt 183 Other people bathe and feed me,
and they fondle me every day.
Others anoint me with perfumes:
that’s the fruit of giving one seat. Verse 18

Walt 184 When I dwell in an empty room,
a pavilion, beneath a tree,
discerning what I am thinking,
a couch is then produced for me. Verse 19

Walt 185 Now it is my final lifetime,
turning in my last existence.
Even today, breaking my reign,
I went forth into homelessness. Verse 20

Walt 186 In the hundred thousand aeons
since I gave him that gift back then,
I’ve come to know no bad rebirth:
that’s the fruit of giving one seat. Verse 21

Walt 187 My defilements are now burnt up;
all new existence is destroyed.
Like elephants with broken chains,
I am living without constraint. Verse 22

Walt 188 Being in Best Buddha's presence
was a very good thing for me.
The three knowledges are attained;
I have done what the Buddha taught! Verse 23

Walt 189 The four analytical modes,
and these eight deliverances,
six special knowledges mastered,
I have done what the Buddha taught! Verse 24

Thus indeed Venerable Bhikkhunī Ekāsanadāyikā spoke these verses.

The legend of Ekāsanadāyikā Therī is finished.

Translated by Jonathan S. Walters.

Whitman College, 2017

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