Thag 16.7 — Bhaddiya Kaligodhayaputta

English translation by Thanissaro Bhikkhu.

Source: https://www.accesstoinsight.org/tipitaka/kn/thag/thag.16.07.than.html

Source revision: sha256:7c411108530c04aafcca0ac43267ed12227cbb2653320e8ae0bb686e566bb783

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Changes: Presentation only: original HTML markup reflowed into plain text; wording, numbering and source repetitions retained. No repetitions expanded.

Completeness: ABBREVIATED. Every source-unit character is preserved, including introductions, notes and verse structure. Thanissaro's collection-level note explicitly states that repetitions were cut: https://www.dhammatalks.org/suttas/about.html. This is evidence about the translation method, not an assertion that every individual unit contains an omission; no repetitions reconstructed.

Text

Whatever the fine clothes I wore when astride the elephant's neck, whatever the fine rice I ate, the pure meat sauce, today — fortunate, persevering, delighting in whatever falls into his bowl, Bhaddiya, son of Godha, does jhana without clinging. Wearing cast-off cloth, persevering, delighting in whatever falls into his bowl, Bhaddiya, son of Godha, does jhana without clinging. Going for alms, persevering, delighting in whatever falls into his bowl, Bhaddiya, son of Godha, does jhana without clinging. Wearing only one triple set of robes, persevering, delighting in whatever falls into his bowl, Bhaddiya, son of Godha, does jhana without clinging. Bypassing no donors on his alms round, persevering, delighting in whatever falls into his bowl, Bhaddiya, son of Godha, does jhana without clinging. Eating only one meal a day, persevering, delighting in whatever falls into his bowl, Bhaddiya, son of Godha, does jhana without clinging. Eating from the bowl, persevering, delighting in whatever falls into his bowl, Bhaddiya, son of Godha, does jhana without clinging. Refusing food brought afterwards, persevering, delighting in whatever falls into his bowl, Bhaddiya, son of Godha, does jhana without clinging. Living in the wilderness, persevering, delighting in whatever falls into his bowl, Bhaddiya, son of Godha, does jhana without clinging. Living at the foot of a tree, persevering, delighting in whatever falls into his bowl, Bhaddiya, son of Godha, does jhana without clinging. Living in the open air, persevering, delighting in whatever falls into his bowl, Bhaddiya, son of Godha, does jhana without

clinging. Living in a cemetery, persevering, delighting in whatever falls into his bowl, Bhaddiya, son of Godha, does jhana without clinging. Accepting whatever lodging he's assigned, persevering, delighting in whatever falls into his bowl, Bhaddiya, son of Godha, does jhana without clinging. Not lying down, persevering, delighting in whatever falls into his bowl, Bhaddiya, son of Godha, does jhana without clinging. Modest, persevering, delighting in whatever falls into his bowl, Bhaddiya, son of Godha, does jhana without clinging. Content, persevering, delighting in whatever falls into his bowl, Bhaddiya, son of Godha, does jhana without clinging. Secluded, persevering, delighting in whatever falls into his bowl, Bhaddiya, son of Godha, does jhana without clinging. Unentangled, persevering, delighting in whatever falls into his bowl, Bhaddiya, son of Godha, does jhana without clinging. Energy aroused, persevering, delighting in whatever falls into his bowl, Bhaddiya, son of Godha, does jhana without clinging. Abandoning a 100-carat bowl of bronze and a 100-weight bowl of gold, I took instead a bowl of clay: that was my second consecration. In the midst of high encircling walls, strong battlements & gates, guarded by men with swords in hand — trembling I used to live. Today, fortunate, unafraid, with fear & terror abandoned, Bhaddiya, son of Godha, having plunged into the forest, does jhana. Standing firm in the mass of virtue, developing mindfulness & discernment, step by step I attained the ending of all fetters.