

Thag. 17.3
Kuddaka Nikāya
The Minor Discourses

Therāgathā
“*Verses of the Elder Bhikkhus*”

Timsanipāta
“Book of the Thirties”
Paṭhama Vagga
(Chapter One)

Ānandattheragāthā
“Verses of the Venerable Ānanda”

Translated by Bhikkhu Candana

Copyright © Bhikkhu Candana 2023



*“The wise man must not delight in the company of those that are mean and resentful,
The two-faced and evil hearted, who speak with slander and bad intent;
The ones eagerly wanting to bring harm onto others, in one way or another.
For this reason, you must never associate with such people, nor call them: ‘a friend!’*

*Instead, the wise man must seek the friendship of the kind and lovely;
The person with genuine wisdom and faith in his heart,
The one with understanding, who is both learned and lovely to be around.
It is no surprise, that associating with such a Superior Person is always, truly a blessing!”*



*“Look at this colorfully decorated marionette, dangling around in what is called a figure;
This heap of sores: a massive lump of diseases waiting to explode, at any moment,
But upon whom so many salivate in their blind delusion; now victims of their own obsession,
Realizing not how nothing they see is what it seems, for none of it lasts.*

*Look at this colorfully decorated marionette, dangling around in what is called a figure;
Ornately wreathed in all kinds of jewelry and shiny things, golden rings hanging everywhere;
Meanwhile, it is a cemetery of bones gift-wrapped with its bandage of skin,
But with the necessary camouflage, it keeps all that hidden; made to look pretty and fair.*

*With hands and feet all painted in henna tattoos,
And a face that is all-covered in powder and make up,
Creating the illusion of something that is not even there; the perfect mask to beguile,
Trapping in its snare the deluded fool, but not the one intent on reaching the farther shore.*

*With hair delicately braided into eight thick strands, augmenting her female figure,
Using the weapon of the eyes, fully decked with mascara and eyeliner, to complete the seduction,
Creating the illusion of something that is not even there; the perfect mask to beguile,
Trapping in its snare the deluded fool, but not the one intent on reaching the farther shore.*

*Packaged neatly and put-together just like a newly painted make-up box,
The rotting body, with pieces coming apart every second, yet desperately glued together,
Just to create the illusion of something that is not even there; the perfect mask to beguile,
Trapping in its snare the deluded fool, but not the one intent on reaching the farther shore.”*



*“This Gautama fully learned and knowledgeable, an eloquent speaker on the Dhamma,
Having served the Master, personal attendant to The Lord Buddha;
Is now finally Released and Unfettered, with the poisoned dart pulled out of his heart,
Has put the heavy burden down, at last.
And now, he is finally ready for bed... as he lies down to sleep.*

*Contaminants of the heart are fully destroyed and no more,
No more barriers to overcome, no floods left to cross; all that remains is Safety now,
For this Gautama, too, has attained Nibbāna and now lives, bearing his very last body.
He too, now lives having gone beyond birth and death.*

*Gautama, Guardian of the Dhamma, who holds the Teachings of Lord Buddha in his heart,
Having received them from the Mighty Kinsman of the Sun Himself,
Stands now on the solid foundation of the Path that leads to Nibbāna Supreme,
Having walked it, and directly realized for himself, the Freedom he was promised.”*



*“With 82,000 Suttantā received personally from The Blessed One’s own lips,
And another 2,000 from my fellow Bhikkhus;
In total, 84,000 are the Teachings I have learned and retain;
The Precious Dhamma I have memorized, kept intact in my heart.”*



*“The unexcelled person, happy with the little or no learning he possesses,
Decays with age, much like an ox, where
Although his flesh may double in size, with a body that is too heavy to carry,
But whatever knowledge or wisdom he may have had,
Well, that is an entirely different story, for it neither develops nor matures.”*



*“The one who, on account of his learning, despises or looks down upon
Others of little learning, belittling, and minimizing them with his conceit
To me is no different than the man, who although having been blind since birth,
Nevertheless, carries a lantern around with him, believing it would improve his vision!*

*Stay close and attend to those who are learned and wiser than you,
For through association with such teachers,
Your understanding will only grow, and not wane,
This itself is the root and foundation of living the Holy Life!
So make sure you study and memorize the Dhamma, from them.*

*By grasping and understanding the structure and meaning of what is taught,
One skillfully explains by interpreting the essential terms,
Putting everything in its right place, through unmistakable intuition,
Always speaking the timeless Truth from the heart,
The Dhamma that has been memorized but kept fresh, through the chisel of discernment.*

*Once having accepted the Dhamma, one ignites and then maintains fervent desire within,
Pouring more energy with resolve, at the right time, whenever necessary,
While discerning the True Dhamma from all that is adhamma;
Striving as he builds more patience within himself,
And becomes composed, well-established in serenity, remaining in it throughout.*

*So, if you really are intent on understanding the Dhamma,
Then, you must associate with the teacher who carries the Teachings in his heart,
A wise and true disciple of the Tathāgata, who is learned in what He taught,
Who, having studied their various aspects, always recalls them in his heart.
It is him, whom you must follow, therefore.*

*The Bhikkhu who is learned, who studies and retains the Dhamma in his heart,
Is undeniably a steward of the Great Teacher's Dispensation, wherever he may go;
Thus, he indeed is an Eye for the entire world to see with, deserving of respect wherever he goes,
For he truly is one to be venerated and revered, with both palms pressed together at the heart.*

*In this way, the one who by studying the Dhamma, finds unending delight in the Dhamma,
By reflecting on the Dhamma, he recollects the Dhamma non-stop,
Constantly walking with the Dhamma beating in his heart,
There can be no decline or regression for him, in what is True Dhamma."*



*"Lying there in your overfed body, craving the indulgence of being pampered in comfort,
Meanwhile the little time you have keeps running out;
Greedyly lusting after the experience of physical pleasure and ease,
How can you ever hope to find happiness, while pretending to live the life of a recluse?"*



*"I am all lost! Every direction seems vague and unclear!
No Dhamma am I able to recollect! And nothing comes to mind.
I feel I have lost The Dhamma in my heart!
All the truths I was certain about, now...there is nothing but confusion!
Our Dear Spiritual Friend is gone and now no more.
And all that is left is darkness...all around!*

*When your fellow companion in the Holy Life has died and gone,
And when your Teacher, too, passes away... never to be seen again,
All that is left for you then, is this body that you still carry around with you,
For there is no immediate and true friend...like Mindfulness aimed at the body.*

*Now, the Old Ones, my dear friends, have all gone away,
Meanwhile, I am still here, as I neither agree with nor enjoy the companionship of the new.
So, I huddle with myself, today, meditating alone,
Just like a bird snuggled in its nest, in the cold rain."*



*"Crowds of many visitors from various places, have all arrived and from far away,
Trying to get a glimpse of me, for the very last time.
So, please do not block their view of the Tathāgata they have come to see,
And let the assembly of all those gathered here, get their chance to see me one more time."*



*“Crowds of many visitors from various places, have all arrived and from far away,
Trying to get a glimpse of The Teacher for the very last time.
The One with Pure Vision, even now, still grants them all the opportunity to behold Him,
Not turning anyone away from seeing Him, for the very last time.”*



*“In twenty-five years of being a Noble Disciple in Training,
I do not recall ever having a lustful or passionate thought arising in me!
Behold, therefore, the power of the Good Dhamma!*

*In twenty-five years of being a Noble Disciple in Training,
I do not recall ever having an evil or hostile thought arising in me!
Behold, therefore, the power of the Good Dhamma!*

*For twenty-five years I have attended on The Blessed One, my Teacher!
Serving Him always with loving deeds, in whichever way I could,
Always by His side, like a shadow that never leaves.*

*For twenty-five years I have attended on The Blessed One, my Teacher!
Serving Him always with loving speech,
Always by His side, like a shadow that never leaves.*

*For twenty-five years I have attended on The Blessed One, my Teacher!
Serving Him always with loving thoughts,
Always by His side, like a shadow that never leaves.”*



*As The Lord Buddha would be doing his walking meditation, going back and forth,
I was there with Him, walking in meditation, right behind Him.
As He tenderly kept teaching and instructing me the Dhamma,
For which reason, knowledge and understanding arose, and has been growing in me ever since.*

*But I am only a Sekha, who still has more work to do!
With a mind that still needs to be perfected, for it has not yet reached its full maturity.
And my Loving Teacher, who showed me nothing but sweet compassion, throughout,
Is now gone and passed into Final Nibbāna.*

*Oh! And what a terrifying event it was, that very moment, when He was no more!
Where goose flesh ran up and down my entire spine... quivering it,
And all the body hair stiffened and stood on end, with a jolt!
That very moment, when the Mighty Self-Awakened Buddha,
Possessed of all His Sublime Qualities,
Entered into Final Nibbāna.”*



*“Ānanda, who is learned and widely versed, holding true to the Teachings,
Bearing the entire Dhamma in his heart,
He indeed is the guardian of the treasury, bequeathed to us by Our Teacher, The Great Sage.
And now, Ānanda, being an eye for the entire world, helps it to see,
What he himself has now finally seen, through the realization of Nibbāna.*

*Being learned and widely versed, holding true to the Teachings,
Bearing the entire Dhamma in his heart,
He indeed is the guardian of the treasury, bequeathed to us by Our Teacher, The Great Sage.
And now, being an eye for the entire world, Ānanda helps it to see,
For in the dead of night, through his perseverance,
He did dispel and obliterate all the darkness around, indeed.*

*Ānanda truly is the sage who kept the Master’s teachings in his heart,
Intact with his superb memory!
While mastering their order and structure, throughout, holding true to each and every one,
Tireless in keeping them firmly together and coherent.
Vigilantly Our Brother has stood strong,
He indeed is deserving of the title of the ‘Senior Bhikkhu who upholds the Dhamma,’
You truly are the Living Mine of jewels,
Oh! Our one and only, Ānanda!”*



*“I have served My Teacher, by attending on Him to the very best of my abilities,
And especially, I have fulfilled the very goal of His instructions to me,
Attaining the Deathless, as I was taught by The Lord Buddha, Himself.
And having finally put down the heavy burden,
I too, can say: ‘What had to be done, is now done.
Now, the Holy Life has been fully lived,
With nothing further left for me to do,
For there is no desire to be found still lurking in me,
With no more rebecoming...to any state...ever again.”*

Sādhū

Sādhū

Sādhū