Thig 6.2 — Vasitthi the Madwoman

English translation by Thanissaro Bhikkhu.

Source: https://www.accesstoinsight.org/tipitaka/kn/thig/thig.06.02.than.html

Source revision: sha256:7c411108530c04aafcca0ac43267ed12227cbb2653320e8ae0bb686e566bb783

License: CC-BY-NC-4.0 — https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc/4.0/

License URL: https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc/4.0/

Copyright: ©1995 Thanissaro Bhikkhu.

License notice: The text of this page ("Vasitthi the Madwoman", by Thanissaro Bhikkhu) is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial 4.0 International License. To view a copy of the license, visit https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc/4.0/. Documents linked from this page may be subject to other restrictions.

Attribution: ©1995 Thanissaro Bhikkhu. The text of this page ("Vasitthi the Madwoman", by Thanissaro Bhikkhu) is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial 4.0 International License. To view a copy of the license, visit https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc/4.0/. Documents linked from this page may be subject to other restrictions. Transcribed from a file provided by the translator. Last revised for Access to Insight on 30 November 2013. How to cite this document (a suggested style): "Vasitthi the Madwoman" (Thig 6.2), translated from the Pali by Thanissaro Bhikkhu. Access to Insight (BCBS Edition), 30 November 2013, https://www.accesstoinsight.org/tipitaka/kn/thig/thig.06.02.than.html .

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

Overwhelmed with grief for my son — naked, demented, my hair dishevelled my mind deranged — I went about here & there, living along the side of the road, in cemeteries & heaps of trash, for three full years, afflicted with hunger & thirst. Then I saw the One Well-gone, gone to the city of Mithila: tamer of those untamed, Self-Awakened, with nothing to fear from anything, anywhere. Regaining my mind, paying him homage, I sat myself down. He, Gotama, from sympathy taught me the Dhamma. Hearing his Dhamma, I went forth into homelessness. Applying myself to the Teacher's words, I realized the state of auspicious bliss. All griefs have been cut off, abandoned, brought to this end, for I've comprehended the grounds from which griefs come into play.