

# The Biography of Gyalsey Darma Dode (1054AD - 1078AD) and His Successive Reincarnations



*“Chakrasamvara is the emanation of great Vajradhara  
Tilopa was known by all as the manifestation of Chakrasamvara  
You are the magically created appearance of Tilopa’s enlightened mind  
You are the magical emanation of Buddha in person  
Hence, no one is capable of applauding your virtues.”*

*Thus prophesied with such profound words of praise by many great Indian mahasiddhas was Gyalsey Darma Dode, the son of great Translator Marpa of Tibet. I write a brief biography of Gyalsey Darma Dode’s reincarnations and the history of his monastery “Dorjitse Gopenpa,” first of which was Gyalsey Darma Dode, son of the great Translator Marpa Chokyi Lodro (mar pa chos kyi blo gros).*

Marpa Chokyi Lodro (mar pa chos kyi blo gros), the great Translator was born in Pesar, Drowo valley in the district of Lhodrak (lho brag) Chukhyer (chu khyer), Tibet in 1011 AD corresponding with the Water Rat year of the 11<sup>th</sup> century to Marpa Wangchuk Ozer (mar pa dbang phyug ‘od zer) and Jamoza Dode (Kelden Kyid), 1506 years after the Buddha passed away into nirvana. At the age of 42 in 1053 AD, Marpa married Dagmema, a girl with all astrological signs of a dakini. After a year of their marriage, Dagmema gave birth to Gyalsey Darma Dode (dar ma mdo sde) in 1054 AD.

During Marpa Lotsawa’s first two visits to India, he met with his root teachers, Naropa and Maitripa besides meeting many other Indian Buddhist teachers. Inevitably, he received many Buddhist teachings, which were later translated into the languages of U and Tsang provinces of Tibet by the great translator himself. Upon receiving these teachings, Marpa realized them fully and eventually perfected their practices.

From his early age, Gyalsey Darma Dode learned the Indian oral and written language from his father and received the teachings of empowerment, transmissions and secret oral instructions, which were passed down by Naropa, Maitripa and other Indian Buddhist teachers. Like his father, Gyalsey Darma Dode also completely realized these teachings and perfected their practices.

Marpa, based on his religious arguments and deductions was also known as Marpa Kagyuedpa in Tibet. He had many disciples including the most famous of his four religious sons, Milarepa of Gungthang, Meton Tsonpo Sonam Gyeltshen (mess ton tshon po bsod nam rgyal mtshan), Ngogton Choku Dorje (rngog ston chos sku rdo rje) and Tsurton Wangnge (mtshur ston dbang nge). However, among all his disciples, Jetsuen Milarepa was his principal student.

Having taken Milarepa as his disciple, Marpa gave him all the abhisekas and oral instructions and sent him into strict retreat in Taknya, Lhodrak. One auspicious night, Milarepa had a vision in which he saw a lady in sky blue colour, adorned with clothing of silk and ornaments of bone and bearing eyebrows and moustache of bright yellow colour. She said, “You have the mahamudra and the six yogas teachings of Naropa, which would help you attain Buddhahood through prolonged practice and struggle; however you do not have the special teachings of ejection and transference of consciousness (*phowa Drongju*) that will help you attain Buddhahood with little effort.”

When he woke up, Milarepa wondered whether this was a revelation or an obstacle and hence thought “if this is a revelation then my guru, who is the Buddha of the three times, must have these teachings.” Thus, he left the retreat to consult his root teacher, Marpa. He shared the story of his dream and entreated him to be blessed with the teaching.

Marpa upon hearing Milarepa’s story however said, “This is a message from the dakinis. When I was about to return from India to Tibet during my second visit, this was what my master Mahapandita Naropa, putting his hand on my head sang:

*A flower blooming in the sky  
The son of a barren woman rides a horse  
Wielding a whip of tortoise hair  
With the dagger of a hare’s horn  
He kills his enemy in the space of dharmata  
The mute speaks, the blind man sees  
The deaf man hears, the cripple runs*

*The sun and moon dance, blowing trumpets  
The little child turns the wheel.*

Although at that point of time, I could not completely comprehend the meaning of those verses, I think my master Naropa was mentioning about the precious teachings of hearing lineage and ejection and transference of consciousness (*phowa Drongju*). However, he did not elaborate anything on the teachings and neither did I think of asking any questions on this but he did ask me to come back in future. Anyways we can look for the teachings in the collection of my texts.”

Both Marpa and Milarepa started searching through the Indian texts with the hope of finding the teachings that Milarepa had seen in his dream. However, they could find many texts on the teachings of ejection (*phowa*) but not a single one on transference (*drongju*). Marpa further said to Milarepa that in order to decipher the coded verses of mahapandita Naropa, which he sang to him, he had a vision of three lovely maidens clothed in silk and wearing ornaments of bone singing this song:

*The dakini is the flower blooming in the sky  
The son of a barren woman riding a horse is the hearing lineage  
The whip of tortoise hair is the inexpressible  
The dagger of the hare's horn is the unborn  
This kills Tilopa in the space of dharmata  
Tilopa is the mute, beyond word, thought and expression  
Naropa is the blind man, liberated in seeing the truth of nothing to see  
Naropa is the deaf man, the Dharmakaya Mountains of dharmata  
Lodro is the cripple, who runs on the mountain with the gait of luminosity, free from coming and going  
The moon and sun are Hevajra and consort  
They are two dancers, but one taste*

*The trumpets proclaiming fame in the ten directions sound for worthy vessels  
The wheel is Chakrasamvara  
Its turning is the hearing lineage itself  
O child, turn it without attachment.*

Finally Marpa remarked “the dakini’s vision you had during your retreat and the vision of three maidens explaining the meanings of my master Naropa’s song only meant that I have to go to India to meet him. Moreover, I don’t know what kind of oral instructions there are of the hearing lineage so I should go to India immediately.” His wife Dagmema, patrons and his disciples opposed him insistently and pleaded him not to travel to India, citing his old age as the reason. But Marpa turned deaf ear to whatever his wife, patrons and disciples said and asserted “No matter what you say, I vowed to meet the glorious Naropa once again. Naropa himself advised me to come and hence whatever the consequences may be, I am going to India. If I don’t have the strength to do so, I would rather die than break my vow to go to my guru.”

Therefore, Marpa went to India at the age of 60, in the year 1071AD, in search of his root teacher Naropa to learn ejection and transference of consciousness and the hearing lineage. After struggling for three years (1071AD – 1074AD) in pursuit of Naropa, he finally met his master at a place called Phullahari in India. Upon seeing his student, Naropa asked him “What brings you here?” Marpa excitedly responded “I have come in search of you my teacher to receive teachings on the hearing lineage and the teachings of ejection and transference of consciousness.” Naropa asked again “Did you realize it yourself to receive the teaching of transference of consciousness or was there a prophecy to receive it?” To this Marpa replied, “I neither received any revelation, nor did I think of it myself but I have a student called Thoepaga who received a revelation from a dakini.” Naropa said, “How wonderful! Even in the dark country of Tibet, there is a being like the sun rising over the snow.” Naropa placed his palms on his head saying:

*In the pitch black land of north  
is one like the sun rising over the snow.  
To this being known as Thopaga,  
I prostrate.*

As he closed his eyes and bowed his head three times, all the mountains, trees and greenery in Phullahari bowed three times towards Tibet and even to this day, one can see the mountains, trees and rocks of Phullahari in a bowing posture.

While Marpa was receiving the teachings from Naropa, Lord Naropa thought to himself, “Since Marpa Lotsawa of Tibet is very loyal and respectful to me, he has repeatedly visited me even at the cost of his own life, bringing offerings of gold and I can’t help but feel great compassion for him. Hence, I should see what auspicious coincidences arise concerning his ability to hold the lineage, and in accordance with these I should make a prophecy.”

That night they slept near each other and at dawn Mahapandita Naropa manifested the mandala of Hevajra with the nine deities, bright and vivid in the sky and said, “Son, Marpa Chokyi Lodro, don’t sleep, get up! Your personal yidam, Hevajra with the emanation deities has arrived in the sky before you. Will you prostrate to me or to your yidam?” Marpa prostrated to the bright vivid mandala of his yidam instead of his teacher. Then Naropa said:

*Before any guru existed  
even the name of Buddha was not heard  
all the Buddha’s of a thousand kalpas  
only come about because of the guru.*

After saying those verses, Naropa exclaimed “This Mandala is my emanation!” The yidam then dissolved into the guru’s heart centre. Based on the Marpa’s action of prostrating to his yidam, Naropa said “Like an ephemeral flower in the sky, will your family lineage vanish while your dharma lineage will flourish longer than a running river. Owing to this incident, your family lineage will not last long and this is due to the fortune of the sentient beings. However, your dharma lineage will last as long as the teachings of Buddha remain. Therefore, rejoice.” Following that Naropa gave the complete transmissions of ejection and transference of consciousness and the hearing lineage to Marpa, his principal disciple. Marpa then practiced and perfected both the teachings of ejection and transference of consciousness and the hearing lineage and at the age of 65, in the year 1075AD, Marpa returned to Tibet.

After Marpa returned from India, he gave the supreme single transmission lineage of the profound instructions on the transference of consciousness to his son Darma Dode, which he eventually mastered. The guru Marpa and his son Darma Dode then entered into strict retreat according to the command-prophecy of Naropa. The guru dwelt in the upper part of the castle while his son stayed a storey below.

One day as a dog barked, someone knocked on the door of the castle. Darma Dode looked outside from his window and saw a tall man talking to his mother. The man was insistently said to have told Dagmema, “The annual Ngamochushul fair is happening day after tomorrow. Your older brother is sponsoring it. Earlier, Marpa was offered the fame and honor of presiding over both the fair and the feast. I have come to invite the guru, the father or the son, whoever is free. One of them must come no matter what.”

Dagmema gave him good food and wine, and while he was eating she said, “It is very wonderful that you people are giving both a fair and a feast. But as I told you before, our guru Marpa says that he must fulfill the command-prophecy of lord Naropa. So the father and the son must all remain in strict retreat for three years. Since only one year has passed, it is unlikely that the father or the son will go. We might send one of the great son-disciples below them, an important one.” The mother also spoke insistently.

The man in a drunken voice said, “It must be the father or the son. No one shall preside. If the guru was going, I would go along as his attendant. However, since he is not going, I will leave, but I delivered the message anyway. Don’t say I didn’t deliver it!” He abruptly dusted off the bottom of his chuba and left.

At that moment, Darma Dode thought, “Now, from society’s point of view, I have the most prominent parents. Because of my family, relatives and attendants, I have no sorrows or burdens and I am learned in dharma. Therefore, I am well suited to go to this year’s fair. But if I ask my father and mother, they will not give their permission; I will have to sneak out.”

Two days later, everyone from the upper valley came by on their way to the fair, wearing elegant clothing and jewelry. Thinking that he must leave in such a way that his father and mother do not hear, he got out of bed and prepared to leave. However, he thought, “It is said, ‘The higher the mountain, the deeper the abyss. The greater the gain, the greater the risk. The

more profound the dharma, the more profound the Mara.' My father will chastise me. When the obstacles of Mara arise, there is a great danger." Thus, he stayed in his bed.

Just then there came three old women, their mouths toothless and their heads as white as conches. They said, "We have seen the great Ngamochushul fair of Lhodrak again and again and still it is not enough. The time of death comes without warning, so we don't know if we shall see it again." Darma Dode watched them go by swinging their staffs, their knees wobbling. Not realizing that the three old women were a magical creation of Mara, the son thought, "If even old ladies like these are going, why shouldn't I go, since I am young and the favorite child, loved by my father and mother?"

Throwing a white cloak over his shoulders, he suddenly left his retreat. His mother happened to be bringing him some hot refreshment and met him. She said, "Son, you are not permitted to leave your retreat so suddenly, where you think you are going? Go back up and keep your practice." The son was afraid that his mother would grab him, so he ran down the stairs. Since his mother had food in her hands, she could not grab or stop him, and the son ran by. The son thought, "Well, if my mother gives me advice, I must listen. But if she tells me to stay, I should go." At the threshold of the gate, he mounted a horse and turned around.

The mother thought, "If my son obeys me and stops, I must keep him here. And if he won't obey and won't stop, I should give him some advice." Then she said, "O son, Listen to your mother and come back up." the son replied, "O mother, as it is said, 'when the moon is bright, it is in its first phase. When the parents are alive, the child is in his first phase.' Therefore, I am well suited to go to the fair. Please let me go there just this time." The mother said, "Have you asked your father?" Quick came the response from the son, "I didn't, but since I have asked you my mother that will do."

As he was about to leave, the mother said, "Son, since you are going without listening to me at all, let us, mother and son, make a vow. Keep these vows at the center of your heart. Today don't sit at the head of the row. Don't accept offerings as the guest of honor. Don't give the dedication speech. Don't give a discourse on the dharma. Don't drink wine. Don't ride a horse and come back no later than noon. These are the seven vows between the two of us, mother and son. You must keep them in mind." The son said hurriedly, "It'll be done," and rode off. Then Dagmema sent a group of four trustworthy students, lead by Jetsuen Mila and Marpa Golek, to attend to Darma Dode and insisted that they make sure the seven vows were kept. When the mother was alone, her heart was troubled as never before and she shed many tears. She thought, "Before, even if my son went away



for a month for the benefit of others, I wasn't upset like this. If I am so upset now when he is going away only for one day, isn't some terrible accident going to happen?"

When the young master and his attendants arrived at Ngamochushul, the people were assembled in many rows. The master and attendants took a place at the end of the spiritual teachers, but at the head of the laymen. The wise old lamas who were at the head of the rows were perplexed and said, "Isn't that the son Darma Dode?" They sent someone to check if it was the son. When they knew that it was Darma Dode, they invited him to take the seat of honor, but he didn't want to go. The lamas at the head of the rows said, "It is not right, no matter how you look at it, for us to sit ahead of the Jetsuen Marpa's son. The lamas at the head of the rows carried their cushions and went below the son's seat, changing their seats like the flight of a flock of birds. Thus it came about that the son was at the head of the rows.

Eventually Darma Dode had to take the position of the honored guest, accept gifts and give the dedication speech. He also had to give a discourse on the dharma in answer to the questions of spiritual teachers, and it became obvious that he was learned. Then, one by one, the noblemen offered him wine insistently, so that he had to drink a little each time.

By then it was past noon and Jetsuen Mila said, "Precious Guru, it is said, 'the feast and fair should end before it becomes too good, otherwise the gathering will conclude in a fight.' Most of your mother's commands have been violated. Now that it is past noon, we should definitely go." The son replied, "Older brother, great magician, you are right."

As Darma Dode was getting ready to leave, his uncle, who was the wealthiest man in Lhodrak, but had no children, came up leading a horse named White Shouldered-Raven. This horse was the swiftest in Lhodrak and had splendid saddlery. His uncle said, "Nephew, stand up! In the dedication speech and the rest, you excelled in your knowledge of dharma. Now excel in horsemanship! Ride this horse." And he put the reins into Darma Dode's hands.

Nevertheless Darma Dode said, "Later I'll do what you say in any way I can, but don't ask me to ride this horse now. As I was coming here, my mother gave several instructions and I have already violated most of them. If I ride now, I shall have violated all of them." His uncle replied, "Your mother Dagmema is very powerful, but she is my sister. However insignificant I may be, I am still her older brother. Since you obey your mother, why not me? The proverb says, 'If the river carries your uncle, don't grab him by his hair.' That is very true, so by all means, you must ride this horse. After you ride, I will give him to you along

with the saddlery.” His uncle pulled him and forced him to mount the horse. Thus he was unable to avoid riding. As he galloped the horse, Darma Dode’s composure was magnificent and his skill was great. Thus, he was the very best in spiritual and temporal ability and many offerings were repeatedly passed on him. For a while he felt satisfied with himself.

Jetsuen Mila earnestly requested Darma Dode and asserted, “Sir, you have now violated all the vows you made to your mother this morning. It is said, ‘Before you win over the crowd, rein on your horse.’ We should definitely go before the crowd leaves.” Thus the master and disciples departed with Darma Dode riding the horse his uncle had given him and Jetsuen Mila holding the halter. Darma Dode said, “I am neither old, decrepit, sick or incapable of controlling this horse. You don’t have to hold the halter. Go on ahead.”

The disciples had gone a good distance ahead when they descended into Shen valley. On one side of the path were rapids, making it a dangerous passage. On the other side, among rocks and boulders, was an abundance of bushes. Among the bushes was a partridge’s nest. As Darma Dode was passing by, the sound of the horse’s hooves startled the mother partridge and six little ones, and as they took flight at the sound of their wings and shrieking, the horse was startled and jumped. The Gyalsey (son) fell from his horse, and one of his feet caught up in a stirrup. The horse dragged him among the rocks at a distance of an arrow’s flight, owing to which his skull was broken. From his head burst forth brains and a great deal of blood.

As Jetsuen Mila looked back and saw the riderless horse running off to a distance, he thought, “The son has been thrown from his horse.” Holding his Prana, Mila ran and caught the horse, and tied it to a tree. He released Darma Dode’s foot from the stirrup. Seeing Darma Dode unconscious, Mila placed his head on his lap and examined it. It was broken into eight fragments and there was a great deal of blood and brains oozing out. Since there was nothing to be done, Mila sat there, crying.

Meanwhile, the other son-disciples arrived. Holding Darma Dode’s hands and feet, they called out his name and wept profusely. Finally, they decided that Darma Dode was unable to ride the horse, so they planned to carry him on a stretcher. They took a length of silk that had been offered to Darma Dode and bound it around his head. While the disciples were making a stretcher, a fresh breeze was blowing and the son regained his consciousness. His eyes opened, and seeing Jetsuen Mila, he said, “Brother, Great magician, it is good that you have come. I’ve been thrown off from my horse and it seems I have hurt my head. What are you doing?”

They answered, “The guru is unable to ride the horse and can’t walk, so we are preparing a stretcher.” Darma Dode said, “As is said, ‘even though a gentleman is hungry, he must keep his garuda’s horn.’ I will try to ride the horse. Take this sash and rip it in half.” They took it off and ripped it as he said. With half, they bound his head and with the other half they refastened his chuba. “Now put me on the horse,” Darma Dode said. After they put him on the horse, he said, “Uncle Golek, you are the oldest, so lead my horse. You other two support me on the left and right. Elder brother, great magician, you go ahead and tell my father and mother the story about how I became a little injured.” They did as he said, and then the master and students went forward slowly.

Jetsuen Mila went ahead and came before the guru on the top floor of the castle. After prostrating, he said, “Precious guru, I have something to tell of which I don’t dare to say even three words.” The guru said, “Whenever you arrived before, I felt joyful. This time my heart is unhappy. What happened? Tell me!” Jetsuen Mila was unable to speak and wept. After a while Mila told the Guru the whole story.

“Did my son go to the fair this morning?” Marpa asked. “Yes sir, he went.” Replied Milarepa. Marpa further asked, “Where did he break his head?” To this, Milarepa answered “It was broken in Shen valley.” “This valley called Shen has lived upto its name. He is not dead yet. Is he?” Marpa asked. “He has not died and is coming.” Responded Jetsuen Mila. “How did you bandage him?” Asked Marpa again. “We ripped his sash in two lengthwise. We bound his head with half and with the other half, we refastened his chuba.” Mila replied.

“Then this is a sign that the father and the son must be separated. Last night I dreamt that a black man came to me and said, “Naropa commands you to tear out your heart and give it to me to take it to him.” I thought I must obey this command of the guru. Tearing out my heart, I gave it to him. He was delighted and put it in a skull cup. Covering it with a hooked knife, he went away. Also, I dreamt that a hole developed in the center of a mandala that the sun and the moon simultaneously decayed in the midst of the sky, and that a lake of rakta dried up.” “Even if I went out to meet him, it will be of no effect. However, there is still the samaya bond between father and son. Therefore, I must go out of compassion.” Marpa said. He then went out and met his son as he arrived in the courtyard.

The son said, "I went to the fair this morning and I hurt my head. Please see if it is serious or not. Darma Dode put his head on his father's lap. His father loosened the sash binding his head and examined it. Marpa saw that the skull was broken into eight fragments, that the cranial membrane was torn and the brains were spilling out. He thought, "My son will not live for long."

The son became unconscious again and fell into coma. The father laid his son's head on his lap, and turning him on his right side, he sang into his ear this song which clarifies the ejection of consciousness:

*Listen son, prince dodebum  
I, Marpa the Translator  
went to India three times.  
I attended with devotion the authentic gurus  
Lord Naropa and Maitripa  
And received many tantras, commentaries and oral instructions.  
They granted transmissions of the pith of the four abhisekas  
In particular, I received the ejection and transference of consciousness  
Not keeping anything secret, I taught this fully to you, my son  
Do you remember these tantras, commentaries and oral instructions, Dodebum?*

*In general, composite things  
are impermanent and perishable  
Son, this illusory body does not last forever  
Suddenly, the obstacles of Mara have arisen  
The white conch of your skull is broken  
The white silk curtain of your cranial membrane is torn*

*Your brain, the divine assembly of the buddhas, has spilled out  
Son, it is quite true that your illusory body is perishable.*

*Your venerable father is a mandala of deities  
Draw forth your consciousness through the aperture of Brahma.  
Now eject your consciousness into the heart center of your venerable father.*

Darma Dode's mother overheard all these from inside and thought, "The guru was practicing on the top floor of the castle, but now in the courtyard, he is singing a song which clarifies the ejection of consciousness. Has some obstacles befallen my son?" She hurried to the courtyard and saw her son, with his bloody head resting on his father's lap. She fainted and became unconscious for a while. Regaining consciousness, she said to the father, "You are learned in the eightfold way of medical practice. Will our son live or die?" The guru replied, "Though I am expert in eightfold way of medical practice, there is no way to cure a body without head. As it is said, 'when the karma of sentient beings in the three realms comes due, the Buddhas of the three times are powerless.' I have no means of curing him. If you know how, you cure him." He rested the son's head on the mother's lap and said, "You have split on the wall the one precious drop of oil in the cauldron of water. Who else but you have sent him to the fair while he was in the middle of his retreat? In general, as it is said, 'a woman leading a meeting, a goat leading a way, a prairie dog acting as sentry, a heap of ashes as a cairn, or a lamp of butter in the hot sun, there is nothing cheerful in any of these analogies.'" Covering his head, Marpa remained sitting there.

The mother thought, "I am not to be blamed, but right now is not the appropriate time because it might be harmful to my son's practice. Darma Dode did not eject his consciousness into his father, venerable Marpa, who is also his guru who gave him mind transmission. However, because I am his mother who gave birth to his body and mind, he may, out of love eject his consciousness into me." Bringing her mouth close to her son's ear and weeping, Dagmema sang this song which clarifies the ejection of consciousness:

*Precious, supreme and authentic nirmanakya  
of all the lord Buddhas of the three times  
Marpa the translator  
I respectfully prostrate to your feet.*

*Listen son, prince Dodebum  
Because you are going beyond this world  
You might be a little concerned  
about the destruction of this composite body.*

*The venerable father, Marpa the translator  
went to the land of India three times  
Without regard for his life, he sought the dharma  
And attended many authentic gurus  
In particular, Mahapandita Naropa.*

*He learned all the oral instructions of the hearing lineage without exception*

*Keeping nothing secret, the venerable father taught them to you, son  
Are they clear in your mind now or not?*

*In the oral instructions of Mahapandita Naropa*

*Do you have confidence now or not?*

*In the oral instructions of the special teachings of mixing and ejecting consciousness*

*Have you attained certainty now or not?*

*In the unborn mahamudra*

*Is your meditation steady now or not?*

*In the oral instructions of ejection and transference of consciousness  
Do you have confidence now or not?  
  
This composite body of flesh and blood  
Is impermanent, like a rainbow in the sky  
This illusory body is never eternal.  
I am your mother, Nairatmyadevi  
The mother who gave birth to the Buddhas of the three times.  
On the eight-petaled lotus of my heart, on a lion throne  
Is a sun and moon-disk seat  
There sits the most excellent of beings, Marpa the translator  
He is Hevajra with nine emanation devis  
Son, draw forth your consciousness into the heart centre of your mother.*

Because his consciousness was still impaired, she thought he did not even hear a word and she shed tears the size of peas. Because these tears fell into the son's ear, and also due to the close relationship between mother and son, Darma Dode regained consciousness and opened his eyes. He had understood the song sung by his mother which clarifies the ejection of consciousness.

The son said, "Older brother, great magician, help me stand up." He stood up and bandaged his own head, which had been broken into eight fragments, and said, "Older brother, great magician, my face does not feel well. Wipe it off." While the Jetsuen Mila was wiping the son's face with his cloth, the son said, "I thought in this life I would be able to repay my parents' kindness. But now, not only have I not repaid their kindness, I have made my parents upset. Since this has happened, I want to offer a few meaningful words asking my parents not to be upset. Accompany me as I sing." The Jetsuen said, "Please don't talk like that. It might bring obstacles to your life."

“Older brother, great magician, what obstacles to life do you mean? Isn’t this one obstacle? Now the time has come to go upon universal path of sentient beings known as the bardo of becoming, the long and dangerous passage, which is like a narrow tunnel. Most being must undergo terrifying sufferings there. But, by the kindness of my father, Lord Marpa, I have the power of going directly to my next place of birth and so do not have to undergo the sufferings of the bardo of becoming. In general, though they obtain a human birth, people do not practice the dharma. I feel compassion for all of them, but there is nothing I can do. Therefore, my parents please do not be upset. Older brother, accompany me as I sing.”

Then Darma Dode offered this song of entreaty:

*Precious lord guru, endowed with three qualities  
inseparable from glorious Vajradhara  
Father Hevajra with his nine emanations of devis.  
And mother Nairatmya who gave birth to the Buddhas  
I respectfully prostrate to both father and mother  
Father and mother grant me your blessings and abhiseka.  
When I go beyond this world  
I have no fear or anxiety  
Dying without repaying your kindness  
I am a little sad  
but this death cannot be helped  
Father and mother, please do not be upset.  
The tantras and commentaries taught by my lord father  
are now clear in my mind.*



*In the path of Upaya, the six yogas of Naropa  
I have now confidence  
In the oral instructions of the special teaching of mixing and ejecting consciousness,  
I now have attained certainty  
In unborn mahamudra  
my meditation is now steady  
In the special teachings of ejection and transference of consciousness  
I now have confidence  
Father and mother, please do not cry.*

*In unborn simplicity, Mahamudra  
the skandhas, dhatus and ayatanas  
are seen clearly as the nature of devas and devis.  
In general, what is ejected and the one who ejects are free from any basis  
Therefore, I will eject my consciousness into unborn dharmadatu.  
I will not direct my consciousness into the heart centers of my father and mother  
I will not direct my consciousness upward.  
Please give the tantras and commentaries of gurus Naropa and Maitripa  
to Ngoktoen, great magician  
and the other great son-disciples.  
Please propagate the teachings of the Buddha.*

*Even if I were to live, I could do no more than this  
Even as I die, I have no other request than this  
I don't think that we, father, mother and son shall meet again in this life.  
In Uddiyana or the celestial realm  
please let us definitely meet again.*

The father said, "Son, if you had remained here, in every direction there would always be excellent harvest and animals. Rain would fall in the right season. Epidemic diseases of humans and animals would cease. In particular, the oral instructions of ejection and transference that bring enlightenment without effort in meditation would have flourished in Tibet. Sentient beings would have been benefited by attaining abundant bliss. However, suddenly the obstacles of Mara have arisen."

Then they carried the son inside. The father, mother and son-disciples all circled around him. Lady Palmo and some other endowed with faith requested him to perform the transference of consciousness for the sake of sentient beings. The son said, "If you want these oral instructions of ejection and transference of consciousness that bring enlightenment without effort in meditation to flourish in Tibet, find me a corpse of a pure youth that is without any wounds."

The son-disciples dispersed in the four directions and searched. However, since the oral instructions of the ejection and transference of consciousness that bring enlightenment without effort in meditation were not destined to flourish in Tibet, they could not even find one male corpse without a wound. One tantric student brought the corpse of an old woman who had died of a goiter and requested Darma Dode to eject his consciousness into it,"

Darma Dode said, "This cannot benefit sentient beings. I will not perform the ejection of consciousness." Another disciple found the corpse of a pigeon amongst the ruins of a temple. It had died from exhaustion after being chased by a hawk. He brought it to Darma Dode and requested him to eject his consciousness into it. Darma Dode said, "Performing the ejection of consciousness into an animal will not benefit beings. Do you want me to be sent into such inferior birth? I will not eject my consciousness into a pigeon."

Because Darma Dode did not want to perform the ejection of consciousness, disbelief arose in some of the disciples and in the shepherd. They said, “The great being, Marpa Lotsawa, claims that he has oral instructions that will bring enlightenment in one lifetime, but it does not seem to be true. The things that the guru performed before were just trickery.” The son replied, “in general how is it possible that all the teachings translated in India are not true? In particular, how is it possible that the teachings spoken by my lord father are not true? Do not disbelief in the guru. Disbelieving in the guru is a cause of wandering in the lower realms.” Now in order to spread the Buddha’s teachings spoken by my lord father and also so that you, the shepherd and the others, will not fall into the lower realms, I will perform the ejection of consciousness into the pigeon.”

“Now, I am in the utpatti-krama. When I dissolve into that sampannakrama, I will eject my consciousness. If one ejects his consciousness while in utpatti-krama, one would commit the root downfall of killing the yidam deity. So now I will dissolve into sampannakrama. Put the pigeon on my pillow and prepare an offering.” They prepared an offering as he requested. When the son strengthened his utpattikrama visualization, everyone, even the common people, saw Hevajra with his nine emanation devis bright and vivid. When Darma Dode dissolved into sampannakrama and ejected his consciousness, his body paled and the pigeon shook his feathers a little.

Gyalsey Darma Dode was 23, when he passed away in 1078 AD. His father, lord Marpa was 67 by then. Being the first lineage holder of ejection and transference of consciousness, Darma Dode transferred his consciousness into the body of the pigeon. Once the son left his body completely, the pigeon suddenly stood up and ruffled his feathers. The pigeon appeared to prostrate to both the father and mother, circumambulated them three times and flew toward the upper part of Drowo valley. The father said, “Son, come back.” At that moment the son came back and flew around the castle. Then he landed on his father’s right shoulder and remained there. The father said, “Dagmema, such is the occasion that we have to treat this pigeon as our son. Let us bring him into our shrine room and make offerings to him.”

They brought him up to the top storey of the castle, made offerings to him and let him settle there. They decided to perform a cremation and a farewell ceremony together. First, they built a hearth for the cremation. As the father and the great son-disciples performed the fire offering, from the four cardinal and four immediate directions, eight different rays of light entered the hearth. Music of gods and demigods and other varieties of music were heard, and rains of different varieties of flower fell that everyone witnessed. Then the pigeon, into which the ejection of consciousness had been performed, was led to the

cremation hearth on a path of silk. The father said, “Son, circumambulate the cremation hearth.” The pigeon circumambulated the cremation hearth. Everyone there was amazed and saw the father guru and his son as Buddhas in persons.

At that time, Dagma came in unexpectedly and was about to jump into the cremation hearth when the disciples held her back. She said, “I am not allowed to jump into the fire, but please allow me to circumambulate my son’s cremation hearth.” She wept and uttered many heartfelt words of grief as she circumambulated the hearth, supported by the great son-disciples. Seeing this, everyone from Lhodrak could not help but shed tears.

Lord Marpa also showed signs of grief. Previously there had been an old man and an old woman whose only son died. At that time, the guru thought that he could lessen the parents’ grief and so explained many general teachings to them. In particular, he told them, “If you dreamt that you had a son who died, you would feel grief. You would feel suffering for the death of someone who had not been born. Your suffering for your present son is not different from this. Think of all this as a dream, as an illusion and don’t be upset.” Now the old man and woman to whom he had said this came to him and said, “Lord Guru, when our only child died, you said, ‘It is a dream, it is an illusion; don’t be upset.’ The guru still has six sons headed by Darma Samten. Although Darma Dode has died, it is nothing more than a dream, an illusion. Please don’t be upset.”

The guru said, “I explained the dharma according to your situation at that time. It is true, yet I do not suffer from clinging onto something as real. If your son had lived, he would first have robbed your vitality and taken the foods from your mouths. Next, he would have robbed the wealth from your hands, as well as your estate. Finally he would have cast you into the three lower realms. This is not like my son. If my son had not died, he would have benefited the teachings of the Buddha and sentient beings. Among dreams, this would have been a super dream, among illusions this would have been a super illusion.”

When they had finished making the offerings, Lord Marpa remained in meditation. Contemplating where his son would benefit sentient beings, he realized that it would be in India. He made offerings to the pigeon and gave him advice. Then as witnessed by the whole crowd, he let him fly to India. Marpa remained in meditation for a while, and then said, “Dagma, gather the old offerings and arrange new ones. My son has lost his way.” He clapped his hands, covered his head and remained in meditation. That evening, the exhausted pigeon returned and nestled in his father’s lap. “Tonight, bring the pigeon into the shrine room and make offerings.” They did as he said.

In the morning, the pigeon was brought to the place where many people were assembled. The father said, “Son, the path you took yesterday was wrong. If you again follow the mountain on the left that looks like a poisonous snake sliding down, you will come to a land of heretics. Don’t go there. To the right is a mountain like an elephant lying on its side. Follow the range of those mountains and go that way. At the end of the mountain range, you will find the yidam’s light. At the cool grove charnel ground, you will find the fresh corpse of a thirteen-year-old Brahman boy that has been brought there. Transfer your consciousness into him and work for the benefit of sentient beings.” The pigeon circumambulated the father and the mother three times and as a parting gesture, he bowed his head three times. Then he flew off in accordance with his father’s command. Everyone shed tears and felt certainty in the transference of consciousness.

While flying towards India in accordance with his father’s command-instructions, the pigeon saw a mountain that looked like a five-pronged Vajra (Thunderbolt). So, he landed on top of that mountain resting for three nights. After the third night, before flying towards India, the pigeon sat on a fragment of a rock in order to foresee his prophecy in benefiting the sentient beings by his reincarnations. He thought to himself, “If it is for me to be successful in benefiting the beings of this region in future, let there be my footprint on this fragment of rock.” No sooner had the pigeon thought this to himself, there appeared his footprint on the rock, which is seen even to this day. Then, the pigeon flew towards India according to his father’s command.

Marpa remained in meditation from time to time until the pigeon reached India, as Marpa wanted to make sure that his son’s journey was successful. It was then, when Marpa came to know about the place where his son landed for three nights, as a prophecy for his reincarnations to benefit the sentient beings, in the same year (1078AD, Marpa commanded Peldel Duedsoel Lhamo (Mahakali/a form of Shridevi) to be the protector of the future reincarnations of his son Darma Dode and his dharma lineage. Pelden Duedsoel Lhamo then brought a little bit of her spirit lake and dwelt there at the mountain that looked like five-pronged Vajra, in accordance with the lord Marpa’s command. The spirit lake that Pelden Duedsoel Lhamo brought is seen below the monastery even to this day. The lake dries up once, when every incarnation of Darma Dode passes away and it appears whenever a reincarnation is born.

## **Second Reincarnation of Gyalsey Darma Dode MahasiddhaTiphupa (Paravatapada),**

In Vaishali, a village in Magadha city of India, a child named Dharma Vajra was born to Pandit Ghayadhara and Khadroma Vajrar Tra, in 1065AD. At the age of 13, Dharma Vajra was seriously ill and no medications and healing ceremony helped improve his worsening physical condition, so he could not escape his unfortunate end. Being the only child, his parents grieved a great deal over their child's misfortune and they were left with no other option than to take the corpse to the cool grove charnel ground for funeral rituals.

Since the pigeon flew according to his father's command, he arrived without obstacles in the cool grove charnel ground, where the Brahman parents had brought the corpse of their only son Dharma Vajra. The pigeon found the corpse there just as the pallbearers were performing the funeral rituals. Immediately, Darma Dode transferred his consciousness and the Brahman boy stood up. The pallbearers were terrified.

Earlier, by the kindness of his father, Darma Dode learned enough of the Indian language to communicate. He said, "I am not one of those walking dead. I have come back to life. Let's go home." Astonished and amazed, the pallbearers cried out with joy. They all left together. The children who had been his playmates ran to him, saying to each other, "He isn't dead." His neighbors said, "The best healing ceremony was going to the charnel ground."

Upon meeting him, his parents embraced him and then fainted. After recovering, they were overjoyed just as anyone would be upon having his child recover from death. They asked the pallbearers how he had come back to life. The pallbearers said, "A pigeon came up to your son's body. It bowed its head and died, and then your son came back to life." The mother and father cared for him as lovingly as before and were very close to him. As he possessed more gentleness in spirit, virtue in the dharma, kindness toward the poor, devotion to his parents and the three jewels, and exertion in virtuous actions than their former son, they realized that he was not their previous son. They asked him how this came about. Darma Dode told the full story of how he had transferred his consciousness from the pigeon. In the language of that part of India, a pigeon is called tiphu, and because of his miracle, he was called Tiphupa.

Thus the parents did not think of him as their son, but called him their guru. Both old parents served him, and throughout his life, he cared for them as their son. The old parents served him with great respect and to their full potential. He turned out to be more beneficial as a son. Tiphupa then learned how to read and write from Gupta Vajra, a teacher who dwelt in that place.

At the age of 15, Tiphupa went in pursuit of Naropa, the root teacher of lord Marpa. Few months later he met Naropa in Phullahari. Tiphupa was ordained as a monk in the presence of great Naropa. While getting ordained as a monk, miraculous signs appeared such as rain of flowers falling, resounding sound of cymbals, earth trembling and many more.

Tiphupa was receiving many teachings from Naropa, when one day Jetsuen Naropa flew into the space (sky) and danced, rainbows of many different varieties appeared in the land and space of Phullahari. Dakinis of a great number gathered in the space like cloud banks. Then Jetsuen Tilopa also appeared in the space wearing six bone ornaments and charnel ground ornaments with a Vajra on his right hand and a human skull on his left hand. Buddhas of past and present also appeared in the space just like the stars spreading all over. Vajra Varahi also appeared in the space followed by a countless dakinis. Upon seeing this, aspirations and devotions arouse immeasurably in Tiphupa's heart. Tilopa then transmitted secret oral transmissions to Tiphupa by the means of symbols. Vajra Varahi and many other dakinis transmitted secret oral instructions to Tiphupa by the means of mind-to-mind transmission.

When Tiphupa narrated the whole story of what he had witnessed to Naropa, lord Naropa was pleased and told him this: "You, the son of great Marpa, who ejected and transmitted your consciousness from a pigeon into the body of a Brahman's child, is the one blessed by my root teacher the great Tilopa. You will be able to benefit the fortunate beings and draw them up to attain enlightenment by making the teachings of secret mantra flourish in India and Tibet. This is why your new name will be Tiphu Sanghagi Dhongpo (TiphuParavatapada) from now on." Tiphupa thoroughly learned the five major and minor sciences from Naropa. Also, he especially received the entire oral instructions of Naropa and lord Maitripa. Naropa commanded Tiphupa to practice meditation and to focus on it.

At the age of 18, Tiphupa was commanded to gather companions and followers by Naropa. While Tiphupa was on his way to beg for alms, he arrived at a place called DaeDhen. A girl came to offer alms; she appeared to Tiphupa as a woman of good appearance and virtues. Tiphupa then thought of taking her as his secret consort. The girl also saw Tiphupa as Buddha in

person and requested him to accept her as a companion after prostrating. Tiphupa knew about their residual karma and accepted her as his companion. She was popularly known as Daki Nyana Mitra.

Tiphupa then went to Varanasi, where a huge crowd gathered. Among them was a girl of good appearance and virtues who came before him paid her respects, prostrated and requested him to accept her as his companion. She was known as Padma Pentsa. Tiphupa accepted her as his secret consort as well.

Tiphupa left for a place called Shingpang, wearing eight charnel ground ornaments accompanied by his two consorts for three years to meditate. Due to his excellence in meditation, he gained extraordinary experiences and realization. Tiphupa and his consorts then transformed into geese to go to the west and meet Machhig Drubi Gyalmo in a place called Meto Koedpai Tshel. Machhig Drubi Gyalmo attained immortality as Amitayus (The Buddha of boundless life) blessed her with the supreme siddhi of immortality. Machhig Drubi Gyalmo transmitted the instructions of immortality to Tiphupa and his two consorts. They also practiced it until they gained Vidyadhara level of longevity.

While going to the eight great charnel grounds and the twenty four sacred places with his two consorts, a legion of Mahasiddhas and Vidyadharas offered a prophesized song of praise to Tiphupa which read, “Chakrasamvara is the emanation of the great Vajradhara, Tilopa was known by all as the manifestation of Chakrasamvara. You are the magically created appearance of Tilopa’s enlightened mind. You are the magical emanation of Buddha in person, so no one is capable of applauding your virtues.”

Tiphupa had many disciples including Raechungpa of Tibet and Baarima of Nepal to whom he taught and spread the teachings of secret mantra. Tiphupa especially gave the teachings of “Nine-fold cycles of formless dakinis,” to Raechungpa in order for the future Kagyue lineage to flourish. In accordance with the command-instructions of Tilopa, Naropa and Marpa, to keep alive the lineage of “Phowa Drongjug,” Tiphupa again transferred his consciousness for the benefit of sentient beings. The reason Lord Marpa sent Darma Dode to India was mainly for the “Nine-fold cycles of formless Dakinis,” to flourish in Tibet.



### **Third Reincarnation of Gyalsey Darma Dode Gyalwa Shacha Rabgay**

After examining the prophecy of the next lineage holder, Mahasiddha Tiphupa came to know that the next reincarnation would be from the eastern part of Bhutan. Gyalwa Shacha Rabgay was born in the eastern part of Bhutan, who came to be recognized as the third reincarnation of Gyalsey Darma Dode.

Vajra Varahi appeared in person and gave these command-instructions to Gyalwa Shacha Rabgay, “If you go to Bumthang, in central Bhutan, you will come across the footprint of a pigeon on a fragment of rock that resides on a mountain which looks like a five-pronged Vajra. Below that you will find a flat area and the spirit lake of Pelden Duedsoel Lhamo (Mahakali). If you could build a monastery there, it would benefit the sentient beings.” Gyalwa Shacha Rabgay then went to Bumthang where he found the fragment of rock bearing the footprint of a pigeon. He stepped on it, placed his right foot before the footprint of the pigeon and said, “If I could benefit the sentient beings by building a monastery here, let my footprint be imprinted on this rock.” No sooner had he said this, there appeared a vivid print of his right foot. Thus signifying his prophecy of benefiting the sentient beings, he built a monastery in the plane area in the late 12<sup>th</sup> century. Vajra Varahi then named the monastery as Dorji Gyaltshe monastery (Victory banner of Vajra), which later came to be popularly known as Dorjitse monastery.

### **Fourth to Tenth Reincarnations of Gyalsey Darma Dode**

For the lack of authentic information, it was found difficult to include any details pertaining to the reincarnations from fourth to tenth except their names, and in some cases, their places of birth. However, efforts are being consistently made to collect true information on them, meanwhile until more details are added to this text, suffice it to know the names:

4. Truelku Sherab Tharchen
5. Truelku Shakya Tenzin.
6. Truelku Kagyue Gyaltshe.

The seventh and eighth reincarnations of Gyalsey Darma Dode were born in Kurtoe in the eastern part of Bhutan. They both passed away at an early age before they could work towards benefiting the sentient beings.

The ninth reincarnation was born in the 20<sup>th</sup> century in the eastern part of Bhutan, a place named Takmochhu in kurtoe. His name was DhomsomThinley Lhendup. He passed away at 23.

The tenth reincarnation of Gyalsey Darma Dode was born in Ura, under Bumthang district. His name was Thupten Chhoekyi Gyaltshen. He worked for the renovation of his centuries old monastery and finally passed away at the age of 44.

### **Eleventh Reincarnation of GyalseyDarmaDode Truelku Ngakwang Jigme Namgyal**

The eleventh reincarnation of Gyalsey Darma Dode was born to father Dorji and mother Sangay Pelden in the central Bhutan, at a place called Gongkhar under Chhoekhor gewog, Bumthang district on the 3<sup>rd</sup> of February 1992. He was known as Yeshey Nidup then, the youngest of all nine children born to his parents. At the age of five, in the wood rat year, eleventh day of the tenth lunar month, while travelling towards Sengor in Mongar, Yeshey Nidup had an unfortunate accident that left him unconscious for about an hour at Zhebrang before reaching Sengor. After about an hour, Yeshey Nidup regained his consciousness.

After reaching back to his homeland Gongkhar, while playing with his previous playmates, the children called him Yeshey Nidup to which he replied, “I am not Yeshey Nidup; he left for sukhavati (the blissful realm), I am the truelku of Dorjitse Monastery.” He repeatedly said this and one of the children informed Aum Dema, a neighbor to Yeshey Nidup’s family, which she ignored for some time. Upon telling the same thing time and again, the child again told Aum Dema about the incident who later went to the kids who were playing and asked them who was the one talking about himself being the reincarnation of Dorjitse truelku. One of the children said it was Yeshey Nidup. Then the lady went to Yeshey Nidup’s Mother and told her about what her son was telling. Yeshey Nidup’s mother did not bother saying that an ignorant child will tell anything.

One morning, Yeshey Nidup said that he wanted to go to his monastery. His mother asked, “What is the name of your monastery? Where is it located?” The child then replied, “My monastery is known as Dorjitse monastery. It is located in Tang, above Phomdrong on a mountain that looks like a five-pronged Vajra.” In a mood of curiosity, his mother continued, “Are there

a lot of villages at your monastery? Which are they?" Yeshey Nidup responded "There are a lot of lay monks in my monastery, a temple and a small kitchen. There is a peach tree that is like no other. Mother, the stupas you have in your village are all small. There are four big stupas in my monastery. Below my temple is a pond which is the spirit lake of Pelden Duedsoel Lhamo. Inside the spirit lake is the life stones of Pelden Duedsoel Lhamo. There are many prayer flags in my monastery among which stands a long prayer flag." Such were the things that the child told his mother with great accuracy.

In his dreams, he saw Pelden Duedsoel Lhamo transform herself into a bear and his consort, asking him to come to the monastery which he used to narrate to his family. He also saw wild animals such as Tigers, leopards, reindeers and many more coming to his old parental house to request him to come to the monastery. Sometimes he used to say that he kept a pair of shoes secretly in a box without anyone knowing including his consort. Upon hearing this, the consort looked for the box and found a pair of shoes which she later wore.

Once a lady asked the child, "Do you have a house?" The child replied, "I have a newly built house just above Phomdrong." Later coinciding with the tenth day of commemoration of Guru Pdamasambhava, the lay monks said, "If this child is the true reincarnation of our truelku, we are going to request him to come to our monastery," which they later did. While he was on his way to his monetary, in an auspicious conjunction of events, upon reaching the burning lake, the child refused to go towards the monastery saying that he should visit his younger sister's house once, without anyone saying anything. Then others asked, "Do you have any siblings?" "I have a younger brother and a sister." The child replied. After having said this, the child went to his younger sisters' house where he met her. Upon reaching above Phomdrong, where his previous house stood, he said, "My house has been dismantled." Thus the child said many things that were testimonies to his confirmation as the 11<sup>th</sup> truelku.

They then reached Dorjitse Monastery. The lay monks asked the child to take a seat on any of the thrones that were higher and lower in height. The child said, "Actually the higher throne is where I sit but today, there is someone else sitting on it. Therefore, I am not sitting on the elevated throne." The lay monks then brought the cushion of his former incarnation and asked him to take a seat on it. The child sat there looking at the elevated throne showing sad expressions.

On the next day, the lay monks requested the child to sit on the higher throne and displayed four Vajras and four bells that looked similar and asked him, "Which one of these are your vajra and bell?" Without mistake the child held the Vajra and bell of his former incarnation. The lay monks picked up the meditation hat of the former incarnation from the offering seat, to

which the child said, “That one is mine, but for now you don’t have to bring it here. Just place it where it has been kept before.” The lay monks mixed his Dharma robes with others and presented them before him. The child picked up the robes that belonged to his former incarnation. The herdsman of his former incarnation, Tekpala from Ura, came to pay his respects and get blessing. The lay monks asked, “How many cattle do you have?” The child said, “There must be seven of them, if you have not sold any to make money.” Thus being certain about his former life, people who witnessed the incident became speechless and started showing great respects with no duality of words and thoughts. The herdsman then offered some milk which the child drank three cups saying that was the milk of his cattle. There were many things the child said in which the lay monks could put their trust on. After that the child was taken back to his parental house.

Even after being certain and proving that the child was the true reincarnation of Gyalsey Darma Dode, coming from a humble family background, the lay monks and the patrons of his former incarnation neglected him. The lay monks and the patrons came up with a new child whom they said was the reincarnation of Gyalsey Darma Dode. Although the child did not prove anything of being the reincarnation of Gyalsey Darma Dode, being born to a wealthy family, he was taken to the monastery for celebration. They even said that the child born to Dorji and Sangay Pelden was a fake. To give a tribute, the lay monks and the patrons even seated the child on the elevated throne. The child was then thrown off of the throne by Pelden Duedsoel Lhamo. The people involved then had to apologize for their misdeed to Pelden Duedsoel Lhamo

A few of the lay monks who had great faith and respect in the true reincarnation of Gyalsey Darma Dode went to visit the child at Gongkhar. They were then requested to perform a petition-offering to Pelden Duedsoel Lhamo by the parents for their son. On the 18<sup>th</sup> day of 7<sup>th</sup> lunar month, while they were performing the petition-offering to Pelden Duedsoel Lhamo, the child showed two stone slabs and said, “Take care of these two stone slabs. They have my footprint and the footprint of my riding horse and **wild animals**. Take care of them before other people take them.” Thus they took those two slabs which were seen even today at his parental house in Gongkhar. Everyone in Bumthang heard about the incident where the child printed his footprint on two stone slabs. The lay monks and patrons came before him and offered him their apologies. His Holiness Kabjye Namkhai Nyingpo Rinpoche then name him as Ngakwang Jigme Namgyal (Fearless lord of Victorious Speech.)

On 10<sup>th</sup> day of 8<sup>th</sup> lunar month, Truelku Ngakwang Jigme Namgyal was enthroned as the eleventh reincarnation of Gyalsey Darma Dode by a team of lay monks lead by His Holiness Padtsheling Truelku Rinpoche. After that the 70<sup>th</sup> Chief Abbot of

Bhutan, His Holiness Kabjye Truelku Jigme Chhoedrak also accepted him as the true reincarnation of Gyalsey Darma Dode and commanded the central monastic body to offer proper education. Truelku Ngakwang Jigme Namgyal then studied Buddhist literature and grammar from teachers such as Norchuk, Gampo Dorji and Kencho Dorji for six and half years at Dechenphodrang from 1998 till the middle of 2004.

He later studied Buddhist philosophy, Sanskrit and five major and minor sciences from his eminence late Drabi Lopen Kuenley Gyaltshen, Gyalpo Tshering and Lampoentsegoed at Punakha Lekshay Jungney Shedra for five and half years from mid 2004 till 2009. Upon completion of his studies, he took to the 68<sup>th</sup> Chief Abbot of Bhutan, His Holiness Kabjye Thrizur Tenzin Dendup as his root teacher. He received empowerments and transmissions, especially hearing lineage, from his root teacher and completed his three years retreat at Cheri retreat centre from 2010 to 2013.

Currently, Truelku Ngakwang Jigme Namgyal resides in Bumthang mostly devoting his time on renovating his centuries old monastery and propagating dharma activities in the region in particular and in the country in general for the benefit of all sentient beings.

### **Prayers of Dedication of Merits**

JAM PAL PA WO JI TAR KHYEN PA DANG

*With the same wisdom of courageous Manjushri and*

KUN TU ZANG PO DE YANG DE ZHIN TE

*Similarly, like the aspirations of Samantabhadra*

DE DAG KUN GYI JE SU DAG LOB CHIR

*Following them entirely in their manner of dedicating merits*

GE WA DI DAG THAM CHAD RAB TU NGO

*In the same way, I dedicate all these merits completely*

DU SUM SHEG PAY GYAL WA THAM CHAD KYI

*All the Sugatas, Victorious Ones of the three times*

NGO WA GANG LA CHOG TU NGAG PA DE

*Have praised this dedication as supreme, thus*

DAG GI GE WAY TSA WA DI KUN KYANG

*All my roots of virtues*

ZANG PO CHOD CHIR RAB TU NGO WAR GYI

*Are completely dedicated to excellent conduct.*

