

Ṭhitañjaliya

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[79. Ṭhitañjaliya¹]

In the past, in a forest grove,
I was a man who hunted deer.
There I saw Sambuddha Tissa
bearing the marks of a Great Man.² (1) [1464]

Pressing hands together for him,³
sitting down in that neighborhood
on a leaf-mat that was placed [there],
I then set off facing the east. (2) [1465]

Just then a fallen lightening bolt
landed on the top of my head.
Again, as I lay there dying,⁴
I pressed both my hands together. (3) [1466]

In the ninety-two aeons since
I pressed my hands together [then],
I've come to know no bad rebirth:
that's the fruit of pressing my hands. (4) [1467]

Four and fifty aeons [ago]
the [monarch] named Migaketu⁵
was a wheel-turner with great strength,
possessor of the seven gems. (5) [1468]

The four analytical modes,
and these eight deliverances,
six special knowledges mastered,
[I have] done what the Buddha taught! (6) [1469]

Thus indeed Venerable Ṭhitañjaliya Thera spoke these verses.

The legend of Ṭhitañjaliya Thera is finished.

¹“Standing with Hands Pressed Together”

²lit., “bearing the excellent marks”.

³reading *tassa* with BJTS for PTS *tattha* (“there”)

⁴lit., “at the time of [my] death”

⁵“Deer-Flag”