

I Met My Root Guru In A Dream

In a dream this morning (Dec 1st, 2016) around 4 AM I met my root guru, Kyabje Sangye Tenzin Rinpoche, a buddha who came into our world in the form of a human being.

It was in a small monastery in a very nice place like Dege region of Kham, East Tibet, together with some of the vajra brothers with whom I studied when I was young. We were engaged in some Dharma activity. I didn't know whose monastery it was nor of what tradition. Suddenly everyone was saying that a very holy lama was coming today, we must get ready! There was a loud din as everyone rushed about. Off to the side I asked a young monk who the lama was that was coming and he said, the guru buddha is coming! I wondered who this guru buddha was. I didn't imagine it would be my own guru!

In any case, as we were making preparations to greet the lama who was coming, some of we lamas and monks of the retinue of disciples began to line up on one side to await his arrival reverently bowing down with khatags in our hands. As the lama neared I could see it was my root guru Kyabje Sangye Tenzin Rinpoche! I was overjoyed and immediately went before him exclaiming, it's really my guru! I felt indescribable joy. I told the monks there, this is my root guru Kyabje Sangye Tenzin Rinpoche! Your small monastery is indeed extremely meritorious! He is a buddha manifesting in human form! I proclaimed this loudly.

When I used to be my guru's attendant and we came to stairs or uneven ground, since my guru was short and very thin, I would often pick him up and carry him in my lap like a mother carrying her child. On this day as well I picked Rinpoche up into my lap and carried him in the midst of the many people. It was a wondrous spectacle as I carried Rinpoche into the temple and all the people followed us. Rinpoche sat on a high throne and gave teachings to the people. I won't say what teaching it was.

As soon as the teaching was complete Rinpoche said this time you need to carry me up to the roof! I again lifted Rinpoche into my lap to carry him up to the roof of the prayer hall. There were very many steps. With each step it became more and more difficult for me to carry Rinpoche. I was about to stop and rest when Rinpoche said, Don't rest! Gather your strength! Heartened by this I carried Rinpoche on up to the top step. As I set Rinpoche down I awoke from the dream.

As I awoke I felt ecstatic as well as grateful to the lama of un-repayable kindness. As I thought of him tears poured uncontrollably from my eyes. At 5 AM I did my daily guru yoga practice and the whole day long continued to have strong memories of my guru and to shed many tears. With last night's dream, I see it as a good sign that my benevolent guru who passed away about fifteen years ago has still not let me, his poor disciple, out of the grip of his compassion, and that if I joyfully persist in my practice of the profound path of guru yoga I will before long ascend the step-like realizations of the paths and stages, and that I will be fortunate to be born among the first circle of disciples at that place when he manifests buddhahood.

You whose kindness is beyond repaying,
Unfailing, supreme object of refuge,

With the name of the benevolent 'Buddha',
I saw you again in a dream!

For those wanting permanent Liberation
From the suffering of unbearable karma and delusions
That is experienced in this inescapable pit, this prison of samsara,
Nothing surpasses the guru's personal instructions.

Sole Father manifesting as a human being,
While I am your child, your son, a monk,
I place my hopes in none but you;
Never leave me out of your compassionate care!

Yet, since the sole Father Guru
Has introduced me to my own mind as the guru
In the nature of dharmakaya emptiness-awareness
I never think the guru is not here!

Leaving present ordinary consciousness
To settle naturally, uncontrived, unaltered,
Without distraction at all times,
The state of the Guru will be attained!

Because of last night's dream, all day long today I thought of the realized qualities of my root guru's body, speech, and mind. Any slight practice of Dharma I have in my mind is thanks solely to his kindness. Moreover, as I write this in my diary I am again and again forcefully reminded of how he especially takes care of me, this lowly child within his entourage, as lovingly as a mother cares for her only child.

English Translation by Jampa Tharchin