

**A Prayer To Recognize My Own Faults and Remember the Objects of Refuge**  
A Confession and Pure Aspiration that Clarifies What to Adopt and What to Abandon  
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**Homage to the Guru!**

Victorious Shakyamuni, supreme guide of the world during this fortunate aeon,  
Heirs of the victorious one, assembly of noble bodhisattvas who tame beings,  
Lord guru, incomparable protector of beings in this degenerate age,  
Together with the Three Roots, guardians of Dharma and oath-bound ones—  
Remembering you with heartfelt and one-pointed devotion,  
I pray to you, again and again, to turn your attention toward me.  
Hold me with loving-kindness  
And, through the power of your unhindered compassion,  
Grant your blessings that all my goals in accord with the Dharma be fulfilled.

Due to former actions, by no means weak, I gained this precious human birth.  
Due to merit, by no means slight, I met the sacred Dharma.  
Accepted by the Guru, I received empowerments, blessings, and pith instructions—  
Such are the jewels I now hold in my hands.

But my mind, like a frolicsome monkey,  
Succumbs to the bewitching, deceptive demons of distraction  
And I am not able to utilize the wealth that is my very own.  
Thus, all the teachings about the freedoms and advantages have simply been wasted.

Now I am at a crucial turning point.  
Whatever I requested and whatever I received, have all become like an old folktale.  
Since my body can look like a Dharma practitioner, I have become conceited;  
Yet my mind has not been able to accept the truth of the Dharma.

Lacking even a trace of human values, let alone the view of the sublime Dharma,  
And having only a vague notion of the sixteen rules of proper social conduct,  
I am without shame when I see my own bad behavior  
And when seen by others my sense of propriety is less than the tail of a guinea pig.

Being incapable of correctly practicing the ten kinds of virtuous acts taught in the sublime Dharma,  
Harboring sectarian bias, even though all the teachings come from one teacher,  
Denigrating the teachings and holy beings, I have accumulated bad karma.  
Thus, though relying on Dharma I am burdened by the great weight of sin.

The more I hear teachings, the more my conceit and pride increases,  
But my intellectual analysis cannot fathom the depth of their meaning.

I boast to myself that I maintain the discipline of the pratimoksha,  
But the four teachings of training in virtue have been lost without a trace.

I boast to myself that I have the jewel-like training of bodhichitta,  
But the four immeasurable attitudes are only like a picture of a lamp.

I boast to myself that I maintain the samayas of the secret mantra approach,  
But, discounting and neglecting the first root downfall, the others are naturally lost.

I know how to talk about the Four Thoughts That Turn the Mind,  
But the attachments I have to this life show how my mind has not really turned away at all.

While I do rely on a spiritual master, my respect and devotion have gradually diminished,  
And instead of having pure perception, I mistakenly see my guru as my equal.

The affection and respect I have for my vajra siblings is insignificant;  
Unable to tolerate even a few bad words, I shower them with abuse.

Since I lack deep training in bodhicitta, any love and compassion I generate by seeing all beings in the six realms as my  
parents disappears like mist.

I act as if I practice the paths of generation and completion,  
Yet I find no alternative to my ordinary profusion of deluded thoughts.

I recognize that emptiness is the ultimate teaching of the sutras and tantras,  
But with an ineffectual understanding of it, my mindstream is still hard as horn.  
Unable to sustain a meditation settled in the true way of abiding,  
I mouth off about that profound view but toss cause and effect to the wind.

Outwardly, I appear disciplined and well behaved,  
While inwardly, attachment, craving, desire and greed rage like fire.  
When I try to keep my body secluded in the mountains,  
My mind constantly wanders, day and night, into town.

Without having gained an indwelling confidence in accomplishing my own purpose,  
Acting to bring others to spiritual maturity is like a fairytale.  
It is impossible to be deceived by the compassion of the Three Jewels,  
Yet due to my weak devotion, I now am worried that I will deceive myself.

Thus, although surely I am free of the wrong view of distrusting the guru and the holy Dharma,  
In these bad times beings have become replete with bad actions,  
Intelligence and alertness have become overwhelmed by carelessness,  
And we have suffered the great loss of failing to protect mindfulness and awareness.

The time has now come for me to examine myself.  
My actions only add to my confusion.  
My thoughts just reinforce the afflictive emotions.  
Now that I see how my virtuous actions are tainted by negativity,  
Where else could I end up but in the lower realms?

When I recall how I have acted and my patterns of behavior, I am disappointed.  
Looking at others, I only become more depressed.  
There is no savior who can ease my troubled mind.  
If now I cannot look after myself, then when caught in the grip of the messengers of the Lord of Death,  
Others certainly cannot protect me and all hope will be lost.  
To wait with such futile hopes, is this not the height of self-deception?

Recognizing in this way my own faults, feeling great regret and sorrow,  
I confess from the bottom of my heart to those with the eye of wisdom, without hiding or concealing anything,  
All that I have done to contradict the Dharma and to transgress, impair or break my sacred commitments.  
I pray, through your compassion, please forbear all this.

Protect me from the terrifying precipice of the mistaken path  
And inspire me so that I may follow the pure path of liberation.

I have spent my life constantly busy, striving to achieve this and that,  
Yet I am left empty-handed, without achieving anything meaningful.  
Abandoning the path of knowing much but achieving only suffering,  
Shouldn't I now go on the path of knowing the one thing that liberates all?

All embracing, infallible, trusted and certain protector, my root guru,  
Union of all sources of refuge—I supplicate you with one-pointed devotion.  
Supreme refuge, most gracious lord, please gaze on me with compassion.  
Bless me to see my own faults.  
Bless me to have no wish to examine the faults of others.  
Bless me to pacify all evil, cruel and aggressive thoughts.  
Bless me to have wholesome thoughts that arise from deep within.  
Bless me to reduce craving and to increase contentment.  
Bless me to remember that the time of my death is uncertain.  
Bless me to be free of excessive mental activity at the time of death.  
Bless me to grow confident in the Dharma.  
Bless me to practice impartial pure perception.  
Bless me to develop uncontrived respect and devotion.  
Bless me to focus my attention, since so little time is left.  
Bless me to be able to direct the Dharma to my innermost heart.  
Bless me to be able to be diligent in the practice of the innermost Dharma.  
Bless me to liberate my mindstream in the innermost practice.  
Bless me to be free of obstacles in practice.  
Bless me to swiftly bring the fruition of practice to maturity.  
Bless me to have meaningful connections with whomever I encounter.  
Bless me to dissolve the duality of hopes and fears.  
Bless me to realize non-dual timeless awareness.  
Bless me to recognize my own true nature as timeless awareness.  
Bless me to reach this firm stance in all its immediacy.  
Bless me to effortlessly attain supreme indwelling confidence.

By means of the great weapon, ever-present timeless awareness,  
The hollow vital force of samsara and nirvana is severed at once.  
Then, in the ceaseless great bliss of Nyema's feast,  
May we always enjoy the activity that is beyond union and separation.  
In the all-pervading expanse of evenness, even the word "suffering" does not exist.  
So who could be still striving for happiness?

Happiness and suffering, being of one-taste and beyond clinging, are naturally liberated.  
May I attain the pure dominion of Kuntuzangpo in this very lifetime.

## Colophon

In regards to this prayer, which is a combined supplication, confession of faults, and aspiration, one night during the early part of the tenth month in the water-pig year (1983), my wisdom consort Rigdzin Wangmo had a dream in which there appeared a young girl who had been in previous dreams. The girl said, “Shouldn’t you now ask Rinpoche to write a prayer?” Then, she departed. Later, on the tenth day of the same month she appeared again saying, “Haven’t you asked for that prayer to be written yet?” And she departed. The next morning, when I was told about the dreams and the prayer, I said, “There are few who can recite the many prayers that already exist.” Rigdzin Wangmo insisted, saying, “You really must write this supplication, regardless of the length.”

Then I thought, “I should compose a prayer to invoke the very heart of the enlightened ones’ commitment that will protect beings from the terrible consequences of disease, famine, weapons and warfare that are so prevalent these days.” However, busy with so many other activities, it remained only an intention and I let it go.

Later, on the evening of the tenth day of the eleventh month, the girl once again appeared in my consort’s dream. “Don’t consider the prayer that I previously requested to be insignificant. There is a great need for it!” Then, after I was told about this, I formed the intention to compose something on the full moon during that same month. On the night of the fourteenth, I one-pointedly prayed to Guru Rinpoche, requesting his blessings that this undertaking would be meaningful. The next morning just before dawn I dreamt that while I was seated in the inner chamber of a great hall that resembled a temple, out of nowhere there suddenly appeared a white young man with long flowing hair that covered his shoulders, wearing white clothes and gently playing a pair of cymbals. As he played, he danced in clockwise circular steps, like the dance of the *gings*, and approached closer and closer to me, chanting these words:

“If you want to establish the teachings,  
Then, plant them in your heart.  
In the depth of your heart, you will find Buddhahood.  
If you wish to easily roam in the pure realms,  
Refine away ordinary attachment based on delusion.  
The perfect pure realms are, happily, very close at hand.  
Develop diligence in practicing the essence of the teachings.  
Without accomplishing that, who could achieve spiritual attainment?  
Since it is so difficult to see your own worst faults,  
To fully expose them is the single most crucial pith instruction.  
In the process of your faults being gradually removed,  
Enlightened qualities will increase and spread.”

At the end of each line the cymbals grew louder and louder, and as he departed he played them so loudly that I awoke. Immediately, not forgetting what he had said, I understood the meaning to be advice on training in what to accept and what to reject. Regretful that I had actually seen the face of my only father guru but had failed to recognize him, I, Jigdral Yeshe Dorje, the old father of the Nyingma, wrote this, overcome with devotion, according to my own experience. May it be beneficial! May it be auspicious for everyone! Sarwada Mangalam.