## ७७७ ।। ।। २.४१.७५% अथायश्चेषयायदे या स्ति।या स्तिष्य अर्भेट शुरायद्विषया स्ति।

## Daily Practice to Appease the Disturbance of the Ma-mo compiled by Rāga Āsya (the Red-faced)

वित्यम् यदिः श्रीत्र्राक्षे ।

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विव्यम् यदिः श्रीत्रिक्षे ।

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विव्यम् यदिः श्रीत्रिक्षे ।

विव्यम् यदिः

BHYOH During the period of the final 500 years [of the Buddha's teachings], when the path of Secret Mantra degenerates to sorcery, a time when fathers speak but sons do not listen, an evil time in which close relatives and dear ones quarrel and fight, a time of bad clothing when people dress in the skins of animals, a time of bad food when people eat shit [that sits heavy on the stomach], a time when communities are divided and brother kills brother — the mind of the black mother goddess becomes enraged and she will fill a thousand million worlds with all manner of women (her female emanations). Various diseases of humans and animals will be unleashed [upon the earth] and the sky will be filled with gathering clouds of green and red sickness. Oh, you mother goddess who elicits the disturbances of the age, the goddess who causes terror in an age of sharp weapons, you who strike down humans with sudden cancerous ulcers, you are the great mother whose heart is an avalanche of hailstones and lightning!

च्यान्यायाः वावित्रः श्रीत्रः स्वाधितः श्रीतः स्वाधितः स्वाधितः श्रीतः स्वाधितः श्रीतः स्वाधितः श्रीतः स्वाधितः श्रीतः स्वाधितः स्व

All the spirits of nature, earth, water and trees, are your servants! Your retinue consists of the eight classes of gods and demons, and there is no one or nothing that cannot be subdued by you. All diseases, indeed, are your disease, oh mother! All plagues and infections, indeed, are your plague, oh mother! All bloodshed, indeed, is your blood, oh mother! You are the manipulator of all demons and sickness — May you be satisfied! May your heart be fulfilled! With these sacred articles and this offering cake of nectar, with these items for your support, these items of attainment and these items for the fulfilment of your wishes, may the mind of the disturbed mother goddess be satisfied! May you be at peace! SAMAYA!

By the blessings of your satisfied mind, may sickness, pestilence and plague be kept far away from we yogins and our families! May all misfortunes be banished and good luck be in our favour! We pray that you bring an end to all sickness and strife, and we ask you please to turn aside all evil omens and prognostications. May all harm from male demons be averted to the right! May all harm from female demons be averted to the left! May all harm from demons in general be averted to the sky! Turn them aside! Oh, great mother, your time has come! Seize the moment! SAMAYA You must fulfil the deeds with which you are entrusted!

Having fallen under the sway of ignorance since time without beginning, due to the effects of laziness and the obscurations of foolish unknowing, we have strayed far from the path to awakened omniscience. All this we confess to the assembly of emanated <code>dākinī</code> and we pray for forgiveness! OM SAMAYA ĀḤ SAMAYA HŪM SAMAYA TRAG RAKṢA KHAMUNTRE EKAJAṬĪ SNYING KHA RAKMO BHYO JAḤ Then one should recite the 100 syllable mantra as it has been learned from the instructions of one's teacher, OM VAJRASATTVA SAMAYA ... and so on. And, after that, one should make the gesture of the trident by folding down the forefinger and the ring finger of one's right hand, pressing them against the palm, while stretching out the thumb, the middle finger and little finger, and turn away all evil omens by reciting HŪM PHAṬ MAHĀDEVĪ KĀLĪ DUṢTĀNTAKA HANA DAHA RULU BANDHA PACA RAŅA HŪM PHAṬ. And then one should make the gesture of the pot of nectar by gently bringing the ten fingertips of one's two hands together and imagining a vase of nectar nestled in the hollow spherical space between one's palms, and say OM VAJRADĀKINĪ DEVĪ MAHĀ KĀLĪ REMATĪ KĀYA VĀK CITTA SARVA SIDDHI SAMAYA PHALA ĀVEŚAYA ĀH

## बिश्व-द्रःमाध्य-श्रुश्च। दमेर्दे। दमेर्दे। प्रमेर्दे। ।।

This was composed by Raga Asya, the Red-faced. Virtue! Virtue! Virtue!