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His Holiness the 70th Je Khenpo Trulku Jigme Choedrak



**On this Glorious Day
~ A Melodious Offering of Gratitude to all Parents**

On this glorious day,
to all the parents of this world —
recalling your kindness from the heart,
I offer this melodious song.

From the peak of the eastern mountain,
when the bright, clear moon rises,
the loving faces of my parents
come to mind again and again.

It is not enough merely to remember,
when I reflect upon the kindness of my parents.
I cannot remain without repaying
the kindness they have shown me.

An egg, like a drop of water,
warmed and tended by the mother hen,
grows into a body full of strength —
such kindness is shown before our very eyes.

Not everyone is my parent in this life,
in some former lifetime they may well have been;
among all sentient beings, not a single one
has never once been my parent.

To kill an innocent animal
and eat the flesh of one's own parent
is more pitiable than any rakhasa¹ —
so please, protect the lives of all parents.

¹ flesh-eating demon



Even a rakshasa
will not devour its own parents;
even the most ferocious beast
will not devour its own young.

Having gained this human life,
yet having gone against my parents' wishes,
with a heart burning in unbearable regret,
I offer this confession.

Looking up to my elders,
knowing them as kind parents,
I hold them like a jewel upon my crown
and offer this aspiration with reverence.

Looking down to those younger than me,
regarding them too as kind parents,
with loving kindness and compassion, free from bias,
I aspire to care for them like my own children.

Looking across to my friends and equals,
knowing them too as parents,
free of pride and rivalry,
there is joy wherever such affection lives.

Seeing our neighbours and all sovereign nations
as loving parents too,
always, without judging good or bad,
there is happiness wherever harmony grows.

The root of joy and lasting prosperity
rests within the human mind;
by the practice of taming one's own mind,
may mind and heart be brought together as one.



By serving one's parents with reverence,
merit grows of its own accord;
and for one who carries such merit,
may every wish be spontaneously fulfilled!

May this reverence for parents
spread throughout the whole world,
so that the sun of peace and happiness may rise —
this auspicious aspiration I humbly offer.

Composed by His Holiness the 70th Je Khenpo Trulku Jigme Choedrak

Translated by Lopen Sonam Bumdhen, Research and Translation office of His
Holiness the Je Khenpo

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