

Nami Rajrishi



Nami was the King of Mithila (Videh). He was an intelligent and powerful King. He was a good administrator. People loved him.



Once, Nami fell ill. Several doctors attended on him but there was no relief. Nami could not sleep even for a minute. Six months passed in this condition. A Physician suggested that Sandal paste be applied to his body continuously. Nami had one thousand wives. Plenty of sandalwoods was brought in.



The Queens started preparing Sandal paste by rubbing sandalwood on a hard stone. They were wearing Gold Bangles. The bangles were hitting each other with the movement of the hands. So there was a great noise. King Nami was angry. He asked his minister to stop the noise immediately.



The Queens kept only one bangle each at their wrists and removed the other bangles. Now there was no noise in preparing the paste. The King asked the minister how the noise had been stopped. The Minister told the King the Queens have kept one bangle each on their wrists. They are preparing the paste. There is only one bangle each on their wrists so the bangles do not hit each other. There is therefore no noise.



The King started thinking deep over this sudden change. He realized that trouble arises when there is more than one. When one is alone, there is no jealousy, no hatred, or no attachment. There is only peace. He then decided to become a monk in case he was cured. With these thoughts, he went to sleep.



When he woke up in the morning, he found that his illness had gone and that he was all right.



King Nami then gave the charge of administration to his son and adopted monkhood. People felt sad because everyone loved Nami.



Indra, the leader of the angels came to him dressed as a Brahmin. He wanted to know if Nami was leaving the administration in a fit of emotion or after proper understanding. Indra asked Nami ten questions. Nami gave befitting replies. The same is given below.



Indra: Nami, the people in Mithila are moaning with pain! Why are you not compassionate to them?
Nami, There was a large tree full of leaves and fruit in Mithila. Birds were enjoying its shade, leaves, and fruit. The tree has been blown off by strong winds. The birds no longer can use it as their abode. So they are crying. They are lamenting as they have lost their support.
Nami: Here the tree stands for Nami and the birds stand for the people. The meaning of his reply is that the people were crying for their limited benefits. He was renouncing the world to provide benefit to all, instead of a limited number.



Indra: Your palaces and home are burning. Is it proper for you to become a monk leaving the family in this condition?

Nami; A monk has nothing belonging to him. I am happy as a monk. I have no concern with Mithila or the palace. I am alone. A monk has no connection with his wife, son, or business. Nothing is good or bad for him. Real happiness is in remaining alone. As I have no connection with any person or property, nothing belonging to me is burning.



Indra: Nami, you are ignoring your responsibility. You should get constructed the boundary wall, the fort, and missiles for the protection of your town before becoming a monk.

Nami: A monk has to fight against his desires. I have made myself competent for it by austerities, self-restraint, compassion, and control of mind, speech, and body. My weapons are discrimination and courage. I shall wipe out all the Karmas by these weapons.



Indra: Nami, first build welfare centers for the people and shelters for the poor or homeless and only then you should become a monk.

Nami; My home is in the highest heaven. The only person who does not understand this gets involved in constructing a home. Since I am sure of my destination I shall not get involved in constructing anything.

Indra: You are becoming a monk without proper understanding. You should first protect your town from robbers and bad people.

Nami; One does not get real justice in this world. Sometimes the innocent are punished and the guilty go free.



Indra: Nami, you must subdue those Kings who are not obeying you or do not accept you as the leader. You should not evade this responsibility.

Nami; The success of a monk who conquers himself is far greater compared to the success of a general who defeats one million soldiers. No useful purpose is served by wars. Real happiness lies in conquering the self. The dreadful enemies are anger, pride, deceit, greed, and wanderings of the mind. By conquering the self, all these enemies are subdued.



Indra: Nami, you should give charity to the poor before becoming a monk.

Nami; Self-restraint of a monk is much greater than giving one million cows daily in charity.



Indra: Nami, you are becoming a monk leaving the responsibilities of a householder. This is not proper. You can have a taste of monkhood by observing Paushadh.

Nami; A person keeps fasts for a month and takes very little in between. The austerity of such a householder is negligible before the austerities of a monk. A monk observes complete self-discipline and observes right faith, right knowledge, and right conduct.



Indra: Nami, your treasury is meager. You should first tap sources to fill the treasury then you may become a monk.

Nami: Greed can never be satisfied. If a person has tons of gold, he still wants more. Desire shoots up to heavenly heights.



Indra: O King. Strangely, you are giving up sources of pleasure available to you. You are trying for that happiness that is not available. Who can be a bigger fool than you?

Nami: Worldly pleasure is poison. Many people wish for such pleasures but they never get them. They rather get a bad state of existence after death. Anger leads to a subhuman state; pride to hell, deceit creates obstacles in getting a good state. Greed produces fear in the present life and the next life.



Indra: then appeared in his true form of an angel.
He praised Nami Rajrishi for his self-discipline of
the highest order and disappeared.
Nami: Rajrishi then went to the forest.



He observed austerities and obtained perfect knowledge (Kevalgnan). After death, his soul got liberated.



The moral of this story
is real happiness is in
self- discipline and
non-attachment

