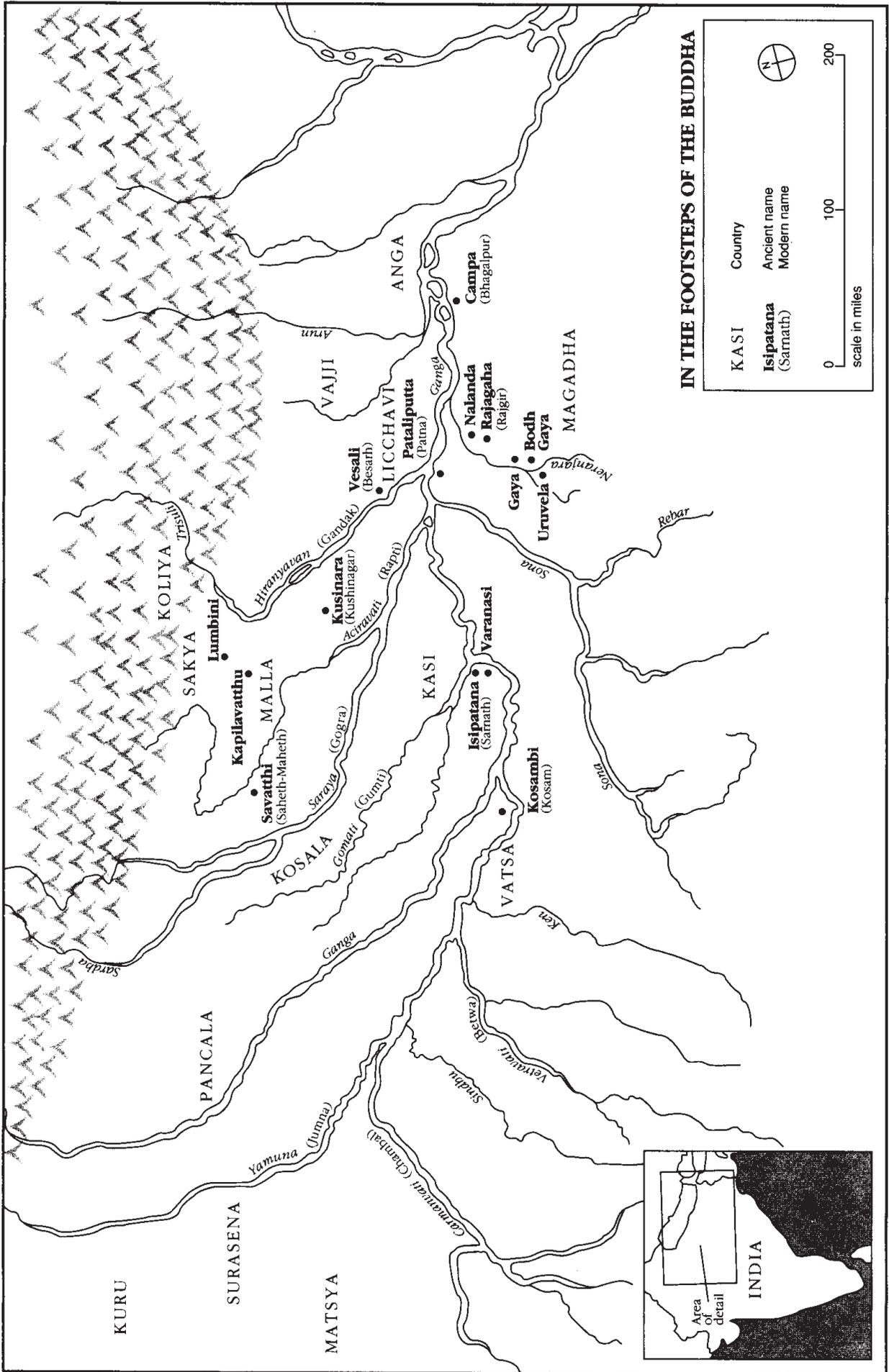


This Play Belongs To: _____

**For the Venerable
Thich Nhat Hanh,
who has dedicated his
entire life to
Walking in the Footsteps
of the Buddha**



KURU

SURASENA

MATSYA

PANCALA

KOSALA

KASI

VATSA

Kosambi
(Kosam)

Isipatana
(Sarnath)

Varanasi

Kusinara
(Kushinagar)

Vesali
(Besath)

Licchavi
(Patna)

ANGA

Vajji

Nalanda

Rajagaha
(Rajgir)

Bodhi
Gaya

Gaya

Uruvela

Neranjara

MAGADHA

Rebar

Sona

Saras

Ken

Venwai
(Bawa)

Sindhi

Comaneri
(Chambal)

Yamuna
(Jumna)

Ganga

Saronyu
(Gogra)

Gomati
(Gumti)

Hiranyavan
(Candak)

Aciravati
(Rapti)

Amn

Campa

Campa
(Bhagalpur)

Kapilavathu

Lumbini

Sakya

Kolija

Malla

Sartha

Ther

India

INDIA

Tangerine of Mindfulness

A Play & Story by Rochelle Weithorn

A Retelling of the Book

Old Path White Clouds

Walking in the Footsteps of the Buddha

by Thich Nhat Hanh

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**“Communication Is
The Key
To World Peace”**

Vidyhadara Chögyam Trungpa, Rinpoche

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LIST OF CHARACTERS IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

Part I — The Birth And Prediction

Music

Narrator

Queen Mahamaya; *Queen of The Sakya Clan*

King Suddhodana; *King of The Sakya Clan*

Music

Elephant with Six Tusks

Spiritual Advisor — 1

Spiritual Advisor — 2

Spiritual Advisor — 3

Queen's Attendants

Peacocks with Splendid Tails

Ashok Tree; *in The Garden of Lumbini*

Chorus Sings: Blessed Is The Birth Of A Buddha

Part II — Finding The Way

Narrator

Siddhartha; *as A Child, Prince of The Sakya Clan*

3 Attendants

Siddhartha; *as A Young Man*

Music

Siddhartha meets 5 People outside of Palace, representing:

#1 — *Birth*

#2 — *Old Age*

#3 — *Sickness*

#4 — *Death*

#5 — *Sage*

King Suddhodana; *King of The Sakya Clan*

Princess Yosodhara; *Siddhartha's Wife*

Prince Rahula; *Their Child*

Music

Part III — A Bowl Of Milk

Narrator

A Wealthy Woman from Magadhi; *Mother of Sujata*

Sujata; *A Kind Girl*

Man Lying In Road, Siddhartha; *as An Ascetic*

Siddhartha Sings: Song Of Illusion

Part IV — Svasti The Buffalo Boy And The Gift Of Kusa Grass

Narrator

Svasti; *The Buffalo Boy*

Five Buffaloes

Siddhartha

Music

Part V — The Wounded Swan

Narrator

Svasti; *The Buffalo Boy*

Five Buffaloes

Siddhartha

Sujata; *A Kind Girl*

Prince Siddhartha; *as A Child*

Wounded Swan

Devadatta; *Siddhartha's Eight-year-old Cousin*

Music

Part VI - Tangerine Of Mindfulness

Narrator

Siddhartha

Svasti; *The Buffalo Boy*

Group of Children; ***All Players gather under The Pippala Tree***

Sujata; *A Kind Girl*

Nandabala; *A Young Girl who offers a Basket of Tangerines to Siddhartha*

Chorus Sings: Tangerine Of Mindfulness

Tangerine of
Mindfulness

Part I — The Birth And Prediction

Players sit in two rows facing each other on either side of the stage throughout performance.

Music throughout the play is Indian in style & should reflect the scene. One or many Musicians can play different instruments; i.e., **FLUTE, COW BELLS, DRUMS**, etc.

Stage Direction (Abbreviate: SD) — & **Style Reference:** *Direction, PROPS, Characters*

Scene 1

SD: Center stage, **King Suddhodana** & **Queen Mahamaya** are standing alongside each other, sleeping. **The Queen** has a Dream about **The White Elephant**. **Elephant** enters holding **PINK LOTUS FLOWER**. **Elephant** hands **PINK LOTUS FLOWER** to **Queen**. **Queen** wakes up and dances to **Music**. **Queen** 'tells' (mimed) **King** about Dream as **Narrator** speaks —

Narrator: 2,550 years ago in the far away land of India, in a Kingdom called Sakya, there lived a **King** and **Queen**. One night, **Queen Mahamaya**, a woman of great virtue, had a Dream that **A Magnificent White Elephant with Six Tusks** descended from the Heavens surrounded by **A Chorus of Beatific Praises**. **The Elephant** approached her, with skin white as mountain snow. It held a brilliant *Pink Lotus Flower* in its trunk, and placed the flower within the **Queen's** body. All at once she was filled with deep Ease and Joy. She awoke, uplifted by a sensation of Pure Bliss. When she got up from her bed, the ethereal **Music** from her Dream still echoed in her ears (**Narrator** pauses as **Queen** dances to **Music**). She told her husband, **King Suddhodana**, of the Dream and he, too, marveled at it.

Scene II

Narrator: That morning **The King** summoned all **The Spiritual Advisors** in the Capital to come and devise the meaning of **The Queen's** Dream —

SD: **King** puts hands together, apart, up & claps three times. **Three Spiritual Advisors (SA's)** stand to each side of **King**, & Proclaim —

SA #1: Your Majesty, **The Queen** will give birth to a Child who will be a Great Leader!

SA #2: This Child is destined to become either a Mighty Emperor who rules throughout the Four Directions, or a Great Teacher who will show The Way of Truth to all Beings in Heaven and Earth!

SA #3: Our Land, Your Majesty, has long awaited the appearance of such a Great One!

SD: **Three Spiritual Advisors** bow to **King** & return to their seats with **King**.

Scene III

SD: **Queen** & **Attendants** are traveling back to her parent's house so **Queen** can give Birth. **Queen** stops to rest & gives 'Birth' in **THE GARDEN OF LUMBINI**. **Prince** is bathed.

Narrator: It was the custom in those days for a woman to return to her parents' home to give Birth there. **Queen Mahamaya** was from The Country of Koliya. Along the way, she stopped to rest in *The Garden of Lumbini*. The Forest there was filled with *Flowers* and *Singing Birds*. Peacocks fanned their *Splendid Tails* in the morning light. Admiring an **Ashok Tree** in full bloom, **The Queen** walked towards it. Suddenly, feeling unsteady, she grabbed a branch of **The Ashok Tree** to support herself.

SD: **Attendants** hold up **BLUE SILK FABRIC** & **Queen** gives 'birth' behind it. **YELLOW SILK FABRIC** is brought to **Queen**'s outstretched arms to symbolize birth of a royal Child, & **BLUE SILK** is put down —

Narrator: Just a moment later, still holding the branch, **Queen Mahamaya** gave birth to a radiant Child — **The Prince** was bathed in fresh water and wrapped in *Yellow Silk* by **Queen Mahamaya's Attendants**.

Chorus Sings: *Blessed Is The Birth Of A Buddha*

SD: During song, **The Players** go up & bathe **The Baby Buddha** in **THE BABY BUDDHA SHRINE;** which is **A BOWL on A TABLE with A SMALL STATUE OF A STANDING BUDDHA in BOWL**. **FLOWERS** can be placed around **BOWL** as adornment. Traditionally, **SWEETENED BLACK TEA** is put into **BOWL** & **A LADLE** is used to pour **TEA** over **STATUE**.

OPTIONAL: during song **Queen** & **Attendants** can walk around stage, portraying the journey home. This is the traditional story that is told about **The Buddha**'s Birth in **THE GARDEN OF LUMBINI**. When a **Buddha** is born, he or she is bathed. This Scene symbolizes that **Prince Siddharta** will become the future **Buddha**.

Blessed Is The Birth Of A Buddha (Lyrics)

1 — *Blessed is the birth of a Buddha*

Rarest of gifts unveiled

So blessed is the birth of a Buddha

Bringing peace and joy to the world.

—

No greater blessing in the heavens

Nor blessing to the earth

As the blessing of a birth of a Buddha

2 — *Great is the word of the Dharma*

Rejoice let the truth be told

Great is the word of the Dharma

So much beauty to behold

—

Blessing heaven and earth

Such a message to be heard

Such a blessing is the word of the Dharma

3 — *Cherished is the strength of the Sangha*

Order of Bhikkus adored

Cherished is the strength of the Sangha

Who carry the teaching of the Lord

—

A great blessing to the earth

And to heavens unknown length

A great blessing is the strength of the Sangha

—

Such a blessing is the birth of a Buddha

Such a blessing is the word of the Dharma

Such a blessing is the strength of the Sangha

Such a blessing is the birth of a Buddha



Part II — Finding The Way

Scene IV

Narrator: As there was no longer any need to return to Ramagama, **The Queen** and **The Newborn Prince** returned to *The Palace* ...

SD: King rises & moves to Center Stage to meet **Queen** & **Prince** —

Narrator: The King, overcome with Joy, Proclaimed ...

SD: King holds **YELLOW SILK** up to **SKY** —

King Siddhodana: I will name my son **Siddhartha**; **'THE ONE WHO ACCOMPLISHES HIS AIM'!**

All Echo: Siddhartha, Siddhartha!

SD: Queen takes **YELLOW SILK** from King & ties it around waist of Nine-year-old (Little) Siddhartha. Young Man Siddhartha meets Five People outside of **PALACE** —

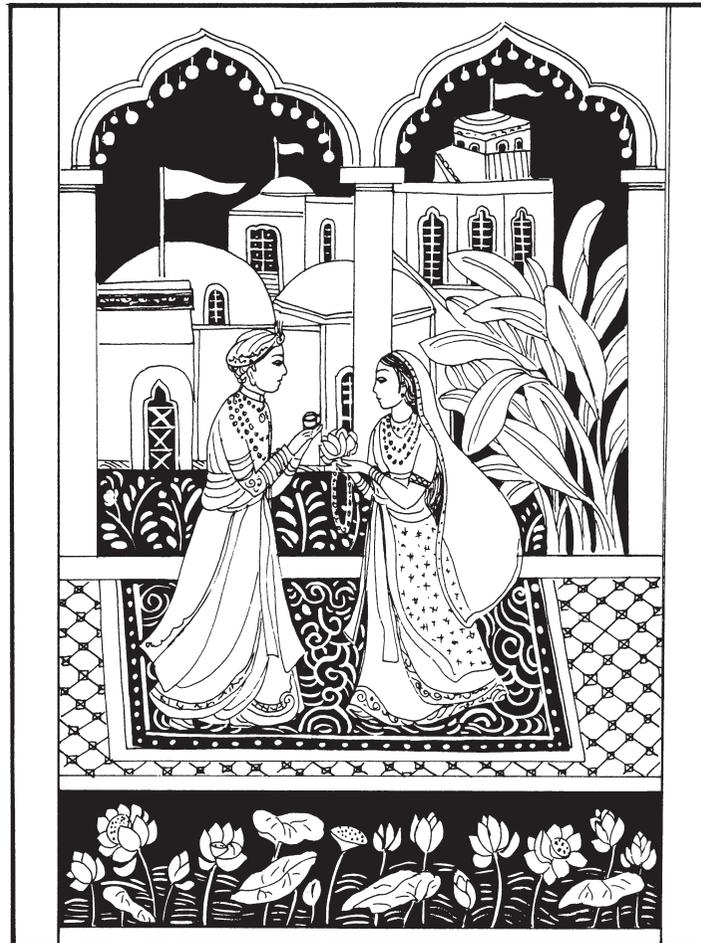
Narrator: As a child, **Siddhartha** lived a sheltered life of luxury and privilege ...

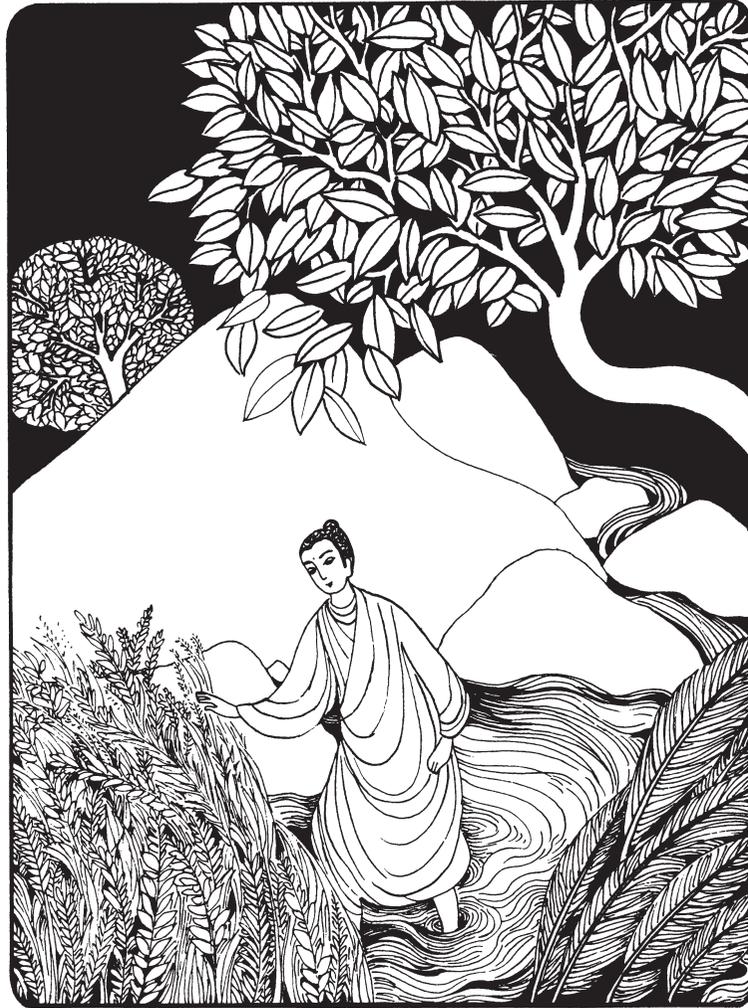
SD: Little Siddhartha stands in center; The Three Attendants minister to him. One fans him, Two feeds him & Three bows. Little S. pulls off his **YELLOW SILK** and gives it to seated Young Man S., who rises & pats head of Little S.; then Little S. returns to his seat. Young Man S. ties **YELLOW SILK** around his own waist & moves to center stage —

Narrator: As a **Young Man**, **Siddhartha** came to find *Palace* life to be stifling and meaningless.

SD: Players stand in a circle & hold hands to keep Young Man S. from leaving. Young Man S. climbs out of circle as Players morph into Suffering People: #1 — Birth (holds **BABY**); #2 — Old Age (shuffles with **STICK**), #3 — Sickness (hold stomach), #4 — Death (cries out). #5 — Sage walking straight & tall (takes **STICK** from #2 — Old Age) —

Narrator: Although **The King** tried everything he could think of to keep him in *The Palace*, **Siddhartha** began making excursions beyond *The Palace* to see what life was like outside.





He saw **People Suffering**. He began to realize that there is **Birth, Old Age, Sickness** and **Death**. He also saw **A Sage** walking along the street and that inspired him. He realized that this is the example and the way of life he wanted to follow.

SD: S. says goodbye to **Princess Yosodhara** & **Prince Rahula** (who are standing side-by-side, sleeping) & blesses their heads —

Narrator: Siddhartha knew he needed to leave and find his own way. It was hard for him to leave his beautiful loving **Wife** and **Child**, but **Siddhartha** knew she understood and had encouraged him to seek the spiritual path he longed for. One night, as his **Wife** and **Child** slept, he left *The Palace* to begin his life as an **Ascetic**. This was **Prince Siddhartha**, the **Future Buddha**.

MUSIC

Part III — A Bowl Of Milk

Scene V

SD: Siddharta as An Ascetic underneath **THE BLUE SILK** which is now a '**RIVER**'. As **Sujata** approaches, the '**RIVER**' is unrolled to reveal **Siddhartha**, who has fainted. He is wearing **THE YELLOW SILK** as an '**ASCETIC'S ROBE**', draped around his left shoulder & tied at his waist. **Sujata's Mother** sends **Sujata** out with a platter of food for an Offering for The Forest Gods (this is mimed).

Narrator: It was on a Full Moon Day. At her **Mother's** request, **Sujata** had put on a new *Sari* and carried a platter of food to offer to The Forest Gods. There were cakes, milk, congee and honey. The Noon Sun blazed. As **Sujata** neared the *River*, she saw a Man lying unconscious on the road. She put down her platter and ran to him. He was barely breathing and his eyes were tightly closed. His cheeks had the sunken look of someone who had not had food for a long time. Without hesitation, she poured a cup of milk and eased it against the Man's lips, spilling a few drops on them. At first he did not respond, but then his lips quivered. **Sujata** slowly poured milk into his mouth. He began to drink, and before long the cup was empty. Slowly, he sat up and opened his eyes. Seeing **Sujata**, he smiled. He pulled the end of his *Garment* back up over his shoulder and folded his legs in a Lotus Position. He began to breathe, first shallowly and then more deeply. Thinking that he must be a Mountain God, **Sujata** joined her palms and began to prostrate herself before him. The Man motioned for her to stop. **Sujata** sat up, and the Man spoke to her in a soft voice ...

Siddhartha: Child, please pour me a little more milk.

Narrator: Happy to hear him speak, **Sujata** poured another cup and he drank it all. He felt how truly nourishing it was. Less than an hour before, he thought he was about to breathe his last breath. Now he smiled gently ...

Sujata: Why did you faint on the road?

Siddhartha: I have been practicing Meditation in the Mountains. Harsh Ascetic Discipline has left my body weak, so today I decided to walk down to the Village to beg for some food. But I lost all my strength getting here. Thanks to you, my Life has been saved!

Narrator: They sat along the *Riverbank* together and the Man told **Sujata** about himself. He was **Siddhartha**, the son of a **King** who reigned over The Country of the Sakya Clan. **Sujata** listened carefully as **Siddhartha** told her ...

Siddhartha: I have seen that abusing the Body cannot help one to find Peace or Understanding. The Body is not just an instrument. It is the Temple of the Spirit, the Raft by which we cross over to the Other Side — I will no longer practice self-mortification.

SD: Sujata joins her palms & offers to bring **Siddhartha** food each day —

Sujata: Honorable Sir, my Parents would be happy for me to bring you your meals.

SD: Siddhartha is silent for a moment. Then he answers —

Siddhartha: I am glad to accept your offer. But from time to time, I would also like to go into the Village to beg, in order to meet the Villagers. I would like to meet your Parents and other Children in the Village.

SD: Sujata is happy. She joins her palms, bows in gratitude & goes back to her seat.

Siddhartha sings **Song Of Illusion** three times, each time he faces another direction, first Center Stage, then left, then right; just turning slightly in place —



Song Of Illusion

Like a dream, like a an illusion

Like a city of Gandharvas

That's how birth and that's how living

That's how dying are taught to be

Like a dream, _____ like an il - lu - sion, like a
ci - ty _____ of gan - dar - vas, that's how birth _____ and that's how
li - ving, that's how dy - ing _____ are taught to be.

From the *Knowledge Fundamental to the Middle Way*
as taught by **Khenpo Tsultrim Gyamsto Rinpoche**

Part IV —

Svasti The Buffalo Boy And The Gift Of Kusa Grass

Scene V

SD: *Svasti* with ***Four Buffaloes & One Calf*** —

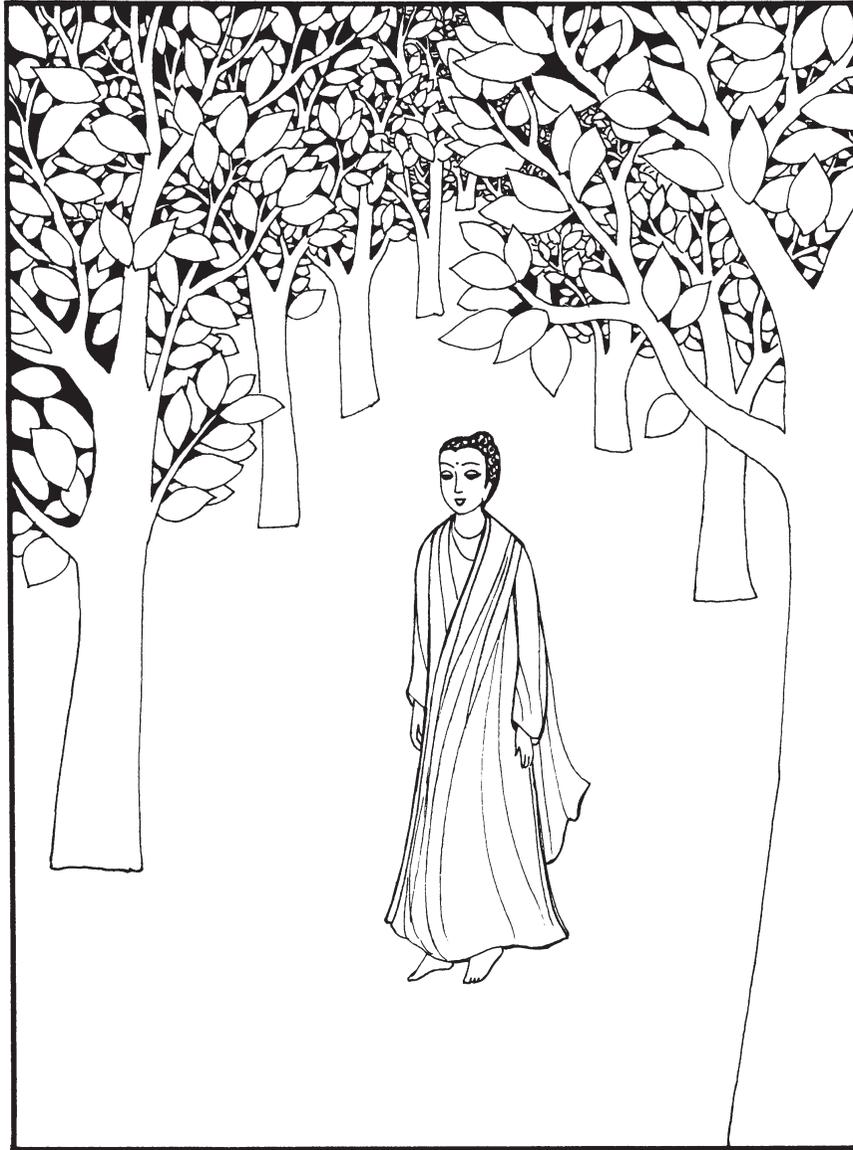
Narrator: Svasti The Buffalo Boy worked all day tending Buffalo to support his Brothers and Sisters. One afternoon, after he had bathed The Buffaloes and cut a bushel of Grass, Svasti felt like spending a quiet moment alone in the cool Forest. Leaving The Buffaloes grazing at The Forest edge ...

SD: *Buffaloes* sit to side of stage —





Narrator: Svasti looked around for a tall tree to rest against. Suddenly he stopped. There was a Man sitting silently beneath *A Pippala Tree*, no more than 20 feet away. Svasti gazed at him in wonder. He had never before seen anyone sit so beautifully. The Man's back was perfectly straight, and his feet rested elegantly upon his thighs. He held himself with utmost Stability and Inner Purpose. His eyes appeared to be half-closed, and his folded hands rested lightly on his lap. He wore a faded *Yellow Robe*, which left one shoulder bare. His body radiated Peace, Serenity and Majesty. Just one look at him, and Svasti felt wonderfully refreshed. His Heart trembled. He did not understand how he could feel something so special for a person he hadn't even met. The Man opened his eyes. He did not see Svasti at first, and he uncrossed his legs and gently massaged his ankles and the soles of his feet. Slowly he stood up and began to walk. Because he walked in the opposite direction, he did not see Svasti. Without making a sound, Svasti watched the Man take slow, meditative steps along the forest floor. After seven or eight such steps the man turned around, and it was then that he noticed Svasti. He smiled at the boy. No one had ever smiled with such Gentle Tolerance at Svasti before. As though drawn by an invisible force, Svasti ran towards the Man, but when he was within a few feet, he stopped in his tracks, remembering that he had no right to approach anyone of higher Caste.



Svasti was an 'Untouchable'. It was said his touch 'Polluted' others. The **Man** spoke ...

SD: Siddhartha speaks in a quiet & reassuring voice —

Siddhartha: Don't be afraid, Child.

SD: At the sound of the voice, **Svasti's** fears disappear. He lifts his head & gazes at **Siddhartha's** kind & tolerant smile. After hesitating for a moment, he stammers —

Svasti: Sir, I like you very much.

SD: Siddhartha lifts **Svasti's** chin with his hand & looks into his eyes —

Siddhartha: And I like you, also. Take my hand, Young Sir.

SD: Svasti takes **Siddhartha**'s hand in his two hands & asks the question that is troubling him —

Svasti: When I touch you like this, aren't you being 'Polluted'?

SD: Siddhartha laughs and shakes his head —

Siddhartha: Not at all, Child. You are a Human Being and I am a Human Being. You can't 'Pollute' me! Don't listen to what ignorant people tell you. What is your name? Where do you live?

SD: Svasti points to where **The Buffaloes** had been —

Svasti: My name is **Svasti** and I live on the other side of the *River*, just beyond the Village of Uruvela. I care for these **Four Buffaloes** and that **One Calf**, and that is the *Kusa Grass* I cut. Please, Sir, what is your name and where do you live? Can you tell me?

Siddhartha: Certainly, my name is **Siddhartha**, and my home is far away, but at present I am living in *The Forest*.

Svasti: Are you a 'Hermit'?

Narrator: **Siddhartha** nodded. **Svasti** knew that 'Hermits' lived and meditated in the mountains. Though they had just met and had exchanged no more than a few words, **Svasti** felt a warm bond with his new friend. In Uruvela, no one had ever treated him in so friendly a way or spoken to him with such warmth. A Great Happiness surged within him, and he wanted to somehow express his Joy. If only he had some gift he could offer **Siddhartha**! But there was no penny in his pocket, not even a piece of sugar cane or rock candy. What could he offer? He had nothing! He summoned the courage to say ...

Svasti: Sir, I wish I had something to offer you as a Gift, but I have nothing!

SD: Siddhartha looks at **Svasti** and smiles —

Siddhartha: But you do. You have something I would like very much.

Svasti: I do?

SD: Siddhartha points to the pile of **KUSA GRASS** —

Siddhartha: That *Grass* you have cut for **The Buffaloes** is soft and fragrant. If you could give me a few handfuls I shall make a *Sitting Cushion* for my Meditation beneath the *Tree*. That would make me very happy.

SD: ***Svasti** runs to the pile of **KUSA GRASS**, gathers a large bundle in his arms & offers it to **Siddhartha** —*

Svasti: I just cut this *Grass* down by *The River*. Please accept it. I can easily cut more for **The Buffaloes**.

SD: ***Siddhartha** places his hands together like a Lotus Bud and accepts the Gift of **KUSA GRASS** —*

Siddhartha: You are a very kind boy. I thank you. Go and cut some more *Kusa Grass* for your **Buffaloes** before it grows too late. If you have a chance, please come and see me tomorrow afternoon in *The Forest* again.

Narrator: Young **Svasti** bowed his head in farewell and stood watching as **Siddhartha** disappeared back into *The Forest*. Then he picked up his *Sickle* and headed for the Shore, his Heart filled with the warmest of feelings. It was early Autumn. *The Kusa Grass* was still soft and his *Sickle* was newly sharpened. It wasn't long at all before **Svasti** had cut another large armful of *Kusa Grass*.

MUSIC





Part V — The Wounded Swan

Scene VI

Narrator: Early the next morning, **Svasti** awoke ...

SD: ***Svasti*** cuts ***KUSA GRASS*** —

Narrator: ... by Noon he had cut enough *Kusa Grass* to fill two baskets. He decided to take a rice offering to **Siddhartha** for lunch. From a distance he saw his new friend sitting beneath *The Great Pippala Tree*. But **Siddhartha** was not alone. Before him sat a girl just about **Svasti's** age, dressed in a fine *Sari*. There was food already placed before him, and **Svasti** stopped abruptly. But **Siddhartha** looked up and called to him ...

Siddhartha: **Svasti!**

Narrator: He motioned for the boy to join them and introduced him to **Sujata** ...

Narrator: As they ate the rice, **Siddhartha** told them a story:

The Story of the Wounded Swan ...

SD: **Nine-year-old Prince (Prince S.)** & **Devadatta** enter stage & act out play-within-play; as **Siddhartha** narrates *Story* to **Sujata** & **Svasti** —

Siddhartha: *One day, when I was nine years old, and strolling alone in the garden, **A Swan** suddenly dropped from the sky and writhed on the ground in front of me in great pain. I ran to pick it up, and I discovered that An Arrow had deeply penetrated one of its wings. I clasped my hand firmly around the arrow's shaft and yanked it out, and **The Bird** cried as blood oozed from its wound. I applied pressure to the wound and placed medicinal leaves on it. **The Swan** shivered, so I wrapped a warm blanket around her. I was about to go find some rice for **The Swan** when my **Eight-year-old Cousin, Devadatta**, burst into the room. He was clutching his Bow & Arrows, and he asked excitedly:*

Devadatta: “**Siddhartha**, did you see **A White Swan** fall down near here?”

Siddhartha: *Before I could answer, **Devadatta** saw **The Swan**. He ran towards it, but I stopped him, and said:*

Prince S.: “you may not take the Bird!”

Siddhartha: *My Cousin protested:*

Devadatta: “That Bird is mine! I shot it myself!”

Prince S.: “This Bird is wounded. I’m protecting it. It needs to stay here.”

Devadatta: “Now, listen, **Cousin**, when this Bird was flying in the sky, it did not belong to anyone. As I’m the one who shot it out of the sky, it rightfully belongs to me!”

Prince S.: “Listen **Cousin**, those who love one another live together, and those who are enemies live apart. You tried to kill **The Swan**, so you and she are enemies. The Bird and I love one another, and we can live together. The Bird needs me, not you!”

SD: **Prince S.** leads **Devadatta** back to their seats. **Sujata** claps her hands together —

Sujata: That’s right! You were right!

SD: **Siddhartha** looks at **Svasti** —

Siddhartha: And what do you think, Child?

Svasti: I think you were right, but most people would agree with **Devadatta**.

Siddhartha: In this world, few people look with the eyes of Compassion and Mercy towards each other. The weak are always oppressed by the strong. I see that my reasoning was correct that day, for it arose from Love and Understanding, which can ease the Suffering of all Beings. The Truth is The Truth, whether or not it is accepted by the majority. Therefore, I tell you **Children**, it takes Great Courage to stand up for and protect what is right.

Sujata: What happened to **The Swan**, Teacher?

Siddhartha: For four days, I cared for her. When I saw that her wound was healed, I released her, after warning her to fly far away lest she be shot again.

MUSIC

SD: **Players** rise, 'Fly' around stage gracefully, flapping their arms like birds, then go back to their seats. **Siddhartha** moves upstage & sits in Meditation.



Part VI — Tangerine Of Mindfulness

Scene VII

Narrator: After sitting and practicing Mindfulness for a long time, **Siddhartha** knew he had found The Great Way. He had attained his goal and now his Heart experienced perfect Peace and Ease. Just then **Svasti** appeared ...

Svasti: Teacher!

SD: ***Svasti** joins his palms & bows. He takes a few steps forward, but then stops —*

Svasti: You look so different today.

Siddhartha: How do I look different?

Svasti: It's like, like you are a Bright Star in the sky. You look like a Lotus that's just blossomed. And like, like the moon over Gayasisa Peak.

SD: Siddhartha grasps **Svasti**'s hand —

Siddhartha: This is the happiest day I have ever known. If you can, bring all **The Children** to come see me.

SD: Children gather around **THE PIPPALA TREE**, bringing their **BASKETS OF TANGERINES** —

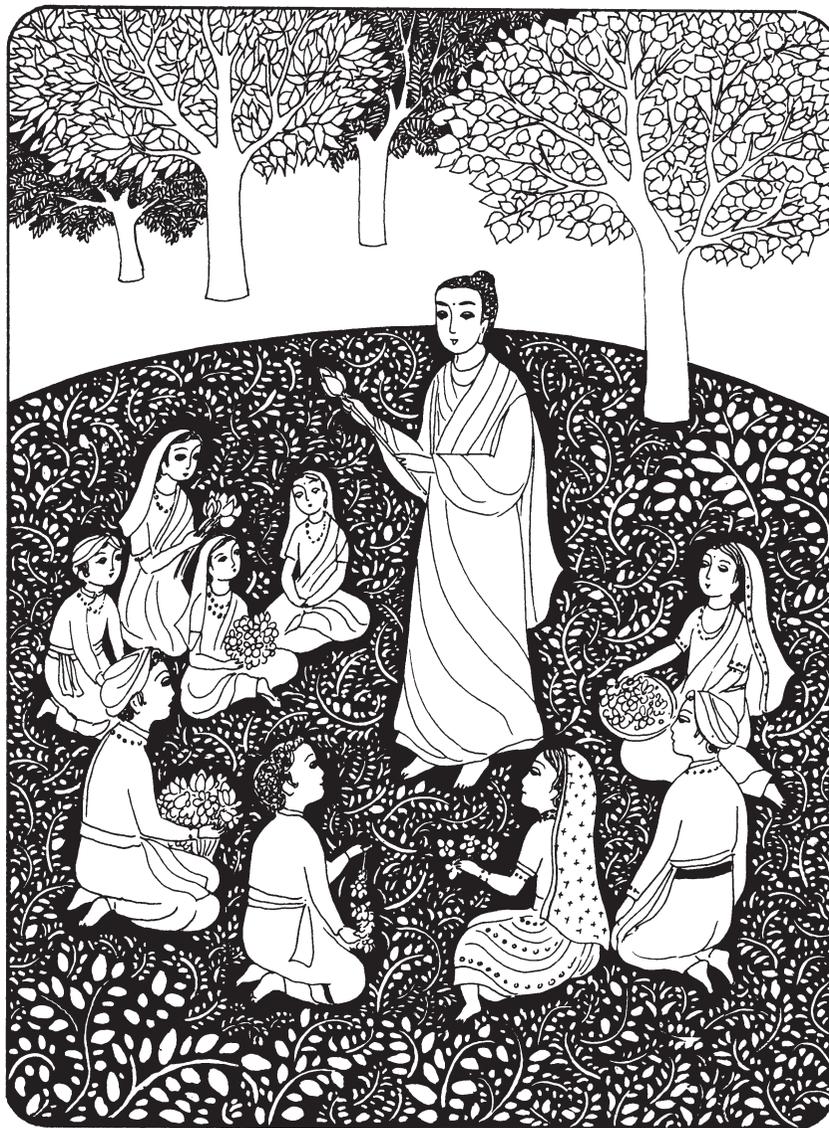
Narrator: **The Children** gathered beneath **The Pippala Tree**. They brought **Baskets of Tangerines** for **Siddhartha**. He invited them to sit down and said ...

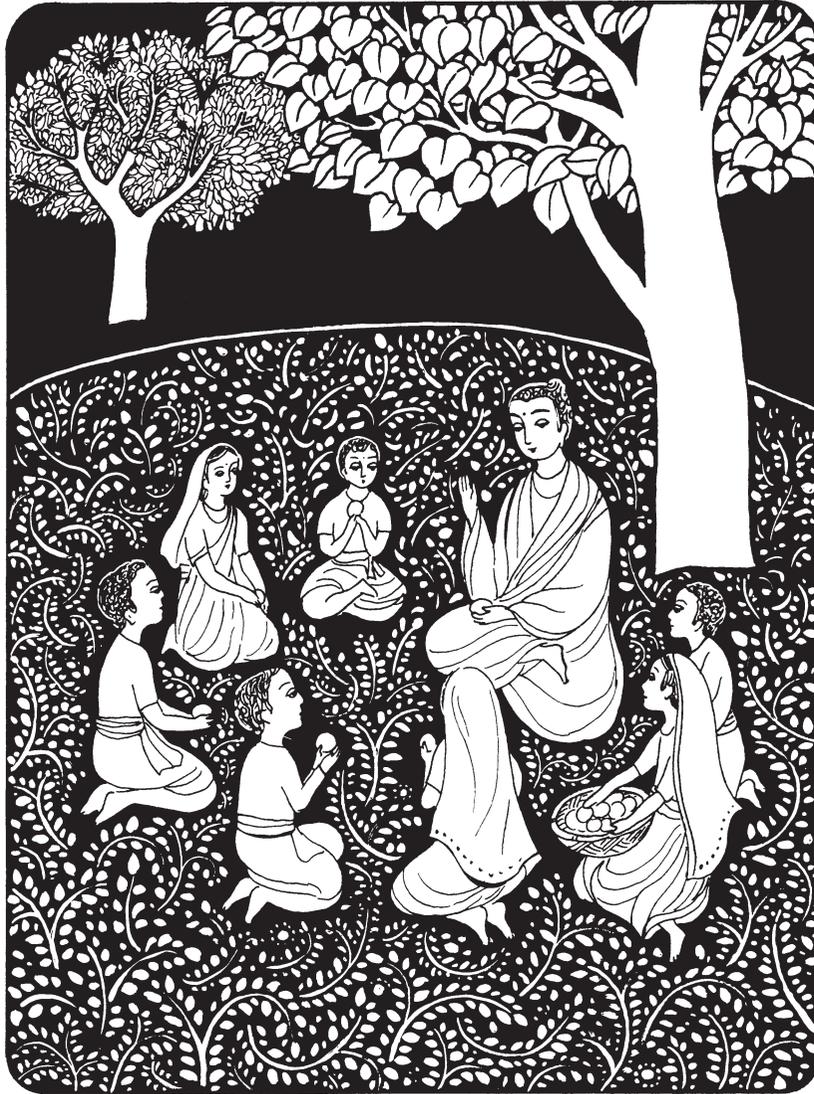
Siddhartha: Today is the happiest day of my life, because last night I found **The Great Way**. Please, please enjoy this Happiness too. In the near future I will teach this Path to all others.

SD: Sujata looks up with surprise —

Sujata: You will be going? You mean you will leave us?

SD: Siddhartha smiles kindly —





Siddhartha: Yes, but before I leave, I will show you The Path I have discovered.

SD: *Nandabala* offers **BASKET OF TANGERINES** to *Siddhartha*, who accepts & takes out single **TANGERINE** to illustrate —

Narrator: Nandabala offered Siddhartha A Basket of Tangerines. Siddhartha accepted, saying ...

Siddhartha: When you eat A Tangerine, you can eat it with Awareness or without Awareness. What does it mean to eat A Tangerine with Awareness? When you are eating The Tangerine, you are aware that you are eating The Tangerine. You fully experience its lovely fragrance and sweet taste. When you peel The Tangerine, know that you are peeling The Tangerine; when you remove a slice and put it in your mouth, know that you are removing a slice and putting it in your mouth and you can then experience it's sweet fragrance and taste. **Children**, eating The Tangerine in Mindfulness means that your mind is not chasing after thoughts of Yesterday

or Tomorrow, but is dwelling fully in the Present Moment. When we live in the Present Moment we can understand Life. Understanding leads to Tolerance, Peace and Love.

SD: ***Svasti** joins his palms —*

Svasti: Respected Teacher, could we call this The Path of Awareness?

SD: ***Siddhartha** smiles —*

Siddhartha: Surely, we can. The Path of Awareness leads to Perfect Awakening.

SD: ***Sujata** joins her palms —*

Sujata: You are **The Awakened One**, the one who shows how to live in Awareness. Can we call you **'The Awakened One'**?

SD: ***Siddhartha** nods —*

Siddhartha: That would please me very much.

Sujata: 'Awaken' in Magadhi is pronounced 'Budh'. A person who is Awakened would be called 'Buddha' in Magadhi. May we call you **'Buddha'**?

Narrator: **Siddhartha** nodded. All **The Children** were delighted.

Chorus Sings: ***Tangerine Of Mindfulness***

SD: ***Players** pick up their **BASKETS OF TANGERINES** & hand out **TANGERINES** to **The Audience** as the **The Chorus** sings. The cast returns at the end of the song for a *Final Bow*.*

The End

Tangerine Of Mindfulness (Lyrics)

1 — *Some people in the world like us think
Each breath we take is a fruity drink
Now Buddha taught us be aware
Of the wonderful taste that's in the air*
—
*Now we know when we eat
Every bite is a special treat
Now even spinach and lima beans
Can taste as good as a tangerine*

Chorus

*AND NOW WE HOLD IT IN OUR HANDS
THE JOY OF LOVE THROUGHOUT THE LAND
WE HAVE THE ROOT OF GOOD KARMA
LET'S SHARE THE FRUIT
LET'S BARE THE FRUIT
LET'S SHARE THE FRUIT OF THE DHARMA*

2 — *Now be mindful of all you do
When eating coconuts and honey too
The most fun thing I've ever seen
Is to watch Buddha eat a tangerine*
—
*The tangerine flower so pure and white
But the color of the fruit Is orange bright
And the juice from the lovely tangerine
Is sweeter than any jelly bean*

Chorus

Tag

*LET'S SHARE THE FRUIT
LET'S SHARE THE FRUIT
LET'S SHARE THE FRUIT AND GOOD KARMA*
—
*LET'S SHARE THE FRUIT
LET'S SHARE THE FRUIT
LET'S SHARE THE FRUIT OF THE DHARMA*

Tangerine Of Mindfulness (Music)

SOME PEOPLE IN THE WORLD LIKE US THINK EACH BREATH WE TAKE IS A FRUITY DRINK
 BUDDHA TAUGHT US BE AWARE OF THE WONDERFUL TASTE THAT IS IN THE AIR AND
 NOW WE HOLD IT IN OUR HANDS THE JOY OF LOVE THROUGHOUT THE LAND WE
 HAVE THE ROOT OF GOOD KAMMA LET'S SHARE THE FRUIT (LET'S
 BEAR THE FRUIT) LET'S SHARE THE FRUIT OF THE DHAMMA
 NOW BE MINDFUL OF ALL YOU DO WHEN EATING (CUCUMBER) AND HONEY TOO. THE
 MOST FLOW THAT I'VE EVER SEEN IS WATCHING BUDDHA EAT A TANGERINE... P.S. ALCOHA

12. **ADDITIONAL LYRICS**

1A. NOW WE KNOW WHEN WE EAT
 EVERY BITE IS A SPECIAL TREAT
 NOW EVEN SPINACH AND LIMA BEANS
 CAN TASTE AS GOOD AS A TANGERINE

2A. TANGERINE FLOWER PURPLE AND WHITE
 THE COLOR OF THE FRUIT IS ORANGE BRIGHT
 THE JUICE FROM THE LOVELY TANGERINE

Tangerine of Mindfulness



A Story by Rochelle Weithorn

A Retelling of the Book

“Old Path White Clouds”

Walking in the Footsteps of the Buddha

by Thich Nhat Hanh

The Birth And Prediction

2,550 years ago in the far away land of India, in a Kingdom called Sakya, there lived a **King** and **Queen**. One night **Queen Mahamaya**, a woman of great virtue, had a Dream that **A Magnificent White Elephant with Six Tusks** descended from the Heavens surrounded by a *Chorus of Beatific Praises*. **The Elephant** approached her, with skin as white as mountain snow. It held a brilliant *Pink Lotus Flower* in its trunk, and placed the *Flower* within **The Queen's** body. All at once she was filled with deep Ease and Joy. She awoke uplifted by a sensation of pure Bliss. When she got up from her bed, the ethereal *Music* from her Dream still echoed in her ears. She told her husband, **King Suddhodana**, of the Dream, and he too marveled at it. That morning, **The King** summoned all **The Spiritual Advisors** in the Capital to come and devise the meaning of **The Queen's** Dream.

"Your Majesty," they said, "**The Queen** will give birth to a Child who will be a Great Leader. This Child is destined to become either a Mighty Emperor who rules throughout the Four Directions, or a Great Teacher who will show The Way of Truth to all beings in Heaven and Earth. Our Land, Your Majesty, has long awaited the appearance of such a Great One!"

It was the custom in those days for a woman to return to her parents' home to give birth there. **Queen Mahamaya** was from The Country of Koliya. Along the way, she stopped to rest in *The Garden of Lumbini*. The *Forest* there was filled with *Flowers* and *Singing Birds*. *Peacocks* fanned their *Splendid Tails* in the morning light. Admiring **An Ashok Tree** in full bloom, **The Queen** walked toward it. Suddenly, feeling unsteady, she grabbed a branch of **The Ashok Tree** to support herself. A moment later, still holding the branch, **Queen Mahamaya** gave birth to a radiant Child.

The Prince was bathed in fresh water and wrapped in *Yellow Silk* by **Queen Mahamaya's Attendants**. As there was no longer any need to return to Ramagama, **The Queen** and **The Newborn Prince** returned to *The Palace*.

The King, overcome with Joy, named the baby **Siddhartha**, meaning: "**THE ONE WHO ACCOMPLISHES HIS AIM.**"

Finding The Way

As a child, **Siddhartha** lived a sheltered life of luxury and privilege. As a young man, **Siddhartha** came to find *Palace* life to be stifling and meaningless. He began making excursions beyond *The Palace* to see what life was like outside. He saw **People Suffering**. He began to realize that there is **Birth, Death, Sickness** and **Old Age**. He also saw a **Sage** walking along the street and that inspired him. He realized this was the example and the way of life he wanted to follow. Although his Father tried everything he could think of to keep him in *The Palace*, **Siddhartha** knew he needed to leave and find his own way. It was hard for him to leave his beautiful and loving **Wife** and **Child**, but he knew she understood and had encouraged him to seek *The Spiritual Path* he longed for. One night, as his **Wife** and **Child** slept, he left *The Palace* to begin his life as **An Ascetic**. This was **Prince Siddhartha**, the future **Buddha**.

A Bowl Of Milk

It was on a *Full Moon Day*. At her Mothers' request **Sujata** put on a new pink *Sari* and carried *A Platter of Food* to offer to the **Forest Gods**. There were *Cakes, Milk, Congee* and *Honey*. The *Noon Sun* blazed. As **Sujata** neared the *The River*, she saw a Man lying unconscious on the road. She put down her platter and ran to him. He was barely breathing and his eyes were tightly closed. His cheeks had the sunken look of someone who had not had food for a long time. From his long hair, tangled beard, and ragged *Garments*, **Sujata** knew he was a Mountain Ascetic who must have fainted from hunger. Without hesitation, she poured *A Cup of Milk* and eased it against the Man's lips, spilling a few drops on them. At first, he did not respond, but then his lips quivered and parted slightly. **Sujata** slowly poured *Milk* into his mouth. He began to drink and before long *The Cup* was empty.

Sujata then sat along the *Riverbank* to see if the Man would regain consciousness. Slowly he sat up and opened his eyes. Seeing **Sujata**, he smiled. He pulled the end of his *Garment* back up over his shoulder and folded his legs in a Lotus Position. He began to breathe, first shallowly and then more deeply. His sitting was stable and beautiful. Thinking that he must be a Mountain God, **Sujata** joined her palms and began to prostrate herself before him, but the Man motioned for her to stop. **Sujata** sat up, and the Man spoke to her in a soft voice: "Child, please pour me a little more milk."

Happy to hear him speak, **Sujata** poured another *Cup* and he drank it all. He felt how truly Nourishing it was. Less than an hour before, he thought he was about to breathe his last breath. Now his eyes shone and he smiled gently. **Sujata** asked him how he had fainted on the road.

“I have been practicing Meditation in the Mountains. Harsh Ascetic Discipline has left my body weak, so today I decided to walk down to the Village to beg for some food. But I lost all my strength getting here. Thanks to you, my life has been saved.”

They sat along the *Riverbank* together and the Man told **Sujata** about himself. He was **Siddhartha**, the son of a **King** who reigned over The Country of the Sakya Clan. **Sujata** listened carefully as **Siddhartha** told her:

“I have seen that abusing the Body cannot help one to find Peace or Understanding. The Body is not just an Instrument. It is the Temple of the Spirit, the Raft by which we cross over to the Other Side. I will no longer practice self-mortification. I will go into the Village each morning to beg for food.”

Sujata joined her palms, “Honorable Hermit, if you allow me, I will bring you food each day. There is no need for you to interrupt your Meditation practice. My home is not far from here, and I know my Parents would be happy for me to bring you your meal.”

Siddhartha was silent for a moment. Then he answered, “I am glad to accept your offer. But from time to time, I would also like to go into the Village to beg, in order to meet the Villagers. I would like to meet your Parents and other **Children** in the Village.”

Sujata was happy. She joined her palms and bowed in gratitude.

Svasti The Buffalo Boy – The Gift Of Kusa Grass

Svasti The Buffalo Boy worked all day tending **Buffalo** to support his **Brothers** and **Sisters**. One afternoon, after he had bathed the **The Buffaloes** and cut a bushel of *Grass*, **Svasti** felt like spending a quiet moment alone in the cool *Forest*. Leaving **The Buffaloes** grazing at *The Forests'* edge, **Svasti** looked around for a tall tree to rest against. Suddenly he stopped. There was a Man Sitting silently beneath a *Pippala Tree*, no more than twenty feet away. **Svasti** gazed at him in wonder. He had never before seen anyone sit so beautifully. The Man's back was perfectly straight, and his feet rested elegantly upon his thighs. He held himself with utmost Stability and Inner Purpose. His eyes

appeared to be half-closed, and his folded hands rested lightly on his lap. He wore a faded *Yellow Robe*, which left one shoulder bare. His body radiated Peace, Serenity and Majesty. Just one look at him, and **Svasti** felt wonderfully refreshed. His Heart trembled. He did not understand how he could feel something so special for a person he hadn't even met, but he stood immobile in utter respect for a long moment.

The Man opened his eyes. He did not see **Svasti** at first, and he uncrossed his legs and gently massaged his ankles and the soles of his feet. Slowly he stood up and began to walk. Because he walked in the opposite direction, he did not see **Svasti**. Without making a sound, **Svasti** watched the man take slow, meditative steps along the forest floor. After seven or eight such steps, the Man turned around, and it was then that he noticed **Svasti**.

He smiled at the boy. No one had ever smiled with such gentle tolerance at **Svasti** before. As though drawn by an invisible force, **Svasti** ran towards the man, but when he was within a few feet, he stopped in his tracks, remembering that he had no right to approach anyone of 'Higher Caste'.

Svasti was an 'Untouchable'. He did not belong to any of the 'Four Social Castes'.

"Don't be afraid, Child," the man said in a quiet and reassuring voice.

At the sound of that Voice, **Svasti's** fears disappeared. He lifted his head and gazed at the Man's kind and tolerant smile. After hesitating for a moment, he stammered, "Sir, I like you very much."

The man lifted **Svasti's** chin in his hand and looked into the boy's eyes. "And I like you also. Do you live nearby?"

Svasti did not answer. He took the man's right hand in his two hands and asked the question that was troubling him, "When I touch you like this, aren't you being 'Polluted'?"

The man laughed and shook his head. "Not at all, Child. You are a Human Being and I am a Human Being. You can't Pollute me. Don't listen to what ignorant people tell you."

He took **Svasti's** hand and walked with him to the edge of *The Forest*. **The Water Buffaloes** were still grazing peacefully. The Man laughed at **Svasti** and asked, "Do you tend these **Buffaloes**? And that must be the *Grass* you have cut for their dinner. What is your name? Is your house nearby?"

Svasti answered politely, "Yes, Sir, I care for these **Four Buffaloes** and that **One Calf**,

and that is the *Grass* I cut. My name is **Svasti** and I live on the other side of *The River*, just beyond the village of Uruvela. Please, Sir, what is your name and where do you live? Can you tell me?"

The Man answered kindly, "Certainly. My name is **Siddhartha**, and my home is far away, but at present I am living in *The Forest*."

"Are you a Hermit?"

Siddhartha nodded. **Svasti** knew that Hermits were usually men who lived and Meditated in the Mountains. Though they had just met and had exchanged no more than a few words, **Svasti** felt a warm bond with his new friend. In Uruvela, no one had ever treated him in so friendly of a way or spoken to him with such Warmth. A Great Happiness surged within him, and he wanted to somehow express his Joy. If only he had some gift he could offer **Siddhartha**! But there was no penny in his pocket, not even a piece of sugar cane or rock candy. What could he offer? He had nothing, but he summoned the courage to say, "Mister, I wish I had something to give you as a Gift, but I have nothing."

Siddhartha looked at **Svasti** and smiled, "But you do. You have something I would like very much."

Svasti replied, "I do?"

Siddhartha pointed to the pile of *Kusa Grass*. "That *Grass* you have cut for **The Buffaloes** is soft and fragrant. If you could give me a few handfuls I shall make a *Sitting Cushion* for my Meditation beneath *The Tree*. That would make me very happy."

Svasti's eyes shone. He ran to the pile of *Grass*, gathered a large bundle in his arms, and offered it to **Siddhartha**.

"I just cut this *Grass* down by the *The River*. Please accept it. I can easily cut some more for the **The Buffaloes**."

Siddhartha placed his hands together like a Lotus Bud and accepted *The Gift*. He said, "You are a very kind boy. I thank you. Go and cut some more *Grass* for your **Buffaloes** before it grows to late. If you have a chance, please come and see me tomorrow afternoon in *The Forest* again."

Young **Svasti** bowed his head in farewell and stood watching as **Siddhartha** disappeared back into *The Forest*. Then he picked up his *Sickle* and headed for the shore, his Heart filled with the warmest of feelings. It was early Autumn. *The Kusa Grass* was still soft and his *Sickle* was newly sharpened. It wasn't long at all before **Svasti** had cut another large armful of *Kusa Grass*.

The Wounded Swan

Early the next morning, **Svasti** led his **Buffaloes** to graze. By Noon he had cut enough *Grass* to fill two baskets. He decided to take *A Rice Offering* to **Siddhartha** for lunch.

From a distance he saw his new friend Sitting beneath *The Great Pippala Tree*. But **Siddhartha** was not alone. Before him sat a girl just about **Svasti's** age, dressed in a fine *Sari*. There was *Food* already placed before him, and **Svasti** stopped abruptly. But **Siddhartha** looked up and called to him, "**Svasti!**" He motioned for the boy to join them. As they ate *The Rice*, **Siddhartha** told them

The Story Of The Wounded Swan:

One day, when I was nine years old and strolling alone in the garden, **A Swan** suddenly dropped from the sky and writhed on the ground in front of me in great pain. I ran to pick it up, and I discovered that *An Arrow* had deeply penetrated one of its wings. I clasped my hand firmly around the arrow's shaft and yanked it out, and the Bird cried as *Blood* oozed from its wound. I applied pressure to the wound and placed *Medicinal Leaves* on it.

I was about to go find some rice for The Swan when my Eight-year-old Cousin Devadatta burst into the room. He was clutching his bow and arrows, and he asked excitedly":

"Siddhartha, did you see A White Swan fall down near here?"

Before I could answer, **Devadatta** saw **The Swan**. He ran towards it, but I stopped him:

'You may not take the Bird,' I said.

My **Cousin** protested:

'that Bird is mine! I shot it myself!'

I stood between **Devadatta** and **The Swan**, determined not to let him have it. I told him:

'This Bird is wounded. I'm protecting it. It needs to stay here.'

Devadatta was quite stubborn and not about to give in. He argued:

'Now listen, Cousin, when this Bird was flying in the sky, it did not belong to anyone. As I'm the one who shot it out of the sky, it rightfully belongs to me.'

'Listen, Cousin,' I told him:

'those who Love each other Live together, and those who are Enemies live apart. You tried

to kill **The Swan**, so you and she are Enemies. The Bird and I Love each other, and we can Live together. The Bird needs me not you.”

Sujata clapped her hands together; “That’s right! You were right!”

Siddhartha looked at **Svasti**, “And what do you think, Child, of my statement?”

“I think you were right, but most people would agree with **Devadatta**.”

Siddhartha replied, “In this world, few people look with the eyes of Compassion and are merciless towards each other. The Weak are always oppressed by the Strong. I still see that my reasoning was correct that day, for it arose from Love and Understanding, which can ease the suffering of All Beings. The Truth is The Truth, whether or not it is accepted by the majority. Therefore, I tell you Children, it takes Great Courage to stand up for and protect what is right.”

“What happened to **The Swan, Teacher?**” asked **Sujata**.

“For four days, I cared for her. When I saw that her wound was healed, I released her, after warning her to fly far away lest she be shot again.”

Siddhartha looked at the two Children and bid them good day. They both promised to return soon with more of their friends. **Siddhartha** promised to give them more teaching as well.

Tangerine Of Mindfulness

After Sitting and practicing Mindfulness for a long time, **Siddhartha** knew he had found The Great Way. He had attained his goal and now his Heart experienced perfect Peace and Ease.

Just then **Svasti** appeared, “**Teacher!**” **Svasti** joined his palms and bowed. He took a few steps forward, but then stopped. “You look so different today.”

“How do I look different?”

Svasti replied, “It’s like, like you are a Bright Star in the sky. You look like a Lotus that’s just blossomed. And like, like the moon over Gayasisa Peak.”

Siddhartha grasped **Svasti**’s hand. “This is the Happiest Day I have ever known. If you can, bring all the **Children** to come see me by *The Pippala Tree* this afternoon, don’t forget your **Brothers** and **Sisters**. But first go and cut the *Kusa Grass* you need for **The Buffaloes**.”

That afternoon the **The Children** gathered beneath *The Pippala Tree*. They brought *Food Offerings*

for **Siddhartha** and each other. He invited them to sit down and said, "Today is the Happiest Day of my Life, because last night I found The Great Way. Please, please enjoy this Happiness too. In the near future I will teach this Path to all others."

Sujata looked up with surprise, "You will be going? You mean you will leave us?"

Siddhartha smiled kindly, "Yes, I must leave, but I won't abandon you **Children**. Before I leave, I will show you this Path that I have discovered."

Nandabala offered him and all the **Children** *Tangerines*. **Siddhartha** accepted, and said, "When you eat a *Tangerine*, you can eat it with Awareness or without Awareness. What does it mean to eat *A Tangerine* with Awareness? When you are eating the *The Tangerine*, you are aware that you are eating *The Tangerine*. You fully experience its lovely fragrance and sweet taste. When you peel *The Tangerine*, you know that you are peeling *The Tangerine*; when you remove a slice and put it in your mouth, you know that you are removing a slice and putting it in your mouth and you can then experience its sweet fragrance and taste. *The Tangerine* **Nandabala** offered me had nine sections. I ate each morsel in Awareness and saw how precious and wonderful it was." All **The Children** ate their *Tangerines* in Awareness too.

"**Children**, eating *The Tangerine* in Mindfulness means that while eating *The Tangerine*, you are truly in touch with it. Your mind is not chasing after thoughts of Yesterday or Tomorrow, but is dwelling fully in the Present Moment. *The Tangerine* is truly present. When we live in the Present Moment we can understand Life. Understanding leads to Tolerance, Peace and Love."

Svasti joined his palms, "Respected Teacher, could we call this Path 'The Path of Awareness'?"

Siddhartha smiled, "Surely, we can. The Path of Awareness leads to Perfect Awakening."

Sujata joined his palms to ask permission to speak, "You are **The Awakened One**, the one who shows how to live in Awareness. Can we call you **The Awakened One**?"

Siddhartha nodded, "That would please me very much."

Sujata's eyes shone. She continued, 'Awaken' in Magadhi is pronounced 'Budh'. A person who is Awakened would be called '**Buddha**' in Magadhi. We can call you '**Buddha**'!

Siddhartha nodded. All **The Children** were delighted.

— The End —

