

VIDEO OF ME with TRALEG RINPOCHE IN TIBET  
July 25, 2012

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Thanks to my friend Rachel Sun for pointing out this 2004 video of Traleg Rinpoche in Kham, Tibet visiting his ancestral monastery, and Margaret and I were there too. For those of you who have no time to watch the video, here are two screen grabs pointing out Margaret and I in the top one, and just me in the bottom. In these shots it seems we are about the only ones without robes.

If you can watch the actual footage (which I did not know existed), it is a very accurate and well-done video of Traleg Rinpoche's visit to Tibet, showing much of what I pointed out in my post. And it has a nice and haunting music score. I wish I could watch it with you, since I would point out various sections, name people, including Rinpoches, etc. There is also a section of lama dancing and some very nice footage late in the video of Traleg Rinpoche and my teacher, Khenpo Karthar Rinpoche, sitting in a room talking. The video is here:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gFdgGsYT-U0&feature=youtu.be>

A sad note is that this monastery, the 1300 year-old Thrangu Monastery, was completely destroyed by the Quinghai earthquake of April 14, 2010 which registered 6.9, with 2,698 people dead, 270 missing, and 12,125 injured, many from the monastery. The damage to the monastery was so total that the Chinese refused even to allow it to be rebuilt, but insisted that it be completely relocated to a new area that is more earthquake proof. It turns out that the monastery was previously destroyed some hundreds of years earlier.

Watching the video brings back many memories, memories of cold and sun, a place where if you step from the bright sunlight into shade, you are instantly cold. No in-between. We spent many days at Thrangu Monastery, where the altitude was over 14,000 feet, which made (for me) even a slow walk up one of the steep streets at the monastery a panting event, one where I had to sit down and rest every so often or stop and lean against a building.

And there were some incredible meals, the one which I most remember: as I walked from pot to pot (and looked into each), one pot had all chicken feet and the next had all rooster combs. Not my usual fare.

And another meal way out in the countryside, only 20 miles from where my dharma teacher (Khenpo Karthar Rinpoche) was born, the two-track we were driving on faded to just some slick grass. It was here we had the best yogurt (from yaks) in the world, way beyond anything I have ever imagined yogurt could be like.

And the video shows a lot of what I described in my previous post, including the arrival of Traleg

Rinpoche, meeting with him, making offerings to him, watching him sitting in Mahamudra mediation, and so on. Watching the video, it seems like a dream I had, but sure enough, there we were, in Tibet.

Not only is the time gone, our precious teacher Ven. Traleg Rinpoche gone, but the entire monastery is gone. Talk about impermanence