

time-in	time-out	subtitle-text	devotee-title	time-period
00:02:420	00:06:880	I awoke this morning with a longing to be near the Buddha, the Enlightened One,	Kumala, a devotee	AD 100
00:07:500	00:10:920	So I came out through the city gates to visit the Great Shrine		
00:12:340	00:19:620	Entering this holy place is like basking in the glow of a full moon in a jasmine-scented garden.		
00:20:380	00:28:760	I hear the chanting of monks and the shuffling of a hundred pair of feet as we enter past the lion statues.		
00:29:920	00:35:140	Walking around the Shrine, I rejoice in the stone carvings of the Buddha's life:		
00:36:020	00:45:420	some show scenes of celebration, dance and music, the blowing of conch shells and trumpets and the banging of drums.		
00:47:680	00:57:220	This is where I like to place offerings; we cherish the Shrine by laying garlands of flowers, rice, and precious stones.		
00:58:900	01:08:700	Today I saw an old woman lay a single jasmine blossom - no gift is too small if placed with a pure heart.		
01:10:020	01:16:560	I too am planning a more enduring gift. My friends, Sagha, Saghadasi and I together		
01:16:920	01:21:020	will donate a pillar for the railings that guide us around the Shrine.		
01:21:600	01:27:060	The stonemason will carve our names so we will forever be in the presence of the Shrine		
01:27:070	01:34:640	and the Awakened One, he who , is a thunderbolt, armed only with the weapon of patience.		
01:36:040	01:43:760	Until it is ready, I adorn the Shrine with these precious beads given to me by my husband, Mariti.		
01:44:760	01:53:810	May they be worthy of the Blessed One, and may I, Kumala, through my giving receive much spiritual merit.		

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00:03:220	00:08:480	Homage to the Blessed Buddha, he who is honoured by the king of the gods.	Budhi, a monk	AD 50
00:13:000	00:15:620	The flickering flame helps to quiet my thoughts.		
00:16:860	00:20:940	For an untamed mind is like a floundering fish on the shore of the sea.		
00:24:500	00:27:660	Here at the Great Shrine, I am filled with a calm reverence		
00:28:200	00:35:180	in the presence of the Buddha, the Perfectly Enlightened One, knowing his relics are here.		
00:36:760	00:40:120	When I became a monk I turned my back on the ties of this world.		
00:40:980	00:47:160	I devoted myself to the pursuit of truth and made an enduring gift to this Shrine with my sister.		
00:48:380	00:52:260	Our donation is a carved block to carry a lion statue.		
00:54:060	00:56:400	Hundreds of pilgrims pass by our donation.		
00:56:480	01:04:400	They come from all walks of life: children, coppersmiths and flower sellers, merchants, townsfolk and monks, like me.		
01:06:000	01:11:920	Some chant, as I do, others gaze upon the Shrine and worship in silence.		
01:13:760	01:17:720	They may not notice our gift, but I notice, every time.		
01:20:720	01:25:780	My eyes wander over the sculpted surface showing elephants offering garlands,		
01:25:780	01:35:180	and the inscription, too: from Budhi the monk, it says, and his sister, the nun Budha.		
01:37:280	01:43:460	We gave this gift for the welfare and happiness of all beings in the boundless universe.		
01:45:460	01:53:060	May the revered Awakened One dwell at this place for five thousand years, for the benefit of all living things.		

time-in	time-out	subtitle-text	devotee-title	time-period
00:03:060	00:11:040	I bring to the Great Shrine a gift of my own making —sandalwood incense, as precious as gold.	Hamgha, a perfumer	50 BC
00:12:320	00:16:300	May it fill this place with the sweet fragrance of a sandalwood forest.		
00:17:800	00:21:620	From this gift of mine, let my heart find peace.		
00:24:120	00:28:120	Few know as well as I how fragrance aids devotion.		
00:28:900	00:35:080	I work as a perfumer, my stall piled high with ingredients carried on ships from afar		
00:35:900	00:38:140	with clove buds and clusters of nutmeg.		
00:38:960	00:43:720	You can follow your nose to find me by the city gates, or look beyond the cotton weavers		
00:45:440	00:51:040	I was there, grinding sesame grains infused with nectar-filled flowers at my stall,		
00:52:000	01:00:600	when something caused me to lift my gaze. Looking up, I glimpsed a Great Shrine beyond the city walls.		
01:01:800	01:07:480	as the rays of the morning Sun reached out from the clouds to touch its luminous dome.		
01:09:960	01:15:900	I knew at once, and with clarity, that I must make a lasting donation to the Great Shrine.		
01:18:020	01:23:820	My donation is a finely-carved pillar that stands along the processional path.		
01:25:240	01:28:120	If you look up you will see an inscription.		
01:29:060	01:37:920	It reads: "a gift of a Shrine pillar from the perfumer, Hamgha, together with his sons and daughters.		
01:40:000	01:44:940	This gift will continue to bring us spiritual merit for many lives to come.		
01:46:120	01:49:620	When my children visit, they can reflect on this with joy.		
01:51:500	01:55:440	I trust that, when they come they will bring sandalwood.		

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00:03:020	00:08:340	My eyes may grow dim, but they will never tire of looking at the Great Shrine.	A disciple of the monk, Vathisara	AD 250
00:09:380	00:14:860	My donation to this holy place and to the Buddha, the Enlightened One,		
00:14:860	00:17:420	is this carving of the Great Shrine itself.		
00:18:260	00:20:960	See how the Buddha stands at the gateway		
00:20:960	00:24:900	surrounded by his devotees, like a moon among the stars.		
00:25:960	00:31:460	Stonemasons re-used a piece of limestone from the Shrine to carve my offering.		
00:32:320	00:37:500	It showed a scene from long ago: the veneration of an empty throne		
00:37:500	00:41:660	and footprints, symbols of the Enlightened One's greatness.		
00:42:920	00:47:020	This carving will continue to bring its donor spiritual merit,		
00:47:660	00:50:420	just as mine will always bring merit to me.		
00:51:460	00:54:160	Today, I have come here in gratitude.		
00:54:780	01:01:040	I will place flowers at the carving of the Buddha as a young man when he was still Prince Siddhartha.		
01:02:100	01:09:100	I imagine him bravely leaving home against the will of his parents to enter a world of suffering.		
01:10:340	01:16:300	I will never regret letting go of my past to embark on the same path as Siddhartha.		
01:17:160	01:24:820	I became the disciple of the wise and venerable monk, Vathisara, who taught me the Buddha's noble truths:		
01:25:800	01:32:420	that suffering is a part of everyday life, that the root of suffering is craving,		
01:33:180	01:39:140	and that happiness lies in liberating the self from the ties of attachment to this world.		
01:40:940	01:43:560	The flowers I place here will fade with time,		
01:44:840	01:49:060	but the noble truths of the Buddha will be with us always.		
01:49:920	01:53:960	May I, through this gift, be awakened.		