

Chapter 6

Worry about Birth and Death

As the day of the baby's birth approached, the Prince thought more and more about his deceased mother and his appreciation of her. His eyes filled with tears while thinking about her devotion. His mother was only able to give her son her affection for one week before she died.

Soon, a baby was born and named Rahula. Prince Siddhartha, chuckling with delight, kissed his son's cheek. "Looking at my son makes me feel so happy! I could forget all my worries!"

His happiness, however, did not last for long. Prince Siddhartha looked up at the sky and wondered, "Why must a man become old? When he gets old, why does he become ill? When he becomes ill, why does he die? Why? Why did my mother pass away at such a young age? Why do people have to die? Does anything exist after one's death?" Thus, the Prince wondered the same things again and again, hour after hour.

