

Since time immemorial, most of the people of the East have believed that in the Western Tibet, named Ngari, stood a sacred mountain: the Navel of the Earth, the Axis of the Universe, the Stairway to Heaven. From its summit flowed a mighty river which fell into sacred lakes of Life and Death, from which stemmed the greatest rivers of Asia.

This was the holiest of mountains, revered by Hindus, Buddhists, Jains and Bon-po as the home of their Gods. In metaphysical terms it was Meru or Tise; in its earthly manifestation it was Kailas, the Crystal, or Kang Rinpoche, Jewel of the Snows. The Swastika Mountain, known today as Kailas.



As the dew is dried up by the morning sun so are the sins of men dried up by the sight of the Holy Mountain, where Shiva lived with Parvati, where Chakrasamvara represents his supreme bliss. Every year, people from all over the world make a pilgrimage to Kang Rinpoche, following a tradition going back thousands of years.



I am glad to be here again, starting my Skor ba from this first step, chanting, chanting, and sound of sacred mantras is blowing by the wind...

I looked towards Mt. Kailas and suddenly Lord Shiva blessed me with a full view of its southern face and its clear celestial steps coming through the clouds. I was overtaken by the beauty of this place, and immersed in strong vibration of the sacred mountain, home of Shiva.





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