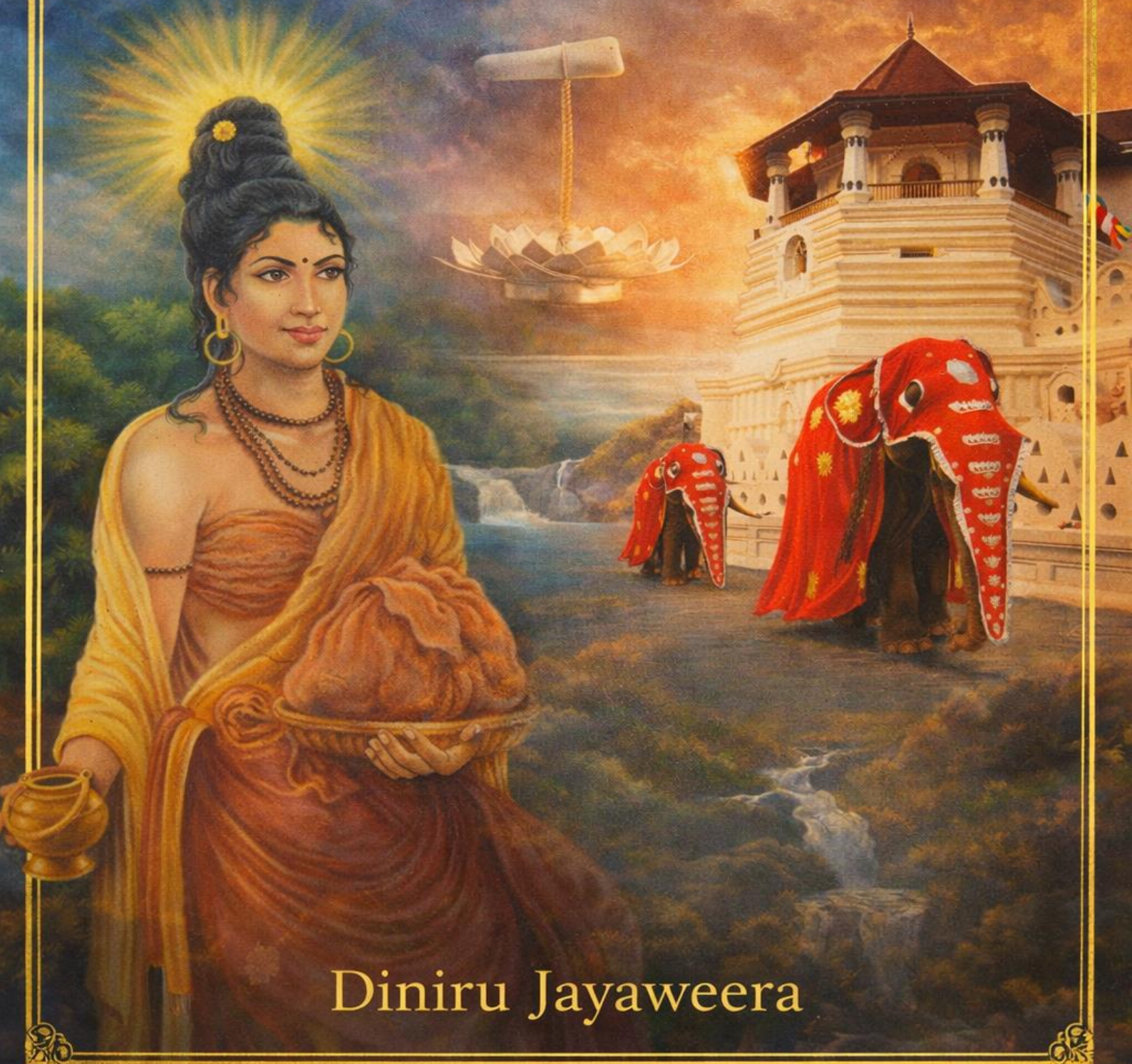


FROM  
KINGDOM TO  
SANCTUARY

*The Journey of Princess Hemamala*



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# From Kingdom to Sanctuary The Journey of Princess Hemamala

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Author's other publications

The Memory Broker (2024)

Space Kid (2023)

Vidyarthi College Kandy

Grade 11 F

ISBN

**“From the day I learnt to write poems, stories and my thoughts, with the support of my Mother, Father, Little brother, Grandma, Suwani madam of Sumangala college Kandy and Gagana Abishek brother of Vidyarthi College Kandy...**

**Thank you, I remember you all in the deepest of thoughts”**



## Foreword

In an increasingly complex global future, the "Hemamala Upahara" book project, led by Mahamaya Girls' College, stands as a turning point in girls' education. Over a decade, it has successfully nurtured thousands of children to become young authors.

This year, by collaborating with other schools, we aimed to provide students with a wealth of new experiences. The goal was to develop multi-faceted skills, including communication, values, and creative growth. As a result, children have written books that pay tribute to Princess Hemamala, who brought the Sacred Tooth Relic—the supreme symbol of the Buddhist world—to the Hill Country (Kandy).

I extend my gratitude to everyone involved, including the students who contributed their creativity and the teachers who guided them.

Shashikala Senadhira

Principal

Mahamaya Girls' College

## Congratulatory Message

It is a great honor for me, as the Governor of the Central Province, to send a congratulatory message for the launch of the books created through the Hemamala Tribute Book Creation Project initiated by Mahamaya Girls' College, Kandy.

Education is the fundamental foundation for the progress of society, and it is further strengthened through books and literary creations. It is clearly commendable that students' talents, creativity, and intellectual abilities are emerging through projects such as this.

I believe that this book creation project will provide valuable knowledge and a precious literary contribution not only to the students but to the entire society. Furthermore, I hope that through such efforts, future writers who will bring pride to Sri Lanka will emerge.

I extend my heartfelt appreciation and blessings to the Principal, the academic staff, the students, and everyone involved who dedicated themselves to this successful endeavor. I wish this project and the book launch ceremony great success.

Sarath B.S. Abeykoon

Governor, Central Province

Emeritus Professor, University of Peradeniya

2026-05-10

## Congratulatory Message

I highly appreciate the noble and outstanding effort of the Principal and the academic staff of Mahamaya Girls' College, Kandy, the student daughters, the students of other participating schools, and everyone who dedicated themselves to plan and implement this book publication project. The project was organized under the leadership of Mahamaya Girls' College, Kandy, with the participation of other schools in the Kandy Zone, with the aim of encouraging children toward book creation within the current school system, as a tribute to Hemamala Kumariya who brought the Sacred Tooth Relic to Sri Lanka.

For several decades, Sri Lanka has been committed to providing free, compulsory, quality, and equitable education to all children, thereby producing a future generation of intelligent and skilled citizens. In such a context, this book creation program for school children helps develop creative ability, critical thinking, and other positive qualities for a balanced and well-rounded personality, and contributes to building a future knowledge-based society.

May all activities of the Hemamala Tribute Book Creation Project be successful through the blessings of the Sacred Tooth Relic.

Pradeep Nilanga Dela

Diyawadana Nilame,

Sri Dalada Maligawa.

2026.05.10.

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# The First Fissure

Upon the cold morning breeze, the distinct smell of jasmine flowers is spread throughout my mind. It's a pleasing feeling for me, it brings back so many thoughts passed memories, even though the mind itself is baffled in understanding, it brings up many soft, pleasing sensations upon one's mind. And to illustrate its beauty, the sound of the hevisi ceremony done for the evening thewawa echoes throughout the mountains, whispering. As if it's constantly worshiping the lord of the tooth relic.

"What is it you are wondering about son? You seem lost in thoughts?"

"No, seeye, I was just thinking about how lucky we are, to worship the lord of the tooth relic as our mind's desire, because of how close we are to the temple of the tooth..."

"That my son, it is the luck of all the Sri Lankans, don't you think? But really because the lord used to be in the country of Kalingu. Yes... the country of Kalingu. Aren't you amazed?"

"If it weren't for princess Hemamala's actions, hiding the tooth relic in her hair and bringing the tooth relic to Sri Lanka, we would all have had to travel to India, just to worship the tooth relic of Lord Buddha. Just to have a glance at our lord, but I doubt that would stop any Sri Lankans, that is the ultimate devotion our people have for their religion."

"Well, I must say..."

"Please seeye, oh please tell me more about it, I'm really curious to hear more about the story, please sit here and tell me more about the lord of the tooth relic, and whom was the other person you said, hmm, who was it?"

"Princess Hemamala my son, I must say you might really need to know more about our history. Hmm... well then... let us hear about Princess Hemamala, a character whose name is written in gold in the Buddhist religion and the Sri Lankan history, the person who gave us the hope of worshiping our great teacher, the lord of all three worlds, Lord Buddha, well my son I'm about to tell you the story of princess Hemamala, so listen carefully..."

# History of the Tooth Relic

Just as on that auspicious day, the great arahant theraniya Sangamiththa, whom brought the southern branch of the Bodhi tree to our country, the very tree that provided shelter for Lord Buddha to reach enlightenment.

The day Princess Hemamala and Prince Dantha brought the tooth relic of lord Buddha, that is glowing with great grace on the glorious hill city yet to this day, without a doubt it is yet as important to Sri lanka as a Buddhist country.

There are many great women, whom their names have been written in golden, on the land of Sri lanka, great women such as Sangamiththa theraniya, Anula deviya, Princess Hemamala and Queen Leelawathi. Among these golden names Princess Hemamala's name holds a special place, unmatched by any other.

If we uncover the reasons on why, it may be because she bought the tooth relic to Sri lanka, coming along with her husband, amidst wars, amidst various enemy attacks, risking her life on the line, protecting the relic of the tooth as if protecting her own life.

This event, that took place in the late 14<sup>th</sup> century, was the beginning of a new chapter in the book of Sri lankan history, that changed Sri lankans forever.

While the Vesak moon rest silently, our Lord Buddha whom taught dharma to all three worlds, teaching each and every animal the way on nirwana, blocking off the path of pain, straight for 45 years. And now has finally ended his journey of teaching dharma, along with adding his final world upon this realm, Lord Buddha has passed away.

After Lord Buddha passed away in the Upawarthana Sal garden of royal children of Malla. Royal children of Malla decided to honor the funeral of Lord Buddha like honoring a sakwithi king.

When the Buddha's body, encased in gold, is cremated with royal honors equal to those of a sakwithi king, the great Arahant Sarabu, whom is a disciple of the great Arahant Mugalan, that is one of the two great agasawu of the Lord Buddha, walked through fire, the blaze roared with the fury of a thousand suns, yet the great Arahant Sarabu waded through the blaze, he didn't merely walk through fire, he split the fire in halves, turning the searing air into a velvet carpet beneath his feat, all this effort was to bring back the griewa relic of Lord

Buddha , upon successfully obtaining the relic , it is said that it was placed in the Mahiyangana stupaya and Naga colored stones were brought from the Nagaland to enlarge it and after that the great Arahant Sarabu returned to the Parinibbana manchaka.

Then after the act of the great Arahant Sarabu, the great Arahant Keama, whom is a disciple of the great Arahant Saripuththa, that is one of the great agasavu, the great Arahant Keama himself walked through the blaze, splitting the fire in halves, creating a path out of thin air, he reached the chithakaya and obtained the left tooth relic of Lord Buddha.

After that, the great Arahant Keama bought the relic of the tooth to the Kalinga city of Dambadiwa.

The courageous actions of Arahant Sarabu and Arahant Khema are not merely relics of the past, they are the spiritual foundation upon which the modern Buddhist identity is built. By walking into the flames to recover the sacred remains, these Arahants transformed a moment of profound loss, the Parinirvana of the Buddha, into a legacy of enduring presence. Today, the physical existence of these relics provides millions of devotees with a "Living Buddha", allowing the faithful to connect with the Tathagata's essence through sight and pilgrimage. These acts of preservation ensured that the Dharma remained more than just an abstract philosophy, it became a tangible, breathing reality housed in the stupas and temples that define our landscape.

Furthermore, the "greatness" of these past acts serves as a perpetual source of inspiration for the contemporary Buddhist society, reinforcing the values of guardianship and sacrifice. The knowledge that the Tooth Relic and the Griewa Relic were saved through such miraculous effort instills a deep sense of responsibility in the present generation to protect the Buddha sashanaya with equal fervor. In an era of rapid change, these relics act as anchors of stability and unity, reminding the global Buddhist community that the light of the Dharma was fought for and won amidst the fire. Every time a devotee bows before the hill city's shrine, they are honoring not just the Relic itself, but the unbroken chain of courage that began in the smoldering embers of the Chithakaya.

# The Arrival of the Tooth Relic to the Country of Kalinga

The venerable lord of the tooth relic, which has been a sacred object for forty five years, touched by all the weight of dharma taught to any living being, was separated from the body of Lord Buddha and was taken to the country of Kalinga by the great Arahant Keama.

At that time, a king named Brahmadaththa ruled the lands of Kalingu. He was a king who took refuge from Niganta, a religion that held mythological ideas, but from the guidance of the great Arahant Keama, the king was deeply admired, and saw through the facts and his believes, upon understanding the intelligent king took responsibility for the tooth relic and built a temple to place it with great faith and honor.

The architectural heart of Dantapura was the Prasada of the Tooth, a towering edifice of white stone that shimmered like a pearl against the azure Kalinga sky. At its center lay the 'Garbha Griha' or the Womb Chamber, a room devoid of windows where the only light emanated from oil lamps fed by clarified butter and scented with the essence of blue lotuses. Here, the Relic was preserved within Seven Concentric Caskets, a marvel of ancient metallurgy and devotion. The outermost casket was a massive dome of beaten gold, encrusted with rubies that pulsed like the blood of the earth. As one moved inward, the vessels became progressively more delicate, layers of silver chased with scenes of the Buddha's life, followed by caskets of carved ivory, fragrant sandalwood, and rare rock crystal. The final, innermost seventh casket was a tiny, translucent stupa of pure emerald. When the Relic rested within, it did not sit upon a cold floor, but was cradled in the heart of a solid gold lotus, its petals frozen in a state of eternal bloom. This layering served a dual purpose: it was a physical fortress against theft, but also a spiritual metaphor, suggesting that one must peel away the layers of worldly ego and desire before one could truly behold the Radiance of the Truth.

For eight hundred years, the legacy of the Relic wove itself into the very marrow of the Kalinga people. It became the 'Chakravarti', the Universal Monarch, of the land. History records that during this long epoch, the kingdom's prosperity was tied to the sanctity of the Tooth. In times of

scorching drought, when the Mahanadi River slowed to a trickle and the earth cracked in despair, the King would bear the Relic in a solemn procession through the city. Ancient chronicles whisper that the heavens could not resist the Relic's purity, as the golden casket passed, the sky would bruise with heavy clouds, and a 'Rain of Merit' would wash over the parched fields, turning the dust into emerald shoots of grain. This era was defined by the Kalinga Doctrine of Sovereignty, which dictated that the Right to Rule was not inherited by blood alone, but by the merit of guarding the Buddha's remains. Consequently, the Relic became a beacon that attracted both the most pious pilgrims and the most envious conquerors, turning Kalinga into a spiritual lighthouse that shone across the Bay of Bengal, beckoning the faithful from the farthest reaches of Jambudvipa.

The first entry of the Relic into the city was a sensory deluge, a moment where the boundary between the mortal and the divine seemed to dissolve. As the procession approached the gates, the streets were buried under a carpet of white sand and strewn so thickly with jasmine and Pichcha flowers that the hooves of the royal elephants made no sound. Thousands of monks in saffron robes lined the battlements, their voices rising in a thunderous, rhythmic chant of Sadhu, Sadhu, which vibrated in the chests of all who stood nearby. The air was thick, not with the dust of travel, but with the smoke of a thousand silver censers burning 'Dashanga' incense, creating a celestial mist that hung over the crowds. Every balcony in the city was draped in banners of silk and gold, and as the sun began to set, every window lit a clay lamp, turning the city into a reflection of the starry heavens. At the center of this whirlwind of color and sound was the Great Tusker, his tusks capped in gold, carrying the Arahat Khema and the Relic. It is said that as the Relic passed, the sick rose from their beds and the blind felt a warmth like a second sun, marking the exact second that Kalinga was no longer just a kingdom, but a sanctuary of the Living Dhamma.

But as the Lord Buddha himself states, nothing lasts forever, it all become to change, and eventually fade away, sooner or later. The happiness the safety and the pride of the Kalinga land wouldn't be forever, the reign of the dark, the relic of the tooth was becoming a symbol of power little by little. And because of the immense will for power of humans, the Kalinga lands slowly grew more and more tension, eventually sparking wars.

# The Collapse of Danthapura

The collapse of Dantapura was not a singular event but a slow, agonizing descent from spiritual radiance into the crimson shadow of total war. For centuries, the city had been the lighthouse of Jambudvipa, yet its very sanctity became the catalyst for its ruin. The air that once carried the scent of sandalwood and the soft murmurs of sutras was gradually choked by the rising dust of ten thousand marching feet. The primary reason for this devastation lay in the poisoned hearts of the kings of the North, particularly King Pandu of Pataliputra, whose advisors whispered that the Tooth Relic was more than a spiritual icon, it was a weapon of absolute sovereignty. To possess the Relic was to possess the mandate of the gods, and Pandu's envy grew into a ravenous hunger that could only be sated by the fire and steel of a full-scale invasion.

As the siege lines tightened around the ivory white walls of the city, the violence reached a fever pitch that Kalinga had not seen in a millennium. The peaceful fields of the Mahanadi delta were transformed into a landscape of carnage, the screams of war elephants, driven to madness by fire arrows, drowned out the temple bells. The chronicles describe rivers that ran dark with the blood of Kalinga's defenders, a grim testament to the ferocity of the Gupta aligned coalition. King Guhasiva, though a man of deep peace, was forced to witness the systematic dismantling of his civilization. The great libraries were put to the torch, and the outer districts of Dantapura became a charnel house where the once pristine moonstones were stained by the grime of battle and the soot of burning palmyra groves. The war was not merely a conquest of land, but a desperate, violent hunt for the Relic, as Pandu's generals spared no one in their interrogation of the priests and the palace guard.

Amidst this storm of iron and fire stood Prince Dantha, a figure whose destiny was forged in the heat of this very conflict. A prince of Ujjain, Dantha had originally arrived as a pilgrim, but the escalating violence demanded he reclaim the mantle of a warrior. He was a man of rare synthesis, possessing a mind sharpened by the rigorous sciences of Ujjain and a heart tempered by the Dhamma. During the darkest nights of the siege, Dantha was often seen upon the battlements, his armor reflecting the orange glow of a city in flames. It was his tactical brilliance that held the northern gates long after they should have



fallen, but he knew that a city, no matter how holy, could eventually be breached. His role was not merely to lead the counter-attack, but to act as the last shield between the invaders and the inner sanctum.

The transition from the battlefield to the sacred chambers occurred when King Guhasiva realized that Dantapura had become a funeral pyre. In a scene described as both terrifying and transcendental, the King summoned Dantha and Princess Hemamala as the sound of battering rams splintering the main gate echoed through the palace halls. The King's decision to trust Dantha was born of the Prince's conduct during the war, Dantha fought not for glory, but for the preservation of the sacred. In the flickering torchlight, as the palace foundations trembled under the weight of enemy catapults, Guhasiva performed the final, desperate act of his reign. He stripped the Relic of its massive golden encasements, vessels that had protected it for 800 years, and handed the bare, glowing relic to Dantha. This was the ultimate covenant: the King would stay behind to face the inevitable end, a captain going down with his ship, while Dantha and Hemamala would become the living vessels of their faith's survival.

The final act of the collapse was a masterstroke of stealth amidst total chaos. As the Pataliputra forces finally breached the inner walls, flooding the city with a wave of steel and shouting, they found only empty golden caskets and a King who refused to speak. Meanwhile, Dantha and Hemamala had undergone a metamorphosis of necessity. The Prince, who had just spent weeks in the gore of the trenches, and the Princess, whose life had been a tapestry of luxury, shed their royal identities like old skin. They donned the tattered, dust covered robes of common mendicants, their faces smeared with the ash of their own burning city to mask their noble features. The violence of the war provided their perfect cover, among the thousands of traumatized refugees fleeing the slaughter, two more silent figures in saffron were unremarkable. With the Relic hidden within the dark coils of Hemamala's hair, they slipped through the secret postern gates, leaving behind the screams of a dying kingdom to begin a journey where their only weapons were their anonymity and a shared, unshakeable vow.

# Journey through the Indian Ocean

The journey from the smoldering ruins of Dantapura to the emerald shores of Lankapattana was an odyssey of profound isolation and constant peril, a transition from the certain death of a falling kingdom to the uncertain hope of the deep blue sea. Having escaped the iron grip of King Pandu's siege, Prince Dantha and Princess Hemamala were forced to navigate a landscape that had become a predatory maze. The vast Indian wilderness between the Kalinga frontier and the southern ports was rife with the remnants of war, deserters, marauders, and the relentless scouts of Pataliputra who patrolled the trade veins of the subcontinent. To survive, the royal couple had to master the art of the invisible, they moved primarily under the shroud of night, guided by the cold light of the stars and the unshakeable weight of the Sacred Tooth Relic resting against Hemamala's crown. Their feet, once accustomed to the silk rugs of the palace, grew calloused and bloodied as they traversed jagged mountain passes and dense, malarial jungles where the silence was broken only by the prowling of tigers and the distant, haunting calls of wild elephants.

The psychological burden of this journey was as heavy as the physical toll. Every traveler they encountered on the road was a potential executioner. When they sought alms or water at remote village wells, they had to suppress every instinct of their royal upbringing, speaking in hushed tones and keeping their eyes cast downward to avoid the piercing gaze of recognition. For Hemamala, the burden was literal, she bore the Relic within her hair with a stoic grace that transcended human endurance. She lived in a state of perpetual meditation, treating her own body as a moving stupa. She could not sleep deeply, for the fear of the Relic shifting or being discovered by a wandering thief was a constant, gnawing presence. Dantha, conversely, became the silent sentinel of the Dhamma. He walked with a staff that concealed his martial prowess, his eyes constantly scanning the horizon for the glint of enemy armor. Their relationship during this trek was no longer that of a traditional husband and wife, but of two soldiers on a divine mission, bound by a covenant of blood and faith that allowed no room for grief or fatigue.

After weeks of terrestrial hardship, they reached the sprawling, salt scented port of Tamralipti, the gateway to the Bay of Bengal. Here, the danger shifted from the sword to the sea. The port was a chaotic theater of merchant sailors,

spice traders, and pilgrims, a place where a person could easily disappear or be sold into oblivion. Using the last of their hidden resources, Dantha secured passage on a merchant vessel bound for the southern kingdoms. The voyage across the dark, unpredictable waters of the Indian Ocean was a test of a different kind. The ship, a sturdy but weathered vessel of wood and hemp, was at the mercy of the monsoon winds. As they left the coastline of India, the only home they had ever known, behind them, the sight of the burning horizon was replaced by the terrifying infinity of the ocean. For days, they endured the violent swells of the sea, where the salt spray stung their eyes and the wooden hull groaned under the pressure of the waves. While the other passengers succumbed to seasickness or fear, Hemamala sat motionless on the deck, her hands clasped in her lap, her spirit anchored by the sacred cargo she carried.

The reasons for choosing the sea route were both tactical and spiritual. While the land route through southern India was possible, it would have required passing through dozens of smaller kingdoms, each with its own spies and greedy monarchs. The sea offered a direct, albeit dangerous, path to the protection of King Sirimeghavanna of Anuradhapura, who was known to be a devout patron of the Dhamma. As the ship finally sighted the distant, mist covered mountains of Lanka, the atmosphere on board shifted from dread to a tentative, breathless awe. The island appeared on the horizon like a sapphire set in silver, a sanctuary promised in the prophecies of old.

The climax of this grueling odyssey was the arrival at the port of Lankapattana. As the vessel navigated the treacherous reefs and glided into the calm waters of the harbor, the royal couple stood at the prow, looking toward a land they had never seen but were destined to change forever. They stepped off the gangplank onto the white sands of Sri Lanka not as conquerors, but as survivors, travel worn, salt stained, and weary beyond measure. The moment Hemamala's feet touched the soil of Lankapattana, the mission shifted from one of escape to one of enshrinement. They had successfully carried the heart of the Buddhist world across an ocean of fire and water, and as they looked toward the lush jungles of the interior, they knew that while Kalinga had fallen, the light of the Buddha had found a new, eternal home.

# The Buddhist Environment of Sri Lanka

Sri Lanka as we know today, holds a Buddhist environment, and therefore the Buddhist culture is preserved, but it would have may not be exactly if it weren't for the acts of Princess Hemamala. But in the past Sri Lanka, when Prince Dantha and Princess Hemamala, set their foot upon the lands of Sri Lanka, in the Lankapattana port, let's see how the Buddhist society was back then...

The Sri Lanka that greeted the royal fugitives in the 4th Century CE was a land at the zenith of its spiritual and hydraulic sophistication. Under the reign of King Sirimeghavanna, the son of the great King Mahasen, the island had transformed into a lush, interconnected network of monastic centers and vast reservoirs that mirrored the order and calm of the Dhamma itself. The environment was profoundly Buddhist, the landscape was dotted with towering white stupas, like the Ruwanwelisaya and the Abhayagiri, which rose above the forest canopy like silver mountains, signaling to any traveler that this was a land where the Buddha was the supreme sovereign. Unlike the fractured and war-torn kingdoms of the Indian mainland, Sri Lanka offered a sense of unified devotion. The air in the port of Lankapattana did not smell of the copper of battle, but of damp earth, ripening mangoes, and the sweet, pervasive scent of temple flowers like the Araliya (Frangipani) and the blue lotus.

The social fabric of the country was woven tightly around the Sangha (the community of Buddhist monks). As Hemamala and Dantha moved inland from the coast toward the royal capital of Anuradhapura, they would have passed through villages where life revolved around the village temple and the local wewa (tank). The reason for the island's unique atmosphere was its "Tank and Temple" culture. The Kings of Lanka had mastered irrigation, creating a garden like atmosphere where hunger was rare and peace was the norm. This prosperity allowed for a deep investment in the arts and philosophy. The Buddhist monks of the Mahavihara and Abhayagiri monasteries were world-renowned scholars, engaged in the preservation of the Tripitaka. For the royal couple, the sight of hundreds of monks in bright orange robes walking peacefully through the streets, unafraid of marauders or invading armies, must have felt like a dream after the horrors of Dantapura's collapse.

Detailed historical accounts suggest that the news of their arrival spread like a wildfire of joy across the island. The reason for this excitement was rooted in a prophecy, it had long been whispered that the "Final Heart" of the Buddha's physical remains would eventually find its permanent home in Lanka. When the people of the coast realized that the two weary, dust covered mendicants were actually royalty carrying a divine secret, the atmosphere shifted from curiosity to ecstatic veneration. The country was not just a destination, it was a fortress of faith. The dense jungles of the interior, populated by elephants and protected by a disciplined royal army, provided a natural barrier that no foreign king could easily breach.

The growth of the Buddhist society was the fact that The Relic was brought to Sri Lanka, thanks to Princess Hemamala and Prince Dantha, they carried a great responsibility, King Guhasiva trusted the light of Buddha, the relic that he protected with his life, and honored with great respect. It was because of the devotion of them for Buddhism, that the relic was kept protected, it was the luck of all the Sri Lankans.

# The Lord of the Tooth Relic Settles in the Land of Anuradhapura

The journey from the coast to the heart of the kingdom was a triumphal procession that transformed the island's landscape into a corridor of light and devotion. As Princess Hemamala and Prince Dantha moved inland from Lankapattana, the secrecy that had defined their perilous trek across India dissolved, replaced by a grand, public outpouring of faith. News of the Relic's arrival had outpaced them, carried by swift royal messengers to the ears of King Sirimeghavanna. The King, a man of deep spiritual conviction who had long prayed for such a blessing to grace his reign, did not wait for the guests to arrive at his palace, instead, he commanded that the Royal Path be swept with white sand and lined with thousands of ceremonial oil lamps, turning the jungle road into a glowing ribbon that guided the sacred travelers toward the capital.

The atmosphere during this final leg of the journey was one of ecstatic celebration mixed with profound reverence. As the royal couple approached each village, they were met by throngs of people who had traveled for days just to catch a glimpse of the Princess whose hair held the hope of the Buddhist world. The reason for this fervor was deeply rooted in the Sri Lankan psyche, for the people of Lanka, the Tooth Relic was not merely a bone, but the living presence of the Buddha himself, coming to claim his promised island. The violence of the wars in Kalinga felt like a distant nightmare as the air was filled with the rhythmic thundering of Geta Beraya drums and the high, haunting wail of the Horaneva. White elephants, draped in crimson and gold silks, were brought to lead the way, and the path was strewn so thickly with white jasmine and lotus petals that Hemamala and Dantha walked as if upon a floral cloud.

Prince Dantha, finally able to lower his guard after months of looking over his shoulder for assassins, walked with a new found dignity. He was no longer a fugitive protector but the Dantakumara, the Prince of the Tooth, recognized by the state as a hero of the Dhamma. Beside him, Princess Hemamala remained the silent center of the storm. Despite the grand festivities, she maintained her meditative poise, the Sacred Relic still nestled securely within her tresses. She

had become a living icon, a bridge between the fallen glory of India and the rising spiritual sun of Lanka. The reason the King insisted on such a grand entry was to signal to the world, and to the rival monasteries of the Mahavihara and Abhayagiri, that the era of the Tooth Relic had begun, and that Anuradhapura was now the undisputed spiritual capital of the earth.

The climax occurs as they reached the massive stone gateways of Anuradhapura. The city, a marvel of ancient urban planning with its sprawling gardens, vast reservoirs like the Tissa Wewa, and towering white stupas, stood as the ultimate fortress of peace. King Sirimeghavanna met them at the city gates, descending from his throne to prostrate himself before the Princess, not out of rank, but out of veneration for the treasure she carried. It was here, in the shadow of the great Isurumuniya or within the royal pleasure gardens of the Meghagiri Vihara, that the Relic was finally revealed.

When Hemamala finally unbound her hair in the presence of the King and the High Priests, the silence was absolute. As the small, radiant Tooth emerged from its linen wrapping, it is said that a miraculous light filled the chamber, as if a second sun had risen within the palace walls. The long odyssey that began in the smoke of a burning Kalinga ended in the cool, incense laden sanctuary of the Sri Lankan capital. The King immediately declared the Relic the supreme protector of the island, decreeing that it should be housed in a specially constructed temple near the royal palace, ensuring that from that day forward, the right to rule Sri Lanka would forever be tied to the guardianship of the Sacred Tooth. The journey was over, but the legend of the Dalada Maligawa had just been born.

# Forever Onwards

The enshrinement of the Sacred Tooth Relic in the Meghagiri Vihara marked the end of an odyssey, but for Princess Hemamala and Prince Dantha, it was the beginning of a new era of dynastic prestige. King Sirimeghavanna, recognizing that the preservation of the Relic was a feat of unparalleled courage and spiritual merit, realized that a simple thank you or a chest of jewels would be an insult to their sacrifice. They were no longer mere refugees, they were the "Vahakas" (Carriers) of the island's destiny. To honor them, the King moved to integrate them into the very foundation of the Sri Lankan state, ensuring that their lineage would be as eternal as the Relic they had saved.

In an extraordinary royal decree, King Sirimeghavanna gifted the couple a whole Janapada, a vast, semi autonomous province or district. This was not merely a gift of land, but a transfer of sovereign authority over thousands of acres of fertile paddy fields, lush forests, and thriving villages. This territory was granted as a Nindagama, a feudal holding where the revenues, taxes, and labor of the land belonged entirely to Hemamala and Dantha.

The reasons for this massive reward were both practical and symbolic. By granting them a Janapada, the King ensured that the guardians of the Relic would never be beholden to anyone for their survival. They were provided with their own retinue of servants, a private guard of elite soldiers, and the right to maintain a court that mirrored the splendor they had lost in Dantapura. This land became known as a sanctuary for the "Kalinga Clan" in Sri Lanka, a place where the traditions, arts, and administrative styles of their homeland could be preserved and blended with the local Sinhalese culture.

King Sirimeghavanna established a precedent that would persist through the centuries, the clan of Hemamala (often associated with the Kalinga-Vamsa) was elevated to a status of "Supreme Purity." The King recognized that the blood flowing through Hemamala's veins had been sanctified by her proximity to the Relic and her royal Kalinga heritage.

Consequently, it became a tradition for the Sinhalese royalty to seek brides and alliances from the descendants of Hemamala and Dantha. This created a "Dual Dynasty" system in ancient Sri Lanka. To be considered a legitimate



claimant to the throne, a prince often had to prove a connection to the guardians of the Tooth. This explains why, throughout the history of the Polonnaruwa and Dambadeniya periods, kings like Sahasa Malla and Nissanka Malla emphasized their Kalinga origins. The marriage between the local Lambakanna dynasty and the Kalinga clan became the gold standard of royal legitimacy, ensuring that the protectors of the Relic and the rulers of the land were one and the same blood.

Despite their vast wealth and the Janapada they governed, Hemamala and Dantha chose to spend much of their time in the shadow of the Dalada Maligawa (The Temple of the Tooth). They were granted the hereditary title of "Dantarakkhadhikari" (Chief Custodian of the Tooth), a role that gave them the sole right to handle the sacred caskets during public festivals.

They lived out their days not as idle aristocrats, but as the spiritual advisors to the King. Their presence in the capital served as a constant reminder of the "Great Sacrifice" made in India. The people of Anuradhapura treated them with a reverence usually reserved for Arahats. It is said that whenever the couple appeared in public, the crowds would part in silent awe, remembering the Princess who carried the light of Buddha in her hair and the Prince who stood as her shield.

As the years passed, the story of their journey was carved into the stones of the city and recorded in the Dathavamsa (The Chronicle of the Tooth). They died as legends, but their legacy was carried forward by their children, who inherited the Janapada and the sacred duty of the guard. The "Janapada of the Guardians" became a cultural hub where the specific rituals of the Kalinga court were taught to the local priests, ensuring that the way the Relic was worshipped in Sri Lanka remained identical to the way it was worshipped in the ancient days of the Buddha's immediate followers.

The end.

# Afterword



With the approval of the Ministry of Education, this research-based project has empowered thousands of student authors for over ten years. Educationists recognize it as a program that significantly enhances the quality of school education.

In alignment with modern educational reforms, encouraging students to author a research work is a milestone in this journey. In this digital age of "Smart" technology, the modern school must demonstrate through research that books and technology should be used together. This is because the unique joy a child receives from a book cannot be replaced by anything else.

To prevent children from drifting away from books—which remain our primary educational tool and storehouse of human knowledge—Mahamaya Girls' College has spearheaded the "Hemamala Upahara" project for many years. Its primary objectives are to foster academic discipline, promote values, and pay tribute to Princess Hemamala, who fulfilled a historic mission to empower women.

We express our gratitude to the Principal, teachers, parents, alumni of Mahamaya Girls' College, representatives of other schools, the Diyawadana Nilame, and the staff of the Sri Dalada Maligawa (Temple of the Sacred Tooth Relic) for their support.

Seneviratne Mahalekam

(Project Creator)