



十字街頭的考驗

A Test at the Crossroad

卡洛麗2003年5月17日講於萬佛城大殿

A TALK BY LORI CABANSAG ON MAY 17, 2003 IN THE BUDDHA HALL AT THE CITY OF TEN THOUSAND BUDDHAS

仁德 中譯 CHINESE TRANSLATION BY REN DE

師父上人、各位法師、各位善知識：
阿彌陀佛！

我是卡洛麗，今晚輪到我學習說法。三週的華嚴法會剛開始，回想我第一次遇到《華嚴經》是在金山寺。未來萬佛城之前，在公餘週末我會去金山寺。雖然不懂中文，我還能照著拼音讀。

起初念經總是跟不上，特別是維那念的快時。於是，我給自己訂個小目標

：一整行要跟上；然後增加到整頁；然後到整段。有時遲到了，我就需要有人幫我在羅馬拼音本上找到經文。奇妙的是雖然不會看中文，常常一翻就翻到那一頁，很容易就找到正在念誦的行句，很快就趕上了。

各位能到萬佛城來參加法會真是好福氣，因為各位可以從工作或其他責任中請假，來全程修行這殊勝的法門。

我非常幸運能住在萬佛城，再過兩個月，我就住滿兩年了。我並不以為這是理所當然的事，因為我也不知道未來會有什麼變化。儘管我有家庭期許、牽掛，和常有令我必須出城的責任，可是我真願意儘可能的常住在這裡。

上次回家是在十二月底、一月初的寒假，在三藩市街上發生一件事情，讓我明白住在這裡自己學習到很多。在聖城我對自己較多的瞭解，也學習對治我的習氣毛病，其中一個就是衝動和受情緒控制。經過這件事我知道自己在自我控制或不受境界的干擾這方面有點進步。讓我告訴您

Venerable Master, Dharma Masters, and Good Advisors, Amitabha Buddha! My name is Lori Cabansag. Tonight is my turn to speak.

We have just begun a three-week recitation session of the Avatamsaka Sutra. I first encountered the Avatamsaka Sutra at Gold Mountain Monastery in San Francisco. Before I came to live here at the City of Ten Thousand Buddhas (CTTB), I used to go to Gold Mountain on the weekends when I was free from work. Although I didn't know Chinese, I could at least read the pinyin [romanization].

At first, I would constantly lose my place in the text and had a hard time following along, especially if the *wei no* [cantor] was reciting quickly. I used to set small goals for myself, like I would see if I could recite one whole line without getting lost; then that increased to one whole page, and then that increased to one whole section. Sometimes, I would get to the monastery late, and if everyone was reciting from the Chinese text, I would have to find someone who could help me find the right place in the romanized text. The amazing thing was that, even though I couldn't read Chinese, I could often just turn to the right page by accident and automatically pick up the line that was being recited.

Those of you who have come to CTTB to participate in the entire recitation session are really lucky because your causes and conditions are such that you're able to take time off from your job and other responsibilities to make the trip here and cultivate full-time this sublime Dharma door.

I myself feel lucky to be living here at CTTB. In two months I will have been living here for two years, but it's something I never want to take for granted because I don't know what conditions will ripen that might cause things to change. So even though I have family expectations, attachments, and other obligations that draw me away from the City from time to time, I would like to spend as much time here as I can.

The last time I went home for an extended period of time was over winter break in late December, early January. But I ran into a situation in San Francisco on the street that made me realize that I've learned a lot from being able to live here. I've come to know myself better, and I've been able to work on my faults and bad habits and begin to change



事情的經過。

當時是下午，在三藩市密遜街交通很危險的地區，我和先生正在瀏覽一些掛在建築物牆上的畫。街上很吵，有各種活動在進行，也有公車、汽車、和種種聲音。不過其中有個特別大的聲音，是一個男人在怒吼叫罵詛咒的聲音。聲音越來越大，我突然發現他是在對著我吼：一個六呎多高、三百磅重的男子，一身酒氣。我沒有理他，心想他有神經病，只要離開就好了。沒想到他跟在後面，一直咒罵，竟然擋著走過去。這時我先生跟他講話，想引開他的注意力，把手放在他身上想把他推離我身邊。可是他太高大，動也不動，他根本不理會我先生。那我怎麼辦呢？

我停下來聽他講什麼，他語無倫次地說「你們這些人做這做那。」他把對某種人的怒氣都出到我頭上。我保持冷靜、沒有防衛也沒有發脾氣。雖然根本不知道他說什麼，我反而點頭還同情他。此時我心裡也擔心：「這個情況真危險，他可能會攻擊我。」但當時我彷彿置身事外，雖然可以感覺到內心的恐懼與厭惡，但是故意不理會它；儘管我也不知道他下一步要幹什麼，但絕對沒有料到接下來發生的事情。

當我任由他講他想講的話、甚至還同情他的時候，他的喊叫聲降低了。他還是沒頭沒腦的說，可是他的神情漸漸平靜了。我們之間不再緊張了，共識到彼此是人，沒有差異，沒有分隔。

不久，這個人的眼神變得柔和了，沒有忿怒了，竟然說：「我們彼此擁抱吧！」就伸手給我們夫婦一個迅雷不及掩耳的擁抱。

當時除了拍拍他的背抱他一下，沒有比此更恰當的動作；同時我說：「我們要往那個方向走。」就輕輕移動，離開他的注意力。不過當我倆加快腳步時，還是沒膽子回頭看他是否還在跟著。

我想，當時要是我生氣或露出害怕、受惱或者輕視厭惡的樣子，他一定會使

them. One of those faults is acting rashly and allowing my emotions to control my thoughts and actions. This incident that happened showed me how I've made a little progress in self-control or self-mastery of my emotions. I'd like to share with you what happened on that day.

This was in San Francisco, in the late afternoon, along a dangerous stretch of Mission Street. But I was there with my husband checking out some artwork painted on some buildings in that area. The street was noisy, as usual, and there was all kinds of activity, and all kinds of sounds from buses, cars, voices, and such. There was one sound, however, that was booming above the din. It was a man yelling in a loud, angry voice, spewing profanity. That sound became louder. Suddenly, the source of that sound was upon me: a six-foot plus, 300-pound man was shouting directly at me, and his breath reeked of alcohol.

I tried to keep walking, to ignore him—oh, he's just crazy, I thought—let me just get away from him. But he followed me, shouting curses all the while, and he wasn't going to let me just pass him by. My husband tried to get the man's attention by talking to him, putting his hands on him to push him away from me. But the man was too big, he wouldn't budge, and he paid no attention at all to my husband. So, what could I do?

So, I stopped and tried to listen to what he was saying. He was pretty incoherent—making references to “you people” doing this and that thing. He was directing all of his anger about some kind of people to me in my face. But I kept my cool and didn't take any offense or get angry in return.

Instead, I nodded my head and tried to sympathize with him, even though I didn't understand what he was saying. Inside, however, I was thinking, “This here's a dangerous situation. This man might even attack me.” I was kind of detached; I could feel the fear in me and aversion too, but I deliberately did not give way to these feelings despite the fact I didn't know what he was going to do next. I could never have foreseen what was to follow.

As I stood listening to him, letting him say whatever it was he had to say, sympathizing with him, his shouting subsided. He was still talking incoherently, but he was calming down. We were reaching some kind of common space, acknowledging each other as being human, not different, not separate.

The next thing I knew, the man, whose eyes had by this time softened and were no longer angry, exclaimed, “Group hug!” and he flung his arms around my husband and me in a cathartic embrace.

And the only thing that seemed natural to do at the time was to pat his back and to return the hug. With that, I said, “Well, we have to go that way,” and started to move away, gently disengaging from his attention. As we hastened our steps, we dared not to look back to see if the man was following us.

I think that if I were to have gotten angry at the man or to have



用暴力，他就有那麼大的氣。

因為自己能夠冷靜不鬧情緒，沒有自我才能和平化解當時情況。沒有向他發作他對我的態度，他給我的感覺沒有令我情緒發作；反而我會考慮他的處境

，甚至認同他的感覺。我同情他，讓他敘說--使他忿怒的事。要是他對我的胡鬧和我對他的恐懼與厭惡，如果硬碰硬對衝，兩人之間必然會有爭執。

我很肯定自己能夠保持冷靜，這都歸功於住在萬佛城。住在這裡讓我有空間學習，觀照內心，並注意思緒的起伏

。我四週的法師、居士和學生的言行，都令我獲益良多。我也向非人學習：就是蟲子、雨、風、冷和熱，我學習到法爾如是，不需因為它們而起煩惱。當然我也由圖書館借來的佛經與書籍中學習

。因為智慧不足，有很多不懂之處，我相信有一天我善根具足我就會明白的，這也賴佛菩薩為眾生發的誓願力所致。

圖書館有一本南傳雨林法師的書，使我深受感動。書中所討論不要有我執，我們的心境都是無常，不是本體，不是本來的面目。

其中有一段：「如果別人詛咒我們，心裡沒有個我，就事過境遷，不受痛苦；如果心中有不歡喜，應該當下止息，明白那個感覺不是真的我。」

他比喻：「如果不站在戰火線的當中，不會挨子彈；如果一封信沒人收，自然會被退回原處。」正確的修行中道

，得意失意都不驚亂，放下恐懼與嫌惡這兩種執著你就可以不生煩惱而得到解脫。

祝大家在三週的華嚴法會中有所成就，不論是華嚴法門或您修行的法門，願您法喜充滿，大家早日證得菩提心。阿彌陀佛！

shown that I was afraid, offended, or if I had shown disdain or repugnance towards him, he would have gotten physically violent, that's how angry he was.

I think it was that fact that I was able to control my emotions and not be so self-centered that peacefully resolved this situation. Instead of reacting to what he was doing to *me*, how he was making *me* feel, I had to instead try to see where *he* was coming from and acknowledge *his* feelings. I had to empathize with *him*, and allow him to express himself—whatever it was that was causing his anger. If I were to have put my own emotions and feelings out into the situation, then there would have been two people fighting: him with his anger toward me and me with my fear and aversion toward him.

I credit my living here at CTTB with my being able to be calm and collected in that situation. Living here has given me the space to learn, to watch my own mind, to watch my thoughts and see how they come and go. I've learned a lot from watching and listening to the Dharma Masters, the laypeople, and the students at the schools here. I also learn from the non-humans. From the insects I encounter, from the rain, the wind, the cold, and the heat I learned that these things are just as they are, so I don't get angry or upset because of them. And of course I learn from the sutras and books I pick up in the library. There's a lot in the texts I don't understand because I have little wisdom, but one day when the conditions are ripe, I will. That is the Buddhas' and Bodhisattvas' vow for all living beings.

There is one book I came across in the library that contained some teachings by a Theravada forest monk that struck a bell in me. He was discussing the Buddhist principle of not attaching to the concept of a self, saying that the various states of mind are not permanent, they are not of substance, they are not who we are.

This is a quote from one of his books: "If someone curses us and we have no feelings of self, the incident ends with the spoken words, and we do not suffer. If unpleasant feelings arise, we should let them stop there, realizing that the feelings are not us."

He continues with the following analogies, "If we do not stand up in the line of fire, we do not get shot; if there is no one to receive it, the letter is sent back. On the Middle Path of right practice, calmed of both elation and sorrow, putting down both attachment and fear and aversion, one escapes the path of birth and becoming and finds liberation."

In this three-week Avatamsaka Sutra recitation session, I wish everyone success. May you feel the Dharma joy from your practice, whether from this Dharma door or another which you've chosen to cultivate. And may we quickly realize the Bodhi mind. Amitofo.