



築夢踏實——

法界聖城浴佛節感言

Treading Real on A Vision——

A Historical Event at the City of the Dharma Realm

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這是一個令人很難忘的畫面，今年5月18日那天，在法界聖城從大門一直到佛殿前的階梯，大排長龍，各種年紀的男男女女和小孩——他們的膚色，有棕、黑、白、紅，黃；他們穿著不同的服飾，有直條、格子衣，有的搭絞染、圖案印花布；有的是藍色牛仔褲，也有是絲質西裝，而孩子們也捧著紙杯盛滿粉紅色的花來供佛。這些人都是打對街的教堂過來浴佛的，其中一位老先生甚至隨身攜帶氧氣筒。

在我歡迎他們光臨的同時，想起上人兒時做過的一個夢，他夢見自己走在路上，那路就像那個篩子的窟窿那樣，數以百萬計的黑洞，底下就不知多深。那個路就像羅網似的，在上面可以走，但是一不小心就一定會掉下去，就在這麼一個路上走。等他走到沒有窟窿的地方，沒有羅網的地方，到那個平安的康莊大道了。再回頭一看，那個路上不知多少人跟著他出來，老的、年輕的，男男女女什麼樣都有，他們的膚色，有棕、黑、白、紅，黃，哪個國家都有。不知道是不是他現在走的路？他永遠忘不了這個夢，他知道這個夢很特別。

這些年來在上人的導引下，各道場都認真主辦每年的浴佛節、敬老節和懷少節，來參加的西方人也因而越來越多。像今年我們將懷少節和浴佛節合併為同一天來舉行，有200位以上的原住民、非裔、亞裔、白種、墨裔和波蘭裔的美國人，一起參加了盛會。當我看著一名非裔小童將浴佛香湯澆往佛陀童子像的肩上時，我問自己：「咦，他們會不會是在上人夢裡出現過的人？」

我在密西西比的農莊長大，附近農莊佃農的孩

From the gate, a line of men, women and children of all ages streamed to the steps of the temple—their skin brown, black, white, red, and yellow. They wore stripes and plaids, tie-dye and swirly prints, silk suits and blue jeans. The children carried paper cups of pink flowers as offerings to the Buddha. An elderly man carried a portable oxygen tank. They were from the church across the street and they came to bathe the Buddha. It was May 18, 2003, on the Buddha's Birthday at the City of the Dharma Realm.

As I welcomed them, I recalled the dream that the Venerable Master had when he was a child. Lost in the wilderness, he was walking on a road which was gutted with holes like those of a sieve. They were very deep holes, millions of black holes, and if he wasn't careful he could slip and fall into one of them. When he walked past the holes onto a safe, smooth highway, he glanced back and saw a great many people of all nationalities following him—old and young, men and women, their skin brown, black, white, red, and yellow. He wondered if that was the road he was walking on then. He never forgot the dream. He knew it was special.

As the day went on, more and more westerners came to the temple to bathe the Buddha and to celebrate the youth; this year we combined Cherishing Youth Day with the Buddha's Birthday. Native Americans, African Americans, Asian Americans, White Americans, Mexican Americans, Polish Americans joined together with the Asian community, well over 200. "Are these the ones in the dream?" I asked, as I watched an African-American child pour rose water over the bronze shoulder of the Baby Buddha.

Being brought up on a farm in Mississippi, I used to hide in the tall cotton with the African-American children and teach them to write their ABC's in the dirt, when we were supposed

子都是我的朋友。當我和這些非裔小孩一道去採收棉花時，我們常躲在高大的棉樹林中，由我以手畫地教他們寫ABC。我總會向著他們，因為他們搭公車只能坐在車後座，喝水只能在標有「黑人專用」的飲水機裡喝。「這不公平！」我心裡想，希望有一天我也能夠幫助他們。這些年來，我加入「黑就是美」的運動，發掘出兼具愛心與勇氣的人來幫助非裔。

直到我遇到佛法，知道有「業力」這回事，它冥冥之中支配我們的命運，終於明白唯有以佛法化解奴役和被奴役二者背後的因果關係，才是真正的解救之道。因此我在萬佛聖城第一屆水陸空大法會上，為這兩者立了一個牌位。當法會結束時，我見到一個景象，看見上人引領上千個奴隸和奴隸主，一面卸除他們身上的桎梏和枷鎖，一面昇上虛空。因為這一不可思議的境界，更加深了我的信念——弘揚佛法，不僅只為自己的親族，也要擴及到每個站在我國土地上，和我不能履及的其他地方的人們。徹底的解決種族歧視，實現世界和平的理想，這是我的希望。

對我來說，2003年的五月十八日，是一個深具歷史意義的日子——這一天，許多不同種族的人來到法界聖城共同浴佛。

to be picking cotton. They were the children of sharecroppers who worked on our farm and my only friends. My heart always went out to them when they had to ride in the back of the bus or drink from a BLACK ONLY water fountain in town. "It isn't fair," I thought, hoping that someday I could help them.

Over the years, I joined the "Black is beautiful" campaign and rooted for the warm-hearted and courageous people who have made things better for the African Americans. But not until I met with the Buddha Dharma and learned about *karma*, was I able to understand the causes and conditions that lay behind those who are enslaved and those who enslave others and that there was a way to help. At the first Water, Air and Land Ceremony at the City of Ten Thousand Buddhas, I put up a rebirth plaque for both. At the end of the ceremony, I had a vision of the Venerable Master leading thousands of slaves and slave owners out of the shrouds and bonds, up into empty space. Due to that auspicious event, my previous vow deepened—to take on the work of sharing the Buddha Dharma, not only with my own race, but with every race of people who set feet on the soil of this country and beyond to wherever I might be.

To me, May 18, 2003, was a historical event for the Dharma Realm Buddhist Association—the day Americans of all ethnicities came to the City of the Dharma Realm to bathe the Buddha together.

（上接第31頁）

將要回去時有人說：「你拿空瓶灌滿萬佛城之空氣，回到西雅圖再將之倒出，萬佛城的空氣並未減少，西雅圖空氣也未增加。」我一看他與我鬥禪機，忙說：「我最怕禪機，不知什麼是『禪無一物，一物是禪』？我是早也阿彌陀佛，晚也阿彌陀佛。」

回想在聖城招頭去尾，只有五天時間，為何我覺得自己收穫特別多？當然要感謝佛菩薩慈悲加被。在念佛拜佛中使我少了幾分執著，放下一些習性。雖然這只是向學佛的路上走了小小的一步，在我的人生而言，可說是跨出一大步。



(Continued from page 31)

Upon our departure, someone said to me, "Take a bottle and fill it up with air at CTTB, then dump it out when you get back to Seattle. The air at CTTB will not have decreased and the air in Seattle will not have increased." I saw that he was challenging me with his Chan wit, so I immediately responded, "Chan wit scares me more than anything. What is meant by, 'There is not a thing to Chan and Chan is that one thing'? For me, it's Amitabha Buddha in the morning and Amitabha Buddha at night."

As I reflect, the short week at the City was really a total of five days, so why do I feel that I have gained so much? Of course I have to be grateful for the compassion and blessings of the Buddhas and Bodhisattvas. Another thing is that chanting the Buddha's name and bowing to the Buddhas have made me let go of my pompous attitude. With the entire body hitting the ground, I lost a few attachments and habits. Even though this is a small step towards learning Buddhism, it is a