



飛越鬼門關

A Narrow Escape from Death

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我的家庭生活一向幸福和平靜，自從兒女長大了，家裡只有我們夫婦兩人。平時外子爲了鍛練身體，下班後就和同事去打網球，而我就在家念佛。

今年一月底(陰曆過年前)的一個晚上七點十五分，他的同事來電話說外子有點頭暈要我送綠油精，三分鐘後又打電話來說外子在打球時摔了一跤人很不舒服，頭很暈。當我趕到球場時，他側躺在椅子上

，不能動。我立即打電話到醫院，醫院要我快叫911送急救。幾分鐘後他開始大吐不止，救護車這時也到了，問了他的資料就把他帶走了，我開著自己的車在後面緊跟著，看著救護車裡的燈一會兒亮，一會兒暗的，我知道一定有狀況，果然不久車子停住，司機走過來跟我說他們聯絡了兩家醫院，他們都沒有床位，不收新急救病患，現在只好送到遠的醫院去了。救護車的燈也不閃也不叫，慢慢的開。我心想：不妙！這樣時間耽誤太長了。

到了醫院，看到外子一身都是嘔吐物，他一直有話要說但又說不清楚，很無奈，痛苦的樣子，我就在他的耳邊說：「南無觀世音菩薩」，他就好一些，平靜下來。醫院內這個醫生看看，那個醫生問問，只做一般性的檢查，最後才送他去做腦斷層掃描，那時他已開始無意識的顫動及抽筋，照完後所有醫務人員都不作聲退居兩旁，以同情無奈的眼光看著我，我問醫生情況如何？他說：「很嚴重，三分之一的左腦已擠到右

All along, my family life had been blessed and peaceful. Ever since my children grew up, my husband and I were the only ones at home. My husband usually played tennis with his colleagues after work to keep fit while I stayed home reciting the Buddha's name.

One evening near the end of January this year, at around 7:15 pm, my husband's colleague telephoned to inform me that my husband was feeling a little dizzy and needed me to send him some ointment. Three minutes later, he called again to say that my husband had a fall while playing tennis and was feeling giddy and unwell. When I rushed to the tennis court, I found him lying on a chair, unable to move. I immediately called the hospital, and they advised me to call 911 for emergency service. A few minutes later, he started to vomit nonstop. At the same time, the ambulance arrived. After obtaining some information, the paramedics carried him away. I drove my car and followed anxiously behind. Seeing the light in the ambulance flash on and off, I knew something was amiss. After a while, the ambulance stopped and the driver walked over to inform me that they had contacted two hospitals but there were no more beds available. As such, they were unable to accept more emergency cases; we would need to send him to a hospital farther away. The ambulance then proceeded slower and its light no longer flashed. I thought "Oh no! At this speed, the delay would be too long."

Arriving at the hospital, I saw that his body was covered with his vomit. He kept wanting to say something, but was unable to speak clearly. Seeing his struggle and pain, I spoke into his ears "Namo Guanshiyin Pusa" [Homage to the Bodhisattva Who Observes the Sounds of the World]. He became more stable and calmed down. In the hospital, the doctors asked this and that separately, simply making basic queries and performing the standard checkup. At long last, they sent him to the Neurology Department for a brain scan. By then, he was beginning to lose consciousness and was experiencing spasms. After the scan, all the hospital staff never spoke but merely stepped back on both sides. They looked at me in a sympathetic and helpless



腦，我們沒有辦法，他有腦震盪，腦出血的情形，我已通知腦科開刀醫生。」他們給他吊點滴降低腦壓。我一聽就開始緊張了，因為我婆婆在台灣也是因為腦震盪，時間耽誤太久，造成腦壓過高不敢開刀而過世的。我這時唯一能做的就是不停地在他耳邊念南無觀世音菩薩。十一點差十分，外子的瞳孔已放大，開刀醫生到了，一來就大罵所有的醫務人員，腦部受傷病人怎麼可以等，浪費太多時間

，他一邊罵一邊就推著床往手術房裡衝。

我一個人就在手術等候室裡專心念著觀音菩薩聖號，我知道他的生命已不在我們手中，我心平氣和，無怨無悔，專心的念著。兩個半小時後，有人從手術房內出來，我立即上前問情況，他說他是麻醉師

，手術已完畢，腦內取出了好多好多的血

，打網球怎麼會打成這個樣？過了一會兒

，他被推出來，面如白紙，頭髮剃光，大腦被打開，包著白紗布，頭上有一根管子在滴著血，全身手腳都有管子連在機器上

，上了麻醉，他是靠著機器呼吸，兩眼閉著，一動也不動，我也不知他是死是活，開刀醫生走來了說：「你可以回去了！手術完畢，我要回去了！」我哪敢離開，我要看他張開眼睛我才放心。

到了天亮我才回去，通知大女兒，她已去上班了，一聽到爸爸腦開刀就忍不住的哭了，馬上趕到醫院來，她淚眼汪汪的看著爸爸笑，爸爸不認識她，不記得她了

。他一會兒昏睡，一會兒痛苦的張著眼。麻醉藥漸漸的退了，咽喉內插著呼吸管及尿道內插著尿管讓他很不舒服。接下來真的頭痛來了，吃藥打嗎啡都無法解除，一睡就痛醒，加護病房叫護士也半天不來，我只好夜裡也守著他，陪陪他，看著他痛苦。護士說：「你不要難過，等他好了，這些痛苦他全都不會記得！」開刀醫生兩

、三天才來一次，第二次來拆下頭上的釘書針，拔下腦裡的管子，開下止痛藥，說病人可以回家休養了。這開刀醫生成功的手術及

manner. I asked the doctor how his condition was. He replied "Very serious. One-third of the left side of his brain has been pushed into the right side. We have no way. He has concussion and a brain hemorrhage. I have already notified the neurosurgeon." They had put him on an IV drip to help lower his brain pressure. I started to get anxious when I heard this because my mother-in-law in Taiwan had also suffered a concussion. A long delay caused very high brain pressure and she passed away after no one dared performed surgery. All I could do at that moment was to continuously chant "Namo Guanshiyin Pusa" by his ear. Ten minutes to eleven, my husband's pupils were found to be dilated. The neurosurgeon, upon arrival, started to reprimand the hospital staff for letting a patient suffering from brain injury wait so long, wasting too much time. While scolding, he rushed the bed towards the operating room.

Alone, I waited outside the operating room and concentrated on chanting "Namo Guanshiyin Pusa." I knew that his life was no longer in our hands now. With a sense of inner peace, with no blame or regret, I concentrated on chanting. Two and a half hours later, someone came out of the operating room. I immediately went forward to ask him about the situation. He told me he was the anesthetist. The surgery had ended, and a lot of blood had been pumped out from the brain. He expressed that he was puzzled how my husband could have got into such a state from playing tennis. After a short while, my husband was wheeled out. His face was as white as a sheet; his hair was shaved off. His head had been opened up and was wrapped in a white bandage. A tube on his head was dripping blood. Many tubes from machines were attached to his whole body and limbs. Under anesthesia, he depended on a machine to breathe. Both his eyes were closed and his body was motionless. I did not know if he was dead or alive. The surgeon then came and told me, "You can go home. The surgery is complete. I am going back!" Would I dare to leave? Only when I saw him opening his eyes would I feel relieved.

I went home at dawn and informed my eldest daughter who had gone to work by then. Upon hearing the news of her father's brain surgery, she broke down in tears and immediately rushed to the hospital. She smiled at her father tearfully but he did not recognize her nor remember who she was. One moment, he would fall asleep; the next, he would open his eyes in agony. Slowly, the anesthesia wore off. The breathing tube inserted in his throat and the catheter were making him very uncomfortable. Thereafter, his head was truly in pain. Medication and morphine injections did not seem to help either. Each time he tried to sleep, he would awaken in pain. In the intensive care ward, he had to wait a long time whenever he called for the nursing staff; I had to stay overnight to look after him, to accompany him and to witness his pain. The nurse told me, "Try not to feel sad. After he recovers, all



時救了外子的一條命；至於恢復記憶及康復的情形那就靠病人自己的造化了。

在他出事約兩星期之前，我正在推行每人每天發心為別人念佛半小時的活動，希望佛光點燃每個人的心靈，這些朋友一聽說外子的意外，都紛紛自動的為他念佛迴向，家父、家母平常不念佛的，更是每晚勤念，希望外子早日康復，沒有任何後遺症。他回家休養後，真的進步神速，一個半月以後已無病容，全家大小事也能作

主，甚至不久我們搬家，扛物，也靠他出力不少。到醫院檢查時，醫生說：「你是奇蹟中的奇蹟，像你這麼嚴重的病情（三分之一的左腦被擠到右腦）存活率是百分之五十，而且手術後百分之八十的病人會成植物人，你能沒有什麼後遺症實在是太幸運了！」我們夫婦都知道外子能消災延壽這全是佛菩薩加被，眾人念佛的功德所致。房子賣掉後（出事前就已在賣房子），我們倆來到萬佛城參加華嚴法會誦華嚴經，外子跟著法師一字一句念經，字字不亂。在離開萬佛城後，外子就回公司上班去了，他是從事腦力工作的人，現在的他比以前更聰明，更有智慧，更慈悲，我們真是感念佛恩。日子又回復了平靜，不同的是我們念佛的心更真誠更專一了。



this pain will be completely forgotten!” The neurosurgeon came only once every two to three days. On his second visit, he removed the staple in my husband’s head, detached the tube from his brain, gave a prescription for painkillers and said that the patient could go home to recuperate. This surgeon’s successful operation had saved my husband’s life in time. As to regaining his memory and recuperating from the operation, it depended entirely on the patient’s own fate.

About two weeks before this incident, I was urging everyone to chant the Buddha’s name for half an hour daily for others, in the hope that the Buddha’s light would shine upon everyone. My friends, after receiving news of my husband’s accident, automatically offered to chant and transfer merit to him. My parents, who normally do not chant, also did so every night, hoping that he would recover quickly and not suffer any after effects. Recuperating at home, his condition improved speedily. After one and a half months, he didn’t look sickly and could make decisions on all the affairs of the

family. Even when we moved to a new house shortly afterwards, he helped considerably in the move and lifted quite a lot. When he went back to the hospital for a check up, the doctor said to him, “You are a miracle of miracles. In serious cases like yours (where the left side of the brain is pushed into the right side), the survival rate is 50%. Moreover, after operation, 80% of patients become ‘vegetables’. You are very fortunate not to have any adverse after effects!” Both my husband and I knew that the Buddhas and Bodhisattvas, as well as the merit and virtue from the chanting of many people, have helped him in overcoming this misfortune. After selling the house (already on sale before the incident), both of us came to the City of Ten Thousand Buddhas to participate in the Avatamsaka Sutra Recitation Session. My husband followed the Dharma Masters in reciting the Sutra, word for word, without mistake or distraction. After leaving CTTB, he returned to work. He is a white-collar worker. Now he is even more intelligent than before, wiser and compassionate. We are both very grateful to the Buddha. Our days have reverted back to peaceful ones like before. The only difference is that our chanting has become ever more earnest and mindful.

