



# 瑞士乳酪

—我的第一年沙彌尼生活感想

## Swiss Cheese—

A Reflection of My First Year of Life as a Shramanerika

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鑼響了。戒師說沙彌受十戒前，先感謝父母授予生命，撫養及教育之恩。我心喜悅低吟。禮拜父母深恩後開始我的第一個生日——身為沙彌尼的第一年——真是最好的方式。第一個問題是為什麼出家？我在1985年到萬佛聖城當老師與學習佛教。每天看到一群黃袍人被早板喚醒，傾聽上人講法，我想我還有事要做。在寒冷的2002年12月22日，我做到了。

我的頭髮落地，很快被清掃乾淨。不久一個鉢遞給了我。接到鉢，我回憶起久遠以前，托著同樣的鉢，走在恒河邊的泥路上。我覺得身在清冷與清爽中——有如早晨的空氣。

霧已散盡，雲已飄遠，  
天空晴朗，吾髮落地。

十幾年前，我在1983年第一次來到萬佛聖城，看到比丘尼在佛殿繞念，我發願跟隨，如她們所作。出家最重要的是對上人與對我父母的一份責任，是他們推動我，出家只是回報他們的恩德。

目前我在座落於沙加緬度的法界聖城內通願律學院接受訓練。第一天，我的戒師恆貴師說：「你的工作是協助建立小學，開素食餐廳，教英語，做我的英語助理，還有整理庭園。」

「在法總絕不會無聊」我告訴自己，同時感到興奮無比。「我還可以寫兒童佛書嗎？」「當然，可是，」恆貴師說：「上人說任

The gong sounded. The preceptor said, "Before you Shramaneras [novices] receive the Ten Precepts, give thanks to your parents for giving you life, raising you, and educating you." My heart sang with joy. *What a wonderful way to begin my first birthday—my first year of life as a Shramanerika—a gift to my parents.*

The first question asked when one leaves the home-life is why. I came to the City of Ten Thousand Buddhas in 1985 to be a teacher and to study Buddhism. Everyday, seeing the flash of a yellow robe being awakened by the morning boards, and hearing the Venerable Master speak the Dharma, I thought, there is something I must do. On that icy day of December 22, 2003, I did it. My hair fell to the floor and was swept away. An alms bowl was handed to me. As I received it, I recalled holding the same bowl long ago, walking down a dusty road in the Ganges Valley. I felt cool and clear—like the morning air.

The fog lifted, the clouds drifted away.  
The sky was swept clean.  
My hair fell to the floor.

Over a decade ago, in 1983, I visited CTTB for the first time, saw the Bhikshunis circumambulate in the Buddha Hall and vowed to follow them, to go forth as they had. But most of all, I left the home-life out of duty to the Venerable Master and to my parents. They were the vehicles for me doing so. Leaving home is just paying the fare.

Now I'm in training at Tung Yuan Vinaya Academy at the City of the Dharma Realm (CDR) in Sacramento. The first day here my precept teacher, Heng Gwei Shr, said, "Your work here is to help establish an elementary school and open a vegetarian restaurant, teach English, be my English-speaking assistant, and do the landscaping."

"Never a dull moment in DRBA," I said to myself, excited and



何人在法界聖城做的佛事，夢想都可以實現，我的夢想是把所有上人講戒律的錄音帶翻成優美的英語。你可以幫助我。」恆是師微笑道：「好像有好多工作。別擔心，慢慢來。首先要學會做個出家人--與僧團和諧共處。」

受沙彌尼訓練將近一年，我的背被指戳的好像瑞士乳酪。「右轉，左轉。」「拉直袈裟，站挺直。」「該你敲木魚了。」「快點，有個美國人想瞭解佛教。」一個洞一個學習，學習負責任與恭讓，能做得盡善盡美。

這好比有片棕櫚葉在法界聖城飄落，一位比丘尼揀起來，用來掃停車場。我妹妹說我當了沙彌尼後，姿勢有改善，也許是瑞士乳酪之功吧！

法界聖城的冬天，風吹的很猛。高大的棕櫚樹狂亂的搖擺不已，

可是沒翻倒，它們的根緊緊的扎在土裏。這裏的老師和學生都好像棕櫚樹，佛教中的大樹。他們心胸寬闊

，努力工作學習，伸展枝幹，維持道場，救拔眾生。他們每星期打掃許多庭園與走廊，鋪硬木地板，修理屋頂與馬桶，拔除野草與雜草，一如野草與雜草奮力地長回來，她們也拔得動力。星期日有兩場法會，一場英語

，一場中文，為利益所有的眾生，在沙加緬度飄揚法幢。身為沙彌尼，我唯一的希望是跟隨他們的腳步。也就是說，告訴我右轉，我就右轉；告訴我左轉，我就左轉。



overwhelmed at the same time. “Will I still be able to write Buddhist books for children?”

“But, of course,” said Heng Gwei Shr. “The Venerable Master said that everyone can realize their dream in doing the Buddha’s work at CDR. My dream is to have all the Master’s tapes on the Vinaya translated into beautiful English. You can help me.”

Heng Shr Shr smiled and said, “It sounds like too much work. But don’t worry. This will all take time. First you must learn how to be a left-home person—that is to live in harmony with the Sangha.”

After being in training as a novice for almost a year, I have been poked so much that my back is like Swiss cheese. “Go left, go right.” “Straighten your sash and stand up straight.” “It’s your turn to

hit the fish.” “Quick! There’s an American here who wants to learn some Buddhism.” In each hole, a lesson—a lesson in yielding and taking responsibility for my own training, making the best of everything. It’s like when a palm leaf falls from a tree at CDR, a nun picks it up and sweeps the parking lot. My sister says that my posture has improved since I became a nun, and that’s saying something for

Swiss cheese!

In the winter, the wind blows hard at CDR. The tall palm trees swing and sway wildly but do not topple over, their roots snug in the ground. The teachers and students here are like the palms, the great trees in Buddhism. They work and study hard, spreading their branches, maintaining the Way Place and saving living beings, with hearts vast and great. All week they sweep the many courtyards and corridors, lay wooden floors, repair roofs and toilets, pull weeds and grass, and pull more weeds and grass, as vigorously as the grass and weeds grow back. On Sundays, they host two Dharma Assemblies, one in Chinese and one in English, for the benefit of all, flying the Dharma banner over Sacramento. My only hope, as a novice, is to follow in their footsteps. That is to go left when I’m told; and go right when I’m told.