



# 白景學講故事

Stories by Bai Jingxue



白景學 講於2000年4月8日星期六，父親往生一週年紀念

SPOKEN BY UPASAKA BAI JINGXUE ON SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 2002, THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF HIS FATHER'S PASSING

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## 燒信封收魂

有一年，我去我們家西院幫忙包餃子。東北過年都是互相幫忙包餃子，二十多人在一起包餃子，連說帶笑的也不累；包一百多斤麵，包完以後拿到外面凍上，完了放在大缸裡。這一個臘月、正月，都吃凍餃子；煮一鍋開水，下鍋裡就吃。我去西院的那家姓考，叫考中田。我去他家幫忙包餃子，包完餃子到了十一點多鐘了，才回家。外面很黑，路過他家東院，住的是姓白的，和我是一家子。他家養了兩條狗，狗也不會咬我。我從他那裡走，天很黑，也看不見，很大的兩條狗，偏在過路的地上趴著，我就踩到狗肚子上了。

當時也沒有怎麼樣，第二天就起不來了，也不吃飯就在炕上躺著。我爸爸就摸我的脈，問說：「昨天晚上你看見了什麼？」我說沒看見什麼。我爸爸說：「不對！你是看見什麼了。」我一想，我說我是踩到狗的身上了。到了晚上我爸爸就找了個從遠處寄來的信封，到了夜深人靜星星出全的時候，我已經睡覺了，他在我的枕頭前面，把那個信封用火燒了用紙包上，放在我的枕頭下面。第二天早晨，我就起來吃飯了。

那麼那天有病是怎麼了呢？躺炕上起不來了，脈也沒有了，人一點力氣也沒有，也不能吃飯，別人說什麼，聽見了，也稀里糊塗的。那個時候如果讓醫生看，醫生也是看不到；沒有脈搏了，很危險的，我爸爸給燒一個信封，就把我魂給收回來了。那時候我十四歲。父親慈悲，救了我，我至今難以忘懷。

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## Burning an envelope to call back my spirit

Once, I went to the west hall of our house to help wrap dumplings. In Manchuria, people always help each other wrap dumplings before Chinese New Year; one hardly becomes tired when over twenty people talk and joke while wrapping dumplings together. We wrapped dumplings using more than 100 kgs of flour and took them outside to freeze. After they were frozen, we would keep them in a big crock, and that would be our food for the twelfth and first months of the lunar calendar. The family occupying the west hall was named Kao. I helped to wrap dumpling at his house till past eleven at night. It was very dark then. I passed by the east hall, where a family by the surname of Bai (who were my relatives) lived. They had two dogs, but the dogs didn't bite or bark at me. It was very dark and I couldn't see clearly. These two dogs were lying in the passageway, and I stepped on the stomach of one of them by accident.

I didn't feel anything wrong then, but the next day I could neither get up nor eat. My father felt my pulse and asked, "What did you see last night?" I replied that I saw nothing. My father said, "No. You must have seen something strange." I thought about it, and recalled that I stepped on the dog. That night, when the stars were out and I was asleep, my father got out an envelope that was sent from afar, burnt it, wrapped it up with a paper and put it under my pillow. The next day, I could get up and eat.

How did I get that sickness? I couldn't get out of bed, my pulse was weak, I had no strength at all and I couldn't eat. I couldn't even discern what others were saying. If I had consulted a doctor then, he wouldn't have been able to do anything either. My father burnt an envelope and brought my spirit back to life when my pulse was almost gone. I was fourteen then. My father was compassionate and saved my life; this is something that left a deep impression on me, even till today.

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