



應以邊檢官得度者...

一則美墨邊境上的感應故事

For Those Who Should Be Saved by An INS Officer...

The Story of a Response at the U.S.-Mexican Border

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A TALK BY CHRISTINA DEDE ON FEBRUARY 18, 2005 IN THE BUDDHA HALL AT THE CITY OF TEN THOUSAND BUDDHAS
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About the writer: Christina Dede took refuge with the Venerable Master at Gold Wheel Monastery in Los Angeles in 1981.

大約20多年前，我從夏威夷搬到洛杉磯，和我的乾爹、乾媽住在一起。有一天，我的乾爹乾媽決定要去位於美國和墨西哥邊境的提哇納渡假。我告訴他們，我沒有合法的證件離開美國；如果我離境，可能會回不來。我的乾爹、乾媽遊說我，因為我有著夏威夷口音，邊檢官可能會認為我是夏威夷人，回美國應該不會有什麼問題。我被他們說動，於是便和他們去提哇納高高興興的玩了一天。

當天下午要回美國時，一位邊檢官攔了我下來，要查我隨身證件；可是之前聽信乾爹乾媽的話，我什麼證件——連護照——都沒帶。那位檢察官便叫我下車，只讓我乾爹、乾媽回去；然後他把我帶到樓上的一間邊檢辦公室。

我很害怕地走進那間辦公室，我發現並非只有我被拘留；還有很多老墨，也是沒有證件，便隻身闖境，就像我一樣。

我坐著等，希望我乾爹、乾媽會把我法定證件送過來，那麼隔天我就可以自由了。但是，即便是這樣，我都不知道我的那些證件，能否讓我過境回美國？

我坐在那裡，非常平靜地默念著「南無觀世

More than twenty years ago, I moved to Los Angeles from Hawaii to live with my godparents. One day they decided to go on a tour to Tijuana, which is on the border of the United States and Mexico. I told them that I did not have the proper documents to leave the United States, and if I left the U.S. I would not be able to come back. My godparents advised that I shouldn't have a problem; since I had a Hawaiian accent, the INS would assume that I was Hawaiian, so I could come back to the U.S. I was convinced. Thereafter, we did go to Tijuana for a one-day tour and had a nice time.

In the afternoon on our way back to the U.S. at the Custom and Border Protection (CBP/INS), I was stopped by an INS officer and asked for my papers. Having good faith in my godparents' words, I had not brought any papers with me—not even my passport. The immigration officer asked me to get out of the car, but he let my godparents pass. He led me upstairs into a CBP/INS office.

Frightened, I entered the room, and saw that I was not the only one who was detained in the office. There were so many Mexicans trying to cross the U.S. border without papers, just like me.

I sat and waited — hoping my godparents would bring my legal documents here so I could be freed the next day. Even if that were the case, I still did not know if my papers were valid for me to reenter the U.S.





音菩薩」；我觀想菩薩站在雲端，下來幫助我出離這個困境。我也觀想著對菩薩禱告：「菩薩！如果我命中注定要待在美國，那觀音菩薩一定會幫我離開這裡；如果注定要被送回台灣，我也不會懊悔。」

當我坐在那裡，不停地觀想和祈禱時，有一個邊檢官走過來問我：「晚餐時間到了，你餓不餓？」

「餓啊！我想吃點東西。」奇怪的是，這麼多人，他只問我一人。有一位墨西哥小伙子聽到了我們的對話，便問那個邊檢官，他可不可以也去吃？邊境的一邊，是美國的領土，有一家「漢堡王」快餐館；另一邊，是墨西哥的領土，有許多家墨西哥餐廳。我問那邊檢官說：「我可以去『漢堡王』吃晚餐嗎？」

他回答：「妳很聰明！如果我讓妳去『漢堡王』吃晚餐，那就等於我現在就放妳自由了！」（他不能讓我走，因為那個墨西哥人一直跟著我。）

那檢察官便說：「不！妳回去墨西哥邊境那邊吃晚餐吧！」很奇怪的，因為我不會說西班牙語，那個跟著我的墨西哥人幫我在一間墨西哥餐廳裡點了一份速食。

在那位邊檢官讓我去吃晚餐以前，他告訴我，吃完飯後，要回去向他報到——就找他，不可找別人。因此，我吃完後就回去，在樓下找到了他；他叫我到原先的樓上去等他幾分鐘。那個小墨還是緊跟著我。

我在樓上等了幾分鐘，他上來，叫我跟他到一間小辦公室裡。那位小墨還想跟，可是那個檢察官只放我進去，將他擋在門外。我有些惶恐，不知道我將面臨什麼，也不知道他要做什麼。

當我們到了那間小的辦公室，我們各自在辦公桌的一端坐了下來。

他先問我：「妳有錢嗎？」

我以為他是要我賄賂他錢，才能放我走。於是我告訴他：「是啊！假如你讓我走的話，我乾爹會給你錢的；他是一個醫生，很有錢！」

「我不是那意思！我是說，如果我放妳

I was sitting right there, very calm and mindful of “Namo Guan-shr-yin Bodhisattva.” I imagined that Guan Shr Yin Bodhisattva standing on a cloud and coming down to help me out of this mess. I prayed to the Bodhisattva that if I was destined by fate to stay in the U.S., then Guanyin would help guide me through all this; and if not, then I would be deported back to Taiwan with no regrets.

As I was dream-thinking and praying, one of the CBP/INS officers came and asked, “It’s dinnertime. Are you hungry?”

“Yes, I am and want some dinner.”

It’s indeed very strange that he did not ask anyone else but me. Then one of those young Mexican men overheard our conversation and asked the officer if he could go to have some dinner, too.

There, on the American side of the border was a Burger King; on the other side, on Mexican soil, stood many Mexican restaurants.

I asked the officer, “Can I go to Burger King to have dinner?”

He replied, “You are very smart. If I let you go to Burger King to have dinner, that means I am letting you go free right now.” (He couldn’t let me go free because the Mexican man was also following me.)

Then he said, “No, you stay on the Mexican side of the border to have dinner.” Oddly enough, since I could not speak Spanish, the Mexican man following me helped me get a quick dinner at a Mexican restaurant.

Before the immigration officer let me go to have the dinner break, he told me that afterwards, I had to come back and report to him, nobody else but him. After I finished dinner, I came back to look for him and found him downstairs. He told me to go upstairs where I was before to wait for him for a few minutes. Still, the Mexican man was following me everywhere.

After a few minutes of waiting upstairs, he came, asking me to follow him into a little office. The Mexican man wanted to follow me in, but was turned down—only I was allowed. I panicked and did not know what I was going to face or what he was going to do.

In the small office, he sat down behind the desk, and I on the other side.

The first thing he asked was: “Do you have money?”

I thought maybe he was asking for bribe money for setting me free and answered, “Yes. My godfather will give you money if you let me go. He is a doctor and has a lot of money.”





走，妳夠錢回家嗎？」

一聽到他有可能讓我走，我好高興：「是的，我可以搭計程車回家！」

「現在這麼晚了，妳一個小女生，單獨坐計程車回家，是很危險的。我帶妳到公車站，然後妳可以坐公車回家。」

「好的。」

他又告訴我：「我要放妳走，可是妳要照我的指示去做。當妳下樓時，穿越大廳，從大廳另一頭的大門出去。出門之後，不要回頭找我。妳就一直走，不遠處有一棵大樹。妳走到樹的另一邊，就不會被這棟樓的人看見了。但是妳要記住：一定不要回頭找我！我會去接妳的。」

那晚天色很暗，我一走出邊關辦公室，雖然很緊張，我終究走到了樹那兒。過了幾分鐘，那位邊檢官便來找我；把我帶到他的車子裏，然後載我到了公車站。

到了公車站，我問售票小姐：「請問是否有從聖地牙哥到洛杉磯的公車？」

她說：「有，最後一班巴士。」

一問票價，她告訴我說，這班巴士有半價折扣；公車有這麼大的優惠價，真我跌破眼鏡！

我拿出錢包，把錢全倒出來，才發現：竟然剛剛好是半價的車票錢。我的老天爺！

一票在手，準備上車，我聽見那位邊檢官和巴士司機說：「在聖地牙哥到洛杉磯的路上，有一移民局關卡。你到時，告訴他們說，這位女生已經檢查過了，不需要再查身份。」

上巴士之前，我問了那位邊檢官的名字和電話，然後說：「當我明天到家時，我會告訴我乾爹乾媽打電話來謝謝你。」

他給了我他的資料。

我謝過他，和他道別，上了巴士。巴士起動，我一直向他揮手，直到他從視野消失。

當巴士到達檢查關卡時，很奇怪的，那

“That’s not what I meant. I meant, if I let you go, do you have enough money to get home?”

Getting excited on the prospect of going home, I said, “Yes, I can take a taxi home.”

He said, “So late now at night, it is dangerous for a young woman to go home in a taxi. Let me take you to a bus stop so you can take a bus home.”

“OK!!”

“I’m going to let you go, but you have to follow my instructions. When you go downstairs, go through the lobby. On the other side of the lobby, go through the big entrance door.. Walk out of the entrance door, do not turn around and look for me. Just keep going, not too far away there is a big tree. Walk to the other side of the tree, so you can’t be seen from the INS Building. But remember: do not turn around to look for me! I will come and get you.”

It was so dark that evening. As soon as I walked out of the INS Office, although very nervous, I made it to the tree. A couple of minutes later, the officer came to get me, leading me to his car and driving to the bus station.

When we got to the bus station, I asked the ticket lady, “Is there any bus available from San Diego to Los Angeles?”

“Yes, there is one more bus.”

I then asked her how much the ticket was and was told that there was a special discount for this bus, 50% off. It is hard to believe that a bus ticket would ever have such a huge discount.

I took out my wallet and emptied it out. It turned out that I had the exact amount of the discounted price. My goodness!

With the ticket in hand and ready to get on the bus, I saw the officer talking to the bus driver: “There will be an immigration checkpoint on the road between Los Angeles and San Diego. When you reach the checkpoint, tell them that this girl is already cleared, no need to check her papers again.”

Just before getting on the bus, I asked the officer for his name and phone number and added: “When I get home tomorrow, my godparents will call you to thank you.”

He gave me his information.

I said thanks and then bade farewell to him. As the bus drove off, I waved to him until I couldn’t see him anymore.

When the bus got to the checkpoint, it was strange that on that night, it wasn’t open, so the bus went straight through—all the way up to Los Angeles. Thereafter, I transferred to a local bus to get home. It was miraculously inconceivable that the single bus ticket could transfer me to the local bus without any extra payment.

When I got to the bus stop near my house, it was around 3:00





晚關卡竟沒有開；於是，巴士就直奔洛杉磯。當到洛杉磯時，須轉當地巴士才能到家；原本的那張票，竟還可以繼續用，無須再另買票，這真是奇蹟般的不可思議。

到了離我家最近的巴士站，大約是凌晨三點了；我必須打電話給乾爹乾媽，請他們來接我。因為所有的錢都用在買票上，沒有再多餘的錢可以來打電話；於是，我便看看付費電話機的退幣口，是否有錢在那兒。佛菩薩保佑，果然摸到一毛錢，正好夠我打電話。

乾爹乾媽非常驚訝：我竟然可以通過了邊檢站，並一人坐車到離家這麼近的車站。隔天，我們打電話給那位邊檢官想好好謝他；才發現其實根本沒有這個人。可以肯定：一定是觀世音菩薩在幫我，就像那則上人所講的大悲咒的感應故事「阿逝孕」一樣。

a.m. I needed to make a phone call to my godparents to ask them to come to the bus stop and pick me up. Since I had emptied out my wallet for the bus ticket, I was left penniless to make the call. So I went to the payphone and fumbled through the coin return slot to see if I could have any luck. By the blessing of Buddha, there was a dime—enough for me to make the call.

My godparents were amazed at how I had managed to get out of the INS office and traveled this far, almost home. The next day when we tried to call the officer to thank him, we discovered that there was no such person. For sure, this was Guan Shr Yin Bodhisattva helping me, just like the story of E Shr Yun (a story about a response from reciting the Great Compassion Mantra which was related by the Ven. Master Hua).

