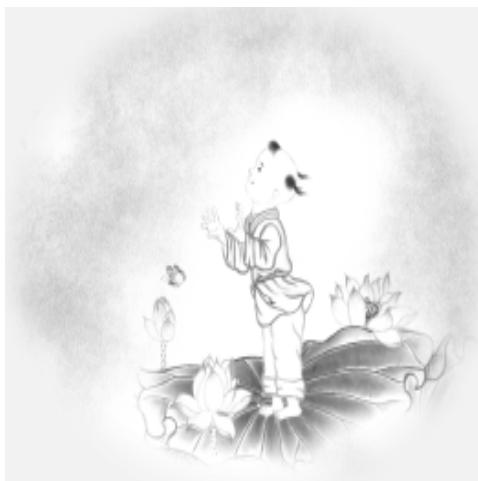


母親羅月如居士，生於西元一九二四年五月，卒於千禧年十一月十一日。一九六六年開始，母親的身體是處於長期的體弱多病中，西元一九八五年夏天來美國，巧遇宣公上人。拜見師父時，師父凝視母親良久，然後口誦一偈頌。母親皈依師父之後，試著用念經、念佛、念咒、拜佛等佛事，替代常年為家庭牽掛與憂慮等不良的習慣，對生命又重燃信心，參加法會與佛友互動聯誼等活動，把日子安排的既充實又有意義！

雙親自一九八七年開始，每年都會參加萬佛城所舉辦的萬佛寶懺。母親遵從師父的教誨，認真拜佛以期能夠消除業障，或許因為拜佛對於勞動筋骨助益良多，母親體力逐漸好轉。一九八九年雙親必須於五月回臺辦事，無法參加萬佛寶懺，於是母親就在下榻的居所供奉西方三聖，每天固定的拜佛念佛。曾多次五體投地跪拜時，看到阿彌陀佛的雙足顯現在其伸展的雙手不遠處。當她向爸爸敘述此現象時，爸爸也驚訝不已，爸爸鼓勵她應該要好好修持念佛法門，母親也因此對念佛產生興趣與信心。於是每天背誦阿彌陀經與固定念佛。

母親晚年睡眠品質不好，常有失眠的困擾。她曾請示師父宣公上人：「若是晚間睡不著，妄想又多時，該怎麼辦？」師父說：「睡不著覺，最好！可以念佛呀！」於是每當難以入眠的夜晚，她就起床端坐，隨著錄音帶唸佛或自己默唸佛號。自一九九六年底始，我與母親同睡一間臥房。剛開始，有時三更半夜被佛號叫醒，我心生不耐，勸請她小聲點，母親會放低聲量或將錄音機音量放小聲點。有次母親反問我說：「讓你有機會聽佛號不好嗎？」深知無法改變母親的唸佛習



找張蓮花的圖畫貼在牆壁上，每天早晚觀想蓮花。每晚臨睡前，將其選定的阿彌陀佛像置放桌前，恭敬合掌唸佛與觀像，至少一小時，有時兩小時，作完觀像念佛的功課後才就寢。

一九九九年開始，她患有肩痛與背痛的毛病，無法經常參加法會，爸爸也常安慰她，道場就在自己心中，自己心中念佛念的句句分明，才是最重要的。

千禧年十月，母親因為胸椎長

朵朵蓮華步步開

— 母親學佛二三事

A Lotus Flower Blossoms Under Each Step One Walks

Recalling my mother's experiences in learning Buddhism

魏鎮西敬書於西元 2007 年十一月 COMPOSED BY ZHEN-XI WEI IN NOVEMBER 2007

薛麗梅 英譯 ENGLISH TRANSLATED BY ECHO HSUEH

慣，我也只好在母親佛號聲中進入夢鄉。在母親唸佛的薰習之下，自然而然的養成睡前唸佛或唸觀音菩薩聖號的習慣。

有時她慨歎自己修持與定力不夠，而且妄念又多，她就高聲念道：「**止貴願力強，不怕妄想多。無論如何，我這輩子一定要去成，莫使今生又空過。**」因母親有此強烈的願力，即使在往生前半年，背部痛徹入骨之際，仍然忍痛照舊唸佛及作應做的功課，絕不中斷。

一九九七年父親每月都會與佛友分享念佛法門的心得，並在金輪寺講解念佛法門與觀無量壽經。母親說她心思雜亂，無法定下心來觀想，於是爸爸就教導她觀像念佛與觀想蓮華的方法。於是她即刻要我

瘤，入醫院開刀切除，母親仍是不忘手持念珠唸佛。當手術之後，母親得知是惡性腫瘤時，即向父親表白：她想走！不想再做任何的治療，並且請父親幫她。她在疼痛之際，即寫下幾句肺腑之言，祈求觀音菩薩，「願我歷劫以來的病苦藉此消除，發願往生西方極樂世界，乘願再來，救度眾生。」當她發此大願之後，身上的病苦在劇痛一天之後突然逐漸消除。自此之後，她不再為疼痛起煩惱。有次探望她時，她面帶微笑地告訴我，她今天唸佛唸的很舒服。望著她心滿意足的表情，當時的我無法理解，因為我只一味的牽掛著母親的病情。

在住院期間，她要妹妹轉告父親說：「他修他的，我修我的，我和他是同修，已無任何關係。」另外還要求子女們，探望她時不要再

喊她母親，只要說聲阿彌陀佛即可！她只要是清醒，仍一心唸佛。在醫院待了十天，她即要求返家靜養以便念佛，於是十一月三日傍晚返家。

六日早上八點多，我服侍她湯藥，即隨口問她：「聽說妳昨晚看到蓮花與阿彌陀佛了！」她回答說：「對呀！我看到。」我又問她：「阿彌陀佛是什麼樣子呢？」她用手指向牆上掛著的佛像說：「就是那一尊！」我又問：「阿彌陀佛是什麼顏色？」她指向窗外說：「陽光的顏色」。當時，我即看到一道柔和的金黃色光由西面的窗戶射入房內，其實房間的窗戶是面向西邊的。按照常理，早上的陽光應是無法從西邊射進來。

自十一月五日晚間，母親看到蓮華與阿彌陀佛之後，進食漸減。每當我進入房間照顧她時，她就說她要做功課，要唸阿彌陀佛，當我問她是否要將床頭搖高一些，以方便她觀看牆壁上的佛像。她便搖頭說不需要，她躺著可以看得到阿彌陀佛。當時的她神智清楚，身體毫無病痛的感覺，每當醫護人員到家中探視時，第一句話總是問她：「那裏痛？」她總是搖頭說：「不痛！」（醫院方面準備了四十幾針的嗎啡，未曾使用過）而且開刀的傷口（右背部份）復合迅速，連醫護人員都讚歎不已。

母親每天醒來即問周圍的人：「今天星期幾？星期六到了沒？」十一月十一日（週六）午後，醫護人員一致認為母親的血壓與心跳正常，並無大礙，還提議我們，當天氣好時，可以將她扶起到庭院曬太陽；並希望我們放鬆心情，盡量休息。詎料下午一點五十分許，護士看到母親臉色轉紅，再咳兩聲就走了！

母親預知時至往生西方淨土的

情景，猶如師父宣公上人所做的一首偈頌中的寫照——

遙指西方落日邊，
一條歸路直如弦；
去時無需著鞋襪，
朵朵蓮華步步開。

謹以此文，紀念母親養育與教誨之恩。她臨終無障礙，往生淨土的示現，讓我深深的體會到：「唯有拿出真心來念佛，並且信心十足，不懈怠的將佛號唸得了了分明，猶如印章似地刻在心中一般，才能訓練出念佛的真功夫，才能達成往生西方淨土的宏願。」



My mother, Yue-ru Luo, was born in May 1924, and passed away on November 11, 2000. Since 1966, my mother was weak and sick all the time. She visited America in the summer of 1985, and luckily ran into Venerable Master Hua. The Venerable Master stared at my mother for a while and then recited a verse. She took refuge with Venerable Master Hua and replaced her bad habits of year-round worrying about the family with the recitation of Sutras, the Buddha's name, and mantras. That helped her to light up the confidence in life again and her health improved. Attending Dharma assemblies and getting together with Dharma friends became the focus of her life. Her life was enriched and meaningful.

Starting in 1987, both of my parents would attend the Repentance before Ten Thousand Buddhas at the City of Ten Thousand Buddhas (CTTB) every year. Under the guidance of the Venerable Master, Mom sincerely bowed to the Buddhas in order to eradicate karmic obstacles. Maybe bowing to the Buddhas increased the flexibility of her bone

structure, for Mom got better physically. In 1989, my parents had to return to Taiwan to take care of some business and couldn't make it to the Repentance before Ten Thousand Buddhas. Mom enshrined and worshipped statues of the Western Sages at the place they stayed, and regularly bowed to the Buddhas and recited the Buddhas' names. A few times when she prostrated, she saw the feet of the Amitabha Buddha manifest not far from her outstretched hands. Dad was astonished at her description and encouraged her to take up the practice of reciting the Buddha's name. Mom's faith deepened in reciting the Buddha's name, and she memorized the *Amitabha Sutra* and recited the Buddha's name regularly every day.

In the later years, Mom didn't sleep well and suffered from insomnia. She once asked Venerable Master, "What should I do when I cannot sleep well at night and have lots of false thoughts?" The Venerable Master said, "It's excellent that you cannot sleep. You can recite the Buddha's name." Thereafter, whenever she couldn't sleep, she would sit upright and chant along with a tape or recite the Buddha's name on her own. Starting at the end of 1996, I slept in the same room with Mom. In the beginning, I would be awakened by the chanting of the Buddha's name in the middle of the night. Being impatient, I would ask her to recite in a lower voice. Mom would lower her voice or turn down the volume of the tape player. Once mom asked me, "Isn't this a great opportunity for you to hear the Buddha's name?" Knowing that I couldn't change Mom's habit of reciting the Buddha's name, I could only fall back to sleep with her recitation of the Buddha's name. Under the influence of Mom's reciting the Buddha's name, I naturally adopted the habit of reciting the Buddha's or Guan Yin Bodhisattva's names before going to sleep.

Sometimes when she felt ashamed of not cultivating well and having too many false thoughts, she would recite out loud, **“With great vow power, one is not afraid of many false thoughts. No matter what happens, I will definitely gain rebirth without wasting this life in vain again.”** Sustained by the strength of her vow, Mom would bear her pain to recite the Buddha’s name and would practice daily recitation without stop even when her back was in sharp pain half a year before she passed away.

In 1997, my father would share experiences with dharma friends on reciting the Buddha’s name every month, and also explained the practice of reciting the Buddha’s name and the *Sutra on Contemplating the Buddha of Immeasurable Life* at Gold Wheel Monastery. When Mom said that her thoughts chaotic and that she could not settle down to contemplate, Father would teach her how to contemplate the images of the Buddha and the lotus flower. She instantly asked me to find a picture of a lotus flower and post it on the wall, so she could contemplate the lotus flower day and night every day.

In October 2000, Mom had a surgery to remove the tumor in her chest, and she still didn’t forget to recite the Buddha’s name with the recitation beads in her hand. After the surgery, when she realized it was malignant tumor, she indicated to Father that she wanted to leave the world without receiving any more treatment. During the pain attack, she wrote down a few words of prayer to Guanyin Bodhisattva from the bottom of her heart “May my sufferings from kalpas past be eradicated. I vow to be reborn in the Land of Ultimate Bliss, and to return to deliver all beings.” After she made that great vow, the pain and sickness of her body gradually subsided after the previous sharp pain. Thereafter, she was no longer afflicted by the pain.

Once when I visited, she told me with a smile that she felt very comfortable due to reciting the Buddha’s name. Seeing her contented expression, I couldn’t understand it at the time because I was only worried about her illness.

Being hospitalized, she asked my younger sister to tell my dad that “He should cultivate for himself, and I’ll cultivate for myself. We are just fellow cultivators without any other relationship.” Other than that, she also asked her children not to address her as Mom but to say “Amitabha” when visiting. While in the hospital, she would recite the Buddha’s name single-mindedly whenever she was awake. After being hospitalized for ten days, she requested to recuperate quietly at home where it was more convenient to recite the Buddha’s name. She then returned home in the late afternoon on November 3rd.

Around eight o’clock in the morning on November 6th, I gave her medicine and asked her casually, “I heard that you saw a lotus and Amitabha last night.” She replied, “Exactly, I saw them.” I asked her, “What does Amitabha look alike?” She pointed to the Buddha image on the wall and said “That’s the one!” I asked her, “What color is Amitabha?” She pointed to the window and said “The color of the sun.” Then I saw a gentle, golden ray of sun shining into the room from the western window. Yet, the window faces the west, and generally, the sun shouldn’t be shining into the room from the west in the morning.

After Mom saw the lotus and Amitabha on the evening of November 5th, she gradually reduced her intake of food. Whenever I entered the room to take care of her, she would say she wanted to do her daily recitation and recite the Buddha’s name. When I inquired if I should elevate the bed so she could observe the Buddha image on the wall,

she would shake her head and say “Not necessary.” She could see Amitabha when lying down. She was coherent without any pain. Whenever the medical staff arrived to examine her and asked if she had any pain, she would shake her head and respond “Doesn’t hurt!” (We never used the forty-something shots of morphine that the hospital had prepared). The wound on her right side from the surgery also healed so quickly that even the medical staff were astonished.

Mom would ask the people around her every day when she woke up, “What day it is? Is it Saturday yet?” In the afternoon of November 11th (Saturday), the medical staff all agreed that Mom’s blood pressure and pulse were normal. They also suggested us to take her out to the yard for some sun when the weather was nice, and hoped that we could relax and rest as much as possible. Who would believe that mom just coughed twice when the medical staff saw her complexion turn ruddy, and that she left the world around 1:50 in the afternoon!

Mom’s foreseeing her rebirth in Western Pure Land actually corresponded to the verse by Venerable Master Hua—

**You point to the distant sun
setting in the west;
The path home is as straight
as a bowstring.
There’s no need to put on shoes
and socks for the trip;
A lotus flower blossoms under
each step one walks.**

This article is written in memory of Mom’s kindness in raising and teaching us. Her ability to be reborn in the Western Pure Land without hindrance made me realize: “Distinctly recite the Buddha’s name without laxness, like imprinting it to the mind with a seal. Then one will have true skill in reciting the Buddha’s name, and fulfill the great vow of being reborn in the Western Pure Land.