

# Finding My Teacher

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## 尋訪我的明師

譚鴻蓮 中譯  
果進 文



The growing Sangha under the Venerable Master in the early 70's. Janice Vickers (Guo Jin) was the middle, first row. 七〇年代初期，上人座下的僧團日益擴大。果進在第一排中央位置。

點點滴滴憶上人  
Memorial of the Venerable Master

Saturday, February 10, 1968, 2:00 a.m. Coming over the Bay Bridge saw the lights of San Francisco for the first time. Having just turned 21, I'd left Texas on a quest to find an enlightened "Zen Master." How I'd go about it, I hadn't a clue. I only knew that to "wake up" I had to find someone who was already Awake.

That afternoon, looking for a room to rent, I met Nick & Susan Mechling at their Pine Street house. Susan invited me to dinner, where I met Nancy Lovett, who was also looking for a teacher and also wanted to rent the room. The Mechlings told us about a Chinese Zen master they knew called Abbot Du-Lun, or "The Abbot." They'd met and married while living at his building on Sutter Street. Though they weren't yet disciples of his, they greatly admired him.

Chinatown, Sunday morning, February 11. Cold, grey day. Chinese New Year celebrations going on; deep drums. Rhythmic cymbals, firecracker on Grant Avenue. We're a bunch of young Americans trying to find a place to park in Chinatown; Steve Mechling, Nick's younger brother; Gary Linebarger, Steve's friend; Nancy Lovett, my new roommate (we're going to share the room); and three or four other guys, soldiers on leave, friends of Gary and Steve.

We crossed Clay, turned into Waverly place, and went up

1968年二月十日星期六凌晨兩點，第一次穿越橫跨舊金山的海灣吊橋來到舊金山。這時我剛過完21歲生日，決心離開德州去尋訪已開悟的禪宗大德。要怎麼樣去找這位大德，我一點線索也沒有。滿腦子只知道要「開悟」，我必須去尋找真正開悟的人。

同一天下午去租房，遇到了住在松樹街的麥克林夫婦尼克和蘇珊。蘇珊邀請我到她家共進晚餐。那晚在她家還遇到了南希·洛維特，也是剛到達舊金山來尋訪明師的，而且也想租房。麥克林夫婦告訴我們他們認識一位中國禪師叫度輪方丈。他們倆夫婦是在沙特街度輪方丈所居住的地方認識，並在那兒結婚。儘管他們還不是度輪方丈的弟子，但都非常敬仰他。

第二天也是二月十一日星期天的一大早，天灰濛濛有點冷。此時中國城到處沉浸在慶新年的喜悅氣氛中。都板街上充滿了深沉的鑼鼓聲，節奏明快的鈸樂，還有喜慶的爆竹聲。我們一夥年輕的美國人來到中國城準備找個位置停車。同來的人有尼克的弟弟史蒂夫·麥克林、史蒂夫的朋友加里·林百克、我的新室友南希·洛維特(我們將共住一個房間)，還有其他三、四個人；其中有休假的士兵，還有加里和史蒂夫的朋友。

four flights of wooded stairs to the Buddhist Lecture Hall. Opening the gate at the top we saw shades of charcoal grey and a wool watch cap. I'd expected someone older, somehow. Curiously he seemed to see all the way to my soul.

Gary and Steve already knew him. Nancy had heard of him from Ronald Epstein, a University of Washington grad student she and her husband Steve had met in Taiwan. Taking turns signing the red guest book, we chatted with The Abbot until the service began. There was something awesome about this Abbot—a sparkle, a magnetism, a certain magic like no one I'd ever met. A clean, wholesome air....

The chanting started, "The Great Compassion Dharani," for developing kindness. It was in a very foreign language: Sanskrit with a Chinese accent. I kept losing my place as it repeated over and over, but patiently the Abbot helped me find it again.

Singing ended, we sat at one long white formica table on metal folding chairs. At its head the Abbot gave a brief talk, partly in Chinese, partly in English. An elderly woman named Alice (Gwo He) tried her simple best to translate... something about Chinese New Year, and how the flower of Buddhism would open five lotuses. I couldn't quite follow, but being there felt so right.

After lunch the boys explored Chinatown while Nancy and I headed back to the Buddhist Lecture Hall to see the Venerable Abbot, Nancy described to him her visions and states of mind; it turned out that her Buddha eye had been opening. She seemed so relieved to have finally found someone who knew, as she put it. He later explained to me that she worked hard (spiritually) in her last life, and that is why she had results in this life. Instead of asking him about important things, I was so relieved to have found my teacher that I sat there crying. When he asked why, I said I felt like I'd come home. He said, "OK, OK." It was twilight in Chinatown; we sat down to meditate. The Abbot sat on the platform. I sat at the back of the altar. Gary and Steve came back to meditate too. By the end of that first day we had signed up to "Take Refuge with the Three Treasures" and become disciples of the Buddha. We were all looking forward to next weekend, when the ceremony would take place.

On Saturday, February 17, we were each given a little red certificate book with our new Dharma-names. He said to consider this our new birthday. Gary's Dharma-name

我們跨過克雷街，進入了天后廟街，爬了四層木樓梯來到了佛教講堂。打開位於樓梯頂端的門檻，看到了一個頭戴炭灰色羊毛帽的人。不知怎麼，我期望一位年紀較長的師父。奇怪的是他好像一眼看穿我的靈魂。

加里和史蒂夫早就認識他，南希則是從華盛頓大學的研究生朗·易卜斯坦(即易象乾、易果容)——南希和她的丈夫史蒂夫在台灣認識——那兒聽說他的。在等著在那紅色客人登記本上簽到的時候，我便和這位方丈聊了起來，直到課誦開始。而此時，我發現方丈身上閃爍著某種令人敬畏的光芒，有一種不可思議的吸引力，而我從來也沒有遇到過像他這樣的人。空氣顯得那樣清新潔淨……。

課誦開始了，大家一齊念誦《大悲心陀羅尼》，為的是長養我們的慈悲心。這部咒原是梵文，現在用中文按梵文讀音法念誦。雖然反覆地念誦，我沒能跟上；但方丈很耐心地幫我找到了念誦的地方。

念誦結束後，我們圍坐在一個長方形的白色膠板木桌旁金屬折疊椅子上，在桌子的一頭坐著方丈。他對我們進行了簡短的開示，有中文也有英文。一位叫愛麗絲的老居士（法名果和）在一旁盡力做了翻譯。其中方丈開示談到了新年，以及佛教將開五朵蓮花；我聽不太懂，但依然肯定這是我要來的地方。



午餐後，幾個男眾去了中國城閒逛，而我和南希則回到了佛教講堂去見方丈大師。南希向方丈講了她所看到的，和她的心理狀態；結果才知道，原來她已開了佛眼。她看上去很輕鬆，我想是因為她找到了她要找的師父。後來方丈告訴我，因她上一世精勤修行的結果，這一世她才開了佛眼。原本要向方丈詢問一些重要的事

情，但由於自己如釋重負似地找到了許久以來在尋找的明師，所以我一個勁的坐在那兒哭。當師父問起為什麼，我說我感覺好像回到家了。他聽了之後，只說：「好！好！」近黃昏的時候，我們開始打坐。方丈坐在講台上，我則背對著供桌。加里和史蒂夫回來後也加入了我們。那天快要結束的時候，我們都簽下了自己的名字，準備接受三皈依，成為正式的佛教徒。我們非常期望下星期舉行三皈依儀式那天的到來。

很快到了二月十七日星期六，我們每個人領到了一個小紅本的證書，上面有我們新的法號。方丈要我們把今天當成我們新的出生日。加里的法號叫果佑（幫助的意思），史蒂夫叫果等（有平等的意思），南

was Gwo Yo (“resulting in helping”), Steve’s Gwo Deng (“resulting in equality”), Nancy’s Gwo Ching (“resulting in respect”), and mine Gwo Jin (“resulting in entering”). When I asked what it meant he said, “Come in, come in, follow the Way, come into my heart, come into Buddhahood!”

A few Chinese disciples were there: Alice (Gwo He), along with two boys named Jimmy Wong and Kim Lee. Someone had bought a white sheet-cake and refreshments to celebrate. Steve and Gary approached the Abbot with a question we’d been discussing. They’d heard that San Francisco was due anytime for another gigantic earthquake like the one in 1906. To our surprise, he just smiled and assured us that as long as he was in San Francisco, there wouldn’t be a major earthquake! We were amazed, and greatly comforted.

I went almost every day to the Buddhist Lecture Hall, meditating, reading, and learning from Shr Fu (Chinese for “Teacher”). He showed me how to bow, how make hot tea, how to hold chopsticks, how to cook rice. One day I cooked a pot of black beans and carelessly forgot it, but he cleaned up the spill and saved it from burning, with never a word of reproach. He instructed how to offer flowers for the altar, how to offer incense, at what angle to hold my hands together when chanting, and how to pronounce the chants. Visitors came and went: Orne Grant, whose Buddha-eye was open, as was his wife’s and son’s: Madalena Lew; Joe and Gwen Miller; Sam Lewis; Mr. Yee; the ladies who always yelled “SEE-VOO” (Cantonese for “Shr Fu”) at the top of their lungs coming in the door. He treated each one with hospitality and good manners, making tea, always keeping a lacquer box of candy on the table.

At the end of February, another girl named Loni Baur came to the Buddhist Lecture Hall. She started coming almost every day, too. I had been wishing to myself that I could live there all the time, since the hall was empty every night when he left. One day he asked me if I would be afraid to stay by myself at the temple, and, surprised, I told him no. He had read my mind, of course. Since we were spending so much time there he agreed to let us stay. We, being somewhat of the hippie persuasion, traveled lightly, and so unrolled our sleeping bags on the floor, on either side of the long white table. On the first morning we were there, Kim Lee had to step over us on his way to light the incense. I figured we’d better get up earlier after that.



希叫果欽（尊敬的意思），我叫果進（進入的意思）。當我問方丈我的法號是什麼意思時，方丈說：「進來，進來！跟著道進入我心裡，進入佛道！」

那天來參加的，還有一些中國居士，如愛麗絲(果和)，還有和她同行的兩個男孩，一個叫吉米·黃(黃果仁)，另一個叫金·李(李果乾)。當時有人買了一盒素糕及一些點心來慶賀。史蒂夫和加里上前向方丈詢問了一個我們一直在討論的問題。他們聽說舊金山不久將遭受另一次像1906那年發生的大地震。意想不到的是，方丈微微一笑，向我們保證說，只要他在舊金山一天，就不允許有大地震！我們驚嘆的同時，也感到寬慰了許多。

我幾乎每天都去佛教講堂，修習禪定，閱讀，向師父（中文意思為老師）請教。他教我怎樣磕頭，怎樣泡茶，怎樣拿筷子，還有怎樣煮飯。一天，我煮了一鍋黑豆，但粗心的給忘了；沒想到師父竟然幫我的忙。擦乾淨溢出來的豆汁，照看這鍋黑豆，使它沒被燒掉，師父竟連一句責備的話也沒說。他教我怎樣供

花，在禮拜時，雙手要以什麼樣的角度拈香，以及念誦時怎樣發音。有一些常來佛堂的信眾，如奧尼·格蘭特(果地)——他的佛眼已打開，他的妻子和兒子也一樣；美德蓮娜·劉(即譚果式)、裘·米勒和格溫·米勒、山姆·路易斯、李Yee先生；還有那些扯開嗓門，用廣東腔大聲喊「師父」的女信眾們。師父對每個人都熱情，並以禮相待，泡茶，而且常常在桌子上擺放一盒糖果。

二月底的時候，一個叫朗妮·鮑爾的女孩來到了佛教講堂，她幾乎每天都來。一直以來我都有個願望，希望自己能住在這裡；因為每天師父離開講堂後，每晚這裡都會顯得空蕩蕩的。一天師父問我是否會害怕一個人待在這座寺院？我驚訝地告訴他不會，師父一定看透了我的心思。因我們常常待在這裡的時間很長，所以師父同意讓我們住下來。我們有點像嬉皮士似的，揹著簡單的行李來到此，便在那張白色長方形桌子兩旁的地上鋪開睡袋，準備過夜。住在那兒的第一天早上，李果乾不得不從我們身上跨過去點香；我琢磨著：今後我們應該早點起來！