

Book Digest — After the Monastery: A Reconciliation Story by Former Bhikshu Heng Ju (Tim Testu)

書摘：「一個修行者的告白 前比丘恒具」

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BODHI FIELD | 菩提田

Bhikshu Heng Ju bows during his pilgrimage
for world peace, 1973–1974.

比丘恒具為祈求世界和平的朝聖之旅，在途中禮拜

Introduction by Jeanette (Jetti) Testu

My dad was an American monk named Heng Ju (Tim Testu), a disciple of Venerable Master Hsuan Hua, whom he referred to simply as “the Master.” In 1973, my dad and another monk, Heng Yo, began a ten-month bowing pilgrimage for world peace through California, Oregon, and Washington, traveling over a thousand miles on foot. It was the first “three steps, one bow” pilgrimage in the history of American Buddhism.

Dad finished his autobiography shortly before he died. It gives the perspective of an older (and maybe wiser) man with a complicated life: two ex-wives, a teenage daughter, alcoholism, and a cancer diagnosis. The last chapter, “After the Monastery,” addresses what happened after he left the structure of the City of Ten Thousand Buddhas and crashed into the world.

Before seeing Heng Lai, I never knew why Dad had left the monastery. I did know how fervently he loved his life as a monk and

前言：珍妮特（潔緹）的話

我的父親曾是個和尚，他的法號是恒具，是宣化上人的弟子，他總稱他：師父。在1973年，我父親和另一位比丘恒由為祈求世界和平而開始了十個月三步一拜的旅程，由加州經過奧勒岡到華盛頓，徒步旅行了一千多哩，這是美國史上第一個三步一拜的朝聖之旅。

父親在他去世沒多久前才剛剛完成他的自傳，從這裏可以清楚地瞭解一個老人（或者說較有智慧的人）複雜的一生：他離婚兩次，有一個青春期的女兒；他曾經是個酒鬼；他又是一個癌症患者。在他的自傳的最後一章：「一個修行者的告白」裏頭詳細地描述他離開萬佛聖城後，如何淪落世間的種種。

在見到恒來法師之前，我並不清楚父親是為甚麼離開道場的。我只知道他熱愛出家的生活，以及他對他老師的尊敬與崇拜。我從家人的傳言中得知，父親他並不是從聖城的大

how he respected and adored his teacher. The family mythology was that he had sneaked out in the middle of the night, crawling on the dried-up riverbed instead of walking out through the main gate. I thought this was a little dramatic, but then, all of his stories about the monastery were dramatic.

The reason he left had something to do with shame. He had gone out drinking as a monk, breaking a basic precept. This was after being ordained for almost a decade, after completing his bowing pilgrimage, after hundreds of newspaper articles had been written about the trip and he had written his own book about it, and after touring Asia with the Master, giving Dharma talks to the Sangha. The fall from grace was too difficult for him to face.

I know about shame. Dad had lived with a cancer diagnosis from the time I was 11. He used every available minute to “transmit the Dharma” to me, lecturing on everything from vegetarianism and respectable conduct to small engine repair, how to vote (Democratic), how to hold your breath underwater, how to drive a stick shift, how to chop vegetables (according to their nature), how to identify good music, how to identify poisonous mushrooms, and most important, how to avoid ego and suffering through cultivating the Way. I wanted to curl my hair, wear cute outfits, and hang out with my friends; I was embarrassed at his devotion to Buddhism and tired of the constant smell of incense. By the time I graduated high school, my understanding of the religion revolved around all of the “no’s” I associated with it: in summary, don’t be yourself. And in addition—be perfect.

At the end of his life, Dad asked me to come home from college to take care of him, and I did. But we had a fight over my frivolous spending, and I moved out. The night he went to the hospital for the last time, we were supposed to have met, to go out to dinner and make up. I know how shame feels. I know regret.

This article is a dream come true for two people. This article is a life fulfilled.

After the Monastery

No one could have been more confused than I when I ran out the gate of the City of Ten Thousand Buddhas. The demons of my latent alcoholism, who would guide me right back into the binge drinking patterns from my sailor days, lay waiting to bring me to hell. I didn’t know I was an alcoholic at the time; all I knew was that I wanted to obliterate my unbearable anguish, so I reached out for what was most familiar to me: booze. I drank to kill the pain, and the alcohol created even more pain and remorse.

Driving an old Toyota I’d bought from a faithful layman, I was nailed with a drunk driving ticket before even getting out of California. Once back in the Northwest, it was not long before I’d lost everything of value. My career as a monk vanished, my Dharma friends were gone,

門走出去的，而是在三更半夜裏爬在乾涸的河床上偷偷地離開。我總覺得這個未免太戲劇化了些，但後來我發現所有他在道場裏發生的種種，無不充滿戲劇性。

他的離開跟羞愧有關，因為他受不了酒癮，跑到外面喝了酒而犯了比丘的根本戒。這還是他受了戒後將近十年，並圓滿三步一拜的朝聖之旅後所發生的事呢！當年報上有許多關於他朝聖的報導，他自己也為此寫了一本書：「和師父去亞洲弘法」，以及無數次的對僧眾講法等等，這些光輝的過往令他很難面對自己的墮落。

我知道什麼是羞愧心，在我11歲時，父親被診斷出患有癌症，從此他便竭盡所能地「傳法」給我——從素食，高尚的行為，到如何修理小引擎，如何投票（投給民主黨），乃至在水裏閉氣，如何開手排檔的車，如何依菜性切菜，如何欣賞音樂，如何辨識有毒的蘑菇，還有最重要的是如何透過修道來避免自大和痛苦。但那時的我一心一意地趕時髦想燙一頭捲髮，穿上可愛的衣服和朋友出去玩。我常常對他熱忱的宗教信仰感到抬不起頭來，也對時而有之的燒香味道大感厭煩。一直到我高中畢業，我對佛教的理解都只停留在「不」字上。總而言之，在佛教領域裏就是不要做你自己，但同時又要完美。

在父親生命的晚期，他要我離開大學，回家來照顧他，我照做了。但是我們之間為了我隨意花錢而大吵一頓，於是我搬了出去。在他最後一次去醫院的那晚，我們本來應該見面，然後共進晚餐來修補我們的關係，但一切都太晚了。我現在終於清清楚楚地知道羞愧的感覺，也知道後悔的滋味了。

本文為兩個人夢想的實現，是圓滿生命的表現。

一個修行者的告白

當我走出萬佛城的大門時，我想我那時應該是世上最困惑的人了。我體內潛伏已久的魔鬼，把我身上的酒蟲給喚醒，把我拉回到過去當水手時狂飲的光景。我想這個世界正準備把我帶進地獄裏。那時我甚至不知道自己酗酒，我一心一意只想要消除我那忍無可忍的痛苦和

and I was alone in the world. Alcohol muddled my brain, and in the darkness, seeds of desire sprouted like weeds. I frequented bars, chased women, started smoking again, and drank to forget it all.

I found work as an assistant engineer on a wreck of a freezer ship, the motor vessel Polar Bear, for a long summer of salmon tending. No one knew that I was an ex-monk in hiding. The owner, seeing that I didn't have enough to do while the ship was at anchor, yanked me out of the engine room and put me to work on the assembly line. Ankle-deep in fish roe and salmon guts, I had plenty of time to contemplate the nature of my fall.

After the first two months swinging on the hook, I couldn't stand it any longer. I borrowed a motorboat and went upriver until I found the only bar in the area, the Red Dog Saloon, where I promptly went in and got curb-crawling, shitfaced, snot-flying drunk. The next morning I found myself out in the scrub, flat on my back, staring up at a cloudy, menacing sky. After a while, it all came back to me: a couple of fishermen had bushwhacked me outside the bar and beaten me to a bloody pulp.

After the ship returned to Seattle, my downhill slide continued. There were many more pathetic incidents. Carrying a burden of unbearable guilt and shame, I kept trying to straighten out but seemed powerless to do so. What I needed more than anything was to talk to someone about my problems.

On one occasion I wrote a letter to the Master asking for his advice on how to stop drinking. The Master had brought to America the whole range of Great Vehicle Buddhism: the teachings, the secret doctrines, the Pure Land school, the moral precepts, and Chan. I saw in him a living example of the much-sought-after qualities not only of Buddhism but of Taoism and Confucianism as well. He was the first person in my life who totally understood me and really cared about my spiritual welfare—and who was able to do something about it to the ultimate degree.

His manner of speaking was always very penetrating, cutting through the crap and getting down to the problems that we constantly seemed to create for ourselves. "I'm not scolding you, I'm scolding your ghosts," he once said. But most of his time with us was spent carefully explaining the ailments of the grasping, calculating mind and showing us how to cure ourselves.

"Why don't you sew your lips shut and try pouring the booze through your nose!" came his written reply.

煩惱，於是我就尋找我最熟悉的東西，那就是酒。我借酒消愁，然而酒精卻令我陷入更大的痛苦和懊悔。

我開著向信徒買來的老舊本田車，一上路沒多久就被開了酒駕罰單，甚至連加州都還沒出去呢！一路回到西北部之前我已經是個毫無價值可言的人了，我失去了比丘的身份，我的同修道友不在了，我孤伶伶地活在這世上。酒精混亂了我的思緒，在黑暗中，欲望如野草般迅速地蔓延，去酒吧追求女人成了我生活的常態，緊接著開始抽菸，然後喝酒，企圖忘掉這一切。

我隨便找了個工作，夏天在一個處理鮭魚的破舊冷凍船「北極熊」上，當工程助理，沒人知道我曾是個出家的比丘。當船停泊時，老闆看我沒事幹，就把我拉出引擎房，到外頭的裝配線上從事機械式工作。所以當我的腳踝滿是魚卵和鮭魚內臟時，我理應有很多時間來觀察我的墮落。

這種可怕的生活持續了兩個月之久，我再也受不了了。我借來一艘汽艇，開始往上游駛去，一直到我找到當地唯一一家酒吧叫「紅狗沙龍」的，我立刻進去喝得爛醉如泥。第二天早上我發現我躺在外面短樹叢裏，兩眼凝視著灰暗險惡的天空。慢慢地，我想起一整個故事：在酒吧外，我被兩個漁夫重擊在地，他們把我打得全身是血。

當船駛回西雅圖後，我繼續墮落的生活，其間發生許多悲慘的事情。凡此種種令我深陷在羞愧和罪惡感的壓力中。我曾嘗試著修正，但每每心有餘而力不足。最需要的是：告訴一個人，我的問題所在。

一次，我寫信給師父，請他告訴我如何戒酒。

師父把一整個大乘佛法，禪、教、律、密、淨，帶到美國來，我視他為活生生的楷模，令人景仰的是，他除了佛教外，對道教、儒教也無不專精。他在我這一生中是第一個能徹底瞭解我的人，也是能真正照顧到我的靈性的成長到極致的人。

他總是直接了當地說他要說的話，從不拐彎抹角，尤其是面對我們自己所製造的問題時。有一次他說：「我不是在罵你，是在罵你身上的鬼。」他把大部分的時間花在向我們解釋什麼是執著心和計較心，並引導我們如何去自我對治、修正。師父回了信說：「為什麼你不把你的嘴給縫起來，把酒從鼻子裏灌進去？」

我又回到海上工作，由於船上沒有供應新鮮的蔬菜，於是我開始吃肉；這時我的比丘戒、在家戒全部成了歷史。

1970年，我出家前就住在三藩市中國城的佛教講堂。我們大部分的人都覺得住在道場裏比較容易守戒，到

Back to sea I went. Unable to find fresh vegetables on the ships, I started eating meat. My precepts, both as a monk and a layperson, were history.

In 1970, before I became a monk, I was living at the Buddhist Lecture Hall in Chinatown, San Francisco. Most of us had found living in a temple conducive to keeping precepts, but it was more difficult to keep precepts on the outside, especially for those of us with heavy habit-energy. People would come to the temple, cultivate for a little while, and build up their energy, but when they went back out into the world, they would usually blow it, as I had done.

It was actually at the lecture hall that it first became obvious to me that the Master had access to all of our petty thoughts, past, present, and future. He rarely left his little room in the back of the temple, yet he always knew what was going on, and it always came out. I remember an incident that really shook all of us up. There was a young fellow who had been living at the lecture hall for several months. He had taken the five precepts, the fifth of which prohibits intoxicants, including tobacco. But one night he couldn't stand it any longer, and he sneaked out on the town. He climbed down the fire escape and was gone for about three or four hours. He returned while everyone was still asleep and was absolutely sure that no one had seen him. But later that morning, while we were all up meditating, the Master approached him, and the following exchange took place.

The Master: "Where did you go last night?"

Disciple: "Wh, wh, what?"

The Master: "Where did you go last night?"

Disciple: "Ahh, ahh, I, I, I, I just went for a little walk."

The Master: "Oh? Well then, who gave you the cigarettes?"

Disciple: "Ahh, ahh, I got them at a gas station. I just wanted to walk around and have a smoke."

The Master: "Just walking and smoking, eh? Well then, how come you got on the bus?"

Disciple (trembling with fear): "I, I, I wanted to go to Golden Gate Park, and it was too far to walk."

The Master (with ear-piercing volume): "What about that woman on the bus? Why did you offer her a cigarette?"

Disciple (by this time blubbering and whimpering): "I didn't do nothing, I got off the bus after that. Who told you, anyway?"

The Master: "Nobody."

Disciple: "Well then, how did you know?"

The Master: "Did you know?"

Disciple: "Yes."

The Master: "Then you told me!"

外邊就不易自我把持，尤其像我們這種習氣很重的人。許多人來道場修行一陣子，積聚了相當的能量，可是一到外面，就像我一樣的，花花世界就讓這能量一點一滴地消失殆盡了。

我第一次很清楚地知道師父能瞭解所有我們的過去現在和未來，即便是最卑微的心理都逃不出他的手掌心。他很少離開他那位於道場後面的小房間，可是他總是知道發生了些什麼事，而且那些事也總會活生生地出現在我們面前。記得有一次發生了一件震驚大家的事，那就是有一個住在佛教講堂已經有幾個月的年輕人，他受了五戒，而第五條戒是不飲酒，當然也包括不抽菸。但有一晚他實在是忍不住了，便偷偷地溜到外面去。他從防火梯往下爬，他總共離開了四個小時，回來時大家都睡了，他以為神不知鬼不覺的，殊不知第二天早上打坐時，師父走向他。以下是他們兩人的對話。

師父：昨晚你去哪裏？

弟子：嗯嗯，什麼？

師父：昨晚你去哪裏？

弟子：哦哦！我……我……我只是出去走走。

師父：噢？那誰給你香菸？

弟子：啊……我在加油站買的，我只是想走一走，抽根菸。

師父：只是走一走和抽菸？哦，那你怎麼會上巴士？

弟子顫抖地說：我……我……我想去金門橋，走路的話就太遠了。

師父的聲音好像能穿透我們耳朵般地說道：那在巴士上的女人呢？為什麼你要給她一根菸？

弟子抽噎地說：我並沒有做什麼，我之後就下巴士了。是誰告訴你的？

師父：沒人告訴我。

弟子：那你怎麼知道的？

師父：你自己知道嗎？

弟子：當然！

師父：那就是你告訴我的。