

## 對我影響最深的人

# The One That Made a Difference

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在人生的旅途上，一位好老師也許不能左右你的決定，但她卻可能影響你前進的腳步，而人的一生可能就在那深刻的影響中改變了。

依稀記得，當我第一天回到人生地不熟的美國，無法理解的英語在耳邊窸窣窸窣，恐懼頓時占據了整個心頭。那是我來美國的第一位老師——身為法師的美國人——她帶我走出英文的迷宮，也讓我對法師與佛教有了不同的看法。那是一個難忘的回憶，而我當年只有十歲。

回想起在台灣時，我對英語只有一個想法：討厭。是的，我非常討厭英文。在四十個學生的班上，我的英文成績總是最低，而我自己也了解這一點。以致於我從沒有想要回到美國，到一個雖然

A good teacher might not determine your future, but he or she can change you in a way that will influence you for the rest of your life. I still remember the first time I met her; it was fourteen years ago. For me, Dharma Master Heng Bin was not only my first teacher in the United States, who brought me out of the maze of English, but also the one who changed my perspective of Buddhism and Dharma Masters.

The first day at CTTB, I stepped into the classroom with curiosity and anxiety. Being surrounded by unfamiliar faces, I felt most foreign as words that I could not understand passed by my ears. Overwhelmed with fear, I took a step back, as if I could just step back to Taiwan, but Dharma Master Heng Bin's hand brought me back into reality. She was the first person who smiled at me. "Hello," she said, "....." Hello was the only English word I understood, as the rest of her

是我的出生地卻滿是陌生的國家。但是因為姐姐一直不習慣台灣的擁擠環境和教學方式，我只好跟隨姊姊的腳步，沒法猶豫的回到了美國。我更沒想過我會在一所佛教學校讀書，過著與台灣截然不同的生活，更甚至是法師當我的老師。

那一天，我帶著好奇又畏懼的心情，走進新教室。教室內，每一張臉孔都是陌生的，同學們看著我的表情，就像是我是世界上最詭異的人。我因為害怕與恐懼而後退了一步，希望一退步就可以退回台灣。但老師的手把我拉回了現實，她是第一個向我微笑的人：「哈囉！」，她說，「……」。「哈囉」是我唯一懂的一句英語。接下來，只剩下陌生的字眼向我迷惑的心突襲。唉，我聽不懂，不懂、不懂……。

我的導師是個很嚴肅的法師，上課時非常嚴格，她不喜歡學生不守規矩或態度散漫，即使在中午休息吃飯時間，她也要我們保持安靜，更別說輕鬆嬉笑。始終，我很不願意聽她的話。那時我除了恨英文，更恨學校。我不懂為什麼要一個光頭的外國法師當我的導師；那時我用非常不成熟的態度抵制她，反正我就是聽不懂英文，即使有學校規則或老師的規定對我又能怎麼樣；但其實，我只是害怕，害怕聽見陌生的語言，害怕別人是不是在背後講我壞話，害怕獨自待在教室裡，更害怕一天上課八小時的每一分鐘。我感覺自己像是一個啞巴，一個聾子。沒有人懂我的感受，也沒有人試著了解。除了她，她好像了解我的煩惱，並時時耐心的企圖與我交談。她老是安排課後時間想幫我學習英文、加強功課。我雖然知道她非常的忙，但卻從不願意去與她相約的教室；直到我的心被好奇佔據，被她的真心軟化。

記得那是一個炎熱的星期六，接近華氏110度的炎夏，無論身於何處，你一定會汗如雨下。那時因為媽媽還沒有結束台灣的工作，只好留我和姊姊住在宿舍，但是姐姐和其他的宿舍姐姐都是高中生，只有我一個小學生住在那裡，宿舍裡不可以用電腦，也沒

words became noises that I could not comprehend, relentlessly attacking my bewildered mind. I was lost...

Ever since growing up in Taiwan, I have always despised English. Out of a classroom of forty students, My English grade was always the lowest. I never wanted to return to America, the foreign land where I was born, until one year, my family decided to bring my sister back to the United States to continue her education, so I followed her footsteps without hesitation. I had never imagined myself immersed in an English speaking academic environment, nor studying at a Buddhist school, or even having a Dharma Master as my teacher.

Dharma Master Heng Bin was a strict teacher and Dharma Master. In the classroom, she would discipline the students with a set of rules; during lunch time, no giggles or chatters were allowed under her watch. As a rebellious youngster, I refused to adhere to her rules. Back then, not only did I hate English, I resented the school even more. I could not fathom why I had to have a bald, American Dharma Master as my teacher. My attitude, toward her was immature, and I would always talk back and ignore her. But the truth is, I was just afraid, afraid of hearing languages that I could not speak, afraid of other people talking behind my back, afraid of being alone in a classroom. I was afraid of every minute that passed by in the eight hours at school. I felt like a deaf and a mute person. No one understood how I felt, and no one tried to understand, except for Dharma Master Heng Bin. She seemed to have figured out my struggles, and always tried to patiently communicate with me. She would arrange time for me after school to help with my homework, and extra hours to tutor me in English. I knew she was busy, but I refused to attend any of the tutoring sessions. I was blinded by arrogance, until one day, I was overcome by curiosity, and able to see the kindness behind her tough shell.

It was a blistering Saturday afternoon, near 110 degrees Fahrenheit. I became bored staying in the dorm without much to do, so I went for a walk. As I walked the campus, the sun was shining brightly and made me squint. Through the corner of my eyes, I saw the classroom on the second floor of the elementary

有電視節目可以看，我不懂得要如何打發時間，正感到無聊，因此走到外面散步。燦爛的太陽使我睜不開眼，我用眼角瞥見了一間教室，才想到好像早就又過了約定好的上課時間。好奇著她是否還在，我走進學校上了樓。門是開著的，但寂靜的走廊卻像沒有人存在般的。我悄悄的望向被我遺忘的教室，卻看見準備好的教學器材，工整的擺在我的桌上。而我的導師就坐在桌子旁，等待。早已不記得這是第幾次的老師義務課外輔導，我每一次都爽約，雖然第二天老師都會提醒我下一次不要忘了，但下一次我總是故意不記得，我從不相信有人會那麼無怨無悔的一路等待；我感到心跳加速，淚眼模糊中，看著老師蒼老的臉，我對自己的幼稚感到羞恥。

從那之後，我認真地上她的每一堂課。我努力的開始接受英語，用心的讀書學習，也開始了我在美國的真正生活。我以前總是認為出家的法師們就是每天讀經打禪，但現在我了解她們對愛的定義，也深深感受到她們那顆關照他人、善良的心。

十四年前，如果你告訴我，我會每天用英語和朋友交談歡笑，我一定不相信你。感謝恒彬師，一位美國法師，全心全意去教導一個叛逆無禮學生的良師。她透視了（我們）無聲的吶喊，走進學生心中，感化我們。恒彬師讓我知道有人關心我，相信我，看到了我的潛力。因為恒彬師對我的信心，使我能成為今天的我。她的忍耐、彈性和包容，在每個學生心中播下了成長的種子，我永遠感謝他的指引。他讓我瞭解：用心可以改變自己，真心可以感化別人。她帶我走出迷途，並向未來大步前進。恒彬法師，我要為此向您說：「謝謝！」您改變了我。❀



school building. I noticed that it was already past the time for the scheduled tutoring session she had arranged for me. Wondering if anyone would be there, I walked into the building and up the stairs. The door was open, but the silent hallway made it seem as if there was no one else there. I slowly peeked into the silent classroom, and saw all of the materials neatly prepared on my desk. There she was, sitting next to the desk, just waiting. I could not remember how many times I skipped this assigned tutoring. Every single time after I was absent, Dharma Master Heng Bin would just remind me to not forget, yet I would continue to purposely “forget” to come. That was the moment. That was the moment that changed me. I felt my heart beating faster, and my vision of her wrinkles was blurred by tears escaping my eyes. I felt ashamed of my childishness.

From then on, I started to accept English and studied harder. I began to live a new life. I used to think that Dharma Masters only meditate and recite sutras, but now I have come to realize and appreciate their kindness and love. If you were to tell me fourteen years ago that I would be using English with my friends in my daily life, I would never have believed you. Yet here I am today, thanks to Dharma Master Heng Bin, who dedicated her time and energy to teach a rebellious, disrespectful student. She saw through the silent cries, and stepped in to make a difference in her students. Dharma Master Heng Bin made me realize that somebody cared, somebody believed in me, and somebody saw the potential in me. It was Dharma Master Heng Bin's faith in me that allowed me to be the person I am today. Her patience, resilience, and tolerance planted the seeds of growth in each of her students' hearts. It is for her guidance that I am forever grateful. It taught me through hard work you can change yourself, and through kindness you can make a difference in others. She led me away from a wrong path, so I was able to walk in great strides toward my future.

For that, I want to say thank you, Dharma Master Heng Bin, you made a difference. ❀