

劫波萬里，無改堅貞志

——近哲師的故事

An Undeterred Resolve Inspires a Perilous Journey Across Ten Thousand Mile —Bhikshuni Jin Je's Story

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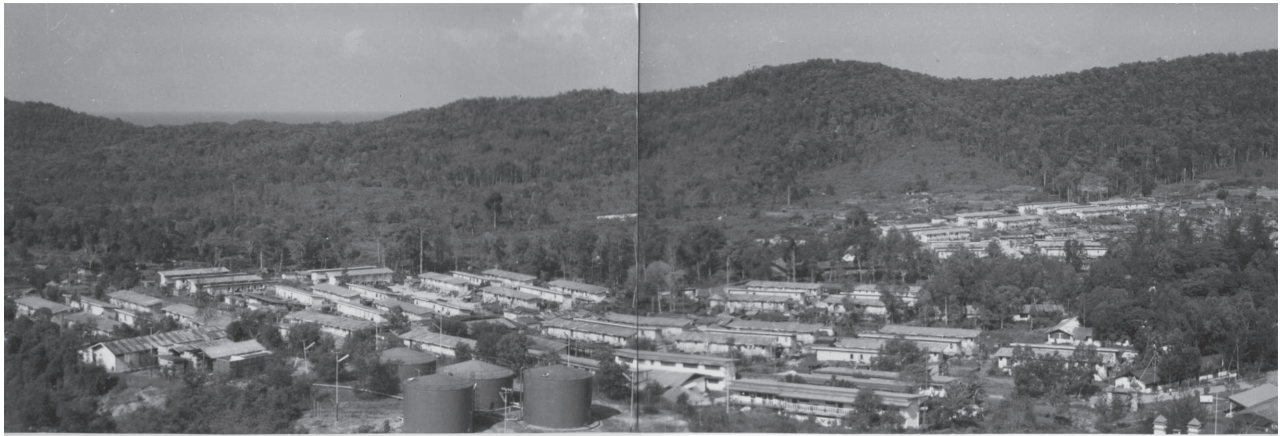


我生長在戰亂時代。在越南，我有十個兄弟姐妹，我排行老七。由於環境不好，爸爸要養活七個孩子著實吃力。就把我過繼給同一條街上的一位鄰居撫養，改隨鄰居家姓。

隨著我們年紀的增長，家庭開始有了變化。首先是哥哥入海軍服役，在越南，男生到18歲就要當兵。當時我四個哥哥都已經成年。由於全越南沒有人自願從軍，所以政府就經常派人來抓，於是小哥就跟父母請求：讓他去從軍。他

I was born and grew up in a time of war and chaos. When I was in Vietnam, I had ten brothers and sisters; I'm the seventh. Because of the impoverished environment, my father had to raise seven children, which was quite an ordeal for him, so he arranged for me to be adopted by a neighbor who lived on the same street. Thus, my surname was changed to that of our neighbor's.

As we grew older, our family also had changed: first, my elder brother was conscripted into the navy. In South Vietnam, every male, at the age of 18, had to fulfill his military service. At that time, all four of my elder



印尼加蘭島難民營的全貌。當時（1990-1993）全島難民人數快有兩萬人。照片上的房子，都已經住滿人了，我們是後期才來到，所以沒有房子給我們。剛到時我們是睡在地上，只發給每個人一張草蓆。

The scene of Indonesian Pulau Galang refugee camp. At that time (1990-1993) there were almost 20,000 refugees on the island. The houses shown in the picture were already filled with people. Since we arrived later, there were no houses available for us. When we just arrived at the island, we slept on the floor and each person was only given one straw mat.

覺得他是家裡最小的男孩，他願意為哥哥們犧牲。就這樣他當兵去了，直到西貢淪陷，他跟著軍艦去了香港，後來又去了美國。一個人人生地不熟地十分辛苦，直到哥哥也去了美國，彼此才有了照顧。在戰亂時代，無常隨時都可能降臨，由不得人。

後來我哥哥幫所有的兄弟姐妹辦移民，就唯獨我不行；因為從小我就給了鄰居家，跟鄰居姓。所以哥哥極力主張我偷渡——偷渡成為難民後，再重新換身份證，可以改回自己家的姓氏——這樣哥哥就有機會擔保我去美國。但是弟弟反對，弟弟警告我們，偷渡太危險了。可是上世紀九十年代，連我父母也都要去美國了，就剩我一個人留在越南。哥哥他們越來越

brothers were grown-ups. Since no one was willing to join the armed forces voluntarily, the government sent people to grab whomever they could. Under such circumstances, our youngest brother requested that our parents grant his wish to enter military service. He felt that, as the youngest brother, he should stand in for his older brothers. He enlisted in the navy until the fall of Saigon. He later followed the fleet to Hong Kong, and then to the United States. It was difficult for him to adapt to a totally new environment by himself. It went on like this until his older brothers also arrived in the US, and his life changed for the better, since they were able to take care of each other. In wartime, with its chaos and upheaval, impermanence may befall a person at any time, leaving him with no choices.

When my eldest brother applied for all of us to immigrate, everyone's cases went through smoothly except mine, because I had adopted the surname of our neighbor's since childhood. My brother urged me to smuggle myself into the country on a boat. After becoming a refugee, I could then go back to my original surname after getting a new ID. Thereafter, they would be able to sponsor my application of immigration. However, one of my younger brothers objected and cautioned us that smuggling would be too dangerous. In the 1990s, even my parents desired to emigrate to the U.S., which would leave me alone in Vietnam. My brothers became more and more worried, and again urged me to smuggle myself into the country. By that time, I had already studied the Buddhadharma and understood that everything was impermanent, so I wished to leave the home-life in Vietnam.

My causes and conditions for studying the Buddhadharma

不放心，總是勸我偷渡。當時我已經學佛了，明白一切都是無常，就想在越南出家。

說起我的學佛因緣，我媽媽是信觀音菩薩的，我自己初一、十五喜歡到廟上吃齋。有一天我一進廟門聽見梵音和鐘鼓聲，覺得非常悅耳，頓時心開意解。那種親近三寶的心，感覺廟就是我的家，直到現在都沒有變。

我老早已經準備好去出家。可是哥哥們無論如何不同意，一定要我去美國。我就這樣開始了偷渡之旅。

那天我在不明就裡的情況下上了船，我們四十幾個人擠在七公尺大小的船上。我們排排坐，動彈不得，不能起來，連大小便都是坐在原地解決；坐到後來我的脊椎好像都爛了。就這樣好多天過去了，怎麼辦呢？於是大家就開始祈禱有大船經過，好向他們求救。還真的幸運，那天，遠遠看見有一艘大船，大家都喜出望外。二話不說就把衣服拿下來燒，大船看見煙就知道有人需要幫忙。

可是沒想到大船是泰國的打漁船。他們都知道這些小船出來，大家身上都帶有黃金或美金。他們就上船打劫，每個人手上的刀都鋒利得不得了，我們也無處可逃。我害怕得不得了，就不停地念〈大悲咒〉。我旁邊的人身上的東西全都被搜走了。輪到我，強盜把刀架在我脖子上，要我把東西拿出來。也不知怎地我突然有一個念頭，把自己的旅行袋給了他。他很高興，以為錢都在裡面。其實我們每一個人的錢都放在身上，這是他們再清楚不過的，但不曉得當時那個人是怎麼了，我想是觀世音菩薩的加被，他也沒有再回來找我。差不多全船

can be traced back to my mother's faith in Guanyin Bodhisattva. On every first and fifteenth day of the lunar month, I liked to go and have a vegetarian meal at the temple. One day, when I entered a monastery, I heard the very delightful sounds of recitation, and of bells and drums. Suddenly, all my mind's entangling "knots" were untied. There deep within me, I had such a yearning to draw near to the Three Jewels that I felt the temple was my home — even now, this feeling remains the same.

From a very early age, I already planned to leave the home-life; however, my brothers strongly disagreed with me on this matter and insisted that I come to America. So I started my journey of smuggling myself into this country.

Without a clear understanding of what would happen, I went aboard an illegal boat used for smuggling refugees. Over forty of us were jammed into a 7-meter-long boat. Row by row we sat next to each other, unable to move — even to the point that we had to defecate and urinate on the same spot. Over a long time sitting like this, we felt that our spines had become rotten. Many days passed. What were we to do? We started to pray that we might soon pass by a big ship. We were lucky that day that a big ship passed by us. We were overjoyed and took some clothing off to burn and make some smoke, in the hopes of being seen by the big ship so that we could get the help we needed.

On the contrary, it turned out to be a big fishing boat from Thailand. When they learned that we were aboard a small boat, and that each one of us must have been carrying gold or US dollars, they dashed aboard bent on robbing us clean. Each of them came with a sharp dagger in hand, forcing us into a corner, without anywhere to run. I was petrified and kept reciting the *Great Compassion Mantra*. Everyone around me was robbed. When it was my turn, the robber put his knife to my neck and told me to take my things out. Somehow, I suddenly thought of giving him my travel bag. He was very happy, thinking that my money was inside. In fact, every one of us was keeping our money on our bodies. The robbers didn't understand it better, and I didn't know what happened to that robber at the time. I think it was because of Guanyin Bodhisattva's blanket of blessing power; the robber never came back to me. Almost the entire ship was robbed by them. However, they still had a bit of conscience. It is said, "When you take people's money, you must help remove their ill fortune", so after getting our money, they gave us food and water, and also drew crude maps to show us how to get to Malaysia. But our situation was still pitiful, because after they left, the people

的人都被他們打劫了。不過他們還算有點良知，得了錢財，就給我們消災——給了我們水和糧食，還有畫地圖教我們怎麼去馬來西亞。但是我們的處境依舊堪憐，因為他們走了以後，我們開船的人不懂英文，也看不懂地圖，還是不知道怎麼去馬來西亞。

這樣一天熬一天，大家實在想不出任何方法，只有一心等死。正在絕望之際，又一艘大船出現在遠方，大家看見船又拼命燒衣服，心想就算是被打劫也要請他們來搭救。結果那艘船是印尼的採礦船。他們並不算打算救我們，說是沒時間送我們去難民營，就把我們就近送去一個孤島。那島是印尼的海軍基地。我們滿心歡喜地以為可以去難民營。上岸後就有人來盤問我們，我們以為是管理難民的官員，心就定了。登記好以後他們就給我們房間休息。因為我們船被打劫的時候我沒有丟掉錢，還有三錢黃金，也就是三個小小的戒指，我把它放在口袋，等著他們來安排我們食宿。沒想到他們來了後，先讓我們排好，然後一個一個搜身，我們嚇呆了！那個時候我真不知道要怎麼辦才好，我的錢已經放在口袋，肯定一搜就被拿走的。我還是念大悲咒。快輪到我時，腦子裡莫名其妙跳出個念頭，我就握著褲子的鬆緊帶搖了幾下，又跳了跳，意思就是我身上沒有錢。他看見我跳，就不搜我，放過我了。真是好奇妙，當時我都嚇得呆住了。後來等心慢慢定下來才覺得是〈大悲咒〉的力量。〈大悲咒〉的力量真的是不可思議。那時候真是感恩得掉眼淚。

大家都被搜得乾乾淨淨，就被安排入住一個房間。房間很長，我們四十幾個人就睡在同一張木板上。等那些搜身的人走了以後，比我們早到的另外一艘船的人過來看我們。他們叫我們要小心，特別是晚上。

steering the boat did not understand English or the maps, and still didn't know how to get to Malaysia.

We were adrift and tormented in the sea day after day, and none of us could think of any idea how to cope with such a situation, so we just waited for death. When we were about to give up in despair, a ship finally emerged from afar in the horizon. When we spotted the ship, we were so excited that we quickly burned some of our clothing, even if doing so would invite them to come aboard to rob us. This time, it turned out to be an Indonesian mining ship. They did not want to rescue us at all. With the excuse that they had no time to send us to the refugee camp, they, instead, sent us to a remote island, which was an Indonesian naval base. With our hearts filled with joy, we had a wrong impression that we would be able to go to a refugee camp.

Once on shore, someone came to question us, and we thought that it was a refugee official and felt settled. After registration, they assigned rooms for us to rest. When we were robbed previously, I did not lose all of my money — in other words, I still had 15 grams of gold — which were the three gold rings I kept. I put them in my pocket and waited for them to come to assign us room and board. I did not expect that when they did arrive, they ordered us to line up straight, and then started to carry out body searches one by one. We were terrified and did not know what to do. The money was already in my pocket and it would surely be gone after the search. I still recited the *Great Compassion Mantra*. When it was my turn, an idea flashed in my mind. I grabbed the elastic band of my pants, shook it, and then jumped a few times — indicating that I had no money on me. Seeing this, he let me go without searching me. It was truly miraculous — inconceivably. At that time, I was taken aback. It was only after my mind calmed down did I see and feel that it was the power of reciting the *Great Compassion Mantra*. Its power was really inconceivable. At that moment, I was so grateful that I was moved to tears.

Every one of us was robbed clean and sent to stay in an elongated room. Over forty of us all slept on flat joined beds made of wooden boards. After they had a thorough search on our bodies and left, refugees from another boat who had arrived earlier came to tell us to be careful,

在島上，用的是發電機，晚上十點過後他們就把機器關掉，我們就沒有燈了，黑漆漆一片。那時候每個人都很緊張，空氣裡充滿恐怖的氣息。沒有人敢睡，大家瞪大眼睛無奈地躺在木板上。十一點左右，聽到一陣腳步聲，是他們！軍鞋叩叩的聲音活像地獄裡的小鬼來抓人，手電筒來來回回地搜尋，個個身上都帶著槍和刺刀，令人好不驚慌。我不停地念〈大悲咒〉，希望不要有什麼事發生。當那些人拿著電筒在每個人身上照來找去的時候，說也奇怪我竟然睡著了！等到我一覺醒來，聽到一片悲慘的哭聲，所有的女孩子、男孩子都哭成一團。我問身邊的朋友，他們都覺得不可思議，我怎麼能睡得那麼甜？他們說，所有的女孩子都被抓去了。只有一個因為有孕在身，不斷地哀求，才逃過一劫。雖然如此，她還是被放到海裡，整整泡了一晚的海水。我們在島上的每個晚上都以淚洗面。

幸好我沒丟掉錢，身上還有三個小金戒指。我就賣一只給印尼人，換了200印尼幣，買了一點食物。這樣過了十一天。那十一天，一如生陷地獄般。後來終於有船來把我們送去難民營。

到了難民營就有聯合國組織分送糧食給我們。按正常來講還是不夠吃，但好過以前了。那個時候也可以向外邊寫信，家人就可以給我們寄支票來，等支票收到後，需要跟他們換錢，他們就從中賺取我們的錢。

不久來了一個通告：所有被迫害過的人都被列入優先到加拿大的名單，其他人則一律遣返越南。他們說因為越南現在沒有政治迫害，根本就可以在自己的國家生活，為什麼還要逃出來？很多人都申請說在國外有親人。他們就說申請需要回越南辦移

especially at night.

On this island, the power was supplied with a generator, and at 10 PM every night, the power was shut down, leaving us in total darkness. When the power was off, everybody became extremely tense and scared; we could smell terror in the air. No one dared to sleep. Everyone kept their eyes wide open while lying on the bed. Around 11 PM, we heard a burst of thumping footsteps — it was them! The military boots stomping on the floor sounded like the little ghosts coming out of the hell to seize people. The flashlights flashed back and forth searching. All of them were armed with guns and bayonets, sending tremor and fear into people's minds. I just kept reciting the *Great Compassion Mantra*, praying that nothing would happen to me. When they flashed their flashlights back and forth, strangely, I fell asleep. When I woke up, I heard miserable crying sounds all around — all the boys and girls cried in despair. I asked my friends next to me what happened. They all felt it was indeed miraculous that I could have slept so soundly. They also told me that only one woman was spared from their raping — she kept kneeling on the ground begging nonstop for her life to be spared because of her pregnancy; only then could she escape without being robbed. Nevertheless, she was thrown into the sea to drift in the water for a whole night. On the island, we shed sorrowful tears every night.

Luckily I didn't lose my money and still had three small gold rings. I sold one of the rings to an Indonesian for 200 Indonesian Rupiah and purchased some food. This was how I survived the eleven hellish days until a ship finally came to bring us to the refugee camp.

After arriving at the camp, we started to receive rations of food provided by the United Nations organization. Compared to normal standards, the food was still insufficient, but it was better than before. Moreover, we could send letters to our families so that they could mail checks to us. We could then exchange the checks for cash — for a certain fee; they profited from the fees in this way.

Soon after, a notice came: all persecuted members would be put on the priority list for immigrating to Canada while the rest would be repatriated to Vietnam. The workers from the UN organization said that since there was no political persecution in Vietnam, we the “boat people” had no reasons to escape from Vietnam because we could live just as well in our home country. Many people provided the reason for their immigration applications on the basis that they had relatives overseas. The workers from the UN organization

民，這裡不幫忙辦理。大家都非常無奈失望，因為大家出來把房子，家當什麼的都變賣了，回去什麼都沒有了。回去，住哪裡呢？

我和其他人不一樣，我想要是去不成美國，就在越南出家。所以主意打定就沒有像其他人那麼悲傷、彷徨。所有人都希望在難民營待久了，就有國家可以接受他們。但是沒想到一待就是六年，最後還是被遣返回越南。

在島上這幾年，我們有很多時間。有人過來教縫衣服，做紙畫等等。我們也去學英文。另外，在島上有一座廟，我們就常常去拜。一天我看到一本〈普門品〉，把它請回來每天念誦。那個時候我吃素，每天念普門品，念〈大悲咒〉，日復一日地過。

後來傳言要面試，要寫自我陳述——是什麼原因要逃離越南，背景是什麼？可我想來想去根本也沒有遭受什麼迫害，我是個再普通不過的人了，我根本沒有故事。有位年輕的英文老師想幫我，說幫我做個假文章。故事大約是，一個廟上的住持，因為反抗越南共產主義，廟就被查封。我們這些弟子因為在廟裡共修，就被抓去監獄關了三年。後來雖然調查清楚無罪釋放，但是因為我曾經坐過監，出來以後就不好找工作，因此生活就成問題了等等。

但是我不懂怎麼講，也不想打妄語，所以每次背那個故事的時候，不一會我就睡著了，無論如何都記不住。兩年後就輪到我了，我好緊張。很多人都不能通過。謠傳官員們不過是做個形式，然後就要大家回越南去。幾乎面試出來的人都很失望。輪到我面試，碰到的竟是傳說中最刁難的工作人員。他是印尼人，但是對越南的情況非常清楚，證件的真假他一看便知。我見到他心裡好緊張，結果他開口問我的問題根本和我的故事一點關係都沒有。他說：你不是會賣豆腐嗎？（賣豆腐只是為了配合故事情節而編的。）他就

then said that, instead of doing the immigration here on the island, we should go back to Vietnam to go through the due process of immigration applications. Everyone was disappointed because many of them had already sold all their properties and assets before they escaped. They would have nothing if they were to be sent back. Where could they possibly live?

I was different from the rest because I planned to become a monastic in Vietnam if I couldn't make it to the United States. Having determined the future in my mind, I wasn't as sad and uncertain as the others. Everyone else hoped that if they stayed in the refugee camp long enough, a country would accept them; but after six years, they were still repatriated to Vietnam.

In our years on the island, we had plenty of time. There were people teaching us how to sew and draw. We also started learning English. Besides, there was a temple on the island, and we often visited to pay our respects. One day I saw a copy of "Universal Door Chapter" in the temple so I respectfully brought it back, and I recited it everyday. I was a vegetarian and I recited the "Universal Door Chapter" and *Great Compassion Mantra* everyday; that was how my days passed.

Later on, I learned that each one of us would have to write a biographical essay for an interview on why we escaped Vietnam and what our backgrounds were. However, no matter how much I recalled, I didn't really suffer any persecutions. I was too ordinary a person — so I didn't have any stories to tell.

A young English teacher wanted to help me. He came up with such a false essay and the story roughly went like this: We lived in a monastery as lay practitioners. The abbot of this monastery opposed the Communist Party of Vietnam; thus, his monastery was shut down and people were driven out — we the disciples were sent to prison for three years. Later, we were exonerated due to our innocence. However, because of our prison records, we had a hard time finding jobs, and even sustaining our lives became a problem.

But, I did not know how to tell this story; nor did I want to tell lies. Therefore, every time I tried to recall the details of that story, I would fall asleep in no time, and no matter how hard I tried, I could not commit the contents of the fabrication to my mind. Two years later, it was my turn to be

說：你會賣豆腐，你就留在越南賣豆腐就可以了嘛。我說：我們沒有資金，只是在街上賣，常常被抓，那是不合法的。然後他就說：那你越南的哥哥可以照顧你呀。我就說：雖然哥哥會照顧我，但也不能永遠照顧我。比如說你有個妹妹，但是你也有你的家庭和孩子，你會照顧你的妹妹嗎？他當時就被我問住了，後來就讓我過了。哇，原來那麼簡單，我都不相信。面試出來以後，大家都覺得很不可思議。我當時歡喜得眼淚都要掉下來。真的是觀世音菩薩加被。我在難民營住了三年就出國了。其他人因為不甘心一直等，一直等到1996年，結果全都被送回去。剛開始用飛機送，到後來因為人多就用船了。而我就等美國的訪問團來，如果通過他們的面試我就可以去美國。

輪到我面試了。移民官理應問我是怎樣被迫害的。但他卻問我說，在他印象裡面修行人不是像我這樣的，應該沒有頭髮的。他就問我有什麼可以證明我是修行人？這時我忽然想起我有張



interviewed. I felt really nervous and uptight. Many people failed the interview, and there was a rumor that the immigration officers were merely putting on a show of interview; their real intention was to send all of us back to Vietnam. Almost every person who went through the interview came out disappointed. When it was my turn, I met the so-called most “vicious” and “demanding” officer. He was an Indonesian, and he was utterly clear about the situations in Vietnam. He was able to tell, with just a simple glance, whether a document was fabricated. I became nervous when I saw him, but the questions he asked were not related to my pre-fabricated story (for the interview) at all. He asked me, “Didn’t you know how to sell tofu?” (The section of selling tofu for a living was meant to come as a sideline detail to make the story sound more reasonable.) He then said, “Since you know how to sell tofu, you can stay in Vietnam and make a living by selling tofu, can’t you?” I said to him, “We did not have enough capital, and could merely sell tofu on the street. Very often, we would be caught by the government because it was illegal.” The officer said, “That being the case, your brothers can take care of you.” I told him, “Although they can take care of me, they cannot do it forever. Suppose you have a younger sister, will you still take care of her after you are married and have children of your own?” He was stunned by such a question of mine; later, he let me pass the interview. Whoa! My interview was as simple as that — I was on the verge of tears. All of this was really due to the power of Guanyin Bodhisattva’s blessing. I stayed in the refugee camp for three years and then left to emigrate to a foreign country. The rest of the refugees, unwilling to accept a result, kept waiting until 1996 when they were all repatriated. At first, there were flights available for them to fly home; but later since there were so many people, it was arranged for them to go back by sea. As for me, I kept waiting for the US delegation to arrive to have an interview with me. If I passed, I would be able to go to the U.S.

My turn for the interview finally came. The interviewer asked me how I was persecuted. He meant to deny me as a practitioner on the basis of his impression that Buddhist practitioners were shaved. So, how could I prove to them that I was a practitioner? Suddenly I recalled having taken a picture, in which I stood in front of a censer of the monastery after just receiving the five precepts and donning the black robe and the precept sash for taking the photo. After he looked at the photo, he immediately said OK, but then he had a question for me — why was my head

照片，是我剛受五戒，穿海清搭縵衣，站在廟裡的寶鼎前面拍的。他看了我的照片就馬上說ok了。但是他還有個疑問，為什麼我有頭髮，他看一般修行人都是沒有頭髮的。我就解釋給他聽，當時就好像有觀世音菩薩教我怎麼講似的。我就說：修行有很多個階段，要一步一步來。要先住廟上，慢慢做功德。然後觀察是不是可以成為修行的人，要及格了才可以出家，到那個時候才可以剃度。我還是在住廟的階段，住廟不久就遇到了事變，不可以再繼續修行。如果我再繼續修行下去我就可以到達那個程度出家了。他覺得我的理由很充分，就讓我通過了。他就恭喜我，最後還問了我一句，那你到美國了還會繼續你的修行嗎？會出家嗎？我說我不知道，因為我不曉得美國的生活怎麼樣，所以我很難現在就答覆你，但是我的心願是那樣的。

這樣我就成為了難民。以後出來就很快了。我先坐船去新加坡，然後從新加坡飛美國，這中間的船票和飛機票都是美國政府先幫我代墊的。1993年5月我到了西雅圖，我妹妹就帶我去政府部門登記。

我的母親是1990年5月離開越南的，我比她先走幾天。她們是坐飛機走的，我則是坐難民船。我們的業力不同，遭遇自然天差地別了。

我們兄弟姊妹十人，際遇各自不同，如果沒有遇到佛法，我或者怨天尤人。但很幸運地，我學習佛法，明白萬般皆是業，半點不由人；更幸運的是，我遇到上人的法，並且如願地在上人道場剃度出家，用我的餘生繼續修行。✿

not shaved? His impression was that all Buddhist practitioners' head were shaved. At the time, it was as if Guanyin Bodhisattva was there, guiding my words. I told him that there were a few stages for cultivation, and people need to cultivate step by step. They need to first live in a monastery, and create merit and virtue. During this stage, practitioners are observed to see if they are suitable for cultivation. After they pass the qualification test, they can then leave the householder's life. Only then can they have their heads shaved to receive the ordination. During the period of my in-temple observation, there was a change of regime. The circumstances no longer permitted me to continue pursuing my aspirations in my cultivation. If I had the opportunity to continue my cultivation in a monastery, I would have been able to leave the home-life. He felt that my explanation was decent so he let me pass the interview. He congratulated me and then asked me if I would continue the cultivation after arriving in America and whether I would still leave the home-life. I told him that it was hard for me to answer him (because I was not certain of what my future would be); but in my heart, I did aspire to leave the home-life.

Following the interview, I formally became a refugee, which would enable me to emigrate conveniently thereafter. I first boarded a ship to Singapore and then flew from Singapore to America. The US government kindly sponsored my sea ticket and air ticket. In May of 1993, I arrived in Seattle, and my sister brought me to register at the government office.

My mother departed from Vietnam in May of 1990, a few days after my departure. They were able to leave via airplane, while I spent my journey on a refugee ship. We had different karmic conditions and therefore received entirely different treatments.

My brothers, sisters, and I—ten of us in total—each, each had our own unique life experiences. If it weren't for Buddhism, I probably would have complained about everything that had happened to me. Fortunately, I was able to learn the Buddhadharmā and understand that everything I had encountered was all due to my karmic conditions and it was no one else's fault. More fortunately, I was able to encounter the Venerable Master's Dharma and become ordained in his order where I could devote the rest of my life to cultivation. ✿