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## 編者話 EDITOR'S NOTE

陳旨均 Chen Zhijun

你將會在這裡遇見死亡。

別害怕——死亡並不恐怖；相反地，請你歡迎它。邀請死亡進門和茶敘，甚至對它傾談心事，你會發現，和它在一起的感覺原來可以如此舒坦。

我們無一人可避免死亡，可是當中卻有多少人選擇視而不見，直到逃無可逃的那一天？畢竟，那天必定會降臨。忌諱死亡而對它不談不問，它不會因此而消失；逃避只會使我們看不清楚它的原貌。因為看不清，我們對它產生幻想，使它變得面目猙獰，既可恨又可怕。

這不是死亡的真相。

這期的封面故事敘述了一位女兒的喪父之苦。她筆下的死亡冷酷無情、不可理喻，但是她最後嘗試接受它，因為她發現它背後的驚喜：一個生命的結束帶來一個關係的重生。她的經驗並不稀奇，我們的周圍就有許多真實的例子，在摯愛的人死去後，將悲憤轉化成一股願意為他人生命付出的動力。他們的故事重複地告訴我們，死亡不是終點。被死亡刺痛的缺口是一扇可通往真實人生的門，是否踏出這一步取決予自己。

我們若敢於接受並且享受生命的每個挑戰，活得無悔無憾，何須畏死？我們要如何從容地步向死亡，兩位佛法老師在這期的兩篇文章裡和我們分享了他們的看法。雅諦喇嘛道出行善的重要性，而措尼仁波切則給我們提示如何準備死亡的「通行證」。措尼仁波切說平日的靜心修持不單是最好的死亡準備，更是有助我們成為出色的「生活藝術家」。

生活藝術的佼佼者都擅於活得實在，死得坦然。

備受愛戴的愛爾蘭詩人和諾貝爾文學獎得主謝默斯·希尼（Seamus Heaney），今年八月底逝世，享年 74 歲。在幾年前的一次訪談裡，他曾被記者問他是否可以在他畢生的作品裡選一個適用予他的墓誌銘。希尼思索了一會兒，然後選了出自他翻譯的索佛克里斯（Sophocles）劇作《伊狄帕斯在科倫納斯》（Oedipus at Colonus）裡的一句對白。在劇裡，報訊人（Messenger）敘述老國王逝世的消息時說道：「不論他去了何方，他都是心懷感恩而去。」

希尼的喪禮當天，他的兒子緬懷父親時告訴在場的嘉賓，父親的最後遺言是對和他做了 50 年夫妻的太太說的。臨終前數分鐘，父親以喜愛的拉丁文向母親發出短信：「Noli timere」，意即「不要怕」（Don't be afraid）。

「不要怕」。遇見死亡時，你怎麼辦？

In these pages you will meet death. But it won't be the death you fear; it'll be a death you open doors to, take tea with, and hold near. This death is to be welcomed, not feared.

Death, the theme of this issue of the magazine, touches all of us without exception. Yet most of us choose to ignore it – until it happens to someone close to us, or when we're forced to face our own mortality. Pushing it out of view doesn't mean it's not there, of course; it just means we see it less clearly. Is it any wonder, then, that it became strange and terrible, forever fixed in our mind in a grimace of pain?

This is not its true face.

In our cover story about a father's final departure and a daughter's grief, the death we encounter is not to be reasoned with, but to be accepted and even embraced, because what had seemed like an end turned out to be a beginning. The writer's experience with loss is not uncommon, if we care to recall the examples around us of people spurred by the death of a beloved to discover new meaning in life. Every death that wounds is really an opening – an invitation to lead an authentic life. It's up to us whether or not to take it up.

If we aren't afraid to live, we won't be afraid to die. In two articles here – one by Tibetan Buddhist teacher and author Tsoknyi Rinpoche, and the other an interview with Tergar's meditation teacher Lama Yadie – we hear how we can approach death without regret or fear. In their own ways, they share with us their understanding of how we may discover the joy of becoming – as Tsoknyi Rinpoche puts it in his book, *Open Heart, Open Mind* – a "virtuoso in the art of living".

Indeed, the virtuosos among us who lived well and died with grace are deservedly admired.

The Irish poet and Nobel laureate Seamus Heaney, who died earlier this year, aged 74, was asked a few years ago if he could pick something from his life's work that would do for his epitaph. After some thought, he quoted from his translation of Sophocles' *Oedipus at Colonus*, in which the play's Messenger character, telling of the old king's death, says: "Wherever that man went, he went gratefully".

At Heaney's funeral service, his son told the gathering that the poet's final words, minutes before he passed away, were to his wife of almost 50 years. He wrote her a text message that read, in Latin, "Noli timere" – "Don't be afraid".

Don't be afraid. How would you choose to meet death?



攝影 Photography 沈綺穎 Sim Chi Yin



# 沒有了雲 便有了雨

文字 薛美寶 翻譯自英文版本 戴林焱 攝影 林偉雄

至親的人的死亡是每個人人生必有的經歷。  
逗留在忿怒和悲傷的情懷裡，只會使我們錯過了死亡帶來的禮物

1991年，我的好友潘文耀的26歲剛畢業於臺灣一所大學的妹妹，在前往參加畢業典禮的途中發生車禍而喪生，當時她坐在電單車後座。

當我們談及關於死亡的話題，也許有很多見解。然而，一旦發生在至親身上，我們即束手無策。

文耀當時沒有談及他的悲痛，而是簡單地講述發生事情經過：他的妹妹搭乘同學的電單車前往參加畢業典禮，但她的同學是沒有駕駛執照的。她的同學在車禍中倖存，而妹妹喪生了。

如果我是他，可能會非常憤怒並痛斥司機。但文耀在醫院見到那位年輕人時卻十分平靜。

文耀回憶道：「在我妹妹昏迷的時候，他前來道歉。他問我和弟弟是否需要任何賠償。那時我想任何賠償都無法令妹妹起死回生，所以只提了一個要求——考取駕駛執照。我告訴他，『不要讓悲劇重演在另一個人身上』。」

隨著時間的流逝，文耀體會到生死由命。「她的過世令我第一次感受到永遠失去一個人的滋味。」這使他與其他兄弟姐妹之間那基於信任的感情更加緊密，直至今天。

死亡是一個不愉悅的話題，哪怕僅僅是想到它。但我們卻能逐漸的明白到死亡在關上一扇門的同時亦打開了更多的窗，比如使家人的感情更加凝聚。其實死亡並不是真正的關上了甚麼門，正如佛學導師一行禪師說道：「就像我們沒有了雲，便有了雨；沒有了雨，便有了茶。」死亡改變了我們的形態，但並沒有讓我們消失。

類似的故事聽過很多，但究竟死亡意味著什麼？這麼多年來，我一直在尋找答案，直到死亡降臨在家人身上。

我的父親在2003年過世，他患有阿茲海默氏症（俗稱老年癡呆症）。我們親眼目睹他的記憶逐月退化，日復一日，直到最後父親只能認得母親。這是一個非常可怕的死法，我花了很長時間才接受父親的逝世的事實。

我現在才明白，父親的逝世換來了一堂寶貴的課程——如何去愛我的母親。

## 了不起的母親

當我少年時，父親決定全家移民到加拿大。我告訴他，自己並不想離開香港。

我與他據理力爭，也懇求過。我對他說：「你們走，我自己留下來。」父親覺得我失去了理性，自然地無視我的請求。他明白我是被他寵壞了才有這番胡言亂語。

事實證明，我最精彩的校園時光是在加拿大渡過的。我有緣與美麗的山川與湖泊如此親近，在開放的文化中洗禮，在自由的學習環境受教，這一切都塑造了今天的我，這一切也都要歸功於我的父親。

時隔多年後我才明白這些。當時我的全部念頭還想著離開加拿大，離開家人，一個人去生活。所以我在大學畢業並在一家雜誌社工作了一年後，便決定返回香港。

當我告訴父親我的想法時，他沒有說任何話。他的沉默令我擔心，因為我不想讓如此疼愛我的人傷心。

當我正在收拾行李時，他走進我的房間看著我收拾行李。我的心開始忐忑不安，害怕聽到他要求我留下，因為拒絕會傷害到他，而我已經決定離開。

然而他並未開口挽留。相反，他開始幫我收拾我的書籍，我的眼淚在臉頰上輕輕滑落。

還沒有等我說話，他說道：「我很自豪，我的女兒知道她想過怎樣的生活。」這讓我哭得更加厲害，他將我擁入懷中，給了我一個很溫暖的擁抱。

在我年輕的時候，父親給予我很多支持，這讓我在他生病的時候不能陪伴在他身邊，感到萬分愧疚。那時我在香港工作，每年回家探望他。然而，每次回到家中都感到難過，實在沒辦法忍受看著他逐漸失去語言功能、行動能力、食欲和記憶，這仿佛看見有人在你眼前緩慢的死去。

我常常在晚上淚如雨下，極大的空虛及寂寞侵蝕著我，那時唯一的念頭是我的父親即將死去，而我卻無能為力。我開始反復的做著一個噩夢：有兩個男人試圖用一把鋒利的刀殺死我的父親。

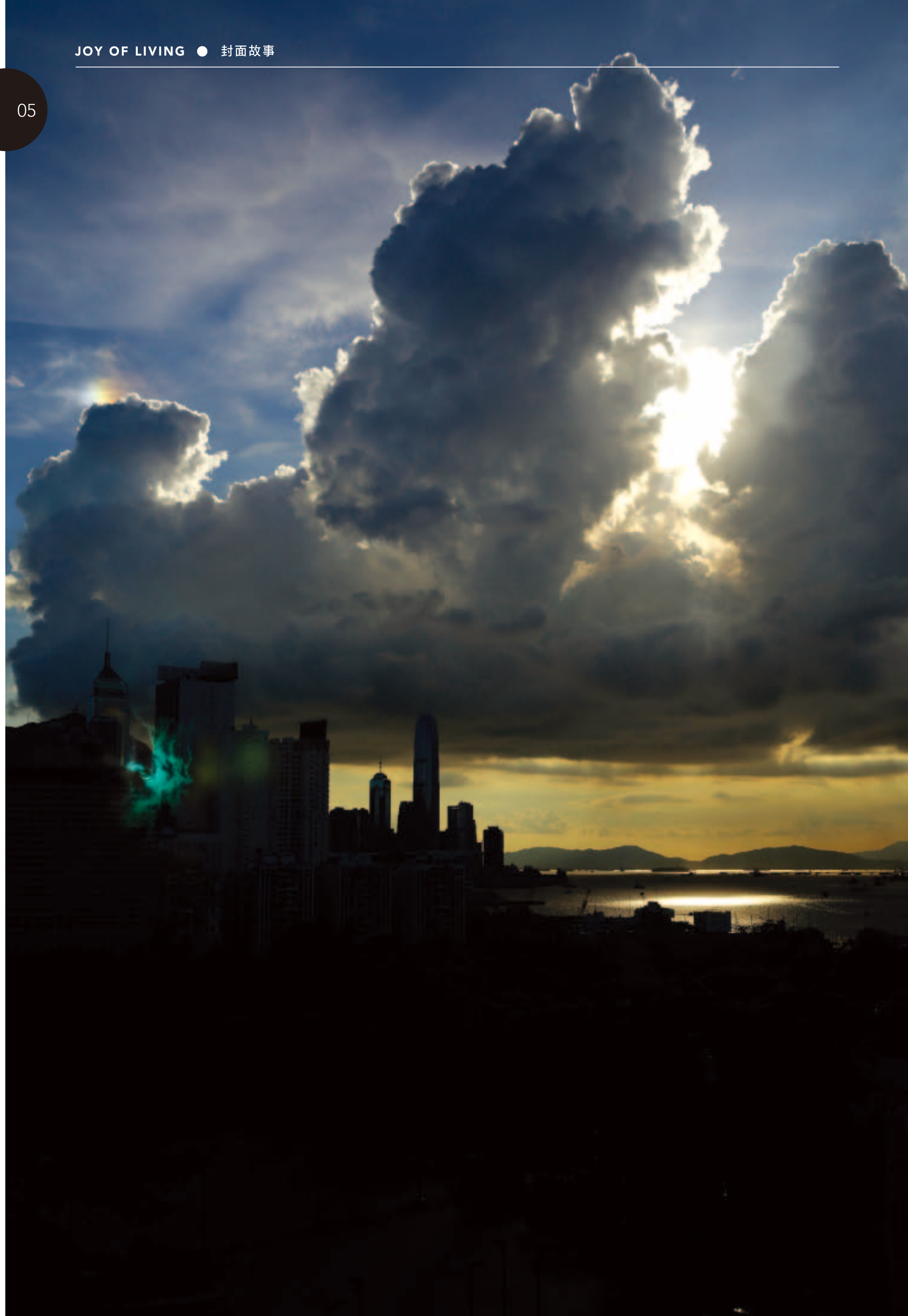
在這種恐懼和絕望的精神狀態下，我「看懂」了母親。

每天早晨，母親親吻著父親的臉頰，輕輕地像我們一樣呼喚他「爸爸，爸爸」，父親則怔怔地看著母親的臉。母親喜歡用雙手捧起他的臉，輕聲和他說話，但父親卻不能回復片語。

因為父親吞飲困難，母親會花三個小時餵他吃早餐。父親喜愛品嚐美食及愛好烹飪，見到他無法再吃東西是多麼令人心碎。有時，母親會唱歌給他聽——一首兒時父親唱給我們聽的關於綿羊洗澡的歌。

我經常坐在母親旁邊看她細心照料父親，就像看著一個陌生人。我心想：「這個女人實在是了不起，她就是我的母親。」

我開始明白為甚麼一行禪師在他的教學裡





# NO RAIN WITHOUT CLOUDS

Text Mabel Sieh Photography Hung Lam

The death of a loved one is hard to bear,  
but allow grief to harden us and we may miss the gift it brings

說過：「當你看著一個人時，例如說你的摯愛，你要深入地看。切莫等到那個人已經過世後，你才來尋他。現在就看著他。」我正在學習著，深入地看著我的母親。

一行禪師說：「當你深入看時，我們會看到體內的細胞一起運作，像是一條河流一樣。我們會看見感覺的河流，許多感覺一個接著一個。我們會看見認知的河流。我們會看見心行的河流，也會看見意識的河流。」

## 無懼的愛

在成長的期間我和父親很親，但和母親卻一般。我很佩服父親的多才多藝，喜歡他寫給我的充滿詩意的信和行雲流水的中文書法，喜歡看著他閱讀報紙、安靜地在書房寫著日記。他的形象激發我對寫作的興趣，並立志成為了一名記者。

我為作為我父親的女兒而自豪。母親對年少的我來說卻「只是一位家庭主婦」——我們的個性非常不同。她是一位善於交際的人，可以和街上剛剛偶遇的陌生人成為朋友——我對這種社交技巧比較難以理解。她喜歡與人交談，整條街都能聽見她高亢的嗓音。

如今，我十分敬佩我的母親。但時至今日，亦不知道母親是如何做到如此細心照料父親的。我每一年僅回家探望一次，都已經哭到眼淚決堤，而她每一天都要面對病情日趨惡化的丈夫，究竟她流了多少眼淚？

在她身上，我看見一種愛，此愛無畏，甚至無懼死亡。

在父親逝世十年後，母親和我還會聊起父親，笑談著他的笑話及趣事。有時候，我甚至覺得因為無法報答父親對我的摯愛而把這份愛給予我的母親，最終我學會了如何去愛她。

我不明白為什麼父親會以這樣可怕的方式過世，直到現在我也無法假裝我知道答案。如果可以，我希望可以時光倒流，讓我重新做出那個決定——留在加拿大，用更長的時間陪伴

在父親身邊。

但這樣的話，是否會失去一個去瞭解我母親並更最愛她的機會呢？或許，認知生命，才能明白死亡。也許更重要的是去「看懂」生活在你身邊的人。

我欣賞文耀對生命的態度。他偶然會對於妹妹的死而感到困擾。「我不知道為什麼她必須死，但我不想通過推理來獲得答案。」他說：「我覺得生命中有太多的事情是沒有原因的，比如痛病疾苦。我視死亡為通向生命其他狀態的階段。沒有死亡，生命就不會延續。死亡的存在會讓我想過好這一生，為他人的快樂而做出奉獻。」

## 給世界的禮物

在寫這篇文稿的那週，有很多關於死亡的新聞吸引了我的注意，包括日本 NHK 電視臺的 2011 年日本東北部海嘯和地震的紀錄片，片中選錄了 1007 首日本各地人民所作的短歌詩詞，為紀念在此次災難中喪生的人們。

詩歌表達了對逝者的悲痛和對未來的希望，例如這一首由 91 歲的海嘯倖存者所作的短歌。

「九十一載見三場海嘯，漫漫歲月聞苦難哀嚎。」

和許多人一樣，這位老婦人失去了她的家人和房子，自海嘯後，她一直獨居在臨時住所中。她帶著記者來到鎮上一棵大橡樹前，這棵樹在她童年時就長在這裏，海嘯之後依然屹立不倒。站在樹下，她說：「我必須堅強。」

在地震之後，我到東京探望我的朋友。雖然他們並沒有像住在海邊的居民那樣失去家園，但他們經歷了地震來臨時的恐慌，漫長的停電和崩潰的交通系統，幾乎沒有人能夠回家。

在拜訪期間，我的朋友智子給我看她的手機照片，照片中，她的公寓狼藉一片，櫥櫃和貨架散落，周圍還有很多碎片。

我聆聽著她的談話，聲音中透露著恐懼與傷痛。隨著核危機情況變得越來越差，未來的

日子看起來很黯淡，有些人選擇離開這個國家。我問她是否也會選擇離開。

「我能去哪兒？這裏才是我的家。」她答道。

回想與智子的談話，我覺得她是對的。去哪裡可以避免災難與危險？去哪裡可以避開死亡？

91 歲的老婆婆在海嘯前後去哪裡才好？我的父親去哪裡才能逃離奪取他生命的疾病？

文耀的妹妹去哪裡才能不受傷害？無論身在何處，我們都會有死去的那一天，不管我們是否願意。

當我們死去的時候，我們留給摯愛的不單止是悲傷。

一行禪師說道：「當你看著一顆橘子樹時，你看到橘子樹長出美麗的綠葉、芬芳的花朵與甜蜜的橘子。這些都是一顆橘子樹獻給這個世界的禮物。一個人也是這樣。人在日常生活中，會有思維、話語與行為。我們的思維可以是美麗、慈悲、充滿愛的。我們的話語可以帶著慈悲、激勵人心的力量，充滿愛與理解。我們的行為也可以是慈悲的、護他的、具療癒效果的，護持他人也護持了我們自己。」

我們的思維、話語與行為，就是我們生命真實的延續。近觀死亡，重現生命。

這完全體現在我父親這件事上。他過世幾年後我就不再做那個噩夢。

很久之後，又重新夢到父親，這次我們一起散步，他沒有坐輪椅，持著拐杖慢慢走路，我摟著他，他身體依偎著我。能照顧他的感覺很好，很溫馨。

My good friend Terence Poon lost his sister to a motorcycle accident in 1991. She was 26 years old and had just graduated from a university in Taiwan. She was killed while travelling to a graduation party, on the back of a motorbike.

We may have lots of ideas about death that we can talk about, but when a loved one dies, we completely lose the words. When he told me the news, Terence spoke not of his grief but simply about what happened: his sister was riding on a schoolmate's motorcycle. The schoolmate had no driver's licence. He survived the accident while Terence's sister died. I remember thinking that, in Terence's place, I would be so angry with the driver! But my friend remained calm when he met the young man at the hospital.

"She was in a coma when he came to apologise. He asked me and my brother if we'd like any compensation," Terence recalls. "I thought to myself at the time, 'There's nothing you can do to make her live again'. So I made just one request. 'Get a licence', I told him, 'don't let this happen to another person again'."

With time, Terence has come to feel the presence of destiny in matters of life and death. "Her death made me feel for the first time what it means to lose someone – forever." The loss brought the surviving siblings closer together, in a bond of trust that remains sealed today.

Death is not pleasant to talk or even think about. Only gradually do we learn that, after death closes one door, others may open for us – such as renewed bonds of strength in families. Except that death doesn't really close doors, as the Buddhist teacher Thich Nhat Hanh writes: "When the clouds disappear, we have rain; when the rain disappears, we have tea." In death, our form changes, but does not disappear.

Terence's story and others like it made me wonder about the meaning of death. Does it

serve a purpose? I found my own answer years later, when death came to my family.

My father passed away in December 2003, from Alzheimer's disease. We witnessed his memory fade away day by day, month by month, until he didn't recognise anyone except my mother. It was a horrible way to die, and I took a long time to reconcile myself to it. Now I can see that his death taught me a huge lesson: how to love my mother.

## 'This woman is amazing'

I was only a teenager when my father decided to take the family to live in Canada. I did not like his decision to leave Hong Kong, and I told him so.

I reasoned with him, and I pleaded. I told him: "You go, I'll stay here on my own." My father thought I was crazy and quite naturally he ignored my request. He knew I didn't know what I was talking about and that I had been spoiled – by him.

As it turned out, it was in Canada that I experienced the most amazing years of my school life. I also had the chance to be close to Canada's beautiful nature of mountains and lakes. Its open culture and liberal learning environment contributed to the person I am today. It all happened because of my father.

But it took me years to realise this. All I could think of then was that I wanted to leave the country and my family, to be on my own. So after I graduated from university and worked at a magazine for a year, I decided to go back to Hong Kong.

When I told my father about it, he didn't say anything. His silence worried me because I didn't want to upset the person who loved me so much. One night while I was packing, he walked into

my room and watched me pack. My heart started to pound: I was afraid he would ask me to stay, because it would hurt to refuse him, and I was determined to refuse.

Those words never came. Instead, he started to help me pack my books – I felt my tears run down my cheek.

Before I could say anything, he said to me: "I'm proud that my daughter knows what she wants to do in life." That made me cry even harder. He wrapped me in his arms and gave me a big warm hug.

His support when I was younger made me heartsick with guilt when he became ill, because I wasn't by his side. I was working in Hong Kong, and I went home every year to see how he was doing. Each time I returned I felt more depressed. I couldn't stand seeing him gradually lose his speech, mobility, appetite and memory; it was like watching someone die very slowly before my eyes.

I remember crying a lot at night, feeling a huge sense of emptiness and loneliness, with the single thought: my father is dying and there is nothing I can do. I began to have a recurring nightmare of two men trying to kill my father with a sharp knife.

It was in this fearful, hopeless state of mind that I began to "see" my mother.

Every morning, mother would kiss father on his cheek and call him "daddy, daddy", as we children did. He would look at her face as if in a trance. She liked to hold his face with both hands while talking to him, though he couldn't utter a word back.

She would spend three hours feeding him a single breakfast because of his difficulty swallowing. Sometimes mother would sing him a song in Mandarin – the childhood tune he sang to us when we were children, about a sheep



taking a shower, which I could never quite get the meaning of.

I used to sit by my mother watching her take care of dad. It was like watching a stranger, and I thought to myself: "This woman is amazing and she's my mom."

I was starting to learn what the Zen Buddhist teacher Thich Nhat Hanh meant when he said, "When you look at a person, for instance someone beloved, look deeply. Don't wait to do that only after the person has died. Look at [her] now." I was finally learning to look deeply at my mother.

"When we look deeply enough, we will see the cells in our body working together; they flow as in a river," he once said. "We will see a river of senses and feelings, one after another. We will see the river of awareness. And we will see the river of our mind, the river of consciousness."

### A love without fear

Growing up, I felt close to my father but not so much to my mother. I admired my father's many

talents; I loved the poetic letters he wrote me in his beautiful Chinese handwriting. I liked to watch him read the newspaper and write in his diary in the study room, so quietly. This image of him inspired me to take an interest in writing and later to become a journalist. I was proud to be his daughter.

But my mother was "just a housewife", and our personalities were very different. She is a sociable person who can make friends with strangers she just met on the street – an ability I find quite hard to understand. She enjoys talking; with her high-pitched voice you could hear her a street away.

Now I'm full of admiration for this woman. Even now, I don't know how she did it: if I cried so much on my visits each year, how many tears did she shed watching her husband deteriorate every day?

In her I saw the kind of love that has no fear – not even of death.

A decade after my father's death, my mother and I still talk about him and laugh about his jokes and funny talk. Sometimes I think the love

I couldn't return to my father I now give to my mother – having finally learned how to love her.

I didn't understand why my father had to die and in that horrible way. And I don't pretend that I get it now.

If I had a choice, I would want to go back in time, to make another decision – to stay in Canada and spend more time with my father.

But in return, would I have given up the opportunity to know and love my mother better? Perhaps, to understand death, we have to understand life. Maybe it's more important to "see" the people who are living around you.

I like the attitude of my friend Terence, who is still troubled sometimes by the "why" of his sister's death.

"I don't know why she had to die but I don't want to approach it by reasoning," he says. "I think there's no reason for a lot of things in life, like suffering. I see death as a phase leading to something else in life. Without death, life doesn't move on. And the presence of death makes me want to live this life I have by contributing to making others happy."

### A gift to the world

The week when I was writing this article, a lot of stories about death came to my attention, including an NHK documentary on the 2011 tsunami and earthquake in northeastern Japan. Called "Healing Words: Tanka in Tohoku", the documentary featured 1,007 Japanese tanka poems written by people all over the country, in remembrance of those who died in the disaster.

The poems express the grief of loss and hope for the future, such as this one by a 91-year-old survivor of the tsunami.

*At 91 came the third tsunami in my life. I've lived long and seen tragedies in the world.*

Like many others, this woman lost her family and home and has been living alone in a temporary house, two years after the disaster. She took the reporter to a big oak tree in the town. It had been there since her childhood, and was still standing after the tsunami. Pausing beneath the oak tree, she said: "I need to be strong."

After the earthquake, I visited Tokyo to see friends. Though they didn't lose their homes, like those who lived near the sea, they experienced the frightening moments when the tremors hit, and the long nights of blackout when the traffic system broke down and few could get home.

During my visit that year, my friend Tomoko showed me a photo of her flat on her phone. It was a messy scene – the cupboards and shelves had fallen apart, and there was a lot of debris.

I listened to her talk, and the horror and misery in her voice. With the nuclear meltdown seemingly getting worse every day, the future seemed bleak and some people chose to leave the country. I asked her if she wanted to leave too.

"Where can I go? This is my home," she said.

Thinking back on our conversation, I think Tomoko was quite right. Where can we go to avoid accidents and danger? Where can we go to avoid death? Where could the 91-year-old woman in Japan go before, and after, the tsunami? Where could my father go to avoid the disease that killed him? Where could Terence's sister go to be safe from all harm?

Wherever we are, we will all die one day, whether we like it or not.

And when we do, we will leave behind much more than grief for our loved ones, says Thich Nhat Hanh. "Look at an orange tree and you will see the beauty of its green leaves, its lovely fragrant flowers and sweet fruit. This is the tree's gift to the world. It's the same for a person. In our daily life, we think, we speak, we act. Our way of thinking can be beautiful, compassionate and full of love. Our words can be kind and encouraging, filled with love and understanding. Our actions too can be compassionate; we can protect and heal."

Our thoughts, words and actions live on long after our mind and body fall away. Look closely at death, and we find life.

It was certainly that way with my father. The nightmare I had of him stopped after a few years. Much later, I had a dream of my father again. This time I dreamt that we were walking together. He wasn't in a wheelchair and could walk with a stick. I had my arm around him. I could feel his weight leaning towards me. I felt able to take care of him. It was a comfortable feeling.



# 好生，就有好死

——和雅諦喇嘛的對談

攝影 林偉雄

活著的人都不願在生命結束時，抱憾地離去。雅諦喇嘛是德噶香港禪修中心的一位導師，在這個訪談裡，他和我們分享準備死亡的重要性

問：不同宗教信仰對死亡有著不同的見解。不論我們相信死後意識會有甚麼轉變，我們對死亡可抱有甚麼正面的態度呢？

答：不管你喜歡或不喜歡，死亡是你一定要面對的一件事。不只是你，所有一切眾生都要面對。很多人不想聽，不想提及這件事情，因為他們覺得恐怖。但是提及或不提及，我們都需要面對。從佛法的角度來說，每個人都必須為死亡準備，當死亡的那一刻真的到了，我們就會安心。佛法裡面說，

我們死亡以後有中陰，中陰以後有投胎，不管是投胎在輪迴道或是解脫道上，我們都需要準備。如果沒有準備的話，當那一刻到來的時候，一定會感到有很大的恐怖，有很多的恐懼和很多的後悔。

問：那要如何準備呢？

答：我們所有的佛法修行，不論做任何的善事，其實全部都是為死亡作準備。特別在藏傳佛教裡面，就有一套教法——中陰的解脫，

《度亡經》——這套教法教你在死亡的時候，應該怎麼面對。當中，會非常清楚地告訴你臨死的時候，有甚麼狀況會出現，有甚麼徵狀，以及在中陰中會經歷什麼。

問：那麼，如果不是佛教徒，在生活上要如何準備呢？

答：做善事。但是做善事有做善事的要求，不是表面上的做善事，是必須發自內心地做善事。你不一定是佛教徒，也不需要是佛

教徒，只要你做善事，到了死亡的那一刻，都會對你有幫助。

問：如何分辨發自內心地做善事和表面上的做善事？

答：發自內心地做善事是，比如你今天給了我很大的幫忙，在你的內心，你希望我今天困難得以解決，就是這樣，事情過了，你走了，從此以後也不會想我會不會有所回報。如果你有一點兒期望，持有「我幫了這個人，以後從他那裡要得到甚麼」的概念，那就不是發自內心地幫助他人。這只是一種交易。發自內心地做就是佛菩薩，佛菩薩渡眾生的時候是不需要回報的。

而且，做善事時是不會猶豫、不後悔。比如當時你問自己「我是不是做錯了，會不會有些人因此而受到傷害？」，只要你心裡有一點點這樣的懷疑，便不圓滿。圓滿的善事是乾淨的。你不需要做得很大，不需要做得很厲害，就是做能力所及的，並且很乾淨便是了。

問：我們要怎麼對待在生活上所見或所聞的死亡？

答：我認為有兩種方式。如果你是佛教徒，尤其是你學過《度亡經》，當你看到他快要不行時，你可以按照《度亡經》裡面的方式去幫助他。透過他的臉色、狀態、動作，或各種各樣的症狀你會知道他正處於死亡的那一個階段，你可以跟他說：「不要怕，不只是你，這是一切眾生都要經過的，所以現在如果你能堅持不怕的話，你將有機會直接證悟。」——就是這樣等等。這是藏傳佛教裡面的一個方式。

另一個方式是，當他快要不行時，他的家人、朋友、親戚可能很痛苦，很多人在他旁邊又哭又拉，有些會喊「不要走啊」。我

們可以安慰他們，勸他們不要這樣，因為這樣對亡者是沒有幫助的，還會對他不好。我們可以勸他的家人，讓他安心。死亡到來時，他自己已經有很多掙扎，如果家人再這樣，他的死亡會不順利。這樣的安慰也是非常有幫助的。

問：中陰是一個過渡期。在傳統文化裡，過渡期是一個極不安穩的狀態，是一個連結生命不同階段的時期。但是，在藏傳佛教的見解中，中陰不單指死後到投胎那個階段，其實人生每一個階段都可稱做中陰，每一個都是過渡期。為甚麼呢？

答：因為從佛教的角度看，沒有一個人生階段是穩定的。如果你以為有穩定的時刻，那就是一個錯誤，極大的錯誤，這是佛法所說的「我執」。佛法說「有常」和「無常」。如果有人說在這個世界上有某種東西是「有常」的話，那是跟佛陀八萬四千法門裡所講的完全相反。「無常」有兩種——粗的和微細的。粗的「無常」是我們能看到的。比如說隔壁的一間房子，昨天沒甚麼事情，今天搞不好就垮下去了，比如有些朋友，昨天還好好的，我跟他還聊過天，今天早上我聽到他已經死了等等。我們看到的東西改變了，從「有」的角度轉到「無」的角度。

微細的「無常」是我們沒有看到的。對一個人來說，從在媽媽的肚子裡那一刻起就開始改變。改變不會停下來一秒。佛教裡面說一彈指就有 60 個剎那，每一個剎那的時間都不會停下來。它一直在改變，只是我們看不到而已。如果沒有改變這回事，你不會從無到有，然後在媽媽的肚子裡開始長大，這個過程是不會有的。所以從佛法的角度，不管是有生命或沒有生命的，一個不變的狀態是不可能的。差別只在我們有沒有看到。

問：我們在理智上了解到死亡是必經之路，但是為甚麼面對死亡的時候，還是那麼痛苦，情緒上還是很難接受呢？

答：正如我先前提到的，因為我們沒有準備。我們明知道有這一刻，我們不願提，等於說我們不想準備。因此當我們到了那一刻，會有很大的恐懼，很大的後悔。從藏傳佛教來說，那一刻的後悔是最大的。凡是有生命的，一定要面對這一刻，這麼明白的東西，我們為甚麼不準備呢？我們在世間，要遠行也會先購買飛機票；死亡是我們一定要前往的地方。準備得好，不會有恐懼。很多藏傳佛教的喇嘛到了那一刻，他們覺得很開心。有些喇嘛，當醫生告訴他可能明天，後天，或今天便要離開的時候，他都會慶祝，和法友、同學熱鬧地慶祝。原因是他準備得很好。

問：面對愛人，親人或朋友的死亡，要如何準備呢？

答：如果你學過《度亡經》，可以用那裡教導的方式去幫助他。

問：有些人相信鬼靈，也會怕。你有甚麼看法？

答：我自己認為，尤其是中國人，以為在墳場會看見甚麼顯現出來，這是民族文化的一種背景，或是傳統的一種概念。佛教認為亡者的靈魂 49 天後一定要投胎，他不會逗留，在墳場看見甚麼顯現出來是不可能的。這個想法，藏族人也會有。在土葬的地方，我們也會把刻上咒語的石頭放在那裡，去那裡念經，我們也覺得那地方跟其它地方有不一樣的感覺，會有點害怕。反正這是人類的特點。



# GRACE IN GRAVITY

## A conversation with Lama Yadie

Translated from the Chinese Grace Ng Photography Hung Lam



Nobody wants to die with regrets. Lama Yadie, a teacher at the Tergar Meditation Centre in Hong Kong, tells our interviewer about the importance of preparing for death

Q: Different religions have different views of death. Regardless of what our ideas may be about consciousness after death, how can we hold a more positive attitude towards death?

A: Like it or not, death is something you have to face. Not just you, but all living beings have to face it, too. Most people consider death too horrible a topic for discussion. But all of us have to face it whether we talk about it or not. According to the Buddhist point of view, we have to prepare for death so that when that moment arrives, we can leave with a peaceful mind. Tibetan Buddhism tells us that we go through a state of transition after death and before our next life, known as the bardo state. It teaches the importance of preparing for death, whether we are still in samsara or on the path of liberation. Without preparation for that moment,

great terror and regret will arise within our mind.

Q: How do we prepare for that moment?

A: According to Buddhist dharma practices, every good deed we perform is a kind of preparation for death. In Tibetan Buddhism, the bardo teachings, or *The Tibetan Book of the Dead*, are instructions on how to deal with death when it comes. These teachings inform you of what will happen when you are dying, listing clearly all the signs of dying that you will meet.

Q: That's helpful if you're Buddhist, but how do non-Buddhists prepare for death in their daily lives?

A: Do good. But when doing good, it's not just the act that counts – you have to do so with good

motivation. You may not be a Buddhist, and you don't have to be one to perform good deeds. Being kind in this way will help you when the moment of death arrives.

Q: How can we tell if we're doing good with good motivation?

A: For example, you have offered me some great help today. You do this with the intention of helping someone to solve a problem, that's it. When it's over, you just leave and do not expect me to pay you back now or in the future. This is a good deed performed with good motivation. If you have the expectation that "I have helped this guy and I must get something back from him in the future", you are not doing good deeds with good motivation. This is just a business transaction. Buddhas and Bodhisattvas

perform good deeds with good motivation. They hold the view that when they act to benefit others, they do not ask for any reciprocation.

Moreover, there must be no hesitation or regret. If you have any doubt and find yourself asking questions, such as "Am I making the wrong decision?" or "Would I be hurting anybody with my action?", then the good deeds you have performed cannot be considered truly good. Good deeds performed perfectly are pure. You don't have to do something big, just something within your capability, but do it with good motivation, without hesitation or regret.

Q: How can we help other people face their death?

A: There are two ways to deal with it. A Buddhist who has received teachings of *The Tibetan Book of the Dead* may help the dying according to those teachings. One will recognise the signs of death in the dying person's face, general conditions and behaviour. When you see the moment approaching, you may reassure the dying person, telling him or her not to be afraid, that all living beings have to go through death. Encourage the dying person to keep a peaceful mind and remind him or her that this is an opportunity to attain enlightenment. You may tell the dying person these teachings.

The other way is to comfort the bereaved. When a person is dying, his or her family, friends and relatives will be in great sorrow, and some may cry out and wail, "Don't leave us". We can console them by telling them this is not helping the dying person but will in fact cause him or her pain. We can help the family to let go, so the person may die peacefully. When a person is dying, he or she will already have to face many struggles. By holding on so tightly, family members will make the dying process even more fraught; this doesn't help at all. So we can help by consoling the bereaved.

Q: Bardo is a state of transition. In many traditional

cultures, a transitional state is a time of instability linking two life stages that are somewhat stable. However, according to Tibetan Buddhism, the bardo state refers to more than the transition between death and the next life. In fact, all stages in our lives can be called bardo, which makes every stage of our life an inherently unstable transition. Why is that?

A: That's because from a Buddhist point of view, not a moment in life is stable. To believe there is a time of stability in our lives is to hold a mistaken view – an absolutely wrong view. This is known in Buddhist teachings as "attachment". Buddhists hold that everything is impermanent. There are those who say that some things in this world are permanent; the 84,000 teachings of the Buddha say otherwise.

Impermanence can be divided into two categories: gross and subtle impermanence. Gross impermanence is something we can see. For instance, the house next door was fine yesterday, but it might collapse today. Or my friend was fine yesterday and we even had a nice chat together. However, this morning comes the news of his death. We witness change, from existence to non-existence.

Subtle impermanence is something we don't see. Change begins from the moment of entering the mother's womb. You keep changing from that moment onwards and won't stop even for a second. According to Buddhist teachings, in one snap of the fingers, 60 units of time called a "sana" would have passed. And change won't stop even for a "sana". Yet we don't recognise such changes. If change doesn't happen, none of us would be born. Nothing can remain in a solid, unchanging state, either living or non-living things. The only difference is whether we can recognise such changes or not.

Q: Intellectually we know that death is unavoidable. Yet why do we still find this fact of life so painful and difficult to accept emotionally?

A: Just as I have mentioned before, because we are not prepared. We know we will die, but we don't want to think about it, don't want to prepare ourselves for it. This means that when the moment arrives, we will experience great fear and regret. Tibetan Buddhist teachings warn that the regret we feel at the moment of death is the most powerful that we will ever feel. All living beings have to die – it's a fact. Yet why do we refuse to prepare for it? If you are going to travel to somewhere far away, you will buy a ticket for the plane journey that will take you there. Death is a journey we must all take.

If you are well prepared, there won't be any fear. Many Tibetan monks rejoice when the moment of death approaches. When the doctor tells a monk his death might be today, tomorrow or the day after tomorrow, he will celebrate with his fellow monks and other dharma friends. It's an occasion of great joy. The dying person celebrates because he is well prepared.

Q: How do we prepare for the death of our loved ones?

A: If you have received the teachings of *The Tibetan Book of the Dead*, use the teachings to help them.

Q: Some people believe in ghosts and are afraid of them. What are your views?

A: Many Chinese believe people can see the dead, such as in cemeteries. This is a cultural belief, or a concept in traditional thinking. According to Buddhist beliefs, the spirit of the dead cannot linger because it is bound to take a new life form 49 days after death. Tibetans also have a fear of the dead. We will carve mantras on stones and put them in locations for sky burial, and chant there. People do feel scared about those places. This is a very human idiosyncrasy.



# 生活的藝術 THE ART OF LIVING

文字 Text 游嘉慧 Michelle Yau

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Photography Dicky Leung

「攝影眼」人人具足，只是我們沒有發現罷了，常霖法師說道。出家為僧前，常霖法師是知名的攝影大師和導師。今年九月，德鳴香港禪修中心邀請法師帶領開心禪的同學實習如何把禪修帶進生活裡，用「攝影眼」觀看世界，認識我們的覺知

要拍攝一張好的照片，我們需要的不是最新、最貴的攝影器材，只需要一雙雪亮的眼睛和一個平靜的心。禪修與攝影有一個共同點，就是對生活細心覺察，培養我們的覺知、專注和清明心。

這是常霖法師主持的「攝影·生活·禪」的活動帶給我的體會。今年九月，我和 30 多位開心禪的同學和義工參加了法師的三堂課；其中一堂，我們一行人去了赤柱實習拍照。

從第一堂課開始，法師就提醒我們不要執著於技術，要發掘我們的「攝影眼」，去察覺身邊一直轉變的事和物。如果我們對攝影器材、技巧的妄想太多，它就會像厚重的雲層遮蔽了太陽一樣，掩蓋了我們的「攝影眼」。到了赤柱，法師先帶領大家做一段行禪，把心安住，然後給我們兩小時用心地拍攝自己喜愛的景象。那天天氣晴朗，我的心情格外輕鬆。

到最後一堂課，同學分享他們喜愛的作品時，我想起法師曾說，最高超的攝影技術是忘我的，好像呼吸一樣自然，這樣才能充份地把技術發揮到極限，不會反讓它阻礙我們的創作。我們做人也不是一樣嗎？法師說人要開心就要輕鬆地持續修行，太刻意和太造作反而會令自己緊張。「定」能生「慧」，聰明的人遇到問題只會逃避，有智慧的人卻會面對並想辦法解決。

果然，攝影、禪修和生活的藝術，都可說是分不開的。

All of us have an eye for photography that is waiting to be discovered, says Venerable Changlin. This September, he led students of the Joy of Living meditation programme on an interesting journey to see the world through our 'photographer's eye'

To take a good photograph we don't need the newest or most expensive camera, but rather a pair of attentive eyes and a calm and alert mind. Meditation and photography have one thing in common – the close observation of life. By being aware, we learn to sharpen our attention and develop our clarity.

This is what I learned from Venerable Changlin's three-day workshop, "Photography, Life and Meditation". In September I joined the classes with 30 other students and volunteers from the Joy of Living meditation programme. One class was conducted in Stanley, where we tried to put theory into practice.

Venerable Changlin urged us not to be fixated on technique, but rather to focus on learning to "see". He encouraged us to use our "photographer's eye" to observe things around us. If we are too concerned with equipment and technique, they will blind our photographer's eye, just as heavy clouds block the sun. When we arrived in Stanley, Venerable Changlin first led us in a walking meditation to calm our minds. Then he gave us two hours to photograph our favourite scenes. My mood was as bright as the weather that day.

In the final class, when classmates were sharing their favourite works, I remembered what Venerable Changlin said earlier, that the best photography is not self-conscious but is as natural as breathing. Only when the "self" steps out of the way can the technique be fully realised instead of interfering with the creative process. Is life not the same way? As Venerable Changlin said, on our path to happiness we need to relax when we meditate. Trying too hard will make us anxious and nervous. Wisdom comes from a calm mind. A clever person only knows how to avoid a problem; a wise person knows how to face the problem and solve it.

Indeed, both photography and meditation are part of the art of living.



1	2	Photography
3	4	
5	6	1. Ken Young
7	8	2, 8. Rayson Lee
		3, 4. Renza Luk
		5. Natalie Lau
		6. Eliza Ting
		7. Jackie Chan





Photography Evan Lee



Photography Oliver Chang





Photography Lawrence Wong



Photography Pat Lam



# 我的朋友，恐慌

摘錄自《你是幸運的》第一章

插圖 黎清妍

## 詠給·明就仁波切從小就得了恐慌症。在這篇節錄裡，他敘述如何將這折磨他的疾病變成他成長中學習禪修的良伴

我小時候很敏感，完全受情緒擺佈。對於外界的事物，我的情緒反應很強烈。如果別人對我好，我就會開心好幾天；但如果碰到像是考試不及格或被人斥責等等的小問題，我就想要躲起來。在陌生人旁邊，我特別容易緊張，接著開始發抖，喉嚨緊縮，頭暈目眩。

我小時候碰到的不愉快的事遠比愉快的多，當時唯一能幫助我的，是逃回家裡附近的山上，獨自一人坐在山洞裡。這些山洞很特別，因為世代的佛教修行者曾經在這些地方做長期的禪修閉關，我可以感覺到他們的存在，還有他們寧靜的內心。

我父親是偉大的禪師祖古·烏金仁波切（Tulku Urgyen Rinpoche），我看過他和他的弟子們的禪修坐姿，我就模仿他們，假裝自己在禪修。當時我還沒有受過任何正式訓練，但僅僅坐在那裡，就能感覺到過去成就者的存在。一種寂靜的感覺悄悄地席捲了我。時間好像靜止了。之後，我走出山洞，回到了家，祖母因為找不到我而罵了我一頓，當時我心中的寧靜，瞬間就消逝得無影無蹤。

大概在我九歲的時候，父親開始正式傳授我禪修的方法，我的情況因此稍有好轉。雖然我喜歡「禪修」這個想法及「禪修」呈現的願景，但那時我真的不太喜歡禪修，這對於在全球巡迴講學的人來說，承認這種事真是尷尬。那時我真的不喜歡禪修，因為禪修時，身體會痒、背會痛、腳會麻，還有好多念頭在心中嗡嗡作響，我根本不能專心，還會胡思亂想，像「如果發生地震或暴風雨怎麼辦？」我尤其害怕會狂掃家鄉的那種狂風暴雨，全是閃電和隆隆的雷聲。說真的，我是典型的「認真卻從不實修的修行者」。

我父親是位好老師。好的禪修老師會經常問學生的禪修體驗，這是判斷學生學習進度的方法之一。你很難向一個善於觀察學生進步徵兆的老師，隱瞞禪修狀況，尤其那個人正好是你的父親。所以，即便我感到他對我的失望，但除了據實以報，我別無選擇。

不過，結果証明誠實是最好的策略。一位經驗豐富的老師，本身通常經歷過非常艱難的修持過程。很少有人第一次禪坐就能完全入定。

我一直很感激父親仁慈地接受我的懺悔，因為我無可救藥的陷在散亂之中，即使是眼睛專注在物體上的簡單禪修，我也無法領會。一開始，我父親告訴我，不用擔心，散亂是正常的，尤其是初學者，心中會產生各種想法，就像被湍急河流沖走的小樹枝。

「小樹枝」指的是身體的感覺、情緒、回憶、計劃，甚至是「我不會禪修」的想法等等，心會被它們帶走、抓住。就像心中有疑惑時，你會想：「為什麼我不會禪修呢？我的問題到底在哪裡？教室裡的每個人好像都能領會，為什麼對我就是這麼難？」我的父親解釋，當下無論是什麼經過你的心，都可以作為專注的對境，因為你正好在注意它。

我的父親解釋，這樣的專注練習，會漸漸減緩「河流」的速度，你就會體驗到「對境」與「觀看的純然覺性」二者間的一點點空隙。只要多練習，空隙的時間會越來越長。後來，我漸漸不再去注意念頭、情緒和身體的感覺，我開始感受到體驗的純然覺性。

這些教導並不是立刻就改變了我，但是，我得到很大的安慰。我不用逃避散亂，或讓散亂跟著我一起逃。我可以在「原地跑」，無論有什麼念頭、感受、身體的感覺，都成為我認識自心的機會。

### 「恐懼，你好！請坐」

禪修，藏文是鞏（gom），意思是「熟練」，最容易了解的說法就是「認識自心的過程」。其實這很簡單，就像在聚會裡遇到陌生人，你會向

對方自我介紹：「你好，我是某某人。」接著你聊到共同話題：「你為什麼來這裡呢？誰邀請你來的呢？」你的眼睛一直看著對方，心裡卻在注意他的臉型、身高、頭髮的顏色等等。

禪修，熟悉你的心，就像對陌生人做自我介紹。這乍聽有點奇怪，因為我們多半認為已經認識自己的心了。我們通常很熟悉川流不息的念頭、情緒和身體的感覺，卻很少停下來一個一個做個別觀察，或對他們敞開心胸，就像對陌生人那樣。不只這樣，我們還經常將心理、情緒和各個感官看成是單一、獨立的「整體」。怎麼說呢？

舉個簡單的例子，假設你開車前往公司途中遇到塞車，你把塞車當做單一事件，但其實這個是由許多事件組合而成。像是你漸漸鬆開踏在油門上的腳，開始剎車；你觀察到四周車子的車速都慢下來，接著停下來；你手部的神經記錄了手持方向盤的知覺，同時你的背和腳的神經記錄了與座位的碰觸；車子的喇叭聲從窗戶傳進來；你同時心想：「糟了！我快要來不及參加晨會了！」

你瞬間開始在心裡上演一部遲到的「戲碼」：老板很生氣，或你錯過重要資訊，或無法跟同事做簡報；接著，你的心跳加速、全身冒汗；你發現自己很氣前面的駕駛者，然後開始不耐煩地按喇叭。即使有許多身體、心理和情緒的狀態同時進行，對心而言，看起來卻好像是「單一」與「合為一體」的體驗。

我曾經跟一些認知科學家（cognitive scientists）談過，根據他們的說法，把許多不同體驗整合為單一事件，是人類典型的內心運作。我們的腦透過身體的感知器官，持續地處理多樣的資訊流，並根據過去經驗來評估這些訊息，接著身體就準備用特定的方式回應。

這些過程是同步進行，超出一般人的覺察力。腦部透過感官所接收的訊息，我們只能覺察不到百分之一。腦袋競相獲取引起它注意的有限資訊，過濾掉它認為不需要的，自動趨向它認為重要的。這個系統很有幫助。

不過，這個運作系統的缺點，是最後會將每一瞬間的體驗，誤認為是一個整體的體驗。

當我們在不安的情境或強烈的情緒時會造成問題，是因為我們只會執取當下最強烈的體驗，像是身體的疼痛、對遲到的恐懼、沒通過考試的難堪，或失去摯友的悲傷等等。

遇到這種情況，心會傾向於二選一：逃離，或屈服。我們對於體驗會有兩種反應，一種是把它當「敵人」，另一種是把它當「老板」——完全主宰我們的念頭並操縱我們的反應。即便是我們真的能夠暫時逃離煩惱的對境，像是去看電視、看書或上網，我們只是把問題暫時埋藏而已，這反而讓它暗地裡獲得更多的力量，因為現在又加入了「待會兒還得再次面對它」的恐懼。

我向父親提出我在禪修碰到的問題，他建議我在兩種極端方法中，採取折中的做法。他建議我，與其阻擋散亂或對它讓步，倒不如把它當做朋友般歡迎：「恐懼，你好！搔痒，你好！你好嗎？請多坐一會兒，我們可以更認識彼此。」

### 喋喋不休的心緒

以柔和的態度歡迎念頭、情緒和感官知覺，這個練習在藏文裡是簡巴（drenpa），也譯為「正念」，意思是「覺察」，我們正在覺察的是一般容易忽略的微細身心過程，我們通常只會注意「大事件」，因為明顯的體驗會攔截注意力，導致我們無力抵抗，或激起想要逃離的衝動。有了正念就可以「大事化小」，化為眾多能處理的小單位——它們以驚人的速度在覺性中閃現。

跟「心」交朋友的時候，你會大吃一驚，因為它突然變得很害羞。本來極猛烈堅實的念頭、感覺，幾乎在出現的那一剎那就消失，就像強風吹散煙霧。我也碰到許多人剛開始修持正念會面臨的情況，經過「心」的一切，即便要觀察到十分之一都相當不容易。不過，這種奔騰的感覺自然而然會緩和下來，接著，我覺察了幾件事。

首先，我開始了解「執著煩惱和散亂是堅實的、恆常的」其實是錯覺。恐懼造成的瞬間

痛苦，當搔痒感一出現，就被取代了，而搔痒感也只持續到窗外的鳥吸引我的注意之前的那個剎那。然後，也許有人咳嗽吸引了我的注意，或我心中閃過一個念頭：「中餐不知道會吃些什麼？」過了一會兒，恐懼又回來了，接著可能搔痒感更加劇烈了，或是我注意到坐在我面前那個人換姿勢了……

看著這些來來去去的感覺，好像在欣賞一場賽事，進行過程中，我開始覺得比較平靜，更有信心。我發現自己已經比較不害怕念頭和感覺，也比較不受散亂的干擾。我的心逐漸開展，原本躲在背后的操控的「陌生人」，即使還沒有完全成為我的「朋友」，但至少是有趣的「同伴」。

當然，我還是會被念頭、白日夢牽著走，處在心神不定或昏沉中。我的父親再次告訴我，不用擔心這種情況。他說，我遲早會記得，無論當下發生什麼，就是回到簡單的「觀察」工作。重要的是：不要責怪自己的分心。我後來才了解這個提醒很重要，因為我真的經常責怪自己不專心。所以，這裡再度教導，僅只是觀察自己的心，就能有驚人的領悟。

我常常被自責困擾，像是「這個念頭很好，這個念頭不好，我喜歡這個感覺，我討厭這個感覺。」對恐懼感到害怕，通常更甚於恐懼本身。有時候，我會覺得心裡好像有兩個房間，其中一個房間裡全是我開始認出的念頭、感受和感官知覺；另一個在後面的密室，裡面擠滿了喋喋不休的鬼魅。

我很快就知道這兩個房間不是分開的。緊跟著念頭和感覺的嘮叨聲，音量太微弱所以我沒認出來。我用同樣柔和的態度，去觀察心裡接二連三生起的判別，我開始了解這些念頭和感覺是短暫的。念頭和感覺來來去去，躲在它們背後的判別，逐漸消失了。

在那幾年我只領受父親的訓練，童年早期起伏的情緒就比較少了。我不再那麼容易受到讚美、害怕難堪和失敗等等的影響。我甚至發現，自己比較容易跟來來接受我父親教導的那些訪客交談了。

不過，我的情況很快就改變了，我面臨新

的挑戰，需要更深入運用我所學法教的程度，遠超出我的想像。

### 「我想衝出去」

我十一歲的時候，從父親尼泊爾的僻靜住所，被送到三千英裡外的印度智慧林寺院，開始學習佛法哲理和修持的嚴格課程。這是我第一次離家，也是我第一次搭飛機。一位老喇嘛陪著我從加德滿都飛往德里。我很怕坐飛機，擔心萬一飛機引擎突然故障，或被閃電擊中怎麼辦呢？我的腦袋全是飛機從天空驟降、俯冲到地面的畫面。我緊抓椅子扶手，弄得手心很痛。飛機起飛時，我滿臉通紅，冒著汗，全身僵硬坐在椅子上。

坐在我旁邊的一位男士看到我這麼焦慮，笑著對我說：「我經常搭飛機，你真的不用擔心，飛機其實很安全的，而且尼泊爾到印度很近，只要一小時，我們不知不覺就會抵達了。」他和善的話語稍微緩和了我的焦慮，然后我稍微坐定，正準備要開始練習我學過的「觀察自心」修持，突然間，飛機遇上了氣流，機身開始震動，那位男士幾乎快被甩出他的座位，他大聲尖叫。剩下的航程，我坐著不動，心裡想著最壞的情況。根本別提「觀察自心」的修持了。我想，我死定了。

不過很幸運的是從德里到智慧林十三個小時的車程都很順利。我們愈接近山上的智慧林，視野就愈遼闊，一路上都很愉快。

我事前並不知道，寺院的接待處為我的到來做了特別安排。許多常駐寺院的僧眾在斜坡上列隊，他們俯瞰下方的路，準備以慶典用的八英尺長號角和大鼓來迎接我。

當乘客座的車門一打開，我走下車，他們以歡聲雷動的響亮樂音迎接我，聲音大到我可以感覺到自己骨頭在振動。我分不清是音樂聲或是陌生人列隊歡迎的場面哪個比較可怕，我之前搭飛機的恐懼感又出現了，我轉身就走，但卻走錯方向。如果不是那位老喇嘛陪著我，我不知道能不能走進那個大門。





我剛在智慧林住下來時並不怎麼順利。盡管寺院的环境美不勝收。北方和東方是喜馬拉雅山，西方和南方是平原，智慧林就坐落在其中，我大部分的時間都很不快樂。敏感和焦慮的老毛病讓我不知所措。雖然我用了父親教過的方法，很努力的歡迎它們，但是，我被它們打敗了。我輾轉難眠，一點芝麻小事就能引起連鎖的煩亂念頭。當時，有件事讓我現在仍然記憶猶新。有一天早晨我醒來，發現臥室窗戶的玻璃有個很小的裂痕，之後的好幾個星期，我一直擔心打掃人員會責怪我打破窗戶，給他們添麻煩。

共修更是讓我苦不堪言。那個時候大約有八十名僧眾在寺院，他們彼此都很友善，成群結隊在課堂和實修課的空擋去散步。他們在一起時，笑的很開心，開著玩笑。我對他們來說是陌生人，除了身穿同樣的僧袍外，我並不覺得跟他們有任何交集。我們坐在主殿共修時，他們對儀軌中的文字和手印，遠比我要熟知得多，我在想他們是不是等著看我出錯。大部分的修持都有號角、鼓和鑼鈸的伴奏，這些聲音有時候讓我震耳欲聾、心跳加速、暈頭轉向。我很想衝出大殿，但所有人都會看到，所以我不敢逃跑。

### 強盜與保鏢

唯一讓我覺得真正自在的時間，是老師為我個別指導。一位是教導我語言、儀軌和哲理的竹奔喇嘛（Drupon Lama Tsultrim），另外一位是指導我禪修的薩杰仁波切（Saljay Rinpoche）。我覺得跟薩杰仁波切特別親近，他是一位方頭灰髮的睿智上師，儘管他已經八十多歲了，臉上幾乎沒有皺紋。至今我的腦海中仍然可以看到他手拿轉經輪，另一手拿唸珠——用來計算「咒語」唸誦次數的一串珠子。所謂「咒語」是將古代的音節特別組合起來成為祈願文，「咒語」一般也作為禪修的輔助。他擁有偉大的仁慈和耐心，我幾乎把他當做第二位父親，無論大小問題，都向他請益。

他的回答到最後總像是甚深的開示。我記得有一天早上洗頭時，我耳朵進了水。我想盡辦法要把水弄出來，我用毛巾擦耳朵裡面、搖頭，或把衛生紙捲起來塞進耳朵，但是，所有的方法都不管用。我告訴薩杰仁波切這件事，他建議我把更多的水倒在耳朵裡，然後把頭傾斜，讓水流出來。出乎我意料之外，這個方法居然有用！

薩杰仁波切解釋，這是佛教教義的一個實例，佛陀在久遠以前就這麼教了，也就是利用問題作為對治法。我怯生生地問仁波切，同樣的方法也可以用來面對念頭和感覺嗎？他疑惑的看著我，我開始向他傾吐我一生幾乎都處在焦慮之中：恐懼有時猛烈地襲擊我，我幾乎要窒息了；我是如何運用父親教導我的方法，友善和客觀的觀察心；我回溯在尼泊爾的小成就，在那裡一切都熟悉，來到全新陌生的環境，所有老問題比以前更激烈的出現了。

他聽我一口氣說完這些話之後，用下面這則故事回答我。

他說：「西藏有很多人跡罕至的漫漫長路，尤其在山裡，沒什麼村落。旅行向來是一件危險的事，因為幾乎總是有強盜躲在山洞和路邊石頭後面準備要襲擊旅人，即使有萬全的防備也會遭受襲擊。但是，旅人能怎麼辦呢？只有這幾條路能通往他們的目的地。當然，他們可以集體行動，如果人數夠多，強盜或許不會對他們攻擊，但是，也不盡然如此。因為強盜總是伺機要從大旅行團中偷走更多的東西。有時候，旅人會僱傭保鏢來保護他們，但是成效也不佳。」

「為什麼呢？」我問。

仁波切笑了，「強盜總是更凶狠，武器更精良。如果雙方打起來，受傷的機率反而更高。」

他低頭閉目，我想他可能是睡著了。我正在想有什麼方法可以叫醒他時，他睜開眼睛繼續說：「聰明的旅人在強盜攻擊前，會和他們協議。『我們想聘請你們當保鏢，我們現在就可以付一部分的酬勞，抵達終點後，我們會付更多酬勞給你們。這樣一來，我們雙方就不需要

再打打殺殺，那就沒有人會受傷，你們也會得到比直接在路上搶劫我們更多的財物。這樣對你們比較沒有風險，因為沒有人會到山裡緝捕你們；對我們也比較安全，因為你們比較強壯，你們的武器比任何保鏢的配備還要精良。如果你們讓我們安全抵達，我們還可以把你們推薦給別人，你們很快就會賺得比搶劫的財物還要多。你們有個舒適的家，有個養兒育女的地方，而且再也不用躲在冬天冷死人、夏天又熱得要命的洞穴裡。這樣不是皆大歡喜嗎？』」

他停一下，看看我是否了解他在講什麼。我的表情一定透露了我的疑惑，所以仁波切繼續說：「你的心，就是那條煙罕至的漫漫長路；你說的那些問題，就是盜賊，你知道他們埋伏在哪裡，所以你對旅行感到恐懼。你有兩種方法，可以對付這種狀況——一種方法是僱傭保鏢防強盜：就是運用正念對治妄念，正念就像是你的保鏢，可是用這種方法，你還是充滿了希望和恐懼：『如果我看著妄念，那些妄念就會消失吧……』不管怎樣，你的問題似乎都佔了上風，看起來永遠比你更強大。另一種方法，是干脆僱強盜當保鏢：就像是聰明的旅人，你邀請問題同行。當你害怕時，不要跟恐懼奮戰或逃避它，你要跟它協議：『恐懼，你好。留下來吧！當我的保鏢，讓我看看你有多壯碩、多強大。』如果你經常這麼做，恐懼終究只是你的部分體驗，它會來來去去，你會跟它相處愉快，甚至開始依賴它，因為它是你能夠珍惜自心力量的契機。你的心一定是很強而有力，才能製造出這麼大的問題，對吧？」

我點頭。這聽起來滿有道理的。

「一旦你不再抗拒像恐懼這樣強烈的情緒時」，他繼續說，「你就可以隨自己的意願，將能量導向更有建設性的方向。當你僱傭問題為保鏢時，它們會讓你看到心是多麼的強而有力。你會知道，問題有多猛烈，自己就有多強！」

我從未想過：我的情緒暴風雨，就是自心力量的証據。



# MY FRIEND, FEAR

An excerpt from *Joyful Wisdom* Chapter 1

As a child, Yongey Mingyur Rinpoche suffered debilitating panic attacks. Here he talks about his struggles growing up, and how he found a way to turn problem into practice

As an extremely sensitive child, I was at the mercy of my emotions. My moods swung dramatically in response to external situations. If someone smiled at me or said something nice, I'd be happy for days. The slightest problem – if I failed a test, for example, or if someone scolded me – I wanted to disappear. I was especially nervous around strangers: I'd start to shake, my throat would close up, and I'd get dizzy.

The unpleasant situations far outnumbered the pleasant ones, and for most of my early life the only relief I could find was by running away into the hills surrounding my home and sitting by myself in one of the many caves there. These caves were very special places where generations of Buddhist practitioners had sat for long periods in meditative retreats. I could almost feel their presence and the sense of mental calmness they'd achieved.

I'd imitate the posture I'd seen my father – Tulku Urgyen Rinpoche, a great meditation master – and his students adopt, and I'd pretend to meditate. I'd had no formal training as yet, but just sitting there, feeling the presence of these older masters, a sense of stillness would creep over me. Time seemed to stop. Then, of course, I'd come down from the caves and my grandmother would scold me for disappearing. Whatever calmness I'd begun to feel would instantly evaporate.

Things got a little better around the age of nine, when I started training formally with my father. But – and this is a little embarrassing to admit for someone who travels around the world teaching meditation – while I liked the idea of meditation

and the promise it represented, I really didn't like the practice. I'd itch; my back would hurt; my legs would go numb. So many thoughts buzzed through my mind that I found it impossible to focus. I'd be distracted by wondering, "What would happen if there was an earthquake, or a storm?" I was especially afraid of the storms that swept through the region, which were quite dramatic, full of lightning and booming thunder. I was, truth be told, the very model of the sincere practitioner who never practices.

A good meditation teacher – and my father was one of the best – will usually ask his or her students about their meditation experiences. This is one of the ways a master gauges a student's development. It's very hard to hide the truth from a teacher skilled in reading the signs of progress, and even harder when that teacher is your own father. So, even though I felt I was disappointing him, I really didn't have any choice except to tell him the truth.

As it turned out, being honest was the best choice I could have made. Experienced teachers have, themselves, usually passed through most of the difficult stages of practice. It's very rare for someone to achieve perfect stability the first time he or she sits down to meditate.

I'm forever grateful for the kind way my father responded to my confession that I was so hopelessly caught up by distractions that I couldn't follow even the simplest meditation instructions, like focusing on a visual object. First, he told me not to worry; distractions were normal, he said, especially in the beginning. When people first start to practice meditation all sorts of things pop up in their minds, like twigs carried along by a rushing river.

The "twigs" might be physical sensations, emotions, memories, plans, even thoughts like "I can't meditate." So it was only natural to be carried away by these things, to get caught up, for instance, in wondering, *Why can't I meditate? What's wrong with me? Everyone else in the room seems to be able to follow the instructions, why is it so hard for me?* Then he explained that whatever was passing through my mind at any given moment

was exactly the right thing to focus on, because that was where my attention was anyway.

It's the act of paying attention, my father explained, that gradually slows the rushing river in a way that would allow me to experience a little bit of space between what I was looking at and the simple awareness of looking. With practice, that space would grow longer and longer. Gradually, I'd stop identifying with the thoughts, emotions, and sensations I was experiencing and begin to identify with the pure awareness of experience.

I can't say that my life was immediately transformed by these instructions, but I found great comfort in them. I didn't have to run away from distractions or let distractions run away with me. I could, so to speak, "run in place," using whatever came up – thoughts, feelings, sensations – as opportunities to become acquainted with my mind.

## 'Hello, fear! How are you?'

The Tibetan word for meditation is *gom*, which, roughly translated, means "to become familiar with." Going by this definition, meditation in the Buddhist tradition may perhaps best be understood as a process of getting to know your mind. It's actually very simple, like meeting someone at a party. Introductions are made – "Hello, my name is..." Then you try to find a common point of interest: "Why are you here? Who invited you?" All the while, though, you're looking at this other person, thinking about the color of his or her hair, the shape of the face, whether he or she is tall or short, and so on.

Meditation, getting to know your mind, is like that in the beginning: an introduction to a stranger. That may sound a little odd at first, since most of us tend to feel that we already know what's going on in our minds. Typically, however, we're so accustomed to the flow of thoughts, emotions, and sensations that we rarely stop to look at them individually – to greet each with the openness we would offer a stranger. More often than not, our experiences pass through our awareness more or

less as mental, emotional, and sensory aggregates – a collection of details that appear as a singular, independent whole.

To use a very simple example, suppose you're driving along on the way to work and suddenly encounter a traffic jam. Although your mind registers the event as "traffic jam," actually, a lot of things are occurring. You decrease the pressure of your foot on the gas pedal and increase pressure on the brake. You observe the cars ahead, behind, and on either side of you slow down and stop. The nerves in your hands register the sensation of holding on to the steering wheel while the nerves in your back and legs are registering contact with the seat. Perhaps the noise of car horns penetrates your window.

At the same time, you may be thinking, "Oh, no, I'm going to be late for my morning meeting," and in a flash you start running through a kind of mental "script" associated with being late. Your boss might be angry; you might miss important information; or maybe you were supposed to give a presentation to your coworkers. Then your heart starts beating a little faster and maybe you start to sweat. You might find yourself getting angry with the drivers up ahead and start tapping the car horn in frustration. Yet even though so many processes – physical, mental, and emotional – occur simultaneously, they all appear to the conscious mind as a single, cohesive experience.

According to the cognitive scientists I've spoken with, this tendency to roll many different strands of experience into a single package represents the normal operation of the human mind. Our brains are constantly processing multiple streams of information through our sense organs, evaluating them against past experience, and preparing the body to respond in certain ways.

For the most part, these processes occur spontaneously, beyond the range of ordinary consciousness. Less than one per cent of the information our brains receive through the senses actually reaches our awareness. The brain competes for limited resources of attention, sifting out what it judges unnecessary and homing in on what appears to be important. In general, this is

quite a useful arrangement.

The disadvantage of this arrangement, however, lies in the fact that we end up mistaking a very small fraction of our moment-by-moment experience for the whole. This can cause problems when we're faced with an uncomfortable situation or a strong emotion. Our attention fixes on the most intense aspect of whatever we're experiencing – physical pain, the fear of being late, the embarrassment of failing an exam, the grief of losing a friend.

In general, our minds spin in one of two directions when faced with such situations: We try to escape or we become overwhelmed. Our experience appears to us as either an enemy or, by completely taking over our thoughts and manipulating our reactions, a "boss." Even if we do manage to temporarily escape whatever is bothering us – turning on the TV, reading a book, or surfing the Internet – the problem just goes underground for a little while, secretly gaining more power because now it has become mixed with the fear of facing it again later on.

My father's advice to me, when I told him of the trouble I was having practicing meditation, offered a middle way between these two extremes. Instead of trying to block distractions or give in to them, I could welcome them as friends: "Hello, fear! Hello, itch! How are you? Why don't you stick around awhile so we can get to know each other?"

## The chatter in our minds

This practice of gently welcoming thoughts, emotions, and sensations is commonly referred to as mindfulness – a rough translation of the Tibetan term *drenpa*, to become conscious. What we're becoming conscious of are all the subtle processes of mind and body that ordinarily escape our notice because we're focused on the "big picture," the dominant aspect of experience that hijacks our attention, overwhelming us or provoking an urge to escape. Adopting a mindful approach gradually breaks down the big picture into smaller, more manageable pieces, which flash in and out of

awareness with amazing rapidity.

It's a bit astonishing, in fact, to discover how shy the mind becomes when you offer to make friends with it. Thoughts and feelings that seemed so powerful and solid vanish almost as soon as they appear, like puffs of smoke blown away by a strong wind. Like many people who begin to practice mindfulness, I found it quite difficult to observe even a tenth of what was passing through my mind. Gradually, though, the rush of impressions began very naturally to slow on its own; and as it did, I noticed several things.

First, I began to see that the sense of solidity and permanence I'd attached to disturbing emotions or distracting sensations was actually an illusion. A split-second twinge of fear was replaced by the beginning of an itch, which lasted only an instant before the sight of a bird outside the window caught my attention; then maybe someone would cough, or a question would pop up: "I wonder what we're having for lunch?" A second later, the fear would come back, the itch would get stronger, or the person sitting in front of me in my father's meditation room would shift position.

Watching these impressions come and go became almost like a game, and as the game progressed, I began to feel calmer and more confident. Without consciously intending it, I found myself becoming less scared of my thoughts and feelings, less troubled by distractions. Instead of a dark, controlling stranger, my mind was evolving into, if not precisely yet a friend, at least an interesting companion.

Of course, I could still get carried away by thoughts and daydreams or shifting between states of restlessness and dullness. Again, my father advised me not to worry too much about such occurrences. Sooner or later, I'd remember to return to the simple task of observing whatever was happening in the present moment. The important point was not to judge myself for these lapses of attention.

This proved to be an important lesson, because I often did judge myself for drifting off. But here again, the instruction to simply observe my mind produced a startling realization. Most of



“ I was, truth be told,  
the very model of the sincere practitioner  
who never practices. ”

what troubled me consisted of judgments about my experience. "This is a good thought. This is a bad one. Oh, I like this feeling. Oh, no, I hate this one."

My fear of fear was, in many cases, more intense than fear on its own. I felt for a while as if there were two separate rooms in my mind: one filled with thoughts, feelings, and sensations that I was gradually beginning to recognize, and another, secret back room occupied by chattering ghosts.

In time, I realized that the rooms weren't really separate. The chatter was going on alongside everything else I was thinking and feeling, though so faintly that I hadn't recognized it. By applying the same process of gently observing the running commentary in my mind, I began to see that these thoughts and feelings were ephemeral. As they came and went, the power of their hidden judgments began to fade.

During the few years I trained exclusively with my father, the extreme swings of mood that had haunted me in my early childhood diminished somewhat. I wasn't so easily swayed by praise or terrified by embarrassment or failure. I even found it a bit easier to talk to the many visitors who frequently came to my father for instruction.

Soon, though, my situation would change and I would face a challenge that required me to apply the lessons I'd learned on a much deeper level than I'd ever imagined.

### 'I wanted to run'

When I was eleven years old, I was sent from my father's hermitage in Nepal to Sherab Ling monastery in India – a journey of more than three thousand miles – to begin a rigorous course of study in Buddhist philosophy and practice. It was my first trip away from home and family, and my first experience on an airplane.

Boarding the flight from Kathmandu to Delhi in the company of an older monk who served as my escort, I was seized by terror. What would happen if the plane suddenly lost power or was stuck by lightning? Images of the plane plunging from the sky and smashing to the ground filled my head, and I gripped the armrests of my seat so hard that my palms hurt. Blood rushed to my face as the plane took off and I sat rigid in my seat, sweating.

Seeing my discomfort, a man sitting beside me told me, with the confidence of a seasoned traveler, that there was really nothing to worry about; the plane was quite safe, he said, smiling, and since the flight was short – only one hour – we'd be landing before I knew it. His kind words restored my nerves a little bit, and I sat for a while trying to practice watching my mind as I'd been taught.

Then, suddenly we hit some turbulence. The plane shook and the man almost jumped out of his seat, yelping in panic. For the rest of the flight, I sat immobilized, imagining the worst. Forget about watching my mind. I was sure I was going to die.

Fortunately, the thirteen-hour drive from Delhi to Sherab Ling was much less eventful. In fact, as we approached the mountains in which the monastery is located, the view became expansive and the drive quite pleasurable.

Unbeknownst to me, however, a reception at the monastery had been planned for my arrival. Many of the resident monks had lined up on the hill overlooking the road, waiting to greet me with eight-foot-long ceremonial horns and large, heavy drums.

When the passenger door was opened and I stepped out, I was greeted by such a loud, enthusiastic fanfare that I could feel the vibrations in my bones. I'm not sure which was more alarming: the noise of the instruments or the sight of all those strangers lined up to welcome me. All the terror I'd

felt on the airplane came rushing back, and I made a wrong turn, walking off in the wrong direction. If it weren't for the monk who'd accompanied me, I'm not sure I would have made it through the entrance gate at all.

It was not a particularly auspicious beginning to my stay at Sherab Ling. In spite of the fact that the monastery itself – nestled between the Himalayas to the north and east and rolling flatlands to the south and west – was very beautiful, I was for the most part miserably unhappy. My old sensitivity and anxiety came back with overwhelming force, defeating my best efforts to welcome them as my father had taught me.

I had trouble sleeping and little things could set off a chain reaction of disturbing thoughts. I remember quite vividly, for example, waking up one morning and discovering a tiny crack in the window of my bedroom. For weeks afterwards I was terrified that the housekeeper would blame me for breaking the window and for the trouble it would cause to replace the glass.

Group practice sessions were especially painful. There were about eighty monks in residence at the time, and they all seemed quite friendly with one another, strolling between classes and practice sessions in groups, laughing and joking. I was a stranger among them. Except for our robes, I didn't feel we had anything in common. When we sat down in the main hall for group rituals, they all knew the words and the gestures much better than I, and I wondered whether they were watching me, waiting for me to make a mistake. Most of these sessions were accompanied by horns, drums, and cymbals – a sometimes deafening roar of music that made my heart pound and my head spin. I wanted so badly to run out of the hall, but with all those others watching, there was no escape.

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to discover how shy the mind becomes  
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### Of bandits and bodyguards

The only moments of real comfort I experienced came during my private lessons with my tutors Drupon Lama Tsultrim, who taught me language, ritual, and philosophy, and Saljay Rinpoche, who instructed me in meditation practices. I felt an especially close connection with Saljay Rinpoche, a very wise lama with a squarish head and gray hair and, despite being in his eighties, a face almost unwrinkled by age.

In my mind's eye, I can still see him with his prayer wheel in one hand and his mala – a set of beads used to count repetitions of mantras, special combinations of ancient syllables that form a sort of prayer or which, more generally, can be used as a support for meditation – in the other. His kindness and patience were so great that I came to view him almost as a second father, to whom I could bring problems both great and small.

His responses invariably wound up as profound lessons. For instance, one morning while washing my hair, a little bit of water got trapped in my ear. I tried everything to get rid of it: wiping the inside of my ear with a towel, shaking my head, twisting little bits of tissue paper inside my ear. Nothing helped. When I told Saljay Rinpoche about it, he advised me to pour more water in my ear, then tip my head to let it all drain out. To my surprise, it worked!

This, Rinpoche explained, was an example of the principle, taught long ago by the Buddha, of using the problem as the antidote. Timidly, I asked if the same approach could be used to deal with thoughts and feelings. He looked at me quizzically, and soon I found myself pouring out the whole story of how anxious I'd been most of my life; the fear that sometimes attacked with such violence I could hardly breathe; how I'd tried to watch my mind in a friendly, nonjudgmental way as my father had taught me; my small successes back in Nepal,

where everything was familiar; and how all the old problems had resurfaced even more forcefully in this new, strange environment.

He listened until I ran out of words and then replied with the following story.

"Tibet," he said, "is full of long and lonely roads, especially in the mountains, where there aren't many towns or villages. Traveling is always dangerous, because there are almost always bandits hiding in caves or behind rocks along the sides of the road, waiting to jump out and attack even the most watchful travelers. But what can people do? To get from one place to another, they have to take those roads. They can travel in groups, of course, and if the groups are big enough, maybe the bandits won't attack. But that doesn't always work, because the bandits will usually see an opportunity to steal more from a larger group. Sometimes people try to protect themselves by hiring bodyguards. But that doesn't work very well, either."

"Why not?" I asked.

He laughed. "The bandits are always more fierce and they have better weapons. Besides, if fighting breaks out, there's more of a chance that people will get hurt."

His eyes closed, his head drooped, and I thought maybe he'd fallen asleep. But before I could think of any way to wake him, he opened his eyes and continued.

"The clever travelers, when attacked by bandits, make a deal with them. 'Why don't we hire you to be our bodyguards? We can pay you something now and more when we reach the end of our journey. That way, there won't be any fighting, no one will get hurt, and you'll get more from us than you would by simply robbing us on the trail. Less danger for you, because no one will come hunting you in the mountains, and less danger for us, because you're stronger and have better weapons than any bodyguards we could

hire. And if you keep us safe along the road, we can recommend you to other people and soon you'll be earning more than you could ever hope to gain by robbing people. You could have a nice home, a place to raise a family. You wouldn't have to hide in caves, freezing in the winter and boiling in the summer. Everybody benefits.'"

He paused, waiting to see if I understood the lesson. My expression must have given away that I hadn't, so he continued.

"Your mind is the long and lonely road, and all the problems you described are the bandits. Knowing that they're there, you're afraid to travel. Or you use mindfulness like a hired bodyguard, mixing it with hope and fear, thinking. 'If I watch my thoughts, they'll disappear.' Either way, your problems have the upper hand. They'll always seem bigger and stronger than you are.

"A third choice is to be like a clever traveler and invite your problems to come with you. When you're afraid, don't try to fight the fear or run from it. Make a deal with it. 'Hey, fear, stick around. Be my bodyguard. Show me how big and strong you are.' If you do that often enough, eventually fear becomes just another part of your experience, something that comes and goes. You become comfortable with it, maybe even come to rely on it as an opportunity to appreciate the power of your mind. Your mind must be very powerful to produce such big problems, yes?"

I nodded. It seemed logical.

"When you no longer resist a powerful emotion like fear," he continued, "you're free to channel that energy in a more constructive direction. When you hire your problems as bodyguards, they show you how powerful your mind is. Their very fierceness makes you aware of how strong you are."

I'd never thought of the emotional storms I suffered as evidence of the power of my own mind.



# 正念的空隙

—— 措尼仁波切

翻譯自英文版本 戴林焱 攝影 賴朗喬

措尼仁波切在10月到訪香港，為他的中文版新書《醒了，就好》以及藏傳佛教傳統中的中陰教法，給予一系列精彩的教學。中陰，一般指生命在死亡之後到下一期生命開始之前中間存在的狀態。藏傳佛教的典籍中詳細地描述了人在死亡後與投生之間的意識狀態。假如有受過恰當的修持，就有機會在中陰狀態中脫離輪迴獲得解脫。或許我們認為只有佛教徒才會對中陰教法產生興趣，但是措尼仁波切把這看似神祕深奧的內容帶回我們的生活層面，更表明了禪修的重要性。他敏銳和人性化的見解與現代生活息息相關，適合於任何探索內心世界和想了悟俱生潛能的人們。這篇文章是基於他在香港第一晚的教學。

一般來說，學習的方法有兩種：一種是基於認知的理性理解，另一種基於實踐和經驗。兩者我們都需要。認知上的理解能夠看清楚事情，但它不能改變舊有頑固的習慣模式。要去改變我們的老習慣，我們的感受亦需要參與其中。我們需要不斷重複地練習，才能使新的行為變成自動模式。例如：一旦懂得如何駕駛車輛，你並不需要思考，直接開動便好了。我們的很多習慣都是基於這類的「大腦自動模式」，所以我們必須修行佛法，直到它成為「自動的」。

將認知的理性理解和以感受為導向的體驗結合在一起，我們的生命就會發生改變。

在佛法的教法中，所有現象和感知都被視為是現實的一部分，沒有例外，我們不需要逃避。而現實的體驗有好有壞，對於學習佛法的人來說，死亡是生命的一部分。沒有死亡，生命就不完整，或許我們有一個枯燥的人生，很長的壽命，然而因為無常，死亡必定來臨。因此，想有一個完整生命，我們必須將死亡包括在修行裏。不管我們喜歡與否，它都會降臨。所以，為什麼不直接面對它呢？

中陰的意思是：介於兩者之間的狀態。以下講述四個階段的中陰：此生中陰、臨終中陰、法性中陰（或實相中陰）和投生中陰。

我們有機會在「臨終中陰」和「法性中陰」中超越輪迴。但是，是否能做到，一切都是依託於我們在「此生中陰」的修持。「此生中陰」是從出生起始，一直持續到死亡的降臨和四大元素開始消散。所有中陰都依賴這個最重要的中陰——「此生中陰」，所以，我們必須善用此生的時光。「此生中陰」又分為兩類，分別是「禪定中陰」和「睡夢中陰」。

我們來探討「禪定中陰」。我們日常的感受、念頭和概念心，遮蔽了我們自心本性。我們的念頭一個接著一個，如同下午五點後交通高峰期一般，這讓我們找不到念頭間的任何空隙。

正如密勒日巴尊者所言：「智慧存在於念頭與念頭之間。」所以「禪定中陰」就是我們的目標。通過禪修，我們能夠尋找到念頭、想法及感受之間的空隙。

密勒日巴尊者提到，自心本性存在於過去念頭的終止、未來念頭未曾出現、同時對當下不執著的狀態中。當然，說說很容易。然而，你真的能夠察覺念頭間的空隙嗎？或許你知道空隙的存在，但去體驗它又是另一回事。此刻你正在想著這個「空隙」，但「想著空隙」這個動作卻阻礙了我們找到它，這就是問題所在。

另一方面，如果你不去想著空隙，你更不會找到它。究竟我們應該怎樣做呢？

有人說，我們要就不就停止我們忙亂的念頭吧。但當我們叫它停下來時候，它依然繼續運行。或許你覺得讓它停下是個好辦法，但你的感覺會聽從和遵守這個命令嗎？每天清晨起床時，你的意識喊「起床」，但你的感覺卻說「再多睡10分鐘」。

我們被很多東西遮蔽著念頭間的空隙。責任、成就、恐懼、壓力、煩惱、速度、空虛——這一切都蜂擁而至，完全佔據了空隙。兩類東西會遮蔽它：繁忙的念頭和洶湧的情緒。

我們被固有的習性所牽制，覺得這是因為我們對它沒有足夠的認識。一旦有了足夠的認識，我們就不會依習慣行事，得以改變。但事實上並不是這樣。在這個時代，我們有足夠的資訊讓我們充分理解事物。但這種理解並沒有和自身感覺結合起來。換句話說，我們的感覺與思維是脫節的。我們的思想並不能改變自身的感覺，但親身體驗可以改變我們的感覺。

我們如何體驗「禪定中陰」呢？要看清楚「心」的究竟本性，我們需要直接安住在念頭與念頭之間的空白處——正念的空隙。我們並不是要想著它，而是直接進入到如同我們的家一樣的空隙之中。



在大城市裏，節奏快速無處不在。我們總在生活中四處奔走著，未曾在生活中「存在著」。因此，我們從來沒發現這個空隙。在生活中「存在」和奔走是兩種不同的狀態。最完美的是，存在生活中並同時奔走著，而不是僅僅地奔走。我們可以在空隙中駐留，然後再奔走。

正念空隙就像我們的家，沒有了它我們變得無家可歸，身處恐懼之中。當我們沒有了悟自心本性、證悟智慧和獲得解脫的時候，恐懼之心會如影隨行。

想在中陰的道路上暢通無阻，我們需要一張通往中陰入境處的「通行證」，而「通行證」就是正念的空隙。這要依賴「禪定中陰」。在消融的過程中，如果我們留在空隙之中不離開，放任四大元素去消散，其他的一切都會是一個自動的過程。所以這張「通行證」是十分重要的。不管你是否瞭解入境的規則，即無論你是否瞭解在「臨終中陰」期間的所見所聞，這些都不重要。如果沒有「通行證」，一切都是空談。

想獲得它，必須找到正念的空隙。要做到這一點，我們要知道一些關於心的運作模式。

八種類型的意識——前五識是感識：眼、耳、鼻、舌、身；第六識是知曉的意識；第七識是判斷和分析的意識，末那識；第八識好像

是一個儲存我們所有習性的硬碟。

如果我們有壞習慣，我們依照壞習慣來做出反應。佛教徒會認為如果有這樣的問題，我們必須去訓練第七識。但反應是如此之快，我們怎樣才能訓練呢？在與第七識建立聯繫之前，它已經決定你對事物的感受。因此，佛教徒會開發「奢摩他」止的禪修練習課程。止的禪修，能夠放慢我們對事物的反應速度。如果我們不能夠放慢速度，就不可能找到正念的空隙。止的禪修是找到空隙的跳板，我們必須放慢從第六識到第七識的飛躍。

我們嘗試安住在正念中，而不受第七識的干擾，即是全然地覺知在當下。而當下的時刻不是正念的空隙，但是它是一個單獨的念頭，不受到第七識的影響。

我們必須讓自己接受死亡只是個正常現象。給自己一個動力：死亡是美好的，但我必須要在此生獲得通向中陰入境處的「通行證」。

這張「通行證」不會過期，它引領我們通往證悟之路。如果順利的話，我們能有最好的一種「通行證」——能夠找到自心的真實本性。正如密勒日巴尊者提到：智慧就在念頭與念頭之間。它沒有概念，沒有恐懼，沒有期望，沒有時間，沒有尺寸，沒有「內」與「外」——就是正念的

空間。它是內在的空間，單純，富有慈愛，是一個充滿慈悲的空間。要找到它，我們必須要能夠辨識出，所有因分別心的執著而產生蜂擁而至的念頭。

「奢摩他」禪修，即是安住在第六識中，它是我們的大本營。持續安住在第六識中，我們就像穩坐在第六識的寶座當中，並對著第七識說：「我認為你的想法及感受都是不正確的。」

止的禪修和正念的空隙，我明天會繼續和大家分享。這是個連續的課程，所以請你們盡可能來聽。

你現在可能有些疑問，不過記得要保持開心——把心打開的「開心」。這是一種不需要任何理由的快樂。「內心的喜樂」不需要任何助因，「頭腦的快樂」卻需要外在的助因；「內心的喜樂」是非常單純的，「頭腦的快樂」卻是複雜的。我們要把內心的單純和頭腦的複雜結合在一起。

我們可以做到「內心簡單，外在複雜」。你老於世故，看起來很難伺候，但內心的真實世界可以很簡單。如果你內心複雜，那就會痛苦煎熬。因此，我們要在簡單和複雜之間遊戲人生，翩翩起舞。如果這舞跳得好，死亡將會是一件很美妙的事情。



# THE GAP OF EXPERIENCE

By Tsoknyi Rinpoche

The Tibetan Buddhist teacher and author Tsoknyi Rinpoche visited Hong Kong in October for the launch of the Chinese translation of his book, *Open Heart, Open Mind*, and to give a series of lectures on the Tibetan Buddhist teachings on bardo, which broadly refers to the state of intermediate existence between two lives. Tibetan Buddhist texts detail the experiences of human consciousness after death and before one's next birth. For those who have been appropriately trained, they say, the bardo state during this time offers an opportunity for liberation from samsara.

While bardo meditation would seem to be a topic that interests only Buddhists who accept reincarnation as part of reality, Tsoknyi Rinpoche's teaching in fact contained little that was esoteric or mystical. His sharp and humane insights into meditation are relevant to modern life, and will be of use to anyone who wishes to explore the workings of the mind and realise its full potential. This article is based on the first part of his teaching in Hong Kong.

There are two ways of learning. One is based on cognitive intellectual understanding, and one is based on practice, on experience, which is feeling-oriented. In the end, we need both. Cognitive understanding brings clarity about many things, but it might not change old, strong habitual patterns. To change our old habits, our feelings need to be involved, and we need to practise again and again until the new behaviour becomes automatic.

For example, once you have learned how to drive, you don't really need to think about it, you just drive. Many of our habits are based on this sort of "automatic brain". So we have to practise dharma until it, too, becomes automatic for us.

Both cognitive intellectual understanding and feeling-oriented experience need to come together. Then our life can change.

In Buddhist teaching, all phenomena and perceptions are accepted as part of reality; nothing

is excluded, we flee from nothing. Experiences can be pleasant or unpleasant. For a Buddhist practitioner, then, death is part of life. Without death, life is not completed. We could have a very boring, long life, yet impermanence means that death will happen. So if we want to complete the cycle of life, we need to include death in our practice. Whether we like it or not, it's going to happen. So why don't we look into it? Life and death are both part of life.

## Rush-hour thinking

Bardo means "in between". There are four stages of bardo: the bardo of living; the bardo of dying or death; the bardo of dharmata; and the bardo of becoming.

There's a way we can be liberated from samsara during the bardo of death and the bardo

of dharmata. But they both depend on what we do during the bardo of living, which starts on the day we are born and continues until the process of death begins and dissolution of the four elements starts.

All bardos depend on how we live during the bardo of living. This is the most important bardo. So we need to live properly. In this bardo of living, there are two subcategories – the bardo of meditation and the bardo of dreams.

Let's talk about the bardo of meditation. Our normal mind is full of feelings, thoughts, concepts, which obscure the true nature of our mind. It's like the late-afternoon rush hour – one thought after another, again and again. In this rush-hour thinking we cannot find the gap between thoughts, concepts and feelings.

But through meditation, we can find those gaps, so that is where we must direct our efforts.

As Milerapa says, "Between thoughts, wisdom

dawns". As he taught us, when past thoughts cease and future thoughts have not yet happened – and we're not clinging to the present moment – there lies the true nature of reality. Of course, that is easy to say.

Do you know about this gap between thoughts? You may know of the gap, but to experience it is another matter. Now you're thinking about this gap, but the act of thinking about it blocks the gap – that is the problem.

On the other hand, you cannot find the gap if you don't think about it. So what should we do?

Some say, "just stop our rush-hour thinking". But of course it doesn't automatically stop when we tell it to stop. You may know that it's a good idea to stop this rush-hour thinking, but do you think your feelings will listen and obey?

In the morning you want to wake up; your mind says "wake up now", but your feelings say "10 more minutes".

Many things block us from recognising that gap between thoughts and feelings. Our responsibilities, achievement, fears, stress, restlessness, speed, loneliness – rush-hour thoughts and rush-hour feelings – all rush in to obscure the gap.

We are controlled by our habits. We think habits take over because we don't have enough understanding, and that those habits will change once we understand that we should not behave in a certain way.

But actually it doesn't happen that way. Nowadays we have no lack of information and understanding, but it does not touch our feelings. In other words, our feelings are disconnected from our thoughts. What changes our feelings is experience, not thoughts.

So what can we do to realise the bardo of meditation? To see the nature of reality, we have to rest our minds in those gaps between the thoughts. It's not for us to think about the gap but to be *in* the gap. The gap is our home.

Things move so fast in big cities; we are always running, never "being". So we never see these gaps. "Being" and running are two different things. Yet we can experience them together if we're aware

enough: we can "be" and "run". We can dwell in the gap, then run.

The gap is our home. Outside the gap we are homeless in a sense, and haunted by fears. There is always a lot of fear when we are not connected to our basic Buddha nature, our basic enlightened quality, our basic freedom.

To go through all the stages of bardos – the "immigration of bardo" – we need a "visa", and this visa is the gap. This all depends on the bardo of meditation. In the process of dissolution at the time of death, we can remain in the gap and let the four elements dissolve, without moving from there.

In other words, when we face death, the important thing is to have the "visa". Whether or not you know the immigration rules – that is, whether or not you know what you will see and hear during the bardo of death – all that is not that important; if you have no visa, what's the point?

## Happy without reason

First, we have to know a little bit about the system of the mind. There are eight different types of consciousness – the five sensory consciousnesses, the sixth is our "knowing" consciousness, the seventh is our "judging and analysing" consciousness, and the eighth consciousness is like a hard drive, where all our habitual patterns are stored.

If we have bad habits, we react according to those bad habits. Buddhists see that this is a problem; so we have to educate the seventh consciousness. How is that possible when it reacts so quickly? Before you can communicate with this seventh consciousness, it's already decided how you feel about something.

Because of this, Buddhists develop the practice of *shamatha*. *Shamatha* meditation slows down our reactions. If we cannot slow down our thinking, we might not see the gap. *Shamatha* meditation is a stepping stone towards finding the gap; we have to slow down the leap from the sixth to seventh consciousness.

We try to rest the mind without being

influenced by the seventh consciousness; this is awareness of the present moment. The present moment is not a gap, however; it's a single thought that is not influenced by the seventh consciousness.

We have to condition ourselves, to think that death is OK. Set the motivation: death is fine, but I must have the tools to go through the "immigration of bardo". While still alive, I can apply for a "visa".

This visa doesn't expire, and it leads up to enlightenment. The best kind of visa is the realised nature of mind. As Milerapa says, between thoughts, wisdom dawns. Free of concepts, free of fear, free of hope, free of time, free of dimensions, free of "in and out" – that kind of gap. The gap is inner space, simplicity, suffused by compassion, an empty compassionate gap.

In order to find that gap, we have to sort out the traffic jam, which is all these rush-hour perceptions that arise because of our dualistic fixation.

*Shamatha* meditation is resting on the sixth consciousness; it's our base camp. Keep resting on the sixth consciousness, establish some kind of royal seat on the sixth consciousness, and you can tell the seventh consciousness, "I think what you're thinking and feeling is wrong".

I'll talk more about *shamatha* and the gap tomorrow.

There's a continuation to this teaching, so it will be good if you can come. You may have some questions, but for now, be happy. Remind yourself to be happy – open-heart happy. This kind of happiness is being "happy without reason".

"Heart happiness" does not need a reason, whereas you need a reason to be "head happy"; "heart happy" is simple, but "head happy" is complex. The simplicity of our heart and the complexity of our head must come together.

We can be "simple inside, complex outside". You're sophisticated, you're high-maintenance outside. But how you live inside, *who you are*, is very simple. If who you are inside is complex, you'll never be happy. So we need to play, to dance between simplicity and complexity. If you know this dance, you will die very nicely.



# JOY OF LIVING

MAGAZINE

October - December 2013

ISSUE 04



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德噶香港禪修中心

香港北角渣華道 8 號威邦商業中心 1 字樓 1 室

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承印 Printed by

藍馬柯式印務有限公司

Lammar Offset Printing Ltd.

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