

Sacca

A newsletter for members of UNIBUDS -
The UNSW Buddhist Society

Memories, Dreams and Realities

-----Turning towards pain and suffering



MAR 2008 – AUG 2008

COMBINED EDITION

www.unibuds.unsw.edu.au



UNIBUDS The UNSW Buddhist Society

Where a bud can bloom in full...

Autumn & Winter Edition

March 2007 – August 2008

Upcoming Event...

Winter Retreat

Date: 4th – 6th July 2008

Venue: Sunnataram Forest Monastery

Bodhi Nite

Date: 30th August 2008

Venue: Clancy Auditorium UNSW

EDITOR'S CORNER

Greetings everyone,

Here comes to the second & third edition of Sacca. First of all, I would like to take this opportunity to apologize for the late delivery for the Autumn edition~ The theme for this combined Sacca is "Memories Dreams and Reality – Turning towards pain and suffering" As this edition came along, it almost seemed as if I started my own journey of fighting those inner demons that didn't know existed before!

Thanks to those friends who helped me along the way, and especially those who wrote these inspiring articles. Friends are important in your Dhamma practise, like JK Rowling said "You can touch people's life by just simply existing" Treasure things & people around you in life~

If you would like to share your experiences, or simply be a regular Sacca contributor, you may contact me through the details below. Let us rejoice in Dhamma together! ☺

Enjoy your holiday!

*Smile,
Linus*

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Contact:

- Got any feedback or ideas for Sacca?
- Want to share your experience and growth with all of us?

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President's Message



unibuds
UNSW BUDDHIST SOCIETY

*where a bud can bloom in full.
where a bud can bloom in full...*

Good day to all friends in the Dhamma!

How is everyone? I hope that the changing weather has not put you off in your daily life and practices! Keep warm and eat well, maintain a healthy body to practice the Dhamma ☺

Time flies does it not? Just a blink of an eye and we have been through half of the year 2008. Winter is here once again. Does the term “winter” sound familiar to anyone? YES! For the matching term for “Winter” is “Retreat”! This Year’s theme is “Karma: Bring Your Own – Do It Yourself”.

Following Winter Retreat, there will be another major event. In fact, it is the **BIGGEST** event of the year, and that is ----- Bodhi Nite 2008! This year, we are proud to present Bodhi Nite 2008: Karma – Seeds of Tomorrow, Blossoms of Yesterday. Bodhi Nite is Unibuds’ anniversary event, celebrating its anniversary and spreading the Dhamma in ways outside of the classroom context of Dhamma Talks. There will be sketch, singing, multimedia and also food! Come on and join in! The important day is 30th August 2008, Saturday evening at 6.00pm. Contact me, or any of the Organising Committee to let us know!

Our usual activities are stopped now that it is the examination and holiday periods. However, let us continue in our practice and be diligent in what we do. Our practice in the Dhamma does not need to be in a classroom with a Dhamma teacher, the most important practice comes from ourselves, even when no one is watching. Be kind, be gentle, be caring, be patient, be the best person you can be and that is in itself a good practice. Nonetheless, let us look forward to the coming of next semester’s activities, where we will have our usual Chinese Dhamma Talks on Thursdays from 6.30pm to 8.30pm, English Dhamma Talks on Fridays from 7.00pm to 9.00pm. Besides these, there will also be Meditation Workshops, Lunchtime Meditation sessions, Potlucks and weekend activities! So much to attend and so little time, so make use of every present moment and live life to the fullest! I wish everyone good health, have long lives be blessed with good luck and good company.

*May all beings be well and happy,
Free from suffering and enmity.
Whatever merits we have done,
May these be shared by all.*

Sadhu! Sadhu! Sadhu!

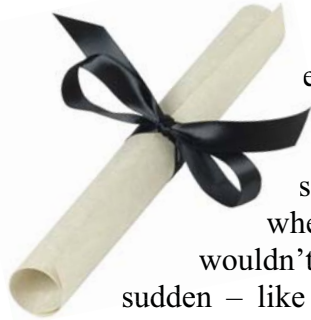
With Metta,
Ming De Teh
Unibuds President 07/08



Crash and Reboot

by Julian

The story below is a true story – that is, it is the author's own experience. I don't wish to inflict my suffering on others, or change their views – but I believe that it may be useful to others who have had similar experiences.



It was about two years into my second degree. It was in the middle of an exam – my final exam for First Semester. It was my favourite subject, and the field in which I hoped to specialise when I finished. I suddenly had an overwhelming sense of apathy come over me. I no longer cared whether I finished the exam or not, and my mind wouldn't think at all. It sounds strange, but it was really sudden – like a fundamental change in the structure of my thought. I could easily have finished the exam – I knew all the answers – but I had no will to finish it, and although I made a late attempt to continue, I mostly just sat there. After the exam, I knew I needed to talk to people. I talked to parents and friends mostly, but my mind was deteriorating rapidly. A few evenings later, when I was at home sitting in the living room (with my mum in the kitchen and dad upstairs)

I suffered a total breakdown...

Nothing made sense anymore. I was filled with thoughts of pain and suffering, and thought "There is nothing left in this world except overcome my own attachments, and I am only afraid of pain, since I no longer want anything, therefore, bring me pain!" And all I considered were ways of bringing myself pain. But then the second wave of the breakdown hit, and I thought: "If I want to help others (as I always have) then the only thing good for them must also be pain. I should bring pain to others!" Not surprisingly, the thoughts that followed were *seriously* problematic, and I went to see a psychiatrist, who prescribed me drugs.



At this point, I need to say that I have always been sceptical of mind-drugs. I don't like the idea that the way we think is determined by anything other than what we've thought before, and our own choices. The psychiatrist indicated to me, over several sessions, that he had no doubt I was having these thoughts because I was 'depressed', and the only *proven* cure to depression was to take drugs. He did make several conceited attempts to try and reason me out of it, but I could tell that in his heart, that he only believed in his drugs. My dad was much more useful, and I didn't even pay him!

I took the drugs, partly as a compromise with my parents, and partly because I was willing to try anything. I admit that they did have a nice effect – kind of like a soft, sustained orgasm! – But they were artificial, and gave me artificial happiness. When people say: "How can you call it artificial happiness?" I say because when your thoughts are positive and you can only think happy things, but you know that deep down you are spiritually confused, then how can it be happiness? It's not sustainable! If I don't take drugs, I'll fall straight back down. Some people



say: “Well you should be on drugs for life and I say “Bollocks”. I would rather live a real life than a fake one, and in any case, ***I believe in rebirth, so you’d have to sort it out later anyway!***

Eventually I dealt with it internally. My dad was a fantastic help during this time. He would see me sitting there with a black look, and wouldn’t leave the room until I told him exactly what I was thinking. I admit that I didn’t tell him exactly what I was thinking at all times (because the thought was often so bad that he might have called the police or ambulance!) but it was helpful. Together with my own head, we sorted it out together. After 6 months, I stopped taking antidepressants. I would say, over this period, what I was doing was becoming accustomed to *my first taste of ‘emptiness’* – that is, dealing with reality where there was no absolute direction or moral/spiritual principle. You might say that ‘enlightenment’ is such a thing, but in my present state, I can’t see it that way. ***To me, ‘enlightenment’ is just perfect dealing with ‘emptiness’.***



I am now trying to live with this understanding of the world. I have no goals in particular, and feel that I have to find a middle-path between pleasure and pain, gain and loss, praise and blame, fame and shame (the Eight Winds). I guess I am not particularly happy, but that’s because I am a complete beginner, and have never dealt with reality before - only dreams. ***However, I do have a few tips for anyone who is learning how to deal with this reality (and therefore, how to deal with pain and suffering):***

The first thing is, you shouldn’t be attached to your own spiritual path. This avoids the most dangerous pitfalls of suffering, which is, the idea that yourself! To be attached to experience, is not just wrong (because the ‘seeking’) but just leads to stupid actions acting randomly). The second thing is, *of least ‘self’* – that is, whenever you have one that has the least sense of ‘I’. This still heading towards enlightenment (because the only thing left – if you have no external goal – is to be free from ‘self’!)



you should create suffering for ‘enlightenment’ or ‘freedom’, in my whole point is that there is no (like suicide, hurting yourself, or *you should constantly follow the path* to make a decision, try to go with the allows you to make decisions, while



I have made other discoveries about dealing with life, pain and suffering, but would like to test them further before I share them in more detail! They are:

- i) *Learning how to follow desire with non-attachment*
- ii) *Learning how to work (suffer willingly) with non-attachment*
- iii) *Understanding and accepting **every** situation*
- iv) *Humour*



I hope that others find this story useful, and would be happy to talk to anyone who has suffered similar experiences. If you have never experienced depression, then this article is probably not so useful. However, for those who have, I can assure you that I have not taken any other ‘mind drugs’ since the episode, and have not experienced similar levels of depression – only regular worldly unhappiness!



Note: The descriptions and explanations above are opinions only, and should not be taken as ‘Dhamma’. They may be ‘wrong’, or they may be ‘right’ – but they have helped me deal with my own pain and suffering ~

PS: My email is run4thehills@gmail.com

The Steps of the Buddha

[The following extract comes from an article ‘The steps of the Buddha’ written by Rev. Jeffery Symnkywicz.]



By Mabel

The Four Noble Truths is the essential core of Buddhism. The First Noble Truth is Dukkha that all life is suffering. Suffering is the inevitable part of human existence. As American poet Robert Penn Warren put it:

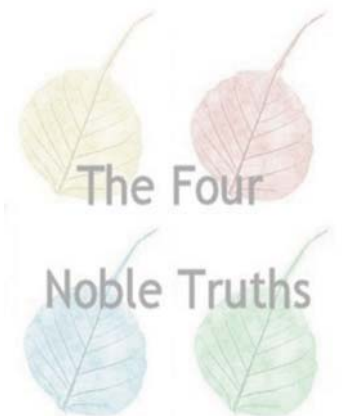
“We are born to joy that joy may become pain.

We are born to hope that hope may become pain.

We are born to love that love may become pain.

We are born to pain that pain may become more”.

This all sounds very pessimistic. In actuality, though, Buddhism is quite optimistic in its view of human capabilities and potential. It starts with pain, but doesn’t end there; it doesn’t wallow in the pain. The Buddha never doubted that it was possible to have a very good time here in this life. Buddha counseled his followers to taste—really taste—the sweetness of the fruit; to appreciate the particular beauty of each flower; to embrace the moment fully and genuinely and mindfully—to see the joys which it enfolded





Suffering and pain, tears and heartache, touch each one of us. While this realization doesn't make our pain hurt any less, it can forge strong bonds of passion and empathy between us.

The Second Noble Truth identifies the cause of suffering as Tanha, which can be translated as “desiring” or “craving” or “clinging”.



We continue to crave those things that are pleasurable to us, even when we can no longer have them. We cling to golden moments from out of our pasts. We cling to people we love. We cling to our power and possessions and privileges. But all too easily, possession can become obsession. Even those things most dear to us are transitory and impermanent. Sooner or later, inevitably, they pass away before our eyes. As they pass away, we still yearn for them; we still crave them, and so, our lives are filled with sorrow and suffering...

The First and Second Noble Truths—that life is suffering and that suffering is caused by desire or clinging—presents a straightforward, unvarnished view of the nature of reality. The Third and Fourth Noble Truths present a way for transcending that reality, and growing into harmony with an even greater reality.

The Third Noble Truth—Samsara, or “cessation”, follows directly from the Second: If the cause of life's pain is craving, the Buddha taught, then the cure lies in ceasing to crave, in letting go:

The cure for human misery lies in our non-attachment to the ways of the world.

A Buddhist story describes four weary travelers in the desert, who finally come upon the walls of a compound. One of the four decides to find out what's inside, so he scales the wall, and on reaching the top, he gives a whoop of delight and jumps over. The second and third travelers then do exactly the same thing. When the fourth one gets to the top of the wall, he looks and sees what all the whooping was about: below is an enchanted





garden, an oasis, with sparkling streams and flowering fruit trees and all abundance and refreshment spread before him. This traveler, too, wants to jump over the wall and join the others, but he resists the impulse. Instead, he decides to go back into the desert, to direct other struggling travelers to the oasis.

The Third Noble Truth reminds us that our egos need to be more humble. By putting ourselves—our small, prone-to-error, and limited selves—at the center of the universe, we create a very fragile universe. By worshipping solely at the altar of our own attachments, we worship at a very small altar, indeed.

We break
by letting go
attachments,
steadily,
the course
lives. The
Buddha is



the cycle
of our
slowly,
throughout
of our
way of the
sometimes

called the “Middle Way” because it calls for neither extreme sensuousness nor extreme denial, but rather tries to strike a balance between extremes of all kinds. Buddhism warns us that to cling to our egos is to invite misery; to let go of our attachments, slowly but surely, is to be released from the narrow limits of self-interest into the vast expanse of universal life. Buddhism offers us a way to free ourselves from our suffering.

How to do this is found in the Fourth Noble Truth of Buddhism—Marga, or “The Way”, more particularly the “Noble Eightfold Path to Enlightenment”. Each of the steps of the path provides precious gifts of priceless wisdom:



The First Step in the Path is “Right Knowledge”.

We are more than our beliefs, but living cannot be devoid of beliefs. We need some kind of faith, some kind of road map, some kind of guiding metaphor, to get us through life. The Buddha also said that we need beliefs that are free of delusions and superstition and senseless speculation.

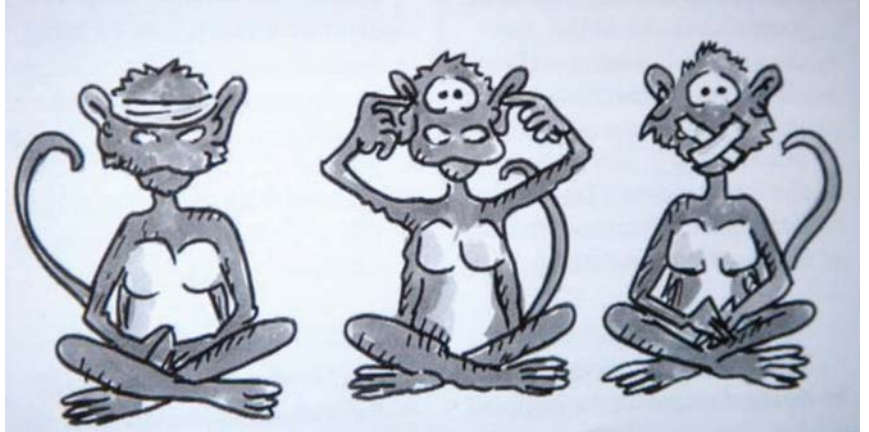
The next step is “Right Aspiration”. It is so critical that we truly dedicate



our lives to that which is really important, and not be sidetracked endlessly by all the various temptations and diversions that will spring up along the way.

The Third Step is “Right Speech”.

The Fourth Step along the Buddha’s path is “Right Behavior”. Very simply: the actions that we take have consequences. The things we do reverberate in our lives, in the lives of others, and in the life of our planet. We are profoundly responsible for how we act.



Fifth, closely related, is “Right Livelihood”.

“The point is that we can never hope to find spiritual fulfillment if we spend all of our waking hours engaged on

professions which harm others, kill the spirit, and which undermine the basic values we say we profess.

The sixth step is “Right Effort”. The Buddha laid tremendous importance on the power of the human will. The only way we change is by changing; the only way we get something done is by finally getting off our duffs and doing it.

Seven: “Right mindfulness”. No teacher in religious history credited the mind with more power than did the Buddha. The best known of all Buddhist texts, the Dhammapada, opens with the words: “All we are is a result of what we have thought.” To an amazing degree, we do create our own realities, and the angle from which we look at something changes it completely.



The Eighth (and final) Step is “Right Absorption” (or, as it is sometimes rendered: “Right Rapture”, or even “Right Meditation”).

We can all feel such profound moments of transcendence—moments when we feel all of a piece and all at peace, when we see all and know all, just for an instant. These moments can come to us simply and silently, often when we least expect them. They can arise out of the simplest joys and blessings: a great discovery during a walk in the woods; really entering fully into a favorite piece of music; an infant’s



smile of recognition; in so many blissful, beautiful ways. So many profound moments lie in waiting in these lives of ours. But then, all too often, these peak moments leave us as quickly as they came. Then we return to our lives on the surface of things.



However, it doesn't have to be that way. The moment will pass, but the bliss can remain, if in each waking moment we remember that we are in the presence of the holy, the presence of the sacred and divine. We can follow our bliss all the way to the deepening of our spirits.

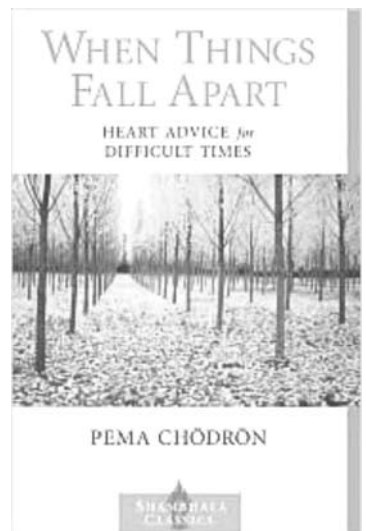


The Inner Transformation

By Albert

The reason for my enthusiasm was because the theme touches on many of the important Buddhist teachings; of the Four Noble Truths, the five aggregates, on impermanence, on dependent origination, and on attachment. It is my hope that, by the end of this article, you will have gained a stronger understanding of these concepts and can use this understanding to improve your everyday lives.

Let me start with an example. Venerable Pema Chödrön, an American Buddhist nun from the Tibetan tradition was interviewed on the topic "Turning Towards Pain". She shares a personal experience and explains how she was able to turn towards her pain to overcome her "death feeling".



While in a relationship with someone who she thought disliked her very much and, worse still, did not want to discuss the problem, Pema felt that "there was something terribly with me, that I was a bad person". That first stage of feeling unlovable, of pain, spurred her on to treat herself through meditation that eventually culminated to an epiphany. She physically felt like a little child, innocent and vulnerable; "so small that if I'd sat in a chair my feet wouldn't have touched the floor".



She realized at this very moment that she needed to ease herself into her pain; really experience pain at its purest form, without distracting oneself. Her mood or emotions hit "rock bottom" and she was



"seconds away from experiencing the death feeling"; the "deepest level of the suffering we all feel". Instead of staying with her, this feeling passed right through which led her to the realization that "resistance to the idea that I was unlovable only made the pain worse".

Pema's approach was, at first, very confronting and hard for me to understand. As far as I understand human instinct, we are programmed to avoid turning towards what we perceive as pain. Why? Most likely, our hesitation is due to fear, which is a primeval instinct in all sentient-beings as a necessary survival mechanism because pain is a good indicator that our bodies (and minds) are in danger.

However, our fears often work too well and, from observing my own fears, arise through ignorance of the source of our fear. Let's consider a fear that some of us may be familiar with, a fear of spiders; and I'll describe how this fear arises through the five aggregates of material form, perception, consciousness, feeling and mental formations. Our eyes (material form) allow the light

reflecting off an object to be perceived as a visual image in our mind.

At first, our mind identifies (without judgment) this object as something with eight hairy legs, eyes, mandibles and a grey body and looks very much like we would call a spider (consciousness) and we begin to have unpleasant feelings about this spider.

We then call upon our memories with spiders, from our actual encounters with them to what we see in movies and documentaries and begin to judge the spider on what it could do to us, such as jump onto our faces or run down our shirts and possibly bite us with their poisonous fangs. These mental formations then lead to our emotion of fear. Okay, so what if we're able to transcend our fears but we still cannot avoid mental pain or, suffering?



How Pema treated her psychological/emotional pain or suffering is, to me, analogous to how we treat physical pain. Avoiding psychological pain through distractions is no different to numbing your physical senses. What happens when we get a cut? If we are unaware of the cut, infection sets in leading to more serious consequences. With the sensation of pain, we give it our full attention. We tend to it, and are aware of the pain at every moment because our body keeps reminding itself of it. If the mind doesn't understand the impermanence of negative (or even positive for that matter) emotions and tries to cling to positive emotions to distract itself from the pain, pain will keep knocking on the door to remind you it's still there.

It is important to understand the cause of suffering and not be swayed away from such introspection through fear. Pema's approach to turning towards pain has been a real eye opener for me. Though since the reading her interview I haven't experienced such unhappiness to warrant adopting her technique, I feel assured that there is something you and I can try to overcome unhappiness in the future.



Turning Towards Pain

By Melly Triono

Pain can be internal or external wound caused by our suffering.
Suffering in itself is an experience of negative emotions and the battle of mind within...

Comes and goes of suffering is endless, and constantly caused by our perceptions, especially when it is experienced along with negative emotions. Suffering can be too extreme if we are attached to our emotions, feelings, traumas and people around us.

Turning towards pain is a great title because pain needs to be understood and healed. Healing can start from looking deeply at the cause of our suffering. Once you understand what is it that you suffer from -- then ***the best way to heal is to acknowledge, accept, and take action in ways that minimizes your attachment therefore reduces your pain.***

At the moment, I am overwhelmed with all the tasks at hand ... There's a dream, a road I have to take but I have fear and sometimes I feel like giving up.



Those ups and of suffering within that my mind is between "What? &

However I believe because through understand a lot of to overcome it. tend to put

"How far you go in life depends on you being tender with the young, compassionate with the aged, sympathetic with the striving and tolerant of the weak and the strong. Because someday in life you will have been all of these."

—George Washington Carver (1864-1943), botanist, agricultural chemist, inventor, educator.

downs created a lot me. Then I realized constantly racing How?"

this is a good thing this I can sufferings and ways Unfortunately, we ourselves down.

When we think negatively about things and we feel discouraged. So is there any way out from suffering? It's the question that I have been wondering since I was old enough to understand what pain is...

My journey of finding the answer lies in me when in the face of suffering is that we need to understand, that we are just victims in our endless constant struggles in our minds... Be tender, compassionate and sympathetic towards ourselves. It is a valuable skill to attain, as much as it is a skill to be this way towards others.

Find your understanding of what pain and suffering to you. As you acknowledge it then start to answer the "How"? My "How?" basically is to be Kind To Myself and view the mind as someone else's that also needs encouragement, love and kindness. Now, don't be afraid to find yours! May you be well and happy.☺





A lesson a day - Chapter "Pain and Suffering"

By Jules

Teacher: Hello kids! The topic for today is ... Pain and Suffering!

Kids start to murmur, and there are a few quiet "Yeses" and "Yays"

Teacher: Now, to become familiar with the topic lets all put our bottom lip between our teeth and bite as hard as we can! (*Ouch!*) See - that's pain!

One boy at the back pretends to cry. Another kid hits him on the head, and he falls off chair. Teacher pretends to ignore them.

Teacher: OK, now kids ... you're all staying in at recess, because you've been naughty!

There's a loud 'Ohhhhh!' and a few 'but Miss!'

Teacher: See? That's suffering! Did you notice how it's not even recess yet, but you're feeling miserable already? (*a slight, sado-masochistic glint in her eye*). Okay, now, who can think of another example of pain or suffering that's happened to them recently?

Boy 1: Miss! Miss! Can I go first?

Teacher: Umm... sure Ken, what is it?

Ken: I just hit Brian on the head and he fell off his chair. Now he's in pain!

Teacher: Err... well, Ken. Brian, get back in your chair. I know you're not hurt.

Brian doesn't move. Teacher starts to walk towards the back of the classroom, to check if he's all right. He bounces back into his seat. The class begins to laugh.

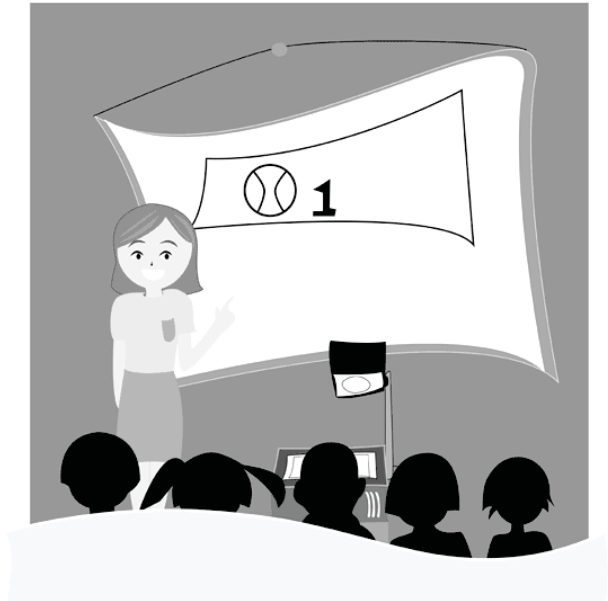
Teacher: Very funny Brian. If you don't behave for the rest of this lesson, you're **really** staying in at recess!

Brian: Yes miss. (*sarcastically*)

He sits up extra straight. The class sniggers

Teacher: Okay, who else has an example?

She looks around the room. Everyone is staring blankly. The girls at the front are looking bored. Finally, one of them puts her hand up.





Teacher: Yes, Rosie!

Rosie: Miss, can we play a game? *(The other girls laugh.)*

Teacher: *(Embarrassed)* This **is** a game. It's meant to be fun.

Rosie: *(Smiling politely)* We don't think it's fun, and we're not *learning* anything!

Teacher: *(sighs)* Well, why don't you think about the topic and you might learn something!

Teacher is very happy with her wise remark. She walks confidently back to the front of the classroom.

Girl 2: *(Doesn't put her hand up)* I think this **class** is pain and suffering!

Teacher: Right that's it ... err... what's your name? *(the student groans)* ... you didn't put your hand up! If you don't like this class, can you please sit quietly and not disturb the others.

Girl 2: They're bored too.

Other girls nod. The boys at the back are now wrestling each other on the floor.

Teacher: *(sighs)* Okay, fine... Let's play 'hangman' then!

Thinks she can at least get them to think about the subject. Draws ten dashed lines on the blackboard.

Teacher: OK, it's ten letters! Who wants to guess a letter?

Everyone starts yelling. Teacher struggles to make voice heard above it.

Teacher: Quiet! One at a time. George!

George: Z!

Teacher: *(sighs)* No George, there are no Z's.

Draws the first stroke of the 'hangman'.

Ken: Miss! Miss!

Teacher: Yes, Ken! Go ahead.

Ken: It's 'suffering'!

Teacher: *(Takes a while to register what he has done)* No, Ken, 'suffering' only has nine letters. Maybe you should guess some letters first!

Rosie: Miss! Miss!





Teacher: Yes, Rosie!

Rosie: E

Teacher coolly turns towards blackboard and marks 'e' in the third-last spot.

Teacher: Well done, there's one 'e'. (*Thinks she sounds like Adriana Exebides from 'Wheel of Fortune' - shudders.*)

Teacher: (*can hear students walking between classes outside*) Okay, we don't have long. Here's a clue. It causes suffering. Who remembers what causes suffering?

Brian: Bad teachers!

Teacher: Right. Brian. Out! Go on. Stand outside the door.

Brian fakes a gloomy expression, and trudges outside.

Teacher: If anyone else yells out, they can go and join him. Okay, who's next?

Girl 2 has had her hand up for ages, and is holding it up with her other arm.

Teacher: Yes... err... what?

Girl 2: My name's Fennalia.

Teacher: (*embarrassed*) Yes ... I know. What's your letter?

Girl 2: You can't even remember my name.

Teacher: (*sighs*) Okay, I'm sorry... What's your letter?

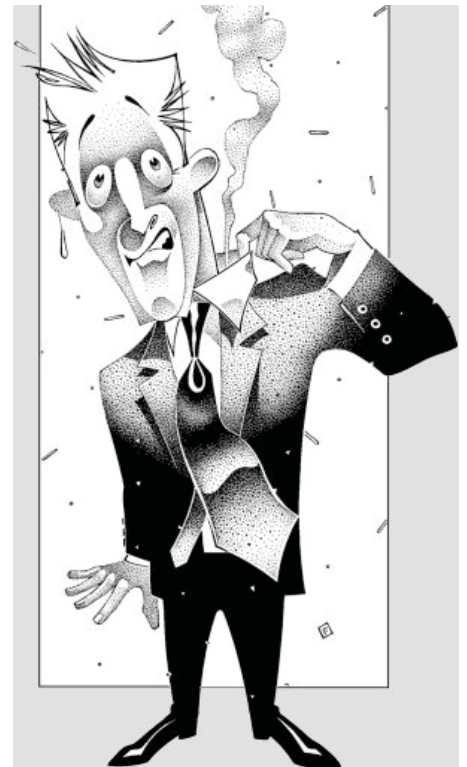
Brian pokes face through window.

Girl 2: I don't have one. This is boring!

Teacher: Fine. Anyone else?

Bell rings loudly. Whole class stands up and almost crushes teacher as they run out.

Teacher: (*yells behind*) Don't you want to know what it is? *Sighs, and spells out the letters 'ATTACHMENT' on the blackboard. Turns around. There's nobody there. Finally, remembers that Brian is outside. Goes to check on him, but he's gone.*





Teacher: (*Turns to audience and says*) This job is really way too much to bear! Why do I experience all the pain and suffering myself? School is meant to be fun for teachers and bad for students! I am doing all the learning, while they are not learning anything! Is it really true when they say, that ‘if you become a teacher, you’ll be taught by your students’?



From Shadow to the light

– My Journey of the past

By Mandy

I was once a girl who people thought that I am matured and serious. *You might think wasn’t it good that you are matured and serious?* To me, I want to be like others, to be freed, to be able to have fun freely



without being burdened. No matter how happy I am, it would not last long. I am always tired even if I slept for 12 hours. My mind was filled with negative thoughts: thoughts that I will failed, thoughts that people talked behind your back, thoughts that no one loved me, etc. I never knew why and what happen, I always thought probably that is just my character, my personality that I am so serious.

Recently, I looked within and found out that it was actually the pain and sufferings accumulated since childhood. Therefore, I began the journey to walk out of my pain and sufferings.

It all started last year when someone told me, “Tell me, Mandy! Do you look like an 18 year old girl?” At that moment, I couldn’t help but broke down and cried. He then gave me a hug, and said, “It’s alright. Everything in the past has happen. Don’t carry those burdens anymore. Accept them and let them go.”

In that instance, I realized...

I realized that the truth and the path of walking out of my pain and suffering, which is to accept it and let it go. Just like what

Venerable Sheng Yen quoted: “When faced with any difficulty of life: resolve it by following these four steps: face it, accept it, deal with it and then let it go.”

Often when we faced with life challenges (in this case sufferings/pain), we try very hard to bury them deep within us without facing it and accepting it. The more we bury, the more “rubbish” we have in us. Imagine a rubbish bin and rubbish were thrown in day by day and another one with same intake, however, accumulated day by day. What would happen next? The bin will overflow, it will stink and you have to throw it all away.



YES! Then imagine you are the bin, the more sufferings you accumulated, the unhappy you are! It is time to empty your bin!

Understand the rubbish you have within you and accept them as rubbish. There is nothing too impossible to deal with. It is a matter of fact whether or not you want to deal with them.

Nothing is impossible but I'mpossible. After accepting it, dealing with it, then let it go. Let it go with gratitude towards your present moment. Why let your present moment suffered because of something that had happen in the past?



My dear friends, you have control in your own life. You can be a free and happy person and be like a bird to fly freely to wherever you want to go. Strive on, my dear friends! It is time to look within you and empty your bin! ^_^



By Khai Yi

“Do - a deer a female deer, Re – a drop of golden sun, Mi – a name I call myself...” I can still remember clearly how my dad taught me this song when I was young. I grew up in a family of 4 siblings. Dad was very strict, he used to cane me and scold me for things that I have done wrongly. He is very bad tempered, which kept me away from him during my childhood years. Mum was always the angel at home who kept me safe from dad’s torturing mission.



In primary school, dad often asked me to help him to do repairing work, like... piping, hammering, and fixing electronic stuff etc. etc. At the beginning I didn’t really fancy those things at all, but dad wanted to teach me, he said that I must know all these, in case anything should happen. As the eldest at home, I should know how to handle the situations. At that time his temper improved, and did not cane me anymore. He uses words of encouragement to teach me, examples in life to educate me, and his experiences to guide me.

Because of him, I started to appreciate my responsibility at home as the eldest, and also because of him, I am who I am today. I started to enjoy thinking like an engineer and working out the way things work, which is also one of the reasons why I ended up in Engineering today.



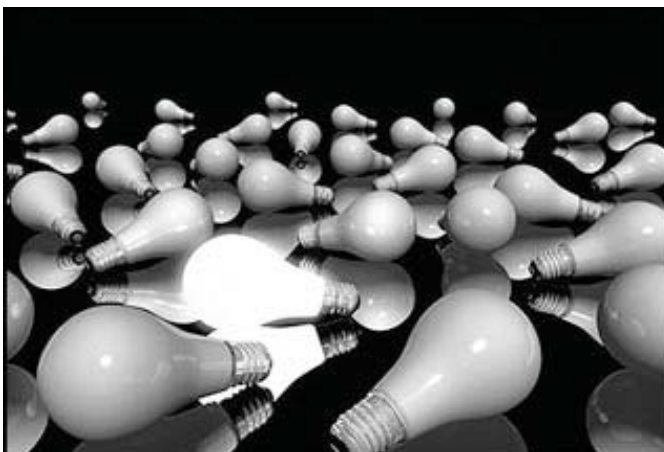
He always pushes me through times when I am down or worried. In life, there are many decisions to be made, many choices to be chosen. It was always my dream to go overseas, at least for a holiday. He knew about it, and encouraged me to dream about my future - the future that I wanted most. He said, "If you do not fear, and if you dare to dream and work for your future, you will be someone you want to be someday."

I began to get closer to my dad as I stepped into University life. I was having a calm and peaceful life back in Malaysia, until last year when things started to change. I was happily pursuing my studies in Malaysia when I received the offer to further my studies in Sydney, Australia! Is that a dream come true? Yes! It is! Dad once asked me to believe in miracles. He said that as long as we have tried our best, no matter what is the outcome, it should be something to be cherished with. One thing I learnt from him is, "We do not need to have any expectation on the outcomes of what we have done. The outcome will be a surprise when we knew about it." And indeed, the offer to come to Sydney is really a great surprise!



It was the time when I left my home for Sydney that I started to be more independent, facing the reality world with nobody right beside me, giving me support. I knew my parents are always there; just that it feels different when I am 8 hours flight apart.

"Believe in miracle", that is something I really have to admit. As I reached Sydney, 1 month later, I got to know about Unibuds. It was really amazing how I actually ended up in this lovely society. My life in Sydney started to become more colourful because of Unibuds, it is where I started to have more friends; it is when I get to know more about Buddhism, and having Triple Gems as the guidance in my life.



I finally understood the reality that my parents are not going to be with me all the way throughout my life. I will have to walk this path myself when they finally leave me. However, Buddhism can always be the light to shine the tunnel of darkness, which will bring me a step further in my life.

Dad is the one who influenced me the most. That's also one of the reason I respect him more than anybody. He often reminds me this:

**Memories to remember,
Dream to catch,
Reality to face!**

I agree with him, that's the journey of my life! I am moving on! And I hope you too! ☺



Failure, Imagination, and... Apathy

By Audrey

[The following article is extraction from the commencement address delivered by **JK Rowling** at Howard University June 2008]



...

I have wracked my mind and heart for what I ought to say to you today. I have asked myself what I wish I had known at my own graduation, and what important lessons I have learned in the 21 years that has expired between that day and this.

I have come up with two answers. *On this wonderful day when we are gathered together to celebrate your academic success, I have decided to talk to you about the benefits of failure.* And as you stand on the threshold of what is sometimes called 'real life', I want to extol the crucial importance of imagination.

These might seem quixotic or paradoxical choices, but please bear with me.

Looking back at the 21-year-old that I was at graduation is a slightly uncomfortable experience for the 42-year-old that she has become. Half my lifetime ago, I was striking an uneasy balance between the ambition I had for myself, and what those closest to me expected of me.

I was convinced that the only thing I wanted to do, ever, was to write novels. However, my parents, both of whom came from impoverished backgrounds and neither of whom had been to college, took the view that my overactive imagination was an amusing personal quirk that could never pay a mortgage, or secure a pension.

They had hoped that I would take a vocational degree; I wanted to study English Literature. A compromise was reached that in retrospect satisfied nobody, and I went up to study Modern Languages. Hardly had my parents' car rounded the corner at the end of the road when I ditched German and scuttled off down the Classics corridor.

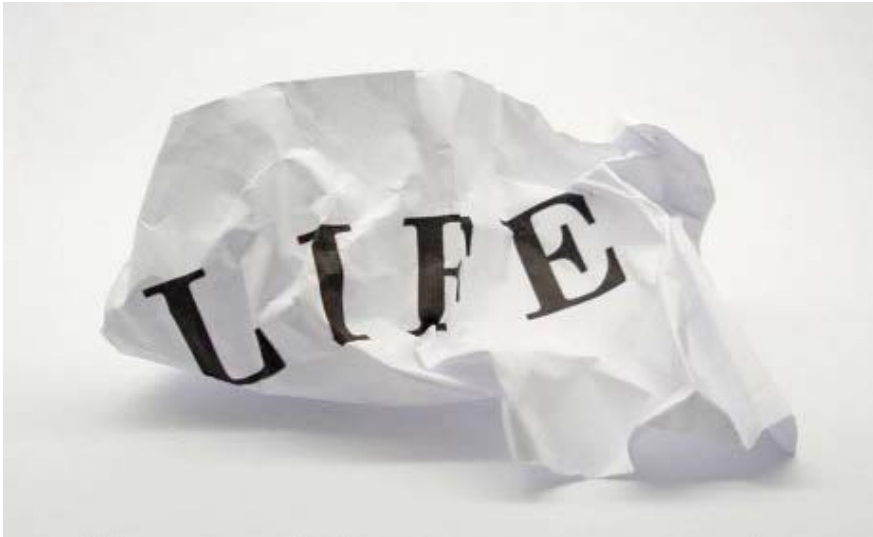


I cannot remember telling my parents that I was studying Classics; they might well have found out for the first time on graduation day. Of all subjects on this planet, I think they would have been hard put to name one less useful than Greek mythology when it came to securing the keys to an executive bathroom.



I would like to make it clear, in parenthesis that I do not blame my parents for their point of view. ***There is an expiry date on blaming your parents for steering you in the wrong direction; the moment you are old enough to take the wheel, responsibility lies with you.*** What is more, I cannot criticise my parents for hoping that I would never experience poverty. They had been poor themselves, and I have since been poor, and I quite agree with them that it is not an ennobling experience. Poverty entails fear, and stress, and sometimes depression; it means a thousand petty humiliations and hardships. Climbing out of poverty by your own efforts, that is indeed something on which to pride yourself, but poverty itself is romanticised only by fools.

What I feared most for myself at your age was not poverty, but failure.



At your age, in spite of a distinct lack of motivation at university, where I had spent far too long in the coffee bar writing stories, and far too little time at lectures, I had a knack for passing examinations, and that, for years, had been the measure of success in my life and that of my peers.

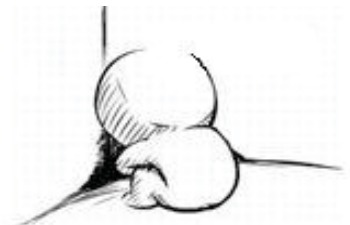
I am not dull enough to suppose that because you are young, gifted and well-educated, you have never known hardship or heartbreak. Talent and

intelligence never yet inoculated anyone against the caprice of the Fates, and I do not for a moment suppose that everyone here has enjoyed an existence of unruffled privilege and contentment.

However, the fact that you are graduating from Harvard suggests that you are not very well-acquainted with failure. You might be driven by a fear of failure quite as much as a desire for success. Indeed, your conception of failure might not be too far from the average person's idea of success, so high have you already flown academically.

Ultimately, we all have to decide for ourselves what constitutes failure, but the world is quite eager to give you a set of criteria if you let it. ***So I think it fair to say that by any conventional measure, a mere seven years after my graduation day, I had failed on an epic scale.*** An exceptionally short-lived marriage had imploded, and I was jobless, a lone parent, and as poor as it is possible to be in modern Britain, without being homeless. The fears my parents had had for me, and that I had had for myself, had both come to pass, and ***by every usual standard, I was the biggest failure I knew.***

Now, I am not going to stand here and tell you that failure is fun. That period of my life was a dark one, and I had no idea that there was going to be what the press has since represented as a kind of fairy tale resolution. I had no idea how far the tunnel extended, and for a long time, any light at the end of it was a hope rather than a reality.



So why do I talk about the benefits of failure? Simply because failure meant a stripping away of the



inessential. ***I stopped pretending to myself that I was anything other than what I was, and began to direct all my energy into finishing the only work that mattered to me.*** Had I really succeeded at anything else, I might never have found the determination to succeed in the one arena I believed I truly belonged. I was set free, because my greatest fear had already been realised, and I was still alive, and I still had a daughter whom I adored, and I had an old typewriter and a big idea. And ***so rock bottom became the solid foundation on which I rebuilt my life.***

You might never fail on the scale I did, but some failure in life is inevitable. It is impossible to live without failing at something, unless you live so cautiously that you might as well not have lived at all - in which case, you fail by default.

Failure gave me an inner security that I had never attained by passing examinations.

Failure taught me things about myself that I could have learned no other way. I discovered that I had a strong will, and more discipline than I had suspected; I also found out that I had friends whose value was truly above rubies.



The knowledge that you have emerged wiser and stronger from setbacks means that you are, ever after, secure in your ability to survive. You will never truly know yourself, or the strength of your relationships, until both have been tested by adversity. Such knowledge is a true gift, for all that it is painfully won, and it has been worth more to me than any qualification I ever earned.

Given a time machine or a Time Turner, I would tell my 21-year-old self that personal happiness lies in knowing that life is not a checklist of acquisition or achievement. Your qualifications, your CV, are not your life, though you will meet many people of my age and older who confuse the two. ***Life is difficult, and complicated, and beyond anyone's total control, and the humility to know that will enable you to survive its vicissitudes.***



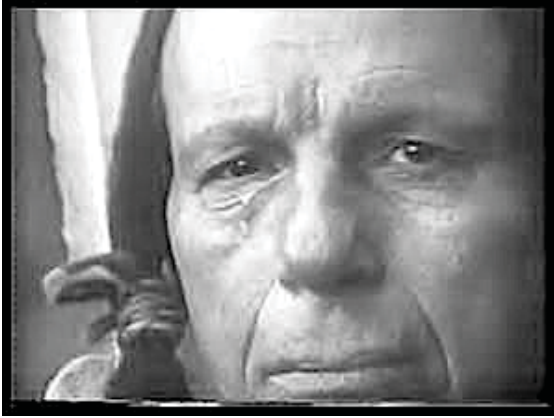
You might think that I chose my second theme, the importance of imagination, because of the part it played in rebuilding my life, but that is not wholly so. Though I will defend the value of bedtime stories to my last gasp, I have learned to value imagination in a much broader sense. ***Imagination is not only the uniquely human capacity to envision, that which is not, and therefore the fount of all invention and innovation.*** In its arguably most transformative and revelatory capacity, it is the power that enables us to empathise with humans whose experiences we have never shared.

One of the greatest formative experiences of my life preceded Harry Potter, though it informed much of what I subsequently wrote in those books. This revelation came in the form of one



of my earliest day jobs. Though I was sloping off to write stories during my lunch hours, I paid the rent in my early 20s by working in the research department at Amnesty International's headquarters in London.

There in my little office I read hastily scribbled letters smuggled out of totalitarian regimes by men and women who were risking imprisonment to inform the outside world of what was happening to them. I saw photographs of those who had disappeared without trace, sent to Amnesty by their desperate families and friends. I read the testimony of torture victims and saw pictures of their injuries. I opened handwritten, eyewitness accounts of summary trials and executions, of kidnappings and rapes.



Many of my co-workers were ex-political prisoners, people who had been displaced from their homes, or fled into exile, because they had the temerity to think independently of their government. Visitors to our office included those who had come to give information, or to try and find out what had happened to those they had been forced to leave behind.

I shall never forget the African torture victim, a young man no older than I was at the time, who had become mentally ill after all he had endured in his homeland. He trembled uncontrollably as he spoke into a video camera about the brutality inflicted upon him. He was a foot taller than I was, and seemed as fragile as a child. I was given the job of escorting him to the Underground Station afterwards, *and this man whose life had been shattered by cruelty took my hand with exquisite courtesy, and wished me future happiness.*

And as long as I live I shall remember walking along an empty corridor and suddenly hearing, from behind a closed door, a scream of pain and horror such as I have never heard since. The door opened, and the researcher poked out her head and told me to run and make a hot drink for the young man sitting with her. She had just given him the news that in retaliation for his own outspokenness against his country's regime, his mother had been seized and executed.



Amnesty mobilises thousands of people who have never been tortured or imprisoned for their beliefs to act on behalf of those who have. The power of human empathy, leading to collective action, saves lives, and frees prisoners. Ordinary people, whose personal well being and security are assured, join together in huge numbers to save people they do not know, and will never meet. My small participation in that process was one of the most humbling and inspiring experiences of my life.

Unlike any other creature on this planet, humans can learn and understand, without having experienced. They can think themselves into other people's minds; imagine themselves into other people's places.

Of course, this is a power, like my brand of fictional magic, which is morally neutral. One might use such an ability to manipulate, or control, just as much as to understand or sympathise.



And many prefer not to exercise their imaginations at all. *They choose to remain comfortably within the bounds of their own experience, never troubling to wonder how it would feel to have been born other than they are.* They can refuse to hear screams or to peer inside cages; they can close their minds and hearts to any suffering that does not touch them personally; they can refuse to know.

I might be tempted to envy people who can live that way, except that I do not think they have any fewer nightmares than I do. Choosing to live in narrow spaces can lead to a form of mental agoraphobia, and that brings its own terrors. I think the wilfully unimaginative see more monsters. They are often more afraid. For without ever committing an act of outright evil ourselves, we collude with it, through our own apathy.

One of the many things I learned at the end of that Classics corridor down which I ventured at the age of 18, in search of something I could not then define, was this, written by the Greek author Plutarch: What we achieve inwardly will change outer reality.

That is an astonishing statement and yet proven a thousand times every day of our lives. It expresses, in part, our inescapable connection with the outside world, *the fact that we touch other people's lives simply by existing.*



But how much more are you, Harvard graduates of 2008, likely to touch other people's lives? Your intelligence, your capacity for hard work, the education you have earned and received, give you unique status, and unique responsibilities. Even your nationality sets you apart. The great majority of you belong to the world's only remaining superpower. *We do not need magic to change the world; we carry all the power we need inside ourselves already.*

I am nearly finished. I have one last hope for you, which is something that I already had at 21. *The friends with whom I sat on graduation day have been my friends for life.* They are my children's godparents, the people to whom I've been able to turn in times of trouble, friends who have been kind enough not to sue me when I've used their names for Death Eaters. At our graduation we were bound by enormous affection, by our shared experience of a time that could never come again, and, of course, by the knowledge that we held certain photographic evidence that would be exceptionally valuable if any of us ran for Prime Minister.

So today, I can wish you nothing better than similar friendships. And tomorrow, I hope that even if you remember not a single word of mine, you remember those of Seneca, another of those old Romans I met when I fled down the Classics corridor, in retreat from career ladders, in search of ancient wisdom. As is a tale, so is life: not how long it is, but how good it is, is what matters. I wish you all very good lives.

Thank you very much.





O-Week and O-Picnic

From Anzac Parade passing Blockhouse, Tennis courts and Sam Cracknel Pavilion, modern looking Law Building then Chemical Sciences building... The path to... Central campus.

Oh look~! It's the start of the stalls! There are so many! Where do I even begin?

It only seemed like yesterday when freshmen starting walking along the main walkway



enthusiastically, while other uni students have once again stepped on it after a long break, some happily collecting those free-bees of course, some a bit reluctant, some rushing-through just to get to the library.

On the first day of O-Week, the start of university life, this time I actually took time to stroll along the main walkway. There's plenty to see, plenty to try out and plenty of people to know or catch up with!

Here we go! Unibuds stall, which feels like a cup of hot chocolate on a cold winter's day. It radiates warmth and brings people together, and it also like a newly built bridge, a bridge that connects old friends, and spans across to new land. Helpers at the stall, happily chatting about the summer holidays, their timetables, the "oh-so-wonderful-free-days-that-will-be-swamped-with-projects-and-assignments" and the O-Picnic! Before I even start to get all excited about O-Picnic, I stood back and just admired all the bonds that are starting to form. Friends are important in our lives, especially our path in Buddhism.

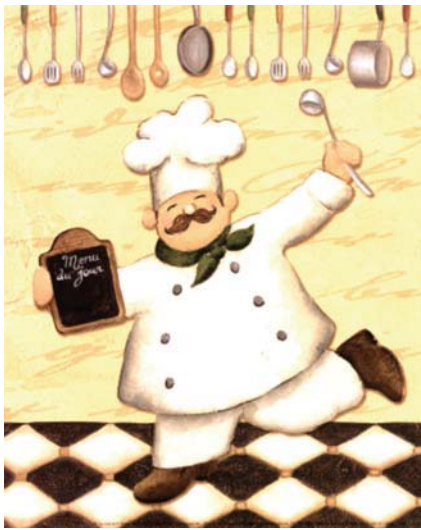


I asked a close friend of mine once, "Why must people make friends? Above all, why are friends so important in Buddhism? Why not just learn about Dhamma?" He said, "Friends support and help one another in life. When we face difficulties, friends encourage and may provide physical or mental support. The same goes for our practice in Buddhism. Sometimes our faiths wane, sometimes we come across obstacles. It helps a lot, both for ourselves and for our friends, when we help our friends, or receive help from friends." I took this a little further and thought Buddhism is



a practice in life, so to have friends in Buddhism, is to have friends in life! It is then I truly treasure and appreciate the bonds that I share, for now I know what it means to call someone a friend.

Few days later here comes ***O-Picnic***. A social event, a relaxing gathering, to eat, to chat and play games! There was a ice-breaking names-remembering games, and the food, and the concentration games (I lost in the first round...I need to focus more!) and the food, and the running around games... and the food! I remember having read that “food is important as it brings people together” and “Chefs are always popular” etc. etc. It brings satisfaction and comfort to people, and for quite a lot... the solution for hunger. People grab a bite, sit down and start having a conversation! As a result, it is also a good time to share some teachings of the Buddha. The food



does not have to be a splendid meal. It could be some tea, some biscuits or a simple cake. If someone is hungry, they could feel restless and it would then be hard to conduct any teachings since they might be distracted by their stomach constantly. With the magic of food, we provide a nice setup for people to learn.

I think Buddhism can be found in many places, both obvious and subtle. Some ways of Buddhism would seem silly at first, but when you look deeper, the purpose could be greater than it looks. Just like having food at events. It could seem like a nice excuse to feast, but it also brings comfort to people, and bring people together. I personally have learnt so much in Unibuds and practicing Buddhism, and I hope that everyone could do so too!

Vesak day

Vesak is a celebration of the Buddha's birthday. To be precise, it actually celebrates the birth, Enlightenment (Nibbana) and passing (Parinibbana) of the Buddha.





On this special day, we remember and pay homage to the Buddha, do chanting, meditation and also bath the Buddha. In some Chinese-speaking countries, this day is sometimes called “Bathing Buddha Festival” as literally translated.

By bathing the Buddha, we not only cleanse the Buddha statue as paying respects, but more importantly, we cleanse ourselves of our inner defilements of greed, anger and ignorance. This symbolic practice is both practical, and also a powerful reminder of our practice in Buddhism. Some people might even choose to take up eight precepts instead of five on the day. The eight precepts incorporate the five precepts of:

- 1) Do not kill
- 2) Do not steal
- 3) Do not commit sexual misconduct
- 4) Do not commit wrongful speech
- 5) Do not engage in intoxicating substances



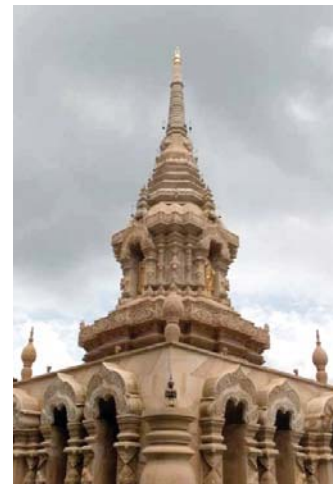
With the additional three:

- 1) To abstain from taking food at unreasonable times
- 2) To refrain from sensual pleasures (such as dancing, singing and self-adornment)
- 3) To refrain from using luxurious seats in order to practice humility

Unibuds celebrated Vesak on the 24th May 2008 (Saturday). Since Unibuds is a non-sectarian Buddhist society, celebrations of Vesak are conducted in alternating Theravada and Mahayana traditions. This year, it was conducted in the Theravada tradition by one of our patron Chao Khun Maha Samai from Wat Pa Buddharangsee.



Winter is here. Temperatures are dropping and so are our precious conscious and active times. Now it is important for us to remind ourselves of Dhamma and not get lost in indulgence of hot food and warm cosy beds. Join Winter Retreat organised by Unibuds from 4th to 6th of July, during which we will be spending time at Sunnataram Forest Monastery.





It will be an excellent opportunity to experience monastic life at its fullest. Rise in the early morning to the fresh air and calmness from the very top of a hill. What's better than an early morning chanting followed by meditation to cleanse our minds and set our day's mentality right. Away from the hustling and bustling of the city, away from your mobile phones ringing non-stop (yes, there is hardly any mobile phone reception there), away from uni, work or other commitments for a maximum of three days. Bask in this

peacefulness of the monastery.

Let your mind settle like sand in a glass of water. You will see things in a totally different perspective, from a refreshed mind. If you cannot come for the three full days you can always come on Saturday and it's all right, as many people have work commitments that make leaving for a retreat on a Friday quite difficult.



Other than chanting and meditation, there will also be Dhamma talks, **bush walking**, yoga and loads of other activities with excellent vegetarian food everyday (for 3 days). Where else can you find such a complete program for your retreat? Donations are always welcome, as we will be using facilities and utilities from the monastery for ***Free*** for us, but those were also accumulated from the donation of

kind-hearted people before ☺ so... bring your train



tickets, warm clothing, torch light, and a sleeping bag join us in this spiritually enriching and relaxing but exciting 2nd most popular event of the year from Unibuds!

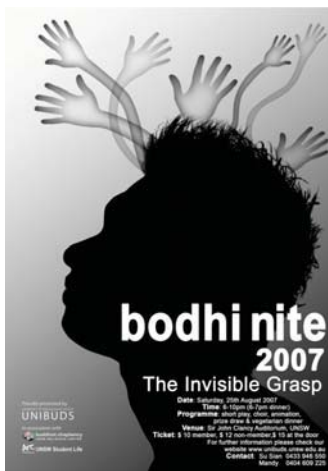


PS: The 1st most popular event of the year from Unibuds is Bodhi Nite as follows, and as you can see from the picture the food is absolutely **awesome** over there!



Bodhi Nite

Bodhi Nite is an annual celebration of Unibuds' anniversary and this year will be the 28th birthday of Unibuds! So... what exactly is Bodhi Nite? Is it just the gathering of members and singing a happy birthday song for Unibuds? Well... Let me show you!



Bodhi Nite is the most exciting event of the year for Unibuds. In order to celebrate this joyous occasion, there will be entertaining performances as well as thought-provoking Dhamma talks. For every Bodhi Nite, there will be a central theme and throughout the night, and learn about the theme we have chosen.

Buddhist concepts can be hard to grasp for some people and a Dhamma talk is not always the most ideal way to teach Buddhism. Performances such as sketch, choir and multimedia could convey the theme across in a more lively and interesting way.

Of course, Dhamma talks by our Dhamma teachers are very much important to guide us on the right path of the teachings, but also don't forget to have fun sometimes. The combination of Dhamma talks and performances would bring across a night of splendid adventure and enriching teachings. Coming to you this winter on 30th August 2008 (Saturday), 6.00pm at Sir John Clancy Auditorium, UNSW. *This year, we are proud to present **Bodhi Nite 2008: Karma – Seeds of Tomorrow, Blossoms of Yesterday.***

However, how is Bodhi Nite going to come together? It will be the effort of me, you and everyone else! Helpers will be needed, to put up performances, to support the performances, to serve the audience and to be the audience! *Those exciting & diligent 13 departments to make this year's Bodhi Nite happen are:*

Program Master; Sketch; Choir; Multimedia; Marketing; Publication; Reception; Catering; Decoration; Backstage; Technician; Archive; Transportation ☺

Without audiences, there will be no show as well~ Hence, being an audience is also a huge contribution for us. However, we do need helpers in the departments mentioned to make it happen, and with us it's never too late to register, but preferably ASAP as the planning stage have already began! *Want to be part of a huge organizing team, and test out your strength and potential talents? Be one of the volunteers!*

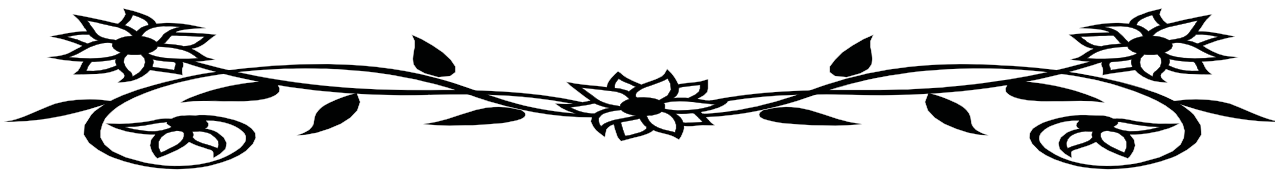
Section written by Ming De

Next Page are some pictures taken from last year's Bodhi Nite~



@ HTM
2007-08-19
Selling
BN tickets





HAPPY BIRTHDAY!!!

To all those dear UNIBUDS members who have their birthdays over the Summer Break (you unlucky people), here's to you! May you all be surrounded by friends on your special day, wherever you are ☺

March

Alexandra Rose
Mabel Ting
Mega Ng
Julian Craig
Henry Chandra

Henry Maung
Sharavanan Maheswaran
Anjali Roberts
Raju
Angela Wang

Cuong Ho
Tzi Chieh Chi
Eric Bohme
Keyi Li
Ying Liu

April

Mandy Pang
Chendriana
Hau Cher Choi
Lisa Yu

Michael Trinh
Wilsen Lius Lau
Rebecca Li

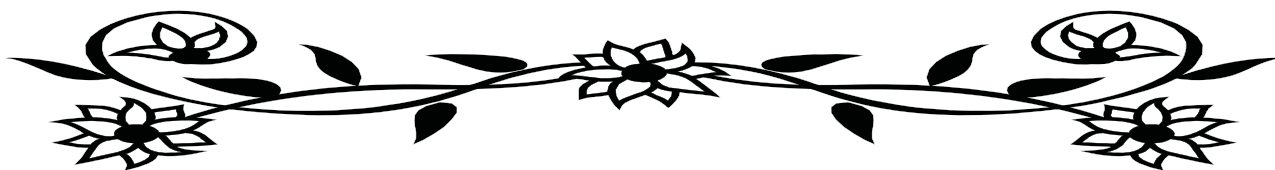
Jessica Ang
Pitol Sok
Frances Zhang

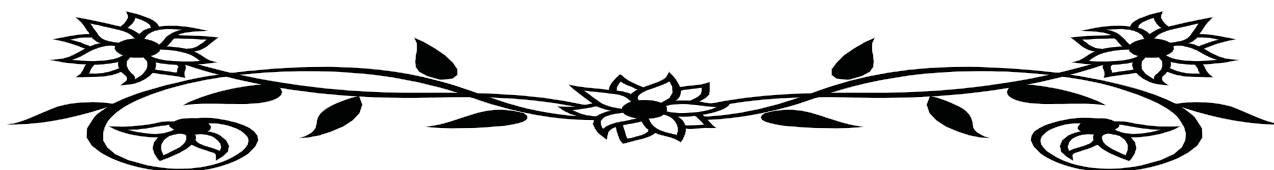
May

Quan Yu
Meikana Lizadjohry
Cheng Hiang Lee
Kok Wee Ng
Jessica Tong

Yi Zhang
Hong Suk Woo
Suhendry Ui
Hui Shyan Ng

Ben Bingham
Lu Liu
Brandon Tong
Cindy Kuan





June

Billy Mok
Ayu Ekajayangthi Liana
Yamal Dassanayake
Jimmy Kusnadi
Tina Ng
Henner Kampwerth
Ting Ting Zhang
Annabel Igoe

Chen Sen Au
Kasun Gorakanage
King Seng Goh
Stephani Chuang
Yu Chween Lee
Kuan Yen Tan
Yu Ang Tan

Yi Yang
Esther Kok
Siew Ching Kow
Michelle Kueh
Alexis Nagy
Alexandra Haras
Kum Tak Wong

July

Tze Shen Koh
John Li
Anne-Marie Murphy
Yuvon Yuda
Li Wei Lim

Krisada Sungkram
Alex Sebby
Viriya Chittasy
Khai Yi Ng
Phyllis Wong

Phuong Pham
Chi Chi Lo
WaiKoon Teng
LinSuwannee Pongprakyun
Wee Han Lim

August

Shelley Burr
Linus Meng
Kim Wei Tay
Clara Ong

Juniahani
Agus Santoso
Craig Wong
Adeline Sugianto

Vickey Chen
Ming De Teh
Denissa Loh
Annie Lius Lau

List of contributors to this SACCA:

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Photos: Thanks to Ming De Teh, Cheng Tuck Lim, Chris Tan, Lucky Jeong, Pei zhong and Cheng Hiang Lee.

May all beings be well, happy and peaceful; free from enmity and suffering. Whatever merits we have done, may these merits be shared by all!

Sadhu!



CHINESE SACCA



特别活动:

- 冬令营
(七月四日至六日)
- 菩提之夜
(八月三十日)

注: 每周活动将从下学期
照常进行

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- 摆花架子 - 35
- 出口伤人 - 35

嗨! 大家好!

在接下来的Sacca中, 我希望能带你们走过一段奇特的旅程。我们将尝试从不同的角度来认识佛法, 同时探讨佛法如何与日常生活息息相关。如果没有亲爱读者们的支持, Sacca对我来说就失去了意义。再次谢谢大家的支持!

Sacca题目的范围可以很广阔。因此, 我愿邀请不同文化背景的慧命社会员分享他们对佛法的认知, 以及呈现多种角度的剖析与见解。如果大家有兴趣与读者分享对佛学的所学所得, 尽请与我联系!

希望当你们收到Sacca时, 大家已都顺利的完成考试而开始尽情的享受假期。这假期也是提供我们静心的‘好机会’! 因此, 即将到来的冬令营就正是‘好机会’, 希望能借此‘好机会’与大家再见!

Linus

如果您 对Sacca 有任何意见或想投稿, 请联络:

Email: linussssss@gmail.com Phone: 0402 097 300



对应法则

固执的人像石头，是石头棱角就多，能容纳的器皿很少。

因此，这种人很难在单位或社会持久站住脚跟；除非有一把锤子将他砸进器皿中，不仅火星四溅，而且有进无出。

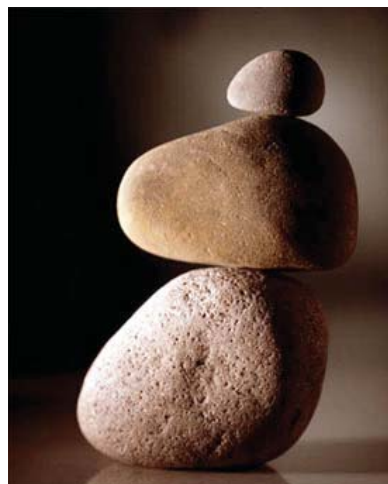
窝囊的人像木头，有形状也有韧性，遇器皿可钻进去，但很不舒服；这种人在单位或社会所占的比例不少，只求容身不求自在。

精明的人像水，有形无状，随器皿的不同模式而改变形态，自在舒坦，流动性强，无拘无束，但若无器皿，遍无容身之处。

圣人像空气，无形无状，无所住，而又无处不在。

无所谓包容与不包容，无所谓有无器皿，无所谓控制与被控制，无所谓主动与被动……

所谓“随心所欲而不拘束”。



忍无可忍

一弟子学佛，记住师傅叫他处处要忍这句话，逢人遇事，谨慎言行，可谓充分贯彻。



一日步行，路遇一酒鬼，尽撒酒疯，挥舞着手中的板砖横行于市。

可他只记住一个字——“忍”！

后来他听说，这酒鬼走不远与人争执起来，而且用手中的板砖伤了人，并左近了班房……

与师傅说起此事，师傅捉来一只鸡，按在地上举起刀欲杀之。

弟子一把夺过刀来说：“不许杀生！”

师傅笑道：“你怎么不忍了？”

弟子一愣，略有所悟。

师傅继续说：“以忍息怨，而以非造怨”。

要你忍，忍的是贪嗔痴；而今，你贪于忍，执着于忍，与真正的法忍不是背道而驰了吗？



真正投入

老法师到大学演讲时，一男生提问：

“请问法师，佛家讲戒律，但若都像你们那样戒色戒淫，那么生命如何得以繁衍？”

法师笑着反问：“请问同学，你是学什么专业的？”

男生答：“哲学。”

法师问：“但若都像你们这样学哲学，那么自然科学又有谁来搞？！”

男生大悟。

自己的立场，自己的观念，自己的角度……统称为本位主义。

其实出家人只不过是为了求得身心清净，把佛法当作一门学科，在寺内精研。

清规戒律，不过是为自己和别人创造一个更好的学习环境，这并不影响出家人的生活，所谓各有各的活法，各有各的志向，实在没有什么大惊小怪的。

其实僧侣本身示现给我们的，就是生活多元化，我们是不是起码应该从他们那里学到一点：如果决定了作某事，就要全身心的投入。



化敌为友

一位朋友总在三度面前抱怨他单位的同事和他作对。

三度问：“那个对手为什么总和你作对？”

他说因为他的存在对那个人构成威胁。

于是三度请朋友看一场拳击比赛，看的津津有味时，三度问，如果两个人不在一个级别，是否能够对抗？

朋友笑三度不懂拳击的规矩……

三度说，你的对手能告诉你的，正是你的级别。

如果没有他，你甚至无法了解自己的实力，更不会知道自己的弱点。

由此可见，难道还有比对手更坦率的朋友和老师吗？

以人为镜，可以正身。便是这个道理。

通过各种角度，处处了解自己，找出自己身心的弱点，所谓时时反观，处处自省，从而达到完善人格的目的。





超载行使

曾问一位交警，为何超载易出事故。

他说：“载货过重超出了刹车的承受限度。”

观念和习气是每个人都具有的，因此遇事很容易发作，就如同超载的卡车一样刹不住。

佛家讲的放下，就是
态下行驶，将那些不
“垃圾”放下，如
可自由行驶，这边是

当今社会，物欲横流，
的些利益，不住的给

或言充实，或言疲惫，
清楚。



让“卡车”不在超载的状
必要的，于身心不利的
果这样，既保安全，又
“自在”。

人们为了多贪些便宜，多
自己加码。

其实，只有自己的身体最

有朝一日像那些因超载而出事的卡车一样，或头痛失眠，或血压升高，或腰酸腿痛，或躺在医院……

总之，折于超载，折于名利。

宠物猎物

一位大姐向三度抱怨她的儿子，说他找到女朋友后曾经扬言：

宁可放弃母亲，也不离开女友。

三度问这位母亲平时如何教育儿子，她说她没有一刻不替儿子操心，生怕他走错一步，没让儿子为钱发过愁，甚至做好了准备：即儿子若找不到工作，就养他一辈子。

三度劝这位伤心的大姐：“如果您这样做，与养宠物有何区别？”

“那他为什么不要娘？”大姐气愤道。

三度说：“因为他从与那个女朋友接触过程中找到了自己不是宠物，而是人的感觉。人之所以是人，第一种感觉就是被需要，而从母亲这里得不到，所以他宁可离开家，虽然有些偏激，但逃出被喂养的牢笼，是生物的天性，何况他是个步入青年的男人。”

孩子的逆反，就好比蝉蜕，如果没有破壳而出的过程，何以证明他长大了。如果家长一味的以宠爱之心将其“留住”，与一味地替代和无情的放任一样，都是违背了自然规律。因此，莫怪子女忤逆，反省占有心理。





摆花架子

曾有一位老婆婆念佛十余年，但还是疾病缠身，生活质量不佳，接人待物也毫无定力可言。

他问三度如何用功才能有效果。

三度反问：“评价一位拳师的标准是什么？”

“看他的实战能力。”老婆婆回答的很干脆。

“如果天天只是在练套路，而不用到实战中去，是不是只是花架子？”三度问。

“当然如果用不上，还不如不练武。”

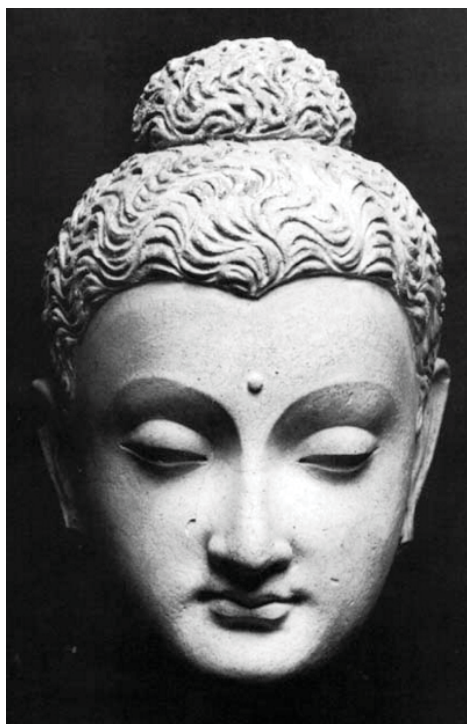
三度抓住禅机：“天天念佛号，比谁都熟，可就是用不到生活中去，那么念佛的用处又在哪里？”

.....

念佛是为了加持定力，但绝非目的，目的是解决问题，在家人首先要解决的就是健康，家庭和事业，若了悟佛法的精义，一定能达到“佛氏门前有求必应”的效果。



出口伤人



一句不假思索的话很可能触到了对方内心的伤口，于是两个人的口角矛盾就此产生。

你伤我一刀，我捅你一剑……

事情的起因，往往就因为“你弄痛我了”。

医生治病时，一针扎下去或一刀切下去，那种痛都会让人难以忍受——其实许多人的内心也有伤口，一旦被触到，同样会发作。

因此，我们应该感谢那些“弄痛”我们的人，那些所谓的“对手”不正是我们的保健医吗？

起码，他/她让我们知道了自己哪有伤口，让我们“痛”，也就是在告诉我们：你这里有伤！

就像是诊断，我们不用再花力气体检，剩下的，就是自疗了。



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