

# 修行路上的绊脚石——情绪波动的自述

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要控制情绪，说起来容易，做到却很难。每当身边的人陷入情绪危机时，我总是尽力安慰、给予支持；然而，当情绪的浪潮袭向我自己时，却常常难以招架。正如《道德经》所言：“胜人者有力，自胜者强。”能战胜他人的是力量，而能战胜自己的，才是真正的强者。

在那些情绪失控的时刻，那个一向自信满满的我，仿佛变成了一根脆弱的树枝，轻轻一碰就可能折断。我开始意识到，真正的修行，不仅是面对外界的挑战，更是与内心的波动和平共处。情绪，是修行路上的绊脚石，也是通往自我成长的必经之路。

我一直在修炼自己，希望在面对不公与取舍时，能以平静的心态和理智的能力去应对。但现实往往比理想更复杂。有人说：“不怕贫，只怕不公。”无论是家庭还是团队，贫穷可以共同面对，降低期望，矛盾也许不会太多。但若是分配不公，即使资源充足，也会引发深层的裂痕。那些富有的家庭，往往因不公平而争执不断。

我一直认为自己是个不太计较的人，生活中的得失对我影响不大。但这次学校在办公室安排上的不公，却深深刺痛了我的心。我们学校的中小学部共处一校已经三十年，老师之间和谐共事，还可以跨部门教学。但近年却逐渐走向分离，不仅教学职责被严格划分，连“家产”也要分割。原本共享的办公室，如今中学部却要将小学部的老师全部赶走，变成只是中学职员的活动场所。

在重新安置这群被迫离开的老师之前，理应征询大家的意见，给予心理准备。但现实却很突然，我们中文部门被分配到一个狭小的角落——那里不仅放置着全校的电脑服务器，噪音、热量、空气辐射严重，甚至连消防通道都不符

合标准。这种安排不仅体现了对这群小学中文老师的漠视，更暴露出学校在分配上的不负责任与不公平。

我无法平静地面对学校的漠视，和即将离开的困惑。我坐在那个陪伴我将近二十年的位置上，望着熟悉的窗外那狮子山的景色，踏着那块走了无数次的地板，心中满是难舍与沉痛。除了向学校表达我们的意见和建议外，我的身体也开始出现前所未有的反应。昨天中午开始，我情绪极度低落，眼泪控制不住地流。甚至在课堂上，我都无法面对学生，只能让他们自习。好不容易撑完一堂课，下课后泪水又涌了出来。在火车上、在家里，眼泪止不住地流。我开始怀疑，是我的身体出了问题。我该如何面对这场情绪的风暴？

如何调整心情，继续前行，是我现在必须面对的课题。“活在当下，不要让未来影响你现在的心情。”这些耳熟能详的道理，在此刻却无法抚慰我内心的波澜。我试着将感受写下来，可是边写边流泪——那就让它流吧，总有流干的一刻，我安慰自己。

这是我母亲去世后，第二次经历那种因‘不舍’而止不住流泪的经历。情绪如潮水般涌来，无法抗拒，也无法逃避。但也许，正是在这些脆弱的时刻，我们才真正面对了自己最真实的内心。写下这些文字，是一种释放，也是一种自我疗愈的尝试。

佛法教导我们：缘来要珍惜，缘去要放手。但最难的，往往是“来”与“去”之间的那段旅程。情感在其中纠缠，心绪在其中起伏，理智也常常败下阵来。

我不得不请假一天，在家进行一场“心斋”的修炼，让自己从情绪的枷锁中解脱出来。运动和画画成了疗愈我内心伤痛的良药，而聆听蒋勋老师讲解《庄子》，则像是一堂深刻的心理辅导课。渐渐地，我平静了下来，身体也恢复

了往日的活力。那天晚上，我甚至参加了球赛，还赢了几场。那股压在心头的情绪，仿佛也随之散去。

第二天，我照常去上学，不愿再提起有关搬迁的事。然而，当别人提起时，内心的纠结又悄然浮现。那份对“不公”和“不舍”的感受，以及对未来不确定性的焦虑，依然深埋在心底。于是，我鼓起勇气，预约了学校心理辅导老师。

我们聊了大约四十分钟。她耐心地倾听我的倾诉，理解我的解释，并认同我的感受。最后，她画出一条关于人在面对变化时情绪波动的曲线。那条曲线让我顿悟：原来我的情绪起伏，并不是异常，而是每一个普通人在面对变化时都会经历的过程。时间终将抚平内心的波涛。



面对变化，我们应尽力争取自己的权益；但当我们无法改变外在环境时，只能学会接受。心理学家常说：“当你无法改变环境时，就改变自己的心态。”我相信——闪电雷鸣终将过去，雨过天晴总会到来。

修行的路上，总会遇到绊脚石。而这些绊脚石，或许正是通往开悟的大门。

## Emotional Currents on the Path to Inner Peace — A Personal Reflection

Controlling emotions is something we often talk about as if it's simple—but living it is another story. When people around me are caught in emotional storms, I do my best to comfort and support them. But when those waves crash over me, I find myself struggling to stay afloat. As the *Tao Te Ching* says, “He who conquers others is strong; he who conquers himself is truly powerful.” And I’m learning just how true that is.

In those moments when emotions take over, the confident version of me seems to disappear. I feel like a brittle twig—one touch away from breaking. It's in these times I've come to understand that real spiritual practice isn't just about facing the world outside, but about learning to live with the tides within. Emotions may trip us up, but they're also part of the journey toward growth.

I've been trying to cultivate a calm and rational mindset, especially when faced with injustice or difficult decisions. But reality is rarely as neat as our ideals. There's a saying: “Poverty is bearable, but injustice is not.” In families or teams, poverty can be faced together, expectations adjusted, and conflicts softened. But when things are unfairly divided—even when resources are plentiful—it can tear people apart. Many wealthy families fight not because they lack, but because they feel wronged.

I've always thought of myself as someone who doesn't dwell too much on daily gains and losses. But this time, the unfair office arrangement at school hit me hard. For thirty years, our primary and secondary departments have shared the same campus. Teachers worked together harmoniously, even across departments. But lately, things have changed. Teaching roles are now strictly divided, and even shared spaces are being split. The secondary department is now claiming the office entirely, forcing all primary teachers out.

What hurt most wasn't just the relocation—it was how it was handled. There was no consultation, no time to prepare. Our Chinese department was moved to a cramped corner next to the school's computer servers, surrounded by noise, heat, and poor air quality. Even the fire exits don't meet safety standards. It felt like we were being pushed aside, and the lack of care in the arrangement revealed a deeper issue of neglect and unfairness.

I couldn't stay calm. Sitting in the spot that had been mine for nearly two decades, looking out at the familiar view of Lion Rock, walking across the floor I'd paced countless times—my heart was heavy with sorrow and reluctance. Beyond voicing our concerns to the

school, my body began to react in ways I'd never experienced. Since yesterday afternoon, I've felt deeply low. Tears come without warning. I couldn't face my students and had to let them study on their own. After class, the tears returned. On the train, at home—they wouldn't stop. I started to wonder if something was wrong with me. How do I weather this emotional storm?

Finding a way to adjust and move forward has become my new challenge. "Live in the moment; don't let the future steal your present peace." These familiar words offer little comfort when the heart is in turmoil. I tried writing down my feelings, but the tears kept flowing. So I let them. I told myself: they'll dry up eventually.

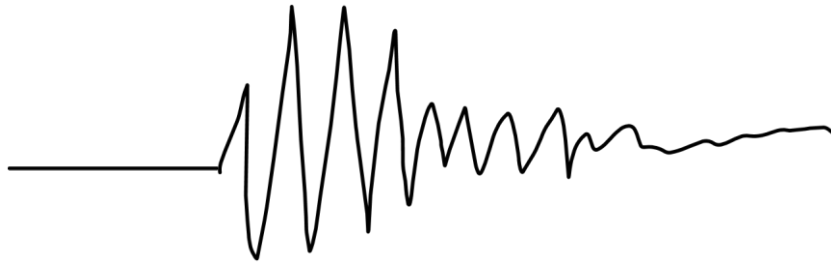
This is only the second time in my life I've cried uncontrollably from a sense of deep loss—the first was when my mother passed away. Emotions surged like tides, impossible to resist or escape. But maybe it's in these fragile moments that we truly meet ourselves. Writing this is my way of releasing, of healing.

Buddhism teaches us to cherish what comes and let go of what leaves. But the hardest part is often the journey between the two. Emotions get tangled, thoughts rise and fall, and reason doesn't always win.

I took a day off to rest and reflect—to practice a kind of "inner fasting." Exercise and painting helped soothe my heart, and listening to Jiang Xun's lectures on *Zhuangzi* felt like a deep, personal therapy session. Slowly, I began to feel lighter. My energy returned. That night, I even joined a ball game—and won a few matches. With each movement, the weight on my chest seemed to lift.

The next day, I went back to school, choosing not to bring up the relocation. But when others mentioned it, the inner ache returned. The feelings of injustice, reluctance, and anxiety about the future still linger quietly inside. So I gathered my courage and booked a session with the school counsellor.

We spoke for about forty minutes. She listened patiently, understood my story, and validated my emotions. In the end, she drew a curve showing how people's emotions fluctuate when facing change. That simple curve was a revelation: my ups and downs weren't abnormal—they were part of a natural process. Everyone goes through it. And with time, the waves settle.



When change comes, we should stand up for what's right. But when the world won't bend, we must learn to bend within. Psychologists often say, "If you can't change your environment, change your mindset." I believe that. After thunder and lightning, the skies do clear.

On the path of spiritual growth, stumbling stones are inevitable. But maybe—just maybe—they're the very steps that lead us to awakening.