

兄弟无故，一乐也

The Joy of Siblings in Harmony

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“父母俱存，兄弟无故，一乐也。” 孟子将家庭之乐列为君子三乐之首，确有深意。世间的物质与名利带来的快乐，都难以与亲情给予的温暖和安稳相比。

父母健在时，每逢假期回家，外面的得失与纷扰仿佛都被隔绝在门外。只要看到父母慈祥的笑容，听到熟悉的乡音，内心便充满幸福与踏实。

父母离世后，那个时刻牵动游子归心的家，似乎也渐渐失去了往日的召唤。兄弟姐妹各自忙于经营自己的小家庭，不知不觉间，曾经热闹温暖的大家庭渐渐疏远了。

如今，兄弟姐妹都已步入人生的晚秋，更懂得岁月匆匆，也更加珍惜相聚的时光。每次团聚，大家重温儿时趣事，追忆成长点滴，分享人生感悟，谈论子孙后辈的成长。欢声笑语中，往日的温情仿佛又回到了身边。

这次四天的探亲之旅，虽然行程紧凑，却处处感受到家人的用心。7月3日星期五下午三点多抵达贵阳时，二哥和小飞早已在车站等候。坐上小飞宽敞舒适的汽车，Jason 享受着带按摩功能的最佳座位，备受照顾。

来到小飞家，早已为我们准备好了舒适的房间，比酒店还惬意。当天晚上，大家来到附近餐厅品尝当地特色菜肴，满桌丰盛美食，让人感受到浓浓的亲情与热情款待。

第二天，小飞陪同我们一行六人——大姐、梁哥、二哥、Jason 和我，前往天河潭游览。这里山水相依，瀑布飞流，溶洞奇幻，自然景色十分秀美。一路上，大家一边欣赏美景，一边畅叙亲情，在轻松愉快的氛围中享受难得的相聚时光。

晚上，小飞又带我们游览了贵阳的文化地标——甲秀楼，并欣赏市区迷人的夜景。古典建筑与现代都市交相辉映，让我们感受到贵阳独特的人文魅力，也为充实而愉快的一天画上了圆满的句号。

第三天，小飞送我们回到老家——中坪关田。那里是我们七兄弟姐妹出生和成长的地方，承载着无数童年的记忆。

刚回到老家，映入眼帘的是那座熟悉而又略显陌生的老屋：青绿色的瓦片镶着红边，洁白的墙身衬托着红色的柱子和栏杆，显得整洁而充满生气。屋前宽敞的院坝旁，那棵枝繁叶茂的核桃树依然挺立。小时候，我常坐在树下读书、画画；如今它依旧郁郁葱葱，仿佛默默守护着我们的成长岁月。放眼四周，正值盛夏，绿油油的稻田和玉米地在青山环抱下格外迷人。熟悉的乡村景色，让人倍感亲切。



回到老家，最重要的莫过于祭拜父母。按照家乡习俗，我们烧香点烛，焚化纸钱，向父母诉说从远方归来的思念。

站在父母墓前，往日的点点滴滴不禁涌上心头。虽然他们早已离开人世，却从未真正离开我们的生命。我把这些年的经历、家庭的变化，以及我们的成长故事，默默叙述，他们仿佛依然在静静聆听。

我始终相信，祭拜不仅是一种传统仪式，更是一份亲情的延续。无论时光过去多久，父母都活在儿女的记忆里。怀着感恩与思念前来祭拜，也是我们对养育之恩最朴素的表达。

老家的传统依然延续着。男人们围坐在核桃树下谈天说地、追忆往事；勤劳的侄女和侄媳妇们则忙着洗菜做饭，张罗饭菜。院子里欢声笑语不断，浓浓的亲情弥漫在每个角落，为这次难得的家族团聚增添了许多温馨。

白天的老家充满生机，田野绿意盎然，院子里人来人往；到了夜晚，没有城市的喧闹与霓虹，只有宁静和清凉。年轻人不习惯这样的生活节奏，往往当天来回，晚上便返回城里。



而我却对这里依依不舍。不仅有熟悉的山水田园，更珍藏着抹不去的童年回忆和血浓于水的亲情。美好的相聚终有结束的时候，也到了与小飞一家告别的时刻。为了这次家人团聚，小飞忙前忙后，辛苦了好几天，也该回贵阳继续他的工作和生活。

挥别小飞后，我们随小琴一家前往瓮安县城，继续接下来的行程。车子渐渐驶离老家，我不时回望那片熟悉的土地，心中满是不舍，也满载着温暖而珍贵的回忆。



第四天，我们来到瓮安，与大哥和小琴一家相聚。为了能让兄弟姐妹有更多相处的时间，二哥和三哥也特意留了下来陪伴我们。小琴和小禄一如既往地担当着家族聚会的组织者，精心安排了一天的行程。上午，我们先去观赏瀑布，随后来到山庄，欣赏山水田园风光，并品尝丰盛的农家自做午餐。

最让我难忘的，是在大哥家的最后一顿晚餐。桌上的菜肴虽然普通，却格外可口：瘦肉炖红豆、腊肉炒萝卜丝、蒸水蛋、干煸青椒，



每一道都充满家的味道，远胜餐厅里的山珍海味。

这些菜不仅凝聚着他们的心思和手艺，更饱含着浓浓的亲情。席间，小禄还热心分享蒸水蛋和干煸青椒的做法，让这顿饭增添了几分温馨与乐趣。

饭桌上，大家小酌几杯后兴致渐浓，纷纷打开话匣子，聊起往日趣事。

大哥精神饱满，神采奕奕。平日话不多的他，这次却谈兴甚浓；二哥依旧幽默风趣，谈笑间流露出对家人和晚辈成长的欣慰与自豪；三哥还是那副随性洒脱的模样，喝酒抽烟的习惯依然未改。几杯酒下肚，虽偶尔词不达意，却与二哥一唱一和，引得满桌欢笑。

大嫂刚出院不久，精神虽稍显疲惫，却也被大家的欢声笑语感染，兴致勃勃地加入聊天。她最爱讲我小时候的趣事，说我遇到不顺心的事便又哭又闹，蛮不讲理，逗得大家哈哈大笑。

我原本也想借此机会，谈谈这些年在生活感悟。然而每当刚要开口，话题便被新的笑声和故事带了过去。于是，我索性安静下来，细细聆听每个人的讲述。看着兄弟姐妹围坐一桌，谈笑风生，我忽然觉得，这份难得的团聚，本身就是人生最珍贵的快乐。

多年来，我一直学习佛法。虽然离开悟还很遥远，但佛法让我学会观察自己的内心，也明白了许多烦恼的根源。佛经记载，释迦牟尼成道后，首先想到的是利益众生，其中也包括自己的亲人。我常想，如果能把自己领悟到的一点道理与家人分享，让大家少一些烦恼，多一分自在，也是一件有意义的事。然而，佛法融入生活并影响身边的人，并非易事，更不能勉强。对此，我仍在学习和摸索。

离别前的早餐，只与三位亲兄长围坐一桌。几天来，该聊的话题几乎都聊过了，我才有机会谈到佛法所说的“贪、嗔、痴”是烦恼的根源。当烦恼生起时，如果能够反观自己，把烦恼当作觉察和成长的契机，心境往往会有所不同。

哥哥们都认真聆听，也坦诚地说，道理并不难懂，难的是落实到日常生活中。这让我想起神秀大师的偈语：“时时勤拂拭，勿使惹尘埃。”修行并不神秘，而是在日常生活中不断反省自己，发现错误及时改正，让内心渐渐回归平和。

他们谦虚地说自己读书不多，对佛法了解有限。于是，我又谈起六祖慧能的故事。慧能大师虽没有多少学问，却因一念觉悟而明心见性。佛法重在实践，不在知识多少。我也希望家人们广结善缘、多行善事，减少烦恼，快乐度过人生的最后阶段。

这次相聚，处处让我感受到家人的关爱与温暖。从接送陪伴到一餐一饭的悉心安排，无不凝聚着他们的心意，让我深深感动，也满怀感激。经历了岁月的沉淀，我对孟子“父母俱存，兄弟无故，一乐也”这句话有了更深的领悟。人生走过大半，名利终会淡去，唯有亲情历久弥珍。愿我们都能珍惜相聚的时光，珍惜身边的亲人，不让爱留下遗憾。

The Joy of Siblings in Harmony

“One of life’s greatest joys is to have one’s parents alive and one’s siblings safe and well.” — *Mencius*

There is deep wisdom in Mencius’s words. The pleasures that come from wealth, success, and status can never compare with the warmth, comfort, and security that family brings.

When my parents were alive, every trip home during the holidays felt like a refuge from the world. The gains and losses, worries and pressures of daily life seemed to remain outside the door. The sight of my parents’ gentle smiles and the sound of my hometown dialect filled me with happiness and peace.

After my parents passed away, the home that had always called me back seemed to lose some of its pull. My brothers and sisters became occupied with their own families, and gradually the large, lively family we once shared grew more distant.

Now that we have all entered the autumn of our lives, we are more aware of how quickly time passes and more appreciative of the opportunities to be together. Whenever we meet, we revisit childhood memories, recall our years of growing up, share life lessons, and talk about our children and grandchildren. In those moments of laughter, the warmth of the past seems to return.

This four-day family reunion was tightly scheduled, yet every detail reflected the care and thoughtfulness of my family. On the afternoon of July 3, when we arrived in Guiyang, my second brother and Xiaofei were already waiting for us at the station. Jason was given the best seat in Xiaofei's spacious car—a massage seat—and was treated like an honored guest.

At Xiaofei's home, comfortable rooms had been prepared for us, more pleasant than a hotel. That evening, we enjoyed a delicious feast of local specialties at a nearby restaurant and experienced the warmth of genuine family hospitality.

The next day, Xiaofei took six of us—our eldest sister, Liang Ge, my second brother, Jason, and me—to visit Tianhetan Scenic Area. Surrounded by mountains, waterfalls, rivers, and caves, the landscape was breathtaking. As we enjoyed the scenery, we also enjoyed the rare opportunity to reconnect and share family stories.

That evening, Xiaofei showed us Jiaxiu Tower, one of Guiyang's most famous landmarks, and we admired the city's beautiful night views. The blend of historic architecture and modern city lights revealed Guiyang's unique charm and brought a perfect end to the day.

On the third day, Xiaofei drove us back to our hometown, Zhongping Guantian, where all seven of us brothers and sisters were born and raised.

The first thing that caught my eye was our old family house, both familiar and strangely unfamiliar after so many years. Its green-tiled roof with red trim, white walls, and red pillars looked neat and vibrant. Beside the spacious courtyard stood the walnut tree under which I used to read and draw as a child. It remains tall and full of life, as though quietly guarding our childhood memories.

It was midsummer. Green rice fields and cornfields stretched across the countryside beneath rolling hills. The familiar rural landscape felt welcoming and comforting.

Returning home, the most important thing was visiting our parents' graves. Following local tradition, we lit incense and candles, burned paper offerings, and expressed our love and longing for them.

Standing before their graves, memories came flooding back. Although my parents have long since passed away, they have never truly left our lives. I silently told them about the years that had passed, the changes in our family, and the stories of our lives, as if they were still listening.

I have always believed that paying respects to our ancestors is more than a tradition; it is a continuation of family love. No matter how much time passes, parents live on in the hearts of their children. Visiting them with gratitude and remembrance is our simplest way of repaying their love and sacrifice.

Family traditions remain alive in our hometown. The men sat beneath the walnut tree chatting and recalling old memories, while our hardworking nieces and grandnieces bustled about preparing meals. Laughter filled the courtyard, and the warmth of family could be felt everywhere.

During the day, the countryside was full of life and activity. At night, free from the noise and bright lights of the city, it became peaceful and cool. Many young people are not accustomed to such a quiet pace and often return to the city before nightfall.

I, however, found it hard to leave. This place holds not only the familiar mountains and fields of my childhood, but also precious memories and deep family bonds.

Eventually, it was time to say goodbye to Xiaofei and his family. He had worked tirelessly to make this reunion possible and needed to return to his life and work in Guiyang.

After parting from him, we traveled with Xiaoqin's family to Weng'an County. As our car pulled away from the village, I kept looking back at the land I knew so well, carrying with me both a sense of loss and a heart full of warm memories.

On the fourth day, we reunited with my eldest brother and Xiaoqin's family in Weng'an. To spend more time together, both my second and third brothers stayed on as well.

As always, Xiaoqin and Xiaolu took charge of organizing the gathering. In the morning, we visited a waterfall and later went to a countryside resort, where we enjoyed the mountain scenery and a generous farm-style lunch.

What I remember most vividly was our final dinner at my eldest brother's home. The dishes were simple but delicious: pork and red bean stew, cured pork with shredded radish, steamed egg custard, and stir-fried green peppers. Each dish carried the unmistakable taste of home.

These meals reflected not only skill and effort, but also love and affection. During dinner, Xiaolu enthusiastically shared his cooking tips for the steamed eggs and peppers, adding a touch of fun to the occasion.

After a few drinks, everyone became more talkative. Stories, jokes, and memories flowed freely around the table.

My eldest brother looked energetic and cheerful. Usually a quiet man, he spoke at length this time. My second brother remained as humorous as ever, expressing pride

in the achievements of family members and younger generations. My third brother was still carefree and easygoing. After a few drinks, he occasionally lost his train of thought, but together with my second brother he kept everyone laughing.

My sister-in-law had only recently been discharged from the hospital. Though still somewhat tired, she was drawn into the lively conversations. Her favorite stories were about my childhood. She reminded everyone how I would cry and complain whenever things did not go my way, sending the whole table into laughter.

I had hoped to share some of my own reflections on life, but every time I tried to speak, another story or joke took over the conversation. In the end, I simply listened. Watching my brothers and sisters laugh and talk around the table, I realized that this rare reunion was itself one of life's greatest joys.

For many years I have studied Buddhism. Though enlightenment remains far beyond me, Buddhism has taught me to observe my own mind and better understand the roots of suffering. Buddhist scriptures tell us that after attaining enlightenment, the Buddha's first thought was to benefit all beings, including his own family.

I often think that if I can share even a small amount of what I have learned, helping my family worry less and live more peacefully, it would be worthwhile. Yet bringing Buddhist principles into daily life and influencing others is not easy, nor should it ever be forced. I am still learning myself.

On our final morning, only my three brothers and I sat together for breakfast. Most of the usual topics had already been discussed, so I finally had a chance to talk about greed, anger, and ignorance—the three root causes of suffering in Buddhist teaching. When difficulties arise, we can learn to look inward and turn those moments into opportunities for growth and understanding.

My brothers listened attentively. They agreed that understanding principles is easy; living by them is much harder. Their comments reminded me of a verse by Master Shenxiu: “Always polish the mirror diligently and never let dust settle upon it.”

True practice is not mysterious. It means examining ourselves daily, correcting our mistakes, and gradually returning to inner peace.

My brothers modestly said that they had little formal education and limited knowledge of Buddhism. So, I shared the story of Huineng, the Sixth Patriarch, who achieved profound awakening despite having little schooling. Buddhism is ultimately about practice, not intellectual knowledge. I hope my family will continue to cultivate kindness, do good deeds, reduce unnecessary worries, and live the rest of their lives with greater happiness and peace.

Throughout this reunion, I was deeply touched by the love and care of my family. From the rides they arranged to every thoughtfully prepared meal, everything reflected their affection and generosity.

As the years pass, I understand Mencius’s words more deeply than ever. Wealth, success, and status eventually fade. Family love endures. Having journeyed through more than half of life, I have come to realize that family is life’s most lasting and precious treasure.

May we all cherish our time together, treasure the people we love, and leave no regrets where love is concerned.