

放下身段 Letting Go of Pride

Winnie Mo

面对生存的困境，唯有放下身段，才能寻找另一片空间。星云大师在《放下》中说过：“提得起，才能放得下；放得下，才能自在。”这句话提醒我们，真正的智慧不是执着于身份与尊严，而是懂得在需要时放下，才能获得心灵的自由。

那是 1993 年的盛夏，深圳的天空仿佛被火焰点燃，空气中弥漫着灼人的热浪。罗湖火车站人潮涌动，喧嚣中夹杂着焦躁与期待。阿碧刚踏入这座城市，便感到呼吸变得沉重，仿佛这片土地用酷暑在考验每一个新来者。她背着行囊，走进这座陌生的城市，第一次真切地体会到生存的艰难。然而，阿碧没有退缩，而是凭借坚强的意志和强烈的信念，一天一天地度过人生的考验。

她仍带着教师的身份与尊严，不愿放下身段去做那些为了生存的工作，总觉得那样有失身份。她执意要找到一份所谓“白领”阶层的工作。为了找到“白领”工作，她四处寻觅，却处处碰壁。她觉得在酒楼做服务员太低三下四，不受尊重；跑业务，好像靠嘴皮子讨饭吃；至于所谓“蓝领”工作，更是无法接受。她宁可每天只吃一个面包，在烈日下到处寻找机会，日子过得十分清苦。然而现实无情，钱快要花光，连买一个面包都成了问题。

直到有一天，她在街头遇见一位曾经教过的学生。那位学生衣着光鲜，充满自信，口若悬河地介绍自己的产品，推销成功后立刻拿到提成。阿碧心中一动：“她能做，我也能做。”于是，她加入了推销员的行列，第一份工作是推销报纸。每天跑到不同的公司，寻找老板订阅报纸，然后将签好的订单送回公司，就能获得收入。

这对于一个急需买面包钱的阿碧来说，是极具吸引力的工作。她开始将报纸内容背得滚瓜烂熟，每到一家企业，都会停下来思考：这个公司需要什么信息？然后鼓足勇气向老板讲解这份报纸能为他们提供的价值。渐渐地，签单越来越多，口才练好了，脸皮练厚了，自信心也越来越强。生活，终于有了转机。

在人生的旅途中，外在的身份、地位和财富，往往成为束缚我们的枷锁。唯有放下这些执念，才能轻装前行，走得更远、更快。放下身段，才能发现属于自己的另一片天空。阿碧的故事让她渐渐明白：真正的尊严，不在于拒绝低处，而在于有勇气在低处重新站起。

Letting Go of Pride

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When life presses us to the edge of survival, only by laying down our pride can we carve out a new horizon. Venerable Master Hsing Yun once wrote in *Letting Go*: “To lift is to learn to release; to release is to find freedom.” These words whisper a timeless truth: wisdom is not in clutching at titles or dignity, but in knowing when to loosen our grip—so the soul may breathe.

It was the summer of 1993. Shenzhen’s sky blazed like molten fire, and the air shimmered with a feverish heat. At Luohu Railway Station, the crowd surged like restless tides, their voices tangled with impatience and hope. Abi stepped into this city and felt the weight of its breathless heat, as though the land itself were testing every stranger who dared to dream. With a worn bag on her shoulder, she walked into streets unknown, tasting for the first time the bitter edge of survival. Yet she did not falter.

With a will tempered like steel and a heart fierce with longing, she endured each day's trial.

At first, she clung to the fragile crown of her identity as a teacher, unwilling to stoop for work that seemed beneath her name. She chased the mirage of a “white-collar” life, knocking on doors that never opened. To serve in a restaurant felt like bowing too low; to sell with words seemed like begging for bread; and as for labor, she could not bear the thought. So she wandered beneath the burning sun, living on a single piece of bread, her days stretched thin and hollow. Until reality struck hard—her last coins spent, hunger gnawing like a silent beast.

Then, fate turned on a street corner. She met a former student—radiant, poised, her voice flowing like a river as she pitched her wares. A deal closed, a commission earned, and Abi's heart stirred: If she can, so can I. Thus began her rebirth—as a humble newspaper seller. Each day she roamed from office to office, seeking subscriptions, carrying signed orders back like trophies of survival.

For one who hungered for bread, this was a lifeline. Abi learned the paper by heart, every headline etched into memory. At each door, she paused to ponder: What truth does this company crave? Then, with courage summoned from the depths, she spoke of value and vision. Slowly, the tide turned. Orders multiplied, her voice grew sure, her skin thickened, and confidence bloomed like a stubborn flower in the heat. Life, at last, began to bend toward hope.

On the long road of existence, status, wealth, and pride often harden into chains. Only by breaking them can we walk unburdened—farther, faster, freer. To bow is not defeat; it is the doorway to another sky. Abi's story whispers this eternal lesson: true dignity is not in shunning the low places, but in rising from them with grace—and walking on, head lifted, into the wind.