

引言：為了更好的準備 SJCCM 40 年的里程碑，我們會陸續的刊登跟福傳有關係的文章。以下的文章是節錄自 2003 年『聖城通訊』。這篇文章不是理論，是真實信仰生活的寫照，有信，有望，也有愛。基督徒的生活中的確有難處，誠如作者說的，我們的苦難跟耶穌的十字架受難無法比，只稍稍補足耶穌所受的苦。但基督徒遭遇困難時，仍有盼望，因我們可以求告上主的幫助。藉著祈禱，上主也除去這作者燒傷的疼痛。

=====

### 聖言成了血肉 - 聖灰節的體驗 陳雯達 July 15, 2003

今年的聖灰節是在三月五日，我們打算全家一起參加晚上在 St. Clare Church 的彌撒。孩子們下課後，我匆忙的督促他們寫功課，彈鋼琴。聖灰節那天要守大、小齋，因此我就趕快去廚房準備晚飯。當我從洗碗機拿剛洗好的餐具時，不小心將一枝筷子掉進了洗碗機的底層，我馬上伸手去拿出來。我沒想到雖然洗碗機已經洗完畢了，但是洗碗機底層有一圈燒得火燙的鐵管仍然在散發出熱氣用來烘乾碗盤。所以當我的手正拿到筷子的時候，我聽到了一個像烤肉時所發出的那種吱吱的聲音，還看見一股煙，然後我的手就感受到古時候向犯人逼供時用那種火烙酷刑的滋味。因為洗碗機底層空間不大，

我的手一時卡住拿不出來，所以又多烙了幾秒鐘，痛得我一面哇哇大叫，一面把手硬扯出來。

往手心一看，一條燒成死灰色的皮肉在左手的中下方，約四吋長半吋寬。我趕緊擦油擦藥，但傷處反而更痛，而且繃帶也黏不住，真不知道要怎麼做菜！沒過幾分鐘，灼傷處開始腫脹起來，我心想一定要長水疱了。但是我必須儘快做晚飯才能趕上彌撒，也因此想到了今晚的聖灰禮儀，讓我覺得我只不過受了一點小小的皮肉之苦而已，比起耶穌為我所受的苦痛真是天差地別，實在不應該大驚小怪。經上說：應常歡樂，不斷祈禱，事事感謝。(得前五:16-18)所以我心想能在聖灰節被燒也是個天主特別的「祝福」。因此，雖然還是很痛，我就在心中把這痛都奉獻給耶穌，也謝謝天主讓我在這一天有如此特殊的一個奉獻，就繼續儘快的準備晚飯。

當我們開車前往教堂時，我的手仍然在痛，但比起之前的時候要好得多了。因為手上都是藥膏，我就一直張著手掌避免碰到衣服或別人。彌撒進行到一半的時候，我的兒子有些坐不住的樣子，我就自然的用我的左手牽著他的右手叫他專心。當我的手心碰到他的手時，我的灼傷就開始刺痛，比在家中的時候還要嚴重許多，痛得我直吸氣並開始坐立不安。因為我沒有帶藥膏出來，只好急急忙忙的翻我的皮包找 hand lotion 當作藥來用。在同時，我再次的感謝天主，並把這個痛奉獻給耶穌。沒想到，突然間，灼痛的感覺就完全停止了，而且再也沒有痛過，真是奇妙。

第二天，我手上焦死的皮膚開始脫皮，部份的皮膚看起來像是被熨斗燙平似的，連手掌的紋路都變淺了。

最令我驚訝的是我始終沒有長水疱，並且除了肉體上的痕跡外，我再也沒有絲毫的疼痛，因為仁慈的天主把我的痛完全拿走了。

聖灰節是四旬期的第一天，也開始了我們四十天的悔罪、克己和補贖的生活。富憐憫的天主藉著我的灼傷，接受了我的奉獻和懺悔，並賜給我信德與力量來度我的四旬期和往後的生活。感謝讚美天主！願天主的名永受光榮！

### Word Became Flesh – An Ash Wednesday Experience Wendar Chen Fu – (July 15, 2003)

March 5<sup>th</sup> was Ash Wednesday, and my family planned to attend the evening Mass at St. Clare Church. After my kids returned from school in the afternoon, I first watched them work on their homework and practice the piano, and then began to prepare dinner in the kitchen. As I was retrieving clean forks from the dishwasher, I accidentally dropped a chopstick into the bottom part of the dishwasher. I immediately reached my hand in to retrieve it. Although the washing cycle had completed, the metal pipe at the bottom of the dishwasher was still burning hot, emitting heat for drying the dishes. So just as my hand got hold of the chopstick, I heard a sizzling noise that sounded like meat placed on a barbeque and saw a wisp of smoke. My hand instantly experienced a burning sensation that brought to mind the torturous branding irons used in the old days to force confessions out of a prisoner. Due to the cramped space in the bottom layer of dishwasher, my hand was stuck and I had to endure the scorching several seconds longer as I tried to rip my hand out.

When I looked at the palm of my left hand, I saw a line of burnt gray-colored flesh about 4 inches long, half inch wide. Immediately I rubbed some ointment on it and covered it with a bandage. But it became even more painful, and the bandage would not stay on. I was frustrated because I didn't know how I would be able to cook in this condition. After several more minutes, the area began to swell, and I thought I was going to get blisters for sure. But I needed to quickly prepare dinner so we can go to church, and as

I thought of the Ash Wednesday Mass and its meaning, it made me feel better because I had merely a small physical discomfort that is so minute compared to the pain Jesus suffered for me. I really should not make a fuss out of it! The Scripture says “Rejoice always. Pray without ceasing. In all circumstances give thanks, for this is the will of God for you in Christ Jesus” (1 Thessalonians 5:16-18). Although the burn was still very painful, I decided to offer all of the suffering to Jesus as my sacrifice, and gave thanks to God for the opportunity to have such a special sacrifice on this special day. Then I continued to prepare dinner. Page | 4

My palm was still hurting as we were driving to church, but it was much better than it was before dinner. Because my palm was covered with ointment, I kept my hand up and open to avoid getting the ointment on my clothes or on other people. Half way through Mass, my son Brandon appeared restless, so I instinctively held his right hand using my left hand to help him focus. As my palm touched his hand, the burnt area began to sting, and the pain was much sharper and more severe than before, and I had difficulty enduring this pain. Since I forgot to bring the ointment, all I could do was to fumble through my purse for hand lotion, which turned out to be completely useless. At the same time, I offered my thanks to God and the pain to Jesus once again. Immediately and very suddenly, the sharp pain completely stopped, and amazingly, it has not hurt at all since.

On the next day, the charred skin began to peel off, and some other parts of the skin looked as if they had been ironed flat. Even the palm prints became very slight. What surprised me the most was that no blisters developed. Other than the physical burn mark, I had absolutely no pain whatsoever, because our merciful God had taken the pain completely away from me.

Ash Wednesday marks the first day of Lent, which was the beginning of forty days of repentance, prayer, sacrifice, and fasting. By means of my burnt palm, our merciful God received my sacrifice and contrition, and conferred me with faith and strength during this Lenten season and beyond. Praise and thanks be to God, may His name be glorified forever.