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## 智慧卷

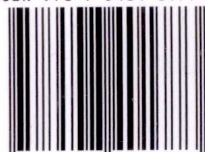
人的生命是多彩多姿的。人年轻时，宛若黄河之水天上来，奔腾咆哮，汹涌澎湃，势摧万物，不可遏止；又如火山之浆地中喷，冲天贯日，电石火花，扫荡一切，难以控制。那样激情四射，那样让人难以忘怀。人的生命要像年轻人那样，充满活力和坚强，不应该像瓷器和花朵那样脆弱娇嫩，禁不起一点儿磕碰和吹打，应该像天空高悬的星星，即使一时被云朵遮盖也要在它的位置上发光。有些生命虽然短暂，却依然打动我们。瀑布的生命，在于征服悬崖绝壁的阻挡，在于它落而不衰。

# 心灵鸡汤全集



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## Mum Who Wrote Family Letters

To this day I remember my mum's letters. It all started in December 1941. Every night she sat at the big table in the kitchen and wrote to my brother Johnny, who had been drafted that summer. We hadn't heard from him since the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor.

I didn't understand why my mum kept writing to Johnny when he never wrote back.

"Wait and see—we'll get a letter from him one day," she claimed. Mum said that there was a direct link from the brain to the written word that was just as strong as the light God has granted us. She trusted that this light would find Johnny.

I don't know if she said that to calm herself, dad or all of us down. But I do know that it helped us stick together, and one day a letter really did arrive. Johnny was alive on an island in the Pacific.

Mum signed her letters, "Cecilia Capuzzi." "Why don't you just write 'Mum'?" I asked.

I hadn't been aware that she always thought of herself as Cecilia Capuzzi. Not as Mum. I began seeing her in a new light.

She never wore make-up or jewelry except for a wedding ring. Her hair was fine, sleek and black and always put up in a knot in the neck. Her small silver-rimmed pince-nez only left her nose when she went to bed.



Mum had become the correspondent in our part of town. Sometimes she would write letters all day long.

Mum always insisted that people signed their own letters, and the small woman with the grey hair asked mum to teach her how to do it. "I so much want to be able to write my own name so that my son can see it." Then mum held the woman's hand in hers and moved her hand over the paper again and again until she was able to do it without her help.

After that day, when mum had written a letter for the woman, she signed it herself, and her face brightened up in a smile.

One day when she came to us, all hope had disappeared from her eyes. Mum instantly knew what had happened. They stood hand in hand for a long time without saying a word. Then mum said: "We better go to church. There are certain things in life so great that we cannot comprehend them." When mum came back home, she couldn't get the red-haired boy out of her mind.

On one occasion mum admitted that she had always had a secret dream of writing a novel. "Why didn't you?" I asked.

She tried to explain why it absorbed her so. "All people in this world are here with one particular purpose," she said. "Apparently, mine is to write letters."

"A letter unites people. It can make them cry, it can make them laugh. There is no caress more lovely and warm than a love letter, because it makes the world seem very small, and both sender and receiver become like kings in their own kingdoms. My dear, a letter is life itself!"

Today all mum's letters are lost. But those who got them still talk about her and cherish the memory of her letters in their hearts.





门,用颤抖的声音问道:“你真的写信了吗?”

“我是写给儿子们的。”

“那你也会读信吗?”女人小声问。

“当然会。”

那女人打开背包,掏出了一堆航空信。“念……请给我念一下。”

那些信是女人在欧洲当兵的儿子写来的,妈妈还记得那男孩的模样,他有一头红发,常和他的兄弟们坐在家门前的楼梯上。妈妈把信一封接一封地从英文译成意大利文读出来。那女人热泪盈眶。

“现在我必须得给他写回信。”她说。可她怎么写呢?

“奥克塔维娅,去冲杯咖啡。”妈妈在客厅里向我大声说道,同时把那女人领到厨房桌边坐下。她拿出钢笔、墨水和航空信纸开始写信。写完后,她给那女人朗读了一遍。

“这正是我想说的话,你怎么知道呀?”

“我也和你一样,常坐在那里看儿子的来信,不知道该写什么。”

几天后,那女人又带来一个朋友,后来又来了一个又一个——她们都有儿子在战场上作战,都需要写信。妈妈已经成了我们镇的写信员,有时她一天到晚都在写回信。

妈妈总是坚持让那些人签上自己的名字。一位头发花白的女人要妈妈教她怎么签名。“我真想能亲手写下自己的名字,这样儿子就能看到了,于是,妈妈手把手教她在纸上一遍一遍书写,直到她能自己签名。

那天以后,妈妈帮那个女人写好信,由她亲自签名,那女人脸上绽开了灿烂的微笑。

有一天,她来我们家时,眼里失去了所有的希望。妈妈立刻明白了是怎么回事。两人握着手,久久地站在那里,一声不吭。后来妈妈说:“我们最好去教堂。生命中有些事不同寻常,我们无法理解。”妈妈回家后,怎么也无法忘记那个红发男孩。



## Penance after 50 Years

It is in a little bookshop in the city of Lichfield, England. The floor has just been swept and the shutter taken down from the one small window. The hour is early, and customers have not yet begun to drop in. Out of doors the rain is falling.

At a small table near the door, a feeble, white-haired old man is making up some packages of books. As he arranges them in a large basket, he stops now and then as though disturbed by pain. He puts his hand to his side; he coughs in a most distressing way; then he sits down and rests himself, leaning his elbows upon the table.

"Samuel!" he calls.

In the farther corner of the room there is a young man busily reading from a large book that is spread open before him. His eyesight must be poor, for, as he reads, he bends down until his face is quite near the printed page.

"Samuel!" again the old man calls.

But Samuel makes no reply. He is so deeply interested in his book that he doesn't hear. The old man rests himself a little longer and then finishes tying his packages.

He lifts the heavy basket and sets it on the table. The exertion brings on another fit of coughing; and when it is over he calls for the third time, "Samuel!"

"What is it, father?" This time the call is heard.

"You know, Samuel," he says, "that tomorrow is market day at Uttoxeter, and our stall must be attended to. Some of our friends will be there to look at the new books they expect me to bring. One of us must go down on the stage this morning



afflicted with asthma. He walks with the aid of a heavy stick.

With slow but ponderous strides he enters the market place and looks around. He seems not to know that the rain is falling.

He looks at the little stalls ranged along the walls of the market place. Some have roofs over them and are the centers of noisy trade. Others have fallen into disuse and are empty.

The stranger halts before one of the latter. "Yes, this is it," he says. "I remember it well. It was here that my father, on certain market days, sold books to the clergy of the county. The good men came from every parish to see his wares and to hear him describe their contents."

He turns abruptly around. "Yes, this is the place," he repeats.

He stands quite still and upright, directly in front of the little old stall. He takes off his hat and holds it beneath his arm. His great walking stick has fallen into the gutter. He bows his head and clasps his hands. He doesn't seem to know that the rain is falling.

The clock in the tower above the market strikes eleven. The passers-by stop and gaze at the stranger. The market people peer at him from their booths and stalls. Some laugh as the rain runs in streams down his scarred old cheeks. Rain is it? Or can it be tears?

Boys hoot at him. Some of the ruder ones even hint at throwing mud; but a sense of shame withholds them from the act.

"He is a poor lunatic. Let him alone," says the more compassionate.

The rain falls upon his bare head and his broad shoulders. He is drenched and chilled. But he stands motionless and silent, looking neither to the right nor to the left.

"Who is that old fool?" asks a thoughtless young man who chanced to be passing.



symbolized his pride, and my triumph. They evoked only great pleasure.

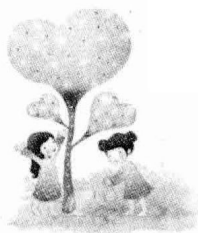
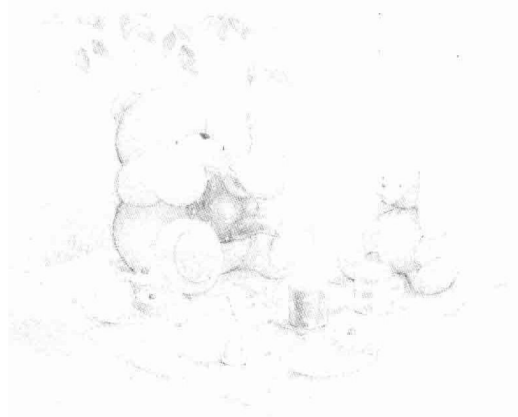
Now there were bright orange mums for Thanksgiving and a huge pink poinsettia at Christmas. White lilies at Easter, and velvety red roses for birthdays. Seasonal flowers in mixed bouquets celebrated the births of my children and the move to our first house.

As my fortune grew, my father's waned, but his gifts of flowers continued until he died of a heart attack a few months before his 70th birthday. Without embarrassment, I covered his coffin with the largest, reddest roses I could find.

Often in the dozen years since, I felt an urge to go out and buy a big bouquet to fill the living room, but I never did. I knew it wouldn't be the same.

Then one birthday, the doorbell rang. I was feeling blue because I was alone. My husband was playing golf, and my two daughters were away. My 13-year-old son, Matt, had run out earlier with a "see you later", never mentioning my birthday. So I was surprised to see his large frame at the door. "Forgot my key," he said, shrugging. "Forgot your birthday too. Well, I hope you like flowers, Mom." He pulled a bunch of daisies from behind his back.

"Oh, Matt," I cried, hugging him hard. "I love flowers!"



“噢，你有这样的父亲真幸运。”

光阴荏苒，日月如梭，其他特殊时刻——生日、演出、获奖、毕业典礼——都会有爸爸的鲜花。我的情绪仍然在高兴和困窘之间摇摆。

到大学毕业时，我那种矛盾相伴的日子结束了。我踏上了新的人生轨道，订婚成家。爸爸的鲜花是他的骄傲和我的胜利的象征。它们唤起的只有极大的喜悦。

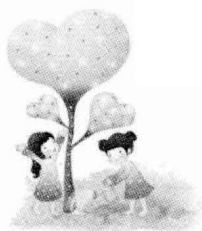
现在感恩节都会有鲜橙色的菊花，圣诞节会有一大束粉红色的一品红，复活节会有白色的百合花，生日会有天鹅绒般的红玫瑰，孩子出生和搬到我们第一座房子时会有鲜花扎成的花束。

我好运日盛，父亲却日渐衰老，但他仍然给我送花，直到他70岁生日前几个月因心脏病而去世。我在他的灵柩上放满了我所能找到的最大、最红的玫瑰花，并不感到困窘。

在此后的12年里，我常常有一种冲动，想出去买一大束鲜花摆满客厅，但我始终没有那样做。我知道，那将不再是从前的花了。

后来有一次生日，门铃响了。那天我感到沮丧，因为只有我一个人在家。丈夫打高尔夫球去了，两个女儿到远处去了，13岁的儿子马特也早早就跑了出去，只说了声“再见”，从来没有提我的生日。所以，我看到马特宽大的身体站在门边，吃了一惊。“忘带钥匙了，”他耸了耸肩说，“也忘了你的生日。噢，我希望你喜欢鲜花，妈妈。”他从背后抽出了一束雏菊。

“噢，马特，”我紧紧抱住他，大声说道，“我爱鲜花！”





## Grandma's Love Letters

I was only seventeen when Grandma Elsie died. She was my last living grandparent and I was her only grandchild. It was until the lawyer read her will that I never fully appreciated the depth of the old lady's love. It was a moment I will never forget—a day that made me the richest kid in town.

Mom, Dad, Aunt Sophie, Uncle Bill and I sat around a small conference table in her attorney's office. She wanted her daughters and their husbands to share what little monetary wealth she left—the proceeds of her small insurance policy, an antique cameo, a few bracelets, some costume jewelry and her wedding band. She also bequeathed them the deed to her house, her bank account, a few shares of stock in the local Gas and Electric Company, as well as the American flag she was presented with at Grandpa Edwin's military funeral.

As we rose to leave, the attorney said, "There are three more things." He reached into his briefcase and brought out a small jewelry box, a letter, and a stack of envelopes neatly wrapped in tissue paper and tied with a fading pink ribbon. "Jeffrey, your grandmother left you her diamond engagement ring, hoping you'll make good use of it soon." Everyone smiled.

"These are also for you, Jeffrey," he said. "It may be the most precious legacy of all—a letter and this stack of love notes."

Grandma's letter began, "Dear Jeffrey, I am leaving you one of my most precious treasures—my memories. These memories are the letters your grandfather Edwin wrote when he was away from me. Please read them. They are both priceless and valuable—a guidebook that will teach you how to love a woman, how to

understand people, and how to respect and maintain your integrity.

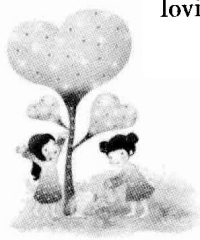
When you read them, you will share the longing and passion a good man feels for a good woman, and you will also discover the empowering enchantment they will give you. You will also understand the fears and tears of war. And you will realize the differences between right and wrong. You will learn to trust the people you love and keep your distance from those you mistrust. You will learn about mature friendship and how true love can become the core of your life.

I have been fortunate, Jeffrey. I loved a wonderful man. And he loved me. While his love is now a memory, it is also a real dream that never ends. Love is like a beautiful photograph you treasure in an album. You can enjoy its beauty each time you stare at its wonderment. It stops time. And, it makes you young again—forever! Grandpa Edwin was a professional Army officer who chased Pancho Villa back to Mexico with John J. Pershing. He also served under General Pershing in the trenches in France during World War II. To understand your grandfather's soul, read his loving letters to me. You'll learn how romantic and beautiful a real man can be. To truly understand Grandpa's character, read the personal note Jack Pershing wrote me when he heard that Edwin was killed in action.

Jeffrey, I said this packet of notes was priceless and valuable. I've just shown you how priceless his love notes are. Please learn from them. Then find the right girl to love and love her ardently. This love will enrich both your lives and make you both happier.

As for being valuable, save the envelopes. An appraiser at Sotheby's said the old stamps are worth far more than the rest of my estate. And, the personal handwritten note from General Pershing is even more valuable than the stamps. Have a loving, bountiful life. God bless you!

I love you, Grandma Elsie."



“Not only did I read it, I think I know where Hannah is.” He suddenly grew pale. “Hannah? You know where she is? How is she? Is she still as pretty as she was? Please, please tell me.” he begged.

“She’s fine...just as pretty as when you knew her.” I said softly. The old man smiled with anticipation and asked. “Could you tell me where she is? I want to call her tomorrow.” He grabbed my hand and said, “You know something, mister, I was so in love with that girl that when that letter came, my life literally ended. I never married. I guess I’ve always loved her.”

“Mr. Goldstein,” I said, “Come with me.” We took the elevator down to the third floor. The hallways were darkened and only one or two little night-lights lit our way to the day-room where Hannah was sitting alone watching the television. The nurse walked over to her.

“Hannah,” she said softly, pointing to Michael, who was waiting with me in the doorway. “Do you know this man?” She adjusted her glasses, looked for a moment, but didn’t say a word. Michael said softly, almost in a whisper, “Hannah, it’s Michael. Do you remember me?”

She gasped, “Michael ! I don’t believe it ! Michael ! It’s you ! My Michael !” He walked slowly towards her and they embraced.

About three weeks later I got a call at my office from the nursing home. “Can you break away on Sunday to attend a wedding? Michael and Hannah are going to tie the knot!”

It was a beautiful wedding with all the people at the nursing home dressed up to join in the celebration. Hannah wore a light beige dress and looked beautiful. Michael wore a dark blue suit and stood tall. They made me their best man. The nursing home gave them their own room and if you ever wanted to see a 76-year-old bride and a 79-year-old groom acting like two teenagers, you had to see this couple. A perfect ending for a love affair that had lasted nearly 60 years.





## 爱的钱包

一个严寒的日子，我正往家走时，有人遗失在大街的钱包绊了我一下。我捡起钱包，打开看了看里面，看有没有一些身份证明，这样我就能给失主打电话，但钱包里只有3美元和一封皱巴巴的信。

信封破旧，上面唯一能看清的就是回信地址。我打开信，希望找到一些线索。信是差不多 60年前写的。粉蓝色的信纸左侧一角有朵小花，上面是娟秀的字体。这是一封绝交信，写信人想告诉收信人，因为她母亲反对，她不能再见他了。上面显示收信人是迈克尔。虽然这样，她还是写着她会永远爱他。署名是汉娜。信写得很美，但信里除了“迈克尔”这个名字，没有任何能证明失主身份的途径。也许给信息台打电话，接线员能找到信封上所写地址的电话。

“接线员，”我开口说道，“这是一个不同寻常的请求。我正在设法寻找我拾到的一个钱包的主人。钱包里有封信，上面有一个地址，你能告诉我有什么办法





迈克尔……”

我谢过汉娜，向她道别，乘电梯来到一楼。当我来到门口时，那名保安问：“那个老太太能帮上忙吗？”我告诉他，她给了一个线索。“至少，我有了这个人的姓。”

我拿出那个钱包。保安一看，便叫道：“嘿，等一下！那是戈尔茨坦先生的钱包。他总是丢那个钱包。我在大厅里肯定拾到过至少三次。”

“戈尔茨坦先生是谁？”我一边问，手一边开始颤抖。

“他是8楼的一位老先生。那肯定是迈克尔·戈尔茨坦的钱包。”

我来到8楼，楼层值班护士说：“我想他还在休息室，他喜欢晚上看书。他是个可爱的老头。”

我们走向那个唯一亮着灯的房间。那里有一个男的正在看书。护士走到他身边，问他是不是丢了钱包。戈尔茨坦先生吃惊地抬起头，把一只手伸进后面的口袋说：“噢，是不见了！”

“这位好心先生拾到了一个钱包，我们不知道是不是你的？”我把那个钱包递给戈尔茨坦先生。一看到钱包，他就松了口气，笑道：“是的，就是它！一定是今天下午从我的口袋里掉出来了。我要酬谢你。”

“不，谢谢。”我说，“但我必须告诉你一件事。我看了那封信，希望找到钱包的主人。”他脸上的微笑突然消失了。“你看了那封信？”

“我不仅看了信，我想我还知道汉娜在哪里。”他突然脸色煞白。“汉娜？你知道她在哪里？她怎么样？她还像过去那样漂亮吗？请，请告诉我。”他恳求道。

“她很好……就像你认识她时一样漂亮。”我轻声说道。老人满怀期望地露出微笑，问道，“你能告诉我她在哪里吗？我明天要给她打电话。”他一把抓住我的手说，“先生，你知道，我有多爱那个姑娘，收到那封信时，我觉得一生简直完了。我始终未娶。我想我会永远爱她。”

“戈尔茨坦先生，”我说，“随我来。”我们乘电梯下到3楼。走廊里昏暗。只有一两盏小夜灯为我们照亮前往汉娜正独自坐在里面看电视的那个休息室。护士



“是玛丽吗？”

“是我，妈妈。”

“玛丽，真是你吗？”

“是的，妈妈，是我。”

我没想到妈妈接下来会问那样一个问题，听到这个问题，我僵在那里，不知道该说什么。

“玛丽，我要死了吗？”

我望着慈爱的妈妈躺在那里，是那样无助，禁不住泪如泉涌。

我浮想联翩，最后我的脑海里闪过这样一个问题：妈妈会怎么说？

我停顿了一会儿，仿佛过去了一百万年，我才说出了那些话：“妈妈，我不知道你是不是要死，但如果你坚强，那就没事儿。我爱你。”

她大声哭道：“玛丽，我好疼。”

我又一次不知道该说什么。我在床上她的身边坐下来，握住她的手，脱口而出：“妈妈，要是疼，你就握住我的手，我会告诉你我爱你。”

她握住我的手。

“妈妈，我爱你。”

在接下来的两年里，我和妈妈握了一次又一次的手，我说了一次又一次的“我爱你”，直到她因卵巢癌撒手而去。虽然我们根本无法知道考验我们的时刻何时来临，但现在我确实知道，当考验的时刻来临时，无论我和谁在一起，每次我一定会献上妈妈那种甜蜜的礼节。“要是疼，你就握住我的手，我会告诉你我爱你。”

## 心形枕头

情人节已经到了,和一年中的其他每天一样,我都很忙。

我的丈夫罗伊非常浪漫,他安排了一个我们以前从未有过的约会,在一家豪华饭店预订了座位。在充满爱心的日子到来的前几天,一件包装精美的礼物一直放在我的梳妆台上。

一天辛劳后,我匆匆赶回家,跑进浴室,洗了淋浴。等爱人回来时,我穿好了最漂亮的衣服,准备出发。他紧紧地抱住我,临时保姆也刚好赶到。我们俩都非常高兴。

不巧的是,我们家里最小的成员却不高兴。

“爸爸,你说过要带我去给妈妈买礼物。”说着,8岁的女儿贝基伤心地走到了沙发边,在临时保姆身边坐下来。

罗伊看了一下手表,意识到如果我们要按时到达预订的饭店,不得不立刻动身。他甚至抽不出几分钟时间带女儿到街角小店买一盒鸡心形巧克力糖。

“对不起,我今天回家晚了,宝贝儿。”他说。

“没关系,”贝基回答说,“我明白。”

整个夜晚苦甜参半。我总会情不自禁地想起贝基失望的眼神。我想起了房门在我们身后关闭之前,贝基因情人节而兴奋的光芒从脸上已经消失了。她想让我知道她是多么爱我。尽管她没有意识到,但我心里已经非常清楚。

如今,那个漂亮盒子里装了什么礼物我无法记得了。虽然我因它兴奋了好几天,但那晚回到家时收到的另一件特殊礼物,我却永远难忘。

贝基在长沙发上睡着了,手里还紧紧地抱着一个盒子,盒子放在她的膝间。

