

Beautiful English

# 美丽英文

## 让爱在心里成长

All Your Love Grows in My Heart

冯铃之◎编译

美丽英文袖珍馆  
POCKET BOOK I

英文  
随身读

学习英文，从选择自己喜欢的美丽英文开始

世界上最美丽的地

质，没有

凡而又高贵

心却不能。

新世界出版社  
NEW WORLD PRESS

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## 图书在版编目 (C I P) 数据

让爱在心里成长 : 英汉对照 / 冯铃之编译. -- 北京: 新世界出版社, 2012.8

(美丽英文)

ISBN 978-7-5104-2930-9

I. ①让… II. ①冯… III. ①英语-汉语-对照读物

IV. ①H319.4

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字 (2012) 第109711号

## 让爱在心里成长

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出版发行: 新世界出版社

社 址: 北京市西城区百万庄大街24号(100037)

发 行 部: (010) 6899 5968 (010) 6899 8733(传真)

总 编 室: (010) 6899 5424 (010) 6832 6679(传真)

<http://www.nwp.cn>

<http://www.newworld-press.com>

版 权 部: +8610 6899 6306

版权部电子信箱: [frank@nwp.com.cn](mailto:frank@nwp.com.cn)

印 刷: 北京市昌平前进印刷厂

经 销: 新华书店

开 本: 787×1092 1/32

字 数: 136千字 印张: 7.75

版 次: 2012年10月第1版 2012年10月第1次印刷

书 号: ISBN 978-7-5104-2930-9

定 价: 15.00元

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美丽英文袖珍馆·第1辑

让爱在心里成长

*All Your Love Grows  
in My Heart*

世界上最美丽的地方，便是我们的家，没有杂质，没有隔阂，更没有虚伪；双脚可以离开它，心却不能。

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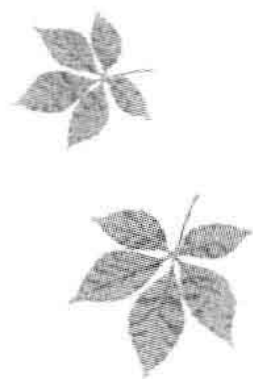
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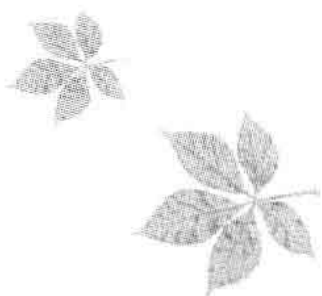
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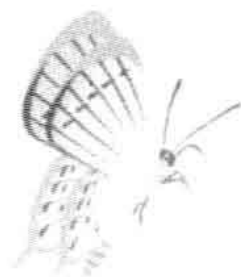
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## Chapter 1

# 追忆似水流年

A mother's voice is the most beautiful sound in the world. Youth fades; love droops; the leaves of friendship fall. A mother's secret hope outlives them all.

世界上有一种最美丽的声音，那便是母亲的呼唤。青春会逝去；爱情会枯萎；友谊的绿叶也会凋零。而一个母亲内心的希望，比它们都要长久。

## For Moms

### 写给所有的母亲们

© Cindy Lange-Kubick

This is for all the mothers who didn't win Mother of the Year last year, all the runners-up and all the **wannabes**<sup>①</sup>, including the mothers too tired to enter or too busy to care.

This is for all the mothers who froze their buns off on metal bleachers at soccer games on Friday night, instead of watching from cars. So that when their kids asked, "Did you see my goal?" They could say, "Of course, wouldn't have missed it for the world." and mean it.

This is for all the mothers who have sat up all night with sick toddlers in their arms, wiping up barf laced with Oscar Mayer wieners and cherry Kool-Aid saying, "It's OK, honey, Mommy's here."

This is for the mothers who gave birth to babies they'll never see, and the mothers who took those babies and made them homes.

This is for all the mothers of the victims of school shootings, and the mothers of the murderers. For the mothers of the survivors, and the mothers who sat in front of their TVs in horror, hugging their child who just came home from school, safely.

这是写给所有在去年没能获得“年度母亲”的妈妈  
们，所有的亚军和希望超越她们的人们，还包括那些  
太劳累而没能参加，或是太忙碌而无暇顾及的母亲  
们。

这是写给所有会在周五晚上到露天球场观看足球  
赛的母亲们，她们会坐在冰冷的看台上，而不是从汽  
车里面观看。这样，当她们的孩子问：“你看到我得分  
了吗？”她们就能回答：“当然，我怎么会错过你的比  
赛啊。”事实确实是这样。

这是写给所有在整晚紧抱生病的孩子的母亲们——  
她们擦掉那些有香肠的呕吐物，并温柔地说：“好了，  
宝贝，妈妈在这儿。”

这是写给那些生下孩子后，永远不能见孩子一面  
而逝去的母亲们。也送给那些收养了这些孩子，并给  
了他们一个家园的母亲们。

这是写给这些母亲的：她们的孩子成了学校枪击  
事件的受害者；她们是杀人犯的母亲；她们是幸存者的  
母亲；她们是坐在电视前心神不宁、满怀恐惧，孩  
子一放学安全回家就拥抱孩子的母亲们。

This is for all the mothers who run carpools and make cookies and sew Halloween costumes, and all the mothers who don't.

What makes a good mother anyway? Is it patience? Compassion? Broad hips?

Is it the ability to nurse a baby, cook dinner, and sew a button on a shirt, all at the same time? Or is it heart?

Is it the ache you feel when you watch your son or daughter disappear down the street, walking to school alone for the very first time?

Is it the **jolt**<sup>②</sup> that takes you from sleep to dread, as you bound from bed to crib at 2 a.m. to put your hand on the back of a sleeping baby?

Is it the need to flee from wherever you are and hug your child when you hear news of a school shooting, a fire, a car accident, or a baby dying?

I think so.

So this is for all the mothers who sat down with their children and explained all about making babies, and for all the mothers who wanted to but just couldn't.

This is for reading "Goodnight, Moon" twice a night for a year and then reading it again. "Just one more time."

This is for all the mothers who mess up, who yell at their kids in the grocery store and **swat**<sup>③</sup> them in despair and stomp their feet like a tired 2-year-old who wants ice cream before dinner.



这是写给这些合伙使用汽车、会做饼干、缝制万圣节衣服的母亲们，也写给那些不做这些事情的母亲们。

怎样才算是一个好母亲？是耐心？同情？还是博大的胸怀？

是同时具有照顾孩子、做饭，并在衬衫上钉纽扣的能力？还是有充满挚爱的心？

是你看着儿子或女儿消失在街头，第一次走进校园时的那种失落吗？

是你从梦中惊醒，在凌晨两点从床上跳起来，走到婴儿床边，轻拍熟睡的宝贝时的那种震撼吗？

还是不论身在何处，只要听到有关校园枪击案、火灾、车祸，或者有孩子死亡的消息时，想要拥抱自己孩子的那种渴望？

我想是这样。

因此，这是写给所有的母亲们。她们抱着孩子坐下，解释关于怀孕的一切；这也是写给那些心有余而力不足的母亲们。

这是写给坚持一年中的每个晚上都要读两遍《晚安，月亮》，之后却又说“再来一遍”的母亲们。

这是写给所有心情糟糕的母亲们。她们在杂货店里责骂她们的孩子，朝死里打他们，甚至像一个想在饭前吃根冰激凌的两岁的小孩一样，气得跺脚。

This is for all the mothers who taught their daughters to tie their shoelaces before they started school. And for all the mothers who opted for Velcro instead.

This is for all the mothers who bite their lips—sometimes until they bleed—when their 14 year olds dye their hair green. Who lock themselves in the bathroom when babies keep crying and won't stop.

This is for all the mothers who show up at work with spit-up in their hair and milk stains on their blouses and diapers in their purse.

This is for all the mothers who teach their sons to cook and their daughters to sink a jump shot.

This is for all mothers whose heads turn automatically when a little voice calls “Mom?” in a crowd, even though they know their own **offspring**<sup>④</sup> are at home.

This is for mothers who put pinwheels and teddy bears on their children's graves.

This is for mothers whose children have gone astray, who can't find the words to reach them.

This is for all the mothers who sent their sons to school with stomachaches, assuring them they'd be just fine once they got there, only to get calls from the school nurse an hour later asking them to please pick them up, right away.

This is for young mothers stumbling through diaper changes and sleep deprivation, and mature mothers learning to let go.

这是写给所有这样的母亲，她们在女儿开始上学前就教会孩子系鞋带。还有那些选择维可牢尼龙搭扣而不是鞋带的母亲。

这是写给这些母亲们，她们看见自己14岁的孩子把头发染成绿色，会气得把嘴唇咬出血。当孩子不停哭喊的时候，她们会绝望地把自己锁在浴室里。

这是写给这些母亲，她们上班的时候，头发上有唾液，上衣上有奶渍，包里有小孩尿布。

这是写给这样的母亲，她们教儿子做饭，教女儿跳投篮球。

这是写给这样的母亲，当她们在拥挤的人群里听到一个很小的声音叫“妈妈”，就会马上转过头来，即使她们知道孩子在家里。

这是写给那些在孩子的墓前放上风车和泰迪熊的母亲们。

这是写给那些母亲，她们的孩子误入歧途，她们又不能找到合适的话来教导他们。

这是写给这样的母亲们，她们把胃痛的儿子送到学校，而且还对孩子保证说一到学校就会好，结果却从学校护士那里接到电话，一小时后又要求她们立刻接回孩子。

这是写给年轻母亲的。她们忙于给孩子换尿布，几乎被剥夺了所有的睡眠时间。而成熟的母亲学着放任他们。