

畅销56国，销量上亿册

—— 全球公认的权威经典心灵成长书系 ——

杰克·坎菲尔德 (Jack Canfield)
[美] 马克·维克多·汉森 (Mark Victor Hansen) —— 编著
艾米·纽马克 (Amy Newmark)

陈晓初——译

Chicken Soup
for the Soul

每天读一篇
美丽英文

Chicken
Soup for the Soul:
Grieving and Recovery II

每天读一篇
美丽英文

——
最好的纪念
——

尽情享受你的快乐，也必须努力承受你所经历的痛苦。

Enjoy when you can, and endure when you must.

CS

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Soup for the Soul:
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Chicken Soup for the Soul Improving Your Life Every Day

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第一章 前行

Chapter 1 Moving Forward

1 爱的故事

And if we ever leave a legacy, it's that we loved each other well.

—Indigo Girls

I was one of those happy people. David and I started dating during the second semester of our freshman year of college. Our love was that flawless kind of young love where life never gets in the way. We had years ahead of us to hold hands between classes, kiss under the bell tower at our university, and lie around in bed for hours talking about our future. After three weeks I knew I would marry him.

We went through college having a relationship that I could barely believe could be true. We never fought; David was too calm and gentle. I would have done anything for him and he would have done anything for me, but neither of us ever took advantage of that. He was my best friend, my rock, and the source of endless hours of laughter and



happiness.

After three years together, David started to feel sick at the beginning of the semester. He would be out of breath after running a short distance, and he was always tired. After going to the health center, they told him he had bronchitis and sent him home. After all, what 21-year-old college guy isn't tired and out of shape? I remember lying in bed with him and noticing faint bruises on his arms. His heartbeat seemed too fast, so during that week I slept with my hand over his heart just to make sure he was okay. He said he was fine, but I had a pit in my stomach and knew that something was wrong. Really wrong. The next day he called me at work and said, "Honey, it's me, I don't want you to worry but I went back to the health center and they are sending me over to the hospital to get some tests done. Everything is going to be fine." I really thought it would be. After all, we loved each other too much for it to end up any other way. The next day David was diagnosed with T-cell acute lymphoblastic leukemia. In true David fashion, always caring about me more than anything, he turned to me and said, "Sorry, I got leukemia...."

He had eight rounds of chemo and a stem cell transplant. We spent our last semester of college in the hospital watching movies and cuddling in his hospital bed. The nurses used to come in and tell us to please stop laughing so loudly because we were disturbing the other patients. Life was bad, but our love was good. When he came home from his transplant he was in remission and we were so happy. We moved in together and started talking about getting married after I finished graduate school. Life was on its way to being as normal as it can be for two people in their early twenties who have just looked death in the face. After seven months of clean scans and good blood tests, his doctor noticed that his thymus (a gland in the chest that I'd never heard of) was enlarged and that they needed to take it out. He said this was from the chemo. I'm not sure why, but when David told me about this seemingly harmless news, I sobbed.

As happy as we were during those in-between months, I think deep down I was terrified and waiting for the other shoe to drop. David went in for his surgery, and after seeing the mass in his chest, his doctor told us that his leukemia was back.

Five more months of chemo and another bone marrow transplant, this time from an unrelated donor. David made it through the transplant and came home to our apartment. We both lay on our bed and cried with joy that he had survived and our lives could begin (again). Nine days later, on Halloween, he was admitted to the hospital again because a virus in his bladder was making him really sick and he needed some IV nutrition to regain strength. After three days in the hospital he seemed to be getting worse. Three days later, on my twenty-fourth birthday, he woke himself up long enough to write me an e-mail about how much he loved me and how I was a strong woman who could do anything. I sat on the edge of his bed that day and held his hand as he struggled to open his eyes long enough to tell me happy birthday. On November 7th in the middle of the night, I held my David's hand as he took his last breath.

The days and months that followed are still blurry to me. The first time I went back to our apartment after he died I lay on his side of the bed and sobbed as I looked at his tennis shoes on the floor, one lying on its side where he had last taken them off. Five hundred people came to the life celebration that we had instead of a funeral. I looked around in amazement at all the lives he touched. I would lie in bed and wonder if it was possible to actually die of grief. I wouldn't have cared if I did.

It has been a year and a half since David passed away. I still have days where all I can do is cry about David and the life we could have had but I have been able to find joy in life again. I got a new job that I love, moved into my own apartment (did you know when you live alone you have to kill bugs yourself?!), and even started dating again. Recently for the first time, I looked



up at the sky while I was driving to work and actually noticed how gorgeous the sunrise was. I know David would want me to have a beautiful and happy life so I am trying my best to live in a way that honors the kind of person he was. I wanted my love for him to be enough to save him, but really, his love for me is what saves me every day.

~Lisa Tahan

如果我们能留下一份遗产，那就是我们非常地相爱。

——蓝色少女组合

我是个快乐的人。大卫和我在大学第一年的下半学期开始约会。我们的爱是那种纯洁无瑕的年轻人的爱情，现实生活距离我们很远。前面还有好多年的浪漫等着我们，我们可以在课间手拉着手，在学校的钟楼下亲吻，在床上躺上好几个小时讨论我们的未来。才交往三个星期我就知道自己将来会嫁给他。

四年的大学生活让我们拥有了一份我自己都不敢相信的美好爱情。我们从不吵架；大卫太安静、太绅士。我愿意为他做任何事情，而他也愿意为我做任何事情，不过我们都没有利用这一优势。他是我最好的朋友、我的支柱，是我无尽的欢笑和快乐的源泉。

在一起三年后，大卫在新学期一开始就感觉很不舒服。有时跑完很短一段距离他就会喘不过气来，而且他总是觉得很累。去学校健康中心检查后，医生告诉他他患上了支气管炎并让他回家休息。毕竟，21岁的大学生谁没有过疲惫和身



体不好的时候呢？我记得和他一起躺在床上时曾留意到他手臂上淡淡的瘀青。他的心跳似乎也太快了，所以那一周睡觉的时候我都将手放在他的心口，以确认他的身体没有问题。他说他很好，但我心里仍有一点担心，总觉得事情不妙。结果真是不妙。第二天他打来电话：“亲爱的，是我，我不想让你担心，不过我又去了健康中心。他们让我去医院做一些检查。一切都会好的。”我也是这么想的。毕竟，我们俩都深爱对方，如果有什么问题我们都无法承受。第二天大卫被诊断出患上了急性淋巴细胞白血病。在这种情况下，大卫仍然像平常那样关心我胜过关心其他任何事情，他转身对着我说道：“对不起，我患上了白血病……”

他进行了八次化疗以及骨髓干细胞移植。我们大学的最后一学期都是在医院度过的，我们一起看电影，依偎在他的病床上。常常有护士进来提醒我们不要笑得声音太大，因为我们干扰了别的病人休息。生活很残酷，但我们的爱情很美好。他接受骨髓移植后癌细胞消失了，当他终于可以回家时我们都高兴坏了。我们搬到了一起住，并开始商量在我完成研究生学业后就结婚。对两个刚满 20 岁，刚刚经历了生死考验的年轻人来说，生活似乎又回到了正常的轨道上。之后的七个月大卫的身体和血液检查都没有发现癌细胞的踪迹，然而这时医生发现他的胸腺（我从未听说过的胸腔里的一个器官）肿大并决定将其摘除。医生说这是因为大卫接受了化疗。我不知道为什么，但当大卫告诉我这个听起来似乎毫无害处的消息时，我居然哭了起来。不管这几个月我们有多快乐，我内心深处仍然充满了恐惧，一直在等待着另一只鞋掉下来的声响。大卫又一次进了手术室，在检查过他的胸腔后，医生告诉我们他的白血病复发了。

接下来又是五个多月的化疗和又一次的骨髓移植，这次的骨髓捐赠者是一个和他毫无血缘关系的人。大卫克服了排异反应，并在手术后康

复回家。我们躺在床上，喜极而泣，庆祝他终于活了过来而且我们可以又一次开始新的生活了。九天后的万圣节，他又一次进了医院，这次是因为膀胱病毒感染导致他病得很厉害，最后不得不去医院输液恢复体力。可是在医院住了三天后他的情况更糟糕了。三天后是我 24 岁的生日，他从昏迷中清醒了一段时间，虽然不长，但已足够他给我写一封电邮，告诉我他有多么爱我，我是一个多么坚强的女人，可以应对任何事情。那一天我一直都坐在他的床边，握着他的手，看着他挣扎着勉强睁开眼睛向我说生日快乐。在 11 月 7 日的半夜，我握着大卫的手看着他咽下了最后一口气。

之后的日日夜夜所发生的事情对我而言完全是一片模糊。当我在他去世后第一次独自回到我们的公寓时，我躺在他平时睡觉的床的那一边哭泣。我看到他的网球鞋还放在地板上，就在他最后一次穿过后脱下来的地方。我们并没有为他举行葬礼，相反，有 500 个人参加了为他举行的庆祝生命的仪式。我惊奇地看到周围有那么多被他感动过的生命。晚上躺在床上时，我想着人是否真有可能因为悲伤而死。如果我真那么死了，那我也无所谓。

如今大卫离开我已经有一年半了。我有时仍然为了大卫和我们本应拥有的生活而哭泣，不过我已经能重新找回生活中的快乐。我找到了一份我热爱的工作，搬进了我自己的公寓（你是否知道一个人住时需要自己杀蟑螂?!），甚至又重新开始了约会。

最近我在开车上班时抬头望了望天空，第一次发现日出是那么壮观。我知道大卫会希望我拥有一个美丽和快乐的人生，因此我会努力按照他所希望的方式去生活。我曾希望我对他的爱可以挽回他的生命，不过真的，正是他对我的爱在每一天的生活中挽救了我。

——丽莎·特瀚



2 设计图

And in today already walks tomorrow.

~Samuel Taylor Coleridge

“I don’t know if I can do this!” I sobbed and dropped to my knees.

“Yes, you can. Together we can do it,” my cousin said and knelt down beside me. She placed her hand on my shoulder and added, “C’mon, the sooner we get started, the sooner it will be over.”

“That’s the point. It will be final. The last of what’s left of him will be gone.” I covered my face with my hands and struggled to stop the river of emotion spilling over me. My father’s death, it seemed, was only the beginning of the heartache and unbearable abandonment that I was feeling.

My cousin stood and faced the open closet containing the articles of my father’s life: old shoes, six long-sleeved shirts, some jeans, some slacks, a couple of worn sweaters and a faded suede jacket.