

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)

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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 I

每天读一篇
美丽英文

那些被时间治愈的伤

生活是我们创造出来的，从来都是这样，将来也永远会是这样。

Life is what we make it, always has been, always will be.

*Chicken
up for the Soul:
Grieving and Recovery I*

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CS

湖南文艺出版社
HUNAN LITERATURE AND ART PUBLISHING HOUSE

博集天卷
CS-BOOKY

图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

每天读一篇美丽英文：那些被时间治愈的伤：汉英对照 / (美) 杰克·坎菲尔德 (Jack Canfield), (美) 马克·维克多·汉森 (Mark Victor Hansen), (美) 艾米·纽马克 (Amy Newmark) 编著；陈晓韧译．—长沙：湖南文艺出版社，2017.1

书名原文：Grieving and Recovery

ISBN 978-7-5404-7814-8

I. ①每… II. ①杰… ②马… ③艾… ④陈… III. ①英语—汉语—对照读物②故事—作品集—美国—现代IV. ①H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (2016) 第 238655 号

著作权合同登记号：图字18-2016-181

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上架建议：心灵励志·英语学习

CHICKEN SOUP FOR THE SOUL: Grieving and Recovery

101 Inspirational and Comforting Stories about Surviving the Loss of a Loved One by Jack Canfield, Mark Victor Hansen & Amy Newmark.

Published by Chicken Soup for The Soul Publishing, LLC www.chickensoup.com

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Chicken Soup for The Soul, P.O. Box 700, Cos Cob, CT 06807-0700, Fax 203-861-7194

MEI TIAN DU YI PIAN MEILI YINGWEN: NAXIE BEI SHI JIAN ZHIYU DE SHANG

每天读一篇美丽英文：那些被时间治愈的伤

编 著：[美] 杰克·坎菲尔德 等

译 者：陈晓韧

出 版 人：曾赛丰

责任编辑：薛 健 刘诗哲

监 制：蔡明菲 潘 良

策划编辑：马冬冬

特约编辑：温雅卿

版权支持：辛 艳

营销支持：李 群 张锦涵

版式设计：李 洁

封面设计：利 锐

出版发行：湖南文艺出版社

(长沙市雨花区东二环一段 508 号 邮编：410014)

网 址：www.hnwy.net

印 刷：北京天宇万达印刷有限公司

经 销：新华书店

开 本：880mm × 1230mm 1/32

字 数：329 千字

印 张：11.5

版 次：2017 年 1 月第 1 版

印 次：2017 年 1 月第 1 次印刷

书 号：ISBN 978-7-5404-7814-8

定 价：39.00 元

质量监督电话：010-59096394

团购电话：010-59320018



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第一章 回忆

Chapter 1

Making the Most of Memories

1 爱情的真谛

Enjoy the little things, for one day you may look back and realize they were the big things.

~Robert Braulf, www.robertbraulf.com

On the last real night of my marriage I made a pot of bean soup. At about 11 o'clock, the soup was ready, scents of garlic and bay leaf wafting through the apartment. I went into the den, where he was watching the Yankees play the Toronto Blue Jays, and invited him to have some.

We sat at the kitchen table, not talking much, or at least, not talking about anything that I remember. "That was great," he said, when he was finished. I probably said, "Thank you." He stood to go back to the game and I said, "Well, I have to get up early tomorrow. Goodnight." And I went to sleep. I didn't say, "I love you." I didn't say, "I bless the day I met you," or "I am so glad that we married each other." I just went to sleep.

The next time I saw him, he was face down on



the bed, not breathing, and although he was in a coma for two weeks, and I believed he would recover for most of that time, in essence, I now know, he was dead.

When something like that happens there are so many regrets, and among the greatest is each and every time that you could have verbally or by action said “I love you.” I regretted not learning to care about everything he cared about. I grieved for every time I got upset over something inconsequential—and trust me, most of it seems inconsequential when the love of your life is in a coma.

For the first week he was unconscious I promised him the moon. I told him that if he would just open those big brown eyes I would never get mad about anything ever again. He could leave his socks two inches from the hamper and I would thank God that they were there. I would dress up more and take time out for lunch whenever he asked. We would watch football games together and talk about politics. I promised him prime rib in wild mushrooms and red wine, and tuna au poivre perfectly rare, on the Royal Doulton with candles every night.

The second week, I came back to earth. I stopped promising him the perfect wife. Instead I promised him Me. I promised that I would at times be impatient or scared, and that he would still have to take out the garbage. I promised that I would not always like his jokes, and that I would still nag him to exercise. I promised him that we would have interests in common but not all of them, and that we would still have things to be tolerant of in each other. I promised him bean soup.

But as part of bean soup, I promised him that I would love him as much as before or maybe even more and that I would try never to forget what we had almost lost. I wish I had been given the chance.

Marriage is not always made of rose petals and moonlight and perfect understanding. Sometimes it is made of kids with the stomach flu, and flights

that have been delayed, or even just made of work and dinner and running out of light bulbs. At times like that, sometimes the marriage goes on autopilot and love is subtext, an article of faith. Then, the dust clears and we remember. And as you have no way of knowing when you are young, but as you come to know when you've been married a while, that is more than fine.

Reasonable minds may differ, but for me, it is the dailyness that I love the most about being married. I liked the anniversary dinners and the romantic moments, but even more I loved the mundane workings of our daily lives, coming home to trust and commitment and inside jokes, and even the predictable irritations like those socks.

When a marriage is lost in the way that mine was, it is the everyday memories that mean the most. The time we both had bad colds and spent the day in sweatshirts, bringing each other tea. The way he took in the dry cleaning every Friday. Or the nights, like that last one, where we didn't really talk but shared the deep ordinariness of a quiet Sunday night with our daughter asleep and the Yankees playing for him and some music for me, and a great big pot of soup.

~Jacqueline Rubin



不要忽略那些小事，有一天当你回首，你会发现那些都是你生命中重要的东西。

——罗伯特·布劳特，www.robertbraut.com

在我们婚姻生活的最后一个晚上，我做了一锅豆子汤。在时钟指向 11 点时，汤终于炖好了，房间里飘荡着大蒜和香草叶的香味。

我走进小房间，让正在看扬基队和多伦多蓝鸟队棒球比赛的他尝尝我做的汤。

我们坐在厨房餐桌边，彼此间并没有怎么交谈，至少没有说什么我记得的事情。“这汤很好喝。”喝完汤后他说了一句。我回答他的大概是：“谢谢你。”他站了起来，准备回去继续看他的球赛。我于是与他道晚安：“那么晚安了，明天我还得早起。”接着我就去睡觉了。当时我并没有说“我爱你”。我也没有说“我很庆幸遇到了你”或是“和你在一起我很幸福”。我直接就去睡觉了。

等我再看到他的时候，他趴在床上，已经没有了呼吸了。此后他昏迷了两个星期，其间我还一直坚信他最终会醒过来。可事实是，他死了。

在发生这样的事情后我有太多的遗憾，不过最让我难过的是，我错过了那么多次可以从语言

或是行动上告诉他“我爱你”的机会。我后悔没有学着去喜欢他所喜欢的每一件事情。在我被一些无关紧要的事情困扰时我感到悲伤——相信我，当你的爱人正处于昏迷中时，绝大多数事情都变得无关紧要。

在他昏迷的第一个星期里我甚至许诺摘天上的月亮给他。我告诉他如果能睁开棕色的大眼睛，我再也不会对任何事生气。即使他将袜子随便乱扔，我也会感谢上帝。我会经常打扮，听从他的安排时常外出就餐。我们可以一起看橄榄球比赛，一起讨论政治。我许诺每晚为他准备最好的牛排并配上野生的蘑菇和红酒，还有十分罕见的胡椒金枪鱼，配上皇室用的道尔顿餐具，还有烛光。

第二周我回到了现实。我不再向他许诺完美的妻子。相反我向他许诺真实的我。我承诺会时不时地不耐烦或是惊慌，而他仍然需要倒垃圾。我承诺不会一直都喜欢他的笑话，而且我仍然会督促他锻炼。我告诉他我们会有很多相同的兴趣爱好，但绝不会完全一样，我们仍然需要彼此的包容。我还许诺了我的豆子汤。

不过作为豆子汤承诺的一部分，我保证还会像以前那样爱他，甚至更多。我会牢记我们差点失去了什么。我真希望上帝给了我这样的机会。

婚姻并不总是花前月下的浪漫和完美的心心相印。有时候它就是患上肠道病毒感染的孩子们、晚点的飞机，甚至就是工作、晚餐，或是家里没有灯泡可用的窘境。在那种情形下，婚姻本身会修正生活中的波折，爱情则变成了潜台词，成了一种信念。当一切尘埃落定后，我们会记得所有的一切。在你年轻的时候是无法理解这一点的，不过当你经历了足够久的婚姻生活后，你就会逐渐明白爱情的真谛。

对婚姻的看法见仁见智，但对我而言，婚姻中最让我留恋的就是每天的平常生活。我喜欢那些结婚周年纪念日的晚餐和那些浪漫的时刻，但我更爱日常生活中那些平淡的时刻，每天回家时迎接你的都是信任和



承诺，还有我们之间的笑话，甚至是像脏袜子之类可以预见的烦恼。

当我的婚姻生活以那样突然的方式结束后，对过去生活中点点滴滴的回忆给予了我最大的安慰。我忘不了两人都患了感冒，整天把自己裹得严严实实时相互给对方送去的一杯热茶。忘不了每周五他都脏衣物送去干洗店。还有那些夜晚，就像我们共同度过的最后一夜那样，我们并没有说太多话，却一同分享了一个宁静的星期天晚上深深的平凡：我们的女儿在熟睡，他在欣赏扬基队的比赛，我则在聆听我的音乐，还有那一大锅美味的豆子汤。

——杰奎琳·里夫金

2 春天的味道

The flowers of late winter and early spring occupy places in our hearts well out of proportion to their size.

~Gertrude S. Wiser

Mother opened her eyes and stared, unblinking, at the vase of daffodils on the table beside her hospital bed. “Who sent these beautiful flowers?” she asked in a barely audible voice.

“No one sent them, Mother.” I squeezed her hand. “I picked them from your yard. It’s March – Daffodil Month.”

She gave me a weak smile. “Promise me something?”

I nodded. I’d promised a lot since we’d come to accept that the cancer in Mother’s pancreas would soon take her life.

“Promise that before you sell my house, you’ll dig up my daffodil bulbs to plant in your yard.”

I tried without success to hold back my tears. “I’ll do that, Mother. I promise.” She smiled and



closed her eyes, lapsing again into the twilight fog that characterized the last days of her life.

Before Daffodil Month ended, Mother was gone. And in the weeks that followed, weeks so grief-filled that my siblings and I resembled nothing so much as walking zombies, we emptied her house, painted, washed windows, cleaned carpets, and listed the home we'd grown up in with a real estate agency. We hired a neighborhood boy to take care of the yard.

And I gave the daffodils, which had long since quit blooming, not a single thought until a day in late autumn when the house was finally to be sold. My brother and sister and I were to meet the buyers to sign papers early on a morning that I knew would be filled with conflicting emotions. On the one hand, it was good to be out from under the burden of owning an empty house. On the other, we would soon be turning over the keys to our family home to strangers.

Strangers who, I was certain, could never love it as much as we did.

Would this new family cook Fourth-of-July hamburgers on the brick patio grill my dad had built so many summers ago? Would their children spend fall afternoons raking the leaves under the giant maple tree into a mile-high pile to jump in? Would they figure out that one corner of the family room was the perfect spot for a Christmas tree? And would they be amazed at what pushed its way out of the ground in Mother's yard every spring?

Crocuses. Flowering onions. Hyacinths. And hundreds and hundreds of daffodils.

Daffodils! Eight months later, I suddenly remembered the promise I had made to my mother as she lay dying. I tossed a shovel and a cardboard box into the trunk of my car and headed for the house and yard that would, in just a couple of hours, belong to someone not related to me.

There was no sign of daffodils anywhere, of course. They had long since