



陈先贵 胡冬宁◎编译

在我们的生活中，我时常会因为生活的疲劳而渐渐远离自己的心灵，遗忘了童年时候心灵的那一份渴望，那时的心灵清澈得就如大海，从海面一眼望到海底，心灵深处没有一点变了色的东西。于是，当我们对着蓝天，我们的心灵就自然会点燃渴望的念头，梦想自己能成为蓝天里翱翔的一只小鸟，自由自在，拥有整个宇宙！

世界上最美丽的英文
The Most Beautiful English

心灵盛宴 全集

领悟人生哲理 · 汲取生活智慧

 哈尔滨出版社
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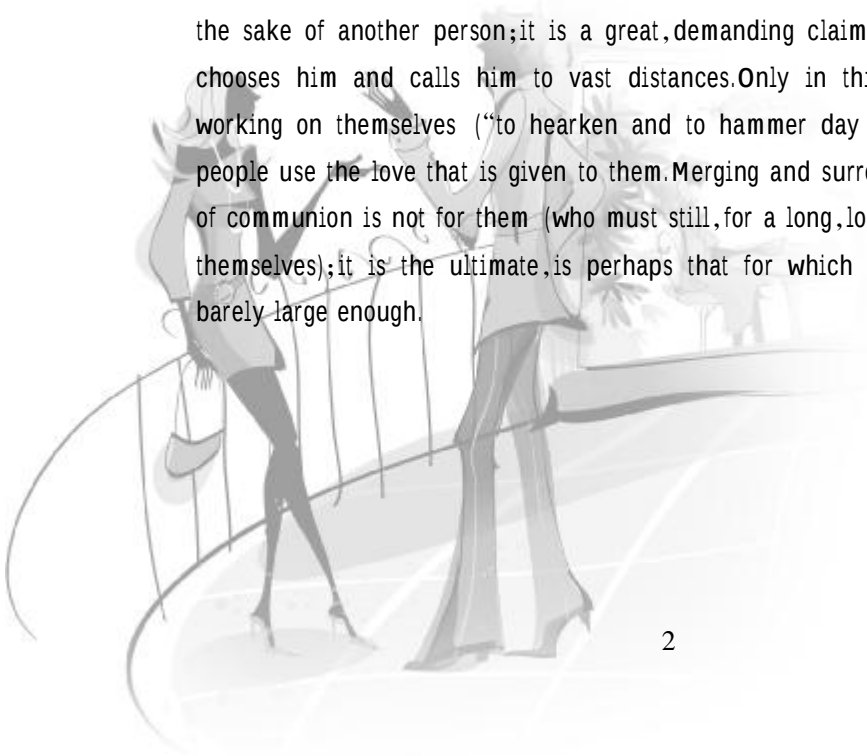
A stylized, minimalist illustration of a landscape. In the foreground, a white picket fence runs across the bottom. Behind it, a two-story white house with a dark roof and arched windows sits on a grassy hill. To the right of the house is a black mailbox on a post. The background features rolling hills and a large, dark, leafy tree on the left. The sky is a light, hazy blue. The overall style is clean and modern.

◆ Part1 Love Is Difficult
第一卷 爱是艰难的

Love Is Difficult

Rilke

It is also good to love, because love is difficult. For one human being to love another human being, that is perhaps the most difficult task that has been entrusted to us, the ultimate task, the final test and proof, the work for which all other work is merely preparation. That is why young people, who are beginners in everything, are not yet capable of love: it is something they must learn. With their whole being, with all their forces, gathered around their solitary, anxious, upward-beating heart, they must learn to love. But learning-time is always a long, secluded time ahead and far on into life, is solitude, a heightened and deepened kind of aloneness for the person who loves. Loving does not at first mean merging, surrendering, and uniting with another person (for what would a union be of two people who are unclarified, unfinished, and still incoherent), it is a high inducement for the individual to ripen, to become something in himself, to become world, to become world in himself for the sake of another person; it is a great, demanding claim on him, something that chooses him and calls him to vast distances. Only in this sense, as the task of working on themselves ("to hearken and to hammer day and night"), may young people use the love that is given to them. Merging and surrendering and every kind of communion is not for them (who must still, for a long, long time, save and gather themselves); it is the ultimate, is perhaps that for which human lives are as yet barely large enough.



爱是艰难的

里尔克

爱是一件美好的事情,因为爱是艰难的。一个人去爱另一个人,这也许是神给予我们的最艰难、最重大的任务,是最后的考验与测试,是最崇高的工作,别的工作都不过是为作此而作的准备。所以,那些一切都还刚刚开始青年们还不能去爱,他们必须要学习如何去爱;必须用他们整个生命,用一切力量,用积聚了他们寂寞、痛苦和荣誉感的心去学习爱。在学习这个长久而专注的过程中,爱就会永远地铭刻心间——在深深的寂寞中孤独地等待,为了所爱的人。爱的要义并不是什么倾心、献身或二人的结合(那会是怎样的一种结合呢?是一种糊涂的、不负责任的、轻率的结合)。它对于个人是一种崇高的力量,是去成熟并实现自身的完善,去完成一个世界,是为了另一个人而完成一个自己的世界,这是一个艰巨的、不可妥协的目标,用坚定的信念,召唤其走向更广阔的空间。在这种认识下,青年人可以把给予他们的爱作用于自身(“昼夜不停地探索、锤炼”)。至于倾心、献身,以及结合,还不是他们所能做的(他们还须长时间地克制和积累),那是最后的终点,也许是我们现在还几乎不能达到的境界。



A Father's Love

Anonymous

Daddy just didn't know how to show love. It was Mom who held the family together. He just went to work every day and came home; she'd have a list of sins we'd committed and he'd scold us about them.

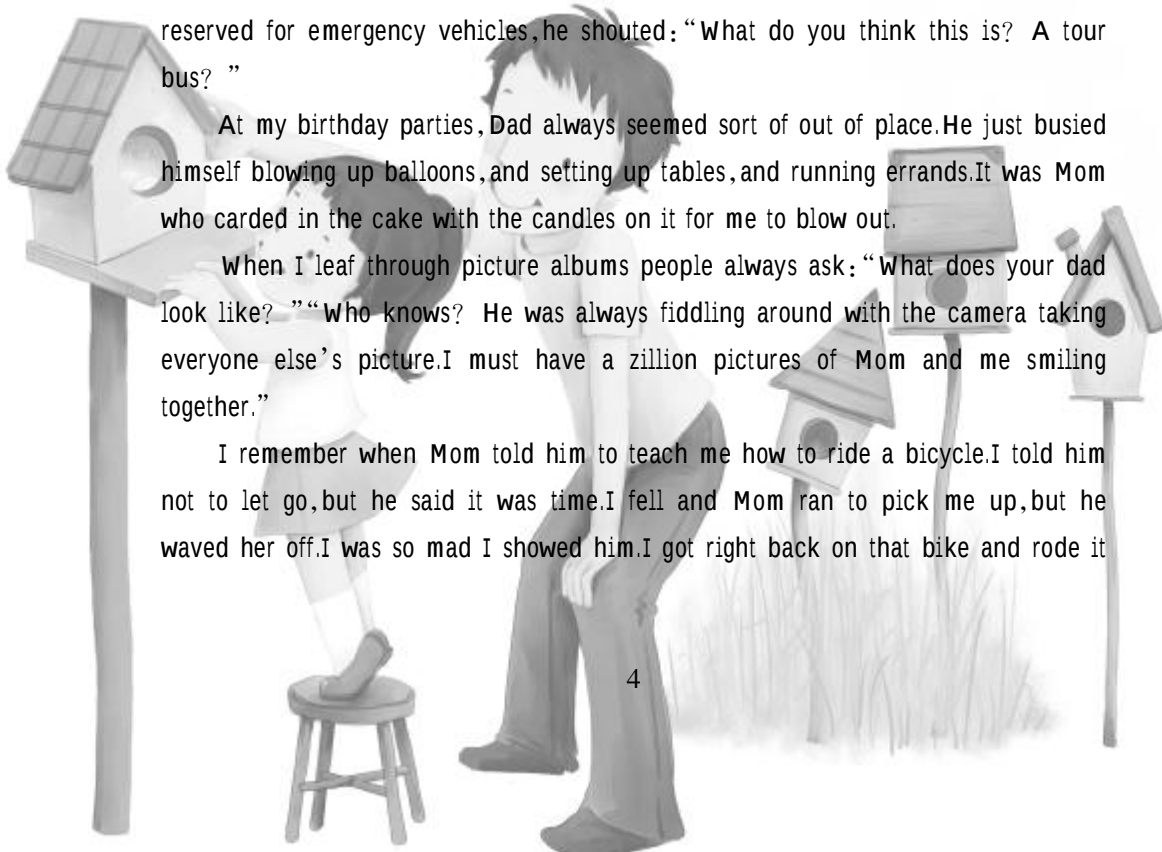
Once when I stole a candy of a bar, he made me take it back and tell the man I stole it and that I'd pay for it. But it was Mom who understood I was just a kid.

I broke my leg once on the playground swing and it was Mom who held me in her arms all the way to the hospital. Dad pulled the car right up to the door of the emergency room and when they asked him to move it because that space was reserved for emergency vehicles, he shouted: "What do you think this is? A tour bus?"

At my birthday parties, Dad always seemed sort of out of place. He just busied himself blowing up balloons, and setting up tables, and running errands. It was Mom who carded in the cake with the candles on it for me to blow out.

When I leaf through picture albums people always ask: "What does your dad look like?" "Who knows? He was always fiddling around with the camera taking everyone else's picture. I must have a zillion pictures of Mom and me smiling together."

I remember when Mom told him to teach me how to ride a bicycle. I told him not to let go, but he said it was time. I fell and Mom ran to pick me up, but he waved her off. I was so mad I showed him. I got right back on that bike and rode it



myself. He didn't even feel embarrassed. Just smiled.

When I went to college, Mom did all the writing. He just sent checks and a little note about how great his lawn looked now but I wasn't playing football on it.

Whenever I called home, he acted like he wanted to talk, but he always said: "I'll get your mother."

When I got married, it was Mom who cried. He just blew his nose loudly and left the room.

All my life he said: "Where are you going? What time are you coming home? No, you cannot go."

Daddy just didn't know how to show love, unless...

Is it possible he showed it and I didn't recognize it?

