



鹰语坊 双语心灵阅读系列



一生最念 这份情

风云英语 栾桂凤 编 译
Patch Willis Ember Swift 英文配音

有一种情，一生都不会失去
柔柔的，暖暖的
快乐时容易被忽略
孤单时却常常记起
他们是亲人也可能是路人
他们是我们一生都感恩的人

与美国人同步阅读的英文经典文集

The Most Cherishing Things in Life



化学工业出版社



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英文经典文集

The Most ings Life



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· 北京 ·

本书中英文对照,从“母爱暖暖来”、“父亲的守护已多年”、“爱的涟漪一串串”、“架起友爱的葡萄藤”、“思念在脑海中蔓延”、“感恩人生指路者”和“天使就在身边”七个方面呈现了人们对亲情的理解。除了英文原文和中文翻译之外,文中的名言佳句用横线标注了出来,供读者欣赏、记忆,生词也在文后配有注释以便读者查阅。

随书附赠特请美籍外教录制的纯正动听的MP3英文录音,让耳朵一起感受亲情的力量吧!

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

一生最念这份情/栾桂凤编译. —北京:化学工业出版社, 2011.5

ISBN 978-7-122-10774-9

I. 一… II. 栾… III. ①英语-汉语-对照读物
②情感-通俗读物 IV. H319.4 : B

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字(2011)第043428号

责任编辑:杜春阳 史文晖
责任校对:郑捷

装帧设计:尹琳琳

出版发行:化学工业出版社
(北京市东城区青年湖南街13号 邮政编码100011)
印 装:化学工业出版社印刷厂
880mm×1230mm 1/32 印张6³/₄ 字数200千字
2011年8月北京第1版第1次印刷

购书咨询:010-64518888(传真:010-64519686)

售后服务:010-64518899

网 址: <http://www.cip.com.cn>

凡购买本书,如有缺损质量问题,本社销售中心负责调换。

定 价:19.80元(附光盘)

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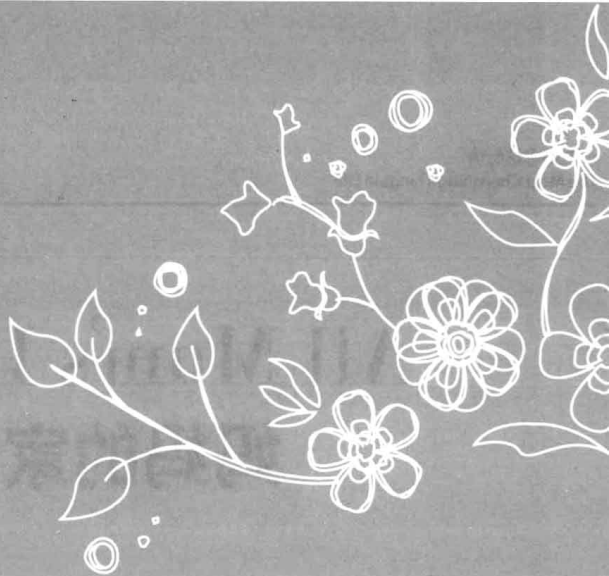
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All Mum's Letters

妈妈的家书

by Octavia Capuzzi Locke

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**¹ that summer. We had not heard from him since the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor.

I didn't understand why my mum kept writing 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.

I had always been amused by the fact that mum signed her letters, "Cecilia Capuzzi", and I teased her about that. "Why don't you just write 'Mum'?" I said.

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, this small delicate woman, who even in high-heeled shoes was barely one and a half meters tall.

She never wore make-up or jewelry except for a wedding ring of gold. Her hair was fine, **sleek**² and black and always put up in a knot in the neck. She wouldn't hear of getting a haircut or a **perm**³. Her small silver-rimmed pince-nez only left her nose when she went to bed.

Whenever mum had finished a letter, she gave it to dad for him to post it. Then she put the water on to boil, and we sat down at the table and talked about the good old days when our Italian-American family had been a family of ten — mum, dad and eight children. Five boys and three girls. It is hard to understand that they had all moved away from home to work, enroll in the army, or get married. All except me.

Around next spring mum had got two more sons to write to. Every evening she wrote three different letters which she gave to me and dad afterwards so we could add our greetings.

Little by little the **rumour**⁴ about mum's letters spread. One day a small woman knocked at our door. Her voice trembled as she asked: "Is it true you write letters?"

"I write to my sons."

"And you can read too?" whispered the woman.

"Sure."

The woman opened her bag and pulled out a pile of air mail letters. “Read... please read them aloud to me.”

The letters were from the woman’s son who was a soldier in Europe; a red-haired boy who mum remembered having seen sitting with his brothers on the stairs in front of our house. Mum read the letters one by one and translated them from English to Italian. The woman’s eyes welled up with tears. “Now I have to write to him,” she said. But how was she going to do it?

“Make some coffee, Octavia,” mum yelled to me in the living room while she took the woman with her into the kitchen and seated her at the table. She took the fountain⁵ pen, ink and air mail notepaper and began to write. When she had finished, she read the letter aloud to the woman.

“How did you know that was exactly what I wanted to say?”

“I often sit and look at my boys’ letters, just like you, without a clue about what to write.”

A few days later the woman returned with a friend, then another one and yet another one — they all had sons who fought in the war, and they all needed letters. 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 she came to us, and mum instantly knew what had happened. All hope had disappeared from her eyes. 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.

After the war was over, mum put away the pen and paper. "Finito," she said. But she was wrong. The women who had come to her for help in writing to their sons now came to her with letters from their relatives in Italy. They also came to ask her for her help in getting American citizenship.

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

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

"A letter unites people like nothing else. 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.

译文参考

奥克塔维亚·卡普奇·洛克

直到今天，我依然记得妈妈所写过的信。这一切都始于1941年的12月。那时候每天晚上她都坐在厨房的大桌子前给我的哥哥乔尼写信。乔尼是在那年夏天被征兵入伍的，而自从日本袭击珍珠港以后，我们就失去了他的消息。

我始终不明白妈妈为什么要坚持给乔尼写信，因为他从来不回信。

“等着瞧吧，我们一定会收到他的回信的。”妈妈说。她说在我们的大脑和所写的话语间有一种直接的联系，这种联系坚不可摧，就像上帝赐给我们的光一样。而她坚信这道光一定会找到乔尼。

我不确定她这样说是否是为了安慰自己，或者爸爸，还有我们。但是我肯定，她这样做确实把我们团结到了一起。有一天，一封信果然从天而降——乔尼依然健在，他生活在太平洋的一个小岛上。

我也一直觉得妈妈在信尾的签名很有意思——“塞西莉亚·卡普奇”。我取笑她说，你为什么 not 签“妈妈”呢？

我从没有意识到她总是将自己当作是塞西莉亚·卡普奇，而不是母亲。我开始用一种新的眼光来看她，看这位即使是穿着高跟鞋，也还不到一米五的小巧玲珑的女士。

她从不化妆，除了金色婚戒外也不戴任何首饰。她的发质很好，头