



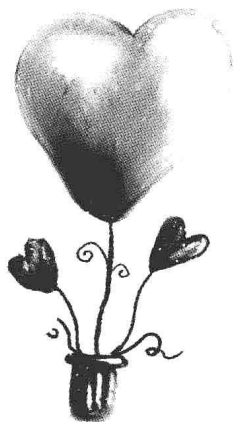
阳光英语

Your Heart Is a Garden

你的心是个花园

外语教学与研究出版社

FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS



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侯毅凌 主编

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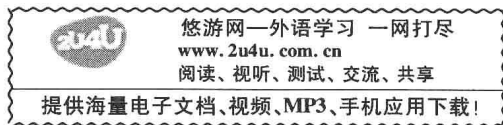
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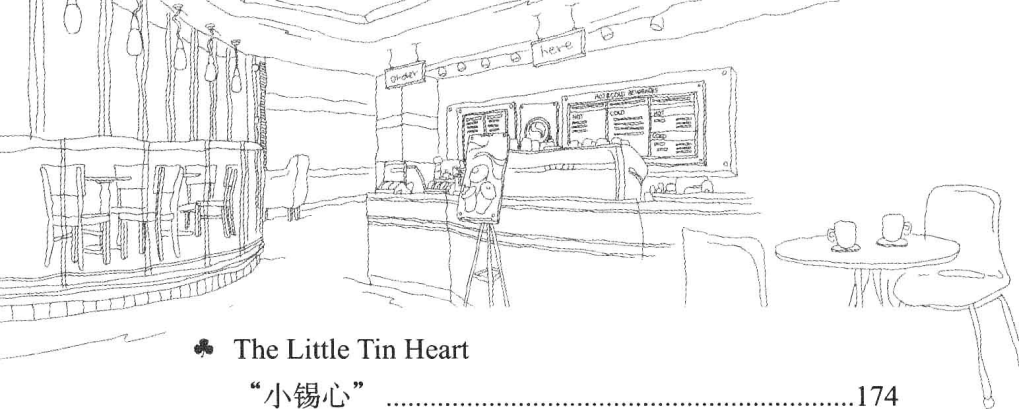
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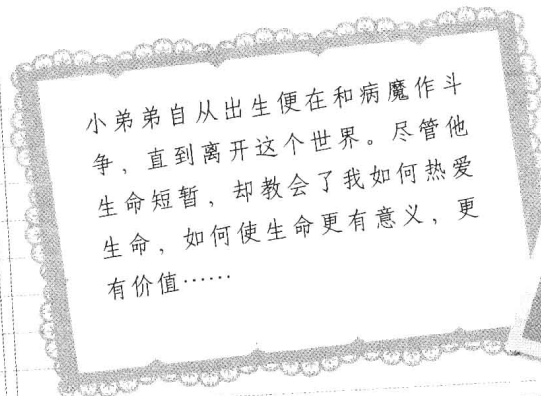


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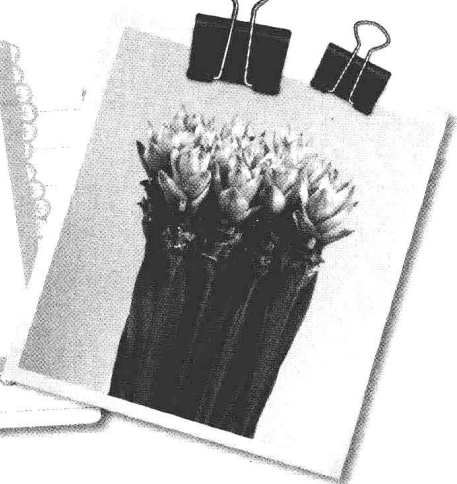


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小弟弟自从出生便在和病魔作斗争，直到离开这个世界。尽管他生命短暂，却教会了我如何热爱生命，如何使生命更有意义，更有价值……



A Letter to My Loving Little Brother

致我亲爱的小弟弟

By Alice Brown ◎王子平译

Dear Patrick,
I was then an only child who had everything I could ever want. But even a pretty, spoiled and rich kid could get lonely once in a while. So when Mom told me that she was pregnant, I was ecstatic. I imagined how wonderful you would be and how we'd always be together and how much you would look like me. So, when you were born, I looked at your tiny hands and feet and marveled at how beautiful you were.

We took you home and I showed you proudly to my friends. They would touch you and sometimes pinch you, but you never reacted. When you were five months old, some things began to bother Mom. You seemed so unmoving and numb, and your cry sounded odd—almost like a kitten's. So we brought you to many doctors.

The thirteenth doctor who looked at you quietly said you have the “cry of the cat” syndrome.

When I asked what that meant, he looked at me with pity and softly said, “Your brother will never walk nor talk.” The doctor told us that it is a condition that afflicts one in 50,000 babies, rendering victims severely retarded. Mom was shocked and I was furious. I thought it was unfair.



亲爱的帕特里克：

在你出生以前，我是家里的独生女，想要什么就有什么。但即使是这么一个漂亮、富有、倍受宠爱的孩子偶尔也会感到一丝孤独。因此当妈妈告诉我她怀孕的消息时，我欣喜若狂。我想象着你可爱的样子，想象着我们形影不离、一同玩耍的情景，想象着你会跟我长得有几分像。所以当你出生后，我看着你那小手小脚，惊叹着你的美丽。

带你回家之后，我就骄傲地向伙伴们炫耀我有一个多么可爱的小弟弟。他们轻轻地摸你，有时还掐你一把，可是你从来都没有反应。当你五个月大的时候，妈妈开始担忧，因为你就那样一动也不动，好像没有知觉似的，连你的哭声都很奇怪——就像小猫的叫声一样。为此我们带你去看了好多医生。



第十三位医生静静地看着你，确诊了你的病是“猫叫综合症”。

我问他这是什么意思，医生遗憾地看着我，轻轻地说：“你的弟弟永远都不会走路也不会说话了。”医生告诉我们，这种病的发生率为五万分之一，得这种病的孩子都很迟钝。听到这个噩耗，妈妈惊呆了，我也气坏了。我觉得这太不公平了。



When we went home, Mom took you in her arms and cried. I looked at you and realized that word will get around that you're not normal. So to hold on to my popularity, I did the unthinkable... I disowned you. Mom and Dad didn't know but I steeled myself not to love you as you grew. Mom and Dad showered you with¹ love and attention and that made me bitter. And as the years passed, that bitterness turned into anger, and then hate.

Mom never gave up on you. She knew she had to do it for your sake.

Every time she put your toys down, you'd roll instead of crawl. I watched her heart break every time she took away your toys and strapped your tummy with foam so you couldn't roll. You struggled and you were crying in that pitiful way, the cry of the kitten. But she still didn't give up.

And then one day, you defied what all your doctors said—you crawled.

When Mom saw this, she knew you would eventually walk. So when you were still crawling at age four, she'd put you on the grass with only your diapers on, knowing that you hate the feel of the grass on your skin.

Then she'd leave you there. I would sometimes watch from the windows

and smile at your discomfort. You would crawl to the sidewalk and Mom would put you back. Again and again, Mom repeated this on the lawn. Until one day, Mom saw you pull yourself up and toddle off the grass as fast as your little legs could carry you.

Laughing and crying, she shouted for Dad and I to come. Dad hugged you crying openly.

I watched from my bedroom window this heartbreaking scene.



1 shower sb. with sth.: 给某人大量……。



在回家的路上，妈妈把你紧紧抱在怀里痛哭失声。我看着你，忽然意识到一个问题：不久大家就都知道你是一个不正常的孩子了（那么就没人愿意跟我一起玩了）。因此，为了使我还像以前一样受欢迎，我做了一个很过分的决定：断绝和你的关系。爸爸妈妈对此一无所知，但是我下定决心从此不再爱你。爸爸妈妈非常疼爱你、关心你，这让我感到很不高兴。随着时间流逝，这种不悦逐渐转变成愤怒，进而成为憎恶。

妈妈从来没有放弃过你，因为她知道为了你的将来她必须帮助你。

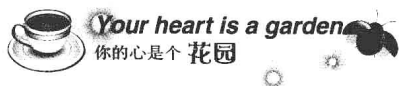
每当她把你的玩具放下，你都是打着滚而不是爬着过去。每次她拿走你的玩具，并在你的肚子上围上泡沫塑料好让你不能滚动，我都看见她的心碎了又碎。你使劲挣扎着，哭了起来，那哭声就像小猫一样，是那么地让人心疼。即使这样，妈妈也决不心软。

终于有一天，你用自己的行动证明了医生的话是错的——你会爬了。

看到这一幕，妈妈就知道你将来肯定能学会走路。可是直到四岁，你还是只会爬来爬去。妈妈就把只裹了尿布的你放到了草坪上，因为她知道你最讨厌草叶扎在皮肤上的感觉了。

她就那样把你留在草坪上。我时不时地透过窗户看着你，你那难受的样子竟让我笑了起来。每次你爬到人行道上，妈妈就会把你放回草坪上。就这样，妈妈一遍又一遍地在草坪上重复着这个过程。直到有一天，妈妈看见你摇摇晃晃地站起身来，以自己所能达到的最快速度东倒西歪地走出了草坪。

妈妈又哭又笑，大声叫我和爸爸出来，爸爸抱着你放声大哭。我呆在卧室内，透过窗户看到了这令人肝肠寸断的情景。



Over the years, Mom taught you to speak, read and write. From then on, I would² sometimes see you walk outside, smell the flowers, marvel at the birds, or just smile at no one. I began to see the beauty of the world through your eyes. It was then that I realized that you were my brother and no matter how much I tried to hate you, I couldn't, because I had grown to love you.

During the next few days, we again became acquainted with each other. I would buy you toys and give you all the love that a sister could ever give to her brother. And you would reward me by smiling and hugging me.

But I guess, you were never really meant for us. On your tenth birthday, you felt severe headaches. The doctor's diagnosis—leukemia. Mom gasped and Dad held her, while I fought hard to keep my tears from falling. At that moment, I loved you all the more. I couldn't even bear to leave your side. Then the doctors told us that your only hope is to have a bone marrow transplant. You became the subject of a nationwide donor search. When at last we found the right match, you were too sick, and the doctor reluctantly ruled out the operations. Since then, you underwent chemotherapy and radiation.

Even at the end, you continued to pursue life. Just a month before you died, you made me draw up a list of things you wanted to do when you got out of the hospital. Two days after the list was completed, you asked the doctors to send you home. There, we ate ice cream and cake, ran across the grass, flew kites, went fishing, took pictures of one another and let the balloons fly. I remember the last conversation that we had. You said that if you died, and if I needed help, I could send you a note to heaven by tying it on the string of any balloon and letting it fly. When you said this, I started crying. Then you hugged me. Then again, for the last time, you got sick.

2 would: 总是（用于表示某人过去经常做的事）。



一年又一年过去了，妈妈教会了你说话、读书和写字。从那时起，我就时常看见你在外面散步，闻闻花，看看鸟，或是莫名地微笑。通过你的眼睛，我开始看到这个世界的美丽。正是那时我意识到你是我的弟弟，不管我怎么努力地恨你，我都恨不起来，因为我已经习惯了爱你。

接下来的那几天，我们又彼此熟悉起来了。我给你买玩具，把一个姐姐能给予弟弟的所有的爱都倾注在你身上，你也会用微笑和拥抱来回报我。

但是我想，你也许真的不可能属于我们。在十岁生日那天，你突然感觉头疼得很厉害。医生的诊断是——白血病。妈妈几乎晕厥过去，爸爸抱住了她，而我则拼命地忍住不让眼泪落下。在那一刻，我更加爱你，我几乎无法忍受离开你的身边。医生说，你唯一活下来的希望就是接受骨髓移植手术。于是我们在全中国范围内寻找跟你匹配的骨髓。当我们最终找到了能移植给你的骨髓时，你却因为病得太厉害而无法进行手术了。接着，你开始接受化疗和放射治疗。

即使到了最后一刻，你的求生意志还是很顽强。在你去世前一个月，你让我列了一个清单，上面写着你出院以后想要做的事情。在这个清单写好两天之后，你请求医生让你回家。在家里，我们一起吃冰淇淋和蛋糕、在草坪上跑来跑去、放风筝、钓鱼、互相拍照、还放飞了许多气球。我还记得我们最后一次谈话，你说，在你死了之后，如果我需要你的帮助，就在气球上系一个纸条，让它升到天堂里。当你说到这里，我开始哭了，你就抱着我安慰我。不久，你又一次，也是最后一次病倒了。





Your heart is a garden

你的心是个花园



That last night, you asked for water, a back rub, a cuddle. Finally, you went into seizure with tears streaming down your face. Later, at the hospital, you struggled to talk but the words wouldn't come. I know what you wanted to say. "Hear you," I whispered. And for the last time, I said, "I'll always love and I will never forget you. Don't be afraid. You'll soon be with God in heaven." Then, with my tears flowing freely, I watched the bravest boy I had ever known finally stop breathing. Dad, Mom and I cried until I felt as if there were no more tears left. Patrick was finally gone, leaving us behind.

From then on, you were my source of inspiration. You showed me how to love life and live to the fullest. With your simplicity and honesty, you showed me a world full of love and caring. And you made me realize that the most important thing in this life is to continue loving without asking why or how and without setting any limit.

Thank you, my little brother, for all these. ♀





最后那一晚，你要喝水、要挠挠后背、要人抱抱，最后你泪如泉涌。后来，在医院，你使劲地想要说话，却一个字也说不出。我知道你要说什么，就小声地说：“我听到了。”最后一次，我跟你说：“我会永远爱你，永远也不会忘记你。不要害怕，你很快就会和上帝在一起了。”然后，我的眼泪就再也止不住了，我眼睁睁地看着我所见过的最勇敢的男孩渐渐停止了呼吸。我和爸爸妈妈抱头痛哭，直到流干了最后一滴眼泪。帕特里克最终还是离我们而去了。

从那时起，你就成了我的精神力量之源。是你教会了我如何热爱生命，如何使生命更有意义、更有价值。是你的单纯和直率给我展示了一个充满关爱的世界，你让我明白生命中最重要的事情就是永无止境地献出自己的爱，不去问为什么，也不管用什么方式。

谢谢你，我的小小弟弟，感谢你所给我的一切。♀

简·古多尔 (Jane Goodall, 1934—), 生于伦敦。自幼即对动物行为极感兴趣。她在非洲担任古生物学家路易斯·利基的助手, 与利基的合作经验使她能于1960年在贡贝溪动物保护区设立一个营区, 得以观察该地黑猩猩的行为, 致力于保护环境和动物。



A Day in the Life of Jane Goodall¹

简·古多尔：非洲丛林中的一天

By Jane Goodall ©李殊译

In Gombe², I get up at 6:45 a.m. or an hour earlier if I'm going to un-nest³ the chimps. From my house on the beach I can get to the chimps wherever they are. (Un-nesting them means that you clamber to where you left them the night before, sit beneath the nest and wait for movement.) They get up slowly one after the other, sit for a while, then wander off and start to feed.

My favourite day is spent following a mother and her family until evening. The most wonderful thing about fieldwork, whether with chimps, baboons⁴ or any other wildlife, is waking up and asking yourself, "What am I going to see today?"

Breakfast is usually a piece of bread and a cup of coffee. I don't bother with lunch when I'm out. Some of the wild fruit chimps eat are quite tasty when ripe, though most are horribly astringent⁵. There isn't really anything that I've ever craved when living in the bush. I've been lucky in that it's very easy for me to adjust. My one luxury is music: Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, Mahler, Sibelius, and so on.

It can be exhausting climbing high, far and fast. Around 3 p.m. you feel very weary because of spending a lot of the day on your tummy, crawling, with vines catching your hair.