

与美国人同步阅读的**中英双语**丛书

你的怀抱是 我生命的终点

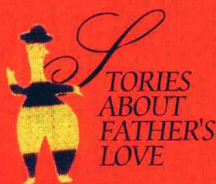
父爱温暖一生 阅读成就希望 英文开启未来

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庆裕
编译

用英文点亮人生 2
LIGHT UP YOUR LIFE WITH ENGLISH



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STORIES
ABOUT
FATHER'S
LOVE

你的怀抱是
我生命的终点

与美国人同步阅读的**中英双语**丛书

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ENRICH YOUR LIFE WITH ENGLISH

编译 庆裕



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序言
PREFACE

父亲永远是最沉默的那个人。当母亲为我们准备远行的衣衫时，父亲在一旁默默地注视着；当我们踏上月台挥手道别时，父亲在远处沉默地凝望着；当我们在千里之外打电话问候时，父亲在一边静静地聆听着。他的笑、他的苦、他的爱，都装在他宽广的胸怀里。

小时候父亲把我们放在肩头，唱着歌驮着我们走；成年后父亲把我们放在心头，惦念着远方的子女是否平安幸福。当我们取得成功时，父亲会畅饮到一醉方休；当我们失意无助时，父亲会拍拍我们的肩，告诉我们从头再来。

有时候父亲大手一拍，一个决定就托起了我们的一生。人生的每一步路，总在父亲的支持和鼓励下变得顺畅。渐行渐远的我们一路奔忙：学习的负重，生活的压力，总让人忽略了远方关注我们的那颗心。当我们遇到挫折猛然回头时，发现父亲的爱就在身边，父爱让人感到温暖和安全，于是我们在父亲爱的胸怀里休养生息，直到重新振奋。

某一瞬空闲中，某种情愫触动了我们心灵的一角，久藏心底的那种温情悠然升起，这时我们才觉得，那份浓重深沉的父爱原来早在我们的心底生根发芽了。感怀之下便有了一篇篇感人至深的文章，这是儿女们对父爱的心得感悟。

本书从这些优美感人的篇章中选取了几十篇文章，采用中英文对照的形式出版，力求在帮助读者提高英文阅读和写作水平的同时，彰显父爱的伟大。

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Part 1

Love in Bloom
爱似鲜花盛开



**No Matter What Happens,
I'll Always Be There for You!**
Anonymous

In 1989, an 8.2 earthquake almost flattened America, killing over 30, 000 people in less than four minutes. In the midst of utter devastation and chaos, a father left his wife safely at home and rushed to the school where his son was supposed to be, only to discover that the building was as flat as a pancake.

After the unforgettably initial shock, he remembered the promise he had made to his son, "No matter what happens, I' ll always be there for you!" And tears began to fill his eyes. As he looked at the pile of ruins that once was the school, it looked hopeless, but he kept remembering his commitment to his son.

He began to direct his attention towards where he walked his son to class at school each morning. Remembering his son' s classroom would be in the back right corner of the building, he rushed there and started



digging through the ruins.

As he was digging, other helpless parents arrived, clutching their hearts, saying, "My son!" "My daughter!" Other well meaning parents tried to pull him off what was left of the school, saying, "It's too late! They're all dead! You can't help!" "Go home! Come on, face reality, there's nothing you can do!" To each parent he responded with one line, "Are you going to help me now?" And then he continued to dig for his son, stone by stone.

The fire chief showed up and tried to pull him off the school's ruins saying, "Fires are breaking out, explosions are happening everywhere. You're in danger. We'll take care of it. Go home." To which this loving, caring American father asked, "Are you going to help me now?"

The police came and said, "You're angry, anxious and it's over. You're endangering others. Go home. We'll handle it!" To which he replied, "Are you going to help me now?" No one helped. Courageously he went on alone because he needed to know for himself, "Is my boy alive or is he dead?"

He dug for 8 hours... 12 hours... 24 hours... 36 hours... then, in the 38th hour, he pulled back a large stone and heard his son's voice. He screamed his son's name, "Armand!" He heard back, "Dad? It's me, Dad! I told the other kids not to worry. I told myself that if you were alive, you'd save me and when you saved me, they'd be saved. You promised, no matter what happens, I'll always be there for you! You did it, Dad!"

"What's going on in there? How is it?" the father asked.

"There are 14 of us left out of 33, Dad. We're scared, hungry, thirsty and thankful you are here. When the building collapsed, it made a triangle, and it saved us."

"Come out, boy!"

"No, Dad! Let the other kids out first, because I know you'll get me! No matter what happens, I know you'll always be there for me!"



无论发生什么事，
我都会在你身旁

佚名

发生在 1989 年的一次 8.2 级地震，几乎将美国夷为平地，在不到 4 分钟的时间内，有 3 万多人丧生。在极度混乱中，一位父亲在家中安顿好妻子后，便冲到了儿子的学校，然而眼前的校园已是一片废墟。

这触目惊心的一幕，让他回想起曾经给儿子的承诺：“无论发生什么事，我都会在你身旁。”想到这些，他的双眼不禁湿润了。目睹曾经的校园已成一片废墟，一切看起来都叫人绝望，但对儿子的承诺始终回荡在他的脑海中。

他把注意力集中到每天早晨送儿子上学的那条路上，印象中儿子的教室就在那幢楼后面的右侧角落处，他冲过去，开始在碎石瓦砾中挖掘搜索。

这时，其他家长也都赶到了现场，他们无助地、撕心裂肺地哭叫着：“我的儿子啊！”“我的女儿啊！”有些善良的家长试图劝这位父



亲离开现场：“晚了！他们去了！你也无能为力！”“回去吧！要面对现实，你这样做无济于事！”面对同为父母的人们的劝慰，这位父亲始终只回答一句话：“你们愿意帮我吗？”然后便继续他的挖掘，一块石头一块石头地移走。

消防队长来了，他也劝这位父亲撤离现场，并对他说：“火灾正在发生，爆炸也随时随地有可能发生，这里太危险，让我们来处理，你还是回家去吧！”对此，这位善良慈爱的父亲只是回答：“你们愿意帮我吗？”

警察也赶到了现场，劝他说：“你现在又气又急，该醒醒了！你现在危及他人。回去吧，我们会处理好这儿的一切。”这位父亲依旧回答：“你愿意帮我吗？”人们都无动于衷，而他仍然一个人勇气十足地挖着，因为他自己要知道“我的儿子是死了还是活着？”

他挖了8个小时……12个小时……24个小时……36个小时……在第38个小时的时候，他搬开了一块大石头，听到了儿子的声音，他兴奋地叫着儿子的名字：“阿曼德！”儿子回答道：“是爸爸吗？我是阿曼德，爸爸！我告诉其他小朋友不要担心。我告诉自己，如果您活着的话，就一定会来救我，你救我的同时，他们也会得救了。您答应过我，无论发生什么事，您都会在我身边，您真的做到了，爸爸！”

“里面情况怎样？”父亲问。

“爸爸，我们33个同学，只有14个还活着。我们都好怕，又饿又渴，还好有您在这儿。教学楼坍塌形成的三角形洞，救了我們。”

“出来吧，孩子！”

“不，爸爸！让其他同学先出去，因为我知道您会等着我！不论发生什么事，您都会等我！”



父亲的爱和坚持是生命的延伸。



A Dance with Dad

Anonymous

I danced with my father at my parents' 50th-wedding-anniversary celebration. The band played an old-fashioned waltz as we moved gracefully across the floor. His hand on my waist was as guiding as it always was, and he humed the tune to himself in a steady, youthful way. Around and around we went, laughed and nodded to the other dancers.

We were the best dancers on the floor, they told us. My father squeezed my hand and smiled at me. All the years that I refused to dance with him melt away now. And those early times came back.

I remember when I was almost three and my father came home from work and swooped me into his arms and began to dance me around the table. My mother laughed at us, told us dinner would get cold. But my father said, "She's just caught the rhythm of the dance! Our dinner can wait." Then he sang out, "Roll out the barrel, let's have a barrel of fun." and I sang back, "Let's get those blues on the run."



We danced through the years. One night when I was 15, lost in some painful, adolescent mood. My father put on a stack of records and teased me to dance with him. "Come on," he said, "let's get those blues on the run."

When I turned away from him, my father put his hand on my shoulder, and I jumped out of the chair screaming, "Don't touch me! I am sick and tired of dancing with you!" I saw the hurt on his face, but words were out and I could not call them back. I ran to my room sobbing hysterically.

We did not dance together after that night. I found other partners, and my father waited up for me after dances, sitting in his favorite chair. Sometimes he would be asleep when I came in, and I would wake him, saying, "If you were so tired, you should have gone to bed."

"No, no," he'd say, "I was just waiting for you."

Then we'd lock up the house and go to bed.

My father waited up for me through my high school and college years when I danced my way out of his life.

Shortly after my first child was born, my mother called to tell me my father was ill. "A heart problem," she said, "Now, don't come. It's three hundred miles. It would upset your father."

A proper diet restored him to good health. My mother wrote that they had joined a dance club, "The doctor says it's a good exercise. You remember how your father loves to dance."

Yes, I remembered. My eyes filled up with remembering.

When my father retired, we mended our way back together again; hugs and kisses were common when we visited each other. He danced with the grandchildren, but he did not ask me to dance. I knew he was waiting for an apology from me. I could never find the right words.



As my parents' 50th anniversary approached, my brothers and I met to plan the party. My older brother said, "Do you remember that night you wouldn't dance with him? Boy, was he mad? I couldn't believe he'd get so mad about a thing like that. I'll bet you haven't danced with him since."

I did not tell him he was right.

My younger brother promised to get the band. "Make sure they can play waltzes and polkas." I told him.

I did not tell him that all I wanted to do was dance once more with my father.

When the band began to play after dinner, my parents took the floor. They glided around the room, inviting the others to join them. The guests rose to their feet, applauding the golden couple. My father danced with his granddaughters, and then the band began to play the "Beer Barrel Polka".

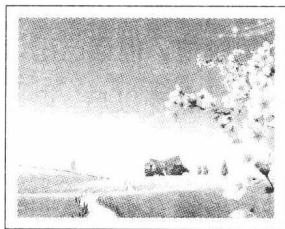
"Roll out the barrel." I heard my father singing. Then I knew it was time. I wound my way through a few couples and tapped my daughter on the shoulder.

"Excuse me," I said, looking directly into my father's eyes and almost choking on my words, "but I believe this is my dance."

My father stood rooted to the spot. Our eyes met and traveled back to that night when I was 15. In a trembling voice, I sang, "Let's get those blues on the run."

My father bowed and said, "Oh, yes. I've been waiting for you."

Then he started to laugh, and we moved into each other's arms.



与父亲共舞

佚名

在父母金婚纪念庆典上，伴着古老的华尔兹旋律，我与父亲在舞厅里优雅地翩翩起舞。他从容地哼着轻快的乐曲，依旧把手放在我的腰际，引领着舞步。我们旋转着，不停地笑着对其他舞者点头致意。

大家公认，我和父亲是舞场中跳得最好的一对。父亲紧握着我的手，冲我微笑。多年来，我拒绝和他跳舞，这种隔膜现在终于消失殆尽。我们也终于可以重返最初的美好时光。

记得大约在我 3 岁时，父亲下班回家总要猛地将我抱进怀里，然后开始围着餐桌跳舞。妈妈就会笑着说，晚饭都要凉了。可父亲说：“她刚刚跟上节奏，过一会儿再吃。”然后便唱起来：“把桶滚出来，让我们拥有一个快乐的桶。”我也跟着唱：“让我们滚走忧伤。”

就这样我们跳了很多年。直到 15 岁的一个晚上，当我沉浸在青春期莫名的悲伤中时，父亲拿出一摞唱片，揶揄着让我跟他跳舞。“来



卡的乐队。”

我没告诉他，自己只是希望能与父亲再跳一次舞。

晚饭后，乐队开始演奏，父母进入舞池，并邀请其他客人加入。他们在房间四周慢慢滑动舞步，大家都站了起来，为金婚夫妻鼓掌祝贺。在父亲与他的孙女们跳舞时，乐队演奏起了《啤酒桶波尔卡》。

“把桶滚出来，”我听到父亲在唱歌。是时候了，我绕过几对夫妇，轻轻拍了拍女儿的肩膀。

“对不起，”我直视父亲的眼睛，几乎说不出话来，“我想该轮到我了。”

父亲一动不动地站在那里。我们对视着，似乎又回到了我 15 岁的那个夜晚，我的声音颤抖着，唱道：“让我们滚走忧伤。”

父亲弯下腰来，说道：“噢，是的，我一直在等你。”

然后他笑起来，我们拥抱在一起。



感悟

沉厚的父爱在轻盈的舞曲中变得温暖。