



Bilingual reading for Chinese students

中国学生双语阅读精品

【第二辑】

最美的心灵

The most beautiful heart

一个眼睛像大海般深蓝。

头发像沙滩般金黄的小女孩。

送我一一份珍贵的礼物。

教会了我爱的真谛。



山东电子音像出版社

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刘 庆 编著

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编 著 刘 庆
责任编辑 王 伟
封面设计 李 明

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第一卷 接受自己

爱自己是件很困难的事，这真是一种很奇怪的现象！或许有人以为这是世界上最容易的事，因为我们始终都在关心自己。我们总对能获得多少，表现多好，如何舒适地生活怀有极大的兴趣。那为何真正地爱自己就那么难呢？

原则是灯塔

佚名

那是个风雨大作的夜晚，指挥官从驾驶室出来走到船长面前说道：“船长，船长，我们的海航线上有灯光，而且它们一直在那里一动也不动。”

“它们一动也不动是什么意思？叫人把它们移开。告诉他们立即让灯光向右偏些。”

信号被发了出去，“右偏，右偏。”可返回的信号却说：“你自己有偏。”

“这真是难以置信，到底怎么了？应该让他们知道我们是谁。”信号再次被发了出去，“我们是密苏里巨轮，请右偏。”可信号再次返了回来：“这里是灯塔。”

朋友们，正确的原则犹如灯塔，它们永远不会移动。这是自然法则，我们无法打破。要么与它们抗争，要么去学习它们、调节它们、利用它们，并感激它们。这

样，我们才能够不断进步、释放自己，让我们正确运用这些法则。

T·s·爱略特曾说过一句话，我觉得它很适合做结束语。“我们永不言弃，经过一番奋斗之后，我们将抵达出发地，并开始真正认识这个地方。”

3. 别

随着来出官要我从官讲，翻身的升大画几个星眼
以自土她她画的门真，斗健，斗健”，画前画前分个
“画不出画一里眼我有一门白且画，出
告，我画门画眼人画，画意么什画画不出画一画字
“画画古向画升我出画立画画画画
画画画画画画画”。画古，画古”，去出了画画画画
“画画画画画画”。画画画画画画”，画
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，画画画画画画画””，画出了画画画画画画””，画画画
“画画画画画画””，画画画画画画画画画画””。画画画
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Principles are lighthouses

Anonymous

It was a dark and stormy night. The officer on the bridge came to the captain and said, "Captain, Captain, there is a light in our sea lane and they won't move."

"What do you mean they won't move? Tell them to move. Tell them starboard right now."

The signal was sent out, "Starboard, starboard," "The signal comes back, "Starboard yourself."

"I can't believe this. What's going on here? Let them know who I am." The signal sent out, "this is the mighty Missouri, starboard." The signal comes back, "This is the lighthouse."

My friends, correct principles are lighthouses, they do not move. They are nature laws. We can't break them. We can only break ourselves against them. We might as well learn them, ac-

commodate them, utilize them and be grateful for them. Then it enlarges us and emancipates us and empowers us.

TS.Eliot once said something I think is appropriate as we come to the conclusion of our visit together. He said, "we are never cease from striving, and the end of all of our striving will be to arrive where we began and to know the place for the first time."



最美的心灵

佚名

一天，一个年轻人站在小镇中心，声称他的心是整个山谷最美丽的。一大群人围了过来，人人都赞赏他的心确实完美无缺，没有一丝伤痕或瑕疵。他们一致认为这是最美丽的心。年轻人深感自豪；更大肆鼓吹起来。

突然，一个老人出现在人群前，说道：“我的心比你的更美丽。”大家都看着老人的心。这颗心有力地跳动着，布满了伤痕，有些地方被挖走了，虽然又重新补上，但并不完全吻合，依然有很深的锯齿状印迹，有的地方甚至还有很深的沟壑，那里的整个部分完全没有了。

人们凝视着，心想——他怎么能说自己的心更美呢？年轻人看着老人的心，大笑起来。“您在开玩笑吧，”他说，“与我的心相比，您的布满了伤疤和裂痕，而我的是那么完美。”

“是的，”老人说：“你的心看起来是很完美，但我

绝不与你交换，你看，每一个伤疤都代表着我对别人的爱——我付出一份真心，他们常会回赠一份，填在我的空白处，由于不是完全吻合，伤口的边缘就会留下疤痕。我非常珍惜这些伤疤，它们常使我想起我们共有的爱心。有时，我付出了真心，但却没得到回报，因此就出现了这些沟壑——献出爱心其实也是一种冒险。这些沟壑整日敞着，虽然很疼痛，却让我想起曾给予别人的爱。我希望有一天，他们能回来填补我心上的空白。现在，你明白什么是真正的美丽了吧？”

年轻人默默地站着，眼泪顺着脸颊流下来，他走到老人身旁，把手伸进自己完美年轻的心，撕下一片，颤抖着双手献给了这位老人。

老人接受了他的馈赠，把它放在心上，然后，又掏出自己的一片年老而又伤痕累累的心，放进年轻人的心里。很合适，但不完全吻合，因此有一些疤痕。年轻人看着自己的心，虽不再那么完整，却比以前更美丽了，因为老人心中流淌出来的爱流进了他的心里。他们互相拥抱，然后并肩离开了。



The most beautiful heart

Anonymous

One day a young man was standing in the middle of the town proclaiming that he had the most beautiful heart in the whole valley. A large crowd gathered and they all admired his heart for it was perfect. There was not a mark or a flaw in it. Yes, they all agreed it truly was the most beautiful heart they had ever seen. The young man was very proud and boasted more loudly about his beautiful heart.

Suddenly, an old man appeared at the front of the crowd and said, "Your heart is not nearly as beautiful as mine." The crowd and the young man looked at the old man's heart. It was beating strongly, but full of scars, it had places where pieces had been removed and other pieces put in, but they didn't fit quite right and there were several jagged edges. In fact, in some

places there were deep gouges where whole pieces were missing.

The people stared—how can he say his heart is more beautiful? The young man looked at the old man's heart and saw its state and laughed. "You must be joking," he said. "Compare your heart with mine, mine is perfect and yours is a mess of scars and tears."


"Yes," said the old man, "Yours is perfect looking but I would never trade with you. You see, every scar represents a person to whom I have given my love—I tear out a piece of my heart and give it to them, and often they give me a piece of their heart which fits into the empty place in my heart, but because the pieces aren't exact, I have some rough edges, which I cherish, because they remind me of the love we shared. Sometimes I have given pieces of my heart away, and the other person hasn't returned a piece of his heart to me. These are the empty gouges—giving love is taking a chance. Although these gouges are painful, they stay open, reminding me of the love I have for these people too, and I hope someday they may return and fill the space in my heart. So now do you see what true beauty is?"

The young man stood silently with tears running down his

cheeks. He walked up to the old man, reached into his perfect young and beautiful heart, and ripped a piece out. He offered it to the old man with trembling hands.

The old man took his offering, placed it in his heart and then took a piece from his old scarred heart and placed it in the wound in the young man's heart. It fit, but not perfectly, as there were some jagged edges. The young man looked at his heart, not perfect anymore but more beautiful than ever, since love from the old man's heart flowed into his. They embraced and walked away side by side.





给曾祖母的玩具娃娃

佚名

祖父去世时，祖母83岁了，曾经活力四射的她，也开始慢慢衰老了。她已无法料理家务，就搬去和我妈妈一起住。充满爱意的大家庭的其他成员（2个儿女、8个孙儿女、22个曾孙儿女和2个玄孙儿女）经常去看望她。她虽然过得不错，但若想勾起她对什么事情的兴趣却很难。

3年前，在12月一个寒冷的下午，我带着8岁的女儿米甘去看“GG”（这是家人对她的称呼），打算陪她一段时间。她一直盯着米甘怀里心爱的玩具娃娃。

“我小时候，也有一个特别的玩具娃娃，”她对米甘说，米甘吃惊地瞪大两只眼睛看着她，“那是我收到的一份圣诞礼物，当时我大概就像你这么大。那时候，我与爸爸、妈妈和4个姐妹住在缅因州的一幢老式农舍里。