

双语
魅力
美文

心灵

Chicken Soup
For
The Soul

〔美〕凯瑟琳／编著 汪菲菲／译

这里胜似花开，这里梦境斑斓……

仰望生命的阳光

人生的旅途时有阴影时有灿烂
当乌云遮蔽天空，当黑暗笼罩大地
让我们打开心灵的窗户，仰望生命里温暖的阳光



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心灵鸡汤
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出版说明

“双语魅力美文(英汉对照)”系列书全套共八本,分别为:《找回迷失的自己》《幸福住在你心上》《仰望生命的阳光》《重遇未知的自己》《感谢岁月曾经来过》《致终将逝去的青春》《淡定的人生不寂寞》《你若安好便是晴天》。本套作品所涉及的主题几乎涵盖了现实人生的种种热门话题,旨在为读者的心灵注入温暖和勇气,为生活带来爱与希望。本套系列书的作者凯瑟琳是学贯中西的学者。她拥有一颗善于观察他人的细腻、睿智的心灵。在美国时,她就对社会中不同人群的内心状态怀有强烈的兴趣,曾参与过美国某大型机构所做的社会调查,深入研究人们在各种情境中的心理变化。这对她后来主持编写“双语魅力美文(英汉对照)”系列书有极大的帮助。

来到中国后,凯瑟琳就读于国内某著名外语院校,运用中文的能力更加得心应手。在这段时期,她开始频繁翻译介绍一些优秀的文学作品,其中包括在英美热销不断的心灵励志类散文。她精心撷取了这类散文中的精华,并力图将这些文章翻译成优美动人、诗意盎然的中文美文。

如今,我们希望这套系列书的面世,能给大家带来一丝清新美好的感觉,抚慰都市中每一颗渴求温暖的心灵。而我们也一定会以更大的努力,进一步做好这套书的出版工作,竭诚以待,绝不辜负读者朋友们的期望。

译者序

本书为“双语魅力美文(英汉对照)”系列书之一,是由美国学者凯瑟琳女士编著而成。本套丛书,囊括了各种经典哲理美文,内容涉及青春、爱情、理想等不同视角,体裁上也是多种多样,其中有语句优美的散文、感人至深的叙事文、以及权威有力的演讲。整套作品既包含理性的人性思考,又有鲜活生动的感性触摸,令人深思遐想,回味悠长。

一种语言是一个文化的代表,要想理解异国文化,那么首先就要熟悉他们的语言。在翻译本套书的过程中,我深深地感到,书中的每一个字、每一句话,无不清新淡雅,散发着温暖人心的力量。相信每一位读者在阅读本书时,都会感到自己是在品尝浮躁人生里的一杯清茶,在无尽的爱与幸福中聆听智慧与快乐的乐章。我们会发现,生命中的细微感动,始终都在身旁。

另外,我由衷地希望,这套丛书能够为英语学习者们带来一些帮助,无论是英语学习方面的,还是人生启示方面的。

在翻译这套书的过程中,我曾多次与凯瑟琳女士进行交流,她认真细致的态度使我受益颇多,故在此向凯瑟琳女士表示感谢。同时我也要感谢许多老师和朋友们的悉心指点,他们的帮助令我的翻译过程变得非常愉快。因时间和水平有限,书中难免会有错误和疏漏,还望读者批评指正。

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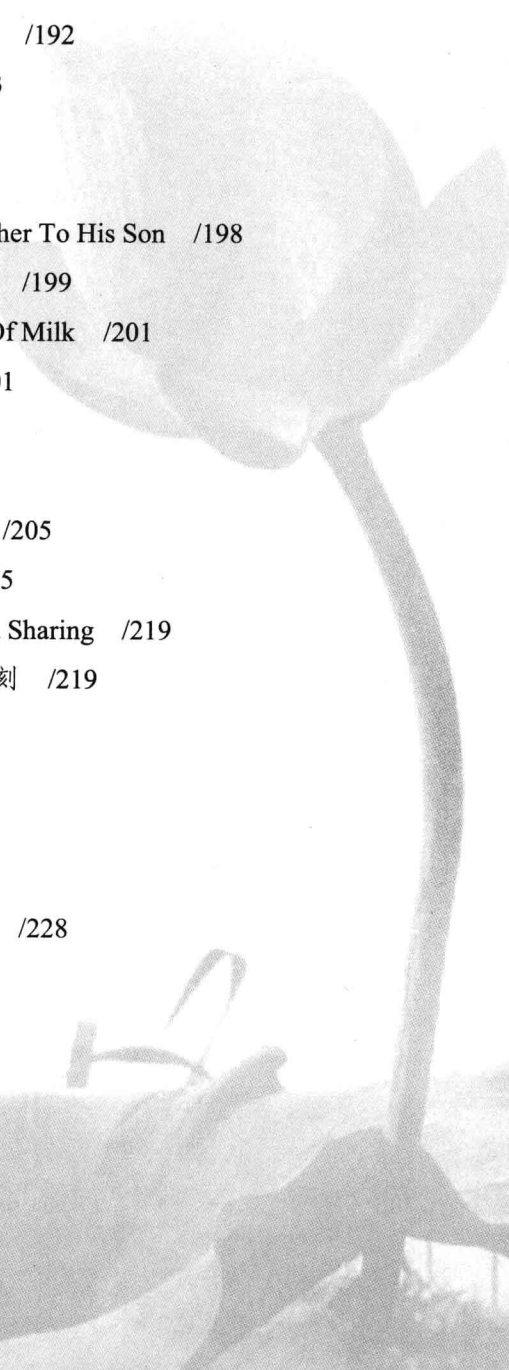
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The Yearning Flowing Deep In Heart

流淌在心底的思念

不论以后的生活会怎样，我只知道，我思念的心，永远地留在了这里，这一刻思念的美丽，已牢牢锁在我心中，并给我力量。



装满吻的空盒

The Empty Box Filled Of *Kiss*

Once upon a time, a man punished his 5-year-old daughter for using up the family's only roll of expensive gold wrapping paper. Money was tight, and he became even more upset when on Christmas Eve, he saw that the child had pasted the gold paper so as to decorate a shoebox to put under the Christmas tree.

Nevertheless, the next morning the little girl, filled with excitement, brought the gift box to her father and said, "This is for you, Daddy!"

As he opened the box, the father was embarrassed by his earlier overreaction.

But when he opened it, he found it was empty and again his anger flared. "Don't you know, young lady," he said harshly, "when you give someone a present there's supposed to be something inside the package!"

The little girl looked up at him with tears rolling from her eyes and said: "Daddy, it's not empty. I blew kisses into it until it was all full."

The father was crushed. He fell on his knees and put his arms around his precious little girl. He begged her to forgive him for his unnecessary anger.

An accident took the life of the child only a short time later. It is told that the father kept that little gold box by his bed for all the years of his life. Whenever he was discouraged or faced difficult problems he would open the box, take out an imaginary kiss, and remember the love of this beautiful child who had put it there.

In a very real sense, each of us as human beings have been given an invisible golden box filled with unconditional love and kisses from our

children, family, friends and God.

There is no more precious possession anyone could hold.

从前，一位父亲惩罚了自己五岁的女儿，因为她用光了家里仅有的一卷昂贵的金色包装纸。家中余钱无多，在圣诞前夜来临时，父亲变得更加心烦意乱，他看到了圣诞树下的一个鞋盒，女儿原来把金纸贴在了这个鞋盒上做装饰。

然而，圣诞日的早上，小女孩满是兴奋地把这个圣诞礼盒呈到了父亲面前，说道：“爸爸，这个送给你！”

在父亲打开礼盒时，他为自己先前的过度反应而局促不安着。

但当他打开盒子后，发现里面是空的，他的怒火再次爆发了。“你不知道吗，小丫头，”他严厉地说，“当你送人礼物时，盒子里面应该是有东西的！”


小女孩抬头看着气头上的父亲，泪水在她的眼眶中打圈：“爸爸，它不是空的。这里面装满了我的吻。”

男人顿时被击垮了。他跪下双膝，双手环抱着自己珍爱的小女儿，祈求她的原谅。

之后不久，一场事故夺走了小女孩的生命。据说，父亲便将那个小金盒子放在床头，一直陪伴着他的余生。无论何时他感到气馁或者遇到难办的事情，他就会打开礼盒，取出一个假想的吻，记起漂亮女儿给予自己的特殊的爱。

从一个非常真实的意义上说，我们每个人都被赠予过一个无形的金色礼盒，那里面装满了来自子女、家人、朋友及上帝无条件的爱与吻。

人们所能拥有的最珍贵的礼物莫过于此了。



迟到的情书

The Late Letter Of Love

I was always a little in awe of Great-aunt Stephina. Indeed, as children we were all frankly terrified of her. The fact that she did not live with the family, preferring her tiny cottage and solitude to the comfortable but rather noisy household where we were brought up—added to the respectful fear in which she was held.

We used to take it in turn to carry small delicacies which my mother had made down from the big house to the little cottage where Aunt Stephina and an old colored maid spent their days. Old aunt Sanna would open the door to the rather frightened little messenger and would usher him or her into the dark living room, where the shutters were always closed to keep out the heat and the flies. There we would wait, in trembling but not altogether unpleasant.

She was a tiny little woman to inspire so much veneration. She was always dressed in black, and her dark clothes melted into the shadows of the living room and made her look smaller than ever. But you felt. The moment she entered. That something vital and strong and somehow indestructible had come in with her, although she moved slowly, and her voice was sweet and soft.

She never embraced us. She would greet us and take our hot little hands in her own beautiful cool one, with blue veins standing out on the back of it, as though the white skin were almost too delicate to contain them.

Aunt Sanna would bring in dishes of sweet, sweet, sticky candy, or a great bowl of grapes or peaches, and Great-aunt Stephina would

converse gravely about happenings on the farm, and, more rarely, of the outer world.

When we had finished our sweetmeats or fruit she would accompany us to the step, bidding us thank our mother for her gift and sending quaint, old-fashioned messages to her and the father. Then she would turn and enter the house, closing the door behind, so that it became once more a place of mystery.

我对斯蒂菲娜老姑总是怀着敬畏之情。说实在话,我们几个孩子对她都怕得要死。她不和家人一块生活,宁愿住在她的小屋子里,而不愿住在舒舒服服、热热闹闹的家里——我们六个孩子都是在家里带大的——这更加重了我们对她的敬畏之情。

我们经常轮流着从我们住的大房子里带些母亲为她做的可口的食物到她 and 一名黑人女仆一块生活的那间小屋里去。桑娜阿姨总是为每一个上门来的怯生生的小使者打开房门,将他或她领进昏暗的客厅。那里的百叶窗长年关闭着,以防热气和苍蝇进去。我们总是在那里哆哆嗦嗦,但又不是完全不高兴地等着斯蒂菲娜老姑出来。

难以想象一个像她那样身材纤细的女人居然能赢得我们如此尊敬。她总是身穿黑色衣服,与客厅里的阴暗背景融成一体,将她的身材衬托得更加娇小。但她一进门,我们就感到有一种说不清道不明、充满活力和坚强的气息,尽管她的步子慢悠悠的,声调甜美而温柔。

她从不拥抱我们,但总是和我们寒暄,将我们热乎乎的小手握在她那双秀美清爽的手里。她的手背上露出一些青筋,就像手上白嫩的皮肤细薄得遮不住它们似的。

桑娜阿姨每次都要端出几碟黏糊糊的南非糖果和一钵葡萄或桃子给我们吃。斯蒂菲娜老姑总是一本正经地说些农场里的事,偶尔也谈些外边世界发生的事。

待我们吃完糖果或水果,她总要将我们送到屋前的门廊,叮嘱我们要多谢母亲给她送食物,并要我们对父母转达一些稀奇古怪的老式祝愿,然后就转身回到屋里,随手关上大门,使那里再次成为一个神秘的世界。

As I grew older I found, rather to my surprise, that I had become genuinely fond of my aloof old great-aunt. But to this day I do not know what strange impulse made me take George to see her and to tell her, before I had confided in another living soul, of our engagement. To my astonishment, she was delighted.

"An Englishman," she exclaimed. "But that is splendid, splendid. And you," she turned to George, "you are making your home in this country? You do not intend to return to England just yet?"

She seemed relieved when she heard that George had bought a farm near our own farm and intended to settle in South Africa. She became quite animated, and chattered away to him.

After that I would often slip away to the little cottage by the mealie lands. Once she was somewhat disappointed on hearing that we had decided to wait for two years before getting married, but when she learned that my father and mother were both pleased with the match she seemed reassured.

Still, she often appeared anxious about my love affair, and would ask questions that seemed to me strange, almost as though she feared that something would happen to destroy my romance. But I was quite unprepared for her outburst when I mentioned that George thought of paying a lightning visit to England before we were married. "He must not do it," She cried. "Ina, you must not let him go. Promise me you will prevent him." She was trembling all over. I did what I could to console her, but she looked so tired and pale that I persuaded her to go to her room and rest, promising to return the next day.

When I arrived I found her sitting on the step. She looked lonely and pathetic, and for the first time I wondered why no man had ever taken her and looked after her and loved her. Mother had told me that Great-aunt Stephan had been lovely as a young girl, and although no trace of that beauty remained, except perhaps in her brown eyes, yet she looked so small and appealing that any man, one felt, would have

wanted to protect her. I came up to her. She hit the near chair with a light smile. "Sit down my dear." She said. "I have something to tell you."

She paused, as though she did not quite know how to begin.

让我感到吃惊的是，随着我逐渐长大，我开始打心眼里喜欢起我那位孤零零的老姑来。至今我仍不知道那是一种什么样的奇异动力，使我在还没有透露给别人之前就把乔治领去看望姑姑，告诉她我们已经订婚的消息。不承想，听到这个消息以后，她竟非常高兴。

“是英国人！”她惊讶地大声说道，“好极了。你，”她转向乔治，“你要在南非安家吗？你现在不打算回国吧？”

当她听说乔治已经在我们农场附近购置了一片农场并打算定居下来时，好像松了一口气。她兴致勃勃地和乔治攀谈起来。

从那以后，我常常到那所位于玉米地边的小屋。有一次，当斯蒂菲娜老姑听说我们决定再过两年才结婚时，她的脸上露出了失望的神色，但一听说我的父母亲都对这门亲事满意时，她又放宽了心。

但她还是将我的婚姻大事经常挂在嘴边。她常常问一些怪怪的问题，几乎像担心我的婚事会告吹一样。当我提到乔治打算在婚前匆匆回一趟国时，她突然变得非常激动。只见她浑身哆嗦着大声嚷道：“他不能回去！爱娜！你不能放他走，你得答应我不放他走！”我尽力安慰她，但她还是显得萎靡不振。我只得劝她回屋休息，并答应第二天再去看她。

我第二天去看她时，她正坐在屋前的门廊上，流露出抑郁孤寂的神情。我第一次感到纳闷：以前怎么没有人娶她、照料和爱抚她呢？记得母亲曾经说过，斯蒂菲娜老姑以前曾是一个楚楚可爱的小姑娘。尽管除了她那褐色的眼睛尚能保留一点昔日的风韵之外，她的美貌早已荡然无存。但她看上去还是那样小巧玲珑、惹人爱怜，引起男人的惜香怜玉之情。我走到她的跟前。她拍着身边的椅子，淡淡一笑。“坐下吧，亲爱的，”她说，“我有话要告诉你。”

她欲言又止，好像不知道从何说起似的。