

心灵英文系列

ec 英汉对照

有一种爱叫做感恩

——撞击你心灵的感恩故事

朱亚男 编译

这是一本关于感恩的书，书中的故事会使你读得震撼心灵，爱得博大精深，生活充满激情。要学会感恩，只有懂得感恩的人，才是世界上最富有的人。

Hit by Love

——*Moving Stories of Thanks*



中国宇航出版社



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前 言

喧嚣浮世，多希望有个宁静的港湾。

世事沉浮，多希望留住永恒的瞬间。

当身处险境难关，多希望有个人能为我们助威呐喊。

当形影相吊，孤寂难耐，多希望有个人，能为我们
打湿的心灵，撑起雨伞……

围绕着人生、感恩、励志展开的这三辑故事，演绎着人生最核心的情愫，诉说着世间最动人的心声。静夜里轻启书页，鲜活的人物纷至沓来——酸甜苦辣，泪笑欣悲，于是我们从故事中看到生活，又在生活中，创造故事。

读这本书，其实是用心灵去感悟月的朦胧、星的灿烂、花的嫣然、泪的晶莹、叶的飘逸，还有生命的沧桑和美丽。书海茫茫、孤舟独荡、任意东西，实为快哉。开启扉页，缕缕的墨香如醇醇杨柳风，让心花悄然绽放，散发出无数感悟的诗行，随着一页页地翻过，书的妙味连同它的芳香会浸入肌肤；你的情绪也在意境中飘遥、远航……

篇篇文章，淡若菊香，沁人心脾，回味悠长，环环相扣，交映生辉，相信在提高英语阅读能力的同时，您的心灵也将得到一

次净化。

本书所附MP3光盘收录了精选文章的纯正朗读，由北京外国语大学著名外国专家倾情奉献，相信他们的纯正标准的发音，在您欣赏美文的同时，对您的口语、听力也有着潜移默化的影响。

亲爱的读者，让我们一起给自己的心灵洗个澡吧，一起为疲惫的心灵营造一个温馨、自然、优雅、恬淡的美丽空间吧。让我们一起去感受人间的至情，为自己的生活多一点感动、多一点温馨的记忆……

编者

2008年暮秋于北京

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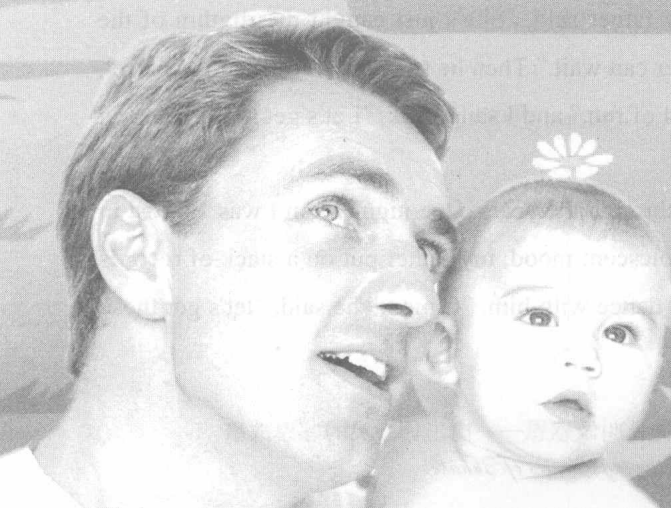
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第一篇

Father's Love: as Great as Mountains

父爱如山

高尔基说：“父爱是一部震撼心灵的巨著，读懂了它，你也就读懂了整个人生！”总有一个人将我们支撑，总有一种爱让我们心痛，这个人就是父亲，这种爱就是父爱。父爱无形，细心品读，我们会痛，痛过之后，我们要学会珍惜，学会豁达，学会理解，理解父亲，理解人生……



Dance with Dad

I am dancing with my father at my parents' 50th- wedding- anniversary celebration. The band is playing an old-fashioned waltz as we move gracefully across the floor. His hand on my waist is as guiding as it always was, and he hums the tune to himself in a steady, youthful way. Around and around we go, laughing and nodding to the other dancers.

We are the best dancers on the floor, they tell us. My father squeezes my hand and smiles at me. All the years that I refused to dance with him melt away now. And those early times come back.

I remember when I was almost three and my father came home from work, 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. "C'mon," 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 remember. 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 remem-

ber 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.

与父亲翩翩起舞

在我父母结婚 50 周年的金婚典礼上，我和父亲翩翩起舞。乐队奏着古老的华尔兹，我们随着乐曲起舞，舞姿优美。他把手放在我的腰际，一如既往地引领着舞步；嘴里哼着曲调，平稳而有朝气。我们跳啊，跳啊，一圈接一圈地跳着，还不时向其他舞者点头微笑。

他们都夸赞我们俩跳得最好。父亲握着我的手，深情地望着我笑。多年来拒绝与他共舞的隔膜烟消云散。我不觉想起了过去的时光。

记得我快三岁的时候，父亲下班回到家，突然把我抱在他怀里，绕着餐桌跳起舞来。母亲看着我们笑，说晚饭要凉了。可父亲说：“她刚刚跟上节奏，晚饭可以等会儿再吃。”然后，他就唱了起来：“把圆桶滚起来，我们的圆桶真好玩，”我也跟着唱起来：“带走忧愁和烦恼。”

我们一起跳舞跳了很多年。我十五岁那年，正是情窦初开，闲愁扰人的时候。有一天晚上，父亲放上一叠唱片逗我和他跳舞。还说：“跳吧，带走忧愁和烦恼。”

我背过脸，不理他，父亲又把手放到我的肩上。我一下子从椅子上跳起来，冲他大叫：“别碰我！我讨厌跟你跳舞。”

从他的表情可以看出，我的话伤害了他的感情，可是覆水

难收啊。我跑回自己的房间放声大哭起来。

那晚之后，我和父亲再也没有跳过舞。我有了其他舞伴，而父亲总是坐在那把他最心爱的椅子上等我回家。有时，我回到家，他已经睡熟，我便叫醒他说：“你要是很累，就早该上床睡觉。”

可他总说：“不累，不累，我等你呢。”

随后，我们就锁上门，各自上床睡觉了。

从中学到大学，每次我出去跳舞，他都这样等我回家。

我的第一个孩子出生后不久，母亲打来电话说父亲病了。她说：“是心脏的问题。现在你不必回来。咱们相距 480 多公里呢。你赶回来，爸爸心里会不安的。”

合理的饮食调养使父亲恢复了健康。母亲来信说他们参加了一家舞蹈俱乐部，“医生说跳舞是一种很好的运动。你该记得爸爸是多么喜欢跳舞。”

我当然不会忘记，往事历历在目。

父亲退休后，我们共同努力修复关系，每次见面都少不了拥抱亲吻。他和孙辈跳舞，但却不邀请我。我知道他是在等我道歉，但我怎么也找不到合适的字眼。

随着父母金婚纪念日的临近，我和兄弟们聚到一起安排庆祝事宜。哥哥说：“还记得那天晚上你不肯跟父亲跳舞的事吗？好家伙，他着迷了吧？真不敢相信他对跳舞那么痴迷。那天之后，我敢肯定那天之后，你再也没跟他老人家跳过舞。”

我没告诉他，他说得没错。

弟弟答应去找乐队。我跟他讲：“一定要找会演奏华尔兹和波尔卡的乐队。”

我没跟他说，我只希望能跟父亲共舞。

晚餐过后，乐队开始演奏，父母双双走入舞池，踩着舞步