



双 语 美 文 阅 读 书 系

*The scroll of life*

生 | 命 | 卷 | 轴

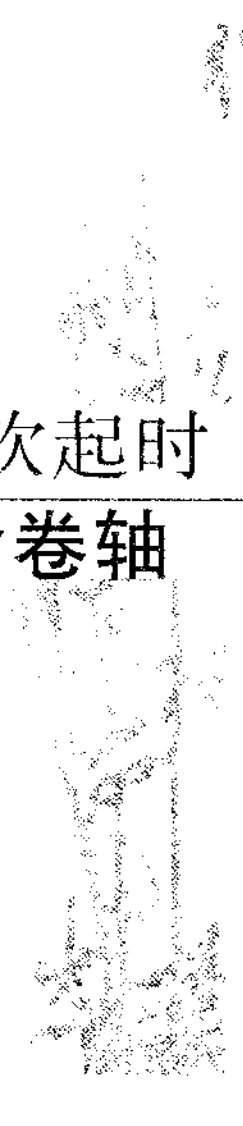
当风吹起时

主编：张德玉

一个人走在路上，然后驻足下来。  
不是因为休息，就是停下来思考。  
人当然要行走，但行走并非他的最终目的，  
他是在寻找生活的目的和意义，  
因此他边走边思考，  
并且不停地调整自己的方向和步伐，  
以便为后面的路程做好准备。  
正如那个睿智的农夫所言：  
“当风吹起的时候，我可以安心地睡觉。”  
亲爱的朋友，您准备好了吗？！

内蒙古人民出版社

双  
语  
美  
文  
阅  
读  
书  
系



# 当风吹起时 生命卷轴

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## 与上帝交谈

每个人的心中都存在着一位上帝。如果你想与之交谈，他就会出现在。

在越南胡志明市我们居住的旅馆外面，有一位装束酷似古代人的老妇人，她常常拄着拐杖，伸着手在门口等着。每天，当我的日光与她的日光交汇时，我总会把手放在她的手里。她立即对我报以微笑，与我握手，并向我表示问候。

在我们参观的最后一天，我独自一人走在旅馆对面街道上的一个喧闹的角落里徘徊。自行车和摩托车在我面前急速行驶。有人建议我们径直穿过车流，不必向两侧看，以免被正在飞速行驶的车辆撞倒。

可到了晚上，当我独自面对洪水般的车流时，还是感到非常不适应。正当我在街头犹豫不决的时候，我感到有人碰了一下我的胳膊。我转头一看，原来是那个身材矮小的乞丐朋友，她正微笑地望着我。她朝大街上点了点头，示意我跟着她过马路。她轻轻地推着我向前走，我们就这样慢慢向十字路口走去。

到达十字路口时，我再次看了看她，情不自禁地说了一句：“您的微笑是世界上最美的！”

我看得出，她不懂英语，但她一定可以从我说话的语调中辨别出我的意思，于是她把拐杖丢在一边，张开双臂拥抱我。此时，身边的车辆依旧如洪流般飞速行驶着。

随后，我们缓步向人行道走去。到达人行道后，她在我两颊上分别吻了一下，然后便步履蹒跚地向前走去，并不时地回头向我微笑、挥手。

我从未给过她一分钱，但我们却共同体验了友谊这份真情，这比一切都更有意义。

这段经历让我想起特蕾莎修女曾经说过的一句话：“如果你无法做出伟大的事情，那就用伟大的爱心做点力所能及的小事吧！”

用眼睛和微笑面对乞丐，尊重他们，这都是很小的事情；把你的手放在

别人伸出的手中，紧紧地握一下，这也是小事情；学会用当地的语言说句问候语也并非难事；但是，这一切都很有意义。

从某种角度来说，对于伸出手来的乞丐，给他们金钱并不是最好的回应。许多游人发现他们所给予的最好礼物是他们的时间和友情。因为，每个人都需要认同，需要关注，需要感激和关爱。

在一些贫穷的国家旅游时，我曾亲身体验了与乞丐打交道的多种方法。事实上，面对穷人，人们最普遍的做法便是不理不睬，或假装将注意力转向别处。更有甚者，我还曾看见有人不屑地把向他们伸过来的手推开。还有一些人急匆匆地把几个硬币丢在他们乞求的手掌里，然后便快速离开，生怕会有二十几个衣衫褴褛的乞丐围上来。

尽管目睹了这一切，但我依然认为能够按照英国作家波伊斯所说的那样生活是非常有价值的，他说：“如果一个人没有对他人怀着莫大的兴趣，那么他就不能称自己是个真正的文明人。”

我曾在印度普虚卡骆驼节上见过一个缺失双腿的残疾人坐在马路边，当时，我刚录完舞蹈家普虚卡的音乐，正准备回到帐篷里仔细听听。就在那时，我被他的微笑吸引住了，于是就走了过去……我们用手语交谈，并不时地发出一阵阵笑声——如果要在世界上流浪，这些都是需要掌握的。

模仿了旋转的裙子和鼓槌后，我告诉他录音机是如何运行的。他向我示意要把录音机给他看看，我稍作犹豫便递给了他。他仔细地看了看，随即便唱起歌来，那歌声优美动听，令人难以忘怀。他示意我把他的歌声录下来，这样就可以将我们共同度过的美好时光带回家去。

不久之前，我们还是陌生人。只一会儿的工夫，友谊的力量便把我们紧密联系在一起，我们因生活在同一个地球上而结为朋友。我的经历证实了斯堪的纳维亚的一句谚语：“每个人的心中都存在着一位上帝。如果你想与之交谈，他就会 appear。”

我已懂得，那些被认为是世界上最绝望的人却最富有人性，他们的心灵渴望被认同，也乐于做出回应。

与平凡的人保持联系，使我的生活变得丰富多彩。每当我交到了新朋友，我都发现自己所收获的一切是金钱无法买到的。而且我坚信，每个人都是有价值的——值得你去用心了解。



# Talk to God

**I**n every man there is a king. Speak to the king, and the king will come forth.

Outside our hotel in Ho Chi Minh City, Vietnam, a seemingly ancient woman on crutches waited beside the door with her hand outstretched. Every day I put my hand in hers as our eyes met. She never failed to return my smile, my grasp, and my greeting.

On the last day of our visit, I found myself alone on a busy corner across the street from our hotel. Bicycles and motorbikes careened in front of me. We had been advised to walk straight through the teeming traffic without looking right or left. Let them avoid us.

But tonight I was by myself and felt inadequate to face the torrent of vehicles. As I hesitated on the curb, I felt a hand on my elbow and looked down to see the smile of my small beggar friend looking up at me. She nodded her head toward the street, indicating that she would take me across. Together, we moved slowly into the chaos as she gently prodded me forward.

When we reached the center of the crossing, I looked down at her again, and couldn't resist exclaiming, "You have the most beautiful smile."

She obviously knew little English, but must have recognized the tone, for she threw both arms and crutches around me in a big hug, while the traffic streamed by us on both sides.

Then we precariously moved on toward the sidewalk, where she pulled my face down to hers, kissed me on both cheeks, and then limped away, still smiling and waving back to me.

I had not given her a single coin. We had shared something vastly more important—a winning of hearts in friendship.

This experience remained me of something Mother Teresa once said: "If you cannot do great things, you can do small things with great love."

To look beggars in the eye and smile, thus acknowledging their existence, is a small thing. Putting your hand into another's outstretched hand and grasping it firmly for a moment is also a small thing. Learning to use a greeting in the local

language is not too difficult. But these are important.

For many reasons, giving money is not the best response to an outstretched hand. Many world travelers have discovered that the greatest gift they can give is their time and friendship. Everyone needs recognition, to be seen as worthy of attention, to feel appreciated and loved.

Traveling in poorer nations, I have witnessed a variety of ways to deal with beggars. The most common response of tourists faced with the poverty-stricken is to ignore them and focus their eyes elsewhere. I have seen people push away an outstretched hand in angry annoyance. A few may hastily drop a few coins into a beseeching palm, and then execute a quick getaway in hopes that another 20 ragged pursuers won't immediately appear on the scene.

But I feel it's worthwhile to try to live by the words of English author John Cowper Powys: "No one can consider himself wholly civilized who does not look upon every individual, without a single exception, as of deep and startling interest."

I once spotted a legless man sitting by a road at the Pushkar Camel Fair in India. I was returning to my tent after recording the exotic music of the dancing men of Pushkar and was replaying the music on my tape recorder. When the man's smile lured me to join him, we began to communicate in the kind of sign language and laughter one learns while vagabonding around the world.

After minicking the whirling skirts and sticks, I showed him how my tape recorder worked. He motioned for me to give it to him. I hesitated, but only for a moment. After examining it carefully, he began to sing a hauntingly beautiful song, indicating that he wanted me to record it and take it home as a memory of our time together.

Moments before, we had been total strangers: suddenly, we were cemented in a momentary friendship born of our common existence in this world. His eyes shone as we exchanged names. My experience with Vidur confirmed the truth of the Scandinavian proverb: "In every man there is a king. Speak to the king, and the king will come forth."

I've learned that those considered the world's most hopeless are so often rich in humanity, with hearts yearning to be affirmed—and ready to respond.

My life continues to be enriched by connecting with everyday humanity. Each time I do this, I rediscover that what I have been given is far beyond monetary value. And I reaffirm that everyone is worthy—and worth knowing.



## 红 丝 带

在我上幼儿园的那年春天，我们班举行了一场田径比赛，终点是在 20 英里外的一座城镇公园。现在，如果你开车去，这段路根本不算什么；但如果你是个 6 岁的孩子，一直都住在一个只有 300 人的小镇上，那么去一个拥有 2000 多人的城镇绝对是一个大问题。然而，现在回想起来，那些日子所经历的一切大多已被我忘记了。唯一记得的是：我们当时只吃了顿午饭，然后大家就去荡秋千，玩滑梯——尽是些 6 岁孩子喜欢做的游戏。随后比赛时间就到了。

与平常的竞赛不同。有些父母想出了一些点子，准备举行一个野餐式的竞赛，比如在你跑到某个地方的时候，把土豆传递给后面的人，或在勺子里放个鸡蛋再向前跑。其中的一些细节我已记不清楚了，但有一项比赛我却始终没有忘记——三腿比赛。

家长们决定在这次比赛中不用装土豆的袋子，而是将我们的脚绑在一起。与我搭伴的小男孩在体育方面是我们班级的第二名。算他“走运”！这下他可遇到麻烦了，而我也要遭殃了——这个家伙向来都是赢家，但和我一起参加比赛，他恐怕就没有什么机会了。

可当时他似乎并没有考虑到这么多。他把自己的一只胳膊与我的胳膊绑在一起，枪响后，我们立即向终点冲去。在我们身边，选手们要么一对对摔倒了，要么被对方绊倒了，只有我和我的同伴安然到达了对面。令人难以置信的是，当我们准备起程返回起点时，我们俩已经排在最前面了！而距我们最近的一对也离我们有几码远。

就在我们即将到达终点线的那一刻，我们遭遇了厄运——我被绊倒了。事实上，我们离得很近，他本可以轻而易举地把我拖过终点线的。他本可以，可他并没有那么做，相反，他停了下来，把我扶了起来——而之前距我们几码远的那对选手冲过了终点线。

我永远也无法忘记那一刻，当时我们获得了一条红丝带。13年后，当我站在舞台上向同学们作告别发言时，已经没有人记得那一时刻了，但我仍告诉同学们：那个男孩儿在一瞬间决定把朋友扶起来，而不是争着越过终点线，要比赢一个蓝丝带更有意义。发表演讲时，我对台下的同学说，就算此刻他站在我身边，恐怕我也无法认出他来了。之所以会这样，是因为在当时，或某些时候，其他人都曾扮演过那位小男孩的角色，将我扶起。向一个需要帮助的小伙伴伸出援手，毅然决然地放弃了他们获胜的希望。

同时，我还告诉同学们，为什么我始终保留着这条红丝带。对我而言，这条丝带是一个能够带给我警醒的东西，你无须成为独一无二的胜利者，而是要在你最亲密的人之中成为成功者。这个世界可以评判你的成功或者失败，但是只有你最亲近的人才知道真相。记住这一点，将对我们的人生有着非同一般的意义。

也许你手中并没有这样一条红丝带，但是，我真心希望你能够拥有这样几个朋友——能够放弃赢得蓝丝带的机会，而去帮助你——并一如既往地记挂着你的那些朋友。他们才是你最应该珍惜的朋友——我知道他们对我来说非常重要。



## The red ribbon

**D**uring the spring of my kindergarten year, our class had a field trip to a park in a town about 20 miles away. Making that drive now is no big deal, but when you're six and you've lived in a town of 300 all your life, going to a town of a couple thousand is a very big deal. Nonetheless, looking back now, I don't remember much of that day. I'm sure we ate our little sack lunches, played on the swings, slid down the slide—typical six-year-old stuff. Then it was time for the races.

These no ordinary races. Some parent had come up with the idea to have the picnic kind of races, like pass the potato under your neck and hold an egg on a spoon while you run to the other side. I don't remember too much about these, but there was one race that will forever be lodged in my memory—the three-legged race.

The parents decided not to use potato sacks for this particular race. Instead, they tied our feet together. One lucky little boy got me for a partner. Now what you have to know about this little boy is that he was the second most athletic boy in our class. I'm sure he knew he was in trouble the second they laced his foot to mine. As for me, I was mortised. This guy was a winner. He almost always won, and I knew that, with me, he didn't have a chance.

However, apparently he didn't realize that as deeply as I did at the time. He laced his arm with mine, the gun sounded, and we were off to the other side. Couples were falling and stumbling all around us, but we stayed on our feet and made it to the other side. Unbelievably when we turned around and headed back for home, we were in the lead! Only one other couple even had a chance, and they were a good several yards behind us.

Then only feet from the finish line, disaster struck. I tripped and fell. We were close enough that my partner could have easily dragged me across the finish line and won. He could have, but he didn't. Instead, he stopped, reached down, and helped me up—just as the other couple crossed the finish line.

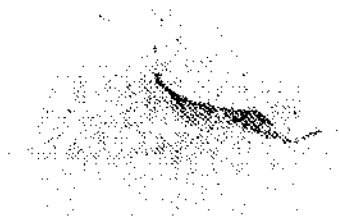
I still remember that moment, and I still have that little red ribbon. When we graduated 13 years later, I stood on that stage and gave the Valedictory address

to that same group of students, none of whom even remembered that moment anymore. So, I told them about that little boy who had made a split-second decision that helping a friend up was more important than winning a blue ribbon. In my speech I told them that I wouldn't tell which of the guys sitting there on that stage was the little boy although he was up there with me. I wouldn't tell because in truth at one time or another all of them had been that little boy—helping me up when I fell, taking time out from their pursuit of their own goals to help a fellow person in need.

And I told them why I've kept that ribbon. You see to me, that ribbon is a reminder that you don't have to be a winner in the eyes of the world to be a winner to those closest to you. The world may judge you a failure or a success, but those closest to you will know the truth. That's important to remember as we travel through this life.

You may not have a red ribbon to prove it, but I sincerely hope you have at least a few friends who remember you for taking time out from your pursuit of that blue ribbon to help them. I'm thinking those will be the ones that really count—I know it's the one that counted the most to me.

## 明亮的心



去年万圣节前夕，我应邀参加了由一个名为“星期二的孩子”的组织主办的嘉年华——该组织旨在帮助那些感染了艾滋病的儿童。我之所以受邀是因为我是一个电视节目的主持人，而我之所以赴约是因为我也十分关注他们。我想，绝大多数孩子不会把我当作名人看待，而只会把我当作一个在这里陪他们玩的大孩子而已。我想我更喜欢这样。

在嘉年华上，孩子们有各种各样的棚子。我看到所有孩子都聚在一个棚子下面，我也被他们吸引了过去。在棚子下，大家都想画一个棉桃。不一会儿，棉桃彼此错综在一起，做成了一条被子，这被子将被送给一个将其一生奉献给这个组织的人，他不久就要退休。

他们把各色颜料发给每个孩子，让孩子们自由发挥描绘一些漂亮的东西。我开始看孩子们作画，有红色的心，蓝色的云，橘色的旭日，嫩绿的叶子和紫色的花朵。所有的图案都那样鲜亮，透着一种乐观向上的精神，可有一幅例外。

坐在我身旁的一个男孩正在画一个心形图案，可这颗心却是灰暗的，空荡荡的，丝毫没有生气。与伙伴们笔下的那些色彩明亮、富有活力的“画作”可谓大相径庭。

一开始，我还以为他只是随意涂鸦，画出了这幅色彩暗淡的图画，但当我问他时，他却直截了当地告诉我，说他的心就是这种颜色的，因为他觉得生活是一片灰暗。当我问他为什么会这样想时，他说自己身患疾病，而他妈妈的病情则更严重。他望着我的双眼说：“面对这样的情况，大家都无能为力。”

我对他所说过的一切表示难过，我非常理解他的心情，也懂得他为什么要把心画成灰色。可是……我告诉他，并不是“大家都无能为力”了。也许人们无法使他们母子的身体恢复健康，但我们完全可以做一些力所能及的事情，

比如一个温暖的拥抱，特别是当他们感到悲伤的时候，一个拥抱能够起到意想不到的作用。我告诉他如果他愿意的话，我很高兴拥抱他一下，好让他明白我的用心。他立即坐到我的腿上。那一瞬，这个可爱的小男孩儿，使我的内心充满了爱。

他在我腿上坐了很久，直到他有了一种满足感，才跳下去继续完成下面的涂色工作。我问他是否感觉舒服多了，他说是的，可自己的病依然没有办法治好，一切都无法改变。我告诉他我清楚这一切。离开时，我的内心充满了悲伤之情，但我一定会为这件事多做些努力，尽自己的一切能力去帮助他。

黄昏，正当我准备回家时，我感到有人在拽我的夹克衫。我回头一看，原来是他——那个小男孩儿，他站在那里，稚嫩的脸蛋上挂着灿烂的微笑。他说：“我心里的颜色正在改变，它会变得越来越亮……我想那温暖的拥抱的确有用。”

回家的路上，我把手放在胸前，觉得自己的心也变得越来越明亮了。





## Bright heart

Last year around Halloween, I was invited to participate in a carnival for Tuesday's Child, an organization that helps children with the AIDS virus. I was asked to attend because I'm on a television show; I went because I care. I don't think that most of the kids recognize me as a celebrity. They just thought of me as a big kid who came to play with them for the day. I think I liked it better that way.

At the carnival they had all kinds of booths. I was drawn to one in particular because of all the children that had gathered there. At this booth, anyone who wanted to could paint a square. Later that square was going to be sewn together with the others, to make a quilt. The quilt would be presented to a man who had dedicated his life to this organization and would soon be retiring.

They gave everyone fabric paints in bright, beautiful colors and asked the kids to paint something that would make the quilt beautiful. As I looked around at all the squares, I saw pink hearts and bright blue clouds, beautiful orange sunrises and green and purple flowers. The pictures were all bright, positive and uplifting. All except for one.

The boy sitting next to me was painting a heart, but it was dark, empty, lifeless. It lacked the bright, vibrant colors that his fellow artists had used.

At first I thought maybe he took the only paint that was left and it just happened to be dark. But when I asked him about it, he said his heart was that color because his own heart felt dark. I asked him why and he told me that he was very sick. Not only was he very sick, but his mom was very sick also. He said that his sickness was not ever going to get better and neither was his mom's. He looked straight into my eyes and said, "There is nothing anyone can do that will help."

I told him I was sorry that he was sick and I could certainly understand why he was so sad. I could even understand why he had made his heart a dark color. But... I told him that it isn't true that there is nothing anyone can do to help. Other people may not be able to make him or his mom better... but we can do things like give bear hugs, which in my experience can really help when you are feeling sad. I told him that if he would like, I would be happy to give him one so he could