

Stories, sayings, and scriptures to Encourage and Inspire

“拥抱·爱”系列双语典藏读物

Hugs

TM

Scott Krippayne
LeAnn Weiss
杨晓阳

著
译

附赠 CD

花季雨季



安徽科学技术出版社
HOWARD BOOKS

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Hugs

for
teens

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雨季



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[皖] 版贸登记号:1208543

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

拥抱·爱.花季雨季:英汉对照/(美)斯考特(Krippayne,S)
等著;杨晓阳译. —合肥:安徽科学技术出版社,2009.1
ISBN 978-7-5337-4261-4

I. 拥… II. ①斯…②杨… III. ①英语-汉语-对照读
物②故事-作品集-美国-现代 IV. H319.4:I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2008)第 198280 号

“Simplified Chinese Translation copyright©[year of first publication by Pub-
lisher] by Anhui Science and Technology Publishing House

Hugs for Teens

Original English Language edition Copyright© 2001 by Scott Krippayne
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Published by arrangement with the original publisher, Howard Books, a Divi-
sion of Simon & Schuster, Inc.”

拥抱·爱.花季雨季:英汉对照

(美)斯考特(Krippayne,S)等 著 杨晓阳 译

出版人:黄和平

责任编辑:田 斌

封面设计:朱 婧

出版发行:安徽科学技术出版社(合肥市政务文化新区圣泉路 1118 号
出版传媒广场,邮编:230071)

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E-mail:yougoubu@sina.com

经 销:新华书店

排 版:安徽事达科技贸易有限公司

刷:合肥晓星印刷有限责任公司

开 本:787×1240 1/32

印 张:5.5

字 数:71 千

版 次:2009 年 1 月第 1 版 2009 年 1 月第 1 次印刷

印 数:6 000

定 价:16.00 元

(本书如有印装质量问题,影响阅读,请向本社市场营销部调换)

给爱一个归宿

——出版者的话

身体语言是人与人之间最重要的沟通方式，而身体失语已让我们失去了很多明媚的“春天”，为什么不可以给爱一个形式？现在就转身，给你爱的人一个发自内心的拥抱，你会发现，生活如此美好！

肢体的拥抱是爱的诠释，心灵的拥抱则是情感的沟通，彰显人类的乐观坚强、果敢执着与大爱无疆。也许，您对家人、朋友满怀缱绻深情却羞于表达，那就送他一本《拥抱·爱》吧。一本书，七个关于真爱的故事；一本书，一份荡涤尘埃的“心灵七日斋”。一个个叩人心扉的真实故事，一句句震撼心灵的随笔感悟，从普通人尘封许久的灵魂深处走出来，在洒满大爱阳光的温情宇宙中尽情抒写人性的光辉！

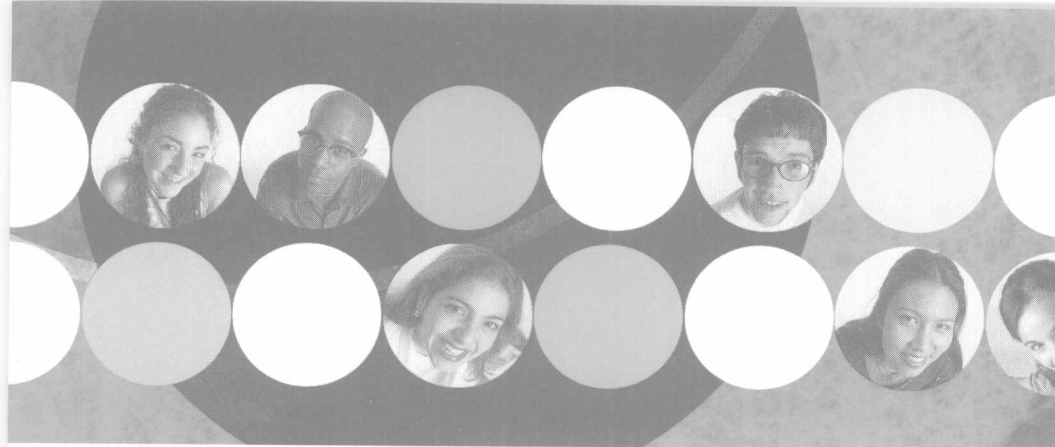
“拥抱·爱”(Hugs)系列双语典藏读物是“心灵鸡汤”的姊妹篇，安徽科学技术出版社与美国出版巨头西蒙舒斯特携手倾力打造，旨在把这套深得美国读者青睐的畅销书作为一道饕餮大餐，奉献给中国的读者朋友们。

每本书附赠CD光盘一张，纯正美语配乐朗诵，让您在天籁之音中欣赏精妙美文，学习地道发音。

世界上最遥远的距离，不是树枝无法相依，而是相互凝望的星星却没有交会的轨迹。

“拥抱·爱”系列双语典藏读物，助您倾吐真情、启迪心智、激扬人生！

一本好书一生财富，今天你拥抱了吗？



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1. Reaching out



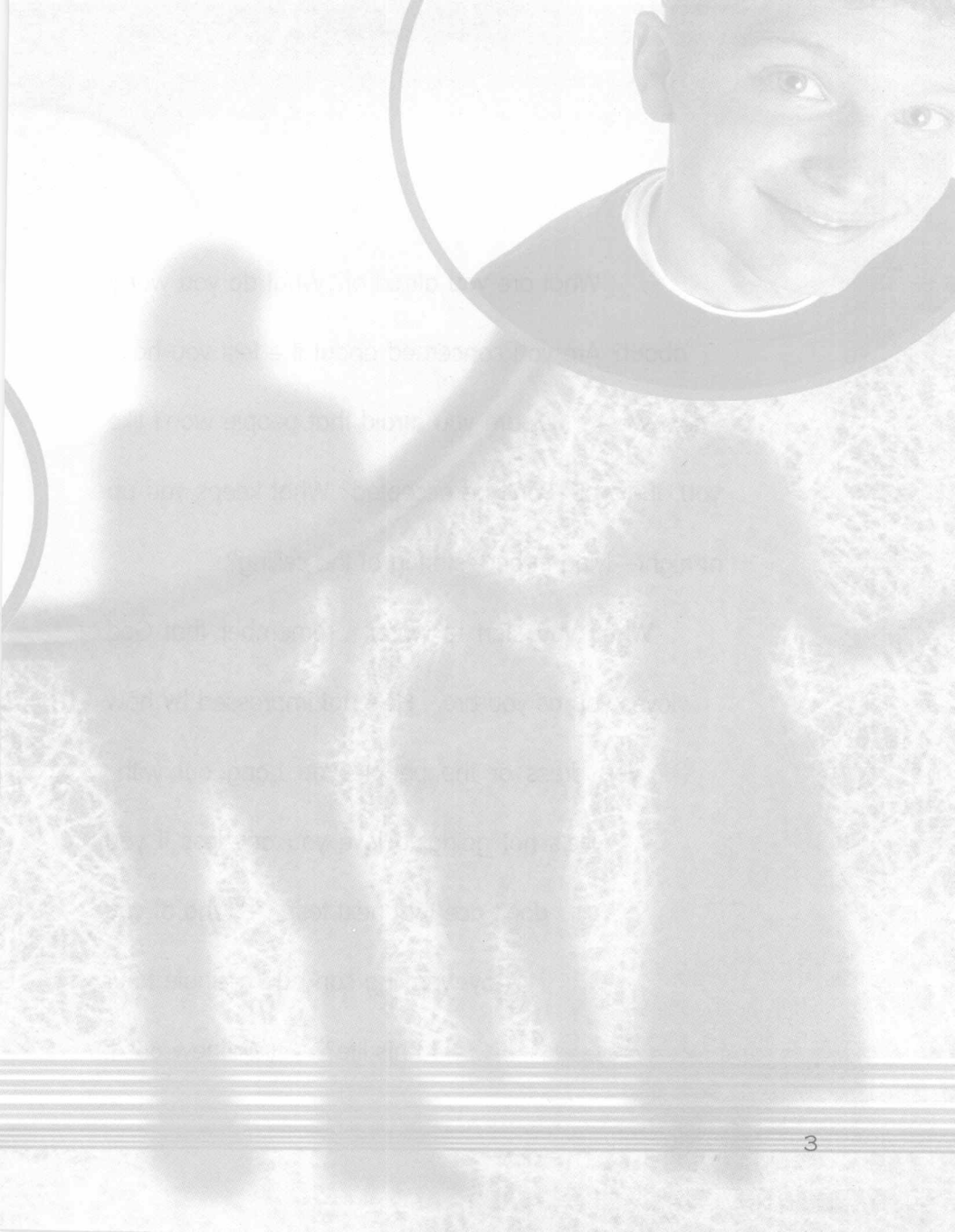
伸出援手

Hey, even when things
aren't meeting up to your
expectations and plans,
never doubt that I will fulfill My
unique purpose for you.

I'll never abandon you. When you love Me and
are called according to My higher purpose,
you can trust Me to make all things,
even the disappointments and struggles,
work out for your benefit!

Working behind the scenes for you,
Your All-Powerful God

—from Psalm 138:8; Romans 8:28

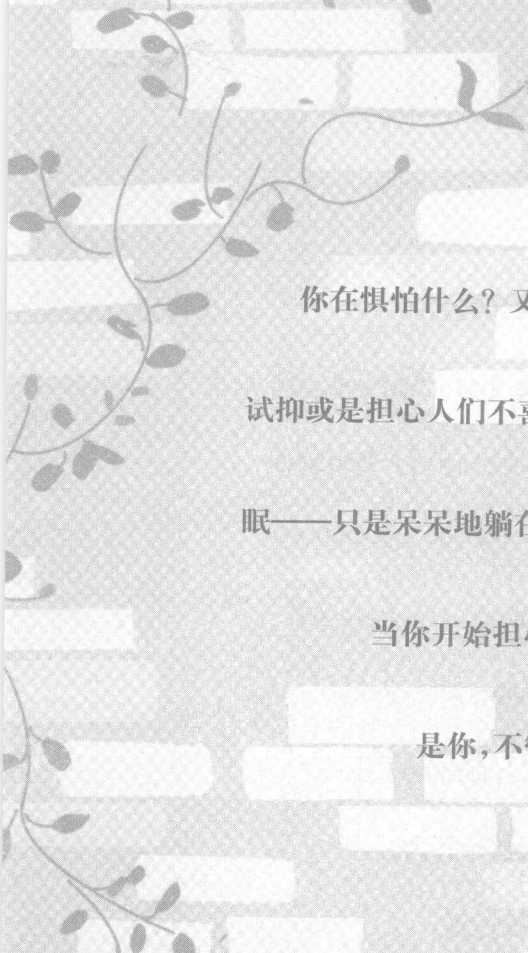


What are you afraid of? What do you worry about? Are you concerned about the test you have next week? Or are you afraid that people won't like you, that you won't be accepted? What keeps you up at night—lying in bed, staring at the ceiling?

When you start to worry, remember that God loves you as you are. He's not impressed by how you dress or the people you hang out with.

He's not going to love you any less if you don't ace that next test. “Who of you by worrying can add a single hour to his life?” (Matthew 6:27).

Jesus reminds us that worrying doesn't really get us anywhere. And He has told us that if we will just come to Him, He will give us relief from our burdens (see Matthew 11:28). We can ask for His strength to live life one day, one step at a time, and He will gladly give it to us. "Do not worry about tomorrow, for tomorrow will worry about itself" (Matthew 6: 34). Keep your eyes focused on God and the love He has for you, and say to yourself, "I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me" (Philippians 4:13 NKJV).



你在惧怕什么？又在担心什么？是不是下周的考试抑或是担心人们不喜欢、不接纳你？是什么让你彻夜难眠——只是呆呆地躺在床上仰望天花板？

当你开始担心时，请记住，上帝爱你，因为你就

是你，不管你穿什么衣服，或者和什么人约

会。即使你在下次考试中得不到

A，他对你的爱也不

会减

少分毫。“担心可以让生命增加一分一秒吗？”耶

稣告诫我们担心毫无益处。他会帮我们摆脱束缚。我们可以借助他的力量一步步生活下去，而且他也很乐于如此。“不要为明天忧虑，因为明天将担忧其本身”。

关注上帝和他对你的爱，告诉自己，“在赐予我力量的救世主的帮助下，
我无所不能”。

Attitude is the
mind's paintbrush.
It can color a situation
gloomy and gray, or
cheerful... In fact,
attitudes are more
important than facts.

—Mary C. Crowley

态度是头脑的画笔。它既
可以把事情变得灰暗苍白，也
可以使之变得生机盎然。确
实，态度比事实本身更重要。

——玛丽 C.克劳利

First Day

Theresa had always looked forward to the first day of school, but this year was different. Due to her father's recent job change, she and her family had moved across the country to new town and a new neighborhood. They had barely had a chance to meet the people next-door. It was hard enough to leave the friends she'd known for thirteen years, but right before school started? Did her parents really expect her to adjust?

She didn't even want to get out of bed. Getting up meant going to school, and that meant groups and cliques that were already well established—and that she wasn't a part of. she didn't know a soul. She had no

Reaching Out

friends. Who would she talk to? Who would she hang out with? The thought of walking through the halls and not seeing any familiar faces terrified her. Maybe she could be sick. No, her parents would see right through that one, and she'd still have to face her first day at a new school sometime. It might as well be today.

While trying to decide what to wear, Theresa caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror. Of course, today would have to be a bad hair day. *This day is not starting out well*, she thought to herself. But on with the inevitable. After a quick breakfast, she grabbed her things and headed down the street to the corner where the bus would pick her up.

In the distance, she could see three girls laughing about something. As Theresa got closer, the girls shot a brief look her way and then continued on with their conversation. Finally the bus arrived. Theresa stepped on and sat alone. The ride was bumpy, and it seemed like an eternity until the bus pulled up in front of the school.

Theresa climbed off the bus with no idea where to

First Day

go. She tried to blend in as best she could and followed the other kids inside. Her old school was much smaller. This one was a sea of lockers. How would she ever figure out where hers was? After quite a lengthy search, she found it—number 454. She dropped off some of her things and began the trek down the long hallway to first period, trying desperately not to bump into anyone.

She had made it through the first three or so hours. The classes weren't so bad. She could simply find a desk and sit there. The teachers pretty much just went over class rules and grading policies—no serious learning was expected the first day. But now it was lunchtime, and the question of where to eat was looming large. The groups would form quickly, as friends were eager to catch up with one another after a long summer. Theresa was keenly aware of the fact that she had no one to catch up with—no one to sit with at all. She wondered if she had ever reached out to any of the new students where she used to go to school. Now she was the new kid, and it was harder than she had ever imagined.

Reaching Out

She found a place alone in the corner and sat down with her lunch. Just as she started to eat, she saw three girls approaching. They were the girls from the bus stop.

“Do you mind if we join you?” said the one in front.

Mind? Please was more like it. “Not at all,” Theresa replied.

“This is usually where we sit for lunch, and we just thought that since we saw you at the bus stop this morning and since you are sitting here now, it must be fate or something,” said another. “Maybe we’re supposed to be friends.”

“How’s your first day?” said the third, a redhead.

“OK, I guess,” Theresa replied. “We just moved here three days ago.”

“Where are you from?”

“Tennessee, born and raised.”

“My family moved here from Missouri last year. I remember how hard it was—starting school and not knowing anybody. I just wanted to crawl into a hole at lunchtime. But over time I met a few really nice people,