



温馨 英文

李颂 孟洁◎编译
欧美最新流行美文



浙江工商大学出版社
Zhejiang Gongshang University Press

Warm
English

If it's one thing my daughter has shown me,
it's that the best way to be a parent to her is to trust in her and in God.

如果说有哪件事是我女儿教给我的，
那就是身为她的父母，最好的做法就是信任，信任她并信任上帝。

Invisible Wings

隐形的翅膀

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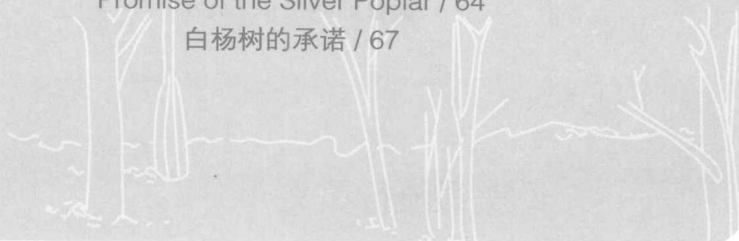
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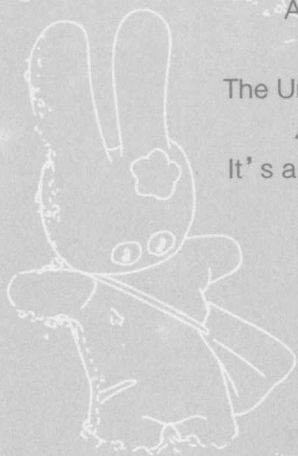
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安装“爱”

Love will gradually erase Past-Hurt.exe from your current operating system.

爱其实可以用它自己的叫作“自信”的文件覆盖“缺少自信”文件。



My Gold Medal Girl

• Teri Johnson •

August 8, 2008—opening day of the 2008 Olympic Games in Beijing. I'll be watching my 16-year-old daughter, Shawn, enter the stadium with nearly 600 American athletes. I never imagined Shawn would get this far when I enrolled her, at age three, in a gymnastics class in Urbandale, near where we live in Iowa.

I've been asked what I did to raise an Olympic athlete, but I don't think I'm different from most parents. Shawn's got a curfew like any other kid. If anything, Shawn's helped me be a better mom and helped me learn to trust that God watches over us. Here are five things I learned about raising an Olympian that can help any parent.

Follow their lead.

It's hard to believe, watching her today, that Shawn almost didn't make it out of the delivery room. The umbilical cord was wrapped around her neck. Doctors told me it was a close call. My husband, Doug, and I call it a miracle.

But Shawn wasn't slowed by her scary start. In fact, I could barely keep up with her. She walked at nine months. By age two she needed stitches after banging her head while

running in the house. She climbed into the cabinets where we kept her toys. More than once I found her teetering on a stack of toys she'd erected in order to reach ones higher up on the shelf. I prayed we'd find a safe way for her to use up that energy. We entered her in a tumbling class then a dance class, but she was bored by them.

One day I walked into the kitchen in time to see Shawn leap from our table into Doug's arms. I wasn't thrilled with her new stunt, but it stirred an idea. I took her to gymnastics. It clicked—Shawn loved running, climbing, leaping from great heights. At least there were plenty of mats if she fell.

The first day I stood off to the side, watching her as she scampered across the balance beam. She'd found her niche. My daughter showed me what she liked to do—I just drove her to the place where she could do it.

Find the right mentor.

The only problem she had in her gymnastics class was that she drove the instructors crazy. When the class sat down to learn about an exercise, Shawn would wander off to the balance beam. Or she'd have so much fun that she'd run to the front of the line. The instructors always scolded her: "Shawn, get back here!" "No, Shawn, wait your turn."

When Shawn was six, we checked out a new gymnastics school that had opened in our town. It was small and didn't have many students. The owner of the gym, Coach Chow,

introduced himself.

“So you like gymnastics, huh?” he asked Shawn. She nodded. “What’s your favorite event?”

“The balance beam,” Shawn answered.

They kept chatting as he showed us around. I was amazed at how well they got along. Then Shawn had to wait her turn for the beam. She fidgeted then stepped out of line and moved to a mat, performing a perfect cartwheel. I shook my head. But instead of scolding her, Coach Chow laughed. “I love her energy. That’s what you need in this sport.”

He knew what he was talking about. He’d competed for China’s national team in the 1980s and, after moving to the States, coached gymnastics at the University of Iowa. All that experience gave him the ability to see potential in Shawn. He kept her interest by keeping her challenged. In Shawn’s first week with Coach Chow, she learned to perform a back hand-spring.

“I didn’t know you could do that!” I said.

“Neither did I,” Shawn said. Only Coach Chow did.

Root for them—not for victory.

Coach Chow placed Shawn in the pre-teen advanced group, which competed against other gyms. For the first time, I had doubts. I’d seen other girls break down when they didn’t win. I didn’t want that to be Shawn. I sat in the stands at her first meet. She looked so tiny, dwarfed by the older, more

experienced competitors. She'll never keep up, I thought.

The other girls performed flips and jumps with ease. Shawn could barely get off the ground. Every step she took, every leap she made, was filled with enthusiasm, but the judges kept taking away points for missed landings, poorly executed techniques. Even so, the crowd loved her, clapping and cheering on her bubbly energy.

Shawn finished in twelfth place, and I was upset. Not because I wasn't proud of her, who'd done better than expected against the more experienced girls, but because I worried she'd be discouraged by the results.

"That was fun!" Shawn said, proudly displaying her twelfth-place ribbon. She wasn't upset. Neither was I, anymore. This wasn't about winning to her—it was about showing what she could do.

Don't decide, guide.

When Shawn was 12, she was invited to join the U. S. junior team. The practice schedule was intense—especially on top of her schedule outside the gym. She studied two hours a night, getting all As. She wrote short stories and poetry, joined the yearbook committee, even volunteered to walk dogs at a shelter. Sometimes it seemed like too much. I thought it might be better for her to quit gymnastics. One afternoon before practice I found her in her room, crying. "I don't want to go," she said.



“What do you mean?” I asked.

“I don’t know if I can do this anymore.”

I sat down and put my arm around her. “You don’t have to go,” I said.

“Coach Chow will be disappointed in me. The team will too.” She didn’t say it, but I could hear her next thought: You’ll be disappointed in me. After my worries about her workload, I had the perfect opportunity to tell her to quit, but I couldn’t. Gymnastics was no longer my way to channel her energy. It had become a part of her. This was her choice, not mine.

“You’re doing this for you,” I said. “Mr. Chow will go on coaching whether you’re with him or not. Just make sure you’re quitting because you want to, not because you’re having a bad day. I’ll support you either way.”

She wiped her tears. “Thanks, Mom,” she said, and gave me a big hug. Thank you, Lord, for giving me just the right daughter, high energy and all. Shawn was back with the team the next day. And I felt better knowing it was her decision.

Trust.

At 13 Shawn qualified for her first international competition—in Belgium. It would be the first trip out of the States for all of us. Maddeningly, U. S. team rules stated we couldn’t travel with our daughter (the team traveled as a team). By the

time Doug and I took our seats in the arena the day of the competition, I was a wreck. I scanned the floor. Gymnasts dotted the blue mats. And there was Shawn, entering through the tunnel with the team, her eyes scanning the stands. She spotted us and gave us a big wave. Lord, she really has grown up a lot. Thank you for being with her when we can't.

The competition was about to begin. My heart beat wildly. The way Shawn's 90-pound body catapulted through the air on the uneven bars, flipped upside-down inches above the balance beam made me hold my breath each time. I said the prayer I always say before Shawn's meets. Please get Shawn through this safely. She looked so poised, focused. Was this the same daughter I was so worried about?

I shook my head, amazed at the new heights Shawn reached dismounting the vault and flying off the bars. She was leaping off apparatus much higher than our table—without her dad to catch her. I had to trust she'd land safely. She did, each time. Shawn placed first on vault and floor and won the all-around competition.

That didn't mean I stopped worrying about her. I still do. I'm not making her curfew an hour later, even if she wins gold in Beijing. But if it's one thing my daughter has shown me, it's that the best way to be a parent to her is to trust—in her and in God. Shawn was given a gift. I'll be by her side to help her use it. Isn't that what we parents are here to do?



我的冠军女儿

泰瑞·约翰逊

2008年8月8日,二〇〇八北京奥运会开幕式。我将目睹我16岁的女儿肖恩和近六百名美国运动员一起进入体育馆。肖恩3岁时,我给她在位于我们家爱荷华州俄本戴尔市的附近报名参加了体操课,那时我从没想到过她会发展到这一步。

我曾被问及是如何培养了一个奥运会运动员的,但我不认为我和其他父母有什么不一样。肖恩也和其他孩子一样被严格管束着。如果有什么不同的话,那就是肖恩帮我成为了一个更好的母亲,是她帮我学着去相信上帝在时刻看顾着我们。下面是五个有关培养奥运会选手的经验,希望对其他父母有所帮助。

尊重孩子的爱好

如今看着她的样子,很难相信肖恩出生时曾差点夭折,脐带绕着她的脖子。医生说非常危险。我的丈夫道格和我都管那叫奇迹。

但是肖恩的成长并没有被这开头的惊险一幕所阻碍。事实上,我要紧紧追赶才赶得上她。她9个月时学会走路。2岁她就在房间里飞跑,以至于头撞破了要缝针。她爬上柜子,我们把她的玩具都收在那儿。不止一次我看到她蹒跚地爬上一堆她搭建起来的玩具去够更高一层架子上的玩具。我祈祷能找到一个比较安全的方式来释放她的精力。

我们先把她送进一个教翻跟头的班,然后又换到舞蹈班,可是她很快就兴味索然。

一天,我走进厨房,正好看见肖恩从饭桌上跳到道格怀里。我并不稀奇她的新本事,但这却让我灵机一动。我把她带到了体操班。这下好了——肖恩喜欢那些奔跑、攀爬、从高处向下跳的运动。至少如果她摔倒了,那儿有足够多的垫子。

第一天我站在一旁,看着她在平衡木上跳来跳去。她终于得其所哉。我的女儿向我表明了她的兴趣所在——我只是开车载她去那个地方,让她自己做她喜欢的事。

找到伯乐

她在体操课上唯一的问题就是她总能把教练气得发疯。当全班坐下学习一个动作时,肖恩就会溜到平衡木那边。或者她为了寻开心会跑到界外。教练总是不停地数落她,“肖恩,过来!”“不行,肖恩,先等别人做完。”

当肖恩6岁的时候,我们发现镇上开办了一个新的体操学校。它很小,没什么学生。学校的校长自我介绍说他叫乔良。

“这么说,你喜欢体操,是吗?”他问肖恩。她点头。“你最喜欢的项目是什么?”

“平衡木。”肖恩答道。

他一边带我们参观一边继续和肖恩聊天。我很惊奇他们能相处得这么好。然后肖恩等着轮到自己上平衡木。她等得不耐烦就溜出界外跑到垫子上来了个漂亮的侧手翻。我摇摇头。可是乔良教练却没有骂她,反而大笑起来。“我喜欢她这么精力充沛。搞体育就得有这种劲头。”



乔良教练是体操方面的内行,他曾代表中国国家队于20世纪80年代参加比赛。后来到了美国,在爱荷华大学教体操。这些经验让他能够看出肖恩的潜力。他不断给她挑战以保持她的兴趣。她跟乔良教练学习的第一周就学会了后空翻。

“我以前真不知道你还能做这个!”我说。

“我以前也不知道。”肖恩说道。只有乔良教练知道。

以人为本 而不是只关注输赢

乔良教练将肖恩安排在儿童高级组,有时会和其他学校比赛。我第一次产生了怀疑。我曾看见别的女孩子们因为输掉比赛而崩溃。我可不想肖恩经受那种打击。我在她的第一次比赛时坐在一旁。她看上去那么小,跟比她大比她有经验的对手比,她成了个小侏儒。她永远都赶不上,我想着。

其他女孩都轻轻松松地表演了翻跟头和腾跃之后,肖恩才终于有机会上场。她的每一个动作、每一个跳跃,都充满活力,可是裁判们却不停地给她扣分,因为每个小失误、不完美的技巧等等。尽管如此,观众们很喜欢她,为她的生气勃勃而鼓掌、叫好。

肖恩得了第十二名,我很担心。不是我对她不满意。和那些更有经验的孩子竞争,她已经做得比预期的好了。我只是担心她会对这个结果感到沮丧。

“太好玩了!”肖恩说道,自豪地展示着她的第十二名的缎带。她没有不开心,我也就放下心来。对她来说,输赢不重要,重要的是她向大家展现了自己。

别为孩子做决定,引导他们做自己的决定

当肖恩12岁时,她被邀请加入美国青少年队。训练日

程排得很满——尤其对于她已经很紧张的学校日程来说。她每天晚上加班加点补课2个小时,全部功课都得A。她写短篇小说,写诗,加入年册委员会,甚至为收容所义务遛狗。有时看上去她太忙了。我想是不是停止体操课对她更好。一天下午训练之前,我发现她在自己房间里哭泣。“我不想去了。”她说道。

“你说什么?”我问。

“我不知道我还能不能坚持下去。”

我坐下来搂着她的肩膀,“你不是非去不可。”我说道。

“乔良教练会对我失望的,整个队也会的。”她没说出来,但我却听见她心里的话:你也会对我失望的。我本来就担心她的超负荷运转,现在我有非常恰当的时机让她退出,可是我不能。体操已经不再是我消耗她的多余精力的工具,它已经成为了她的一部分。这是她该做的选择,而不是我的。

“你在为自己做这件事,”我说道,“乔先生会继续教体操,不管你去不去。只要确定如果退出是出于你自己的意愿,而不是仅仅因为你今天心情不好。不管你怎样决定,我都支持你。”

她擦干眼泪。“谢谢你,妈妈。”她说道,然后使劲抱了抱我。谢谢你,上帝,给了我一个这么好的女儿,谢谢你给予她勃勃的生机以及她的一切。肖恩第二天回到了体操队。我想到这是她自己的决定,也觉得心情轻松。

信任

肖恩13岁时够资格参加她的第一次世界比赛——比赛地点比利时。这是我们全家首次出国旅行。让人抓狂的