

TO-GIVE-AND-TO-KEEP

To a very special

赠爱孙





To a very special
GRANDSON

赠爱孙

EXLEY

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你是上苍最大的恩赐。

何曾想过会有你这么个孙儿——可是，
你就在我的眼前。于是我几乎恢复了青春。

四个月的孩子，刚刚来到人世。

然而你的两眼却在我的脸上寻觅。你认识我，
你快乐地朝我笑。这纯真的笑容，
值得我一生的等候。

You were the best of bonuses.

I never thought to be a grandparent - but here
you are. And I am very nearly young again.
My grandson was four months old. Scarcely arrived.
And yet his eyes explored my face and knew me
and he gave me a smile of joy so absolute it was
worth a lifetime's waiting.



你扰乱了我们平静的生活。

紧闭的窗户，遮挡着严寒，

却被你猛地打开。

宁静的日子，似荫蔽在树影里，

你却将灼目的阳光射入。

你带来一声喜悦的欢叫，

搅动我们井然、恬静的生活。

You have turned our settled lives upside down.

You have flung open windows closed
against the cold.

You have let in blazing sunlight on
our gently shaded lives.

You have brought a shout of joy
into our ordered quietness.



有时，爷爷和奶奶会觉得衰老，
感到孱弱和无聊——但是“砰”的一声门被推开，
冲进个小小的娃娃，急切地报告着
不可思议的消息。心中的忧郁，能不荡然无存吗？

Grandmas and grandads sometimes feel old and
flabby and dull - but then the door crashes open
and a small boy hurtles in with a torrent of
extraordinary news. And how can gloom survive?



在你降临之前，生活曾是那么的无聊

小小的孩子，

竟包含着如此大的喜悦啊

How dull life was before you came.

How much joy

is packed into a little boy.

快乐有许多种

爱也有许多种

然而当小小的娃娃，一头扑进你的怀抱，

一张小脸闪烁着欢笑——还有什么

能超越这样的欢喜呢？

There are many kinds of happiness.

Many kinds of love.

But nothing to surpass the delight of a little child
running into one's arms — their face alight with joy.



这些小孙儿们，总是一刻不停，
他们爬上墙、跳下树、又蹿上桌椅橱柜。

像一阵旋风，呼啸而去；

像一条条鱼儿，跃起跳下。

来无踪，去无影，似喧嚣的影子。

而有时，一眨眼，却又忽地依偎在奶奶身边，

如小鸟依人般。

Grandsons are always on the move. They ricochet
from walls and trees and furniture. They swirl
like dust-devils. They leap and plunge like fish.
They are a blur. They are noise made visible.
And sometimes, suddenly, and for the blinking of
an eye, they come to rest beside a grandma.
And engulf her in a hug.



面对这么个小东西，
忽而颐指气使像个霸王，忽而
指东砸西像头小象，
学牛犊像在泥里滚，
猛吃猛喝像只小熊要过冬。
谁会喜欢这个坏东西？
我会，我会。

It is very hard sometimes to love
a grandson with the voice of a sergeant-major,
the in-built destructive abilities of an elephant,
the love of dust inherent in a buffalo,
the appetite of a grizzly fattening itself for winter.
But you do. You do.



有孙儿相伴的日子，
怎会感到寂寞呢？

How can a day be dull
when one has a grandson?

是什么激荡起我们的心？

是你的小脚在小路上

噼噼啪啪的声音，是你的小拳头

在门上乒乒乓乓的声响。

The sounds to lift a grandparent's heart
are the pounding of small feet up the
path and the hammering of small fists
on the door.

真是不可思议,年迈的
爷爷和奶奶竟也有了新的喜好:
流行歌曲,摇滚乐,
弹射滑翔,还有滑雪
而孙儿们听着爷爷奶奶的旧唱片,
也长了新的见识。
他们也爱上了老福特车,
喜欢吃刚出炉的面包。

It's extraordinary what new interests
grandparents acquire in old age.
Rap and Soul and Salsa.
Bungy jumping. Snow surfing.
And, in turn, their grandsons gain new insights
into the way old gramophones used to play.
A liking for early Fords.
And a taste for newly-baked bread.



永远记着，一刻也不要忘记，

我们对你的挚爱。

将这爱轻披在肩头，不要当作一个负担。

寒冷的夜晚，漆黑的天空，让这爱

做你御寒的绒毯，

而阳光灿烂时，又让它为你带来舒心的清风。

Never forget, not for a single moment, how

much we love you.

Wear our love lightly. Never let it be a burden.

Let it be an extra coverlet in the cold, dark days -

and a pleasant breeze about you when life is good.



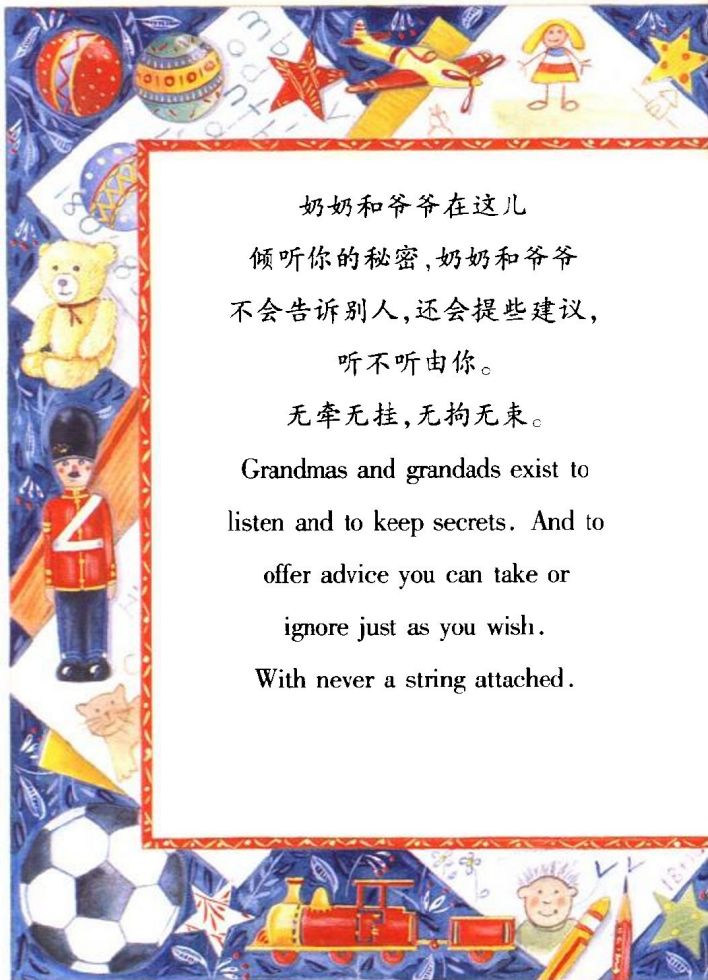
你和我，两个人，都是如此的渺小，然而
我们却共有一个神秘，那就是我们的深爱。

时光倏忽而逝，然而在短暂的生命中，
我们将爱着啊——那样的爱，亲爱的孩子，
永远都不会失落。

直到永远永远。

We are such little creatures, you and I, yet we hold
in us mystery. For we are capable of love.

In the flicker of time that we exist, we will love
each other - and that love, my dear, can never be
lost. It reaches to the ends of all that is.



奶奶和爷爷在这儿
倾听你的秘密,奶奶和爷爷
不会告诉别人,还会提些建议,
听不听由你。

无牵无挂,无拘无束。

Grandmas and grandads exist to
listen and to keep secrets. And to
offer advice you can take or
ignore just as you wish.

With never a string attached.

如果你感到痛苦,如果你感到愤恼,
来吧,到我这里来。我们
一起痛苦,一起愤恼。

你向我倾诉你的心思,
再尝一尝我做的葡萄干蛋糕。

If you're miserable or furious -
come round to see me. We can be
miserable and furious together.

Or talk it out.

Or just eat my currant cake.



爷爷奶奶最大的欢喜,莫过于

听孙儿说:

“这本书挺不错——能让我看看吗?”

或者,“您能把这个借给我吗?就几天嘛。”

或者,“现在轮到我借了吧?”

或者,“我能剪几支您的玫瑰花吗?”

于是就有了祖孙共通的快乐。

生命的沟通在于给予,在于获取,

在于我们的微笑。

The greatest pleasure grandparents can have is for a
grandson to say:

“This book looks interesting - can I borrow it?”

or “Could you spare this for a little while?”

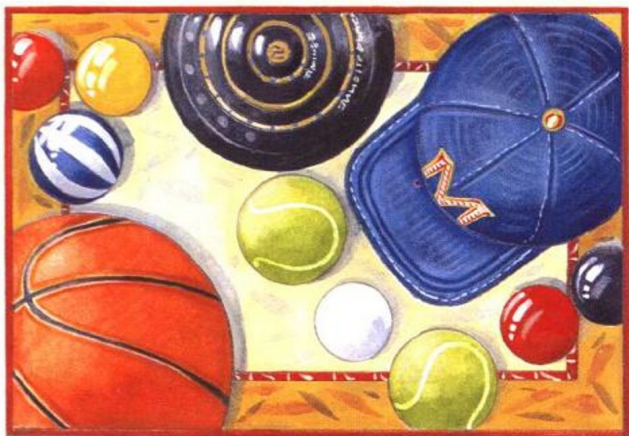
or “Can I have a turn at this?”

or “May I take a cutting from this rose?”

To share with you is joy.

Our lives link in the giving, in the taking.

In the smiles.



寒风吹落最后一片树叶，细细的雨，
淅沥地飘洒。

那是多么哀伤的日子，多么失落的日子啊，
可你的到来，允诺着夏日
即将来临。

Cold winds turn the last of the leaves and a thin
rain patters down.

It could have been a sad time, a time of loss.
But then you came - a promise of summers
still to come.