

# *It's My Turn*



*Ruth Bell Graham*

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*Ruth Bell Graham  
shares  
the learning experiences  
of her life.*

While Billy Graham carried on his work throughout the world, Ruth Graham carried on her work of bringing up five children. In *It's My Turn*, she provides a charming, behind-the-scenes look at the Grahams' family life. At the same time, she shares valuable insights into how God equips a woman to endure long family separations and rear God-loving children.

How the author's early experiences—as the daughter of medical missionaries in mainland China—prepared her for motherhood, will provide fascinating reading for every member of your family. How she applied those lessons to her adult life will inspire you to serve God and those around you with renewed energy and faith.



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My Turn*



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*Ruth Bell Graham*

**World Wide**

A ministry of the Billy Graham Association

1303 Hennepin Avenue  
Minneapolis, Minnesota 55403



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## Preface

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You have heard from one who has had a generous <sup>慷慨的大方的</sup> portion of the earth for his parish. You are about to hear from one who had their home and their five children for hers.

The size of the parish is immaterial. But the message and the goals have been essentially the same.

Having sometimes heard speakers whom I should have liked to shut up and put on a shelf, I have chosen to write so that a busy person can shut me up and put me on a shelf when they have had enough.

This volume is primarily a sampling of experiences from what, for me, has been a full and interesting life. Some are implanted vividly in my memory today. Others are collected from old journals, letters, and an assortment of notebooks.

Not all of them are autobiographical, for I have learned much from others. But I have learned the most from an old, eternally contemporary Book and its Author.

Again, if these experiences are a mixture, that's life.

① be on shelf the 束之高阁, 废弃的.





I shall be telling this with a sigh  
 Somewhere ages and ages hence:  
 Two roads diverged in a wood, and I —  
 I took the one less traveled by,  
 And that has made all the difference.

ROBERT FROST

sigh [sai] n. 叹息, 叹息声

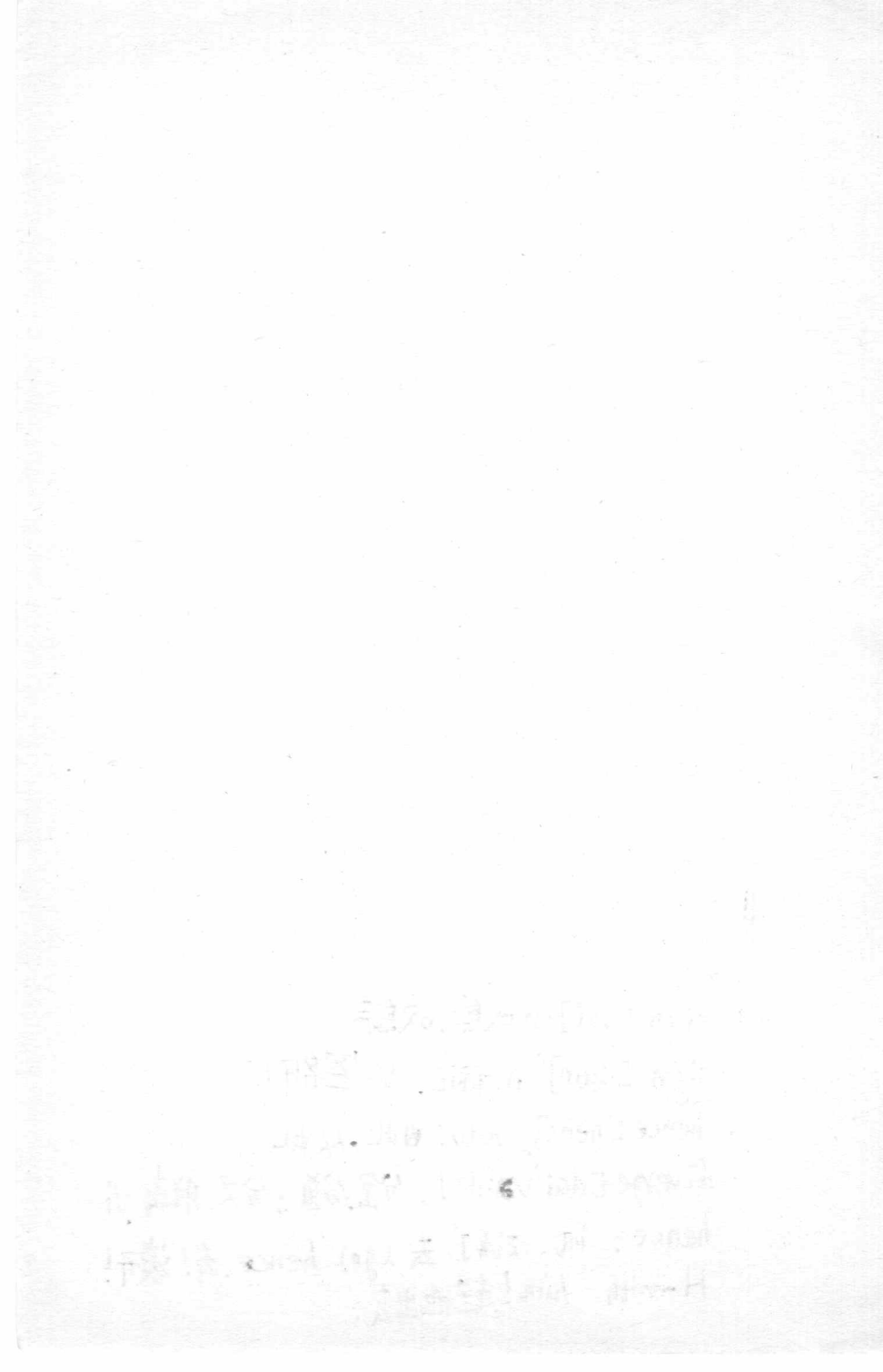
sign [sain] n. 标记. V. 签名(手)

hence [hens] adv. 因此, 从此

diverge [dai'vɜ:dʒ]. 分歧, 分道; 分叉; 脱离. V.

hence. int. [诨]. 去. (go) hence. 去! 滚开!

H-with him! 赶他出去.



## Plenty of Nothin'

---



Evening was creeping along the valleys and up the ridges. The breeze rustling leaves in the treetops had stilled. Not even the chatter of a katydid broke the silence.

I was rocking quietly on the front porch when our six-year-old burst through the screen door, letting it slam behind him. He settled noisily into the rocker next to mine and whispered, "Shhh. Be quiet, Mom. Don't make any noise ... and you will hear plenty of nuffin."

So we shushed, were quiet, didn't make any noise, and heard plenty of nothing. n. 没有东西, 没有什么

Finally I whispered, "Do you like hearing nothing?"

"No," he replied. "I like noise!"

With that, he bounded out of the rocker and jerked open the screen door. Darting inside, he let it slam behind him.

Me? I like "plenty of <sup>nothing</sup> nothin." It's the noise of civilization that disturbs and grates. Nature's noises, I have discovered, refresh and relax me.

The rustle of the wind in the tops of the trees or the roar of it across the ridge behind the house...

咆哮. 吼叫

The chirping of a cricket or the orchestration of katydids from mid-summer until frost...

The full moon rising, huge and silent, over Little Rainbow Ridge.

The expectant stillness...



On such evenings, Bill and I will sit together on the front porch when he is home, quietly talking, or, when words are not needed, just listening to "plenty of nothin'."

And along with the deepening shadows in the valleys below, the darting of the evening's first bat across the darkening sky, come the memories...