

双语

精华版

(附赠 CD)



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心灵鸡汤

[女性系列]

情牵伊人梦

杨玲 汪方挺 卢志宏 徐宏亮 译

Dreams of the Flower

Jack Canfield & Mark Victor Hansen 等著

Chicken
Soup for the
Soul

安徽科学技术出版社

Health Communications, Inc.

中国民间故事 中国民间笑话 中国民间歌谣

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[中国民间故事]

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作为美国大众心理自助与人生励志类的闪亮品牌,《心灵鸡汤》语言地道新颖,优美流畅,极富时代感。书中一个个扣人心弦的故事,深度挖掘平凡小事蕴藏的精神力量 and 人性之美,真率倾诉对生命的全新体验和深刻感悟,字里行间洋溢着爱心、感恩、信念、鼓励 and 希望。由于故事的蕴涵哲思深邃,豁然释然,央视“百家讲坛”曾引用其作为解读援例。

文本的适读性与亲和力、故事的吸引力和感召力、内涵的人文性和震撼力,促出了鲜香润泽的《心灵鸡汤》——发行 40 多个国家和地区,总销量上亿册的全球超级畅销书!

安徽科学技术出版社独家引进的该系列英文版,深得广大读者推崇与青睐,频登各大书店及“开卷市场零售监测系统”的畅销书排行榜,多次荣获全国出版发行业的各类大奖。

就学英语而言,本系列读物的功效已获莘莘学子乃至英语教学界的充分肯定。由于语篇的信度、效度符合标准化考试命题的质量要求,全国大学英语四级考试、全国成人本科学位考试的阅读理解真题曾采用其中的文章。

为了让更多读者受惠于这一品牌,我社又获国内独家授权,隆重推出双语精华版《心灵鸡汤》系列:英汉美文并蓄、双语同视面对照——广大读者既能在轻松阅读中提高英语水平,又能从中感悟人生的真谛,激发你搏击风雨、奋发向上的生命激情!

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女人并不了解男人





Words from the Heart

说出你的爱

The bitterest tears shed over graves are for words left unsaid and deeds left undone.

Harriet Beecher Stowe

那些未曾说出的话,未曾做过的事,使我们在死亡来临时流下最痛苦的泪水。

——哈利特·比切·司图

Most people need to hear those “three little words”. Once in a while, they hear them just in time.

I met Connie the day she was admitted to the hospice ward, where I worked as a volunteer. Her husband, Bill, stood nervously nearby as she was transferred from the gurney to the hospital bed. Although Connie was in the final stages of her fight against cancer, she was alert and cheerful. We got her settled in. I finished marking her name on all the hospital supplies she would be using, then asked if she needed anything.

大多数人需要有人对他们说那“三个微不足道的字”。有时,他们还来得及听到这几个字。

见到康莉是在她进入临终关怀病房那天,我在那所安养院做志愿者。我们将她从轮床移到病床上时,她的丈夫比尔站在一边,紧张不安。康莉正处在与癌症搏斗的最后时刻,但依然头脑清醒、心情愉快。安置妥当后,我将她要用的医院用品标上她的名字,然后问她还需要什么。



"Oh yes," she said, "would you please show me how to use the TV? I enjoy the soaps so much and I don't want to get behind on what's happening." Connie was a romantic. She loved soap operas, romance novels and movies with a good love story. As we became acquainted, she confided how frustrating it was to be married 32 years to a man who often called her "a silly woman".

"Oh, I know Bill loves me," she said, "but he has never been one to say he loves me, or send cards to me." She sighed and looked out the window at the trees in the courtyard. "I'd give anything if he'd say 'I love you,' but it's just not in his nature."

Bill visited Connie every day. In the beginning, he sat next to the bed while she watched the soaps. Later, when she began sleeping more, he paced up and down the hallway outside her room. Soon, when she no longer watched television and had fewer waking moments, I began spending more of my volunteer time with Bill.

He talked about having worked as a carpenter and how he liked to go fishing. He and Connie had no children, but they'd been enjoying retirement by traveling, until Connie got sick. Bill could not express his feelings about the fact that his wife was dying.

One day, over coffee in the cafeteria, I got him on the subject of women and how we need romance in our lives; how we love to get sentimental cards and love letters.

"Do you tell Connie you love her?" I asked (knowing his answer), and he looked at me as if I was crazy.

"I don't have to," he said. "She *knows* I do!"

"I'm sure she knows," I said, reaching over and touching his hands—rough, carpenter's hands that were gripping the cup as if it were the only thing he had to hang onto—"but she needs to *hear* it, Bill. She needs to hear what she has meant to you all these years. Please think about it."

We walked back to Connie's room. Bill disappeared inside, and I left to visit another patient. Later, I saw Bill sitting by the bed. He was holding Connie's hand as she slept. The date was February 12.

“哦,是的,”她说,“你能不能告诉我怎么使用电视机?我喜欢看肥皂剧,可不想拉下。”康莉生性浪漫,喜欢肥皂剧、言情小说和爱情影片。我们彼此熟悉以后,她悄悄告诉我,结婚32年来,丈夫总叫她“傻女人”,令她极度沮丧。

“唉,我知道比尔爱我。”她说,“但他从不跟我说,也不送卡片给我。”她叹了口气,注视着窗外院子里的树。“如果他愿意对我说‘我爱你’,让我做什么都行。可他秉性难移。”

比尔每天都来看望康莉。一开始,她看肥皂剧的时候他就坐在床边。后来,她沉睡的时间越来越长,他就在病房外的走廊上踱来踱去。不久,她不再看电视,清醒的次数越来越少,我便有更多的时间和比尔在一起。

他告诉我我是个木匠,非常喜欢钓鱼。他和康莉膝下无子,但他们四处旅行,享受着退休生活,直到康莉生病住院。对于妻子即将离他而去这个事实,比尔的痛苦之情无以言表。

一天,在咖啡馆里喝咖啡时,我将话题转到女人身上,说起我们在生活中多么需要浪漫,多么喜欢收到表达情感的卡片和情书。

“你有没有对康莉说过你爱她?”我问(其实我已经知道答案)。他看着我,好像我疯了似的。

“我不需要说,”他说,“她知道的。”

“我相信她知道,”我伸出手去,拍拍他的手——一双粗糙的、做木工活的手,紧紧抓住杯子,好像那是他唯一可以抓住的东西——“但是她需要听,比尔。她需要你告诉她,这么多年来,她对你意味着什么。请你想一想。”

我们回到康莉的病房。比尔走了进去,我转身去看望另一位病人。后来,我看见比尔坐在床边,拉着康莉的手。康莉睡着了。那一天是2月12日。





Two days later I walked down the hospice ward at noon. There stood Bill, leaning up against the wall in the hallway, staring at the floor. I already knew from the head nurse that Connie had died at 11 A.M.

When Bill saw me, he allowed himself to come into my arms for a long hug. His face was wet with tears and he was trembling. Finally, he leaned back against the wall and took a deep breath.

"I have to say something," he said. "I have to say how good I feel about telling her." He stopped to blow his nose. "I thought a lot about what you said, and this morning I told her how much I loved her...and loved being married to her. You shoulda seen her smile!"

I went into the room to say my own good-bye to Connie. There, on the bedside table, was a large Valentine card from Bill. You know, the sentimental kind that says, "To my wonderful wife...I love you."

Bobbie Lippman

两天后的中午,我在看护病房里一路走过,看见比尔站在那里,背靠着走廊的墙,眼睛盯着地板。我已从护士长那里得知,康莉在11点钟去世。

比尔看见我,走过来,我久久地抱着他。他的脸上挂满泪水,浑身颤抖。最后,他靠回到墙上,深吸了一口气。

"我得说,我得说,告诉她以后,我感觉好多了。"他停下来,吸吸鼻子。"你的话我考虑了很长时间。今天早上,我对她说我爱她……喜欢她做我的妻子。你没看见她笑得有多开心!"

我走进病房,去和康莉告别。那里,床头柜上,是比尔送的一张大大的情人节卡片,你知道的,就是那种温馨浪漫的卡片,上面写着:"给我可爱的妻子……我爱你。"

鲍比·利普曼



A Miracle of Love

爱的奇迹

My grandson, Daniel, and I have always been very close. When Daniel's father remarried after a divorce, Daniel, who was eleven, and his little sister, Kristie, came to live with us. My husband and I were more than happy to have kids in the house again. Things were going along just fine until the diabetes I've lived with most of my adult life started affecting my eyes, and then more seriously, my kidneys. Then everything seemed to fall apart.

Three times a week, I had to go to the hospital to be hooked up to a dialysis machine. I was living, but I couldn't really call it a life—it was an existence. I had no energy. I dragged myself through my daily chores and slept as much as I could. My sense of humor seemed to disappear.

Daniel, seventeen by then, was really affected by the change in me. He tried as hard as he could to make me laugh, to bring back the

我的孙子,丹尼尔,和我的关系一直很亲密。丹尼尔11岁那年,他的父亲离婚又再娶后,他便和他的小妹,克里斯蒂,和我们生活在一起。家里又有了孩子,丈夫和我甬提有多高兴了。我们的生活一直很美满,直到有一天,困扰着我大半个成年生活的糖尿病开始侵袭着我的双眼,接着又更为严重地损害着我的双肾,一切便开始土崩瓦解。

我不得不一周3次地赶到医院接受透析治疗。我还活着,但我不能说这是生活——不过是还在世上罢了。我没了力气,只能拖着身子干家务活,睡觉则能睡多久就睡多久,性格中的一丝幽默感似乎也溜走了。

那一年丹尼尔17岁,我身体的变故对他的影响确实很大。他竭尽全力地逗我发笑,努力地想找回那个爱在他身边扮小丑开玩笑的祖母。即使在



grandma who loved to clown around with him. Even in my sorry state, Daniel could still bring a smile to my face.

But things were not improving. After a year on dialysis, my condition was deteriorating and the doctors felt that if I didn't receive a kidney transplant within six months, I would surely die. No one told Daniel this, but he knew—he said all he had to do was look at me. To top it off, as my condition worsened, there was a chance I would become too weak to have the transplant surgery at all, and then there would be nothing they could do for me. So we started the tense and desperate wait for a kidney.

I was adamant that I didn't want a kidney from anyone I knew. I would wait until an appropriate kidney became available, or I would literally die waiting. But Daniel had other plans. The times that he took me to my dialysis appointments, he did a little secret research on his own. Then he announced his intentions to me.

"Grandma, I'm giving you one of my kidneys. I'm young and I'm healthy..." He paused. He could see I wasn't at all happy with his offer. He continued, almost in a whisper, "And most of all, I couldn't stand it if you weren't around." His face wore an expression of appeal mixed with determination. He can be as stubborn as a mule once he decides on something—but I've been told many times that I can out-stubborn any mule!

We argued. I couldn't let him do it. We both knew that if he gave up his kidney, he'd also give up his life's dream: to play football. That boy ate, drank and slept football. It was all he ever talked about. And he was good, too. Daniel was co-captain and star defensive tackle of his high school team; he expected to apply for a football scholarship and was looking forward to playing college football. He just loved the sport.

"How can I let you throw away the thing that means the most to you?" I pleaded with him.

“Grandma,” he said softly, “compared to your life, football means nothing to me.”

我难过的时候,丹尼尔也能使我的脸上露出笑容。

但是情况并没有好转。经过1年的透析治疗,我的状况开始恶化,医生认为如果不在6个月内接受肾移植,我的生命就会结束。没有人告诉丹尼尔这个消息,但是他知道——他说他要做的一切就是看护我。更为甚者,随着我的病情恶化,我有可能变得太虚弱而根本无法接受移植手术,到那时他们无论做什么也挽救不了我的生命。于是我们开始了紧张而又绝望的等待,希望能有做移植的肾。

我固执地坚持我不接受任何我熟悉的人的肾。我等待着合适的肾出现,或者说我径自在等待中死亡。但是丹尼尔却有了其他的计划。在他带着我去医院做常规透析治疗时,他就独自做了一些秘密研究。然后他向我宣布了他的想法。

“奶奶,我要把我的一个肾献给您,我很年轻,很健康……”他停了下来。他能看出我对他的奉献一点儿也不高兴。他继续说着,几乎是压着嗓子,“最重要的是,如果您不在了,我是无法忍受的。”他的脸上浮出坚定和恳切的神情。他一旦做出决定就会倔强得像牛一样——不过很多次人们都说我的倔劲儿胜过任何一头牛!

我们争执着。我不能让他那么做,我们都清楚如果他放弃了他的肾,他也将放弃他一生的梦想:踢足球。那孩子吃饭、睡觉都离不开足球,谈论的一切都是关于足球,他也很擅长足球。丹尼尔是高中足球队的一名副队长和出色的防守队员;他渴望申请到足球奖学金并加入大学足球队。他就是酷爱这项运动。

“我怎么舍得让你抛弃对你来说最有意义的事情啊?”我恳求着对他说。

“奶奶,”他温和地说,“与您的生命相比,足球对我来说什么也不值。”





After that,I couldn't argue anymore.So we agreed to see if he was a good donor match,and then we'd discuss it further.When the tests came back,they showed Daniel was a perfect match.That was it.I knew I wasn't going to win that argument,so we scheduled the transplant.

Both surgeries went smoothly.As soon as I came out of the anesthesia,I could tell things were different.I felt great! The nurses in the intensive care unit had to keep telling me to lie back and be quiet—I wasn't supposed to be that lively!I was afraid to go to sleep,for fear I would break the spell and wake up the way I had been before.But the good feeling didn't go away,and I spent the evening joking and laughing with anyone who would listen.It was so wonderful to feel alive again!

The next day,they moved me out of ICU and onto the floor where Daniel was recuperating three doors away.His grandfather helped him walk down to see me as soon as I was moved into my room.When we saw each other,we didn't know what to say.Holding hands,we just sat there and looked at each other for a long time,overwhelmed by the deep feeling of love that connected us.

Finally,he spoke.“Was it worthwhile,Grandma?”

I laughed a little ruefully.“It was for me! But was it for you?” I asked him.

He nodded and smiled at me.“I've got my grandma back.”

And I have my life back.It still amazes me.Every morning,when I wake up,I thank God—and Daniel—for this miracle.A miracle born of the purest love.

Shirlee Allison

[EDITORS' NOTE:As a result of Daniel's selfless gift,he was chosen as the nation's Most Courageous Student Athlete and flown to Disney World for the awards ceremony.While there,he met Bobby Bowden,coach of Florida State University's football team,the Seminoles.Daniel told Coach Bowden that he was an