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双语
精华版
(附赠 CD)

心灵鸡汤

[经典系列]

永恒的经典

王少凯 杨 芳 杨晓阳 译

The Eternal Classics

Jack Canfield & Mark Victor Hansen 等著

Chicken
Soup for the
Soul

安徽科学技术出版社

Health Communications, Inc.

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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,煲出了鲜香润泽的《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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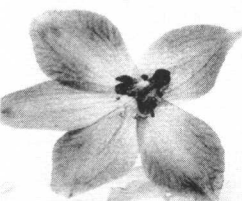
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我们从没有告诉他有什么做不到的





A Friend on the Line 在线挚友

Life without a friend is death without a witness.

Spanish Proverb

没有朋友的人生如同无人见证的死亡。

——西班牙谚语

Even before I finished dialing,I somehow knew I'd made a mistake.The phone rang once,twice—then someone picked it up.

“You got the wrong number!” a husky male voice snapped before the line went dead.Mystified,I dialed again.

“I said you got the wrong number!” came the voice.Once more the phone clicked in my ear.

How could he possibly know I had a wrong number?At that time,I worked for the New York City Police Department.A cop is trained to be curious—and concerned.So I dialed a third time.

“Hey,c'mon,” the man said.“Is this you again?”

尚未拨完号码,我已发觉拨错号了,电话铃响了一声,又响了一声,有人拿起了电话。

一个嘶哑的嗓音吼道:“拨错号了!”并立刻挂断了电话。我觉得奇怪,再次拨通了那个号码。

“我说你拨错号了!”电话咔哒一声又挂断了。

他怎么知道我拨错号了呢,那时我在纽约市警察局工作,身为一名警察,我被训练得好奇而又爱管闲事。所以我第三次拨通那个电话。

“嗨!又来了,”那人说:“又是你,是吗?”





"Yeah, it's me," I answered. "I was wondering how you knew I had the wrong number before I even said anything."

"You figure it out!" The phone slammed down.

I sat there awhile, the receiver hanging loosely in my fingers. I called the man back.

"Did you figure it out yet?" he asked.

"The only thing I can think of is... nobody ever calls you."

"You got it!" The phone went dead for the fourth time. Chuckling, I dialed the man back.

"What do you want now?" he asked.

"I thought I'd call... just to say hello."

"Hello? Why?"

"Well, if nobody ever calls you, I thought maybe I should."

"Okay. Hello. Who is this?"

At last I had gotten through. Now *he* was curious. I told him who I was and asked who he was.

"My name's Adolf Meth. I'm 88 years old, and I haven't had this many wrong numbers in one day in 20 years!" We both laughed.

We talked for 10 minutes. Adolf had no family, no friends. Everyone he had been close to had died. Then we discovered we had something in common: he'd worked for the New York City Police Department for nearly 40 years. Telling me about his days there as an elevator operator, he seemed interesting, even friendly. I asked if I could call him again.

"Why would you want to do that?" he asked, surprised.

"Well, maybe we could be phone friends. You know, like pen pals."

He hesitated. "I wouldn't mind... having a friend again." His voice sounded a little tentative.

I called Adolf the following afternoon and several days after that. Easy to talk with, he related his memories of World Wars I and II,

the Hindenburg disaster and other historic events.He was fascinating.I gave him my home and office numbers so he could call me.He did—

“是，是我，”我说：“我想知道我还没开口说话你怎么就知道我拨错号了。”

“自己去想！”电话又被挂断了。

我呆坐了片刻，电话听筒挂在手指上晃来晃去。我又把电话拨了回去。

“想出来了吗？”他问。

“我可以想到的唯一原因就是从来没有人给你打过电话，是吗？”

“对了！”电话第四次又挂断了。我暗自好笑，又把电话拨过去。

“你还想干什么？”他问。

“我想……我就想问声好。”

“问好？为什么？”

“因为，如果没有人给你打过电话，我想，我可以给你打啊。”

“是吗，你好！你是哪位？”

我终于接通了这个电话，现在轮到他好奇了。我告诉他我是谁，然后问他是谁。

“我的名字叫阿道夫·麦斯。88岁了。二十年来，还没有哪一天接到过这么多打错的电话。”我们两人都大笑起来。

我们交谈了十分钟。阿道夫没有家、没有朋友。所有他曾经亲近过的人都过世了。我们还发现我们有一些共同之处。他也曾在纽约警察局工作过近40年。谈起当年作电梯管理员时的事情，他好像很开心、很友好。我问他是否还能再给他打电话。

“为什么你还想再打来？”他很吃惊。

“也许，我们能成为话友。就像，笔友那样。”

他犹豫着：“我也许可以……有可能再次获得朋友。”他的声音里透出一丝丝试探。

第二天的下午以及接下来的几天，我都打电话给阿道夫。他很健谈，与我聊起第一次和第二次世界大战、兴登堡灾难及其他一些历史事件。他很有吸引力，我把家里和办公室的电话号码都告诉了他，以便他打电话给

almost every day.

I was not just being kind to a lonely old man. Talking with Adolf was important to me, because I, too, had a big gap in my life. Raised in orphanages and foster homes, I never had a father. Gradually, Adolf took on a kind of fatherly importance to me. I talked about my job and college courses, which I attended at night.

Adolf warmed to the role of counselor. While discussing a disagreement I'd had with a supervisor, I told my new friend, "I think I ought to have it out with him."

"What's the rush?" Adolf cautioned. "Let things cool down. When you get as old as I am, you find out that time takes care of a lot. If things get worse, *then* you can talk to him."

There was a long silence. "You know," he said softly, "I'm talking to you just the way I'd talk to a boy of my own. I always wanted a family—and children. You're too young to know how that feels."

No, I wasn't. I'd always wanted a family—and a father. But I didn't say anything, afraid I wouldn't be able to hold back the hurt I'd felt for so long.

One evening Adolf mentioned his 89th birthday was coming up. After buying a piece of fiberboard, I designed a 2'x5' greeting card with a cake and 89 candles on it. I asked all the cops in my office and even the police commissioner to sign it. I gathered nearly a hundred signatures. Adolf would get a kick out of this, I knew.

We'd been talking on the phone for four months now, and I thought this would be a good time to meet face to face. So I decided to deliver the card by hand.

I didn't tell Adolf I was coming; I just drove to his address one morning and parked the car up the street from his apartment house.

A postman was sorting mail in the hallway when I entered the building. He nodded as I checked the mailboxes for Adolf's name.



There it was. Apartment 1H, some 20 feet from where I stood.

My heart pounded with excitement. Would we have the same chemistry in person that we had on the phone? I felt the first stab of doubt. Maybe he would reject me the way my father rejected me

我。他常给我打电话,几乎每天。

我不是很喜欢与孤僻的老人相处。但和阿道夫的交谈对我很重要,因为我自己的生活也有裂痕。我没有父亲,是在孤儿院长大的。渐渐的,阿道夫对我而言就像父亲一样,我与他谈工作,谈我在夜大学的课程。

阿道夫是我的贴心顾问。一次,我和新朋友谈到我与上司之间的矛盾,我告诉他:“我必须马上与上司进行公开讨论以解决争端。”

“不要那么冲动,”阿道夫警告我:“让事情先平息一下,当你到了我这个年龄,就会发现时间可以解决很多问题。如果事情继续向坏处发展,你再与他谈也不迟。”

停了一会儿,他又轻轻地说:“你知道吗,我和你交谈就像在跟我自己的孩子谈话一样,我总想有个家,有孩子。你还太年轻,还不知道那种感受。”

其实,我知道。但我没有说出来,因为我恐怕隐藏不住长久以来内心的伤痛。

一天晚上阿道夫提到了他就要到来的89岁生日。我买了一块纤维板,设计了一张2x5英寸的贺卡,上面放有一块蛋糕和89支蜡烛。我请办公室的所有同事包括警长在贺卡上签名。我收集了将近100个签名,我想阿道夫一定能从中得到惊喜和快乐。

我们通话已经有四个月了,现在正是见面的好时机,我决定亲自把贺卡送去。

我没有事先告诉阿道夫我要去,一早我开车到他住处,把车停在街边。

我走进他住的那幢楼,一名邮递员正在楼道里分拣邮件。我从邮箱上查找阿道夫的名字,邮递员对我点点头。啊,找到了,门号是1H,离我站的地方只有20尺。

我的心激动地怦怦跳,我们见面时的反应会与通电话时一样吗?我有一些担心,也许他也会像我父亲那样离我而去,那样拒绝我。我轻轻敲响



when he went out of my life. I tapped on Adolf's door. When there was no answer, I knocked harder.

The postman looked up from his sorting. "No one's there," he said.

"Yeah," I said, feeling a little foolish. "If he answers his door the way he answers his phone, this may take all day."

"You a relative or something?"

"No. Just a friend."

"I'm really sorry," he said quietly, "but Mr. Meth died the day before yesterday."

Died? Adolf? For a moment, I couldn't answer. I stood there in shock and disbelief. Then, pulling myself together, I thanked the postman and stepped into the late-morning sun. I walked toward the car, misty-eyed.

Then, rounding a corner, I saw a church, and a line from the Old Testament leaped to mind: A friend loveth at all times. And especially in death, I realized. This brought a moment of recognition. Often it takes some sudden and sad turn of events to awaken us to the beauty of a special presence in our lives. Now, for the first time, I sensed how very close Adolf and I had become. It had been easy, and I knew this would make it even easier the next time, with my next close friend.

Slowly, I felt a warmth surging through me. I heard Adolf's growly voice shouting, "Wrong number!" Then I heard him asking why I wanted to call again.

"Because you mattered, Adolf," I said aloud to no one. "Because I was your friend."

I placed the unopened birthday card on the back seat of my car and got behind the wheel. Before starting the engine, I looked over my



shoulder. "Adolf," I whispered, "I didn't get the wrong number at all. I got you."

Jennings Michael Burch

阿道夫的房门。没有回应,我又敲得重了一点。

邮递员抬起头说:“那儿没人。”

我觉得自己有点傻,“是啊,如果像他以前接电话那样来应门的话,估计要一整天。”

“你是他亲戚还是什么人?”

“不是,是个朋友。”

“很抱歉,”他低声说:“麦斯先生前天已经去世了。”

去世了?阿道夫?我愣在那里半天接不上话。又震惊又怀疑,好久才终于缓过来,谢过邮递员后,我迎着晨光泪眼朦胧地向停车处走去。

拐过一个弯,看见一个教堂,脑海中浮现出一句话,是《〈圣经〉旧约》中的话:朋友之间的友谊是永恒的。现在,特别是面对死亡时,我更清楚地意识到这一点。我明白,往往一件突然发生的悲伤的事能够唤醒我们珍惜人生中绚丽的存在。我第一次感觉到自己和阿道夫是如此靠近,而且我清楚地知道,我们的友谊会使我与下一位挚友的亲近变得更加容易。

渐渐地,一股暖流涌遍全身,我仿佛听到阿道夫的声音:“拨错号了!”接着我又听到他问我为什么还想给他打电话。

“因为你,阿道夫,”我大声地对着空中喊道:“因为我是你的朋友!”

我把尚未启用的生日贺卡放到车后座上。开车前,我回过头去,抽泣着说:“阿道夫,我没有拨错号,因为我得到了你。”

杰宁斯·迈克尔·博奇



The Hugging Judge

爱的拥抱

Don't bug me! Hug me!

Bumper Sticker

别烦我！拥抱我！

——保险杠贴纸

Lee Shapiro is a retired judge. He is also one of the most genuinely loving people we know. At one point in his career, Lee realized that love is the greatest power there is. As a result, Lee became a hugger. He began offering everybody a hug. His colleagues dubbed him "the hugging judge" (as opposed to the hanging judge, we suppose). The bumper sticker on his car reads, "Don't bug me! Hug me!"

About six years ago Lee created what he calls his Hugger Kit. On the outside it reads "A heart for a hug". The inside contains thirty little red embroidered hearts with stickums on the back. Lee will take out his Hugger Kit, go around to people and offer them a little red heart in exchange for a hug.

Lee has become so well known for this that he is often invited to keynote conferences and conventions, where he shares his message of unconditional love. At a conference in San Francisco, the local news media challenged him by saying, "It is easy to give out hugs here in the conference to people who self-selected to be here. But this would never work in the real world."

They challenged Lee to give away some hugs on the streets of San Francisco. Followed by a television crew from the local news station, Lee went out onto the street. First he approached a woman



walking by. "Hi, I'm Lee Shapiro, the hugging judge. I'm giving out these hearts in exchange for a hug." "Sure," she replied. "Too easy," challenged the local commentator. Lee looked around. He saw a meter maid who was being given a hard time by the owner of a BMW to whom she was giving a ticket. He marched up to her, camera crew in tow, and said, "You look like you could use a hug. I'm the hugging judge and I'm offering you one." She accepted.

The television commentator threw down one final challenge. "Look, here comes a bus. San Francisco bus drivers are the toughest,

李·夏皮罗是位退休的法官，也是人们称道的最真诚热爱他人的人。还未退休时，突然间李意识到所有的力量当中，爱是最伟大的。于是，他变成了拥抱专业户，开始拥抱每个人。同事给他起个绰号，叫“爱拥抱的法官”（我们猜想，这是比照“爱定罪的法官”而来的）。他车的保险杠贴纸上写着：“别烦我！拥抱我！”

约六年前，李做出了所谓的拥抱箱，外面写着“拥抱换爱心”，里面有三十颗绣边儿的小红心，背面带有粘胶。李带着他的拥抱箱，遇到人，就用一颗小红心换一个拥抱。

李因此闻名遐迩，经常接到邀请到一些重要会议发言，畅谈无私的爱。在旧金山的一次会议上，当地新闻媒体挑衅地说：“在会议上拥抱自愿参会者很容易，但在现实世界里，就绝对行不通了。”

他们向李发出挑战，让他在旧金山的大街上拥抱路人。在当地新闻台摄像小组的陪伴下，李来到了大街上。他先是走近一位过路的妇女。“你好，我是李·夏皮罗，爱拥抱的法官，我要用这颗红心交换一个拥抱。”“当然可以，”这位妇女答道。“太简单了吧，”当地的电视评论员挑衅道。李四处看看，见到一个处理违章停车的女警察因给一辆宝马车开罚单，正受到车主的刁难。李大步走向她，摄像小组也跟过来。“看来你需要拥抱安慰，我就是爱拥抱的法官，我们拥抱一下吧。”女警察没有拒绝。

电视评论员提出了最后的挑战。“看，来了一辆公交车。在旧金山所有人当中，公交车司机是最粗暴、脾气最坏和最刻薄的，看看你能否让这个

