

双语
精华版
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心灵鸡汤

[亲情系列]

人生的港湾

许俊农 主译

Family Members Celebrating Life

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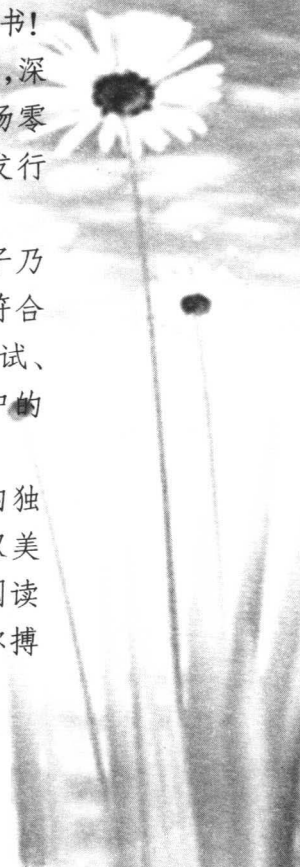
作为美国大众心理自助与人生励志类的闪亮品牌,《心灵鸡汤》语言地道新颖,优美流畅,极富时代感。书中一个个扣人心弦的故事,深度挖掘平凡小事蕴藏的精神力量 and 人性之美,真率倾诉对生命的全新体验和深刻感悟,字里行间洋溢着爱心、感恩、信念、鼓励 and 希望。由于故事的蕴涵哲思深邃,豁然释然,央视“百家讲坛”曾引用其作为解读援例。

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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My Mother Says...

妈妈“语录”

Mother love is the fuel that enables a normal human being to do the impossible.

Marion C. Garretty

母爱拥有无穷的力量,能让芸芸众生无所不能。

马伦·C·盖瑞狄

After graduating from West Point and gaining a commission in the United States Army, I spent several weeks of summer on leave at my family's farm in Mystic, Connecticut. One day at dinner I spoke to my parents about my desire to go to Ranger School that coming winter.

I described Ranger School to my parents. The Army sends only its best soldiers to undergo the grueling course. There the men receive just one meal a day, sleep two to three hours a night, and carry rucksacks full of personal and squad equipment on 30-kilometer patrols. They learn to survive behind enemy lines and to conduct raids, ambushes and reconnaissance missions. Usually only one out of three

从西点军校毕业后,我在部队里谋了份差事,那年夏天,我请了几个礼拜的假,回到父母位于康涅狄格州密斯迪克的农场探亲。一天,吃晚饭时,我告诉了父母想冬季去游骑兵学校上学的意愿。

我向他们描述了这所学校的情况,只有最好的士兵才有机会接受那堪称“魔鬼训练”的课程,在那里,一天只吃一顿饭,晚上只睡两三个钟头,背着塞满个人和小组训练装备的包袱进行30千米的负重拉练,学员们学习如何在敌后生存并完成突袭、埋伏、侦查一系列军事任务,通常只有不



ranger students graduates.

My mother's reaction to my intentions surprised me. Instead of giving me her immediate support and encouragement, she hesitated. She wanted to know what the possibility was that I would be injured. She asked me to explain again why I wanted to go so much. My mother knew that soldiers had died during ranger training in the past.

I explained that I didn't have to go to Ranger School. It wasn't important or necessary for my career as an Army officer. I wanted to go to see if I could do it. Did I have what it took? My mother listened quietly. She didn't ask me any more questions. I knew how she felt. Or so I thought.

Shortly after that conversation, I left home to attend the Engineer Officer Basic Course (EOBC) at Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri. After that course I would go on to a construction battalion in Germany. During the second week of EOBC, I attended a briefing on Ranger School. At the conclusion of our briefing, the officer-in-charge broke some news to us that made the odds of becoming rangers seem insurmountable. Out of the 60 second-lieutenants in the room, only six of us would be allowed to attend Ranger School. Over the next three months we would compete in five areas: physical fitness, land navigation, knot tying, swimming and academics. At the end, the top six soldiers would go on to Ranger School.

I called my parents that night. "There's only a slight chance that I'll be able to go to Ranger School," I said, explaining further about the number of people who wanted to go and how many slots were available. I was sure the news would come as a relief to my mother. But it didn't. In my mother's eyes, something much more dangerous than Ranger School was now facing me. My dream was getting out of my reach. She moved instinctively to put it back within my grasp.

"You can do it," she told me, "I know how badly you want to go

to Ranger School, and I know you'll go. You'll make it. And you'll graduate." Her words pushed away my doubts and filled me with strength and resolution.

Over the next three months, the 60 of us "ranger wannabes" competed aggressively. I filled my parents in on my progress as the weeks

到三成的学员可以顺利毕业。

听完我的介绍,母亲的反应有些出乎意料,没有了平时一贯的支持和鼓励,此刻的她显得很犹豫,母亲想知道我受伤的几率有多大,她要我再解释一遍为什么这么想去游骑兵学校。母亲知道过去曾有学员死于“魔鬼训练”。

我告诉她不是非去不可,那里的训练课程对我部队军官的事业也无关痛痒。我只是想去试试我能不能做到,有没有它所要求具备的素质。母亲默默听我把话讲完,没有再问下去。我了解她的感受,但或许,我是自以为是。

那次谈话后不久,我便离家去参加密苏里州弗雷伍基地的教官基础课程,之后还要远赴德国的建设兵团。在学习教官基础课程的第二周,我去听了一个关于游骑兵学校的讲座,接近尾声,主讲人向我们爆料:在座的60名中尉中只有6个人有机会拿到游骑兵学校的通行证,接下来的3个月里,我们要在5个方面进行比拼:体能、陆地导航、结绳、游泳以及理论基础。最后取前6名。

那天晚上,我和父母通了电话。“我去游骑兵学校的机会微乎其微。”我告诉他们并进一步解释了报名者和中榜者的比例有多么悬殊,原以为这样的消息会让母亲如释重负,可我错了,在她看来,我遇到了比游骑兵学校更危险的挑战,梦想似乎正一步步地离我远去,而母亲要帮我重新抓住它。

“你能行的。”她说,“我明白你有多想去那儿,而且我知道你一定去。你不仅会金榜题名,也一定可以顺利毕业。”母亲一席话打消了我所有的疑虑,顿时令我信心满怀,力量倍增。

在接下来的3个月里,60位游校“发烧友”进行了颇为惨烈的竞争,我



passed. My mother's steadfast encouragement continued. She was unmoved by the odds. She kept saying she knew I would make it.

In late October, I was boarding the bus that was taking our class back from a training area. I was running a bit late, so I was the last one to get on. As I climbed the steps, someone from the back shouted, "Hey, Whittle, did you get the word?"

I paused at the front of the bus. A crowd of second lieutenants was staring back at me. Somehow I knew it was bad news. And I knew it was about Ranger School. "What?" I asked.

"The commander says that nobody who's going to a construction battalion will be going to Ranger School," came the reply. I was crushed. All that work, and now I wasn't going to go.

I kept my head up and faced the bus, which was completely silent. Everyone was watching to see my reaction. The first thing that came to my mind was Mom's words. With a grin, I spoke the truth. "Well I guess the commander hasn't talked to my mother yet, 'cause my mother says I'm going to Ranger School." Everyone on the bus burst into laughter.

Word of my unlikely comment quickly spread through the rest of the staff and faculty. A week later, the commander reversed his decision. Evidently he didn't want to mess with my mother.

The officer-in-charge announced the results of the competition. I had placed sixth. My mother was right. On November 30, 1990, I started Ranger School, and on March 19, 1991, I graduated.

Robert F. Whittle Jr.

不时地与家人分享自己的点滴进步。母亲还是一如既往地鼓励我,丝毫不为渺茫的成功几率所动,她一直说我能行。

10月下旬的一天,我们准备搭车从训练基地返回住所,我迟到了一小会儿,所以最后一个上车。正当我踏上车时,坐在后排的一个人嚷了起来:“哎,维特,你听到风声了么?”

站在车头的我停了下来,不知怎的,一群少尉正侧目盯着我。冥冥中,我就知道肯定不是好事,也一定与游校有关。“什么风声?”我问。

“指挥官说,去德国建设兵团的人就去不了游骑兵学校。”他说道。他的话无疑是晴天霹雳,让我瞬间崩溃,我付出了全部的心血,可现在连机会也没有。

车里一片死寂,我依然昂着头,面对所有的眼睛。他们全都盯着我,想看看我的反应。当时我脑里闪过的第一个东西就是“妈妈‘语录’”,带着一丝苦笑,我说出了心里话:“我想指挥官还没和我老妈商量这事,因为她总说我一定去得了游骑兵学校。”此言一出,车上的人哄堂大笑。

我的无稽之谈很快在其余的师生中传开了,一周后,指挥官回心转意了,很显然,他可不想惹我老妈。

主考官最终宣布了角逐结果,我是第6名。妈妈是对的。1990年11月30日,我踏进了游骑兵学校,次年3月19日,我毕业了。

Robert F. Whittle Jr.



The Smell of Grass

青草的味道

*It doesn't matter who my father was; it matters who
I remember he was.*

Anne Sexton

父亲是谁并不重要，重要的是他在我心目中的
地位。

安妮·塞克斯顿

Oh, how cool and tranquil it was, lying in the freshly cut jade grass. The aroma of wet grass was enough to take Amber back to when she was four. Spread out in that grass, she gazed into the soft, blue heavens. She and her father would make clouds into animals, and her father would always say they looked like elephants. The cicadas would buzz, a sound of summer. Even though the heat was sweltering, the cool backyard grass was just the trick to refresh Amber and her father.

Every time she thinks of her early childhood summers, she remembers grass, melon, popsicles, plastic pools, sprinklers, blue skies, clear water and green, green grass. Amber snapped out of her memory and unlocked the front door. Lately, she had been thinking a lot about her backyard and those summers she spent with her dad.

Amber's father had died August 24, 1990, when she was five years old. He'd been diagnosed with cancer that summer but kept it a secret from Amber, not wanting to ruin their last few weeks together. She'd missed him a lot lately; last Tuesday he would have been forty-five



years old.Even though she was so young when he died,she remembered everything about him.His big smile,tan complexion,his comforting laugh.She loved every second of the day she spent with him;she was definitely her father's daughter.

Amber plopped her stuff down on her mother's desk and started her history work.After twenty minutes had passed,she stretched and looked around.She needed a pencil sharpener.She fumbled through every drawer of the old oak desk.She came across a ragged blue book in a pile of others.Her hand trembled as she felt the leather cover.She took a deep breath.She opened it up and began to read the

噢,躺在刚刚修剪过的、翡翠般的绿草上,多么舒适、惬意啊!湿润的青草的气息让安珀尔回想起4岁时的情形:她躺在草地上,自由地舒展四肢,注视着柔和的蓝天。当年她和父亲总喜欢将天上的白云想象成各种动物,而父亲总是说像大象。蝉儿在嘶鸣,昭示着夏季的到来。酷热的天气总是让人汗流浹背,然而后院的那一片清凉草地却总能奇迹般地让安珀尔和她父亲感到通体舒畅。

每当想起童年时的那些夏日,总会想起青草、甜瓜、棒棒冰、塑料撞球、水车、蓝天、碧水和那绿莹莹的草地。安珀尔不再回忆,起身打开前门。最近她一直思念着那个后院以及和父亲一起度过的那些夏日。

安珀尔的父亲于1990年8月24日去世,当时她只有5岁。那年夏天父亲被诊断出患了癌症,由于不想破坏最后几个星期与女儿相聚的时光,他没让安珀尔知道这件事。这一阵子安珀尔日益思念父亲;上星期二是父亲45岁冥诞,虽然父亲去世时她年纪尚小,但却清清楚楚地记得父亲的一切:可掬的笑容、黝黑的皮肤、爽朗的笑声。她珍爱着和父亲相聚的每分每秒;她此生注定了要当爸爸的女儿。

安珀尔把东西放在妈妈的旧书桌上,准备开始做历史作业。20分钟后,她伸了伸腰,四下看了看,想找个铅笔刀用用。她翻遍了那个老橡木书桌的每一个抽屉,突然在一堆蓝皮记事本中发现了一本特别破烂的书,她抚摸着书皮,双手禁不住地颤抖起来。她深深地吸了一口气,翻开书页,读

black scribbly writing:

July 26, 1990

I still haven't broken the news to my little angel. Every time I look into her sweet eyes, I can't find the words to put it lightly. I know I will miss her the most. If only I could stay to see her grow, we are so much alike. I pray to the Lord every day to keep her strong and beautiful, and I know I will watch over her, when I no longer exist in this world. I will desperately miss all of our fun times playing in the grass in our yard. I will be waiting for the day she comes to play with me up in heaven.

Amber put the book down. She did not need to read any more. She was already sobbing quietly—partly out of sadness, partly out of happiness, but mostly because four small blades of dried grass fell out of the book and into her hands.

Adelaide Isaac

着那一行行潦草的黑色字迹：

我还是没有把消息告诉我的小天使。每次看到她那双可爱的眼睛，我就不知该如何开口。我知道在所有的人当中，她最令我挂心。真希望能见到她长大成人的模样，我们俩一定是最相像的。我每天向上帝祈祷：保佑她健康美丽；当我不在人世的时候，我也会在天堂中注视着她。我多么怀念我们在院子里的草地上度过的快乐时光。我会一直期待着有一天她来到天堂与我相聚。

1990年7月26日



安珀尔真的再也读不下去了,她放下了书,早已哽咽不止,潸然泪下,这泪水有几分伤感,也有几分喜悦。这时,4片干枯的草叶从书中飘下,落到了她的手心。

Adelaide Isaac

人生的
港湾
……

