

A CUP OF COMFORT FOR INSPIRATION 善心如水

主编 (美)科琳·塞尔



温馨怡人的故事如同甘露
慰藉心灵，催人奋起。
Lifting stories that will brighten your day

【一杯安慰系列】

英汉对照

青岛出版社

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善心如水

A Cup of Comfort for Inspiration

主编 (美) 科琳·塞尔
译者 岳玉庆



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PREFACE

Colleen Sell

The Cup of Comfort anthology series was created at the dawn of the new millennium to provide a forum by which ordinary people could share true stories about the experiences and people that have inspired them. My hope was that these uplifting personal stories would create a bridge between people of different circumstances and cultures by reminding them of the universal truths that make us all human and that give us hope and happiness. It is certainly not a new concept.

Since human beings first acquired the ability to communicate, we have used stories to share humanity's most empowering truths and most powerful lessons. For hundreds of thousands of years, the uniquely human gift of story has guided and comforted us, connecting us to our inner spirits and to one another.

And now the stories in this book are reaching across continents and oceans to connect people in North America with people in China. The Cup of Comfort authors and I are humbled and honored by this privilege, and we sincerely hope that these stories bring you comfort and joy.



序 言

科琳·塞尔

《一杯安慰》系列丛书问世于新千年伊始。该丛书为人们提供了一个交流平台，普通人可以在这里讲述他们的真实故事，讲述感动过他们的经历和人。他们的个人经历，使人振奋，揭示了赋予我们人性、带给我们希望和快乐的普遍道理。我希望该故事丛书能为不同背景、不同文化的人们架起一座交流和沟通的桥梁。诚然，以书为桥不是一个新的概念。

自从人类获得交流沟通的能力以来，我们就用故事来传播最发人深省的人生道理，传授最重要的生活经验。千万年来，故事这一非同寻常的人类礼物指引着我们人生的道路，带给我们心灵的慰藉，让我们了解自己的内心世界，是连接我们和他人之间的纽带。

本书中的故事跨越了不同的大陆，漂洋过海，把北美和中国不同地域的人们连接在一起。我和《一杯安慰》的各位作者享此殊荣，不胜荣幸。我们衷心地希望书中故事给你们带去安慰和快乐。

徐莉娜 译



译者序

《一杯安慰献仁者》是一本需要细心、用心、静心去读的书,要慢品细尝,体味其中蕴含的人生哲理和人性的光辉。书中故事,娓娓道来,一个个鲜活生动的人物跃然纸上,让人的心情有时如水一般平静柔和;有时悲从中来,掀起波澜;有时又平地生出万丈豪气,何惧人生旅途的重重险阻。普通人离我们最近,他们的故事对我们最具感召力,他们身上展现出的只有人间最美、最真、最纯的情怀。细读此书,您会感到书中只有心与心的交流,感悟到的无一不是人生至理,体会出什么是善心如水。译者在翻译过程中,几度抑制不住内心的感动,泪眼蒙眬,感慨万千。本书是我们通过翻译奉给大学生、中学生以及其他英语和翻译爱好者的一杯安慰、一份温馨、一份感动!

英语版《一杯安慰》丛书销售已逾百万册。对中国读者而言,因其语言地道优美,贴近生活,无疑是学习英语的绝佳读物。书中的注释和译文也为读者理解本书扫清了障碍。在被采访时,本丛书主编 Colleen Sell 谈到,与美国另一套畅销书《心灵鸡汤》相比,本书故事更加真实、多样化、更富有创意 (more authentic, varied, and creatively written)。因而,读者只要捧起这杯安慰,就会感觉犹如品尝一杯热茶或咖啡,一定会被深深地触动,倍受鼓舞。

翻译本书的基本原则是力求贴近原书文字和主题。在翻译过程中,丛书主编、美国著名作家和编辑 Colleen Sell 女士在稿约不断的情况下通过 E-mail 给译者提供了莫大的帮助,解释了许多难点,而且还欣然赠序;青岛大学外教、来自美国西南密苏里大学的 Linda Millsap Benson 教授也提供了大量的帮助;徐莉娜教授就翻译的总体把握和棘手之处指点迷津;张莉女士对翻译进行了校阅,提出了宝贵意见。谨向她们表示衷心的感谢!

然而,由于译者水平所限,翻译不当之处敬请读者批评指正。

岳玉庆



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Willed

My memories of those nights I spent with my great-grandmother are still vivid. My nose tingles when I recall the scent of the Ben-Gay^① that she rubbed into her arthritic joints. I can see her hobbling on her bowed legs toward the bed, hear her groaning as she crawls beneath the covers, and watch her knobby fingers smoothing the blankets and tucking us in.

In my mind I hear her saying in that tone that suggested she had discovered a great secret, “Let’s hold hands until we fall asleep, kid,” and once again my hand is cradled within her palm. But most of all, I remember her telling me stories, kissing me gently, and whispering just before I dozed off, “Goodnight, darling.”

I remember it all, because I have nothing else to remind me of her. While my friends proudly display treasures left to them by their grandmothers—precious china, antique silver, heirloom^② jewelry—all that I have of Grandma’s is a terrarium I’d given her that I’d made in Brownies from a baby food jar and dried flowers^③. All I wanted was a memento of hers that I could cherish. But Grandma’s was not a china-and-jewelry kind of life.

Born February 8, 1896, in Pittsburgh, and christened Cornelia Short, she, at age twenty, married my great-grandfather and acquired the awkward appellation of Cornelia Ledergerber. We all called her Grandma Leder.

Widowed at sixty-three, she moved in with her daughter, my maternal grandmother, and devoted herself to caring for her family. During this last phase of her life was when I came to know and love her.



Grandma Leder's hair was short, gray, and frizzy from too many Toni home permanents^④. Earlier in life she had been heavy, but by the time I was born, her fat had melted, rendering her a five-foot, two-inch woman of the toughest gristle. Her face was round and her nose prominent, but her large, penetrating, dark brown eyes are what I remember most. With time, her hair and shape changed, but her eyes never did.

Whenever anyone was sick, needed a babysitter, or could just use an extra hand around the house, Grandma appeared on the doorstep. She was a migrant Mary Poppins^⑤, a domestic dynamo, a whirlwind of wiping, washing, and waxing.

Hard work did not intimidate Grandma; she knew nothing else. Through many nights spent with her, I learned that her father had died when she was three and that her earliest memory was of being small and standing on a chair to iron with irons so heavy she could barely lift them.

She worked all her life at menial^⑥ jobs. During the Depression, she took on "confinement^⑦ cases," and for a dollar a day, she moved into an expectant mother's home, kept house, cared for the children, and assisted with the baby's delivery. Well into her seventies, she helped to nurse an invalid woman.

Grandma did the dirty work. Neighbors summoned her to close the eyes and pop in the dentures^⑧ of their dead. They called Grandma, because death didn't intimidate her, either—probably because she'd seen so much of it.

The saddest bedtime story she ever told me was about something that had happened to her when she was thirty-six. On a hot August day, while laughing and enjoying herself at a picnic, she heard a man calling her name on a bullhorn as he walked through the park. That man shattered the afternoon's serenity and Grandma's heart. He had been paging her so that he could take her to the morgue to identify her mother's body. While stepping off a streetcar on Pittsburgh's north side, her mother was hit by a drunk driver and thrown under a passing trolley.

Grandma never cried when she related this story. She told it straight out, evenly



and slowly, and afterward, she always let out a long, deep sigh and said, “Oh, kid, it’s a great life if you don’t weaken.” Then she squeezed my hand tightly like she was trying to hold on to me forever.

While we cuddled under the covers, she told me many other stories. I felt the anguish a mother feels when her only son is declared missing in action for a few days after D-day[®]. I felt the sorrow a wife feels watching as throat cancer robs her beloved husband of speech and ultimately of life. I felt the despair of the Depression, what it was like to lose your home and to survive on the rotted produce that a kind-hearted neighbor scrounged for you at his market.

Grandma also told me adventure tales, how as a child she’d traveled to Steamboat Springs, Colorado, by covered wagon. And she told me funny stories. The bed shook with laughter when she recounted the time my great-grandfather polished his white shoes with zinc ointment[®] by mistake before going to a local amusement park. We roared, picturing Grandpap strolling down the midway with all the wrappers and leaves sticking to his feet.

She told me many other stories—some of my grandmother, of my mother, and of me. The best ones she told again and again.

In 1975, when I was fifteen, she suffered a massive stroke. After a lengthy hospital stay, my grandmother brought Grandma Leder home to die. On a hot August day, while visiting at grandmother’s, my mother, who was helping to care for Grandma Leder, asked if I wanted to go in and visit with Grandma. I eagerly said yes.

But my young, innocent eyes were not prepared for the sight. I’d never looked into the face of death before. Grandma, paralyzed, had wasted to a thin layer of skin clinging to bone. I barely recognized her, except for those brown eyes. The doctors said she couldn’t hear and didn’t know us. But they were wrong.

In her eyes, I saw everything she ever was, and they spoke to me. Taking her hand as I had done many times when we lay together in that bed, I tried to be cheerful and



positive, but I felt her eyes willing me to leave the room, begging me not to remember her this way. I left.

I never saw her alive again.

A few years ago, my life took a stressful turn, and curiously, I found Grandma and her stories frequently occupying my mind. I realized then that although Grandma had not left me any tangible keepsake^①, she had left me a treasury of stories and a wealth of memories. By turning her soul inside out to me during those nights in bed, she'd bequeathed me the greatest gift—her strength, her perseverance, her courage to face life head-on. Her legacy gave me the will I'd lacked. If Grandma could survive the difficulties of her life, then I knew I could, too.

Often at bedtime now, my daughter will ask that I lie with her for awhile. So, I slide beside her under the covers and whisper, "Let's hold hands until we fall asleep." Then as I hold her sweet young hand, I tell her stories. Some are Grandma Leder's, and some are mine. We sigh and giggle, and occasionally a tear falls. Then just as my child's eyelids begin to droop and her breathing becomes soft and rhythmic, I lean over and press my lips against her cool, satiny cheek. And I swear I hear a voice in the darkness whispering with me, "Goodnight, darling."

—Janice Lane Palko

Notes:

- ① Ben-Gay: 一种美国生产的治关节炎的外用药膏
- ② heirloom: 传家宝
- ③ all that... flowers: 姥姥传给我的只有一只玻璃罐,是我当童子军时用一个婴儿食品罐和干花做好后送给她的。
- ④ Toni home permanents: Toni(托尼)牌家用烫发剂。该烫发剂于1946年在明尼苏达州由 Nelson Harris 和 Cone 推出,价格2美元,风靡一时。



- ⑤ Mary Poppins: 英国作家特拉弗斯(Pamela Lydon Travers)作品中的人物,是位仙女,深受孩子们的喜爱。迪斯尼动画片《欢乐满人间》就是讲述这个保姆的故事。
- ⑥ menial: 仆人的
- ⑦ confinement: 产期
- ⑧ dentures: 假牙
- ⑨ D-day: 二战盟国在西欧登陆日
- ⑩ zinc ointment: 氧化锌软膏
- ⑪ keepsake: 纪念品



你让我更坚强

我跟曾姥姥一起度过的那些夜晚,回忆起来仍然历历在目。她患有关节炎,因此会涂一些奔肌药膏,想起它的气味,我的鼻子就刺激得一阵酸痛。我仿佛看见她弓着腿,步履蹒跚地朝床走去,听到她爬进被窝时的呻吟声,看见她用关节突出的手指把毯子抚平,并给我们掖好被子。

在我的脑海里,我听见她说:“咱们握着手,一直到睡着,孩子。”她说话的语调就仿佛发现了一个大秘密。于是,我的手又一次被她的手握住。但是最令我难忘的是她给我讲故事,轻轻地亲我,在我蒙蒙眈眈要睡着之前,低低地说一声:“晚安,宝贝儿。”

我记得这一切,因为只有这些才能唤起我对她的回忆。我的朋友们骄傲地展示他们的姥姥或奶奶留下来的财宝,像珍贵的瓷器啦,古老的银器啦,当成传家宝的珠宝啦,而曾姥姥传给我的只有一只玻璃罐,还是我当童子军时用一个婴儿食品罐和干花做好后送给她的。她只要留下一件能让我珍爱的纪念物就足够了。不过,她的一生并不是与瓷器珠宝相伴的一生。

她于1896年2月8日出生在匹兹堡,取名科妮莉亚·肖特。20岁时,嫁给了我曾姥爷,从此有了个拗口的名字科妮莉亚·莱德格伯。我们都叫她莱德姥姥。



63岁时，丈夫过世，她便搬到她女儿——也就是我姥姥家生活，一门心思地照顾起她们一家人。在她生命的最后阶段，我才开始了解她，爱戴她。

莱德姥姥一头灰色的短发，因为多次使用托尼牌染发剂都打了卷儿。早些年，她身体很胖，到我出生之时，她的脂肪就都消失了，身高仅有5英尺2英寸，只剩下那些坚韧的筋肉。她圆脸盘，鼻子很高，但是我记忆最深的当属她那双明察秋毫的深棕色大眼睛。随着岁月的流逝，她的头发和体形都改变了，但是她的眼睛却依然如故。

不管是谁病了，需要保姆，或者是家里需要个帮手，曾姥姥都会出现在他家门口。她就像仙女保姆玛丽·波平斯一样帮了东家帮西家，干起家务有使不完的劲，擦洗上蜡，都像一阵风。

辛苦吓不倒她，因为她只知道一门心思去干活。通过许多夜晚的相处，我才清楚，她3岁时父亲就过世了，她最早的记忆就是小时候，站在椅子上用她几乎拿不动的熨斗熨衣服。

她一生都做佣人的活计。在经济大萧条时期，她照顾“分娩病人”。报酬是1天1美元。她会搬进一个准妈妈家里，帮她做家务、看孩子、助产。快80岁的时候，她还帮忙护理一名残疾妇女。

曾姥姥也干些脏活。邻居们会叫她去给死者闭上眼睛，安上假牙。他们叫她去干这些，还因为死亡不会让她恐惧——很可能是她经历的太多的缘故吧。

在睡觉前，她给我讲过的最悲伤的故事，是她36岁时发生的一件事。当时是8月份，天气很热，她正在野餐，吃得很开心，笑声不断，突然她听到一个人在公园里拿着手提式扩音器，边走边喊她的名字。这个人打破了下文的安静，也打碎了她的心。他一直在喊她，是要带她去太平间辨认她妈妈的尸体。原来在匹兹堡市北，她妈妈从一辆市内有轨电车跨下来的时候，正好被一名酒后驾车者撞倒，随后又被抛到刚好路过的另一辆电车下面。

曾姥姥讲这件事时，从没哭过。她直截了当地讲了出来，语气很平缓。讲完后，她总是重重地长叹一声：“哎，孩子，你只要一直坚强，这一生就了不起。”然后，她就紧紧握住我的手，仿佛永远都不想松开。

我们挤在被窝里，她还给我讲了很多其他的故事。我感觉到了一位母亲听说独生子在欧洲登陆日后几天的军事行动中被宣布失踪后的痛苦。我感觉到了一位妻子在丈夫罹患喉癌先是失声最后又丧命时的悲伤。我感受到了经济大萧条时期的绝望，我体会到了无家可归、仅靠一位热心肠的邻居在市场上捡烂菜剩叶聊以糊口是一种什么滋味！



曾姥姥还给我讲了一些冒险的经历，讲她小时候如何乘坐大篷车到了科罗拉多的斯廷博特斯普林斯。她还给我讲了些笑话。她讲到有一次在去当地的游乐园之前，我曾姥爷误用氧化锌软膏擦自己的白鞋子，我们笑得床都乱晃。想想逛到半路他脚上沾满了纸和树叶的样子，我们哈哈大笑！

她给我讲了许多其他的故事——有些是关于姥姥的，有些是关于我妈妈的，也有些是关于我自己的。那些精彩的故事，她总是讲了一遍又一遍。

1975年，我15岁，她得了大中风。在医院住了很久之后，我姥姥把曾姥姥莱德带回家，等着死神的降临。那是8月份，天很热，我去探望姥姥，妈妈正帮着照看曾姥姥莱德，问我不想进去跟她说说话。我迫不及待地同意了。

但是，我年少而未经世事，看到的场面让我措手不及。以前，我从未直面过死神。她已瘫痪在床，瘦得皮包骨头。除了那双棕色的眼睛，我几乎认不出她了。医生说 she 听不到了，也认不出我们。但是，他们说错了。

从她的眼睛里，我看到的还是过去的她，她在用眼睛跟我讲话。就像过去很多次我们躺在床上一样，我握着她的手，尽量高兴些，自信些，但是我感觉到她的眼睛希望我离开房间，恳求我不要记住她现在这个样子。于是，我走了出去。

这是她生前我见的最后一面。

几年前，我的生活陡然间有了压力。奇怪的是，我发现自己脑海里频频出现曾姥姥和她讲过的故事。我意识到，尽管她未曾给我留下任何有形的纪念品，但是她留给了我一座故事宝库和丰富的回忆。挤在床上的那些夜晚，她把自己心灵的最深处展示给了我，给我留下了最宝贵的礼物——她的力量、她的毅力和她直面生活的勇气。她的遗赠弥补了我过去缺少的意志力。如果她能渡过生活的重重难关，那么我知道我也能。

现在，就寝的时候，女儿常常让我跟她先躺一会儿。于是，我就溜进她的被窝，贴在她身旁低声说：“咱们握着手，一直到睡着。”之后，我握着她可爱的小手，给她讲故事。一些是莱德姥姥的故事，一些是我自己的故事。我们时而叹息，时而咯咯发笑，偶尔也流泪。当她眼皮下垂，呼吸变得轻柔有节奏时，我会俯过身子，把嘴唇贴在她凉爽光滑的面颊上。我发誓，我听到黑暗中一个声音跟我一起轻轻地说：“晚安，宝贝儿。”

——贾尼斯·莱恩·保尔科



A Bartender's Story

David frequented the small bar outside the naval shipyard most every day. The lunchtime crowd would gather around, order beers and hamburgers, and engage in lively, albeit^① sometimes rude, conversation. They were a motley bunch. The language was rough, and their appearances followed suit. David was among the most vocal and often the most obnoxious^② of the group.

The bartenders hated to see him come. At least the other guys were pleasant and polite to the bartenders and waitresses. Not David. He had a way about him that irked the girls behind the bar to their very cores^③.

"He thinks he's so much better than the rest of them," they often remarked.

"See how he dresses?" one said. "He even dresses better than the others to show that he has a higher position at the shipyard."

It was true. David's arrogance had won him few friends. No one knew much about him aside from his job and his lunchtime whereabouts. Most of the other guys had been in and out of the bar for years. The girls working there knew their wives' names, their kids' names, and the latest gossip in their lives. But not David's. No one knew much about him at all.

Another standout "regular" at the pub was Jeff. Homeless since his early twenties and suffering from psychotic^④ ailments, Jeff never took his medication, preferring instead to spend his monthly Social Security check on booze^⑤. He slept under an old railroad bridge not too far from the bar.



When times got tough—typically just days before his next check would arrive at his mother's home—Jeff would often wander into the bar and ask for something to eat. This wasn't all that unusual. The homeless and the transients^⑥ who were down on their luck often found their way to the bar, where they knew the waitresses would offer them a plate of eggs and toast or a bowl of soup and some bread.

Jeff, however, posed an additional problem. His hygiene was poor. It was downright disgusting. His hair was filthy and matted and most certainly infested with lice. He smelled. He was not the sort of person that paying customers would want to observe as they had their drinks or their meals.

"Come on back here, Jeff," Jeanne, the head bartender usually said, leading him to a small table off to one side of the bar. This is where the help sat to have their coffee or count up their day's tips. Out of view of most of the customers, it was the best place the girls could find to seat Jeff when he came in cold and hungry.

"Thank you, Jeanne," he always answered, his voice feeble and childlike.

Jeff kept his head down as he ate, seldom making eye contact with any of the patrons^⑦. When he left, one of the girls would thoroughly disinfect the table and chair where he'd had his meal. The dishes would immediately be run through the dishwasher on the special sanitation cycle.

One chilly March day, the head bartender saw Jeff coming, ambling down the sidewalk toward the bar. It was a particularly slow day—a perfect day to serve Jeff a meal without disturbing the customers. There was just one problem. The only patron seated at the bar that day was David.

Jeanne rolled her eyes, knowing that David would undoubtedly make rude comments about Jeff. She hoped and prayed that he wouldn't make these comments to Jeff. She filled David's mug with beer, then headed to the kitchen to place an order for Jeff.

"Jeff's coming, Mary," she told the cook. "Have you got any soup left?"

Mary nodded and busied herself preparing a large bowl of hot soup, some rolls,