



双语
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心灵鸡汤

[亲情系列]

其实你就是天使

只要心中充满爱，怀着梦想去努力，那么你就是天使！

You Are My Angel

Jack Canfield & Mark Victor Hansen 等著
许俊农 译

Chicken
Soup for the
Soul

安徽科学技术出版社

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章媛 李春林 强云 钱莉娜
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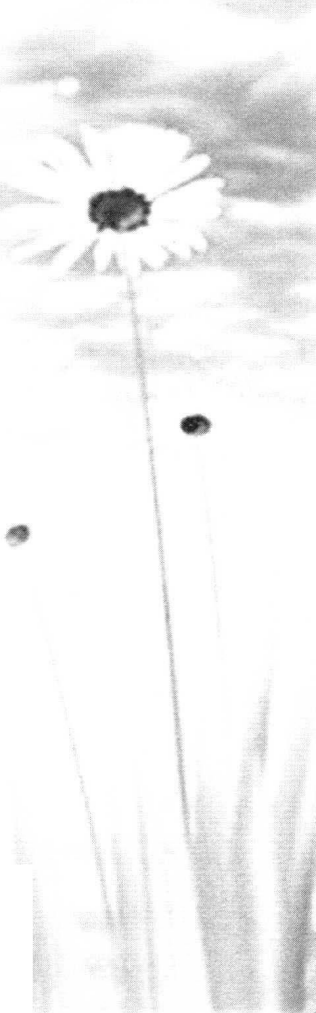
作为原生于美国的大众心理自助与人生励志类的闪亮品牌,《心灵鸡汤》语言地道新颖,优美流畅,极富时代感。书中一个个叩人心扉的故事,充分挖掘平凡小事所蕴藏的精神力量 and 人性之美,真率倾诉对生命的全新体验和深层感悟,字里行间洋溢着爱心、感恩、信念、鼓励 and 希望。因其内涵哲思深邃,豁然释然,央视“百家讲坛”曾引用其作为解读援例。

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,总销量达一亿多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,深得广大读者的推崇与青睐,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奖项。

就学英语而言,本系列读物的功效已获广大读者乃至英语教学界的充分肯定。由于书中文章的信度和效度完全符合大规模标准化考试对考题的质量要求,全国大学英语四级考试、全国成人高考的阅读理解真题曾采用其中的文章。大学英语通用教材曾采用其中的文章作为精读课文。

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、双语同一视面对照——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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Hearts across the World

渡千里,心相约

Clattering along in the hot Indian sun,our train neared the southern city of Nagpur,India.Beside me this Thanksgiving Day sat my husband and our two adopted Indian sons.We were traveling to Nagpur to meet the small Indian girl we were adopting to complete our family.Sadly, because the foreign adoption process takes a long time,we would not be able to take our daughter home to the United States right away.But at least we could visit her for a few hours.

Three years earlier,I had come to India from our home in Maryland and established a second residence in Hyderabad,near the orphanage where I was adopting my sons.Now I was staying in Hyderabad again, and my husband was visiting briefly from Maryland,where his job

我们乘坐的火车冒着印度火辣的太阳向前行驶着,离印度的南方城市——那格浦尔越来越近了。在这个感恩节的日子,我身旁坐着我的丈夫和我们领养的两个印度男孩。我们正赶往那格浦尔,与我们将要领养的一个印度小女孩见面。领养这个小女孩后,我们的家庭就更为完整了。遗憾的是,国外领养要经过一个冗长的程序,我们不能立即带我们的女儿返回美国。但至少我们这次可去探望她几个小时。

3年前,我从美国马里兰州的家乡来到印度,并在海得拉巴(印度南部一个城市)建立了我的第2个住所,这里靠近我领养的两个儿子以前待过的孤儿院。现在我又再度来到海得拉巴,丈夫只是从马

亲情系列 / 其实你就是大使





supported our efforts to adopt this little girl. The duration of my stay would be determined by the slow-moving Indian adoption court, a system over which we had no control. But at least for a few hours on this hot day, we could be a family.

Shortly after lunch, a bicycle rickshaw carried us the last miles to the overcrowded orphanage where we were greeted by a hundred eager faces, each hoping to belong to us. The sight was heartbreaking. And yet the people in charge seemed genuinely to care for the children, and the conditions, though humble, were orderly.

We waited, fidgeting in our seats, until a small, delicate girl was escorted into the room. Immediately, I recognized the child my heart had been praying for daily for almost a year. Ghita, our daughter! We hugged and kissed her in our joy, creating in that moment a bond that would last a lifetime.

Ghita could not speak a word of English, but it didn't matter. She was our daughter, and at last our family would be complete. We shared some ice cream and looked at picture books, then parted with tear-stained smiles, knowing that in a month we could be together for good.

My husband returned to his job in the States, and I settled in with my sons in Hyderabad, almost 300 miles from the Nagpur orphanage, anxiously awaiting notification that Ghita's papers were processed. I often lay awake at night, imagining myself holding her in my arms and protecting her from harm in the crowded orphanage. She was so delicate, so trusting.

Finally the news arrived that I could proceed to Nagpur immediately to take custody of my daughter. Wasting no time, I arranged to travel by air, so that I would not have to leave my boys overnight. But a serious accident happened that night, all flights were cancelled and with no information.

Undaunted, I decided to travel to Nagpur by train instead, making arrangements for my sons to stay with friends. But our hired driver, advised against it. "Madam, you would not come home alive!" My close Hindu

里兰州短暂来此地探望我们,他依然留在马里兰州工作,他的工作是我们领养这个女孩的经济基础。我在这里停留时间的长短取决于印度缓慢的法定领养程序,那是我们无法控制的一个制度。然而,至少在这个酷热日子的几个小时内,我们是一个完整的家庭。

午餐后不久,一辆脚踏三轮车载着我们走完了最后几英里,来到拥挤不堪的孤儿院。上百张渴望的面孔迎接我们的到来,每个人都希望能被我们领养走。这景象看了令人心碎。不过,这里的负责人看起来真心实意地照料着这群孩子。尽管这里条件简陋,但也还井然有序。

我们在位子上坐立不安,焦急地等待着,直到一个娇小、羸弱的女孩被带进屋来。我立刻认出,这就是一年来我每天在内心深处一直祈盼的小孩,我的女儿——琪塔。我们满怀欢喜地拥抱亲吻着她。在那一刻,我们已建立起一份维系终生的亲情。

琪塔连一句英语都还不会说。但这没关系,她是我们的女儿,我们终于组成了一个美好的家庭。我们一起分享着冰淇淋,看着画册。最后,我们在微笑中带着泪水相互道别。心里知道再过一个月,我们就可以永远地生活在一起了。

我的丈夫返回美国工作了,我则与儿子们暂时居住在离那格浦尔市孤儿院300英里远的海得拉巴,焦急不安地等待着琪塔领养手续办理完毕的通知。我经常彻夜无眠,躺在床上,想象着自己将她拥在怀里,保护她避免在那么拥挤的孤儿院内受到伤害。她是如此纤弱,如此依赖着我啊。

终于,消息传来了,我取得了女儿的监护权,我可以立即去那格浦尔办理相关手续。我迫不及待地预定往返那格浦尔的航班,这样就不用留下两个小孩独自过夜了。然而当晚,发生了一起严重的事,所有的航班都取消了。谁也不知道什么时候能够恢复。

我毫不畏惧地决定改乘火车前往那格浦尔,将两个儿子寄居在朋友家。但是,我们雇的司机却再三反对这样安排,“夫人,你不可能





friends gave me the same advice and urged me to abandon my plans.

Then I hit on the idea of driving to Nagpur. After all, I reasoned, I knew I could trust my driver. He had even helped us secure food during curfew, allowing the children and me to stay safely at home. But again he discouraged me. “Madam,” he said, “I am only one man. What can I do against a gang of robbers? Be safe—remain at home!” I had to remember my responsibility to the children I already had, so I sadly surrendered to the reality that there was nothing to do but wait.

As the days turned into weeks and weeks into months, I prayed daily for my little daughter in the orphanage. *What did she think? Did she even know why I hadn't come?* My sons grew more agitated and harder to handle. I desperately needed support, but my husband and friends were 10,000 miles away. As the challenges I faced grew more severe, I realized that I alone had to meet them, through my own inner strength. *Keep cool. Try to act normal. God, please give me the strength I need to get through this.*

Gradually life in the city normalized. It was now March, four months since that sunny Thanksgiving Day when we met Ghita. My husband came to visit again, and I felt I had passed an enormous test. I could take a deep breath now and feel some lightness in my heart—and there in my heart was Ghita.

Then the miracle—the news that flights to Nagpur had resumed! We acted like lightning and within a few hours were holding tickets for the next day's flight.

The bicycle rickshaw to the orphanage seemed to move in slow motion. I could hardly contain myself. Then, finally, the moment we had waited for arrived. Out of the crowd of eager faces, I saw only one—one shining little face that stepped forward and said, “Mommy!” It was her first English word, spoken with eyes as big as the universe and enough love to last a lifetime.

Amsheva Miller

活着回来的！”几位亲近的印度教朋友也同样劝阻着，要求我放弃这样的行程。

此时，我脑海中闪现了开车前往那格浦尔的念头。我的理由是，毕竟我能够信任我的司机。他曾在宵禁期间，帮我们获取食物，让我和孩子们能安全地待在家里。但是，他却再次阻止我，“夫人，我一个人如何去对付一群劫匪？要安全的话，就得待在家里！”我不得不想到自己对我已拥有的孩子们的责任，我只能伤心地向现实妥协，除了等待，其他什么也做不了。

日子一天天、一周周、一月月地过去了。我每天都为留在孤儿院的小女儿祈祷着。她会怎么想？她可以理解我不能去接她的理由吗？两个儿子渐渐变得不安，越来越难以控制了。我极需要支持，但我的丈夫和朋友们都远在万里之外的美国。当我所面对的挑战变得越来越严峻时，我意识到我必须依靠内在的力量独自面对。保持冷静，试着表现正常一点。上天啊，请赐予我力量吧，帮我度过这个难关。

渐渐地，城里的生活又恢复正常了。现在已是3月份了，离上次与琪塔见面的那个阳光灿烂的感恩节已经4个月了！我的丈夫再度从美国来看我们。我觉得自己好像通过了严峻的考验。我现在可以做个深呼吸，感受内心那份轻松愉快的感觉，我内心深处一直挂念着琪塔。

然后奇迹出现了，飞往那格浦尔的航班又恢复了，我们闪电般地行动起来，在几小时内就取得了第二天航班的机票。

前往孤儿院的脚踏三轮车前进得太慢了。我几乎无法控制自己。就在此时，长久等待的一刻终于到来了。在一大群渴望的脸孔中，我只看到一个面带灿烂笑容的女孩，她向前走着，对我说，“妈咪！”这是她会说的第一个英语单词，她的一双大眼睛如同宇宙般深邃，心中的爱意将会持续一生一世。

（许俊农 译）





A Heart of Compassion

*Children are God's apostles, sent forth day by day to
preach of love and hope and peace.*

James Russell Lowell



"Mom, he's picking on me again! "

I cringed at the shrill sound of seven-year-old Austin's voice rising above the rap music on the radio. Between the radio, the rumble of the truck's diesel engine, the whirl of the air conditioning and the snickering coming from the back seat, my nerves were stretched taut.

"Devin! Didn't I tell you to stop it?" I glanced into the rearview mirror, making eye contact with my middle son, freezing him in some act of mischief.

"He started it! " came the disgruntled reply.

"How many times do I have to tell you? If you don't want him to do to you what you're doing to him, then don't do it in the first place! "

Under the brim of the red baseball cap, a strange, confused look crossed Devin's face. I cringed at what I had just said. No wonder he was confused. I backtracked and rephrased it before his attention wandered onto ideas of more turmoil he could put his younger brother through.

"If you don't want him to tease you, then don't tease him. I mean it! Leave him alone! "

When I looked back into the mirror, clear understanding showed on his nine-year-old face.

"Let's see if we can make it to the baseball field without any more

同情心

孩子是上帝派往人间的使徒，日复一日颂扬着真爱、希望与和平。

詹姆斯·拉塞尔·洛威尔

“妈妈，他又作弄我！”

我7岁的儿子奥斯汀一声尖叫，盖过了车里放的说唱乐，也吓了我一大跳。车里音乐大作，还夹杂着卡车柴油发动机的轰鸣声、空调转动的声音和从后座发出的窃笑声——我的神经一下子紧张起来。

“戴文！我说过让你住手！”我瞟了一下后视镜，和二儿子对视了一眼，想镇住他，停止恶作剧。

“是他先作弄我的！”戴文满不高兴地回了一句。

“我都跟你说了多少次了？你要是不想让他像你作弄他一样作弄你，你就不要先动手！”

红色棒球帽帽檐下，戴文的脸上闪过了一丝疑惑的神情。我也被自己刚才那句话弄懵了，难怪儿子听不懂。我只得把思路倒回去，趁着他想出别的鬼点子来折磨弟弟之前，跟他重申一次：

“如果你不想让他作弄你，就别作弄他。我可不是说着玩儿的！你就让他清静清静吧。”

我又看了后视镜一眼，这回儿子9岁的小脸上，清楚地写着“明白了”。

“到球场之前，不许再打闹了，明白？”两个小儿子装作在听我





fighting,okay?"My two younger sons pretended to listen while my sixteen-year-old ignored us all.

Austin's game was scheduled to start in fifteen minutes,and I was, as usual,running late.Dealing with work,kids in school and now baseball games caused my husband and me to rearrange and adjust our schedules to fit the kids'.

I sign up my three sons to play baseball every year to give them a chance to learn an athletic skill and,hopefully,good sportsmanship.I wonder at times if the morals I am trying to instill in them are filtering through.There are usually no outward signs that they have absorbed these things.This worry weighs on me at times,like that day.

Steering the extended-cab pickup into an empty spot near the field,I cut the engine then issued instructions to the boys.My sixteen-year-old, John,nodded,his CD headphone wires swaying,and jumped out.He sauntered off in the direction of the Majors field without a word,while Austin and Devin tripped and shoved each other on the way out the truck door.

"Mom,can I get something to drink?"Devin was the first to ask.

"I want something,too! "

"All right.Austin,go on and meet your coach.Devin and I will bring you something."

I heard Austin's coach call out to him."Hey,buddy,you gonna hit us some home runs tonight?"

"Yep ! "came Austin's excited answer.With two older brothers honing his skills,Austin was one of the best players on the team.They expected him to hit home runs,and he did,two to three a game.

Smiling,I crossed over to the concession stand and waited at the end of the line.A friend of Devin's ran to him,and they were off to play ball."Stay where I can see you."The words were barely out of my mouth when he ran to a grassy triangle section between two of the fenced-in fields.

的话的样子,而我16岁的大儿子则压根儿没理会我们几个。

奥斯汀的比赛还有15分钟就要开始了,和往常一样,我又快迟到了。既要应付工作,又要照顾几个正在上学的孩子,现在为了参加他们的棒球赛,我和丈夫只得重新安排时间表。

每年我都为3个儿子报名学习打棒球,使他们有机会学习运动技巧,最好还能养成竞技精神。有好几次,我都在想,是不是我对他们煞费苦心的培养都付诸东流了?因为一点也看不出来他们真的领会了。这种担忧沉甸甸地压在我的心头,就像今天一样。

我把客货两用车开到球场旁边的空地停下,熄了火,跟几个儿子交代注意事项。16岁的大儿子约翰点了点头,脑袋上CD耳机线晃了几晃,就跳下车子,一声不吭地往梅杰斯球场方向溜达。而奥斯汀和戴文还在车门口相互推搡。

“妈妈,能不能给我买点儿饮料?”戴文先问道。

“我也要!”

“好,奥斯汀,你先去和教练会合。戴文和我一会儿给你送饮料去。”

我听见奥斯汀的教练大声叫他:“嗨,伙计,今晚给咱们来几个本垒打吧!”

“没问题!”传来奥斯汀兴奋的回答。有两个哥哥陪练,他已经成了队里数一数二的球员。他们盼着他击中本垒打,他的确做到了,而且每场比赛都能击中两到三次。

我微笑着去球场小卖部排队。戴文的一个小伙伴冲过来叫他去踢球。“别跑远。”话才刚出口,他就已经跑到两面栅栏围起来的三角形草皮那儿去了。





Alone, I walked the rest of the way to the dugout and gave Austin his bottle of water and sunflower seeds. Standing there watching the kids, I listened to seven-year-old co-eds tease the other players on their team, as long as the coach didn't hear them. My son, of course, was exempted from this teasing because he played a little better than the other kids.

"Hey, guys, maybe you should try helping each other instead of cutting each other down." I spoke to no one of the kids in particular, hoping that at least one would pay attention. They all froze and looked up at me with wide, innocent eyes. I was satisfied they would stop for the time being, and I took a seat at the top of the bleachers.

The game started and excitement built. Family members cheered and hollered advice to the little ones as they played. Midway through, I felt a tap on my arm. Kevin, my husband, had arrived.

"How's the game?"

"Good, it's running about even," I told him, my eyes riveted on a little boy named Justin coming up to bat. I felt empathy for the dark-haired child. He tried so hard, but didn't seem to catch on. Standing as rigid as a soldier, he reared back and swung, completely missing the ball. The third swing produced a short, low ball, easily caught by the pitcher and thrown to first base. Justin made his first out for the night.

"Aw, poor baby!" I spoke softly to Kevin as I watched the boy half-walk, half-run off the field. "Justin tries so hard. I think he's the only one who hasn't made a base hit all season. The kids were giving him a hard time earlier. He has the heart, but he hasn't developed the skills yet."

"He'll get there," Kevin muttered. His voice grew louder when Austin stepped up to the batter's box. "Hey, Austin, keep your eye on the ball. You can do it, buddy."

Sure enough, our son made his first home run for the night. His fellow players cheered him and clapped him on the back when he jogged into the dugout. This scenario continued throughout the game—

我只好一个人去休息区,把水和葵花子递给奥斯汀,站在一旁看着那些孩子。我发现,只要教练一听不见,那些7岁大的队员们就嘲弄队里的其他人。我的儿子当然幸免于此,因为他比别的孩子打得好那么一点儿。

“嗨,孩子们,你们应该互帮互助,不要总是损别人。”我不是针对任何一个孩子说的,只是指望至少有一个孩子能听见我说的话。他们全都住嘴了,抬起头来用大大的眼睛无辜地望着我。能让他们停下这么一会儿我就已经很满意了。我在露天看台的最上面一排坐了下来。

紧张激烈的比赛开始了。亲友团欢呼着,大声给小家伙们出点子。比赛进行到一半的时候,有人拍我的肩膀,原来是我的丈夫凯文来了。

“怎么样?”

“不错,基本打了个平手。”我告诉他。我的目光牢牢锁定在一个刚刚准备击球的小男孩贾斯汀身上。我很同情这个深色头发的孩子。他那么努力,却总是比不上别人。他站着的姿势就像个顽强的士兵,向后奔跑,挥舞手臂——却完全击不到球。第三回击球算是击到了,却又轻又低,很容易就被投手接住了,扔到了一垒位置。贾斯汀完成了今晚的第一次出场。

“啊,可怜的孩子!”我轻声对凯文说,看着这个孩子连走带跑地下了场。“贾斯汀打得多卖力啊,他可能是这个赛季唯一一个没有打过全垒打的孩子。别的孩子老跟他过不去。他光有热情,可技术还不到位。”

“能行的。”凯文嘀咕了一句,一看见奥斯汀站到了击球位上,他突然大喊,“嗨,奥斯汀,盯着球!伙计,你能行!”

当然能行。我们的儿子击出了今晚的第一个本垒打。当他跑回休息区的时候,队友们上前轻拍他的后背,为他喝彩,这出场景在本

