



国内独家授权，全球热销上亿册

双语  
精华版  
(附赠 MP3)

# 心灵鸡汤

[人生系列]

为了明天的回忆

努力做好每件事，充实度过每一天，为明日留下灿烂的回忆：这就是我们存在的意义和坚强的理由。

*Making Bright Memories for Tomorrow*

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

Health Communications, Inc.





双语  
精华版

国内独家授权，全球热销上亿册

# 心灵鸡汤

[人生系列]

为了明天的回忆

许俊农 译

何峻 朱耀武 祖恩华 许蔚然  
曹青 许蔚起 朱瑞君 高恬恬

*Making Bright Memories for Tomorrow*

Jack Canfield & Mark Victor Hansen 等著

# Chicken Soup for the Soul

安徽科学技术出版社  
Health Communications, Inc.

## 图书在版编目(CIP)数据

心灵鸡汤:双语精华版. 为了明天的回忆/(美)坎费尔德(Canfield, J.)等著;许俊农译. —合肥:安徽科学技术出版社, 2007. 9

ISBN 978-7-5337-3872-3

I. 心… II. ①坎…②许… III. ①英语-汉语-对照读物②故事-作品集-美国-现代 IV. H319.4:I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2007)第 129461 号

**心灵鸡汤:双语精华版. 为了明天的回忆**  
(美)坎费尔德(Canfield, J.)等著 许俊农译

---

出版人: 朱智润

责任编辑: 田 斌

封面设计: 王国亮

出版发行: 安徽科学技术出版社(合肥市政务文化新区圣泉路 1118 号  
出版传媒广场, 邮编: 230071)

电 话: (0551)3533330

网 址: [www.ahstp.com.cn](http://www.ahstp.com.cn)

E-mail: [yougoubu@sina.com](mailto:yougoubu@sina.com)

经 销: 新华书店

排 版: 安徽事达科技贸易有限公司

印 刷: 合肥华星印务有限责任公司

开 本: 889×1100 1/24

印 张: 10

字 数: 202 千

版 次: 2007 年 9 月第 1 版 2007 年 9 月第 1 次印刷

印 数: 10 000

定 价: 25.00 元

---

(本书如有印装质量问题, 影响阅读, 请向本社市场营销部调换)

# CONTENTS

## 目 录



1. Making Bright Memories for Tomorrow

为明天留下灿烂的回忆

1



2. A Note in My Mailbox

信箱里的纸条

8



3. These Things I Wish for You

小小的许愿

13

4. A Lesson from the Sea

来自大海的一课

17

5. The Virtue of Excellence

期望效应

27



6. Growing Roots

成长的根

30



7. The Perfect Shell

完美的贝壳

35

8. Great Answer

虽“错”犹荣

40

# 目 录

43

9.Any Kid Can Be a Superstar

各有天资



52

10.Given the Choice

生死抉择



64

11.Permission to Fail

允许失败

68

12.The Driftwood Queen

浮木女王



76

13.All Things Grow...with Love

爱的绽放



81

14.Celebrate Life

热爱生命

90

15.Promises to Keep

信守诺言

97

16.Roger Maris and Me

金牌粉丝

107

17.We Almost Did That

固守千年的遐思

114

18.One Stranded Bus and a Pond

邂逅风景










121

19.A Passport from the Elements

通达天下





- |  |     |   |
|--|-----|---|
| 20. All Our Hearts Have to Offer<br>用心打造关爱   | 128 |    |
| 21. My Mother's Greatest Gift<br>殷殷慈母心       | 135 |   |
| 22. Just What I Needed to Hear<br>美丽的谎言      | 146 |    |
| 23. The Perfect Day<br>完美的一天                 | 154 |    |
| 24. The Mustard Seed<br>不灭的希望                | 162 |    |
| 25. Love and Water<br>爱浓于水                   | 169 |    |
| 26. Opening Day in the Heaven<br>天堂里的开幕日     | 178 |    |
| 27. The Christmas Mouse<br>圣诞鼠小弟             | 182 |   |
| 28. The Mother Box<br>玉盒之忆                   | 190 |  |
| 29. The Gift of Courage<br>勇气之馈赠             | 195 |  |
| 30. The Professor and the Soul Mate<br>真正的慰藉 | 203 |  |

# 目 录



210

31.A Cure for Cold Feet

体贴有“家”



217

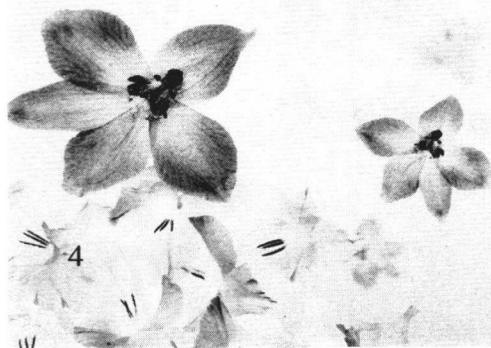
32.The Language of Horses

马 语

227

33.The Gift of Sight

光明的礼物





## Making Bright Memories for Tomorrow 为明天留下灿烂的回忆

*I don't know what your destiny will be, but one thing I know: The only ones among you who will be truly happy are those who will have sought and found how to serve.*

Albert Schweitzer

我不知道你的命运,但是我知道一件事:你们当中唯一将真正幸福的人是那些探索过而且明白了如何服务的人。

阿伯特·舒维泽

People who have known me for a long time refuse to believe that I work in a nursing facility. Certainly they would not believe how much I love my job.

They are unwilling to let me forget the years our Sunday school class held a weekly service in a nursing facility. I was always the last to volunteer. Those who have known me longest also remember when

凡是认识我很久的人都不愿意相信,我是在疗养中心上班。当然他们更无法相信我竟然如痴如狂地爱着自己的工作。

他们不愿让我忘记那几年——当时我们主日学校每周在一家疗养中心举行一次礼拜,我总是最不愿参加活动的那个人。认识我时间最

人生系列 / 为了明天的回忆







I had little patience with an elderly neighbor. I was the one who labeled all senior citizens “boring”.

That was before I met Miss Lilly. Miss Lilly changed a lot of things in my life. Since meeting her, I'll never feel the same about the older generation, about nursing facilities, or even about life.

I had heard many negative remarks about our local nursing facility and admit I applied for a job there only because it was close to my home—thinking to myself, I could always quit. Yes, the receptionist assured me when I went to apply, they did need a nurse's aide. “Are you certified?”

“Not yet,” I answered, wondering how in the world one got certified. Application in hand, I was directed to a sunny room. I seated myself at a table facing two dozen or more elderly ladies. They were being led in exercise by an unsmiling woman, clad in black pants and a drab, gray blouse. Her voice was a monotone. She had about the same amount of enthusiasm a gunfighter might muster up for his own hanging. I wondered what her job was. Just as I started to write “nurse's aide” in the blank that read “position applied for,” she read aloud from a letter. “Dear Activity Director,” she read. So that's what she was. I wrote “activity director” in the blank instead. I knew I could do a better job than that sourpuss. I knew how to smile, and my wardrobe contained plenty of bright colors.

Unemployed, I had fallen into the bad habit of sleeping late. When the shrill ringing of the telephone woke me, it was 8:05 A.M. The woman on the other end sounded cheerful and confident. “I have your application for activity director,” she said. “We are about to open a new unit. What are your qualifications?”

Trying my best to sound awake, I answered, “I used to teach school.” I failed to mention it was elementary school and 20 years ago.

久的人还记得,我对一位年长的邻居很没耐心。以前,我就是那种认为所有老年人都“令人厌烦”的人。

这都是在遇到莉莉小姐之前的事了,莉莉小姐使我生命中的许多事情都发生了变化。自从遇见她以后,我对老年人、对疗养中心甚至对生命的看法,都有了根本性的转变。

以前我听过很多关于本地疗养中心负面的议论。我承认,我在那里申请工作,仅仅是因为那地方离我家很近——“我随时都可以卷铺盖走人”,我这么思忖着。我去申请工作时,接待员向我保证,他们确实需要一位助理护士,“你有资格证明吗?”

“还没有。”我回答,心想不知到底要怎样才能取得资格证明。这时有人指点我进了一个洒满阳光的房间,我手里拿着申请表,坐在一张桌子前。桌子对面有20多个老妇人。一个身穿黑长裤、单调的灰衬衫,不苟言笑的妇女,正领着她们做运动,那女人讲话的音调平板无趣、毫无变化。她对这份工作的热情,恐怕和枪战手自己要上绞刑架时的积极性差不多。我心里猜想她的工作岗位叫什么。当我正要在“申请职位”空格处填写“助理护士”时,她开始高声朗读一封信——“亲爱的活动指挥员,”她读道。我知道她的职位是活动指挥员了。结果我在空格处填上了“活动指挥员”,我确信自己一定能比那个讨人嫌的家伙表现得更好些,我知道怎么微笑,我的衣柜里也有很多色彩鲜艳的衣服。

失业后,我养成了晚睡晚起的坏习惯。刺耳的电话铃声把我吵醒时,才早上8点5分,电话那边的女人听起来兴高采烈,信心十足。“我拿到你申请当活动指挥员的表格了,”她说,“我们刚好有一个新单位要开张。你工作资历是什么呀?”

我在回答时尽量让自己的嗓音听起来清醒些:“我以前在学校当过老师。”不过我没提到那是个小学,而且已经事隔20年了。





“How soon can you be here? ”she asked.

I sat up straight in bed. “One hour. I can come in one hour.”

From that day on, my life changed. It is no longer mine alone. Each waking moment my thoughts are on the residents. Is Billie all right? How is Mr. W? Will Janie be back from the hospital today?

The residents fill my thoughts and they fill my heart—these lonely, fragile people who all have a story to tell and love to give. I have yet to meet one who is “boring.”

My first love was Miss Lilly, a lonely woman with only one living relative. Miss Lilly was not a pretty sight. She was a broad-shouldered woman with large hands and feet, in a near prone position. She spent her days in a blue geri chair. She drooled constantly, her large mouth often hanging open to expose several stained, broken teeth in blood-red gums. Her hair, sparse and iron-gray, had twin cowlicks that caused it to stick out in all directions. Worse yet, Miss Lilly never spoke.

I had seen her one relative, a niece, several times. Each visit was the same. Standing a few feet in front of the blue chair she would say, “Your check came, your bill is paid.” Never a personal word, a hug, or any sign of affection.

Was it any wonder Miss Lilly had retreated from what must have seemed a cruel, uncaring world? Months passed, and Miss Lilly seemed to shrink lower and lower down in her chair. Plainly, her health was deteriorating. I was staying longer and longer in her unit. I discovered she was not eating well. I gave up my lunch hour to feed her. Seeing how much she enjoyed Jell-O and pudding, I brought her extra. I talked to her constantly—about the weather, current events, anything I could think of. Sometimes I held her hand. One day, to my amazement, she spoke. “Bend down,” she said. Quickly I knelt at her side. “Put your arms around me and pretend you love me,” she whispered. I love Miss

“你什么时候可以来上班?”她问。

我一下子在床上坐了起来。“一个小时,我一个小时就能到。”

从那天起,我的生活完全改变了,再也不只属于我自己一个人。每天只要一觉醒来,我就会想到那些住在我们中心的老人:比利还好吧?W先生怎么样了?珍妮今天会不会从医院回来?

这些住在疗养中心的老人不仅占据了我的思想,而且还填满了我的心灵——这些寂寞、脆弱老者,每个人都有自己的故事要诉说,有自己的爱要与人分享。到现在我还没有碰上一个“乏味无趣”的人呢。

在这些老人中,我第一个衷心喜爱上的是孤独寂寞的莉莉小姐,她在世上还有一个亲戚。她的样子看来不怎么可爱,肩膀宽阔,手大脚也大,身子老是前倾,整天坐在老人院专用的蓝色椅子上,口水不停地流淌。她大大的嘴巴时常松开,露出里面鲜红的牙龈,以及牙床上少数几颗遍布齿斑的破损牙齿。她铁灰色的头发稀疏,由于两簇发丝不易梳平,一头乱发老是向外翘着。更糟糕的是,莉莉小姐从不与人说话。

我好几次见到她唯一的亲戚——她的侄女,她们每次会面的情景都大同小异,侄女站在蓝色椅子前面几尺远的地方,然后说:“你的支票到了,你的账单付清了。”谈话中从未有过一句表达个人情感的话,她们也从未拥抱过或做出任何表达爱意的手势。

莉莉小姐原本生活在一个显然是残酷、缺乏关爱的世界,她现在隐居这里,又有什么好奇怪的呢?几个月又过去了,莉莉小姐在椅子上似乎缩成一团,身体越来越小。说得明白些,她的健康每况愈下,我在她身边所待的时间也越来越长。我发现她吃不好东西,于是就放弃自己的正常午饭时间去喂她。知道她喜欢吃果冻和布丁,我就多带些送给她;我不停地和她说话——和她聊天气、时事以及任何我所能想到的事情;有时我还会握住她的手。有一天,她忽然开口说话,令我大为诧异。“弯下腰来。”她说。我很快跪在她身边。“用手臂环抱住我,假装你很爱我。”







Lilly! I had never thought about it.I gathered her into my arms and felt my heart near bursting with love.

There have been many Miss Lillys in my life since then and I know there will be others.They are the ones who need more than kindness and care;they need a little piece of your heart.I love each day of work,sharing with the residents my life,my grandchildren,my joys and sorrows.They share with me their past,their fear of the future,their families,and most of all,their love.

My wardrobe encompasses a rainbow of colors.I have dressed as everything from a clown to an Easter bunny.Pink flamingos and speckled trout have dangled from my ears.The residents love it.

I now define nursing facilities as fun houses for mature persons. They are wonderful,caring places where witty,fun-loving seniors enjoy companionship.

My mission is to use each day of their lives to make a bright memory for tomorrow.We enjoy singing,laughing and playing games as if today were all we had.Sometimes it is.I wrote these lines soon after the death of Miss Lilly:

*I touched her hand and spoke her name,  
the tired eyes opened wide.*

*I looked and saw within their depths  
the loneliness inside.*

*I clasped her fragile hand in mine,  
my warmth took off its chill.*

*The love she put inside my heart  
I share with others still.*

*Joyce Ayer Brown*

她低声说。我爱莉莉小姐！我从来都没想过这件事，我把她拥入怀中，感到我的心充满了爱，几乎要溢出来了。

从那时起，我生命中又出现过许许多多的莉莉小姐，我也明白往后还会碰到更多这样的人。这些人需要的不只是善意和关怀，他们还需要你的一份真心。我喜爱每天的工作，喜爱和居住在中心的老人分享我的生活、我的儿孙、我的喜悦与伤悲。他们也和我分享他们的往事、他们对未来的恐惧、他们的家庭以及最重要的——他们的爱。

我的衣柜里包括了彩虹的各种色彩，我把自己打扮成各种样子，从小丑到复活节兔子。粉红色的火烈鸟以及带斑点鲑鱼，都曾垂挂在我的耳垂上。老人们对我的打扮简直喜欢极了。

我现在认为疗养中心其实是成熟人的游乐园，不但热情洋溢、趣味十足，还可以让机智、喜爱玩乐的老年人彼此做伴。

而我的职责就是将他们每一天的生活演化成明天灿烂的回忆。我们喜欢假设今天就是我们在世上的最后一天，于是我们尽情地唱歌、欢笑、游戏。而有的时候，事情正是这样的。莉莉小姐去世后不久，我写下了下面这些话：

我触摸她的手，呼唤她的名字，  
她睁大疲倦的双眼。  
我的目光探及她眼眸深处  
看见其中的寂寞空虚。  
我握紧她脆弱的双手，  
以我的温暖驱走寒意。  
她放入我心中的爱，  
我至今仍与他人分享。

许俊农 译





## A Note in My Mailbox



The note I picked up from my mailbox at school read, "Call Margaret at 555-6167." Both the name and number were unfamiliar to me, but as a high-school automotive instructor, I got calls all the time from people who were looking for someone to fix their cars. During my lunchtime at school that day, I dialed the number.

"I'm calling for a Margaret," I said.

"Yes, this is Margaret," a voice answered.

"This is Ron Wenn. I have a message here that says to call you," I continued, all the while wondering what kind of car trouble this woman had.

"Oh, I'm glad you called. If you'll just give me a few minutes of your time, I have something to tell you that I think you'll be interested in hearing."

"All right," I answered looking at the clock. I only had a few minutes before I needed to be back in class.

"I'm a nurse at St. Luke's Presbyterian Hospital, and yesterday on my way home from work I was driving down 290 when my car started acting up."

"Uh huh," I said looking at the clock again.

"It was late at night, and I was alone. I was so afraid to pull over, but finally my car just quit, so I coasted to the shoulder. I sat there for a few minutes wondering what to do."

I didn't want to sound impatient, but I really needed to get back

## 信箱里的纸条

我在学校信箱里拿到一张纸条，上面写着：“致电玛格丽特，电话555-6167。”我既不认识玛格丽特，也不熟悉那个号码，但因为是一所中学汽车维修课的老师，所以总会接到找人修车的人们打来的电话。那天在学校吃午饭的时候，我拨通了那个号码。

“我找一位叫玛格丽特的，”我说。

“哦，我就是玛格丽特，”对方答道。

“我是荣·文。我收到一张便条让我给你打电话，”我接着说，一边寻思这女人的车到底出了什么问题。

“啊，很高兴您回电了。如果您给我几分钟，我要告诉您一些事儿，我想您会感兴趣的。”

“好吧，”我看着钟回答说。我只有几分钟时间，然后就要回教室去了。

“我是圣卢克的普利巴腾医院的护士，昨天我下班回家，车子开在290高速公路上时突然出了故障。”

“呃，嗯，”我支吾着又看了看钟。

“当时夜已深，而且我是独自一人。我很害怕，车停在路边，但我的车最后偏偏熄了火，于是我将车子滑行到路边。我在那儿坐了几分钟，不知如何是好。”

我不想让她听出我的不耐烦，但我确实得回教室了。“夫人，你







to class. “Would you like me to take a look at your car, ma’am?” I asked.

“Just let me finish,” the woman answered.

I tapped my pencil on the stack of papers in front of me as Margaret continued her story. “Suddenly, two young guys, about twenty years old, pulled up behind me and got out. I didn’t know what these guys were going to do. I was so scared.”

They asked me what happened, and they said that from the sound of things that they might be able to get the car running again, so I popped the hood.

“I sat in the car praying that these guys weren’t up to no good. A few minutes later, they yelled at me to try to start the car. I couldn’t believe it! It started right up! The guys slammed the hood and told me the car would be fine but that I should take it somewhere soon and get it checked out.”

“And you’d like me to take a look at it and make sure everything’s okay, right?” I asked.

“No, not at all, just listen,” the woman went on. “I was so grateful. I thanked them over and over and offered them money, but they wouldn’t take it. That’s then they told me they were former students of yours.”

“What?” I asked in surprise. “Students of mine? Who were they?”

“They wouldn’t tell me. They just gave me your name and the school’s number and made me promise to call to thank you.”

I couldn’t believe it. I didn’t know what to say. Besides teaching my students about fixing cars, I always tried to teach them things about life—about going the extra mile, being honest and using what you know to help other people. The thing is I never really knew if the students learned any of this.

“Mr. Wenn, are you still there?” Margaret asked.