


心灵鸡汤

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Chicken Soup for the Mothers and Son Soul

Jack Canfield
Mark Victor Hansen
LeAnn Thieman
Barbara LoMonaco

母子情

亲情系列

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

心灵鸡汤

—母子情

CHICKEN SOUP
FOR THE MOTHER

AND SON'S SOUL

藏书章

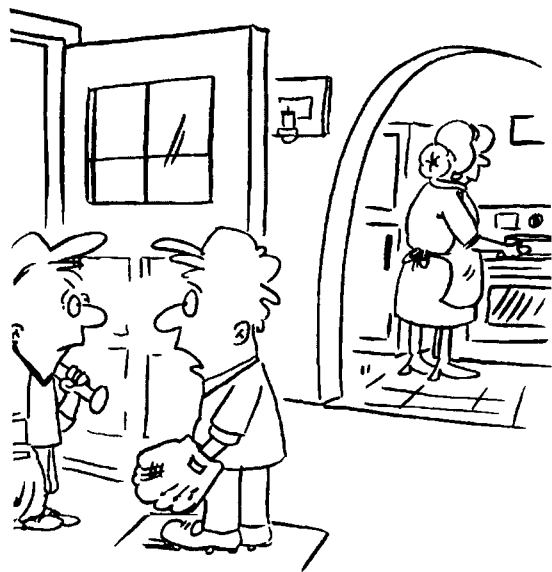
Stories to Celebrate
the Lifelong Bond


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To our sons,
Mitch, John, Mike, Rob,
Christopher, Oran, Kyle and Travix,
for all the gray hairs and great love!
Your love blesses our hearts
and lives forever.

off the mark

by Mark Parisi



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And to God, for his divine guidance.



Introduction

From the moment she hears, "It's a boy!" a special love blossoms in the heart of a mother, and a bond, unlike any other, begins. When he refuses to let her out of his sight, and later refuses to be seen with her in public, her love only grows. In him she sees that she is not only raising this generation, but future ones as well.

Yet, after reading literally thousands of stories submitted for this book, we still had difficulty articulating this unique unconditional love... until we discovered these words from the great American writer Washington Irving: *A father may turn his back on his child; brothers and sisters may become inveterate enemies; husbands may desert their wives, and wives their husbands. But a mother's love endures through all; in good repute, in bad repute, in the face of the world's condemnation, a mother still loves on and still hopes that her child may turn from his evil ways and repent; still she remembers the infant smiles that once filled her bosom with rapture, the merry laugh, the joyful shout of his childhood, the opening promise of his youth; and she can never be brought to think him unworthy.*

Indeed, a mother's love is limitless, abundant in joy, support and forgiveness. Though she may loose him from her apron strings, he is forever entwined in her heart. Savor *Chicken Soup for the Mother and Son Soul*. Celebrate the blessings and bruises, tears and triumphs, happiness and hopes of this unparalleled loving relationship.



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SPECIAL MOMENTS

*God gave us memories that we might
have roses in December.*

James M. Barrie



My Son

*No language can express the power and beauty
and heroism and majesty of a mother's love.*

Edwin Hubbell Chapin

The war was far from Saigon when I agreed to escort six babies from Vietnam to their adoptive homes in the U.S. Still, the decision to leave my husband and two little girls had not been easy. When the war escalated, I had begged God for a sign that I could back out of my commitment, but he only filled me with a courage and confidence I could explain to no one. Somehow I knew this was all a part of his plan. By the time I landed in Saigon, bombs were falling outside the city limits, and President Ford had okayed Operation Babylift. Scores of the estimated 50,000 Amerasian babies and toddlers were herded into our headquarters of Friends of Children of Vietnam in preparation for the airlift.

On my third day there, over breakfast of bread and bottled Coke, Cherie, the director, said, "LeAnn, you've probably figured this out..."

I hadn't.

"You and Mark applied for adoption of a son through us, and we told you to expect him in two years." She spoke above the din of dozens of bawling babies. "Obviously, everything has changed. You'll be assigned one of the babies gathered here—or," she paused to touch my hand, "or you can go into the nursery and choose a son."



I was stunned, speechless.

I felt myself flush with excitement—then with fear.

“Really?” I finally croaked. Surely, I had heard her wrong.

Cherie’s tired eyes danced. “Really.”

“So I can just go in there and pick out a son?”

Cherie nodded again.

Dazed, I turned to my friend and traveling companion, Carol. “Come with me.” She jumped up immediately, and we approached the door to the nursery together.

I paused and took a deep breath. “This is like a fantasy. A dream come true.”

I opened the door, and we entered a room filled with babies. Babies on blankets and mats. Babies in boxes and baskets and bassinets and cribs.

“Carol, how will I ever choose? There are 110 babies here now.”

One baby in a white T-shirt and diaper looked at me with bright eyes. I sat cross-legged on the floor with him on my lap. He seemed to be about nine months old and responded to my words with cute facial expressions and animation. He giggled and clapped his hands.

“We should name you Personality,” I said. Then I noticed he was wearing a name bracelet on his ankle. He had already been assigned to a family in Denver. *Well*, I thought, feeling disappointment rising in my throat, *that family is mighty lucky*.

Another child caught my eye as he pulled himself to his feet beside a wooden crib. We watched with amusement as he tugged the toes of the baby sleeping inside. Then he dropped to his hands and knees and began crawling to me. I met him halfway across the room and picked him up. He wore only a diaper, and his soft, round tummy bulged over its rim. He looked at me and smiled brightly, revealing chubby



cheeks and deep dimples. As I hugged him, he nestled his head into my shoulder.

"Maybe you'll be our son," I whispered. He pulled back, staring into my eyes, still smiling. For the next hour, I carried him around the room, looking at each infant, touching them, talking to them. All the while, the baby in my arms babbled, smiled and continued to cuddle. I couldn't bring myself to put him down as we went upstairs where the floor was carpeted with even more babies. The hallway was like a megaphone, blasting the sounds of chattering workers and crying babies.

"Let me hold him," Carol coaxed, "while you look at the others." The couch against the wall held a half-dozen fussy infants side by side. I picked up each of them. Most seemed stiff and unresponsive. How sad that cuddling could be unfamiliar to them. I weaved my way to the blanket of babies at the end of the room and sat caressing each of them. As I cradled one in my arms, I could feel the bones of his spine press against my skin. Another's eyes looked glazed and motionless. Sorrow gripped me.

I felt the little boy Carol was carrying for me pat my arm. As I turned to look, he reached out his chubby arms for me. Taking him from her, I snuggled him close, and he snuggled back. Someone had loved him very much.

Downstairs, we meandered from mat to crib, looking at all the infants again. I wished I could adopt them all. But I knew there were long waiting lists at the Denver headquarters of hundreds of families who had completed the tedious, time-consuming application process. Each of these precious orphans would have immediate homes carefully selected for them.

"How do I choose?" I asked myself as much as Carol.

The baby boy in my arms answered by patting my face. I had never missed my husband more. "I wish Mark was