

美丽英文  
Beautiful English

第二辑

# 感悟父爱 感悟母爱

Appreciation for Parent's Love  
撞击心灵的真情故事 受用终生的永恒经典

方雪梅 编译

父爱如山，  
有厚实的胸怀和深沉的力量；  
母爱如水，点点滴滴，  
释在每一个平凡的日子里。

岁月在不经意间从身边划过，在每个匆忙的身影背后，父亲关爱的目光越来越远，母亲熟悉的话语渐渐淡忘。在你身心疲惫的时候，驻足下来，读一读书中的温情故事，你能感受到浓浓的亲情、深深的谢意，还有太多来不及说出的话语……要知道并不是每个人都能及时听到父母安慰和鼓励的话，不是每个人都能时时与他们相伴……读到这本书时，让我们行动起来，不要让还未实现的报答成为遗憾。



天津教育出版社  
TIANJIN EDUCATION PRESS

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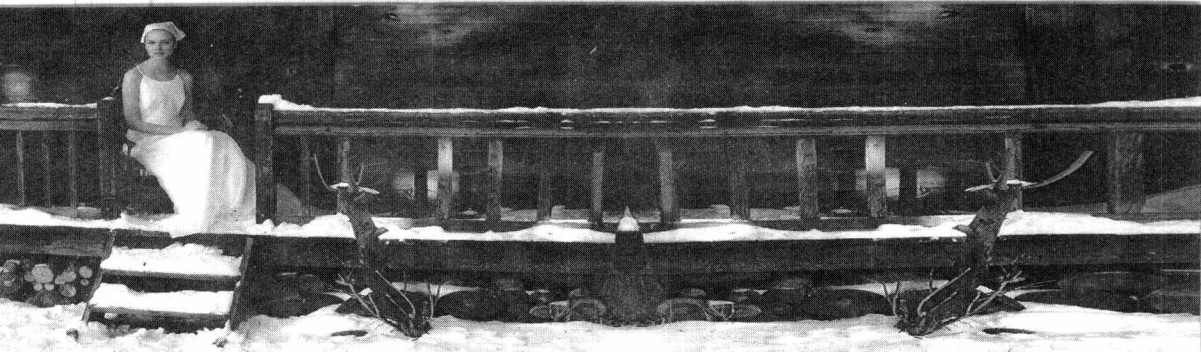


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*The Path for Father's Love*

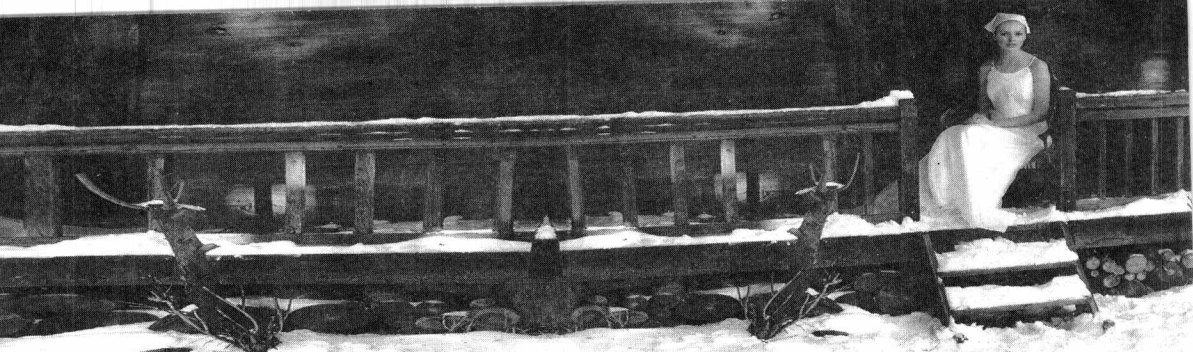
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*The Path for Father's Love*

# 寻找父亲的捷径

爱有很多种，它可以像白酒，辛辣而热烈，容易让人醉在其中；它可以像咖啡，苦涩而醇香，容易让人为之振奋；它可以像茶，平淡而亲切，让人在不经意间对它上瘾。而父爱，却是那般沉默、安静，他疏于张扬却崇高持重，他时刻指导我们如何做人，如何把握我们的人生方向。

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# 父爱

埃尔马·邦贝克

爸爸是一个不善于表达爱的人，我们一家人的幸福融洽都是妈妈的功劳。他只知道每天上班下班，而妈妈对我们的顽皮、冒失和过错都了如指掌，爸爸常会因这些事责怪我们。

有一次，我从商店里偷了一块糖，爸爸让我送回去，向店主认错，并按价赔偿。还是妈妈理解我，说我只不过是个孩子。

我曾在荡秋千时把腿摔断了，去医院的路上，妈妈一直抱着我。爸爸直接把车子开到急救室门口。有人不让他把车子停在那里，说那是救护车停靠的地方，爸爸便大声吼道：“你以为这是什么？是旅游车吗？”

在我的生日宴会上，爸爸忙得不亦乐乎，他吹气球、摆桌子，跑来跑去。妈妈把生日蛋糕拿来，点燃蜡烛，让我吹灭。

当我翻看相册时，会有人问：“你爸爸是个什么样的人？”“哎呀，谁知道呢！他总是摆弄相机，只知道给大伙儿拍照。我和妈妈笑着的合影就有好多好多呢。”

我还记得妈妈让爸爸教我骑自行车的情形。我不让爸爸松手，但他却说我能自己骑了。我摔倒后，妈妈跑过来把我扶起，爸爸却挥手让她走开，这使我非常恼火。我再次跨上车子，真的可以自己骑了。爸爸并不感到意外，只是微笑着。

我上大学时，妈妈经常给我写信，而爸爸只知道寄钱，顶多附上一张便条，告诉我，他的草坪现在修整得多么好，而如今我不能再在上面踢球了。

每次往家里打电话，爸爸似乎都要和我说话，可又总是说：“我叫你妈妈来接。”

我结婚时，妈妈哭得特别伤心，而爸爸只是大声擤着鼻子，走出房间。

在我的一生中，爸爸总是问：“你要去哪儿？什么时候回来？……不，你不能去。”

爸爸就是不知如何表达爱，只会这样……

爸爸向我们表达了爱，难道他只是没有意识到吗？





# A Father's Love

Erma Bombeck

Daddy just didn't know how to show love. It was Mom who held the family together. He just went to work every day and came home; she'd have a list of **sins**<sup>1</sup> we'd committed and he'd scold us about them.

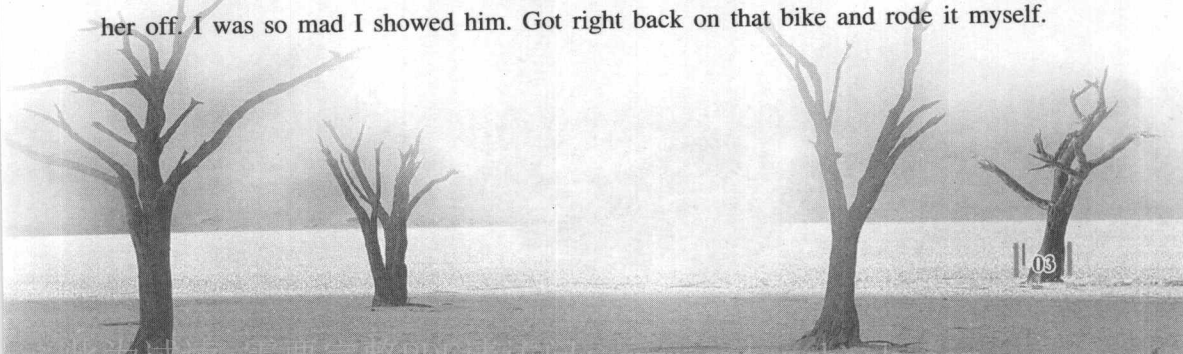
Once when I stole a candy bar, he made me take it back and tell the man I stole it and that I'd pay for it. But it was Mom who understood I was just a kid.

I broke my leg once on the playground swing and it was Mom who held me in her arms all the way to the hospital. Dad pulled the car right **up to**<sup>2</sup> the door of the emergency room and when they asked him to move it because that space was reserved for emergency vehicles, He shouted, "What do you think this is? A tour bus?"

At my birthday parties, Dad always seemed sort of out of place. He just busied himself blowing up balloons, and setting up tables, and running **errands**<sup>3</sup>. It was Mom who carded in the cake with the candles on it for me to blow out.

When I leaf through picture albums people always ask, "What does your Dad look like?" "Who knows? He was always fiddling around with the camera taking everyone else's picture. I must have a **zillion**<sup>4</sup> pictures of Mom and me smiling together."

I remember when Mom told him to teach me how to ride a bicycle. I told him not to let go, but he said it was time. I fell and Mom ran to pick me up, but he waved her off. I was so mad I showed him. Got right back on that bike and rode it myself.



He didn't even feel embarrassed. Just smiled.

When I went to college, Mom did all the writing. He just sent checks and a little note about how great his **lawn**<sup>5</sup> looked now but I wasn't playing football on it.

Whenever I called home, he acted like he wanted to talk, but he always said, "I'll get your mother."

When I got married, it was Mom who cried. He just blew his nose loudly and left the room.

All my life he said, "Where are you going? What time are you coming home? No, you cannot go."

Daddy just didn't know how to show love, unless...

Is it possible he showed it and didn't recognize it?



### 热词空间

1. sin [sin] *n.* [俗]违背风俗;不合情理之事;过失
2. up to 一直到;等于
3. errand ['erənd] *n.* 差使;差事;使命
4. zillion ['ziljən] *n.* <美式口音>庞大的数字;无法计算的大数字
5. lawn [lɔ:n] *n.* 草地;草坪







## 新娘的父亲

佚名

把女儿嫁给一个陌生人是一件最令人高兴的事情，但同时也是一件让人恼怒的事情。我的故事很简单，但也是这个时代的真实写照。女儿的婚礼上总共有三对父母：我与我的第二任妻子，我的前妻和她的丈夫，还有新郎的父母。新郎的父母结婚已经有24年之久了。有人问我和妻子结婚多久时，我总会回答说23年，尽管实际上只有10年。为什么呢？对我来说，将两次的婚姻算在一起，来取得一个我理想的、记得住的数字，那太简单了。我和前任妻子婚姻持续了13年，与第二任妻子也结婚10年了，因此，我受家庭的束缚已经有较长的一段时间了。

第一次与我的女婿兰迪见面，是在男式晚礼服出租店里。当3位年轻男子走进店里，跟站在柜台后面的店员说话时，我正在挑选我要穿的晚礼服和鞋子。我还是想不出，为什么我的妻子可以花八百美元买一套裙子，而我却必须穿一套无数人穿过的晚礼服和鞋子。那3个年轻人说，他们要挑选在韦伯斯特婚礼上穿的“男士晚礼服”。我看着他们，思忖着希望哪个会是我的女婿。令我失望的是，我的选择与女儿的选择不同。我的女婿长得瘦瘦高高的，头发粗短成刺状，还留着山羊胡子。他的外表让我想知道我的外孙会是什么样子。他前天晚上去参加了一个单身聚会，现在看上去还有些酒醉未醒的样子。我做了自我介绍，而他紧张地抓过他的礼服，和同伴们消失在后面的试衣间里。我推测这帮胆小之徒们必定会在试衣间里一直待到我离开，果然我的猜测应验了。

我的下一站是去婚礼礼堂，在那里有很多人期待着我花巨额金钱请他们大吃大喝。那位讨人欢心的负责人诺勒问我，想不想去看看举行典礼的房间。等到我们



了那间房间,我四处打量了一下,马上对诺勒说有些东西不对劲。她询问是什么,我告诉她说我没有看到储物柜,因为将有很多女巫来参加这个婚礼,我的意思是指我的前妻和所有她的亲戚。诺勒并没有取笑我的幽默,但我自己却痴痴地笑了。如果没有别的什么,那我的确是在自娱自乐。

婚礼那天,女儿詹妮决定由我和她的母亲,也就是我的前妻,一起陪她走过走廊。起初,我有些生气,但我还是被迫同意了,因为尽管是我支付婚礼上的所有费用,但是那毕竟是詹妮的婚礼,不是我的。那真是一个进退两难的事情:我没有筹备婚礼,没有挑选礼堂、婚礼服装、婚宴菜单,甚至也没有挑选新郎,但我不得不支付一切费用。似乎我的亲戚和新郎的父母都没有多少钱,我开始有种上当的感觉,尤其是在诺勒笑盈盈地陪我四处转的时候,似乎是在猜测我是否还有另外一张没有透支的信用卡。

挽着你的女儿走在走廊上,朝那个你认为她嫁错了的男人走去,会有一种很恐怖的感觉。我看看她,她正一脸的幸福。我朝摄影师灿烂地微笑,却发现自己正在想着把詹妮从这里拉走,带回家为她找一个真正的男人。妻子一定已经读懂了我的想法,因为我看到她向我投来几束不安的目光。

典礼上的仪式也不是我想要的那样。我想要有一位牧师,结果却是一位神父。神父的录音机里是一片狗叫的祝福声。本该到此停止的,但我被再次提醒:这不是我的婚礼。在进入他的布道环节之前,神父的工作做的还是不错的。但是,他将我女儿的婚礼比作是英国女王在戴安娜王妃葬礼上举行的典礼。他继续说道,葬礼之所以成了典礼,是因为英国王妃不喜欢戴安娜。这又和我女儿的婚礼有什么关系呢?再一次,我闭住自己的嘴巴,妻子用力握住我的手,眼泪从她的脸上滑落。她是开心地落泪了。如果我能挤出一两滴眼泪,那一定不是快乐的泪水。

接下来的招待会进行得很好,并没有我预料中的打斗事件发生。人们喝了又喝,诺勒继续问我是否对一切都感到满意,我总是赞许地点点头,因为直到现在,妻子注视的目光都深深地嵌在我的脑海里。我试着与我的新女婿兰迪有些接触。我想对他讲一番老套的“你要好好对她”的话,但是似乎没人给我这样一个接近他的机





会。在女儿离开去度蜜月之前,我还想拥抱她,亲吻她,但是她却像风一样被送进了我租来的豪华轿车里,跟着她的丈夫很快去了他们晚上要住的旅馆。算了,我不想想这些事情了。

与身边的亲朋好友拥抱握手告别之后,我看到我的另一个女儿蒂娜正凝视着我。我一直认为,蒂娜会是一个成功的女儿。妻子总指责我说,这样认为只是因为蒂娜上了一所天主教学院。我刚刚把詹妮交给了一个我不认识的男人,而这里站着的蒂娜,要我为她置备一件婚纱,而且它必须是出自名牌设计师之手,还要为她支付去伦敦度一次蜜月的费用。

我记得,随后有人打了我一个耳光,然后把我从地上拖起来。我明白,我是不能再经历一次这样的事情了,于是,像许多好父亲一样,如果蒂娜会重新考虑这件事情的话,我会付给她现金。而且,我还提到,做一个尼姑也是个不错的选择。

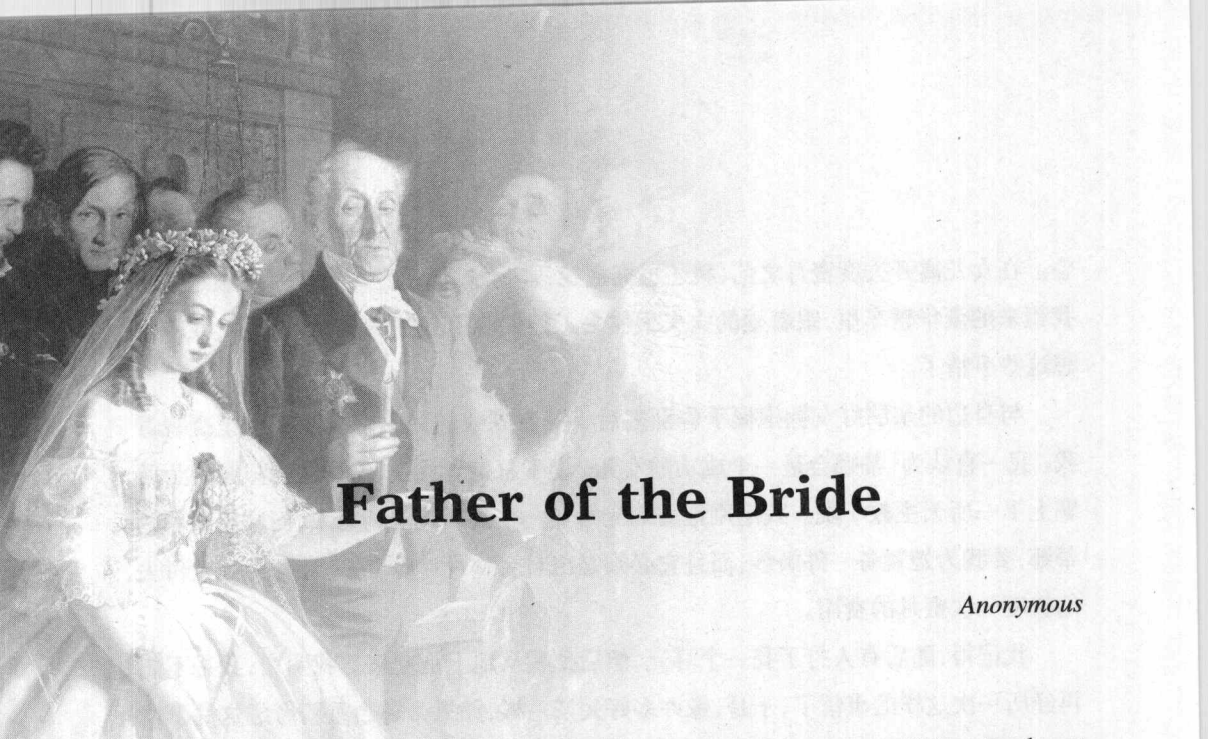
詹妮和她的新婚丈夫在度完蜜月后给我打来电话,向我表示感谢,并且让我知道他们很幸福。尽管我比以前穷了点,但是知道她很幸福我也觉得很开心。今天,我还收到了蒂娜发来的电子邮件,她表示婚礼上的招待员“很不错”,她打算“尽快”再次与他见面,共进晚餐。

那天夜里,我梦到了设计师、婚纱和伦敦。经过了一夜的不安宁,我想,我终于明白我不再对詹娜负有责任,这让我第二天一早脸上露出了笑容。然而,妻子又提到了那句老话:“你永远都要对孩子负责,直到你死才能停止。”



有人说:女儿是父亲上辈子的情人。我不相信,有哪位父亲看着自己的女儿出嫁而不难过呢?挽着女儿的胳膊走过教堂长长的走廊,把她交给一个陌生男子,父亲的心里已经满是泪水和不安。这个男人会对女儿好吗?他会像自己那样保护好女儿吗?他能让女儿幸福吗……然而,父亲什么都没说,因为父爱不就是深沉的吗?他们只会将担忧的言词闷在心里,将不安的表情藏在冷漠的面具背后,让不舍的泪水往心里流……





## Father of the Bride

*Anonymous*

Marrying off your daughter to a stranger can be the most **exhilarating**<sup>1</sup> and exasperating experience. My story is a simple one and true to the times of this era. The wedding consisted of three sets of parents: my second wife and me, my ex-wife and her spouse, and the groom's parents who actually had the **stamina**<sup>2</sup> to stay married to each other for twenty-four years. When people ask me how long I've been married to my wife, I always say twenty-three years, even though it has only been ten. Why? It's easier for me to add both of my marriages together to achieve my ideal number; a number I'll remember. I was married for thirteen years to my first wife and ten to my second, therefore, I've been wearing the ball and chain for quite some time.

I first met Randy, my son-in-law to be, at the tuxedo rental shop. I was picking up my tux and shoes for the wedding, still unable to figure out why my wife spent over eight hundred dollars on her dress when I'd be forced to wear a tux and shoes that numerous bodies had been inside, when three young men came in and spoke to the clerk behind the counter. They stated they were there to pick up their "monkey suits" for the Webster wedding. I looked at all three of them and decided, which one I wanted to be my son-in-law. To my dismay, my choice didn't correspond with my daughter's. My son-in-law was the tall, lanky one with spiked hair and a small



goatee. His appearance made me wonder what my grandchildren would look like. He also looked very **hungover**<sup>3</sup> from his bachelor party the night before. I introduced myself, and he nervously grabbed his tux. The encourage disappeared to the back dressing room. I assumed the cowards would stay there until I'd left, I assumed correctly.

My next stop was the wedding hall, where I was expected to pay an enormous sum of money to feed and **intoxicate**<sup>4</sup> many people. The ever-pleasing office manager, Noelle, asked me if I'd like to see the wedding room. Once inside, I looked around and informed Noelle that there was something wrong right away. She inquired what that might be. I told her I didn't see a broom closet, as there would be many witches attending the wedding, meaning my ex and all my ex-in-laws. Noelle didn't laugh at my humor, but I chuckled to myself. If nothing else. I do amuse myself.

The day of the wedding, my daughter, Jenny, decided to have both her mother, my ex-wife, and me walk her down the aisle. I was displeased at first, but I was forced to agree that it was Jenny's wedding and not mine, even though I paid for everything. That was another **dilemma**<sup>5</sup>, I did have to pay for everything. I didn't plan the wedding, pick out the wedding chapel, the wedding dress, the menu, or even the groom. It seemed that neither my ex-wife nor the groom's parents seemed to have any money. I was beginning to feel set up, especially when the smiling Noelle followed me around everywhere I went, probably wondering if I had another credit card that hadn't been maxxed out.

Walking your daughter down the aisle toward what you perceive to be is the wrong guy for her is a horrible feeling. I looked over at her face and she was beaming. Up ahead my son-in-law to be was beaming. I smiled brightly for the photographer and found myself thinking I could pull Jenny off of there and bring her