

英语回音壁

美丽的心灵港湾

王正元 马瑞香 / 丛书主编
史艳红 / 编译

BEAUTIFUL SOUL HARBOR

寻一湾清水，停靠命运的小舟；
觅一处港湾，休憩疲惫的心灵。

The day drew to an end and the sun lent a brilliant wash over a golden day I've never forgotten. In the years that have passed since that magical summer day, I've ridden many more times. But never has any gift meant more to me than that of a thirteen-year-old girl to her best friend. It was the gift of heart, of soul. The gift of a dream.

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主编寄语

寻一湾清水，停靠命运的小舟
觅一处港湾，休憩疲惫的心灵
心灵的港湾是博大的，她包容万千
世间的美丑善恶
人世的酸甜苦辣
命运的跌宕起伏
一切的一切
都化在了这一湾清水之中
她时而波涛汹涌，时而云淡风轻
心灵的港湾是坚强的，经得起狂风暴雨的冲击
心灵的港湾又是脆弱的，有时哀愁与苦恼会让她不堪重荷
但无论怎样，这湾清水永远不会枯竭
因为她来自于无限的世界，她是生命的本源
生命的太阳从这里升起，又在这里降落
那光辉永远是美丽的
港湾中的涟漪终日在幸福地低声笑着，窃窃私语……

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美丽的心灵

Part 1

A Beautiful Heart



*An Act of Kindness
for a Broken Heart*

用善良对待一颗破碎的心

Meladee McCarty

"I am only one. But still, I am one. I cannot do everything, but still I can do something. And because I cannot do everything, I will not refuse to do the something that I can do."

—Edward Everett Hale

“我一个人很渺小，但是，我仍然是一个人、一份力量。我不可能做到面面俱到，但我仍然可以尽自己的一份力量。因为我不能做所有的事，所有我不会拒绝去做我能做的事情。”

—爱德华·艾维特·霍尔

My husband, Hanoch, and I wrote a book *Acts of Kindness: How to Create a Kindness Revolution*, which has generated much interest across America. This story was shared with us by an anonymous caller during a radio talk show in Chicago.

“Hi, Mommy, what are you doing?” asked Susie. “I’m making a *casserole*¹ for Mrs. Smith next door,” said her mother. “Why?” asked Susie, who was only six years old. “Because Mrs. Smith is very sad; she lost her daughter and she has a broken heart. We need to take care of her for a little while.” “Why, Mommy?”



“You see, Susie, when someone is very, very sad, they have trouble doing the little things like making dinner or other *chores*². Because we're part of a community and Mrs. Smith is our neighbor, we need to do some things to help her. Mrs. Smith won't ever be able to talk with her daughter or hug her or do all those wonderful things that mommies and daughters do together. You are a very smart girl, Susie; maybe you'll think of some way to help take care of Mrs. Smith.”

Susie thought seriously about this challenge and how she could do her part in caring for Mrs. Smith. A few minutes later, Susie knocked on her door. After a few moments Mrs. Smith answered the knock with a “Hi, Susie.” Susie noticed that Mrs. Smith didn't have that familiar musical quality about her voice when she greeted someone. Mrs. Smith also looked as though she might have been crying because her eyes were watery and swollen. “What can I do for you, Susie?” asked Mrs. Smith.

我和我丈夫，汉诺克，写了一本书《善心之举：怎样缔造一场善心的革命》，在美国上下引起了很大的反响。下面这个故事是我们在芝加哥一档电台节目时，一位匿名听众打电话来向我们讲述的。

“嗨，妈妈，你干什么呢？”苏希问。“我正在给隔壁的史密斯太太做砂锅炖肉呢，”她妈妈回答说。“为什么？”苏希问，她只有六岁大。“因为史密斯太太很伤心；她失去了女儿，她心碎了。我们得照顾她一阵子。”“为什么，妈妈？”

“你看，苏希，当一个人非常、非常伤心的时候，像做饭或其他家务之类的小事，他们干起来也会有困难。因为我们是社区的一部分，史密斯太太又是我们的邻居，所以我们应该做点什么帮助她。史密斯太太再也不能和她女儿说话、拥抱，或是做所有妈妈们和女儿们在一起做的美妙事情了。你是个很聪明的女孩儿，苏希；也许你可以想出一些帮助史密斯太太的办法。”

苏希认真地思索着这个难题，她怎样才能帮助、关心史密斯太太呢？几分钟后，苏希敲响了隔壁的门。一会儿，史密斯太太打开了门，“嗨，苏希。”苏希注意到史密斯太太的声音没有了往日与人打招呼时那熟悉的如乐曲般的欢快。她看起来也好像一直在哭，因为她的眼睛水汪汪的，肿肿的。“你有什么事吗，苏希？”她问道。



“My mommy says that you lost your daughter and you're very, very sad with a broken heart.” Susie held her hand out shyly. In it was a Band-Aid. “This is for your broken heart.” Mrs. Smith gasped, choking back her tears. She knelt down and hugged Susie. Through her tears she said, “Thank you, darling girl, this will help a lot.”

Mrs. Smith accepted Susie's act of kindness and took it one step further. She purchased a small key ring with a plexiglass picture frame—the ones designed to carry keys and proudly display a family portrait at the same time. Mrs. Smith placed Susie's Band-Aid in the frame to remind herself to heal a little every time she sees it. She wisely knows that healing takes time and support. It has become her symbol for healing, while not forgetting the joy and love she experienced with her daughter.



“我妈妈说你失去了你的女儿，你非常、非常伤心，心碎了。”苏希羞怯地把手伸出来，里面是一片OK邦。“这是给你的心用的。”史密斯太太惊异地吸了口气，抑住要涌出的泪水。她蹲下来，抱住苏希，泪水还是忍不住地流了下来，“谢谢你，亲爱的小女孩，这对我很有帮助。”

史密斯太太接受了苏希善良的举动，并且还更进了一步。她买了一个带树脂玻璃相框的小钥匙链——携带钥匙的同时还可以自豪地展示一张全家福的那种。她把苏希送的OK邦放在相框里，提醒自己每次看到时要恢复一点儿。她清楚地知道治愈需要时间和周围人的支持。这已经成了她疗伤的象征，当然这并不意味着她忘记了与女儿曾一起度过的充满爱的快乐时光。



注释

1. casserole ['kæsərəʊl] *n.* 焙盘(烹饪肉食等的带盖浅锅,也可以上桌),砂锅炖肉
2. chore [tʃɔ:] *n.* 日常的零星事务,琐事

译者感言

如果一个母亲失去孩子,她失去了生活的希望和动力,没有了孩子的音容笑貌……生活突然之间失去了它全部的光彩,变得灰黯、空虚、隐隐作痛。诚然,任何疗伤都需要时间,但从沉没于绝望到下决心摆脱痛苦需要一个转折,治疗需要一个好的开始。小女孩的OK邦起到的就是这个作用吧。自己身体上哪儿破了,妈妈给贴上一片OK邦,过几天就不疼了,所以心受伤了,也可以给它贴上一片OK邦,过一段时间就会好,小女孩就是这么认为的。看似单纯、天真的举动,细细想来,竟蕴含着最本真、最朴素的道理,这世间各种的伤痛,不管深浅,各样的治疗过程,不管多复杂,莫过如此。史密斯太太正是体会到这点,才会专门把这片OK邦放进钥匙链的相框里,时时来看,时时提醒自己勇敢的自我治疗吧。对她来说,这片OK邦里有和她女儿一样可爱的小女孩的真谛和爱心。我想,也许所有其他大人物的劝慰和体恤都不及小女孩的这片OK邦所给她带来的心灵的震颤、感动和生活的勇气。爱用真时,情动深处……孩子的纯净、真挚和爱心永远闪耀着这世上最动人的光芒!





The Pretty Plum Sister

漂亮的李子妹妹

Cynthia Brian

Justin was a climber. By one and a half, he had discovered the purple plum tree in the backyard, and its friendly branches became his favorite hangout.

At first he would climb just a few feet and make himself comfortable in the curve where the trunk met the branches. Soon he was building himself a small fort and dragging his toy tractors and trucks up to their new garage.

One day when he was two, Justin was playing in the tree as usual. I turned my back to prune the rosebush, and he disappeared. “Justin, where are you?” I hollered. His tiny voice called back, “Up here, Mommy, picking all the plums for you!” I looked up in horror and disbelief. There was Justin on the roof of the house, filling his plastic bucket with the ripe juicy plums from his favorite tree.

When Justin was three, I became pregnant. My husband and I explained to him that we were going to have another baby as a playmate for him. He was very excited, kissed my tummy and said, “Hello, baby, I’m your big brother, Justin.”



From the beginning he was sure he was going to have a little sister, and every day he'd beg to know if she was ready to play yet. When I explained that the baby wasn't arriving until the end of June, he seemed confused. One day he asked, "When is June, Mommy?" I realized I needed a better explanation; how could a three-year-old know what "June" meant? Just then, as Justin climbed into the low branches of the plum tree, he gave me the answer I was looking for... his special tree. "Justin, the baby is going to be born when the plums are ripe. You can keep me posted when that will be, okay?" I wasn't completely sure if I was on target, but the gardener in me was confident I'd be close enough.

贾斯汀是个喜欢爬树的小家伙。还不到一岁半的时候,他发现了后院的紫李子树,此后那招人待见的李子树枝就成了他最喜欢的去处。

最初他只能爬几英尺高,美美地呆在树干与树枝连接的拐弯地儿。很快他就在那里给自己建了个小堡垒,把他的玩具拖拉机、卡车都弄了上去,安放在它们的新车库里。

两岁时的一天,贾斯汀像平常一样在树上玩。我转过身去修剪蔷薇,他却不见了。“贾斯汀,你在哪儿?”我叫道。他细小的声音传来,“上边这儿呢,妈妈,我给你把所有的李子摘下来!”我担惊害怕又难以置信的向上望去,贾斯汀正站在屋顶上,往他的塑料桶里装熟透的李子果呢。

贾斯汀三岁的时候,我怀孕了。我和丈夫向他解释说我们将有另一个孩子给他作玩伴。他高兴坏了,亲吻我的肚子,还说,“你好,宝贝儿,我是你的大哥哥,贾斯汀。”

从一开始,他就相信他会有个小妹妹,每天都求我告诉他她是不是可以出来玩了。我向他解释说孩子直到六月底才会出生,他似乎不大明白。一天,他问,“什么时候是六月,妈妈?”我意识到需要有个更好的解释;一个三岁的孩子怎么知道“六月”意味着什么呢?就在那时,贾斯汀爬到了李子树的低枝上,这下,我有了我想要的答案……那对他来说特别的李子树。“贾斯汀,李子熟的时候,孩子就会出生了。你可以随时告诉妈妈李子什么时候成熟,好吗?”我并不十分确定我一定会在那天生,但可以确信的是,即便不是那天,我的产期也会将近了。



Oh, he was excited! Now Justin had a way to know when his new baby sister would come to play. From that moment on, he checked the old plum tree several times a day and reported his findings to me. Of course, he was quite concerned in November when all the leaves fell off the tree. By January, with the cold and the rains, he was truly worried whether his baby-sister would be cold and wet like his tree. He whispered to my tummy that the tree was strong and that she (the baby) had to be strong too, and make it through the winter.

By February a few purple leaves began to shoot forth, and his excitement couldn't be contained. "My tree is growing, Mommy! Pretty soon she'll have baby plums, and then I'll have my baby sister." March brought the plum's beautiful tiny white flowers, and Justin was overjoyed. "She's b'ooming, Mommy!" he chattered, struggling with the word "blooming." He rushed to kiss my tummy and got kicked in the mouth. "The baby's moving, Mommy, she's b'ooming, too. I think she wants to come out and see the flowers." So it went for the next couple of months, as Justin checked every detail of his precious plum tree and reported to me about the flowers turning to tiny beads that would become plums.

The rebirth of his tree gave me ample opportunity to explain the development of the fetus that was growing inside me. Sometimes I think he believed I had actually planted a "baby seed" inside my tummy, because when I drank water he'd say things like, "You're watering our little flower, Mommy!" I'd laugh and once again explain in simple terms the story of *the birds and the bees*¹, the plants and the trees.

June finally arrived, and so did the purple plums. At first they were fairly small, but Justin climbed his tree anyway to pick some plums off the branches where the sun shone warmest. He brought them to me to let me know the baby wasn't ripe yet. I felt ripe! I was ready to pop! When were the plums going to start falling from that darn tree?

Justin would rub my tummy and talk to his baby sister, telling her she had to wait a little longer because the fruit was not ready to be picked yet. His *forays*² into the plum tree lasted longer each day, as if he was coaxing the tree to ripen quickly. He talked to the tree and thanked it for letting him know about this important event in his life.



啊，他简直兴奋极了！现在，贾斯汀有办法知道他的小妹妹何时能出来跟他玩了。从那一刻起，他每天都要察看李子树好几遍，并把他的发现报告给我。当然了，十一月树叶都掉光时，他很是不安。到一月份的时候，寒冷加上阴雨的天气，他真的着急了，担心他妹妹是不是和他的树一样会挨冻受淋。他对着我的肚子跟妹妹说悄悄话，说树很强壮，所以她也要很强壮，要坚强地度过冬天。


近二月的时候，些许紫色的树叶开始抽芽生长，他的兴奋之情溢于言表。“我的树在长呢，妈妈！她很快就结小李子了，然后我就有小妹妹了。”三月，李子树开花了，白色的小花，很美，贾斯汀欣喜若狂。“她开~花了，妈妈！”他不停地欢呼着，可“开花”的音都还发不准确。他冲过来亲我的肚子，嘴巴被（肚子里的婴儿）踢了一下。“小孩儿在动呢，妈妈，她也开~花了。我觉得她想出来看花。”这样又过了两个月，贾斯汀真是把他的宝贝李子树上上下下、里里外外地看了个遍，还一五一十地向我报告，花变成小球儿了，要结李子果了。

他的树复苏，这给了我一个解释我体内胚胎发育的好机会。有的时候，我想他是觉得我实际上在肚子里种了一颗“婴儿种子”，因为我喝水的时候，他会这样说，“你在给我们的小花浇水呢，妈妈！”我捧腹大笑，不得不再一次用简单的话给他讲鸟儿和蜜蜂的故事，还有植物、树什么的。

六月终于到来，李子也成熟了。开始，它们相当小，但贾斯汀还是爬到了日照最多的树枝上摘下来一些李子果。他拿给我看，要让我知道婴儿也还没熟。可是，我可感觉自己熟了！我都快要爆了！李子果何时才开始从那黑压压的树上往下掉呢？

贾斯汀会摩挲着我的肚子，对他的小妹妹说话，告诉她得多等一会儿，因为果子还没熟到能摘的阶段。他每天在树上呆得时间也越来越长，像在哄着树好让果子快点成熟。他对树倾诉自己的心声，还感谢树让他了解了这件在他生命中很重要的事情。





Then one day, it happened. Justin came running into the house, his eyes as big as *saucers*³, with a plastic bucket full to the brim of juicy purple plums. “Hurry, Mommy, hurry!” he shouted. “She’s coming, she’s coming! The plums are ripe, the plums are ripe!” I laughed uncontrollably as Justin stared at my stomach, as if he expected to see his baby sister erupt any moment. That morning I did feel a bit *queasy*⁴, and it wasn’t because I had a dental appointment.

Before we left the house, Justin went out to hug his plum tree and whisper that today was the day his “plum pretty sister” would arrive. He was certain. As I sat in the dental chair, the labor pains began, just as Justin had predicted. Our “plum” baby was coming! I called my parents, and my husband rushed me to the hospital. At 6:03 p.m. on June 22, the day that will forever live in family fame as “Pretty Plum Sister Day,” our daughter was born. We didn’t name her Purple Plum as Justin suggested, but chose another favorite flower, *Heather*⁵.

At Heather’s homecoming, Justin kissed his new playmate and presented her with his plastic bucket, full to the brim with sweet, ripe, purple plums. “These are for you,” he said proudly.

Justin and Heather are now teenagers, and the plum tree has become our bonding symbol. Although we moved from the home that housed Justin’s favorite plum tree, the first tree to be planted in our new yard was a purple plum, so that Justin and Heather could know when to expect her special day. Throughout their growing-up years, the children spent countless hours nestled in the branches, counting down the days through the birth of leaves, flowers, buds and fruit. Our birthday parties are always *festooned*⁶ with plum branches and baskets brimming with freshly picked purple plums. Because as Mother Nature—and Justin—would have it, for the last fifteen years, the purple plum has ripened exactly on June 22.