

美丽英文
Beautiful English

第二辑

Heart of Feel Grateful
历久弥新的永恒经典 震撼心灵的温情故事

方雪梅 编译

感恩的心

感恩的心 感谢有你
伴我一生 让我有勇气做我自己
感恩的心 感谢命运
花开花落 我一样会珍惜

感恩，是生活中不可或缺的阳光雨露。它是一种处世哲学，一种生活态度和道德情操。它是生活中的大智慧，来自对生活的爱和希望。懂得感恩的人，才是天底下最富有的人。

本书精选了50余篇有关恩情的小故事，仔细品味其中传达的深深情意，总有一篇文章会触动你的心灵，拨动你心底的情弦，激发你的恻隐之心。让这些犹如明灯的恩情故事，照亮我们前行的道路，开启生命真谛的大门！



天津教育出版社

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彼岸无尽头,知足才常乐。凡事懂得知足、感恩的人,内心深处都会荡漾着愉悦与幸福,也能更真切地体味人生带给我们的种种经历。生命短暂,转眼即逝。让我们怀着感恩的心,去感受阳光雨露的滋润,感谢社会的关爱,感激大自然的恩赐……也只有怀着一颗感恩的心,在生活的道路上,才会越走越远,越走越顺……

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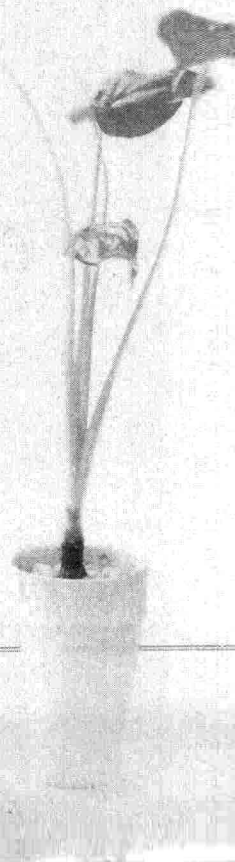
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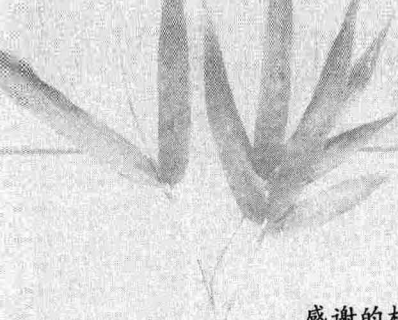
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当你面对挫折,请心怀感激,你的生活更加的充实。





当你的能力有限时，请心怀感激，因为这是一个进步的机会。

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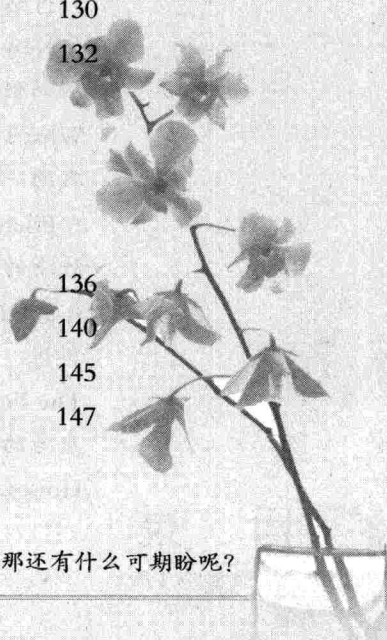
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当你没有得到渴望的一切时，请心怀感激。如果你拥有了一切，那还有什么可期盼呢？



当你有不懂之处时，请心怀感激，因为这是一个学习的机会。

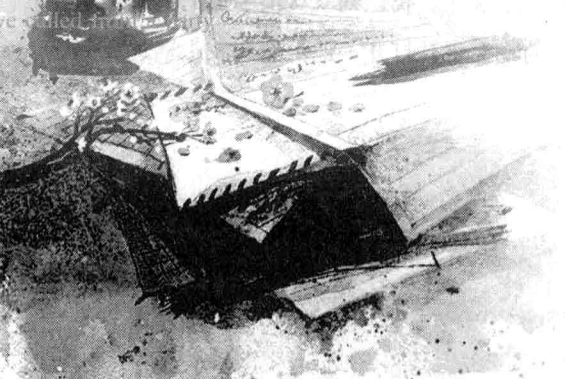
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张开爱的翅膀

Opening the Love's Wings

父爱如山，母爱如水。父亲宽厚的肩膀，就在你要崩溃的那一刻，替你扛起了一片天。他给了你一些经历世事的箴言，带着你走出绝望。父亲的悉心关爱，造就了全新的你。母亲所给予的教导是无法替代的。她决不允许自己以任何方式溺爱孩子；决不允许孩子在爱中放纵自己；决不允许孩子在舒适中堕落自己。父母是明灯，为你指引方向，给你提供保护。

Looking to mine
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父亲,我的心灵之源

凯尔西·卡梅伦

在中学期间,我经历了一次感情挫折,但是最终挺了过来。这都要归功于我的父亲。

当大多数朋友与他们的父亲争论不休时,我却在父亲那里寻求指引。他比任何人都了解我,有时甚至比我都了解我自己。他经常出差,所以总不在家。多数人都认为我们之间有很大的代沟,因为他经常外出。但是在这种情况下我们依然感情深厚,因为我们每天晚上都会通电话,就算他不在家,也会让我感觉到他给予我的帮助。

我的世界在一天晚上彻底瓦解了,而能捡起这些碎片的只有父亲。

在一次聚会上,我的初恋情人打来电话,击碎了我的心。更让我难以接受的是,他没有给我任何解释。在一通简短的电话中,我失去了我的男友,同时也是在过去一年中给我安慰的好朋友。我确信自己是世界上最痛苦的15岁女孩——失落而孤寂。仿佛每个人的生活都能以正常的方式继续,但我的却不能。我再也不能每晚与他煲数小时的电话粥,他的家也不再是我离家后的住处。

周一,当母亲去上班,父亲乘飞机出差时,我被迫处理自己的日常事务,去上学了。直到周五,父亲都没回来。我不知道自己该如何应付学校的每一个人和他们的流言蜚语。我是对的:在第二学期,问题和窃窃私语开始蔓延。

从学校回到家里,我感觉整个人都要完全崩溃了。我只想爬上床,沉迷于哀痛中。我向后拉着床上的被子,发现了父亲留给我的一张卡片。我立刻就认出了他的笔迹。每张卡片上都有一个指令,在那一周一个特定的晚上将其打开。他虽然离我很遥远,



但还是表达了他对我的关心。

我挨过了那个星期,这全是因为我的父亲。每张卡片都好像是在诉说着我所需要听到的。星期二的卡片上说:“回想过去是痛苦的,但未来是无法预测的。不要勉强。顺其自然就好。”星期三,当我读到这些时,心情有了改变,“你现在所想的是自然而正常的。虽然仍会感到悲伤,但这是康复过程中的一部分”。星期五的卡片中有他写的诗。最后一行诗让我含泪而笑。“在生命的长河中,无论你面对的是怎样的挑战,都要坚信,你每天都会发现最棒的自己。”最后一张卡片让我在星期六晚上的聚会后打开。在卡片中,他明智地提醒我要微笑。“整个世界在微笑后就不会变得很糟糕。笑得越多,痊愈越快。”每张卡片都签着:“爱你的爸爸。”

甚至,在随后的几个星期中翻翻这些卡片,也会使我感觉很好。我翻阅着这些天的卡片,直到开始遗忘它们。那时,我明白了,我正在康复。



心灵小语

当困难与挫折向你步步紧逼时,你茫然不知所措。父亲用结实的肩膀,替你扛起了一片天,就在你要崩溃的那一刻。他会给你一些经历世事的箴言,带你走出绝望。父亲的悉心关爱,造就了全新的你。他,就你身边,一直默默地注视着你,永远做你的心灵之源。





My Dad, My Source

Kelsey Cameron

I had a difficult breakup in high school, but I got through it eventually. It owed to my dad.

When most of my friends were bickering with their fathers, I was looking to mine for guidance. He knew more about me than anyone, even myself at times. He traveled for work and so he'd be gone. Most people assumed we had a distant relationship because he was not home very often. But we thrived under this situation because we talked every night by phone, and he made his support known when he couldn't be present.

One night my world just collapsed, and it was my dad who was able to pick up the pieces.

My first true love called from a party and broke my heart. He offered little explanation and this made the situation all the more difficult to accept. In that one quick phone call I lost my boyfriend and best friend, a comfort I had enjoyed for the past year and a half. I was sure I was the most miserable fifteen-year-old in the world—lost and lonely. It felt like everyone else's life could just continue on in its normal way, but mine couldn't. I would no longer spend hours on the phone with him each night, and his house would no longer be my home away from home.

I was forced to deal with my regular routine on Monday morning, as Mom

went to work, Dad flew out on business and I went to school. Dad wouldn't return until Friday. I wasn't sure how I was going to be able to face everyone and their gossip at school. I was right: The questions and the whispering started around second period.

I returned home from school feeling completely defeated. All I wanted to do was crawl into bed and wallow in my own self-pity. I pulled back the covers on my bed and discovered a pile of cards left by my dad. I recognized the "calligraphy" instantly. Each card included an instruction that it was to be opened on a particular night that week. He was faraway and still my dad was able to show he cared.

I made it through that week because of him. Each card seemed to say just what I needed to hear. Tuesday's card said, "The past is painful to think about and the future is impossible to envision. Don't try. Just take it one minute at a time." On Wednesday my mood lifted when I read, "What you are feeling now is natural and normal. It still feels lousy, but it is part of the healing process." Friday's card contained a poem he wrote. The last lines made me smile through my tears. "Whatever special challenges you face along life's way. May you trust that you will find the best in every day." I was instructed to open the last card after the party I went to on Saturday night. In it he sagely reminded me to laugh. "The world isn't so bad after a good laugh. The more you laugh, the more you heal." Each card was signed, "Love, Dad."

Even just flipping through the cards made me feel better in the weeks to come. I looked through them most days until I started to forget about them. It was then that I knew that I was healing.



爱的小盒子

佚名

餐桌的架子上，摆放着一个神秘的金黄色盒子，上面系着一条深红色丝带。童年时的我，常常好奇于这个盒子的来历以及它为何从未打开过。有时，我会看见父母望着那个金黄色的盒子微笑。有时，我会爬到椅子上，这样就可以近距离看它，但我从未触摸过它，因为我害怕会损坏了这件特别的物品。

当我长大后，开始独立生活时，对那个盒子的记忆也慢慢淡却了。然而，每次回家探望父母时，我都会望一下依然摆放在那里的那件小珍藏，那种神秘感再一次浮现。

不久，我结婚了，并有了自己的孩子。但是每次回家探望父母，我都会看一下那个金黄色的珍藏，想知道其中的故事。多年过去了，盒子和它的神秘内容依然摆放在那里，很安静。

父亲在春季的一天辞世了，这种悲痛始终伴随着我们。朋友和亲人们都前来哀悼这位我生命中最伟大的英雄。我一直认为他是不会离开我的。

父亲的葬礼之后，我在他们的卧室找到了母亲，她在那张他们分享了许多年的床上，用纤细的手捧着那个珍藏的盒子。泪水盈眶，心中的往事浮现，她小心翼翼地解开丝带，打开了那件金黄色的珍藏。

一张泛黄的纸上写着一些字：



亲爱的,我要离你远去了。

我必须要走。

我不能逗留。

我对你的爱,

至死不渝,

直到我再一次将你拥入怀中。

所以我恳求你,亲爱的,等我。

当我穿越海洋。

直到我归来,亲爱的,只要你明白我对你的爱,

我用我的吻封住了盒子。

爱你的,

弗兰克



随后,母亲告诉我这样一个故事:我的父母是在高中认识的,好友为他们安排了一次约会,使他们可以走到一起。他们的友谊日益增长,爱也随之升华。他们计划高中毕业后就结婚,但是“山姆叔叔”另有安排。

父亲入伍之前,写下了这些话,把它放在了一个金黄色的盒子里,并用深红色的丝带系住,作为他对母亲之爱的永久留念。他告诉母亲,如果他永远都不能回来,就打开这个盒子。

几个月后,爱、信任和祈祷支撑着他们度过了艰苦的岁月,最终他们重逢了。父亲终于从战场上归来后,他们结婚了。然而,母亲还保留着那个未开封的盒子,她将其看做他们的爱在那段艰苦岁月中的回忆和奉献。

父亲去世后,我看到母亲慢慢衰老。她没有了那种父亲在世时对生活的热忱。我知道她的心碎了,因为她的真爱已经永远地离去。

不久,在那间老房子里,我又发现了那个金黄色的盒子。但那条深红色的丝带被一条蓝色的丝带替换掉了。然而蓝色的丝带又带来了另一种神秘。

我解开那条丝带,回忆着跟父母一起分享的幸福岁月。他们给了我一生的爱与照顾,我将在余下的岁月中去细细体会。当我掀起盖子,向里面张望时,我发现了那张许多年前泛黄的纸以及一张新纸,上面有母亲的字迹。写着:

我亲爱的儿子:

我珍爱的孩子,当我第一次抱你时,
我的心中涌起一种莫大的欢愉,
当我看着你从一个小男孩成长为一个男子汉时,
我是多么地感激,我知道这是多么真切的幸福感。
你是一个完美的孩子,我永远爱着你。

母亲



心灵小语

一件被赋予了爱的物品,通常它的意义也就不再寻常。
它承载着亲人的思念、祝福和惜爱,是主人的精神寄托,见其物,如见赠物之人;得其物,如得赠者之悦。是否你也珍藏着这样一件物品?亦或是你已将其遗忘……

The Golden Box

Anonymous

The mysterious golden box was tied with crimson ribbon and sat upon a shelf above the sideboard in the dining room.

During my childhood, I would often wonder where it had come from and why it was never opened. From time-to-time, I would see my parents look upon that golden box and smile. Sometimes I would climb upon a chair to get a closer look, but would never touch it for fear I would spoil something special.

When I was grown and off on my own, the memory of that box faded. However, I would come home to visit and see that small treasure sitting in its usual place and the mystery would come alive again.

I soon married and had children of my own. But each time we would visit my parents' home, I would spot that golden treasure and wonder what story was held within. Many years passed as that box continued to sit with its mysterious contents, undisturbed.

The tragic loss of my father happened one spring day. Our friends and family gathered to mourn the loss of the biggest hero in my life. He was the one I thought would never die.

After my father's funeral, I found my mother in their room—on the bed they had shared for so many years, holding that treasured box in her delicate hands. With tears in her eyes and a lifetime of memories in her heart, she carefully untied the ribbon and opened that golden treasure.

On a yellowed piece of paper were written these words:

My Love, I go far away.

I have to go.

I cannot stay.

My love for you

I will hold dear,

Until that time I can hold you near.

So I ask, Darling, wait for me

While I am far across the sea.

'Til I return, Dear, just know this

I leave this box sealed with a kiss.



All My Love,

Frank

Then my mother told me this story: My parents met in high school when their best friends set them up on a blind date. As my parent's friendship grew, their love also grew. They had planned on marrying as soon as they graduated from high school but "Uncle Sam" had other ideas.

Before my father went off to war, he wrote those words and placed them in that golden box and tied it with the crimson ribbon as a token of his everlasting love for my mother. He asked that she open the box only if she knew he would not be coming home.

As those months passed, their love, faith and prayer sustained them through