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心灵鸡汤

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A **6th**
Bowl
of

第六辑

Chicken
Soup

for the **Soul**

Jack Canfield
Mark Victor Hansen

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2006

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A 6TH BOWL OF CHICKEN
SOUP FOR THE SOUL®

Jack Canfield
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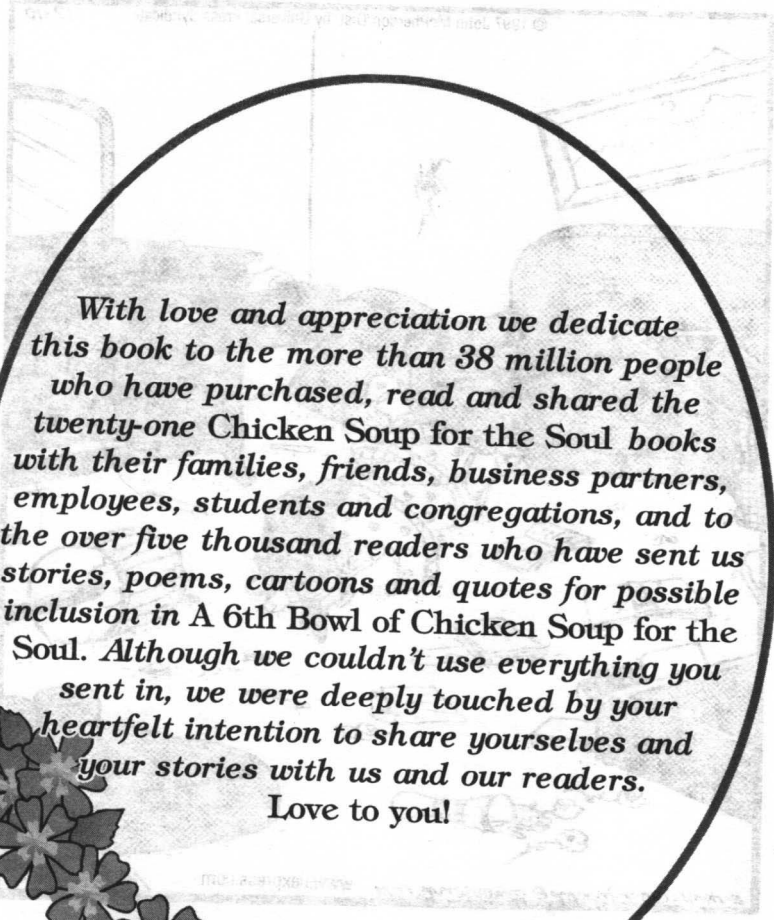
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With love and appreciation we dedicate this book to the more than 38 million people who have purchased, read and shared the twenty-one Chicken Soup for the Soul books with their families, friends, business partners, employees, students and congregations, and to the over five thousand readers who have sent us stories, poems, cartoons and quotes for possible inclusion in A 6th Bowl of Chicken Soup for the Soul. Although we couldn't use everything you sent in, we were deeply touched by your heartfelt intention to share yourselves and your stories with us and our readers.

Love to you!





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McPHERSON

“Will you knock it off with the
Chicken Soup for the Soul excerpts!”



Introduction

Without the stories we are nothing.

Bryce Courtney



From our hearts to yours, we are delighted to offer you *A 6th Bowl of Chicken Soup for the Soul*. This book contains more stories that we know will inspire and motivate you to love more fully and unconditionally, live with more passion and compassion, and pursue your heartfelt dreams with greater conviction, bolder action and stronger perseverance. We believe that this book will sustain you during times of challenge, frustration and failure, and comfort you during times of confusion, pain and loss. We hope it will truly become a lifelong companion, offering continual insight and wisdom in many areas of your life.

How to Read This Book

We have been blessed with readers from all over the world who have given us feedback. Some read our books from cover to cover; others pick out a particular chapter that interests them. Some simply can't put our books down from





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beginning to end, going through a big box of tissues en route. We've been particularly touched by those readers who have reconnected to loved ones or old friends as a result of being inspired by one of the stories.

Many times we have been approached by readers—at a speech or public appearance—who told us how one or more stories were of inestimable value during a period of trial and testing, such as the death of a loved one or a serious illness. We are grateful for having had the opportunity to be of help to so many in this way. Some have told us they keep their *Chicken Soup* book at bedside, reading one story each night, often rereading favorites. Many use these books as a family gathering experience, reading a story aloud with parents and children gathered together in the evening.

You may choose the path of readers who have gone before you, or simply enjoy reading this book with no particular pattern in mind, letting each story guide your thoughts in new directions. Find the path that's best for you, and most of all, enjoy!



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ON LOVE

The love we give away is the only love we keep.

Elbert Hubbard





The Healing Power of Love

We dreaded Christmas that year. It was 1944, and the war would never be over for our family.

The telegram had arrived in August. Bob's few personal possessions, the flag from his coffin, the plan of his burial site in the Philippine Islands, and a Distinguished Flying Cross had arrived one by one, adding to our agonizing grief.

Born on a Midwest prairie, my brother rode horseback to school but wanted to fly an airplane from the first day he saw one. By the time he was twenty-one, we were living in Seattle, Washington. When World War II broke out, Bob headed for the nearest Air Force recruitment office. Slightly built, skinny like his father, he was ten pounds underweight.

Undaunted, he persuaded Mother to cook every fattening food she could think of. He ate before meals, between meals and after meals. We laughed and called him "lardo".

At the Navy Cadet Office he stepped on the scale—still three pounds to go. He was desperate. His friends were leaving one after the other; his best buddy was already in the Marine Air Corps. The next morning, he ate a pound of greasy bacon, six eggs and five bananas, drank two gallons of milk, and, bloated like a pig, staggered back on their scales. He passed the weigh-in with eight ounces to spare.

When he was nominated Hot Pilot of primary training school in Pasco, Washington, and involuntarily joined the "Caterpillar Club" (engine failure causing the bailout) at St. Mary's, Califor-





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nia, we shook our heads and worried. Mother prayed. He was born fearless, and she knew it. Before graduating from Corpus Christi, he applied for transfer to the Marine Air Corps at Pensacola, Florida. He trained in torpedo bombers before being sent overseas.

They said Bob died under enemy fire over New Guinea in the plane he wanted so desperately to fly.

I never wept for Bob. In my mind's eye, I pictured my debonair big brother wing-tapping through the clouds, doing what he loved best, his blue eyes sparkling with love of life. But I wept for the sadness that never left my parents' eyes.

Mother's faith sustained her, but my father aged before our eyes. He listened politely whenever the minister came to call, but we knew Daddy was bitter. He dragged himself to work every day but lost interest in everything else, including his beloved Masonic Club. He very much wanted a Masonic ring, and at Mother's insistence he had started saving for the ring. Of course, after Bob died, that too ceased.

I dreaded the approach of Christmas. Bob loved Christmas. His enthusiasm excited us long before reason took over. His surprises were legendary: a dollhouse made at school, a puppy hidden in mysterious places for little brother, an expensive dress for Mother bought with the very first money he ever earned. Everything had to be a surprise.

What would Christmas be without Bob? Not much. Aunts, uncles and Grandmother were coming, so we went through the motions as much for memory as anything, but our hearts weren't in it. Dad sat for longer and longer periods, staring silently out the window, and Mother's heart was heavy with worry. . . .

On December 23, another official-looking package arrived. My father watched stone-faced as Mother unpacked Bob's dress blues. *After all this time, why oh why did they — the*



nameless they—send his dress uniform, I thought bitterly. Silence hung heavy. As she refolded the uniform to put it away, a mother's practicality surfaced, and she went through the pockets almost by rote, aching with grief.

In a small, inside jacket pocket was a neatly folded fifty-dollar bill with a tiny note in Bob's familiar handwriting: "For Dad's Masonic ring."

If I live to be a hundred, I will never forget the look on my father's face. Some kind of beautiful transformation took place—a touch of wonder, a hint of joy, a quiet serenity that was glorious to behold. Oh, the healing power of love! He stood transfixed, staring at the note and the trimly folded fifty-dollar bill in his hand for what seemed an eternity; then he walked to Bob's picture hanging prominently on the wall and solemnly saluted.

"Merry Christmas, Son," he murmured, and turned to welcome Christmas.

Mary Sherman Hilbert

ON LOVE





How Much Love Can You Fit in a Shoebox?

The little things? The little moments? They aren't little.

Jon Kabat-Zinn

On a cold and rainy February morning, my mom, four brothers and I cleaned out Dad's apartment. There were a thousand places we would have rather been, but we were together and the rest of the world seemed distant. With Dad's funeral scheduled for the next day, it was all I could do to take my mind off the reality of his heart attack. Everything he owned was in his apartment. He wasn't materialistic, yet every belonging seemed priceless. His countless drawings filled every room. His notepads of sketches he drew in the hospital had a flavor of who he really was. His deteriorating car and torn furniture didn't begin to describe what made him successful in my eyes.

He took life one day at a time, never taking anything too seriously. It was his best quality... and his worst. I was thirty-seven years old and had grown up much like him, putting tremendous value on the little things in life.

I moped around from room to room, gathering souvenirs and throwing out the garbage he never had the chance to. As I turned