

英语

床头灯

*To be a lake with great ideals and ambitions
your pains of failures and frustrations will
be dissolved and melted instantly like the salt
scattered into the lake*

丛书主编 王洪杰 本书主编 王玲

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感恩亲情

感受美好生活
体味温暖，
暖亲情



北京航空航天大学出版社
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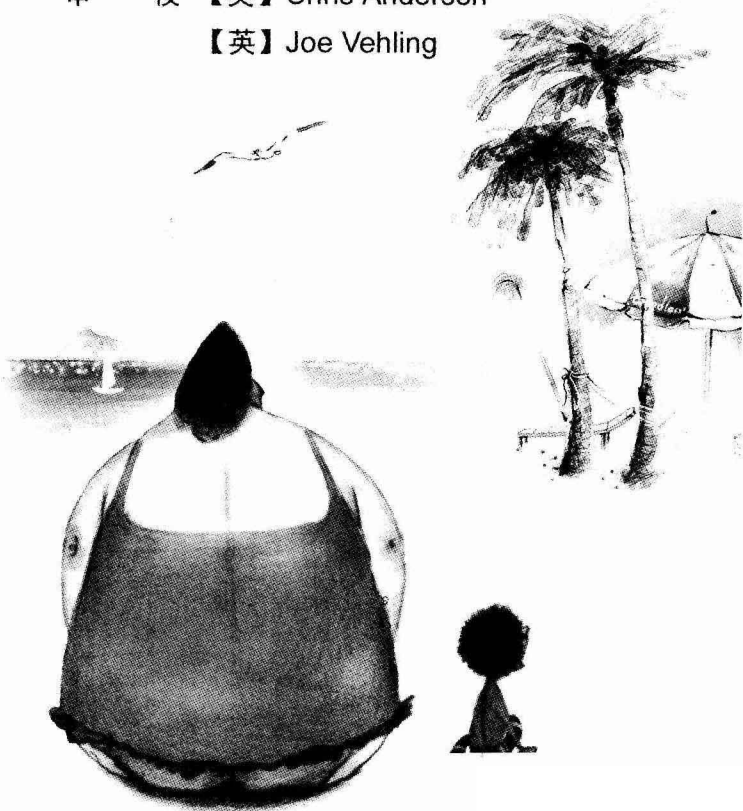
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前 言

喧嚣的都市，行色匆匆的人群，令人无法喘息的压力……华灯初上，一切归于平静。在我们温馨的小窝里，床头灯光柔柔地撒下，静静地坐下来，享受久违的那一份沉寂，暮然间发现，那平凡得不能再平凡的亲情，才是多彩生活的主色调。

书中收录的故事均有精彩优美的“译文参考”与辅助阅读的“词汇点拨”，可以帮助您轻松完成对美文的鉴赏；“脱口秀”则为您提供最为广泛和丰富的口语表达素材；此外，作者对文章精辟独到的观点提炼更是直抵心灵深处，能带给您情感上的共鸣。

思绪漫过心头，亲情萦绕身边。在我的记忆深处，总想起小时候为了一块糖而哭得昏天黑地，是奶奶从她出嫁时陪嫁的老柜子里东翻西找，她总能找到让我破涕为笑的糖果，那个老柜子也从而成为我心中的百宝箱；每次离家前，妈妈总是送我到家门前，等我回头张望的时候，每次看见的只是她的背影。我知道，这是我守望的天使在时时刻刻守望我的归来；等在茫茫人海中，终于遇到你的时候，我知道，我的余生将要和你一起度过，从此，让我牵着你的手，与你相伴一生。

床头的灯光还亮着，窗外的月亮已经开始西斜。在拥有亲情的爱的港湾里，好好享受这伟大的亲情，用感恩的心去感谢亲人吧！

编 者
2011年夏

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Part 1



美好的回忆

有太多时候，为了追求物质生活，我们在都市忙碌地来来往往奔波；有太多时候，为了追求华美的辞藻，我们尽情渲染着生活的不如意与梦想的遥不可及；有太多时候，我们只注重自己所谓的生活感想，忽视了日渐老去的父辈祖辈。在这个静静的深夜，窗外嘀嗒的雨声，激起了我记忆深处那对柔和的亲情的美好回忆……

A Beautiful Memory

美好的回忆

我得出了一个教训，那就是你不能回到过去，更不能重新拥有它。但是，关于老房子的回忆还是一样的美好。

美文悦读

Er... the loveliest house that I've ever lived in was one that I lived in with my grandparents when I was a child. And the name of the house was Crosslands. And I have some very happy memories of Crosslands.

It was, it seemed so huge to me as a child. And it had a lovely living room with a piano in it and a lovely sort of hall with lots of carpets and chests and antiques and so on. And there was a mysterious room, it was the drawing room, and we only used it on Sundays, or when the vicar came for tea, or Christmas Day or Easter Day, and I was used to be amazed about this room because it had the best furniture in it but it was covered up with sheets—it was as if all the furniture was wearing clothes—and it seemed to me ridiculous that we couldn't enjoy this beautiful furniture all the week through really.

And probably my favorite room was the kitchen. It had a lovely red flagstone floor, which was always highly polished, and an Aga, you know one of those big cookers that heats the whole room so it was always warm there, and there was a kind of clothes-horse above it that we used to hang all our clothes on, and it was just—it was lovely. It was a very warm room with baked bread and my grandmother used to make ice cream and we'd eat it in there and... there was a vegetable garden leading from there so I spent a lot of time in the vegetable garden picking peas and eating them — my grandmother used to get really cross with me because I used to pick all the vegetables and the fruit for our meals and then I'd eat half of them, because they tasted so delicious coming fresh from the garden.

Now, I went back to it a few years ago and it was a big mistake. They've modernized it

inside, they've got rid of those lovely old fire-places... have just gone. And they've knocked a wall down so the drawing room and the living room have become one big modern room.

But I think what upset me most about it was the feeling that the house had shrunk, it had become smaller and that my memory of this lovely large warm comfortable house had turned into an old house with modernized rooms inside it. And it taught me a lesson really, that you can't go back on the past and recapture it. But there's a beautiful memory there.

译文参考

呃……我曾经住过的最可爱的房子，就是小时候和爷爷奶奶一起住的那幢。房子的名字叫“十字地带”，它留给了我那么多非常愉快的回忆。

那个时候在我看来它真是好大啊。可爱的起居室里摆放着一架钢琴，漂亮的大厅里有各种诸如地毯、柜子、古董等不同的东西。还有一个很神秘的房间，就是客厅，我们只在周日，以及教区牧师来喝茶、圣诞节或者复活节的时候才用到它。我曾经对这个房间很好奇，因为这里面有最好的家具，却总是用布覆盖着——就好像所有的家具都穿上了外衣——令我感到不可思异的是，这么漂亮的家具我们却不能连续整个星期享用。

我最喜欢的房间，也许就是厨房了。厨房里令人愉快的红色石质地板，总是被擦得亮亮的。厨房里有一个阿格炉，你知道这样的一个大壁炉总是把整个屋子烤得暖暖和和的，壁炉上面挂着一个衣架，我们的衣服都挂在衣架上，真的是很合适，也很漂亮。烤着香香的面包，房间里真是好温暖啊。奶奶还常常做冰淇淋，我们就在这个房间里吃……从厨房能够通往菜园，我常在园子里花很多时间摘豌豆吃——奶奶有时真的生气了，因为我常常会把菜园里的蔬菜和水果摘个精光。做好饭后我几乎能吃掉一半，因为从菜园里摘的蔬菜太新鲜太好吃了。

几年后，我回到这里，这真是一个很大的错误。房子里面装修得很现代化了，那些漂亮的壁炉也拆掉了……都已经不存在了。他们把会客厅和起居室之间的墙拆掉，改为一大间很现代的房间。

然而，我觉得最让我不舒服的是感觉房子好像变小了。它越来越小，我记忆中的那个既漂亮又温暖舒服的大房子现在只是一幢金玉其表的老屋。我突然明白，那些过往已经淡去，我无法再去重拾。但是，关于老房子的回忆还是一样的美好。

词汇点拨

antique [æn'ti:k] *n.* 古董, 古物

mysterious [mi'stiəriəs] *adj.* 神秘的, 不可思议的

vicar ['vikə(r)] *n.* 教区牧师

ridiculous [ri'dikju:ləs] *adj.* 荒谬的, 可笑的

get really cross with 很生气, 很不高兴

recapture [ˌri:kæptʃə(r)] *v.* 使再现, 重温



脱口秀



1. What kind of job are you looking for? 你在找什么样的工作?
2. I need to get myself a job! 我需要找份工作!
3. No way, I don't want to work there! 不行, 我不想去那儿工作。
4. How much does it pay? 工资是多少?
5. How much do you make working there? 你在那儿工作能挣多少钱?
6. Do you know anyone who's hiring? 你知道有谁在招聘吗?

A Promise of Spring

春天的承诺

By Kathy England

大部分花最多盛开一个月。为了真正达到欣赏花园的目的,你必须在每个角落都种上花,丛丛花儿开放,把花园装扮得非常漂亮,每个角落都有四季。

 美文悦读 

As the months passed, I watched the growing earth with Grandpa's eyes. Each time I was with him, I gave him a garden report. He listened, gripping my hand with the sure strength and calm he had always had. But he could not answer my questions. The new flowers would blaze, peak, fade, and die before I knew their names.

Grandpa's illness held him through the spring and on, week by week, through summer. I began spending hours at the local nursery, studying and choosing seeds and plants. It gave me special joy to buy plants I had seen in Grandpa's garden and give them humble starts in my own garden. I discovered Sweet William, which I had admired for years in Grandpa's garden without knowing its name. And I planted it in his honor.

As I waited and watched in the garden and by Grandpa's side, some quiet truths emerged. I realized that Grandpa loved flowers that were always bloom; he kept a full bed of roses in his garden. But I noticed that Grandpa left plenty of room for the brief highlights. Not every nook of his garden was constantly in bloom. There was always a treasured surprise tucked somewhere.

I came to see, too, that Grandpa's garden mirrored his life. He was a hard worker who understood the law of the harvest. But along with his hard work, Grandpa knew how to enjoy each season, each change. We often teased him about his life history. He had written two paragraphs summarizing fifty years of work, and a full nine pages about every trip and vacation he'd ever taken.

In July, Grandpa worsened. One hot afternoon arrived when no one else was at his bedside. He was glad to have me there, and reached out his hand to pull me close.

I told Grandpa what I had learned—that few flowers last from April to November. Some of the most beautiful bloom for only a month at most. To really enjoy a garden, you have to plant corners and drifts and rows of flowers that will bloom and grace the garden, each in its own season.

His eyes listened to every word. Then, another discovery: "If I want a garden like yours, Grandpa, I'm going to have to work." His grin laughed at me, and his eyes teased me.

"Grandpa, in your life right now the chrysanthemums are in bloom. Chrysanthemums and roses." Tears clouded both our eyes. Neither of us feared this last flower of fall, but the

wait for spring seems longest in November. We knew how much we would miss each other.

Sitting there, I suddenly felt that the best gift I could give Grandpa would be to give voice to the testimony inside both of us. He had never spoken of his testimony to me, but it was such a part of his life that I had never questioned if Grandpa knew. I knew he knew.

“Grandpa,” I began — and his grip tightened as if he knew what I was going to say — “I want you to know that I have a testimony. I know the Savior lives. I bear witness to you that Joseph Smith is a prophet. I love the Restoration and joy in it.” The steadiness in Grandpa’s eyes told how much he felt it to o. “I bear witness that President Kimball is a prophet. I know the Book of *Mormon* is true, Grandpa. Every part of me bears this witness.”

“Grandpa,” I added quietly, “I know our Father in Heaven loves you.” Unbidden, unexpected, the Spirit bore comforting, poignant testimony to me of our Father’s love for my humble, quiet Grandpa.

A tangible sense of Heavenly Father’s compassionate awareness of Grandpa’s suffering surrounded us and held us. It was so personal and powerful that no words were left to me — only tears of gratitude and humility, tears of comfort.

Grandpa and I wept together.

It was the end of August when Grandpa died, the end of summer. As we were choosing flowers from the florist for Grandpa’s funeral, I slipped away to Grandpa’s garden and walked with my memories of columbine and Sweet William. Only the tall lavender and white phlox were in bloom now, and some baby’s breath in another corner.

On impulse, I cut the prettiest strands of phlox and baby’s breath and made one more arrangement for the funeral. When they saw it, friends and family all smiled to see Grandpa’s flowers there. We all felt how much Grandpa would have liked that.

The October after Grandpa’s death, I planted tulip and daffodil bulbs, snowdrops, crocuses, and bluebells. Each bulb was a comfort to me, a love sent to Grandpa, a promise of spring.



译文参考

几个月过去了，我像爷爷一样望着地上长出来的东西。每次我和他在一起，我都要向他汇报一下花园的情况。他一边听着，一边平静地用他一贯的力量紧握着我的手。然而，他无法回答我的问题。新的花朵绽放、枯萎、凋谢和死亡，我都不知道它们的名字。

从春天开始，爷爷就一直受疾病的折磨，一周接着一周，一直持续到夏天。我开始料理当地的苗圃，研究选择种子和植株。我买了些曾在爷爷的花园里见过的树木，尽心尽力地种在了我自己的花园里，这给我带来了很特别的快乐。我在爷爷的花园里发现了我喜欢多年的美洲石竹，以前一直不知道它的名字，我以爷爷的名义种植了它。

当我守护在爷爷身边的时候，一些真理静静地涌现了。我知道爷爷深爱着那些繁盛的花草；在他的花园里，他种了一苗圃的玫瑰。不过，我也发现爷爷留了很多空地方，只为了能够让光线照进来。花园里并不是每个角落都经常有花开放，但总有一个接一个的珍贵的惊喜从某个地方冒出来。

我也发现爷爷的花园是他生活的真实写照。他是一个勤劳的工人，他理解收获的规律。但是说起他的辛勤劳动，他又是一个知道如何享受四季和变化的人。我们经常拿他的过去开玩笑。他写了两段文字概述了他五十年的工作。其中，足足有九页文字记载的是他的每次旅行和假期。

七月，爷爷的病情恶化了。一天下午天气很炎热，没有人在爷爷身边，只有我在。他很高兴，伸出他的手把我拉近。

我把我所学到的告诉了爷爷——很少有花能从四月开到十一月。大部分花最多开一个月。为了真正达到欣赏花园的目的，你必须在每个角落都种上花，丛丛花儿开放，把花园装扮得非常漂亮，每个角落都有四季。

他的眼睛倾听着我的每句话。而另一个发现是：“爷爷，如果我想要我的花园像你的一样的话，我必须去工作。”他对我咧着嘴笑，他的眼神也在嬉笑我。

“爷爷，在你的生活中，现在菊花正在盛开。菊花和玫瑰花都在盛开。”我们俩的眼里都盈满了泪花，我们都不害怕最后一朵花凋谢，但在十一月等待春天未免有点太长了，我们都知道我们会非常想念对方的。

我坐在那里，突然感到我能给爷爷的最好礼物是说出我们之间的承诺。他从来没有对我说起他的承诺，但我从来没有质疑过的就是他人生中的这一部分，如果爷爷知道的话。我知道他所知道的。

“爷爷，”我开始说——他嘴唇紧闭，好像知道我要说什么似的——“我想要你知道我有一个承诺。我知道救世主是存在的，我向你作证约瑟夫·史密斯是个预言家。我爱王政复辟时代，也很希望能加入它。”爷爷坚定的眼神也告诉了我他也有如此强烈的感受。“我向你作证金博尔总统是一个预言家。爷爷，我知道《魔门经》是真的，我拿整个人来向你作证。”

“爷爷，”我语气平和地又说了一句，“我知道我们的上帝是爱你的。”我爷爷地位卑微，但人很平和，我不假思索地意外地想到这种精神给我带来了上帝对爷爷的热爱。

上帝对爷爷所遭受的苦难表示了很大的同情，这种意识一直环绕和支持着我们。这

种自我意识是如此有力，以至我无法用语言将其描述——只有感恩和谦恭，还有安慰的泪水。

爷爷和我都流下了眼泪。

八月底，也是夏季即将过去的时候，爷爷还是走了。当大家在花店为爷爷的葬礼选择葬花时，我悄悄地离开来到爷爷的花园。走在花园里，回忆着那些耨斗菜和美洲石竹，现在只有薰衣草和白色夹竹桃在开花，另一个角落里还开放着一些满天星。

一时心血来潮，我把最漂亮的几束夹竹桃和满天星剪了下来，给爷爷葬礼增添了一份装扮。看到这些花的时候，亲友们都因为看到爷爷的花而微笑。我们都知道爷爷一定会很喜欢那些花儿的。

在爷爷去世后的十月，我种了一些郁金香、水仙、雪花莲、番红花及蓝铃花。每一个花苞对我来说都是一种安慰，都是给爷爷的一份爱，都是春天的一份承诺。

词汇点拨

nook [nu:k] *n.* 角落，隐匿处

testimony [ˈtestəməuni] *n.* 证言，声明，证据

tangible [ˈtændʒəbl] *adj.* 实体的，有形的，明白的

compassionate [kəmˈpæʃənɪt] *adj.* 有同情心的，慈悲的，怜悯的



脱口秀

1. Do you have the vacancies for full-time job? 你们有全职的工作空缺吗?
2. Hello, could I speak to the manager on duty? 你好，能跟你们值班经理谈谈吗?
3. What are some of your life goals? 你的人生目标是什么?
4. As far as work ethic goes, where do you stand? 谈到职业道德，你有什么看法?
5. What is your past job experience? 你有什么工作经验?
6. Could you tell me about some jobs you've had in the past?
能跟我讲讲你过去做过的一些工作吗?

Grandpa's Bee

祖父的蜜蜂

By Barbara Allman

从那时开始，奶奶便相信是因为爷爷那年夏天没能亲自帮她，才派了蜜蜂飞到这里，让奶奶的小花园欣欣向荣……

美文悦读

A long time before I was born, my grandma and grandpa moved into the house on Beechwood Avenue. They had a young family of 4 little girls. The little girls slept in the attic in a big feather bed. It was cold there on winter night. Grandma put hot bricks under the covers at the foot of the bed to keep the little girls warm.

During the Great Depression, work was hard to find, so grandpa did whatever jobs he could. He dug ditches during the week and on weekend he and grandma dug a garden to grow some of their own food.

...

Grandchildren grow up, and grandparents grow older. It became harder for grandma and grandpa to keep up the garden. So they made it a little smaller. There was still plenty to eat from the garden and lovely flowers to enjoy.

Then one summer when grandpa was eighty-nine years old, all he could do was watch from his lawn chair as the vegetables grew and the roses bloomed. Summer slowly faded, and grandpa died before it was time to bring in the harvest.

It was a lonely winter for grandma. She sat near the window, looking out at the yard and wondering if she could plant the garden in the spring. It would be hard to care for it by herself. When spring came, she planted only a little garden.

One sunny day in the early summer, grandma heard a commotion in the front yard and looked out the window to see a frightening sight a gigantic swarm of bees filled the air between two tall trees. There were thousands of bees in the air, so many that the swarm