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心灵鸡汤

英文珍藏版

不屈的灵魂

在面临挑战、遭受挫折之时，它会给你以力量；在彷徨、痛苦和失落之际，它会给你以慰藉。最令人尊敬的人生不是无忧无虑的人生，而是奋勇拼搏、无惧无畏的人生。因为每个人的心里都有一尊不屈的灵魂。

Chicken Soup for the Unsinkable Soul

Jack Canfield
Mark Victor Hansen
Heather McNamara / 编著
鲍曼 / 评介



时代出版传媒股份有限公司
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Health Communications, Inc.

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Introduction

Un·sink·able Soul. Person who faces any challenge with hope, humor and heart. See stick-to-it-ness. See perseverance. See pit bull. See also victory.

Since the first *Chicken Soup for the Soul* book was released, readers continue to tell us that their favorite chapter is Overcoming Obstacles.

It's no wonder. We all face obstacles—some are tiny hurdles that may trip us up for a time before we land on our feet; others loom like ominous clouds, sending even the bravest souls in search of shelter. How we handle these situations determines the course of our life; whether we will live with fear and anger or acceptance and joy.

We compiled *Chicken Soup for the Unsinkable Soul* to help readers overcome the obstacles in their daily lives, whether they're dealing with an emotional loss, battling an illness, experiencing the ups and downs of pursuing a lifelong dream, or trying to make themselves a better person.

From the humorous to the heroic, from the extraordinary to the everyday, each story emphasizes victory in spite of the odds. For instance, you'll share in the triumph of a determined climber who scaled one of the world's most challenging mountains despite being blind; a middle-aged woman who took a chance on a new career and became an award-winning columnist; a little girl with a stuttering problem who found her voice at a school pageant; and a young mother who was suddenly paralyzed but chose to embrace the positive over pity.

With each turn of the page in chapters like Taking the Challenge and



Living Your Dream, you'll find yourself amazed at how others have taken risks and kept their faith even when others told them, "It can't be done! "

The chapters On Attitude and A Matter of Perspective will show you how to view life through hopeful eyes—to see a hurdle as a possible stepping stone to something great—and to appreciate the things you have.

You'll come to realize the priceless value of unconditional support by reading The Power of Love and The Power of Support. We hope these stories encourage you to reach out to others when you need help and to open your heart to someone who needs a shoulder on which to lean.

And finally, Eclectic Wisdom proves that many times obstacles are our best teachers; They shine a light on our strengths; remind us of the areas we need to improve; show us to have faith in ourselves; and force us to accept things that are beyond our control.

We offer this book as a gift to you. We hope you find it an instrument of strength and a constant reminder that you do have the power to achieve your dreams.

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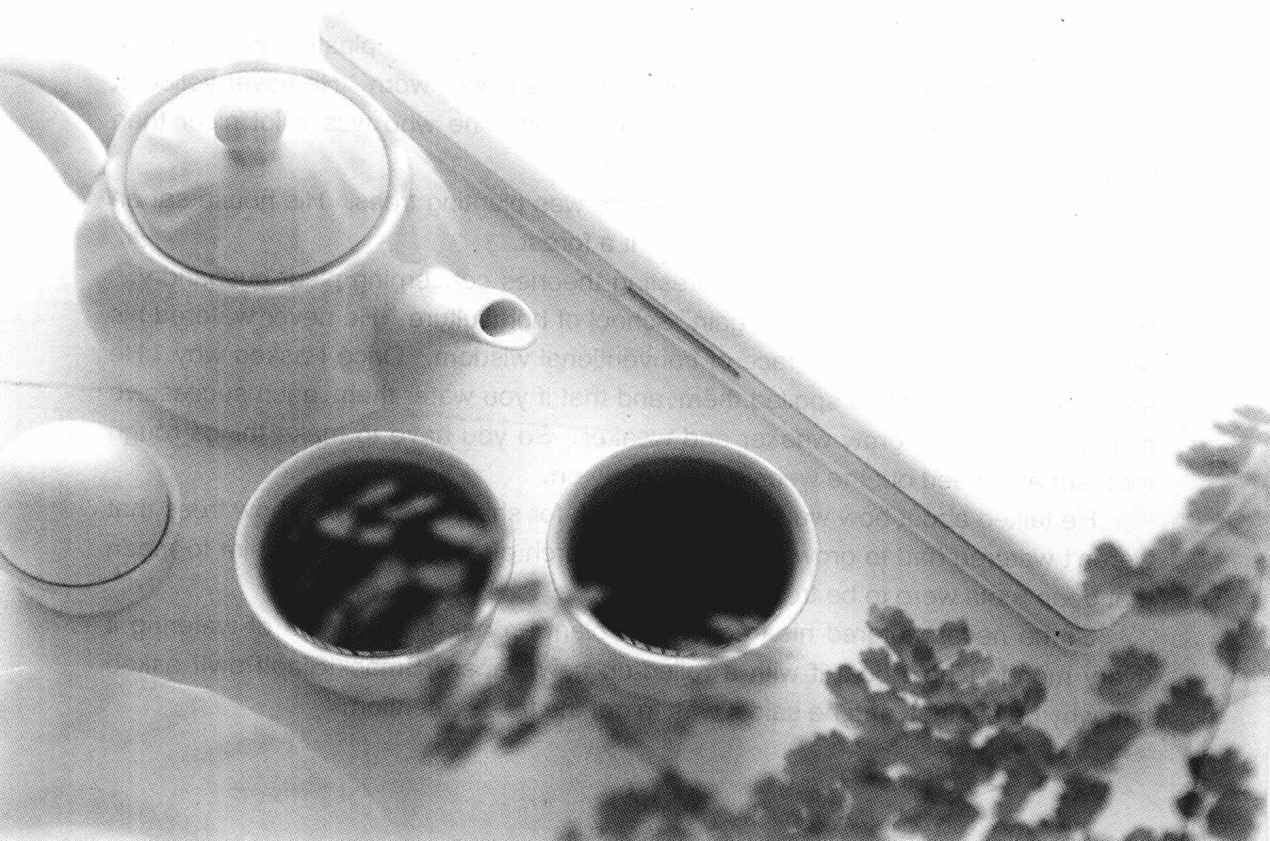
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1. TAKING THE CHALLENGE

A ship in port is safe, but this is not what ships are built for.

Grace Hopper





Growing Roots



天将降大任于斯人也，必先苦其心志，劳其筋骨，饿其体肤，空乏其身，行拂乱其所为是也。我们往往为心爱的人祈求舒适的生活，可是这个故事里的吉布斯博士用他独特的方式种植树木——他不停地敲打树木，并且几乎不加以灌溉。他说植物的根茎一旦学会了适应舒适，就再不能长出真正健康的躯干。对于每一个灵魂，此话亦然。

2



When I was growing up, I had an old neighbor named Dr. Gibbs. He didn't look like any doctor I'd ever known. Every time I saw him, he wore denim overalls and a straw hat, the front brim of which was green sunglass plastic. He smiled a lot, a smile that matched his hat—old and crinkly and well worn. He never yelled at us for playing in his yard. I remember him as someone who was a lot nicer than circumstances warranted.

When Dr. Gibbs wasn't saving lives, he was planting trees. His house sat on ten acres, and his life's goal was to make it a forest.

The good doctor had some interesting theories concerning plant husbandry. He came from the "no pain, no gain" school of horticulture. He never watered his new trees, which flew in the face of conventional wisdom. Once I asked why. He said that watering plants spoiled them, and that if you water them, each successive tree generation will grow weaker and weaker. So you have to make things rough for them and weed out the weenie trees early on.

He talked about how watering trees made for shallow roots, and how trees that weren't watered had to grow deep roots in search of moisture. I took him to mean that deep roots were to be treasured.

So he never watered his trees. He'd plant an oak and, instead of watering it every morning, he'd beat it with a rolled-up newspaper. Smack! Slap! Pow! I asked him why he did that, and he said it was to get the tree's attention.

Dr. Gibbs went to glory a couple of years after I left home. Every now and again, I walk by his house and look at the trees that I'd watched him plant some twenty-five years ago. They're granite strong now. Big and robust. Those trees wake up in the morning and beat their chests and drink their coffee black.

I planted a couple of trees a few years back. Carried water to them for a solid summer. Sprayed them. Prayed over them. The whole nine yards. Two years of coddling has resulted in trees that expect to be waited on hand and foot. Whenever a cold wind blows in, they tremble and chatter their branches. Sissy trees.

Funny thing about those trees of Dr. Gibbs's. Adversity and deprivation seemed to benefit them in ways comfort and ease never could.

Every night before I go to bed, I check on my two sons. I stand over them and watch their little bodies, the rising and falling of life within. I often pray for them. Mostly I pray that their lives will be easy. "Lord, spare them from hardship." But lately I've been thinking that it's time to change my prayer.

This change has to do with the inevitability of cold winds that hit us at the core. I know my children are going to encounter hardship, and my praying they won't is naïve. There's always a cold wind blowing somewhere.

So I'm changing my eventide prayer. Because life is tough, whether we want it to be or not. Instead, I'm going to pray that my sons' roots grow deep, so they can draw strength from the hidden sources of the eternal God.

Too many times we pray for ease, but that's a prayer seldom met. What we need to do is pray for roots that reach deep into the Eternal, so when the rains fall and the winds blow, we won't be swept asunder.

Philip Gulley





A New Day for Dorothy



上帝总会在关上一扇门的同时,为每个人都留下一扇窗。我们所要做的就是尽量学会把每一扇窗都擦拭得雪亮,不留污痕。这个故事里,小姑娘多萝西是个所谓的智障儿童,她的母亲和保姆都对她的缺乏信心。然而在“我”看来,没有任何灵魂是有缺陷的。“我”耐心地陪着她,倾听着她内心的声音。随着时间的推移,多萝西渐渐开始了她多彩且明亮的生活。

4



As the lady talked, I tried to concentrate on the beautiful room around us instead of on her words. For she was telling me about Dorothy, her eight-year-old daughter, the middle one of her five children, a mentally retarded child.

“She’s never spoken a single word,” the mother repeated. ^{智障} The doctors say it’s hopeless. We took her up to Boston last year and...”

I fixed my thoughts on the green damask draperies framing tall windows that looked out on Park Avenue. How handsome the whole room was, with its crystal chandeliers, its concert-grand piano, its fresh flowers everywhere. What a lovely woman the mother was, an opera singer whose name I had known even before her letter came asking me if I would consider a job with Dorothy.

Yes, a lovely woman—and especially her love for this little girl whom all the experts said should be put away. The love was the thing to concentrate on. And so while pretending to listen, I closed my ears to the results of reflex tests and encephalograms. In my years of working with retarded children I had discovered that my attention must not go to the lacks but to the special strengths of such children.

There was strength in each one of them, I was sure. I believe that a little of God lives in every one of us, and that to bring it out is the only job of any teacher.

Dorothy and I met the next weekend. With me it was love at first sight: this

beautiful, blonde, blue-eyed child—surely a very lovely person lived in such a form. For her part, Dorothy only stared at me with inscrutable eyes.

“It’s one of her quiet days, thank heaven,” her mother said. “On her wild ones, there’s no controlling her.” My mind considered those wild days. I liked the sound of them. They told me there was a person here—trapped in whatever chemical or physical prison—but an individual struggling to be seen and recognized. I told her mother I would try the job for a month.

It was a hard one from the beginning. In the afternoons I would take Dorothy to a special class for retarded children. She just sat in a chair, staring straight ahead, making no effort to join in the activities.

“She’s unreachable,” her teacher told me. “I don’t know why they keep sending her.”

I gazed around the room at the other children, all engrossed in simple mechanical tasks, and I silently agreed with Dorothy. What was challenging about fitting a square peg into a square hole? With her parents’ permission we stopped going there.

Dorothy’s problem everywhere, it seemed to me, was the nonexpectation of everyone around her. I remember breakfast one morning when the other four children and their nurse had come into town. The others quickly finished their cereal but Dorothy, dazzled by the activity around her, hadn’t touched hers.

“Just spoon it into her!” the nurse cried impatiently.

“She can eat by herself,” I said. “I guess she’s just too interested in what’s going on.”

“Interested?” Nurse gave a snort of contempt. “She doesn’t have any more idea what’s happening than that canary! It’s a shame she’s allowed at the table. She just upsets the other children.”

It wasn’t true. Dorothy’s brothers and sisters—especially her older sister Martha—seemed genuinely happy to be with her. But even Martha had fallen into Nurse’s habit of talking about her (“Dorothy looks nice today.” “Dorothy’s hair needs combing. Shall I do it?”) rather than to her. It was so easy to assume that because she had no words she had no understanding either.

I understood the problem. I felt it most during our daily walk in Central Park. It was October, warm sunny Indian summer, and Dorothy and I spent hours just walking. When the silence threatened to absorb us both, I sang.

I started with the hymns I remembered from my own childhood back in England. Dorothy seemed to like the songs, for her feet marched in time to the music and her head nodded rhythmically.

We also brought sketch pads and crayons to the park. I was fascinated by



some drawings I had found in Dorothy's room, a pattern of graceful waving lines, drawn over and over again. What it meant I had no idea, but it certainly wasn't "scribble" as Nurse impatiently called it.

And so we would sit on a park bench and sketch. I drew trees and strolling people and the loft skyline beyond the park, and Dorothy drew pigeons. I saw the very first time what they were, not perhaps the outside of pigeons like other people draw, but the souls of the birds instead, the very way it feels to be a pigeon. Faster than my eyes could follow, her hand moved: the wings in flight, the thrust for the neck, the self-important walk.

The golden autumn passed too swiftly. Then a day dawned when the rain streamed down the tall windows and wind rattled the doors. So Dorothy sat on the piano bench beside me as I sang the songs I had sung in the park. I started off with one of Fenwick Holme's "Songs of the Silence".

Halfway through this joyous song the miracle happened. One moment I was singing alone, the next Dorothy was singing with me, word for word in perfect tune. Electrified, I played on and on without a break, praying that the spell would not be broken. What a memory! How marvelously her mind had retained the words of song after song—far better than an average eight-year-old!

I heard someone sob. I turned and saw Dorothy's mother in the doorway, tears streaming down her cheeks, unable to do anything but hold out her arms to her child.

From that moment on, life was different for Dorothy. From singing, it was not far to speaking, although words with music always came first. We made up songs for everything.

"Water, a washcloth, see what I mean?

Knees that are dirty will soon be clean! "

"At the planetarium I can watch the stars;

There is Venus, here is Mars."

Other changes took place in Dorothy. Her tensions disappeared along with the frustrations of a spirit bottled up; so did her wildness. The nurse never adjusted to the difference in her and took another job.

As Dorothy continued to learn I lengthened my stay: just another month until she learned the alphabet. When I left, Dorothy was a poised, self-sufficient thirteen-year-old.

Normal? Not if normal means "average". All of us have strong points and weak points, and in Dorothy everything is extreme. But this means extremes of knowing and expressing that most of us never reach.

Those wavy lines, for instance, the ones she drew again and again? When she

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had enough words she told me, "That's what the wind looks like. "

Dorothy, your eyes see deep down, important things. Your ears hear silent things, your world is set to music. Oh, if God left something out of you, it was only to fill it with himself.

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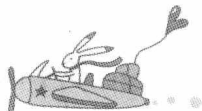
Frances E. Leslie

graceful waving lines
drawn over and over again.





Small Soldiers



无论身处怎样的困境,最勇敢的人永远都会用毅力和信念坚持下去,这是战胜所有困难的不贰法宝。故事里的主人公是一名27岁的单身母亲,带着四个孩子,他们没有钱租房,也无法得到别人的帮助。可是,他们如同一支团结友爱的军队一般,抖擞精神,从不言弃,总是以饱满的精神迎接每一个新生的日子。

8



I intended to move my troops to a better location, not into the line of fire. As a twenty-seven-year-old single mother of four children, I tended to think of myself as a fearless leader of my brood. And, in fact, our life often reflected the austere setting of boot camp. The five of us were crammed into close quarters—a two-bedroom apartment in New Jersey—and we lived a life of self-deprived discipline. I couldn't afford any of the niceties and luxuries other parents did, and aside from my mother, none of the rest of our family was involved in the kids' lives at all.

That left me as commander in chief. Many nights, I lay awake on my bed, planning strategies to get more things for my children. Though my children never complained about what they lacked and seemed to bask in my love, I was continually on the alert for ways to improve their simple lives. When I found a five-bedroom apartment in a three-story house—the second and third stories belonging completely to us—I leapt at the opportunity. At last, we could spread out. The home even had a big backyard.

The landlord promised to have everything fixed up for us in a month. I agreed on the repairs, paid her in cash for the first month's rent and the same in security, and hurried home to inform my troops we were moving out. They were excited, and we all camped on my bed that night, planning what we'd do to the new home.

The next morning, I gave notice to my current landlord and started packing. We loaded our boxes with the precision of a well-oiled machine. It warmed my heart to see the troops in action.