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心灵鸡汤

英文珍藏版

重燃心火

一个个动人的故事，一句句温馨的叮咛，滋养着所有被尘世风霜雪雨侵蚀的心灵，
帮你重燃心火，找回生命的活力！

A 4th
Course
of
Chicken
Soup for the
SoulTM

Jack Canfield
Mark Victor Hansen
Hanoch McCarty
Meladee McCarty / 编著
方华文 / 评介



时代出版传媒股份有限公司
安徽科学技术出版社



HealthCommunications, Inc.

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Introduction

Everybody is a story. When I was a child, people sat around kitchen tables and told their stories. We don't do that so much anymore. Sitting around the table telling stories is not just a way of passing time. It is the way the wisdom gets passed along. The stuff that helps us live a life worth remembering. Despite the awesome powers of technology many of us still do not live very well. We need to listen to each other's stories once again.

Rachel Naomi Remen

Everyone has a story. No matter what we do for a living, how much we have in our bank account or what the color of our skin is, we have a story. Each one of us has a story, whether it is visible to the eye or it is locked inside of us. We are encouraged to believe that our past, our circumstances, both physical and emotional, and our experiences are our story. Our mental picture of our life's story encompasses what we perceive to be true about ourselves and our possibilities.

The life one is born into is not necessarily our destiny. All of us have the power to rewrite our story, to recast the drama of our lives and to redirect the actions of the main character, ourselves. The outcomes of our lives are determined mainly by our responses to each event. Do we choose to be hero or victim in our lives' dramas?

Good stories, like the best mentors in our lives, are door openers. They are unique experiences containing insights tied to emotional triggers that get our attention and stay in our memories. These stories can free us from being bound to decisions of the past and open us to understanding ourselves and the





opportunities that are there before us. A really good story allows us to recognize the choices that are open to us and see new alternatives we might never have seen before. It can give us permission to try (or at least consider trying) a new path.

Many of the people you will meet in these pages provide a model to follow of unconditional acts of kindness and love, of great courage and foresight, of belief when cynicism would be the norm, a sense of hope in what the world has to offer, and the inspiration to seek it for ourselves.

Some of the stories you will refer to again and again because the message is one of comfort and encouragement. Other stories will inspire you to share them with your family, friends and colleagues.

How to Read This Book

We have had the tremendous opportunity to receive feedback from readers all over the world. Some have shared with us that they get the most value if they read our books from cover to cover. Others focus in depth on a particular chapter that interests them. Most people tell us that they find it works best to read one or two stories at a time, and really savor the feelings and lessons that the stories evoke. Our advice is to take your time and really let each story effect you at a deep level. Ask yourself how you could apply the lessons learned to your own life. Engage each story as if it mattered, as if it could make a real difference in your life.

Compiling these stories has taken a lot of work, but we feel we have selected many gems. We hope you will love these stories as we have loved them. May they bring you tears, laughter, insight, healing and empowerment.

We hope that we can in a small way contribute to your life by bringing you these models of ordinary people doing extraordinary things to guide you on your journey. We wish for you that, in the pages of this book there is a story that holds the key to doors that need opening in your life.

*Jack Canfield, Mark Victor Hansen,
Hanoeh McCarty and Meladee McCarty*

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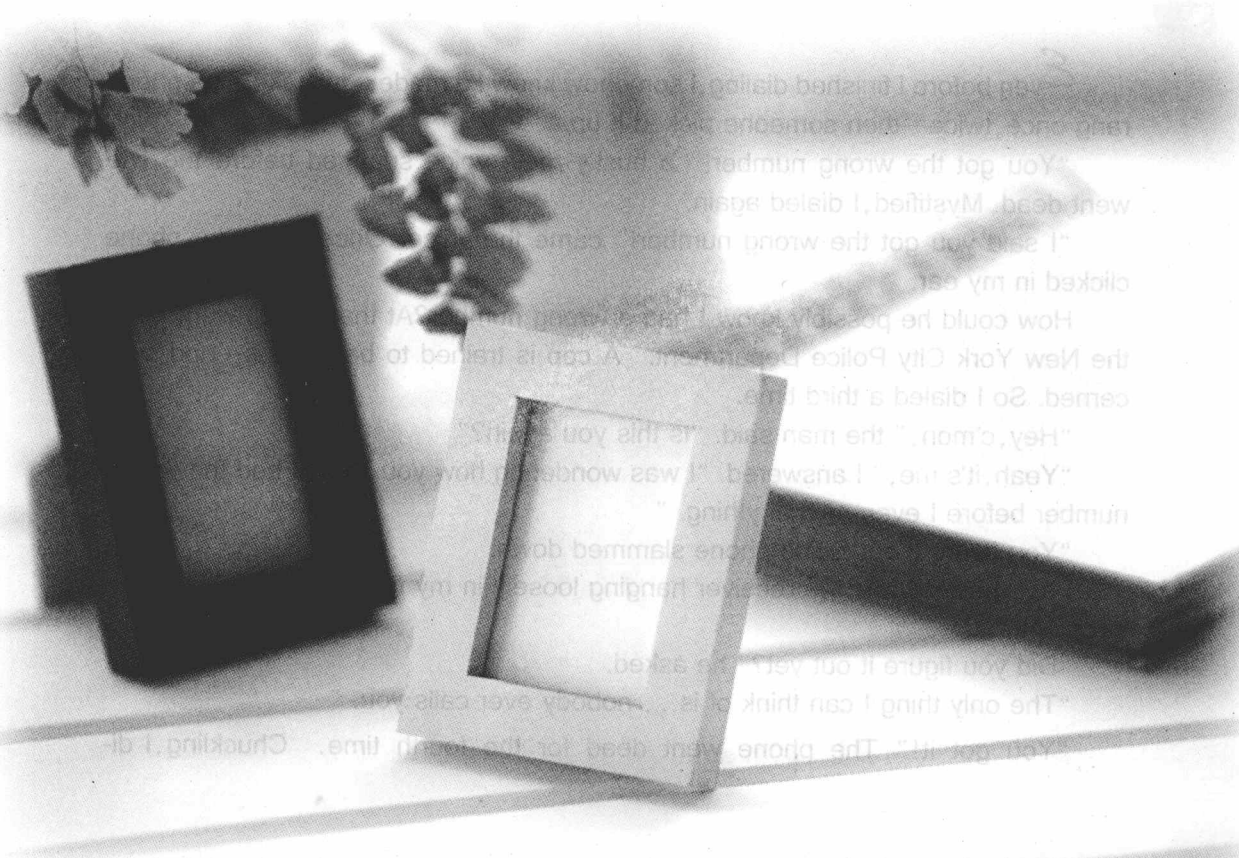
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1. ON LOVE


A chemist who can extract from his heart's element, compassion, respect, longing, patience, regret, surprise, and forgiveness and compound them into one can create that atom which is called love.

Kahlil Gibran





A Friend on the Line



中国著名作家鲁迅说过：“‘隔膜’给世界增添了凄凉，而‘交往’可带来温情。”以下发生的故事诠释了这段至理名言。“我”是一名警官，无意中打错了电话，却打开了一扇心扉，解救了一颗孤独、绝望的心灵。一个88岁的老人与世隔绝20余年，因听了“我”的一席话，重新燃起了对生活的热情。我们成了无话不谈的朋友……

Life without a friend is death without a witness.

Spanish Proverb

Even before I finished dialing, I somehow knew I'd made a mistake. The phone rang once, twice—then someone picked it up.

“You got the wrong number!” a husky male voice snapped before the line went dead. Mystified, I dialed again.

“I said you got the wrong number!” came the voice. Once more the phone clicked in my ear.

How could he possibly know I had a wrong number? At that time, I worked for the New York City Police Department. A cop is trained to be curious—and concerned. So I dialed a third time.

“Hey, c'mon,” the man said. “Is this you again?”

“Yeah, it's me,” I answered. “I was wondering how you knew I had the wrong number before I even said anything.”

“You figure it out!” The phone slammed down.

I sat there awhile, the receiver hanging loosely in my fingers. I called the man back.

“Did you figure it out yet?” he asked.

“The only thing I can think of is ... nobody ever calls you.”

“You got it!” The phone went dead for the fourth time. Chuckling, I di-

aled the man back.

“What do you want now?” he asked.

“I thought I’d call ... just to say hello.”

“Hello?Why?”

“Well,if nobody ever calls you,I thought maybe I should. ”

“Okay. Hello. Who is this?”

At last I had gotten through. Now he was curious. I told him who I was and asked who he was.

“My name’s Adolf Meth. I’m 88 years old,and I haven’t had this many wrong numbers in one day in 20 years!” We both laughed.

We talked for 10 minutes. Adolf had no family,no friends. Everyone he had been close to had died. Then we discovered we had something in common:he’d worked for the New York City Police Department for nearly 40 years. Telling me about his days there as an elevator operator,he seemed interesting,even friendly. I asked if I could call him again.

“Why would you wanta do that?” he asked,surprised.

“Well,maybe we could be phone friends. You know,like pen pals. ”

He hesitated. “I wouldn’t mind ... having a friend again. ”His voice sounded a little tentative.

I called Adolf the following afternoon and several days after that. Easy to talk with,he related his memories of World Wars I and II ,the Hindenburg disaster and other historic events. He was fascinating. I gave him my home and office numbers so he could call me. He did—almost every day.

I was not just being kind to a lonely old man. Talking with Adolf was important to me,because I,too,had a big gap in my life. Raised in orphanages and foster homes,I never had a father. Gradually,Adolf took on a kind of fatherly importance to me. I talked about my job and college courses,which I attended at night.

Adolf warmed to the role of counselor. While discussing a disagreement I’d had with a supervisor,I told my new friend,“I think I ought to have it out with him. ”

“What’s the rush?”Adolf cautioned. “Let things cool down. When you get as old as I am,you find out that time takes care of a lot. If things get worse,then you can talk to him. ”

There was a long silence. “You know,” he said softly,“I’m talking to you just the way I’d talk to a boy of my own. I always wanted a family—and children. You’re too young to know how that feels. ”

No,I wasn’t. I’d always wanted a family—and a father. But I didn’t say anything,afraid I wouldn’t be able to hold back the hurt I’d felt for so long.





One evening Adolf mentioned his 89th birthday was coming up. After buying a piece of fiberboard, I designed a 2'x 5' greeting card with a cake and 89 candles on it. I asked all the cops in my office and even the police commissioner to sign it. I gathered nearly a hundred signatures. Adolf would get a kick out of this, I knew.

We'd been talking on the phone for four months now, and I thought this would be a good time to meet face to face. So I decided to deliver the card by hand.

I didn't tell Adolf I was coming; I just drove to his address one morning and parked the car up the street from his apartment house.

A postman was sorting mail in the hallway when I entered the building. He nodded as I checked the mailboxes for Adolf's name. There it was. Apartment 1H, some 20 feet from where I stood.

My heart pounded with excitement. Would we have the same chemistry in person that we had on the phone? I felt the first stab of doubt. Maybe he would reject me the way my father rejected me when he went out of my life. I tapped on Adolf's door. When there was no answer, I knocked harder.

The postman looked up from his sorting. "No one's there," he said.

"Yeah," I said, feeling a little foolish. "If he answers his door the way he answers his phone, this may take all day."

"You a relative or something?" "No. Just a friend."

"I'm really sorry," he said quietly, "but Mr. Meth died the day before yesterday."

Died? Adolf? For a moment, I couldn't answer. I stood there in shock and disbelief. Then, pulling myself together, I thanked the postman and stepped into the late-morning sun. I walked toward the car, misty-eyed.

Then, rounding a corner, I saw a church, and a line from the Old Testament leaped to mind: A friend loveth at all times. And especially in death, I realized. This brought a moment of recognition. Often it takes some sudden and sad turn of events to awaken us to the beauty of a special presence in our lives. Now, for the first time, I sensed how very close Adolf and I had become. It had been easy, and I knew this would make it even easier the next time, with my next close friend.

Slowly, I felt a warmth surging through me. I heard Adolf's growly voice shouting, "Wrong number!" Then I heard him asking why I wanted to call again.

"Because you mattered, Adolf," I said aloud to no one. "Because I was your friend."

I placed the unopened birthday card on the back seat of my car and got behind the wheel. Before starting the engine, I looked over my shoulder. "Adolf," I whispered, "I didn't get the wrong number at all. I got you."



Simple Wooden Boxes



过圣诞节,家长要给孩子们赠发礼物。大多数富翁赠给子女名车、宝马,或者其他贵重的礼品。而“我”的父母生活拮据,为了全家的温饱终日奋斗,赠送给我们的是价格低廉的礼物。可“我”的童年要比那些富家千金和少爷还要幸福,因为这些礼品中包含着无限的“爱”。记得有一年过圣诞节,父亲买不起礼品,就自己动手制作了个外形像小房子的木匣子。“我”一辈子都没有忘记那件独特的礼物——那上面似乎镌刻着父亲慈祥的脸孔……

It is the heart that makes a man rich. He is rich according to what he is, not according to what he has.

Henry Ward Beecher

I suppose everyone has one particular childhood Christmas that stands out more than any other. For me, it was the year that the Burlington factory in Scottsboro closed down. I was only a small child. I could not name for you the precise year; it is an insignificant blur in my mind, but the events of that Christmas will live forever in my heart.

My father, who had been employed at Burlington, never let on to us that we were having financial difficulties. After all, children live in a naive world in which money and jobs are nothing more than jabberwocky, and for us the excitement of Christmas could never be squelched. We knew only that our daddy, who usually worked long, difficult hours, was now home more than we had ever remembered; each day seemed to be a holiday.

Mama, a homemaker, now sought work in the local textile mills, but jobs were scarce. Time after time, she was told no openings were available before Christmas, and it was on the way home from one such distressing interview that she wrecked our only car. Daddy's meager unemployment check would now be





our family's only source of income. For my parents, the Christmas season brought mounds of worries, crowds of sighs and tears and cascades of prayers.

I can only imagine what transpired between my parents in those moments when the answer came. Perhaps it took a while for the ideas to fully form. Perhaps it was a merging of ideas from both of my parents. I don't know for sure how the idea took life, but somehow it did. They would scrape together enough money to buy each of us a Barbie doll. For the rest of our presents, they would rely on their talents, using scraps of materials they already had.

While dark, calloused hands sawed, hammered and painted, nimble fingers fed dress after dress into the sewing machine. Barbie-sized bridal gowns, evening gowns ... miniature clothes for every imaginable occasion pushed forward from the rattling old machine. Where we were while all of this was taking place, I have no idea. But somehow my parents found time to pour themselves into our gifts, and the excitement of Christmas was once again born for the entire family.

That Christmas Eve, the sun was just setting over the distant horizon when I heard the roar of an unexpected motor in the driveway. Looking outside, I could hardly believe my eyes. Uncle Buck and Aunt Charlene, Mama's sister and her husband, had driven all the way from Georgia to surprise us. Packed tightly in their car, as though no air were needed, sat my three cousins, my "Aunt" Dean, who refused to be called "Aunt", and both my grandparents. I also couldn't help but notice innumerable gifts for all of us, all neatly packaged and tied with beautiful bows. They had known that it would be a difficult Christmas and they had come to help.

The next morning we awoke to more gifts than I ever could have imagined. And, though I don't have one specific memory of what any of the toys were, I know that there were mountains of toys. Toys! Toys! Toys!

And it was there, amidst all that jubilation, that Daddy decided not to give us his gifts. With all of the toys we had gotten, there was no reason to give us the dollhouses that he had made. They were rustic and simple red boxes, after all. Certainly not as good as the store-bought gifts that Mama's family had brought. The music of laughter filled the morning, and we never suspected that, hidden somewhere, we each had another gift.

When Mama asked Daddy about the gifts, he confided his feelings, but she insisted he give us our gifts. And so, late that afternoon, after all of the guests had gone, Daddy reluctantly brought his gifts of love to the living room.

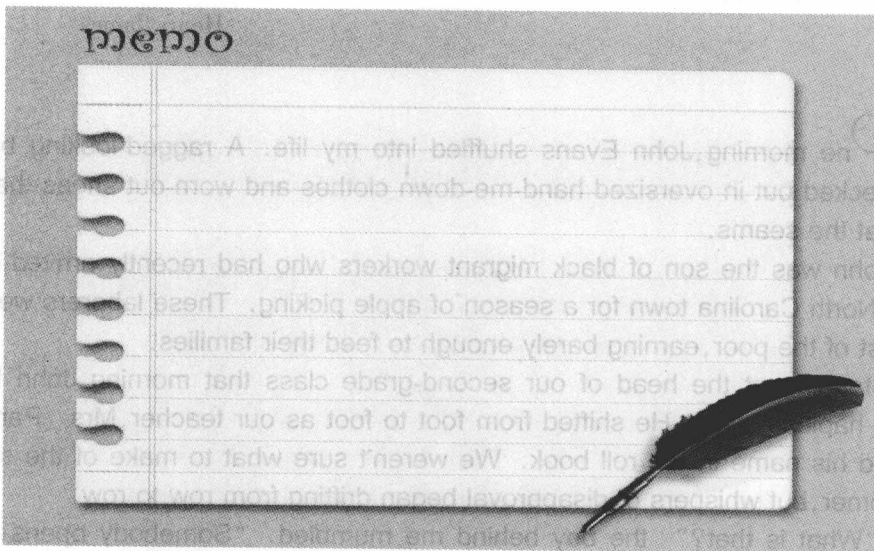
Wooden boxes. Wooden boxes, painted red, with hinged lids, so that each could be opened and used as a house. On either side was a compartment just big enough to store a Barbie doll, and all the way across, a rack on which to hang

our Barbie clothes. On the outside was a handle, so that when it was closed, held by a magnet that looked remarkably like an equal sign, the house could be carried suitcase style. And, though I don't really remember any of the other gifts I got that day, those boxes are indelibly etched into my mind. I remember the texture of the wood, the exact shade of red paint, the way the pull of the magnet felt when I closed the lid, the time-darkened handles and hinges ... I remember how the clothes hung delicately on the hangers inside, and how I had to be careful not to pull Barbie's hair when I closed the lid. I remember everything that is possibly rememberable, because we kept and cherished those boxes long after our Barbie doll days were over.

I have lived and loved 29 Christmases, each new and fresh with an air of excitement all its own. Each filled with love and hope. Each bringing gifts, cherished and longed for. But few of those gifts compare with those simple, wooden boxes. So it is no wonder that I get teary-eyed when I think of my father, standing there on that cold Christmas morning, wondering if his gift was good enough.

Love, Daddy, is always good enough.

Martha Pendergrass Templeton





A Birthday Song



“我”上小学的时候，班上来了一个叫约翰的黑人小孩。他出身于一个“吃了上顿没下顿”的雇工家庭。约翰衣衫褴褛，一进门就引起了同学们的歧视。但通过交往，“我”发现他是一个挺不错的孩子，于是就同情他、关心他。约翰该过生日了，像他那样贫穷的家庭是不可能送给他生日礼物的。为此，“我”很伤脑筋，把此事告诉了妈妈。一天，我们正上课时，门外响起了“祝你生日快乐”的歌声，妈妈端着蛋糕及其他礼品走进来，把蛋糕放在约翰的面前。全班的孩子分享了蛋糕，也懂得了什么叫“大爱”。

Three things in human life are important: The first is to be kind. The second is to be kind. And the third is to be kind.

Henry James

One morning, John Evans shuffled into my life. A ragged-looking boy, he was decked out in oversized hand-me-down clothes and worn-out shoes that split apart at the seams.

John was the son of black migrant workers who had recently arrived in our small North Carolina town for a season of apple picking. These laborers were the poorest of the poor, earning barely enough to feed their families.

Standing at the head of our second-grade class that morning, John Evans was a hapless sight. He shifted from foot to foot as our teacher, Mrs. Parmele, penned his name in the roll book. We weren't sure what to make of the shoddy newcomer, but whispers of disapproval began drifting from row to row.

“What is that?” the boy behind me mumbled. “Somebody opens a window,” a girl said, giggling. Mrs. Parmele looked up at us from behind her reading glasses. The murmuring stopped, and she went back to her paperwork.