

暖小昕/编译

You Are The Best

你是最好 的自己

每天读一点暖心英文

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我所经历过的

Experience Life

佚名 / Anonymous

我懂得什么是欲望、奋斗、忧虑和绝望。我总是超负荷地工作。回望我的往昔生活,就如同战场般,到处充满了梦想与希望的断壁残垣。这场不利于我的战争使我伤痕累累,甚至早衰。

但我并不因此而怜悯自己; 我没为过去伤心流泪; 对于那些 从未经历过我这样痛苦的女人, 我也毫无嫉妒之感。因为我才是 真正生活过, 而她们仅仅是生存过。

我将生命之水一饮而尽,包括那些沉淀物,而她们只是浅尝了杯口的泡沫而已。她们不了解我所知道的,也不曾看到我所目睹的。

女人的眼睛只有被泪水冲刷过,才有更广阔的视野,才能 在世界范围内有形同姐妹的朋友。

在充满艰辛曲折的社会大学中,我悟到了一条养尊处优的 女人们无从学到的哲理。我学会了"活在今天,而不无聊地透支明 天的烦恼"。正是那种对未来的担忧使我们胆怯。因为经验告诉我,每当我非常害怕时,上天就会赋予我力量和智慧,于是,我不再胆怯。那些小小的烦恼再也无法影响我的行为——当你亲眼目睹了整座幸福大厦在你面前轰然坍塌后,那些诸如仆人忘了在洗手盆下放垫子,厨师不慎把菜汤弄洒之类的琐事,你就不会在意了。

我学会了不对人们寄予过高的期望,因而,我仍能从那些并不真诚的朋友和爱搬弄是非的人那里获取快乐。另外,我还有了幽默感,因为此前的许多事情都使我大喜大悲。如果一个女人在困难面前不再歇斯底里,仍能保持幽默,那就不再有什么能伤害她了。

我丝毫不为经历过的困难而后悔,正因为经历了这些,我 才真正品味到多彩的生活。我为此所付出的一切都是值得的。 I have known want and struggle and anxiety and despair. I have always had to work beyond the limits of my strength. As I look back upon my life, I see it as a battlefield strewn with the wrecks of dead dreams and broken hopes and shattered illusions—a battle in which I always fought with the odds tremendously against me, and which has left me scarred and bruised and maimed and old before my time.

Yet, I have no pity for myself; no tears to shed over the past and gone sorrows; no envy for the women who have been spared all I have gone through. For I have lived. They only existed.

I have drunk the cup of life down to its very dregs. They have only sipped the bubbles on top of it. I know things they will never know. I see things to which they are blind.

It is only the women whose eyes have been washed clear with tears who get the broad vision that makes them little sisters to all the world.

I have learned in the great University of Hard Knocks a philosophy that no woman who has had an easy life ever acquires. I have learned to live each day as it comes and not to borrow trouble by dreading the morrow. It is the dark menace of the future that makes cowards of us. I put that dread from me because experience has taught me that when the time comes that I so fear, the strength and wisdom to meet it will be given me. Little annoyances no longer have the power to affect me. After you have seen your whole edifice of happiness topple and crash in ruins about you, it never matters to you again that a servant forgets to put the

doilies under the finger bowls, or the cook spills the soup.

I have learned not to expect too much of people, and so I can still get happiness out of the friend who isn't quite true to me or the acquaintance who gossips. Above all, I have acquired a sense of humor, because there were so many things over which I had either to cry or laugh. And when a woman can joke over her troubles instead of having hysterics, nothing can ever hurt her much again.

I do not regret the hardships I have known, because through them I have touched life at every point I have lived. And it was worth the price I had to pay.

Two

生活本身是自相矛盾的

Truths to Live By

「美]亚历山大·M. 辛德勒 / Alexander M. Schindler

懂得何时取舍,这便是生活的艺术。生活本身就是自相矛盾的:它劝诫我们珍惜生活赋予的诸多恩赐,但这一切最终又将会化为乌有。古犹太教士说过:"人握拳而来,撒手而去。"

的确,我们应牢牢地把握生活, 因为它是奇妙无穷的,它的美妙存在于 上帝所创造的这个世界的每一个角落。 虽然我们知道事实果真如此,但常常只 有在回首往事时才会懂得这一真理。当 我们忆起人生的美妙时,才突然发现早 已物是人非。

我们追忆那褪色的美,还有消逝的爱。但回忆时,我们总会深感痛苦,因为我们不曾看到美丽绽放的时刻,也未曾回应爱的呼唤。

近来的一次经历再次让我领会到了 这一真理。由于心脏病发作,病情加重, 我必须住进医院特护区接受数天的治疗。 医院可不是一个令人愉快的地方。



一天清晨,我必须去作一些额外的检查。而检查所需的仪器放在医院尽头对面的大楼里,因此我不得不坐着轮椅穿过院子去那里。

当我们从病房出来时,阳光照在了我身上。我所能感受到的一切全都是阳光。它是那么的美好——那么温暖,灿烂,夺目!

我留心周围的人,看看是否也有人在享受这金灿灿的阳光,但每个人都是行色 匆匆,多数人把目光投向地面。突然,我意识到自己以前也是如此,无视每一天的 伟大。太多的琐事占据了我们的生活,以至于我们对生活中的一切司空见惯,而不曾用心感受并予以回应。

同这平凡的经历一样,我从中悟出 的道理也平凡无奇。生活的恩赐无比珍贵——而我们却不曾珍惜。

生活极具矛盾性,它对我们的第一个要求便是:永远不要过于忙碌,而对人生中的奇妙与庄严视而不见。虔诚地对待每一天,拥抱每一小时,把握宝贵的每一分钟。

把握人生,但要有尺度,否则会 产生副作用。这就是生命的另一面, 即矛盾的一方:我们必须接受失去, 学会如何放弃。

当然,做到这点绝非易事,特别 是年轻气盛时,总以为我们可以主宰 世界,以为只要激情满怀就会有足够 的力量,绝对可以得到我们渴望得到 的一切。然而,现实很快就会将这些 幻想击碎,慢慢地,我们也将明白这 第二条真理。

在人生的每个阶段,我们都会有所失去——但也会在这个过程中得以成长。我们只有离开母体,失去它的保护,才开始独立的生命。我们踏上求学的阶梯,之后离开了父母与故土。我们结婚生子,之后放手让他们独立生活。我们面临着父母与伴侣的死亡,也面临着自身体力或缓或急的衰退。最终,正如那个握拳的寓言一样,我们必须面临自身的死亡,失去现实与梦想中的自我。



The art of living is to know when to hold fast and when to let go. For life is a paradox: it enjoins us to cling to its many gifts even while it ordains their eventual relinquishment. The rabbis of old put it this way: "A man comes to this world with his fist clenched, but when he dies, his hand is open."

Surely we ought to hold fast to life, for it is wondrous, and full of a beauty that breaks through every pore of God's own earth. We know that this is so, but all too often we recognize this truth only in our backward glance when we remember what was and then suddenly realize that it is no more.

We remember a beauty that faded, a love that waned. But we remember with far greater pain that we did not see that beauty when it flowered, that we failed to respond with love when it was tendered.

A recent experience re-taught me this truth. I was hospitalized following a severe heart attack and had been in intensive care for several days. It was not a pleasant place.

One morning, I had to have some additional tests. The required machines were located in a building at the opposite end of the hospital, so I had to be wheeled across the courtyard on a gurney.

As we emerged from our unit, the sunlight hit me. That's all there was to my experience. Just the light of the sun. And yet how beautiful it was—how warming, how sparkling, how brilliant!

I looked to see whether anyone else realized the sun's golden glow, but everyone was hurrying to and fro, most with eyes fixed on the ground. Then I

remembered how often I, too, had been indifferent to the grandeur of each day, too preoccupied with petty and sometimes even mean concerns to respond to the splendor of it all.

The insight gleaned from that experience is really as commonplace as was the experience itself: life's gifts are precious—but we are too heedless of them.

Here then is the first pole of life's paradoxical demands on us: Never too busy for the wonder and the awe of life. Be reverent before each dawning day. Embrace each hour. Seize each golden minute.

Hold fast to life, but not so fast that you cannot let go. This is the second side of life's coin, the opposite pole of its paradox: we must accept our losses, and learn how to let go.

This is not an easy lesson to learn, especially when we are young and think that the world is ours to command, that whatever we desire with the full force of our passionate being can, will, be ours. But then life moves along to confront us with realities, and slowly but surely this second truth dawns upon us.

At every stage of life we sustain losses—and grow in the process. We begin our independent lives only when we emerge from the womb and lose its protective shelter. We enter a progression of schools; then we leave our mothers and fathers and our childhood homes. We get married and have children and then have to let them go. We confront the death of our parents and our spouses. We face the gradual or not so gradual waning of our own strength. And ultimately,