

与美国人同步阅读的**中英双语**丛书

# 爱心妈妈 二三事

让母爱滋润心田 以阅读开启智慧 用英文点亮人生



庆裕  
编译

用英文点亮人生 ①  
LIGHT UP YOUR LIFE WITH ENGLISH



STORIES  
ABOUT  
MOTHER'S  
LOVE



新世界出版社  
NEW WORLD PRESS



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## PREFACE

当我们年幼无知走错了路，是妈妈的爱滋养了我们、融化了我们即将冻结的灵感；当我们遇到挫折进退两难，是妈妈的鼓励给了我们力量；当我们成年之后远在他乡卧病在床倍感孤独，是妈妈的问候给了我们温暖；当我们春节回家旅途劳乏，是妈妈的微笑让我们倍觉亲切。人生的每个阶段，妈妈总是在最关键的时候给我们最切近的关怀。

成长过程中，妈妈的每一个动作每一个眼神都会让我们有无限的感悟。我们就这样一路走来，边走边收藏着与妈妈有关的那些往事。记忆里的那些温暖和感动、那些微笑和宽容，总在我们最无助的时候涌上心头，给我们带来光明和希望，让我们重新勇敢。

我们沉浸在那些美好的回忆中不想醒来。沉入美好的回忆，我们似乎听到了小时候妈妈的呼唤，曾经和妈妈在一起的那些小事，点点滴滴都永恒于我们的记忆当中。

忽然发现，原来我们一生都浸润在妈妈爱的海洋中。当越来越多的人感受到这种爱的伟大时，他们控制不住地敲击键盘，写下了世界上最饱蘸深情的文字，每一个文字都是对妈妈爱的体悟，也是对与妈妈共渡时光时的往事的梳理。

这些文字是他们送给妈妈的最有价值的礼物，本书从这些充满深情的文字中精选了部分内容，以中英文对照的形式呈献给大家，使大家在提高英文阅读和写作能力的同时，与我们共同体悟妈妈的爱心。

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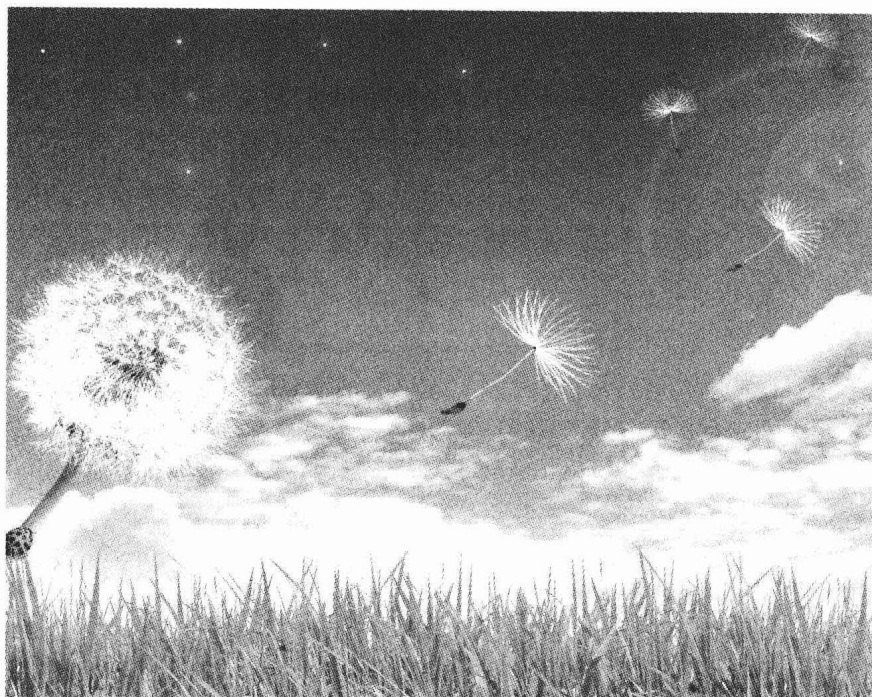


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## Part 1

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### Dancing with Mom 与妈妈共舞



## The Woman on the Train

Anonymous

I saw a most unusual woman today, traveling into Manhattan on the commuter railroad. I stood near her and her three children, two boys and a girl, all of us jostled about as the train rushed into the city. Where she boarded, I cannot be sure; judging from her style and the quality of her clothes, I'd guess she came from one of the more prosperous Long Island villages.

The kids were between three and eight years old. A dirty-blonde-haired girl, a bright cutie, was the youngest. The boys, outfitted in heavy winter coats and coordinated baseball caps, were sound in looks and personality. The mother was a pale, pleasant looking, slender woman about five feet six inches tall, with a not quite heart-shaped face. She had to be less than 40. Her black hair was cut to mid-neck, and her moderately thick eyebrows arched over gray-blue eyes. She was dressed for the sleety winter weather in a heavy gray wool coat, blue jeans, and



dark brown hiking boats.

What made this woman stand out from other attractive women was her relationship with her children. She casually interacted with them in the most supportive manner during the more than half-hour they were standing. Affection was plentifully supplied through a series of well-distributed touches and ready smiles. She held a cup of coffee in her hands, and the kids, too, gripped beverages, along with the remnants of a light Pop Tart breakfast. Breakfasting in a railroad car was evidently part of the day's adventure and was timed to keep the kids occupied on what could otherwise have been a boring trip.

Readers may be curious about the emotional inspiration for the sketch I have limned above. My purpose was to share a moment of the aesthetic pleasure in everyday life and to provide a reminder that life's rewards can be found in its routines. The work of living had traced a mark on the woman's face. Its public representation was the crease line that ran down her lower cheek and under her jaw, which showed promise of turning into the boundary of a jowl or extra chin in later years. The power of this marking can be measured by my response to it; for, in a culture that finds sign of wear repellent, I was attracted.

The stamp of age served as a natural frame for a found piece of performance art, one that might be called "Love Enhances Human Beauty." Her essence radiated competent motherly love, and I was spiritually and emotionally moved by it. It was a delight to see someone who evidently lived life to love and be loved. This woman, this mother, and (judging from her wedding ring) this wife knew life's wear and tear, and she appeared to accept it as part of a fair deal in return for the joy of living.



## 列车上的女士

佚名

今天，在驶往曼哈顿的列车上我见到了一位与众不同的女士。她带着三个孩子，两个男孩一个女孩，我就站在他们旁边。当列车高速行进的时候，我们都挤在了一起。我不清楚她在哪一站上车的，不过从她的打扮和衣服的材质来看，我估计她从长岛那些富庶的村庄过来。

那几个小孩的年龄介于三到八岁之间。他们中年纪最小的是那个女孩，一头金黄的头发带点儿灰褐色，俨然一个聪明的鬼精灵。那两个男孩穿着厚重的冬大衣，戴着配套的棒球帽，长相和心智都显得很健康。他们的妈妈白皙，漂亮，身材苗条，身高大约五英尺六英寸，脸形不太像心形。她肯定不到四十岁。她乌黑的长发落到脖子处，粗粗的睫毛下有一双灰蓝色的眼睛。为了应对冬天雨雪交杂的天气，她身上穿着厚厚的灰羊毛大衣，蓝色牛仔裤和深褐色的登山靴。



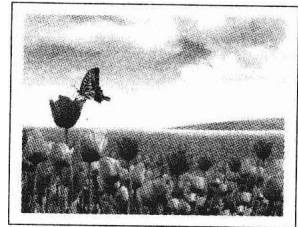
她和孩子们的关系让她显得与众不同。在车厢里的半个多小时中，她以一种随和、鼓励的态度和几个孩子交流着。在对几个孩子没有偏心的爱抚和灿烂的微笑间充盈的是深深的感情。她的手中握着一杯咖啡，孩子的手里也拿着饮料和一小块吃剩的上面有果酱的小圆饼。显然，在列车上吃早餐是他们每天生活的一部分，这样的时间安排也让孩子们在一趟乏味的旅程中有所可做。

读者也许会好奇，也许想知道我以上这段简短的描述背后的情感动机。其实我只想与读者分享平常生活中一个愉快而富有美感的瞬间，以此启示大家在日复一日的生活琐事中有生活对你的回报。岁月在那位女士的脸上留下了痕迹。这些痕迹很明显地体现在她的法令纹上，那条法令纹一直延伸到下颌，相信用不了几年就会变成一条深深的双下巴颈纹。从我的反应便可知道这种痕迹的力量不可低估。在这样一个推崇年轻漂亮的时代，我却被这位女士深深吸引。

岁月在女士身上留下的烙印为我妙手偶得的这件表演视觉艺术作品提供了一个自然的框架，我就姑且将这件作品称为“爱使人美丽”吧。从她体内焕发出的那种炽烈难当的母性的爱，让我的灵魂和情感为之震撼。看到活生生的爱与被爱，是一件十足的赏心乐事。这位女士，母亲和妻子（从她手上的结婚戒指而知）体会到了生活的磨耗，然后她坦然地接受了，并把生活的苦兑换成生活的乐视为一种公平的交易。

**感悟**

母性的爱，让灵魂为之动容。



**Dancing with Mom**  
Anonymous

When I married my wife Martha, it was the most beautiful day of my life.

We were young and healthy, tanned and handsome. Every picture taken by that day showed us smiling, hugging and kissing. We were the perfect hosts, never cranky or tired. We were as happy and carefree as the porcelain couple on our towering wedding cake.

Halfway through the reception, in between the pictures and the cake and the garter and the bouquet, my mother tapped me gently on the shoulder. I hugged her in a flurry of other well-wishers and barely heard her whisper, "Will you dance with me, sweetheart?"

"Sure, Mom." I said, smiling and with the best of intentions, even as some out of town guests pulled me off in their direction. An hour later my mother tried again. And again I readily agreed, smiling and reaching for her with an outstretched hand but letting some old college buddies



place a fresh beer there instead, just before dragging me off for some last-minute wedding night advice!

Finally, my mother gave up.

There were kisses and hugs and rice and tin cans and then my wife and I were off on our honeymoon. A nagging concern grew in the back of my mind as we wined and dined our way down to Miami for a week-long cruise and then back again when it was over.

When we finally returned to our new home, a phone message told us our pictures were waiting at the photographer's. We unpacked slowly and then moseyed on down to pick them up. Hours later, after we had examined every one with fond memories, I held one out to reflect upon in private.

It was a picture of two happy guests, sweaty and rowdy in their dancing. But it wasn't the grinning couple I was focusing on. There, in the background was my mother.

I had spotted her blue dress right away and her simple pearls. The brand new hairdo I knew she'd gotten special for that day, even though she was on a fixed income. I saw her scuffed shoes and a run in her stocking and her tired hands clutching at a well-used handkerchief.

In the picture, my mother was crying. And I didn't think they were tears of joy. The nagging concern that had niggled at me the entire honeymoon finally solidified—I had never danced with my mother.

I kissed my wife on the cheek and drove to my mother's tiny apartment a few miles away. I knocked on the door and saw that her new perm was still fresh and tight, but her tidy blue dress had been replaced with her usual faded house dress.

A feeble smile greeted me, weak arms wrapped around me and, naturally, mother wanted to know all about our honeymoon. Instead, all I



could do was apologize.

“I’ m sorry, I never danced with you, Mom,” I said honestly, sitting next to her on the threadbare couch, “it was a very special day and that was the only thing missing form making it perfect.”

Mother looked me in the eye and said something that I’ ll never forget: “Nonsense, dear. You’ ve danced enough with this old broad in her lifetime. Remember all those Saturday nights you spent here when you were a little boy? I’ d put the Lawrence Welk Show on and you’ d danced on top of my fuzzy slippers and langhed the whole time. Why, I don’ t know any other mother who has memories like that. I’ m a lucky woman.”

“And while you were being the perfect host and making all of your guests feel so special, I sat back and watched you and felt nothing but pride. That’ s what a wedding is, honey. Something old and something new; something borrowed and something blue.”

“Well, this OLD woman, who was wearing BLUE, watched you dance with your beautiful NEW bride, and I knew I had to give you up, because I had you so many years to myself, but I could only BORROW you until you found the woman of your dream—and now you have each other and I can rest easy in the knowledge that you’ re happy.”

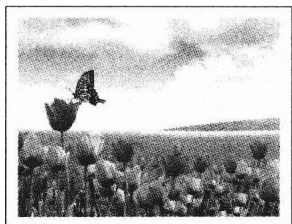
Both of our tears covered her couch that day.

That was the day mother taught me what it meant to be a son, as well as a husband.

And after my lesson, I asked mother for that wedding dancing.

Unlike me, she didn’ t refuse...





## 与妈妈共舞

佚名

与妻子马莎举行婚礼的那天，是我一生中最美好的一天。

那时的我们，年轻而有活力，皮肤被晒成深褐色，看上去很精神。那天，摄影师拍下的都是我们微笑、拥抱和亲吻的镜头。我们是最幸福的主人，一点儿也不怪异，也毫无倦怠的神情。我们就像结婚蛋糕上的那对小瓷人一样幸福而无忧无虑。

婚礼进行时，大家拍照片，切蛋糕，扔袜带，掷花束，玩得不亦乐乎。这时，妈妈轻轻地拍拍我的肩头，在众人一阵忙乱的祝福声中，我把她揽入怀中，她在我耳边低声说道：“亲爱的，和我跳支舞，好吗？”

“当然可以了，妈妈。”我真诚地微笑着回答她，不巧，这时一些外地客人又把我拉向他们那儿。一小时后，妈妈又向我发出了邀请。我同样微笑着答应了，并伸手做出邀舞的姿势。这时过来一些大学同学，把一杯鲜啤酒放到我手中，并把我拽走，要在新婚之夜