





# ONE WINTRY NIGHT

②中国人首5及公司









#### 图书在版编目(CIP)数据

冬天里的故事/露丝·贝尔·葛培理著.—北京:中国友谊出版公司,2002.10

ISBN 7-5057-1869-X/I·476

I.冬··· Ⅱ.①葛···②文··· Ⅲ.英语-对照读物,图画故事-汉、英 Ⅳ.H319.4:1

### 中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2002)第 082795 号

Text copyright © 1994 by Ruth Bell Graham
Illustrations copyright © 1994 by Richard Jesse Watson
Originally published in English under the title
One Wintry Night By Baker Books,
A division of Baker Book House Company
Grand Rapids, Michigan, 49516, U.S.A.

Translated into Chinese and published in Mainland China by permission of East Gates International Licensing arranged by CCEnterprise Ltd.

All rights reserved.

文字版权 © 露丝·贝尔·葛培理 插图版权 © 理查德·杰西·沃森 原书英文版 One Wintry Night 由美国贝克出版公司出版。 本书经美国东门国际机构授权翻译成中文,

并在中国大陆出版。中文简体版权授权业务由香港珍珠文化企业公司代理

### 书名 冬天里的故事

著者 露丝·贝尔·葛培理 插图 理查德·杰西·沃森 译者 文洁若

出版 中国友谊出版公司

发行 中国友谊出版公司

经销 新华书店

印刷 人民美术印刷厂

规格 787×1092 毫米 1/12 6 印张

版次 2002年11月第一版

印次 2002年11月第一次印刷

印数 1-10000 册

书号 ISBN 7-5057-1869-X/I·476

定价 40.00 元

地址 北京市朝阳区西坝河南里 17 号楼

邮编 100028 电话 (010)64668676

合同登记号:图字 01-2002-5548 号

作者简介:

露丝·贝尔·葛培理 五个孩子的母亲,十九个孙子、孙女的祖母,膝下现有五个曾孙、曾孙女。她是世界最为著名的福音传道士比利·葛培理博士的妻子,她的主要作品有:《坐在我那笑着的火畔》、《一只驯顺的老鼠的遗物》、《轮到我了》、《浪子们以及爱他们的人》以及《云彩是他那双脚的灰尘》。《冬天里的故事》是她的第一部儿童读物。



理查德·杰西·沃森 曾为詹姆斯·迪基的作品《布朗温、投掷以及变形者》绘制插图,该书被评为儿童书最佳插图奖;作为《大拇指汤姆》一书的文字与插图作者,他获得了金风筝奖。为了给《冬天里的故事》绘制插图,他足足做了四年的准备。

### 译者简介:

文洁若 翻译家,作家,中国作协会员,中国翻译家协会会员。著有《我与萧乾》、《梦之谷奇遇》、《旅人的绿洲》、《文学姻缘》和《文洁若散文》。与萧乾合译的《尤利西斯》 获优秀外国文学图书奖一等奖以及国家图书奖提名奖。所译《十胜山之恋》获优秀外国文学图书奖二等奖。英、日文翻译作品计七百余万字。

## 序言

露丝·贝尔·葛培理是一位世界知名的作家和公众演说家。她所写的二十多本书已在世界各地发行。她亦是世界著名的福音布道家葛培里博士的夫人,葛培里博士曾在世界各地向数以百万的听众讲道。

葛培里夫人于 1920 年出生在中国江苏的淮阴,作为中国的女儿,她在那里度过了自己人生的头 17年。她的父亲,尼尔森·贝尔医生,是一位基督教医疗传教士,他曾在中国建立了当时最大的名为仁慈(Love & Mercy)的基督教医院。贝尔医生一家在日本侵华期间一直为中国人民服务,后于 1941 年返回美国。

葛培里夫人和她的家人一直未忘记中国和中国人民,并一直为他们的福祉而祷告。现在,葛培里夫人的小儿子葛内顺及其夫人葛郭瑞玉(曾国藩的玄孙女)领导着一个叫做东门国际的机构,继续着他们长期服务中国人民的使命。

东门国际很高兴能与中国友谊出版公司合作,将这本精美的画册献给中国的读者;本书讲述了一位在美国西部山区的男孩,如何在一个寒冬的夜晚,找到了平安、充实和内心的治愈。







美国东门国际机构 2002年10月



时候,罗马皇帝奥古斯都颁布命令,要罗马帝国的人民都办理户口登记。这 头一次的户口登记是在居里扭任叙利亚总督的时候。大家都回本乡去办理 登记。

约瑟也从加利利省的拿撒勒城往犹太去,到了大卫的城——伯利恒;因为约瑟属于大卫的宗族,他要同与他订了婚的马利亚一起登记。马利亚已经有了身孕。

当他们到伯利恒的时候,马利亚的产期到了。她生了头胎儿子,用布包起来,放在马槽里,因为客栈里没有地方让他们住。

在伯利恒的野外有些牧羊人夜间露宿,轮流看守羊群。一个天使站在他们面前,荣光四面照射他们,他们非常惊惶。

天使对他们说:"不要害怕!我有好消息告诉你们;这消息要带给万民极大的喜乐。今天,在大卫的城里,你们的拯救者主基督已经诞生了!"

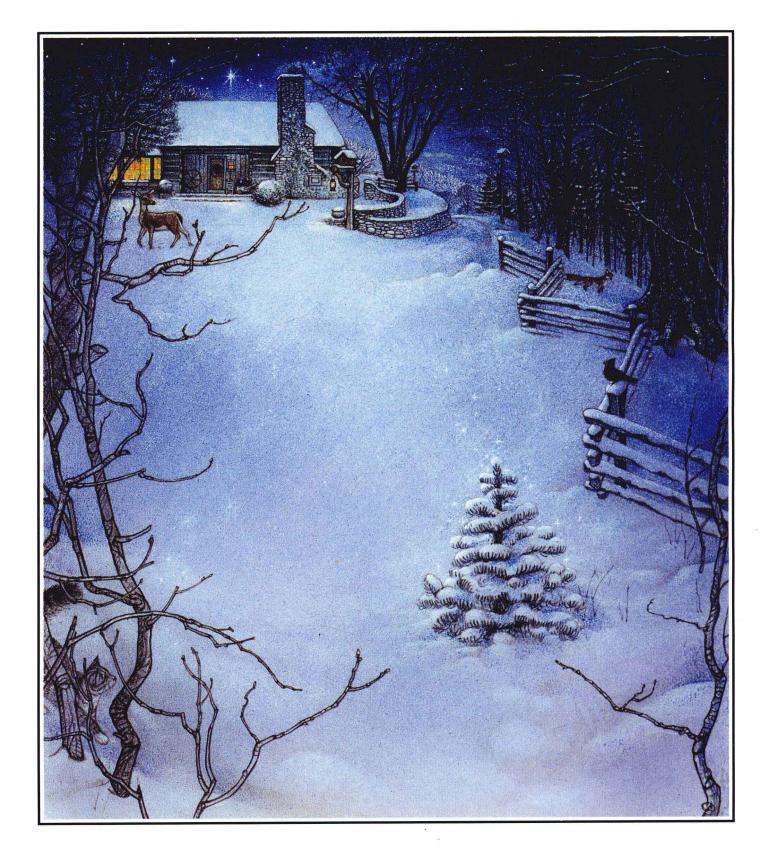
nd it came to pass in those days that a decree went out from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be registered. This census first took place while Quirinius was governing Syria. So all went to be registered...

And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, to the city of David, which is called Bethlehem, because he was of the house and lineage of David, to be registered with Mary, his betrothed wife, who was with child.

So it was, that while they were there, the days were completed for her to be delivered. And she brought forth her firstborn Son, and wrapped Him in swaddling cloths, and laid Him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.

Now there were in the same country shepherds living out in the fields, keeping watch over their flock by night. And behold, an angel of the Lord stood before them, and the glory of the Lord shone around them, and they were greatly afraid.

Then the angel said to them, "Do not be afraid, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which will be to all people. For there is born to you this day in the city of David a Savior, who is Christ the Lord."

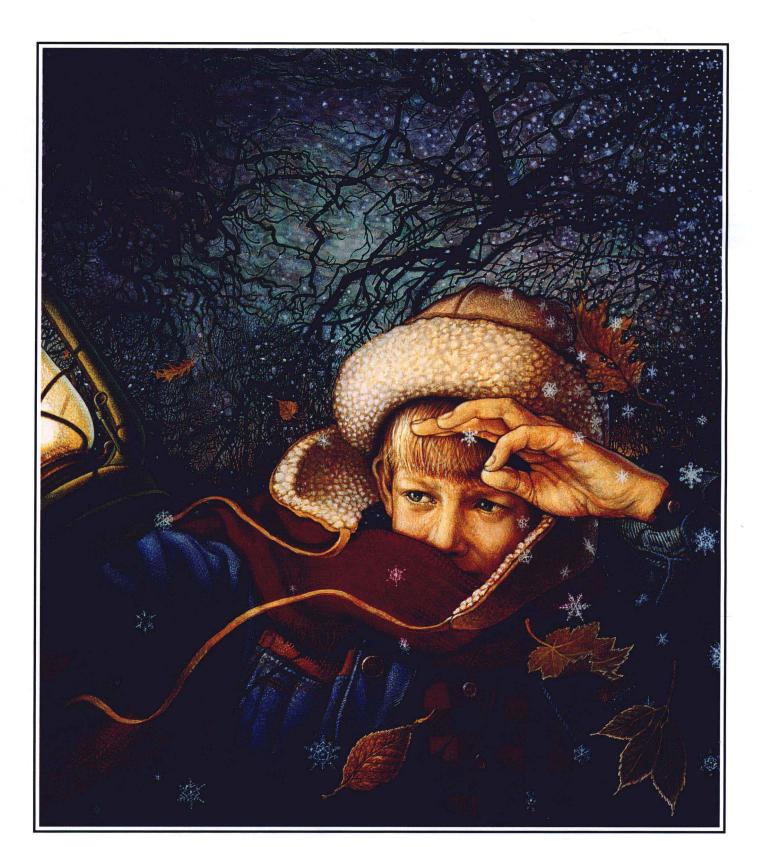




露丝・贝尔・葛培理 著 RUTH BELL GRAHAM 理查徳・杰西・沃森 插图 RICHARD JESSE WATSON

文洁若 译





## 第一章 遭遇暴风雪

## A

## CHAPTER 1 CAUGHT IN THE STORM

当风刮得越来越紧,呼啸着掠过山脊的时候,少年蹲下来,把便帽猛地拽到耳朵上边。从北方往下移动的低垂的乌云,使天色早早地就变得黑沉沉的。一片雪花触着了他的腮帮子。少年曾在山中历尽艰辛,然而爷爷曾提醒他,在这么寒冷的日子,不要孤零零地长途跋涉。不过,少年有这样一种强烈的要求。

他爱山岳——尤其是爱那七姐妹山。那里是他的家。他已数不清自己究竟爬过多少次山了。过去爷爷常常跟他一道爬,只是如今爷爷的心脏不行了,不能再爬山啦。

又一阵劲风使少年的身子失衡。他抓住一棵树,支撑着自己,点上了那盏旧马灯,以驱散笼罩过来的黑暗。这时,在严寒中,借着马灯那闪烁的淡黄色光辉,他注意到月桂树的叶子紧紧地卷曲成一条条的,状似铅笔。

在上空那些秃秃的树枝间, 风又呼啸起来了。少年不曾受到惊吓, 但他头一次怀疑着究竟能不能把这儿当成自己的家。

The boy hunkered down and yanked his cap further over his ears as the wind rose to a roar across the ridge. Low, dark clouds moving down from the north were bringing darkness early. A snowflake touched his cheek. The boy was mountain tough, but his grandpa had warned him against taking a long hike alone on such a cold day. Still, the boy had the urge.

He loved the mountains—especially the Seven Sisters. They were home to him. He'd lost track of how many times he had hiked them. His grandpa used to climb with him, only grandpa's heart wasn't up to it now.

Another gust of wind caught the boy off balance. Grabbing a tree for support, he lit the old possum lantern against the oncoming darkness. Then, in its flickering yellow glow, he noticed the leaves of the laurel were curled up tight like pencils in the bitter cold.

Again the roar of the wind rose in the bare branches above him. The boy wasn't scared, but for the first time he wondered if he would make it home.





他不仅在山中历尽艰辛,而且在山里还能应付自如。他估计这会儿早就过了巨松。接着,他想起了太爷爷所营造的那座岩洞屋,它不会离得很远——就座落在巨松与跺球之间的山脊以南。前些日子,另外一些人从山里人手中买下了这房子。爷爷常告诉他,为了他们,自己曾怎样帮助盖这座房子,从山间的河床——甚至从废弃的旧熔炉搬岩石来——以便砌烟囱,筑墙。

假如少年能够及时到达那个地方,他们会收留他的。

在那座木头结构的房子里,妇人听见了狗叫。叫声并不 友好,却怀着恶意,来得凶猛。她拧开了户外的几盏灯,隔着 正门旁边的小窗户眯起眼睛看。那些狗现在已经默不作声

了。然而门外却正发生着什么事。

风声就像是沿着山脊驰来的货运列车,雪花不是直直地落下,却斜刺里刮过来。接着,她看见了他——两只大狗当中走着一个少年,他仿佛早就认识了它们似的。 妇人打开了门。

"我是泽布·莫里斯",少年跑向灯光明亮的大门时,气喘吁吁地喊叫着。"我爷爷,他帮助盖起了这座房子……"

少年还没说完这句话,就打了个趔趄。妇人扶住了他,将他搀进屋子。

He wasn't only mountain tough, he was mountain smart. He figured he was well past Big Piney now. Then he remembered the cove, the one his great-grandpa had settled. It couldn't be far—on the south side of the ridge between the Big Piney and Stompy Knob. Other folks had bought the property from the mountain family some time ago. His grandpa used to tell stories of how he had helped build the place for them, fetching rocks from the mountain streambeds—even from old still furnaces—for the chimneys and walls.

If the boy could make it down there, they'd let him in.

Inside the log and frame house, the woman heard the dogs bark. Not a friendly bark, but mean and fierce. She tured on the outside lights, peering through the little window by the front door. They were quiet now. But something was going on out there.

The wind sounded like a freight train coming over the ridge, and the snowflakes were blowing sideways instead of falling straight down.

Then she saw them, the two big dogs with a boy walking between, like he'd known them before.

The woman opened the door.

"I'm Zeb Morris," the boy yelled breathlessly as he ran toward the lighted entrance. "My grandpa, he helped build this..."

Before he could finish the sentence, the boy stumbled. The woman caught him and helped him inside.

## 第二章 少年和妇人



### CHAPTER 2 THE BOY AND THE WOMAN

第二天早晨,少年醒了,双目困倦地隔着窗户凝视外面那奇异的世界。那里的天空通常是蓝色的,而今云彩几乎是黑的。那里的山脊应该是黑糊糊地拔地而起,如今它却是白茫茫的,柔软的。那些漆黑、叶子掉光的树——也是一片白。鹅毛大雪正静静悄悄地、纷纷扬扬降落着。

雪一向使少年兴奋不已。他没理会那张大床有多么高,就从床上跳下来,疼得几乎大声喊叫。他没喊。然而当他留神看自己昨天晚上扭伤的脚脖子时,才发觉它肿了,而且发青。

"该死的!"他惊叫道。如今他怎样回家去呢?除了左脚的短袜和鞋,他将所有的衣着都穿好了,一瘸一拐地穿过门厅,来到看上去像是厨房的一间屋子。

"早晨好,泽布,"那个妇人说。

"早安,夫人,"他回答。油煎熏猪肉、新鲜的咖啡以及燃烧的柴禾,那烟的气味,使他感到舒适自在,就像回到家里似的。

Next morning the boy woke up and peered drowsily out of the window upon a strange world. Where the sky was usually blue, the clouds were almost black. And where the ridge should have risen dark, it was white and soft. The dark, leafless trees—they, too, were white. And huge snowflakes were falling silently.

Snow always filled the boy with excitement. He jumped from the big bed before noticing how high it was, and nearly cried out in pain. He didn't. But when he looked at the ankle he had twisted last night, he saw it was swollen and blue.

"Doggoneit!" he exclaimed. Now how would he get home? he pulled on all but his left sock and shoe and limped across the hall to what looked to be the kitchen.

"Good morning, Zeb," the woman said.

-"Mornin', ma'am," he replied. The smell of frying bacon, fresh coffee and wood smoke made him feel at home.



他怯生生地站在门边,一只灰白条纹相间的大猫往他那没受伤的小腿蹭来蹭去。

"丢掉了一只鞋吗?"妇人问。

"没有,夫人。昨天晚上我沿着老熊的窝下去,可陡啦。我扭伤了脚脖子。从床上跳下时,我一直没真正理会受伤的事。床架子太高啦。"

"因为这个床下还有一张带轮的矮床。喏,让我瞧瞧。"

她用那双温柔的手小心翼翼地摸了摸他的脚脖子。

扭伤得蛮厉害的。咱们把它浸泡在冰水里,然后好好地包扎起来。不管怎样,今天你恐怕不能回家去喽。咱们被 大雪困住啦。我已经给北岔口的朋友打了电话,让他们给你爷爷捎个口信,说你在这儿呢。"

"非常感谢您,"少年说。

将肿起的脚脖子浸泡在一桶水里的当儿,他饱餐了两份熏猪肉和炒蛋。随后,那个妇人用宽条松紧绷带细心地把它包扎起来。

"拄着这支手杖。"她说,"在这里到处转转,看看你爷爷帮助盖的。要是你的脚脖子疼起来了,就爬上沙发,在你的脚脖子底下垫上几个枕头。我讲故事给你听,咱们谈谈你爷爷的事。到了傍晚,假若愿意的话,我就讲圣诞节的故事给你听。"

那是个充实的日子,好玩的日子。夜幕降临的时候,雪已封住了起居室窗外那堵篱垣的第二道栏杆。壁炉大得足以容一个少年站在里面。妇人在壁炉里笼起了火。一棵圣诞树高耸到有横梁的顶棚。树上挂着一小盏一小盏白灯,在劈开来的古老圆木衬托下,闪闪发光。少年向后面靠了靠,背后舒舒服服地掖着一个枕头,扭伤的脚脖子下也垫着一个。

He stood shyly beside the door, the large gray-and-white-striped cat rubbing against his good leg.

"Lost a shoe?" the woman asked.

"No'm. Comin' down by the old bear's den last evenin' where it's almighty steep, I twisted it. Didn't really notice it till I Jumped off that bed. It shore is high."

"That's because there's a trundle bed under it. Now, let me have a look."

With gentle hands she carefully felt the ankle.

"You've got a bad sprain. We'll soak it in ice water, then wrap it well. I'm afraid you couldn't have hiked home today anyway. We're snowed in. I called friends in North Fork to get word to your grandfather that you are here."

"I'm obliged to you," the boy said.

He stuffed down two helpings of the scrambled eggs and bacon while the puffy ankle soaked in a pan of water. Then the woman carefully wrapped it in a wide elastic bandage.

"You take this cane," she said, "and explore the house to see what your grandfather helped to build. If your ankle begins to hurt, climb on a sofa and raise your ankle with some pillows. I'll read to you and we'll talk about your grandfather. When evening comes, if you like, I'll tell you the Christmas story."

It had been a full day, a fun day. By the time darkness fell, snow had covered the second rail of the fence outside the living room window. The woman lit a fire in the fireplace that was large enough for a boy to stand in. A Christmas tree with little white lights that twinkled against the old hewn logs reached to the beamed ceiling. The boy leaned back, a pillow tucked comfortably behind him, and another under the sprained ankle.



"我喜欢你这房子,"他抽冷子说。"觉得像是在家里似的。"

"这是所有的人能说的最动听的话了,"她笑眯眯地说。"为了圣诞节把房子装饰起来,可有意思啦——一向就是这样的。我们有五个子女。如今他们全都结婚了,有自己的家啦。可是每年过圣诞节,我们就为耶稣的生日把小松岩洞装饰起来。要是他们当中的任何一人回家来,就会受到无比热烈的欢迎。"

- "有孙子、孙女吗?"
- "十九个。"
- "天哪!"少年惊叫道。"就像某些山里人似的。"
- "谢谢你,泽布。我认为这是真正的赞扬。你知道吗,"她继续说下去,两眼笑盈盈的,"树下有一份送给你的礼物。"
  - "送给我的?"他那双灰色的眼睛吃惊地睁大了。

她从那堆等候家人到达的礼物当中挑出了一样:又细又长,它用鲜红色的纸包起来,并束着发亮的缎带。

他慢慢地打开纸包。他难得收到礼物,不愿意弄坏缎带或撕破包装纸。一枝用葡萄藤缠过的幼树做成的 手杖横在他的大腿上了。

"当我们买下这座房子时,它就在这儿,"妇人告诉他。"他们说,这是你爷爷的。当你昨天露面的时候,我想起来了。我对自己说:'这枝手杖应该属于泽布。'"

少年用两只手抚摸着被葡萄藤缠出来的坑坑洼洼的槽子,目光炯炯。

- "我很高兴接受这枝手杖,"少年说,"高兴极啦……"他再也说不下去了。
- "现在。"妇人宣布说、"讲圣诞节的故事吧!"

"I like your house," he said suddenly. "Feels like home."

"That's the nicest thing anyone could say about it," she said smiling. "It's fun dressing it up for Christmas—always has been. We have five children, and they're all married now with homes of their own. But we dress up Littel Piney Cove for Jesus' birthday every Christmas, and if any of them can come home they're more than welcome."

"Got any grandkids?"

"Nineteen."

"Goleee! " the boy exclaimed. "Just like some mountain folks."

"Thank you, Zeb. I Consider that a real compliment. You know," she continued, eyes smiling, "there's a gift for you under the tree."

"For me?" Gray eyes widened in surprise.

Among the piles of gifts awaiting the family's arrival, she picked up a long, skinny one wrapped in bright red with a shiny ribbon.

Slowly he opened it. Unused to gifts, he didn't want to spoil the ribbon or tear the paper. There across his lap lay a walking stick made from a vine-strangled sapling.

"It was here when we bought the place," explained the woman. "They said it belonged to your grandfather. When you showed up last night, I remembered it. I said to myself, `This stick ought to belong to Zeb."

The boy's hands felt along the curved groove left by the vine, his eyes bright.

"I shore am pleased t' get it," the boy said, "mighty pleased..." and he couldn't say anymore.

"Now," the woman announced, "the Christmas story!"

## 第三章 太初

## CHAPTER 3 IN THE BEGINNING

妇人把一截圆木放在火上,它噼噼啪啪地爆裂成好几百颗小红星星。它们在壁炉那煤黑的背景衬托下闪烁着,升到烟囱上端,消失了。

"第一个圣诞节是两千年以前度过的,"她讲起来了。"当时,在伯利恒郊外,天使向牧羊人显现。可是,故事并不是从这儿开始的。不可能这样,既然天使管耶稣叫做'救世主',或是拯救者。一定是什么人遇上了困难。"

"为了查明这一点,时光必须倒流,返回到马利亚和约瑟还没出生的时候。返回到伯利恒城还不存在的时候。事实上,返回到太初,连地球都不存在的时候。(唉呀呀——这下子咱们这部时光机器没地儿可呆啦!)"于是,她瞥了少年一眼,少年咧嘴一笑,作为回答。她接着讲下去。

太初,大地混沌,孤寂荒凉。深渊弥漫着一片黑暗。

gel appeared to shepherds outside Bethlehem. But the story doesn't begin there. It couldn't have because the angel called Jesus a 'savior,' or a rescuer. Someone must have been in trouble."

"To find out about it, we have to jump into a time machine and go back before Mary and Joseph were born. Back before there was any town of Bethlehem. In fact, so far back there was no earth. (Whoops—now our time machine has nothing to sit on!)" She glanced at him, and the boy grinned back. Then she continued.

In the beginning, the earth was shapeless and empty; and darkness was over the face of the deep.



比为试读,需要完整PDF请访问: www.ertongbook.co