世界上最畅销的经典读物

The contented mind is the greatest h iness in Life

满足是人生最大的幸福

# Chicken Soup for the Soul

真爱·幸福卷

# 心灵鸡汤

## 【守住幸福】
## Maintain the Happiness

Happiness is a perfume you cannot pour on others without getting a few drops on yourself.

幸福犹如香水，你不可能泼向别人而自己却不沾几滴。

羽灵 编译

黑龙江科学技术出版社

Chicken Soup for the Soul

# 心灵鸡汤

[守住幸福]

Maintain the Happiness

English-Chinese 英汉对照

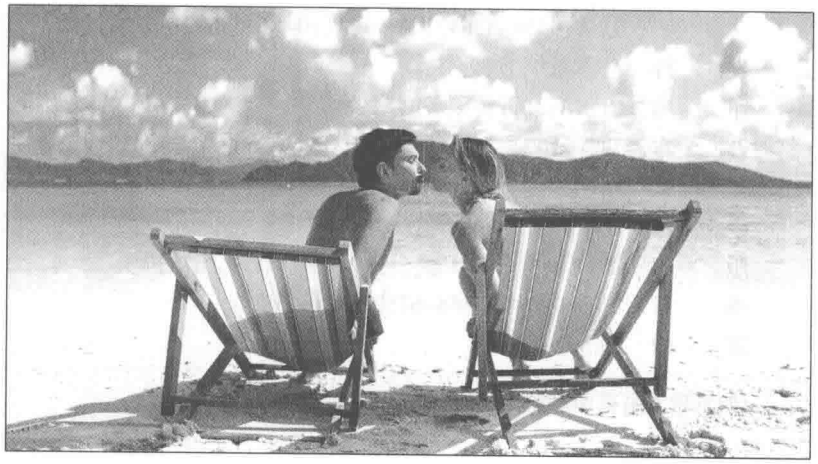
真爱·幸福卷

# 心灵鸡汤

## 【守住幸福】

羽 灵 编译

黑龙江科学技术出版社



**图书在版编目(CIP)数据**

守住幸福:英汉对照 / 羽灵编译. ——哈尔滨:黑龙江科学技术出版社, 2011.7

ISBN 978-7-5388-6750-3

Ⅰ. ①守… Ⅱ. ①羽… Ⅲ. ①英语—汉语—对照读物 ②散文集—世界 Ⅳ. ①H319.4:I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2011)第 147866 号

**守住幸福**

编　　译　羽　灵
责任编辑　焦　琰
装帧设计　百　花
出　　版　黑龙江科学技术出版社
（地址:哈尔滨市南岗区建设街 41 号　邮编:150001
电话:0451-53642106　传真:0451-53642143 发行部）
发　　行　全国新华书店
印　　刷　哈尔滨市石桥印务有限公司
开　　本　787 × 1092　1/16
印　　张　16
字　　数　260 千字
版　　次　2011 年 9 月第 1 版　2011 年 9 月第 1 次印刷
书　　号　ISBN 978-7-5388-6750-3/Z·846
定　　价　29.80 元

(如发现本书有印刷质量问题,印刷厂负责调换)

# Contents 目录

## 坚守未逝的记忆
## Hold the Unfadable Memory


守护天使 Child's Angel / 2
母亲的手 Mother's Hands / 4
父亲 Dad / 8
神秘的栀子花 Mystery of the White Gardenia / 12
记忆的全部 All I Remember / 16
我的宝贝 My Precocious and Precious Son / 19
心中的歌 Heart Song / 23
儿子的画像 The Son's Portrait / 26
爱的信使 All Mum's Letters / 31
最后的磁带 The Last Tape / 36
父亲和曼陀林 Dad Sure Could Play that Mandolin / 41
我和父亲 Father and I / 45


## 你是我的阳光
## You are My Sunshine


一个朋友 A Friend / 54




此为试读,需要完整PDF请访问: www.ertongbook.com

最伟大的爱 No Greater Love / 56
友谊 Friendship / 60
行动的力量 The Power of Your Action / 65
爆米花的力量 The Power of Popcom / 69
纯真年代 Simpler Times / 73

## 那份沉默的幸福
## The silently Happiness

善心可依 A Good Heart to Lean on / 76
汤米的作业纸 Tom's Essay / 80
一个男孩儿的使命 A Boy with a Mission / 83
男孩儿与树 A Boy and His Tree / 89
离别之吻 A Goodbye Kiss / 93
与妈妈约会 Going out with Mamma / 97
与父共舞 A Dance with Dad / 101
幸福是一种感觉 Happiness is Just a Feeling / 106
繁忙的一天 My Busy Day / 108
外祖父的蜜蜂 Grandpa's Bees / 112
美丽平安夜 Bradlley's Silent Night / 116
妈妈的重负 My Mother's burden / 125

## 真爱千重情
## Emotional True Love

渴望你的爱 Hungry for Your Love / 128
甜美的爱情 A Sweet Love Story / 134
夹在钱包中的信 Letter in the Wallet / 138
蝶吻 Butterfly Kisses / 145
汉诺威广场 Hanover Square / 149
爱所演绎的故事 Love Gives Us a Fairy Tale / 154
宁静的灌木林 A Walk in the Woods / 156
她的名字是玫瑰 Her Name Was Rose / 160

留驻眼底的永恒 Forever in Their Eyes / 164
网络情缘 My Cyber Love / 168
一封绝妙的情书 An Ingenious Love Letter / 172
匿名 Anonymity / 175
双人秋千 A Swing for Two / 179
爱如断臂 Love is Like a Breaken Arm / 185
浪漫曲折路 Detour to Romance / 189
相爱的人 The Lovers / 194

## 快乐一直前行
## Happiness Will Go On

试金石 The Touchstone / 198
我们在旅途中 We are on a Journey / 200
一撮黏土 A Handful of Clay / 204
如果我休息，我就会生锈 If I Rest, I Rust / 210
快乐吧！ Be Happy! / 212
漫谈（节选） The Rambler / 214
当风吹起 When the Wind Blows / 219
勇于追梦 Dare to Dream / 221
雨天和雨靴 Raindrops and Rubber Boots / 224

## 爱与心同在
## Love belong with Heart

爱是一根线 Love is a Piece of Thread / 228
爱在心灵 Beauty Within / 231
我会永远选择你 I Will Alawys Choose You / 233
最美的心 The Most Beautiful Heart / 239
邀请爱来做客 To Invite Love to Be Your Guest / 242
四瓣的花朵 The Four Petaled Flower / 244
金色的盒子 The Golden Box / 246
爱的遗产 A Legacy of Love / 248

# 坚守未逝的记忆

## Hold the Unfadable Memory

无论时光怎样流逝，父母所给予的爱的记忆将是我们一生坚守的幸福。

# 守护天使
## Child's Angel

Once upon a time there was a child ready to be born. So one day he asked God: "They tell me you are sending me to earth tomorrow but how am I going to live there being so small and helpless?"

God replied, "Among the many angels, I chose one for you. She will be waiting for you and will take care of you."

But the child wasn't sure he really wanted to go: "But tell me, here in Heaven, I don't do anything else but sing and smile, that's enough for me to be happy."

"Your angel will sing for you and will also smile for you every day. And you will feel your angel's love and be happy."

"And how am I going to be able to understand when people talk to me," the child continued, "if I don't know the language that men talk?"

God patted him on the head and said, "Your angel will tell you the most beautiful and sweet words you will ever hear, and with much patience and care, your angel will teach you how to speak."

"And what am I going to do when I want to talk to you?"

But God had an answer for that question too. "Your angel will place your hands together and will teach you how to pray."

"I've heard that on earth there are bad men, who will protect me?"

"Your angel will defend you even if it means risking her life! "

"But I will always be sad because I will not see you anymore." the child continued warily.

God smiled on the young one. "Your angel will always talk to you about me and will teach you the way for you to come back to me, even though I will always be next to you."

At that moment there was much peace in Heaven, but voices from earth could already be heard. The child knew he had to start on his journey very soon. He asked God one more question, softly, "Oh God, if I am about to leave now, please tell me my angel's name."

God touched the child on the shoulder and answered, "Your angel's name is not hard to remember. You will simply call her Mommy."

有个孩子将要来到人世。一天，他问上帝："听说明天您就要让我降生到人世间了，可我如此的弱小而又无助，怎么才能在那里生存呢？"

上帝回答说："我已在众神之中为你选好了一个守护天使。她会在人世间守护着你，照顾着你。"

孩子还是充满了疑惑地问："可是在天堂，我除了时而唱唱笑笑什么也不用做，这让我感到了满足。"

"你的守护天使会每日为你歌唱为你欢笑的。你会感受到她的爱，并会得到幸福。"

"我怎样才能听懂人们对我说的话呢？"孩子继续问道："如果我不懂得人类的语言该怎么办呢？"

上帝轻轻地拍了拍孩子的头说道："你的守护天使会经常对你说最甜美动听的话语，她会用无微不至的关怀与耐心来教你说话。"

"如果我想和您说话的时候该怎么办呢？"孩子又问道。

上帝回答说："你的守护天使会将你的双手合拢在一起，教你如何去祈祷。"

"我听说人世间有很多坏人，谁会来保护我呢？"孩子又问上帝。

"你的守护天使会保护你的，哪怕是让她冒着生命的危险！"上帝说。

"但是见不到您我会很难过的。"孩子有些担心地说道。

上帝对孩子笑了笑，说："虽然我不会时时陪伴在你的身旁，但你的天使仍会时常向你提起我，并会教你如何回到我的身边来。"

此时，天堂寂静了，却依稀可以听得见来自人世间的声音。孩子知道他就要离开天堂了，于是又悄悄地问了上帝一个问题："哦，上帝呀，我现在就要离开您了，请您告诉我那天使的名字好吗？"

上帝拍着孩子的肩回答道："守护天使的名字并不难记，你就叫她'妈妈'吧。"

# 母亲的手
## Mother's Hands

As teenagers we live in a different world from our mothers, a world where mothers hang out on the peripheries. Of course, almost everyone has one; they are unavoidable annoyances.

Today, as I approach that edge, as I am the one with the teenage daughter, I look at my mother through different eyes. And I sometimes wish I could halt the years and stop her from growing older, stop her from repeating herself.

We sit at my kitchen table as the sun designs a mosaic of light on the tile floor. My daughter, Anna, sits next to my mother.

"When is Rick going to be here?" my mother asks, referring to my husband.

"I don't know, Mom," I answer patiently. "He'll be here for dinner."

I sigh and get up from the table. This is at least the tenth time she has asked that question in as many minutes.

While my mother and daughter play Monopoly, I busy myself making a salad.

"Don't put in any onions," Mom says. "You know how Daddy hates onions."

"Yes, Mom," I answer, shoving the scallions back into the fridge.

I scrub off a carrot and chop it into bite-size pieces. I thrust the knife into the carrot with more force than is necessary. A slice falls onto the floor.

"Don't put any onions in the salad," she reminds me. "You know how Daddy hates onions."

This time I can't answer.

I just keep cutting. Chopping. Tearing. If only I could chop away the years. Shred the age from my mother's face and hands.

My mother had been beautiful. She still is. In fact, my mother is still everything



此为试读,需要完整PDF请访问: www.ertongbook.com

she has been, just a bit forgetful. I try to convince myself that's all that it is, and if she really concentrated, she would not repeat herself so much. There isn't anything wrong with her.

I cut off the end of the cucumber and rub it against the stalk to take away the bitterness.

The white juice oozes out the sides. Wouldn't it be nice if all unpleasant situations could be so easily remedied? Cut and rub. This is a trick I have learned from my mother, along with a trillion other things: cooking, sewing, dating, laughing, thinking. I learned how to grow up. I learned the art of sorting through emotions.

And I learned that when my mother was around, I never had to be afraid.

So why am I afraid now?

I study my mother's hands. Her nails are no longer a bright red, but painted a light pink, almost no color at all. And as I stare at them, I realize I am no longer looking at those hands but feeling them as they shaped my youth. Hands that packed a thousand lunches and wiped a million tears off my cheeks. Hands that tucked confidence into each day of my life.

I turn away and throw the cucumber into the bowl. And then it hits me. My hands have grown into those of my mother's.

Hands that have cooked uneaten meals, held my own daughter's frightened fingers on the first day of school and dried tears off her face.

I grow lighthearted. I can feel my mother kiss me goodnight, check to see if the window is locked, then blow another kiss from the doorway. Then I am my mother, blowing that same kiss to Anna off that same palm.

Outside everything is still. Shadows fall among the trees, shaped like pieces of a puzzle.

Someday my daughter will be standing in my place, and I will rest where my mother now sits.

Will I remember then how it felt to be both mother and daughter? Will I ask the same question one too many times?

I walk over and sit down between my mother and her granddaughter.

"Where is Rick?" my mother asks, resting her hand on the table next to mine. The space between us is smaller than when I was a teenager, barely visible at all.

And in that instant I know she remembers. She may repeat herself a little too much. But she remembers.

"He'll be here," I answer with a smile.

My mother smiles back, one of those grins where the dimple takes over the shape of her face, resembling my daughter.

Then she lets her shoulders relax, picks up the dice.

作为孩子，我们与母亲生活在不同的世界里——我们生活在母亲保护下的世界里。当然了，几乎每个人都存在这样一个世界——一种不可避免的烦恼。

如今，我也处在这样的境遇，当我成为一个女孩儿的母亲时，便以一个全新的角度去看待我的母亲。有时，真希望时间可以永驻，让她不再一天天地老去，不再反复地唠叨。

我们坐在餐桌旁，明媚的阳光透过窗户折射在地板上，形成美丽的图案。我的女儿安娜正坐在我母亲的身旁。

“瑞克什么时候回来呀?”她是在问我的丈夫。

“我也不知道啊，妈妈，”我耐心地回答着，“他会回来吃晚饭的。”

短短几分钟，这个问题母亲已经问了不止十遍了。我叹了口气站起身来。

母亲和我的女儿正玩着强手棋，我则忙着做沙拉。

“别放洋葱，”妈妈说道，“你知道你的爸爸有多讨厌洋葱。”

“好的，妈妈。”我回答道，随即便把洋葱放回了冰箱。

我洗净了一个胡萝卜，很用力地把它切成小块，以至于有一片都掉在了地上。

“不要往沙拉里放洋葱啊，”她又在提醒我了，“你知道你的爸爸有多讨厌洋葱。”

这一次，我没有回答。

我只是流着泪水继续切着，剁着。若是我能再回到从前就好了，我可以将母亲脸上、手上留下的岁月痕迹全部抹去。

我的母亲曾经是那么的美丽。她现在也仍旧很美丽。事实上她的样子没怎么变，只是有些健忘。我试着说服自己，母亲就这么点毛病，如果她能精神集中的话，就不会这样唠叨了。除此之外她没有其他问题了。

我把黄瓜的尾端切了下来，用它在瓜身上蹭着，以此来去除苦味。

绿色的汁液从周边流了出来。如果所有的不快乐也能这么轻易被挤掉，那该有多好啊！切、蹭，这是我从母亲那里学来的技巧，还有很多别的事情——做饭、缝纫、约会、欢笑、思考。我学会了如何长大，学会了应对感情问题的艺术。

而且，我深知只要母亲在身边，我就什么都不怕。

可现在，我为什么会怕呢？

我仔细地看着母亲的双手。她的指甲不再涂成鲜亮的红色，而是淡淡的粉色，淡得几乎看不出来。我盯着它们，仿佛并不是在看那双手，而是在感受为我做了无数次午餐，拭去无数次泪水，塑造了我的青春，并在我生命的每一天都给我自信的手。

我转身把黄瓜放入碗中。这动作使我怦然心动，我的手已然成了母亲的手。

这双手也曾做过多少顿不曾被吃过的饭，也曾在女儿上学的第一天，握着她因受惊而发抖的手，并为她拭去脸上的泪水。

我的心情开始有所好转。我仿佛回到了从前，母亲吻着我，向我道晚安，查看窗子是否已锁上，然后走到门口再送给我一个吻。现在，我扮演了母亲的角色，并用同样的手势给我的女儿安娜送去了一个吻。

屋外，一切还是老样子。树影斑驳，好似一个个谜团。

总有一天，我的女儿也会站在我现在站着的地方，而我也会在母亲现在坐着的地方休息。

那时我是否还会记得为人母、为人女儿的感受呢？我也会反复地唠叨着同样的问题吗？

我走到了女儿和母亲中间，坐了下来。

“瑞克在哪呢？”母亲问道，她的手随意地放在桌上，就在我手的旁边。两只手之间的距离要比我还是个孩子的时候小得多，可以说，它们之间几乎没有了距离。

就在那一瞬间，我知道她记起来了。或许她有些唠叨，但现在，她想起来了。

“他会回来的。”我笑着回答道。

母亲也笑了，灿烂的笑容在她的脸上展开，样子很像是我的女儿。

然后，她两肩放松了下来，拾起了骰子。

# 父亲
## Dad

The first memory I have of him — of anything, really — is his strength. It was in the late afternoon in a house under construction near ours. The unfinished wood floor had large, terrifying holes whose yawning darkness I knew led to nowhere good. His powerful hands, then age 33, wrapped all the way around my tiny arms, then age 4, and easily swung me up to his shoulders to command all I surveyed.

The relationship between a son and his father changes over time. It may grow and flourish in mutual maturity. It may sour in resented dependence or independence. With many children living in single-parent homes today, it may not even exist.

But to a little boy right after World War Ⅱ, a father seemed a god with strange strengths and uncanny powers enabling him to do and know things that no mortal could do or know. Amazing things, like putting a bicycle chain back on, just like that. Or building a hamster cage.Or guiding a jigsaw so it forms the letter F;I learned the alphabet that way in those pre-television days.

There were, of course, rules to learn. First came the handshake. None of those fishy little finger grips, but a good firm squeeze accompanied by an equally strong gaze into the other's eyes. "The first thing anyone knows about you is your handshake," he would say. And we'd practice it each night on his return from work, the serious toddler in the battered Cleveland Indian's cap running up to the giant father to shake hands again and again until it was firm enough.

As time passed, there were other rules to learn. "Always do your best." "Do it now." "Never lie! " And most importantly,"You can do whatever you have to do." By my teens, he wasn't telling me what to do anymore, which was scary and heady at the same time. He provided perspective, not telling me what was around the great corner

of life but letting me know there was a lot more than just today and the next, which I hadn't thought of.

One day, I realize now, there was a change. I wasn't trying to please him so much as I was trying to impress him. I never asked him to come to my football games. He had a high-pressure career, and it meant driving through most of Friday night. But for all the big games, when I looked over at the sideline, there was that familiar fedora. And by God, did the opposing team captain ever get a firm handshake and a gaze he would remember.

Then, a school fact contradicted something he said. Impossible that he could be wrong, but there it was in the book. These accumulated over time, along with personal experiences, to buttress my own developing sense of values. And I could tell we had each taken our own, perfectly normal paths.

I began to see, too, his blind spots, his prejudices and his weaknesses. I never threw these up at him. He hadn't to me, and, anyway, he seemed to need protection. I stopped asking his advice; the experiences he drew from no longer seemed relevant to the decisions I had to make. He volunteered advice for a while. But then, in more recent years, politics and issues gave way to talk of empty errands and, always, to ailments. From his bed, he showed me the many sores and scars on his misshapen body and all the bottles for medicine. Sometimes, he confided I would just like to lie down and go to sleep and not wake up.

After much thought and practice ("You can do whatever you have to do."), one night last winter, I sat down by his bed and remembered for an instant those terrifying dark holes in another house 35 years before. I told my father how much I loved him. I described all the things people were doing for him. But, I said, he kept eating poorly, hiding in his room and violating the doctor's orders. No amount of love could make someone else care about life, I said; it was a two-way street. He wasn't doing his best. The decision was his. He said he knew how hard my words had been to say and how proud he was of me."I had the best teacher," I said."You can do whatever you have to do." He smiled a little. And we shook hands, firmly, for the last time. Several days later, at about 4 A.M., my mother heard Dad shuffling about their dark room."I have some things I have to do," he said. He paid a bundle of bills. He composed for my mother a long list of legal and financial what — to — do's "in case of emergency." And he wrote me a note.

对于父亲的记忆——事实上没有别的，就只有——他的力气。一天傍晚，在距我家不远的地方，一所房子正在修建中。尚未完工的地板上布满了一个个又大又可怕的洞，这些张着嘴的黑洞在我看来就是通往不祥之处的通道。那时父亲三十三岁，有一双厚实而有力的大手，对于当时只有四岁的我来说，他可以毫不费力地将我举到他的肩上，让我把一切都尽收眼底。

父子之间的关系随着时间的推移发生着变化。在彼此的日趋成熟之中，这种关系或许会繁盛并日渐亲密起来，或许会在充满不悦的依赖与独立的冲突中变了味道。如今，许多孩子都生活在单亲家庭，这种关系可能根本就不存在。

但是对于一个生活在第二次世界大战刚刚结束时期的小男孩儿来说，父亲就如同一个有着神奇力量的神，能够教会一个小孩子去做并了解一些一般人根本无法做到的事情。许多奇妙的事情，如把自行车的链条重新装上、制作一个鼠笼、在玩拼图游戏的时候摆出一个字母“F”等这类的事情，在电视机还未被发明的年代，我就是这样学会的。

当然了，还要学习一些其他知识。首先就是握手。这可不是那种流于形式的握手，而是一种坚定而有力的紧握，同时还要给对方一种坚定的目光。“人们认识你，首先就是通过与你握手。”父亲就是这样教导我的。

随着时间的流逝，还要学习更多的东西——“尽力而为”、“从现在做起”、“永远不要说谎话”，而最重要的是“你必须履行你的义务”。当我到了十几岁的时候，父亲就不再教我该去做什么了，这让人既害怕又兴奋。他教会我看透事物的方法，但却并没有告诉我在人生的重大转折点上会发生什么样的事情，只是让我知道除了今天和明天，我还有很长的路要走，而这是我从未想过的。

有一天，事情发生了转变，直至今日我才意识到。我并没有过多地去尝试取悦父亲，而是试着给他留下深刻的印象。我从未请他来看我的足球比赛。他的工作压力很大，我不希望他因为观看我的比赛而必须在周五的晚上工作到深夜。但是每到大型比赛，当我向看台四周望去的时候，总是会看到他戴的那顶熟悉的软呢帽。同时还要感谢上帝，对方的队长总会得到一个让



此为试读，需要完整PDF请访问：www.ertongbook.com