



1月

主题词：爱在人间



第1周：星期一

今日主题词：夫妻、爱与表达

1. *If I Had Known* 假如我知道

Thomas Carlyle lived from 1795 until 1881. He was a Scot ^{散文家} **essayist** and ^{历史学家} **historian**. During his lifetime he became one of the world's greatest writers. But he was a human and humans make mistakes.

On October 17, 1826, Carlyle married his secretary Jane Welsh. She was an ^{聪明的} **intelligent**, ^{喜怒无常的} attractive and somewhat **temperamental** daughter of a well-to-do doctor. They had their quarrels and misunderstandings, but still loved each other dearly.

After their marriage, Jane continued to serve as his secretary. But, after several years of marriage, Jane became ill. Being a hard worker, Carlyle became so absorbed in his writings that he let Jane continue working for several weeks after she became ill. She had cancer, and though it was one of the slow growing kind, she finally became ^{受限制的} **confined** to her bed. Although Carlyle loved her dearly, he very seldom found time to stay with her long. He was busy with his work.

When Jane died they carried her to the ^{墓地} **cemetery** for the service. The day was a ^{令人痛苦的} **miserable** day. It was raining hard and the ^{泥, 烂泥} **mud** was deep. Following the ^{葬礼} **funeral** Carlyle went back to his home. He was taking it pretty hard. He went up the stairs to Jane's room and sat down in the chair next to her bed. He sat there thinking about how little time he had spent with her and wishing so much he had a chance to do it differently. Noticing her diary on a table beside the bed, he picked it up and began to read it. Suddenly he seemed shocked. He saw it. There, on one page, she had written a single line. "Yesterday he spent an hour with me and it was like heaven; I love him so."

Something dawned on him that he had not noticed before. He had been too busy to notice that he meant so much to her. He thought of all the times he had gone about his work without thinking about and noticing her. Then Carlyle turned the page in the diary. There he noticed she had written some words that broke his heart. "I have listened all day to hear his steps in the hall, but now it is

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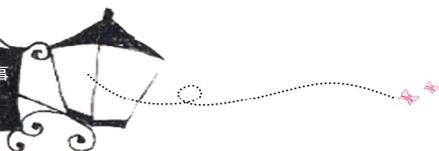
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late and I guess he won't come today.”

Carlyle read a little more in the book. Then he threw it down and ran out of the house. Some of his friends found him at the grave, his face buried in the mud. His eyes were red from weeping. Tears continued to roll down his cheeks. He kept repeating over and over again, “If I had only known.” But it was too late for Carlyle. Jane was dead.

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After Jane's death, Carlyle made little attempt to write again. The historians say he lived another 15 years, “**weary** , bored and a **partial recluse**.” Here we share the story with in the hope that you will not make the same mistake. While our loved ones must have the money we make to live, it is the love we have that they really want. Give it now before it is too late.

4月

每日所思



即使是夫妻之间，爱也是需要表达的。努力工作赚钱虽然重要，但其实爱人们更需要的是我们的爱。趁还来得及，去关怀你的爱人吧！

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第1周：星期二

今日主题词：爱、伤疤、永不放弃

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2. *Love Scar* 爱的伤疤



Some years ago on a hot summer day in south Florida a little boy decided to go for a swim in the old swimming hole behind his house.

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In a hurry to dive into the cool water, he ran out the back door, leaving behind shoes, socks, and shirt as he went. He flew into the water, not realizing that as he swam toward the middle of the lake, an **alligator** was swimming toward the shore. His mother—in the house was looking out of the window—saw the two as they got closer and closer together. In **utter** fear, she ran toward the water, **yelling** to her son as loudly as she could.

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Hearing her voice, the little boy became alarmed and made a U-turn to swim to his mother. It was just too late. Just as he reached her, the alligator reached him.

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From the **dock**, the mother **grabbed** her little boy by the arms just as the alligator **snatched** his legs. That began an **incredible** tug-of-war between the two. The alligator was much stronger than the mother, but the mother was much too **passionate** to let go. A farmer happened to drive by, heard her screams, raced from his truck, took aim and shot the alligator.

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Remarkably, after weeks and weeks in the hospital, the little boy survived. His legs were extremely scarred by the **vicious** 残酷的, 狠毒的 attack of the animal and, on his arms, were deep **scratches** 抓, 挠 where his mother's fingernails dug into his flesh in her effort to hang on to the son she loved.

The newspaper reporter, who interviewed the boy after the **trauma** 心灵创伤, 精神创伤, asked if he would show him his scars. The boy lifted his pant legs. And then, with obvious pride, he said to the reporter, "But look at my arms. I have great scars on my arms, too. I have them because my mom wouldn't let go."

You and I can **identify** 认出, 识别 with that little boy. We have scars, too. No, not from an alligator, or anything quite so dramatic. But, the scars of a painful past. Some of those scars are unsightly and have caused us deep regret.

Sometimes we foolishly **wade** 走过 into dangerous situations. The swimming hole of life is filled with peril and we forget that the enemy is waiting to attack. That's when the tug-of-war begins and if you have the scars of love on your arms, you will be very, very grateful.

每日所思



在人生之路上, 有时我们会愚蠢地步入危险的境地, 全然不知前方是什么情况。生活的水潭危机四伏, 而我们总忘了潜在敌人的伺机而动。当较量开始的时候, 如果你的手臂上有爱的伤疤你应该心怀感激, 因为在你的生命中有人不曾也永远不会放弃你。



第1周: 星期三

今日主题词: 爱情、陪伴、外表、心灵

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3. *True Nature of Heart* 心灵之爱

John was waiting for the girl whose heart he knew, but whose face he didn't, the girl with the rose. Thirteen months ago, in a Florida library he took a book off the shelf and found himself **intrigued** 激起好奇心 with the notes in the **margin** 页边空白. The soft handwriting reflected a thoughtful soul and insightful mind.

In front of the book, he discovered the previous owner's name, Miss Hollis Maynell. With time and effort he located her address. He wrote her a letter, introduced himself and invited her to **correspond** 通信.

During the next year and one month, they grew to know each other through the mail. A romance was **budding** 发芽. John requested a photograph, but she refused. She felt that if he really cared, it wouldn't matter what she looked like. Later they **scheduled** 安排 their first meeting— 6:00 pm at Grand Central Station in New York.

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“You’ll recognize me,” she wrote, “by the red rose I’ll be wearing on my **lapel**.” So at 6:00 he was in the station looking for the girl with the red rose.

A young woman in a green suit was coming toward him, her figure long and **slim** and her eyes were blue as flowers. Almost uncontrollably John made one step closer to her, and just at this moment he saw Hollis Maynell—a woman well past forty. The girl was walking quickly away. He felt as though he split in two, so keen was his desire to follow her, and yet so deep was his longing for the woman whose spirit had truly **companioned** him and **upheld** his own.

He did not hesitate. He **squared** his shoulders and said, “I’m John, and you must be Miss Maynell. I am so glad you could meet me; may I take you to dinner?”

The woman smiled, “I don’t know what this is about, son,” she answered, “but the young lady in the green suit begged me to wear this rose on my coat. And she said if you were to ask me out to dinner, I should tell you that she is waiting for you in the restaurant across the street. She said it was some kind of test!”

It’s not difficult to admire Miss Maynell’s **wisdom**. The true nature of a heart is seen in its **response** to the unattractive.



每日所思



世间的爱情有多种，有些人的爱情始于外表相悦，而有些人的爱情则始于心灵相悦。建立在外表基础上的爱情最终经不住风吹雨打，像自然之花一样终会凋谢；而建立在心灵基础上的爱情则可以经得住任何考验，永远吐露芬芳，越是在障碍重重的时候，其芳香越是沁人心脾。真正的爱情在于后者。



第1周：星期四

今日主题词：爱情、苹果、奇迹

4. *Lovely Coincidence* 真爱的巧合

In 1945, there was a young boy of fourteen years old in a **concentration** camp in Poland. He was tall, thin but had a bright smile. Every day, a young girl came by on the other side of the fence. She noticed the boy and asked him if he spoke Polish, and he said yes. She said he’d looked hungry, and he said he was. She then reached in her pocket and gave him her apple. He thanked her and she went on her way. The next day, she came by again, bringing with her another apple which she gave him. Each day, she walked by the outside of the fence, hoping to see him, and



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when she did, she happily handed him an apple in **exchange** for conversation.

One day, he told her not to come by anymore. He told her he was being shipped to another concentration camp. As he walked away with tears **streaming** down his face, he **wondered** if he'd ever see her again. She was the only kind soul he'd seen across the fence.

He finally made it out of the concentration camp, and **immigrated** to America after war. In 1957, his friend had fixed him up on a blind date. He had no idea who the woman was. He picked her up, and during dinner began talking of Poland and the concentration camp. She said she was in Poland at that time. She said she used to talk to a boy and gave him apples daily. He asked if this boy was tall, **skinny** and if he had told her that she shouldn't come back because he was leaving. She said yes.

It was her, the young girl who came by every day to give him apples. After 12 years, after the war and in another country, they had met again. What are the **odds**? He **proposed** to her on that very night and told her he'd never again let her go. They are still happily married today.

Now that, my friends, is a love story. **Miracles** do happen, and there is a greater force at work in our lives.

每日所思



战争也许会泯灭人性，但是中国有句古话叫有缘千里来相会，有些人 and 爱情就是在一些巧合的情况下产生了。美丽的邂逅也许注定了一生的相守！



第1周：星期五

今日主题词：母亲、女儿、疾病、土豆泥

5. *Mother & Daughter* 母亲与女儿

“You won't forget to bring the potato **masher**, will you?” I said to my mother on the phone after telling her I had to have a **mastectomy**. Even though she was 82, and lived 3000 miles away on the long distance line, she knew what I meant: **soupy mashed** potatoes.

That was what she had made for every illness or **mishap** of my childhood— served in a soup bowl with a nice round spoon. But I had been lucky as a child and was rarely sick. Most often the potato medicine **soothed** disappointment or **nourished** a mild cold. This time I was seriously ill.

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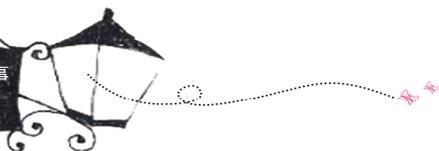
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Arriving on the midnight plane from Virginia, Mom looked fresh when she walked through the front door of my house in California the day after I came home from the hospital. I could barely keep my eyes open, but the last thing I saw before I fell asleep was Mom opening her carefully packed suitcase and taking out her 60-year-old potato masher. The one she received as a 送礼聚会 **shower** gift, with the worn wooden handle and the years of memories.

3月

She was mashing potatoes in my kitchen the day I told her tearfully that I would have to experience 化疗 **chemotherapy**. She put the masher down and looked at me directly in the eye. "I'll stay with you, no matter how long it takes," she told me. "There is nothing more important I have to do in my life than help you get well." I had always thought I was the 顽固的 **stubborn** one in my family but in the five months that followed I saw that I came by my 人的个性 **trait** honestly.

4月

Mom had decided that I would not die before her. She simply would not bear it. She took me on daily walks even when I couldn't get any farther than our driveway. She 碾成粉末 **crushed** the pills I had to take and put them in jam, because even in middle-age, with a grown daughter of my own, I couldn't 吞,咽 **swallow** pills any better than when I was a child.

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When my hair started to fall out, she bought me cute hats. She gave me warm 姜 麦芽啤酒 **ginger ale** in a crystal wineglass to calm my tummy and sat up with me on sleepless nights. She served me tea in china cups.

7月

When I was down, she was up. When she was down, I must have been asleep. She never let me see it. And, in the end, I got well. I went back to my writing.

8月

I have discovered that Mother's Day doesn't happen some Sunday in May. But every day you are lucky enough to have a mother around to love you.

9月

每日所思



母爱是伟大的，母亲不仅给予了我们生命，而且往往是在我们人生走入低谷时给予我们无微不至关怀的人，即使人生有众多坎坷，母爱将支持我们坚强地走下去。

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第2周：星期一

今日主题词：爱、清洁工、祖父、毕业典礼

11月

6. *Because of His Love* 因爱之名

Oliver was not a 杰出的 **brilliant** man. He swept floors for a living. He believed that 泰山 **Tarzan** was a

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纪录片

real man, and that all those movies were really **documentaries** of Tarzan's life. He taught me about the essence of a "real man": love and respect for women, honor, kindness and gentleness.

Oliver lives a life in unexpected, simple ways. He showed up for work, on time. He never **bragged** about himself, and he loved only one woman—his wife, Molly Oliver. He was principled and straightforward in my world of dishonor and lies. He loved me as his very own grandchild, even though he was one year younger than my father.

I will never forget my graduation from high school. That was a day of hopeless **inevitability** for me. My father, who was a heavy drinker, began his celebration very early in the day. By the time we got together in the high school **gymnasium**, my father had congratulated himself through nearly a case of beer.

I tried to be **invisible** within a sea of faces. I wanted to run away and disappear. Most of all I wanted no one to guess whose kid I was. I was **betrayed** by my last name, which began with the letter "A", so I was the first graduate on the first row. Being a red head gave me more exposure, and the **baccalaureate** speaker, who had never met me, decided to use me as his audio-visual aid.

"The young lady, the bright young lady is with the bright red hair." His voice rolled through the auditorium in **sonorous** phrases, as I sank lower in my seat. Over to my left, at the door of the auditorium, was a seating arrangement for the "elderly". And there sat Molly, age 61, and Oliver, age 56, with all of the grandparents. My heart ached when I looked at them, wishing with all my heart that I were, truly, their grandchild.

As the speaker continued with his speech, he reached a point where he had an uncontrollable urge to introduce "all the wonderful people, who have made this day possible!"

"All the **siblings** of the graduates, please, stand." I slipped lower in my seat, glancing hurriedly around, hoping to remain invisible.

"Now, all the parents please stand." Dear Lord, I thought, I'm sure my father can't stand, even if he wanted to. I didn't bother to look around.

"Now the grandparents" I closed my eyes, **dreading** the hopelessness of my situation. I had no grandparent to stand proudly for me. I finally opened my eyes, and there they were, Oliver and Molly, standing proudly with all the other grandparents. Oliver looked over at me, his eyes shining like diamonds.

"I'm so proud of you," he smiled as he mouthed the words that I will never forget. I knew that he stood there, not out of duty, but because of his love for me!

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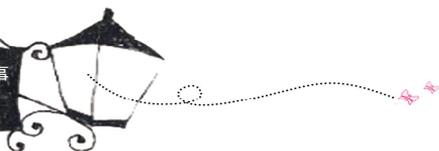
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每日所思



爱，一直有着广博的涵义。爱不仅仅存在于亲人与爱人之间，也普遍存在于世间。他在最黑暗的日子里，无私地关怀你、帮助你，而他竟然和你毫无血缘之亲。请不必惊讶，不必疑惑，只管用心去感受，因为这一切或许只以爱的名义。

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第2周：星期二

今日主题词：爱、离异、死亡

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7. *One True Love* 真正的爱

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He never believed that true love existed.

His parents ^{离婚} **divorced** when he was young and he didn't think that true love was able to ^{幸存，活下来} **survive** in today's world.

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He was proven wrong.

His grandparents were always ^{支持的，给予帮助的} **supportive** to the kids and tried to help them when their parents divorced. He knew they loved each other, but he just wasn't sure it was true love. He had never heard them say, "I love you" or show any ^{爱，喜爱} **affection** other than ^{拥抱} **hugging**. They had been married for over fifty years and he thought that their true love was gone.

7月

But again he was wrong. When he was in the junior year of college, his grandfather Tony was struck ill. He did not know how serious it was until Tony fell and hurt his ^{臀部} **hip**. While in the hospital, the doctors found out a ^{肿瘤} **tumor** in his lung. They told him that Tony had lung cancer and due to previous illnesses, they could not operate and he was too weak for chemotherapy.

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It was around Thanksgiving and by Christmas his condition worsened. The cancer spread and in late January. And his sister came to his college too, called him crying and said she was on her way home because the doctor told our family that their grandfather had only a week to live, that by the weekend he would no longer be with them. The family came in from around the country and stayed next to his side.

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It was there he realized that true love does exist today and will survive beyond death. Every night as his grandfather grew more ^{虚弱的} **fragile**, he would ^{低语，小声说} **whisper** sweet words to grandmother, Maggie. The night before he died grandmother was walking out of his room and he said to her "I love you Maggie baby".

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The next morning he received a phone call that grandfather had passed during the night.

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Throughout this short battle with cancer, he realized how much two people can love each other and he realized how much it means to be loved and give love. It is the greatest gift on earth and it lasts beyond life because you never forget your true love.

每日所思



由于世间的很多变故，使很多人怀疑真爱的存在甚至开始怀疑人生。在日常生活中，很多人羞于表露自己的情感。但当灾难或者疾病袭来的时候，往往是人性最真的表露时刻，事实证明当今世界上真正的爱的确存在，并且它将超越生命而永存。



第2周：星期三

今日主题词：酗酒、死亡、遗产、爱

8. *The Best Legacy* 最好的遗产是爱

As a young man, Frank was a skilled artist, a potter. He had a wife and two fine sons. One night, his oldest son developed a severe stomachache. Thinking it was only some common **intestinal** disorder, neither Frank nor his wife took the condition very seriously. But the **malady** was actually **acute appendicitis**, and the boy died suddenly that night.

Knowing the death could have been prevented if he had only realized the seriousness of the situation, Frank's emotional health **deteriorated** under the enormous burden of his guilt. To make matters worse his wife left him a short time later, leaving him alone with his six-year-old younger son. The hurt and pain of the two situations were more than Frank could handle, and he turned to alcohol to help him cope. Frank became an alcoholic in time.

As the **alcoholism** progressed, Frank began to lose everything he owned— his home, his land, his art objects, everything. Eventually Frank died alone in a San Francisco motel room.

When I heard of Frank's death, I reacted with the same **disdain** the world shows for one who ends his life with nothing material to show for it. "What a complete failure!" I thought. "What a totally wasted life."

As time went by, I began to **reevaluate** my earlier **harsh** judgment. You see, I knew Frank's now adult son, Ernie. He is one of the kindest, most caring, most loving men I have ever known. I watched Ernie with his children and saw the free flow of love between them. I knew that kindness and caring had to come from somewhere.

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I hadn't heard Ernie talk much about his father. It is so hard to defend an alcoholic. One day I worked up my courage to ask him. "I'm really puzzled by something," I said. "I know your father was basically the only one to raise you. What on earth did he do that you become such a special person?"

3月

Ernie sat quietly and ^{考虑} **reflected** for a few moments. Then he said, "From my earliest memories as a child until I left home at 18, dad came into my room every night, gave me a kiss and said, 'I love you, son.'"

4月

Tears came to my eyes as I realized what a fool I had been to judge Frank as a failure. He had not left any material possessions behind. But he had been a kind loving father, and he left behind one of the finest, most giving men I have ever known.

每日所思



世间留给儿女最好的遗产是什么? 有些人认为是房产, 有些人认为是金钱。在众人眼中, 本文的主人公纵然是个失败者, 而他却给儿子留下了世间最好的遗产——爱。

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第2周: 星期四

今日主题词: 婚姻、情书、守候

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9. *When a Man Loves a Woman* 当男人爱上女人

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My friend John McHugh is always telling me things, things that younger men need wiser, older men to tell them. Things like whom to trust, how to love, how to live a good life.

Not long ago John lost his wife, Grace, to cancer. God knows she was a fighter, but in the end the disease won their eight-year battle.

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One day John pulled a folded paper from his wallet. He'd found it, he told me, while going through ^{抽屉} **drawers** in his house. It was a love note, in Grace's ^{字迹} **handwriting**. It looked a little like a schoolgirl's daydream note about the boy across the way. All that was missing was a hand-drawn heart and the names John and Grace. Except this note was written by the mother of seven children, a woman who had begun the battle for her life, and very probably was within months of the end.

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It was also a wonderful ^{建议, 处方} **prescription** for holding a marriage together. This is how Grace McHugh's note about her husband begins: "Loved, cared, worried."

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Even though life played a joke with John, apparently he didn't joke with his wife about cancer. He'd come home, and she'd be in one of the moods cancer patients get lost in, and he'd have her

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