



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**, attractive and somewhat ^{喜怒无常的} **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

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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 became 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."

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

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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, "^{委靡的, 疲倦的}weary, bored and a ^{部分的}partial ^{隐士, 隐居者}recluse." Here we share the story with you 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.

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Give it now before it is too late.

每日所忌

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！



第1周：星期二

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今日主题词：爱、伤疤、永不放弃

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.



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.

美洲鳄，短吻鳄

彻底的，完全的

大喊，叫喊

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.

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

码头

攫取，抓住

夺走，抢去

难以置信的

热切的，强烈的

1月

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 ^{残酷的, 狠毒的} vicious attack of the animal and, on his arms, were deep ^{抓, 挠} scratches where his mother's fingernails dug into his flesh in her effort to hang on to the son she loved.

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The newspaper reporter, who interviewed the boy after the ^{心灵创伤, 精神创伤} trauma, 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."

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You and I can ^{认出, 识别} identify 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.

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Sometimes we foolishly ^{走过} wade 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。

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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** with the notes in the ^{页边空白} **margin**. 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 ^{通信} **correspond**.

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

"You'll recognize me," she wrote, "by the red rose I'll be wearing ^{翻领} 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 was 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 ^{陪伴} **companied** him and ^{支持} **upheld** his own.

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He did not hesitate. He ^{挺直身子} **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?"

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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!"

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It's not difficult to admire Miss Maynell's ^{智慧} **wisdom**. The true nature of a heart is seen in its ^{回答} **response** to the unattractive.



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难免经不住风吹雨打，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。

4月

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第1周：星期四



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今日主题词：爱情、苹果、奇迹

4. ^{巧合} Lovely Coincidence 真爱的巧合

In 1945, there was a young boy of fourteen years old in a ^{集中} **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.

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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 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.

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每日所

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
和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！

2月



第1周：星期五

005.mp3

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 ^{捣碎器} **masher**, will you?" I said to
my mother on the phone after telling her I had to have a ^{乳房切除手术} **mastectomy**.
Even though she was 82, and lived 3000 miles away on the long
distance line, she knew what I meant: ^{汤的 压碎, 捣成泥} **soupy mashed** potatoes.

That was what she had made for every illness or ^{小的意外} **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 ^{安慰, 抚慰} **soothed** disappointment or ^{滋养, 养育} **nourished** a mild cold. This time
I was seriously ill.

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.

She was mashing potatoes in my kitchen the day I told her
tearfully that I would have to experience ^{化疗} **chemotherapy**. She put

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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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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的关怀，即使人生有众多坎坷，母爱也将支持我们坚强地走下去。



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 real man, and that all those movies were really ^{纪录片} 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 lived a life in unexpected, simple ways. He showed up for work, on time. He never ^{吹嘘} 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 ^{必然性} 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 ^{体育馆} gymnasium, my father had congratulated himself through nearly a case of beer.

I tried to be ^{看不见的, 无形的} 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 ^{出卖, 暴露} 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 even more exposure, and the ^{在毕业典礼上对毕业班所作的告别讲话} 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