

## <<心灵鸡汤>>

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### 内容概要

米兰·昆德拉曾说过：狗是我们与天堂的联结。

它们不懂何为邪恶、嫉妒、不满。

在美丽的黄昏，和狗儿并肩坐在河边，有如重回伊甸园。

即使什么事也不做也不觉得无聊——只有幸福平和。

单纯、信任、爱与关怀，狗狗带给我们的就是这种最深切的感动。

这是一本充满温情、爱心的原版英文书。

在忙碌的生活中。

偶尔看一看这类清泉式的图书，感觉相当不错!还有，小狗们真的很可爱!我尤其喜欢看小动物憨憨的可爱样子。

书中的故事是温暖无敌的。

让人心情愉快。

不追求掠夺所有人的眼泪，但会不经意但又精确地击中人心目中最脆弱的地方——生活，总会给人造成一些脆弱点的。

书中少了一些刻意造作的煽情。

有的是真挚、朴素的感动，不需用千言万语去制造煽情的情节，简单的一个故事，已经能令人感动不已。

平凡的感动，不仅是人生的真相，也许，还正是人生的真意。

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### 书籍目录

Acknowledgments Introduction 1. ON LOVE Patience Rewarded The Duck and the Doberman Now and Always Lucky in Love Jethro's World The Great Dog Walk Velcro Beau A Christmas for Toby Blu Parts the Veil of Sadness The Haunted Bowl You Have No Messages Bubba's Last Stand 2. CELEBRATING THE BOND Some Snowballs Don't Meit Greta and Pearl : Two Seniors Bullet's Dog Daisy Love Devotion Dixie's Kitten Bashur, the Iraqi Dog My Furry Muse After Dooley When Harry Met Kaatje Gremlin, Dog First Class Mv Blue-Eyed Boy The Subway Dog " Dog " and Mr. Evans 3. ON COURAGE Calvin : A Dog with a Big Heart Fate, Courage and a Dog Named Tess In Her Golden Eyes Ballerina Dog The Dog Who Loved to Fly Locked In The Telltale Woof 4 . ONE OF THE FAMILY Moving Day Refrigerator Commando The Offer Sammy's Big Smile Phoebe's Family A Canine Nanny Two Old Girls A Dog's Love Lady Abigail 5. A FURRY RX Willow and Rosie : The Ordinary Miracle of Pets At Face Value Abacus Dog Days of School Raising a Star Star Power Max A Lesson from Luke Honey's Greatest Gift Puppy Magic An Angel in the Form of a Service Dog 6. DOGS AS TEACHERS Good Instincts A New Home Judgment Day Mound of Dirt The Last Puppy 7. FAREWELL MY LOVE Dad's Right Knee Just Like Always A Smile from Phoebe Legacy of Love Tears for Sheila Harry and George Gentle Giant A Familiar Road Saying Good-Bye to Dingo 8 . RESCUE ME! Just an Old Golden Retriever Nothing That Can't Be Fixed Ana : From Rescued to Rescuer Scouting Out a Hone Brooks and the Roadside Dog Can't Help Falling in Love The Miracle of Love The Dumpster Dog Finds a Home The Parking-Lot Dog Two Good Deeds The Promise 9. DOGGONE WONDERFUL! Canine Compassion Busted! Pudgy Felix, the Firehouse Dog Beau and the Twelve-Headed Monster Sled Dogs without Snow 10. AMAZONG CANONES! Lucky Wows the Sheriff A Dog's Day in Court The Bravest Dog A Pockefful of Love Pedro the Fisherman Angel's Angel Take Me Home!

## <<心灵鸡汤>>

### 章节摘录

A Lesson from Luke      One bright , sunny afternoon in September our golden retriever , Luke , rose from a nap to go for our usual walk to the park.I should say he attempted to rise , because as he stood , he wobbled , tried to get his balance , then collapsed.My heart did somersaults as my husband and I carried him to the car and sped to the vet's office.After hours of blood tests , exams and an ultrasound , we learned the grim news : Luke had hemangiosarcoma , an inoperable cancer of the blood vessels.      “ How long does he have ? ” I asked through my tears , my arms wrapped around Luke , hugging him to my heart.      “ I can't say for sure , ” the vet told us. “ Weeks.Maybe onlydays.      I barely made it to the car before I broke down in un-controllable sobs.My husband didn't handle the news any better.We held on to each other and bawled.How could Luke have gotten so sick without our realizing it ?

Sure , he was ten years old , but you'd never know it.He ate eyenj meal with the gusto of a starving piglet , and just that morning he'd chased his tennis ball as if it were filled with his favorite doggy biscuits.He couldn't have cancer , not our Luker Boy , not ourbaby.      For the next several days we hovered over him , studying him diligently.We took slow walks around the neighborhood , and instead of throwing the ball , we tossed it right to his mouth and let him catch it.One day while dusting the furniture , I picked up his blue pet-therapist vest-Luke had been a volunteer with the Helen Woodward Animal Center pet therapy department , and had visited centers for abused and neglected children.I held the vest to my cheek and started to cry.Why Luke ?

He was such a sweet dog ; he de-served to live.      As I started.to put the vest away in a drawer , Luke trotted over , wagging his tail.He looked at me expectantly , his ears perked up and his tongue hanging out.      “ You want to put on your vest and go to work , don't you ?

” I knelt and scratched behind his ears.I could swear he grinned at me.      Although there could be no running or jumping , the following day Luke joined the other pet-therapy dogs on a visit to the children's center.I'm often envious of Luke's ability to light up kids' faces just by being himself.They giggle and clap their hands when he gives them a high ten or catches a cookie off his nose.But the best reaction by far comes when the children ask him , “ Do you love me ?

” and he      answers with an emphatic , “ Woof “ The kids whoop and holler , continuing to shout , “ Do you love me ?

“ He always answers them.      On this particular day I wanted to make sure that Luke enjoyed himself , so I wasn't paying as much attention to the children as I usually did.A girl about nine or ten years old inched over to us.Her narrow shoulders slumped and her head hung down ; she reminded me of a drooping sunflower. , Luke wagged his tail as she neared us and licked her cheek when she bent to pet him.She sat next to us on the lawn and smiled at Luke , but her large brown eyes still looked sad.      “ I wish people would die at ten years old the way dogs' do , ” she said.      Stunned , I could only stare at her.None of the kids knew that Luke had cancer.Luke rolled over on his back and the girl rubbed his belly.      Finally , I asked her , “ Why do you say that ?

”      “ Because I'm ten , and I wish I would die. ”      Her sorrow curled around my heart and squeezed it so tightly , my breath caught. “ Are things so bad ?

”      “ The worst.I hate it here. ”      What could I say to her ?

I couldn't tell her that she shouldn't feel that way , or that she had a wonderful life ahead of her.What good would that do ?

It wasn't what she needed to hear.I put my hand gently on her back and asked her name.      “ Carly. ”

“ Carly , you want to know something ?

Luke here has cancer.He's dying.And he wishes more than anything that he could go on living.You're perfectly healthy , yet you want      to die.It just isn't fair , is it ?

”      Carly snapped her head up and looked at me. “ Luke's dying ?

” I nodded , swallowing back tears. “ He doesn't have much time-a week , maybe two...or just a few days...we don't know for sure. ”      “ Shouldn't he be at home or in the hospital ?

# <<心灵鸡汤>>

" she asked. " He wanted to visit with you kids , to bring you some happiness. Just like you , things aren't good for him either. He probably hurts a lot inside. " I paused , wondering if she was old enough to understand. But by coming here , it's as if he's trying to make every minute of his life count for something. "

Carly sat silently , looking at Luke while she softly rubbed his belly. " Poor Luke , " she said , almost in a whisper. When she raised her head and met my gaze , her eyes looked wary , almost accusing. " You think I should be glad I'm alive and not wanting to die , don't you ?

Even if I'm stuck here. I took a few seconds to try to gather my thoughts. " Maybe you could make it sort of like a game. Every day try to think of at least one good thing about being alive. " The counselors began calling the children back to their classrooms. I looked straight into Carly's eyes , trying to reach her. " If nothing else , there's always hope things will get better. " " Come on , Cary , " a counselor called out. Carly stood. " Will you come back and see me ?

" " Yes , I will. I promise. And you'll tell me lots of reasons to live , right ?

" " Right. " She gave me a big nod , and then ran off to join her classmates. The next week , though Luke's walk was slower and more labored , we visited the children's center again. Carly didn't show up. Alarmed , I asked one of the counselors where she was. They told me that she'd gone to live with a foster family. My heart settled back into place. Good for You , Carly. Twelve days later , Luke lost his battle with cancer. When I think of him now , I try to focus on what I told Carly : that Luke made every minute of his life count for something. Perhaps he inspired Carly to do that , too. I hope that she , and all the other children we visited , benefited from being with Luke. I know I did. Christine Watkins .....

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