



春光悠悠花又開

Flowers Blooming In the Spring

錢沛竹（培德女中10年級） 文
林慧宜（培德女中12年級） 英譯

By Pam Qian, 10th Grade, Developing Virtue Girl School
English translation by Charmaine Lim, 12th Grade, Developing Virtue Girl School



學子園地 STUDENTS CORNER

《相見歡·望春》

孤身漫步小園

天如釉

瀟灑紅木聖寺待春遊

花又開 燕再來 山幽幽

最是一年春光盡悠悠

——甲午年正月初二 於美國萬佛聖城

Joyful Reunion, Awaiting Spring

I walk at ease in the garden alone,

The sky glazed with colors.

The monastery and its redwoods,

natural and majestic, awaits the arrival of spring

Once again, flowers bloom, the swallows return,

the mountains are surrounded with fog;

Spring has come, the time of leisure.

—Written on the second day of the first month in Jia-Wu Year(2014)
at the City of Ten Thousand Buddhas, U.S.A.



「獨在異鄉為異客，每逢佳節倍思親。」很小就學過王維的這首《九月九日憶山東兄弟》，卻從來沒有真正體味過這種在外遊子的思家之情。可當我真正遠離故鄉，第一次孤身一人在漂洋過海的地方過春節之時，我才知道這種情不僅僅是思念，不僅僅是對家人、朋友、故土的一草一木、民族的風俗習慣的思念；這情中，還有對自己成長蛻變的感慨、對家人老師同學的感恩，以及對未來的美好祝福與憧憬。這心情是複雜的，但確是令人嚮往的。這種心情沒有過於深沉，卻充實了我的生命，讓我成熟、樂觀、努力、充滿希望，彷彿那嚴冬之後，春日再來的第一縷花香。

臘月二十九，下雨了。雨絲被風吹得斜斜的，密密而下，模糊了眼前所有的景象，宛如一道幕簾，隔開了往日熟悉的一切。天空被大片大片的雲完全遮掩了起來，太陽不見了蹤影，再多的衣物也阻止不了涼意鑽進毛孔，凍得人止不住地發抖。雨滴砸在窗戶上，滴答滴答後留下一道水跡，彷彿是老天爺的淚痕，令人因本就不能與家人共度佳節的心情更加憂傷。鳥兒們躲到了屋檐下，松鼠跑回了牠地下的窩，就連孔雀也恨不得將艷麗的長尾巴捲起，渴望那多一絲的溫暖。天空黯淡了一整日，即使是到了晚上，也沒有一絲薄薄的星光。夜，早就悄悄地來了，一切更是漆黑，唯有宿舍中的那幾束暈黃的燈光，給人溫暖。

到底是誰在春節party的前一晚趕工？我走

“Alone as a stranger in a foreign land, each holiday missing my family more deeply.” The poem *On the Ninth Day of the Ninth Lunar Month, Remembering My Shandong Brothers* was taught to me at a young age, but I never truly experienced the poet’s homesick feelings. When I left my hometown and found myself for the first time celebrating Chinese New Year alone in a foreign country, I realized that this feeling I have is not only about missing family members, friends, or even the cultural customs in my country, but also about understanding the growth and change I have undergone, feeling gratitude for my teachers and fellow students, and looking forward to a brighter future. This feeling is complicated, but at the same time it is a kind of looking forward. It is not a feeling of heaviness; it enriches my life and has made me a more mature, optimistic, hardworking, and hopeful person, just like the first whiff of fragrance when the flowers bloom in the spring after a long winter.

On the 29th of the twelfth lunar month, it rained. The strong wind made the raindrops fall in a slanting direction. The view in front of me blurred as the rain fell, as if it were a veil that separated me from what was familiar from the past. The clouds in the sky blocked the sun from shining through. Even wearing many layers of clothing did not warm me up as the cold air seeped through my pores, causing me to shiver uncontrollably. Raindrops crashed against the windowpanes, leaving behind traces like trails of tears from the sky. Those who are unable to spend the holiday with their family feel even more depressed. The birds hid under the roof, squirrels fled back to their underground homes, and even the peacocks wished they could roll their beautiful long tails around themselves to get an extra bit of warmth. The sky had been gloomy for the entire day, and not a single star shone at night. Night came quietly and everything descended into darkness, leaving only the faint yellow light from the student dorm giving out warmth to whoever passed by.

Who exactly is rushing to make last-minute preparations the night before the Chinese New Year party? I walked into the study hall and saw three fellow students making posters. One of them was cutting up paper; one doing



進自習室，看到三名同學正在裏面做海報。她們一人剪紙、一人畫畫、一人粘貼，時不時地聊著天邊應聲而笑，臉上洋溢著歡樂。她們的海報一看便知是關於中國傳統小吃的，發糕、餃子、湯圓、蘿蔔糕、年糕、長壽麵，每一樣都畫得格外精緻，令人垂涎欲滴、食欲大開，原來她們便是那其中一束溫暖的光。我止住對美食的嚮往，走向討論室；打開討論室的門，映入眼簾的便是幾張寫著燈謎的紅紙；精心的書寫，流暢的筆跡——我忽然內心一陣興奮：我猜出了這些謎語！我笑著離開討論室，轉身便看到客廳裏已經掛滿了紅紅的燈籠和剪紙。那些剪紙每一個和每一個都不盡相同，令我頗為驚喜。還有那些貼在窗戶上的「福」字，不難看出是出自西方人之手——雖有一點歪歪扭扭，卻洋溢著滿滿的喜氣與溫暖。進入房間，遠遠地看到一間臥室點著一盞小燈。我走過去，卻又在還有一步之遙的地方止住腳步。我看到那名同學正在製作一組十二生肖的道具，想必也是為了第二日的party而準備。

這一週，是所有學科進行期末考試的一週，是春節如約而至的一週。對於每一個老師和學生來說，這一週都是忙碌的。而對於那些同時負責籌辦party的老師和同學們來說，這一週是極具挑戰性的，是即使考完期末考，也暫時無法放鬆下來的。他們的起早貪黑為我們奉上了一場精彩的表演，他們的無私奉獻，換來了所有人一段歡樂的時光，他們的辛苦付出給了我家的溫暖，愛的感動。無論是對於想要了解中國文化的西方人來說，還是對遠離故土的中國人來說，還有什麼是比能與老師和同學們共度

the pasting while the third person was drawing. Sometimes jokes were cracked amongst the chitchat and their faces were lit with happiness. I could see that their posters introduced the traditional foods eaten during the Chinese New Year: prosperity cakes, dumplings, glutinous rice balls, turnip cakes, niangao and longevity noodles. Every item was drawn with care, making them look as appetizing as could be. One of the warm lights I had seen from the outside was theirs. I made myself stop the craving for those delicious foods and walked to the discussion room. Upon opening the door, I saw riddles written on red paper in smooth calligraphy. My heart was suddenly filled with excitement: I knew the answers to these riddles! I left the discussion room with a big smile. As I turned around the corner, I saw the living room already covered with red paper cuttings from kirigami and red paper lanterns hung everywhere. What surprised me was that the cutting of many fu (福) characters from kirigami were all unique and none resembled another. Those "fu" (福) writings on the windows were obviously not written by someone experienced in Chinese calligraphy, probably a Westerner. Although the calligraphy was a little crooked, it was full of the joy and warmth of the festive season. Entering the dorm rooms, I saw a small flash of yellow light in one of the cubicles from a distance. I walked over, but stopped about a step away. I can see another person making props for the 12 animals in the Chinese zodiac, presumably for the party next day.

This week we had final exams for all the subjects, and the week to celebrate Chinese New Year was a busy and challenging week for students and teachers, especially those who were organizing the party. Even when they were done with finals, they still could not yet relax. They woke up early and went to sleep late. Their hard work gave us a spectacular show; their dedication paid off by giving everyone an extremely fun time, their selfless giving made me feel as if surrounded by the warmth of my family. Whether it is for Westerners who would like to learn more about Chinese culture, or for the Chinese away from home, what is more gratifying than being able to enjoy a good party with other students and teachers? Not only do I appreciate the teachers and students who put in a lot of effort

過一場美好的party，更令人欣喜與感恩的呢？不僅僅是感恩老師與同學們對這一場party的付出，還有他們這一年來互相無微不至的照顧。

適應一個全新的生活與學習環境比我曾經想像的要難得多，還好有他們在我身邊，願意支持我，幫助我改正自己，一點點蛻變。還有我的家人，他們對我的愛總是要比我對他們的愛更深沉、更無私。在這十七年來第一個沒有我的春節裏，我所能傳遞給他們的就是我的成長——我離開他們有所值的成長。成長的路是風雨兼程的，就是那永遠為我遮風擋雨的港灣。而如今，在美國，這港灣逐漸變成了我的學校、我的老師和我的同學，他們為我築起了一個讓心靈可以有所依靠的溫巢。

星期五的party是令人難忘的。雖然我一直待在自己的攤位裏負責教別人包餃子，可全場那種溢滿了歡喜之情，至今仍然令我心潮澎湃。這整個party中，國小二、三年級的同學們為我們帶來了《恭喜發財》的歌舞表演；四位中文班的同學帶來了自編自導的慶新年數來寶；一名十二年級的同學帶來了精彩的扯鈴表演，真是高潮迭起。除了這些精彩紛呈的節目之外，我們還有十個不同的攤位。前來參加party的人們可以在美食攤位嚐到中國傳統的餃子、湯圓、蘿蔔糕和年糕，還可以學習如何包餃子。有的攤位是介紹十二生肖的故事的、有的是關於過春節習俗的。除此之外，學習打竹板、數來寶、扯鈴、書法和剪紙的攤位更是充滿了歡聲笑語。在「許願樹」的攤位，每一個人都誠懇地寫下對新年的期待。雖然Party的規模不大，時間僅只兩小時半，卻囊括了春節文化的諸多精華。無論是來賓，還是在攤位服務的學生們，大家都樂在其中，和樂融融。

我第一個遠離家鄉的春節就這樣過去了，可這並不是最後一個。在不遠的將來，我還會度過第二個、第三個或者甚至第十個這樣的春節。可這樣的春節，即使是過得再多，也是沒有辦法習慣的吧？不管孤身一人多久，總還是會想念那個充滿暖意的家，希望有人相伴。而在這遠離家鄉的美國，學校、老師、同學便成了我寄托心靈的地方。

齋堂前不知名的小樹已長出了花苞，想必其怒放的日子也指日可待了。能在這春日又臨、萬物復蘇的日子裏，找到心靈的歸宿，真是最美好的事了。

心有所依，前方還有什麼可畏懼的嗎？

for this party, but I also appreciate the care they have given me this whole year.

Adapting to a new life and learning environment is harder than I had initially imagined, and fortunately I have them by my side, willing to support me and helping me improve myself as I transform little by little. There is also my family, whose love for me is always more selfless and deep than my own. In this first Spring Festival without me in the past seventeen years, the only thing I can offer to them is the growth I've achieved—the growth I've attained after leaving them. The course of growing up never did run smooth, and my home is like my shelter and harbor forever. While for now, in America, this harbor gradually became my school, my teachers, and my academics, they constructed a nest for my heart to rely on.

The party on Friday was unforgettable. Although for the most part I remained in my booth teaching others how to make dumplings, the whole happy scene still makes me excited just by thinking about it. For this party, the second and third graders brought to us a lively 'Gong Xi Fa Cai' dance, four students from Chinese class brought to us a self-directed fun rap about the Chinese New Year, while one of the high school seniors performed a wonderful show of Chinese diabolo (Chinese yo-yo). Those who came to attend the party were able to try out the traditional foods of Chinese New Year such as dumplings, glutinous rice balls, turnip cakes and sweet rice cakes named Nian gao, and they also learned how to make their own dumplings. Some of the other booths introduced the story of the 12 Chinese Zodiac animals, while others were about the customs of the New Year. Moreover, the booths teaching the bamboo clappers, diabolos, calligraphy, and kirigami were filled with constant laughter. At the booth of the 'Wishing Tree', everyone sincerely wrote down their wishes for the New Year. Even though the size of the party wasn't big and only lasted for two and a half hours, it covered many of the essential parts of Chinese New Year. Whether it was the guests or the students, everyone enjoyed their time and were happy together.

My first Chinese New Year away from home has passed, but this will not be the last. In the near future, I will experience my second, third, perhaps even tenth of such New Years. However, no matter how many times I experience them, it will probably still be hard to get used to it. No matter how long it has been, I will still miss the warmth of home and will wish for good company. Here in the United States, far away from home, the school, teachers and students have become something I can rely on.

The buds on the anonymous little trees in front of the dining hall have started to open, and before long they will be in full bloom. In this season, nothing can be better than finding a safe harbor for my heart to rely on.

With something to rely on, I will not be afraid of anything the future brings.