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A ROSE FOR YOUR POCKET

为你别上一朵红玫瑰



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## DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to all mothers, past, present and future.

By the merits of printing this book,

May all sentient beings have happiness and its causes,

May all sentient beings be free from suffering and its causes,

May all sentient beings not be separated from sorrowless bliss,

May all sentient beings abide in equanimity,

free of bias, attachment and anger.

## 仅以此书献给全天下母亲


愿一切众生皆得安乐与致乐善因

愿一切众生皆离痛苦与致苦恶因

愿一切众生皆不离无痛苦的安乐

愿一切众生皆住于离贪嗔之舍心

# Preface



Our parents are the most wonderful and precious treasures that we are given. But we never fully realise their importance or ever cherish them enough. I never understood how dear my parents truly are until I became a mother myself. The hardship of the pregnancy, the labour,

the birth experience, the difficulties of nursing and looking after a newborn – all these and more along the path of motherhood enabled me to comprehend just how dear and precious my own parents are, especially my mother. I can never be thankful, grateful, appreciative or ever repay her enough for what she has sacrificed and done for me.

I believe the same goes for everyone out there. We can never love our parents enough because our love will always be wanting compared to the boundless love and sacrifice which our mothers enveloped us in since we were conceived.

This book pays tribute to all mothers and fathers, past, present and future.

*May anyone who sees, reads, talks,  
hears or remembers this book  
awaken to be more loving, caring, grateful, patient,  
thankful and kinder to their mothers and fathers.*

I sincerely thank Venerable Thich Nhat Hanh from the depths of my heart for giving this wonderfully simple yet direct teaching, and for so kindly allowing us to republish this book for free distribution.

May all sentient beings be well and happy.  
May all progress well on the path of the Dharma!

Yours in the Dharma,  
Sister Esther Thien  
Executive Editor  
Kong Meng San Phor Kark See Monastery  
Awaken Publishing & Design  
Dharma Propagation Division





A ROSE FOR YOUR POCKET  
Thich Nhat Hanh

The thought 'mother' cannot be separated from that of 'love'. Love is sweet, tender and delicious. It is the nourishment you need to grow. Without love, a child cannot flower, an adult cannot mature. Without love, we weaken and wither.

On the day I lost my mother, I wrote this in my journal: "The greatest misfortune of my life has just happened!" Even when you are an adult and living away from your mother, her loss leaves you feeling as disconsolate and abandoned as any young orphan.

You have all opportunities to hear songs and poems praising a mother's devotion. They are all beautiful, effortlessly beautiful and charming even if talent is lacking. The songwriters and the poets seem to pour their hearts into these works, and when we listen we are moved. Writings extolling the virtues of motherhood have existed since the beginning of time throughout the world.

When I was a child, I heard a simple poem about losing your mother. Till today it is still dear to me. If your mother is still alive, you may feel tenderness for her each time you read this, while dreading that far off but inevitable event in the future.

*Years ago,  
carefree and young,  
I lost my mother;  
How I understood only then  
The plight of an orphan.*

*Everyone wept around me  
But I grieved in silence,  
Ignorant that to relieve sorrow  
A flood of tears must fall.*

*Dusk envelops the tombstone.  
The soft bell of the temple tolls.  
Realising then to lose your mother  
Is to lose the whole universe.*

All of us are showered with tender love for many years, and without even knowing it, we are quite happy with that. Only when it has vanished do we awaken with a start. Vietnamese peasants like to speak simply. They do not understand the complicated language of city people. Describing mothers as treasures of love is too complex for them. Instead, country people in Vietnam compare a mother's devotion to the finest varieties of bananas or to honey, sweet rice or sugar cane. They express their love in these simple and direct ways. For me,

*A mother's love is sweet  
Like the highest quality ba huong bananas  
Like the best nep mot sweet rice  
And the most delicious mia lau sugar cane.*





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Remember those moments when you have a bitter aftertaste in your mouth following an attack of a fever and everything you eat is bland and tasteless? Only when your mother comes and tucks you in, gently pulling the covers over your chest and placing her palm on your burning forehead (is it really a hand or is it the silk of heaven?) with gentle whispers of "My poor child!" do you feel restored, surrounded by the sweetness and warmth of maternal love. Her love is as fragrant and as sweet as ba huong bananas, nep mot sweet rice and mia lau sugar cane.

Father's work is enormous, as huge as a mountain. Mother's devotion is like the water flowing from a mountain spring which gushes forth without end. Maternal love is our first taste of love, the origin and source of all feelings of love.

**Our mother is the teacher who first teaches us love, the most important lesson in our life. Without her, we cannot have known how to love.**

Thanks to her, we have the capacity to love our neighbours. Thanks to her, we can love all living beings. Through her, we acquire our first notions of compassion and empathy, because her love is the source of all love. Many religious traditions recognise this and pay deep tribute to a maternal figure. Buddhism has the Goddess of Mercy, Kwan Yin, who is a mother image. Catholics have a mother saint, the Holy Virgin Mary.

When you are little, your mother is like a gentle and sweet angel who makes your pains and worries disappear. You barely let out a cry, and she is there at your side. Just the word 'mother' fills your heart with love. It is only a few steps to go from this love to a spiritual faith and action.



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In the West, we celebrate Mother's Day which falls on the second Sunday of May every year. Years ago, I didn't know of this custom as I was unfamiliar with Western culture. One day as I was going to a bookstore in the Ginza district of Tokyo with a fellow monk, we ran into some Japanese students who knew him. One discreetly asked him a question. Then she drew from her bag a beautiful white carnation and pinned it on my robe. I was surprised and a little embarrassed. I had no idea what this gesture meant, and I didn't dare ask. I tried to act natural, thinking this must be some local custom.

Only later, when we were in the bookstore, did Master Thien-An explain to me that it was Mother's day in Japan, a custom they had adopted from the West. If your mother is still alive, you will be given a red flower to wear on your pocket or lapel. If she is dead, you wear a white flower. Looking down again at the white flower on my robe, I was suddenly filled with grief. I felt like a young orphan, as unfortunate and unhappy as could be.

Those of us who wear a white flower cannot be

happy. We cannot forget she is no longer there. But the white flower did make us remember tenderness and love. And those who happily wore a red flower were reminded to try to bring their mothers joy and contentment before she is gone and it is too late. I found this a beautiful custom, and proposed that we do the same thing in Vietnam and in the West as well.

Our mother is a boundless source of love, an inexhaustible treasure; yet so often we don't realise this. Our mother is the greatest and most beautiful gift life offers us. Those of you who still have your mothers around, please don't wait till her death to say: "I have lived beside my mother all these years without ever looking closely at her. Just brief glances, a few words exchanged – asking for a little pocket money, or one thing or another." Or you lose your temper, kick up a fuss, sulk and whine restlessly. You only complicate her life, causing her to worry, undermining her health, making her sleep late and get up early. Many mothers die young because of their children. Throughout her life, we children expect her to cook, wash and clean up after us,



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while we think only of our grades and our careers. Our mothers no longer have time to look deeply at us, and we are too busy to look closely at her. Then, when she is gone, you are overcome by a sense of loss because you never fully understand the meaning of her presence and devotion.

This evening when you return from school or work, or the next time you visit your mother if you live away from her, go into her room with a quiet smile. Sit down beside her. Without saying anything, look at her really closely, for as long as you can. Do this in order to see her, to realise that she is there, she is alive, beside you. Take her hand and ask her a very short question to capture her attention, "Mother, do you know what?" She will be a little surprised and will probably smile when she asks you, "What, dear?" Keep looking into her eyes, smiling serenely, and reply, "Do you know that I love you?" Ask this question without waiting for an answer. Even if you are thirty or forty years old, or even older, ask her as the child of your mother. After this, both of you will feel peaceful and happy, basking in the conscious knowledge of your undying and indestructible love for each other.

So that even if she leaves you tomorrow or in the future, you will have no regrets.

In Vietnam, during the holiday of Ullambana, it is our custom to listen to stories and legends about the Bodhisattva Maudgalyayana, about filial piety, the father's effort, the mother's devotion and the duties of children. Everyone prays for the longevity of his or her parents, or if they are dead, for their rebirth in the heavenly pure lands. We believe that a child without filial piety is without worth. But filial piety also arises from love itself. Without love, filial piety is artificial. When love is present, that is enough, and there is no need to talk of obligation. To love your mother is enough. It is not a duty. Loving your mother is completely natural, as natural as drinking water when you are thirsty. Every child must have a mother, and it is totally natural to love her. The mother loves her child, and the child loves his mother. The child needs his mother, and the mother needs her child. If the mother does not need her child, nor the child his mother, then there is neither mother nor child. There is only a misuse of the terms 'mother' and 'child'.





Long ago, a teacher asked me, "If you love your mother, how do you show it?" I told him, "I must obey and help her, take care of her when she's old, and pray for her after her death." Now, however, I would only say: I love my mother and I don't have to 'show' anything at all. Just loving her is enough. To love your mother is not a question of morality or virtue.

Please do not think I have written this to give you a lesson in morality. Loving your mother is a question of profit. A mother is like pure spring water, like the very finest sugar cane or honey, and like the best quality sweet rice. If you do not know how to profit from this, it is most unfortunate for you. I simply want to bring this to your attention, to help you avoid complaining one day that there is nothing left in life for you. If a gift such as the presence of your own mother doesn't satisfy you, even if you are the president of a large corporation or king of the universe, you probably still will not be satisfied. I know that even the most powerful god is not happy, for he arises spontaneously and does not have the good fortune to have a mother.

Let me share a story with you. Sometimes, I think my sister shouldn't have married and I shouldn't have become a monk. Both of us left our mother, one to lead a new life with someone she loved, the other to follow religious ideals he had embraced. The night my sister got married, my mother looked harassed, worrying about a thousand and one things but wasn't particularly sad. But when we sat down at the table for some light refreshments, while waiting for our in-laws to come for my sister, my mother couldn't take a bite. Finally she said to my sister: "For 18 years you have sat and eaten with us. This is your last meal here. After this, you'll go away and from then on take your meals in another family's home." My sister cried, her head bowed barely above her plate. She said: "Mama, I don't want to get married anymore." But, of course, she did and I, too, went away to become a monk. There is a saying which praises the one who seeks truth and wisdom by leading a monk's life. But I'm not proud of it. I loved my mother dearly, but I also have an ideal, and to serve it I had to leave her. So much the worse for me.



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In life, it is often necessary to make difficult choices. Just as we cannot catch two fishes at the same time, one in each hand, if we accept growing up, we must accept suffering. I do not regret having left my mother to become a monk, but I am sorry I had to make such a choice. I didn't have the chance to profit fully from this precious treasure. Each night, I pray for my mother, but it is no longer possible for me to savour the excellent ba huong banana, the best quality nep mot sweet rice, and the delicious mia lau sugar cane. Please don't think that I am suggesting you forsake your career and remain home at your mother's side. I have already said I do not want to give advice or lessons in morality. I only want to remind you that a mother is like a banana, like good rice, like honey, like sugar. She is tenderness, she is love. So my dear brothers and sisters, please do not forget her. Forgetting creates an immense loss, and I hope you do not, either through ignorance or negligence, have to endure such a loss. I gladly put a red rose on your lapel so that you will be happy. That is all.

If I had any advice it would be this: Tonight, when you return from school or work, or the next time you

visit your mother, go into her room calmly, silently with a smile and sit down beside her. Without saying anything, look at her really closely, for as long as you can. Look at her well in order to see her, to realise that she is there, alive and sitting beside you. Then take her hand and ask her this short question, "Mother, do you know what?" She will be a little surprised and will probably smile when she asks you, "What, dear?" Continuing to look into her eyes with a serene smile, tell her, "Do you know that I love you?" Ask her this question without expecting for an answer. Even if you are thirty, forty years old, or older, ask her simply because you are the child of your mother. Both you and your mother will be happy, basking in the conscious knowledge of your undying and indestructible love for each other. So that even if she leaves you tomorrow or in the future, you will have no regrets.

This is the refrain I give you to sing today. Brothers and sisters, please chant it, please sing it often, till the end of your lives, so that you won't live in indifference and forgetfulness. Now, I have already placed a red rose on your lapel. Please be happy.



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为你  
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红玫瑰

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## 为你别上一朵红玫瑰

一行禅师 著 | 陈慧芬 翻译

“母亲”这一词总令人联想到“爱”，这两者是分不开的。爱是甜蜜的、温柔的、美妙的。爱是成长过程中不可或缺的营养滋补。缺乏爱，孩子无法生长；缺乏爱，成人无法成熟；缺乏爱，我们将逐渐虚弱枯萎。

就在我母亲去世的那一天，我在日记簿上写下了这段话“我生命中最不幸的事刚发生了！”即使你已长大成人，另筑他巢，母亲的离去仍令你倍感失落痛心，犹如刀割，仿佛年幼的孤儿遭受遗弃。



A  
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为你  
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A  
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所有歌颂母爱的歌曲与诗篇都是如此美妙，即使出自缺乏创作才华的写作人之手，它们仍自然迷人、悦耳动听，毫无任何虚伪造作。写词人与诗人敞开了心扉，将心灵深处的真心实意倾注在这些赞颂母爱的创作中，令我们听了深为感动。歌颂母爱大德的创作由始以来早已出现，后来又如同花儿芳香般的散发，感动了世界各个角落的人。

在我小的时候，我曾听过一首小诗，诗歌内容描写作者失去了母亲的情景；至今，这首诗歌对我而言仍十分重要可贵。倘若你的母亲仍健在，每当你读诵这首诗歌时，你或许会觉察到自己其实是非常幸福的，并且会更珍惜你目前所享有的母爱的温暖；同时，对于遥远却无法避免的生命无常的事实，你的内心或许也会充满着无助的恐惧：

多年前的我，  
年少无知 无忧无虑；  
直到失去了母亲，  
我才终于明白，  
身为孤儿的感受。

身边的人 纵泪哭泣，  
我却在心中 静静地悲伤，  
无知的我 全然不知，  
原来失去的苦 失去的痛，  
只有随着泪水的涌流才能流逝。

低垂的暮色覆盖了墓碑，  
寺院敲着的钟声轻轻地传来。  
我这时才恍然觉悟，  
原来失去母亲，  
犹如失去了整个宇宙。



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为你  
别上  
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多年以来，我们一直徜徉在温暖的母爱的海洋中，甚至还身在福中不知福，把一切视为是理所当然的。直到瞬间失去了母亲后，我们才恍然醒悟，悔不当初。只可惜，这一切都已经太迟了。

我们越南农民喜欢用简单的言语来沟通。他们听不懂都市人复杂的生活用语，将母爱形容成“珍宝”对他们而言简直过于艰深复杂。相反的，越南村民将母爱比喻成最上等的香蕉、蜂蜜、甜米或甘蔗。他们表达爱的方式是简单直接的。

对我而言，  
母亲的爱是甜蜜的，  
犹如最上等的香蕉 (BaHuong)，  
就像最芳香的甜米 (NepMot)，  
以及最甘甜的甘蔗 (MiaLau)。

很多时候，发烧过后，你的嘴里总会有点苦涩的滋味，而无论吃任何美食仍觉得淡然无味。只有当你母亲出现，轻轻地为你盖上棉被，将温柔的手轻放在你滚烫的前额上，并在你耳旁轻声细语“我可怜的孩子！”时，你或许才会感觉身体好了一些。这正是母爱的力量，母爱的甜蜜与温暖将能安抚你生病时的内心的痛楚，能使你的病痛顿时消除，身心痊愈。母亲对你的爱是芳香的、甘甜的，犹如香蕉(BaHuong)，甜米(NepMot)与甘蔗(MiaLau)。

父亲养育子女的职责犹如巍峨的巨山，责任重大。母亲无私的奉献犹如山间流淌的泉水，源源不断地自泉源涌流而下。母爱是我们一出世时所尝到的第一口的爱的滋味，是我们往后日子里将体会到的所有的爱的源头。



母亲是第一位教导我们如何去“爱”的老师，而这正是我们生命最重要的主题。没有了母亲，我们将永远无法知道如何去爱。

感恩她，我们能够爱我们的邻居。感恩她，我们能够爱护所有的生命。通过她，我们第一次体会到了慈悲关怀与体贴谅解。因为她的爱是所有爱的泉源。许多宗教都认识到这一点，并对母亲的形象致以最崇高的敬礼。在佛教中，观世音菩萨是以母亲的形象显现的，而天主教也有圣母玛丽这一母亲的形象。

在你小的时候，你的母亲就像个温柔可爱的天使，能把你所有的痛苦与忧虑带走，使一切烦恼消失。因为只要你放声一哭，她就立即出现在你身边安抚着你。单单是听到或看到“母亲”这一词就能让你的心中充满了爱，而从这种爱升华到宗教精神的信仰与行动只需再多几步就可达成了。

在西方，我们会在每年五月的第二个星期天庆祝母亲节。由于我来自越南的乡下，全然不熟悉西方文化，也从来也没听说过这样的传统。有一天，当我和天安大师在东京银座一带参观时，我们在一间书店的外面遇见了一群认识天安大师的日本学生。其中一名学生悄悄地问了天安大师一个问题。然后，她便从她的袋子中拿出了一朵美丽的白色康乃







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馨并别在我的僧袍上。我既感到惊讶，也感到有些不好意思。我完全不知道这意味着什么，也不敢多问。我尽量保持自然，心想这应该是当地的文化习俗吧。

直到后来，当他们结束谈话而我和灵安师傅走进书店时，天安大师才向我们解释原来日本人正在当天庆祝母亲节，而这一习俗源自西方的国家。在日本，倘若你母亲仍然健在，别人就会送给你一朵红色的花，让你别在衣服的口袋或翻领上。若你的母亲已经去世，你则会别上一朵白色的花。当我再看了看我僧袍上的那朵白花时，我的心中突然充满了感伤。我感觉就像个年幼的孤儿般，极为不幸、极为忧伤。

我们那些别上白花的人是无法快乐起来的，因为我们仍无法接受母亲已经不在人世的事实，无法忘怀母亲在世时所给予我们的温暖的爱。相比之下，那些别上红花的人们则是如此的幸福快乐的，因为他们的母亲仍然在世，而他们至少还有机会趁着母亲健在时尽力地孝顺她，让她得到欢乐与满足，否则错过了就将会后悔莫及。我觉得这个习俗很有

意义，于是便提议将这一习俗推广到越南和西方国家。

我们的母亲是流之不尽的爱的泉源，永不枯竭。但我们却往往忽略了这一点。我们的母亲是生命赋予我们最珍贵的礼物。你们这些母亲仍在世的人们，请切记不要等到母亲去世的那一天才说：“这些年以来，我虽然一直在母亲的身边，却从不曾仔细地看着她，有的只不过是几秒钟的眼神交流和几句话的交换沟通，而往往也只不过是想要伸手讨零用钱或为了一些无谓的要求罢了。”又或者你曾在母亲面前乱发脾气，为了某些琐碎小事大吵大闹，绷着脸不停地抱怨哀诉，其实你这么做只能让她的生活更加烦乱苦恼，让她担忧操心，彻夜难眠，迟睡早起，劳心劳力，耗损身心健康。许多母亲都是因为操心孩子而早逝的。在她的整个生命的流转过过程中，我们只顾着为自己的学业成绩与事业成就拼搏，而忽略了她无怨无悔地呆在家里为我们煮饭、洗衣、清理打扫的默默牺牲与付出。我们的母亲已不再有时间深情地看着我们，而我们也因为过于忙碌而没时间停下脚步来近距离地看着她。后来，当有一天她



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为你别上一朵红玫瑰

离去时，你才忽然被一层失落空虚覆盖着，因为你从未完全体会到她的真实存在与无私的付出。

今天傍晚，当你放学或放工回家时间，又或者，倘若你并不与你的母亲同住，而在你下一次探望她时，请面带着微笑悄悄地走进她的房间，静静地坐在她身边，一句话也不说，仔细地看着她，深深地凝视着她，能看多久就看多久。这么做，是为了让你能实实在在地看到她，感受到她的存在，体认她就在当下，她这一刻确实还活着，她这一刻的确就在你的身旁。接着，你就握着她的手，问她一个小问题，以引起她的注意：“妈妈，你知道吗？”她必定会感到有些惊奇，也或许会微笑着地问你：“亲爱的，什么事？”这时，你就继续看着她的双眼，面带微笑，并真诚地回答她，说：“妈妈，你知道我爱你吗？”，也不要太在乎她会有怎么样的回应。即使你三四十岁，或者更年长，你仍要当自己是母亲永远长不大的孩子，并像个小孩那么天真无邪地问她。你们俩必会感受到心中无比的幸福快乐，因为你们都感受到彼此之间真实永恒的

爱。即使她下一秒突然离你而去，你也不再有任何悔恨遗憾了。

在越南，庆祝盂兰盆节时，我们将有机会听到目犍连救母的传说，同时也能听到其他阐述孝道、父亲的职责、母亲的奉献及子女的义务的故事，这确实是我们越南人一贯的习俗。每一个人都会祈求他们的父母健康长寿；倘若父母已过世，我们则会祝愿他们往生天国净土。我们坚信一个毫无孝心的孩子是一文不值的，但是，孝心必须源自于真诚的爱。缺少了爱，孝心全然是虚伪造作、呆板刻意的。当爱真正存在时，那就已足够了，无须再谈上任何义务。能真心爱你的母亲就已足够了，而爱你母亲并不是一种责任。爱你的母亲是完全自然的，犹如在口渴时喝水解渴一般的自然。每个孩子都有母亲，而爱自己的母亲是绝对自然的。母亲爱自己的孩子，而孩子也爱自己的母亲。孩子需要母亲，而母亲也需要孩子。若母亲不再需要孩子，而孩子也不再需要母亲，那么，他们也不再有任何母子关系。若继续在他们身上沿用“母亲”与“孩子”这两个词，那确实是错用了词语，用词不当。



很久以前，一位老师曾经问过我：“如果你爱你的母亲，你会怎么表现出来？”我当时便告诉他：“我会听从她、帮助她。在她生病时，我会照顾她。在她过世时，我也会为她祈祷、为她祭祀。”现在，若回想起来，我当时的这个答案确实非常肤浅。如果现在有人再问我这个问题，我只会这么说：“我爱我的母亲，而我也完全不需要怎么样‘表现’出来。”因为只要单单爱她就已经足够。爱你的母亲并不是一个道德品质的问题。

请不要以为我写这篇文章的目的是要给你上一堂沉重的道德伦理的课。爱你的母亲其实事关利害。母亲就像纯净的泉水，像最甜蜜的甘蔗或蜂蜜，及品质最芳香的甜米。若你不知道如何惜福并从中获益，这对你而言是极为不幸的事。我在此提起只为了想要引起你的关注，帮助你避免发生这样不幸的事，而这一不幸的事就是你有一天突然失去母亲时才抱怨着自己的生命一无所有。倘若像你母亲这样珍贵的礼物都无法使你满足，那即使你是大机构的总裁，甚至是宇宙的统治者，你可能仍不会感到满足。我知道最强大的神也并不快乐，因为他是自然而生的，根本没有拥有母亲的福气。

让我与你分享一个故事。有时候我确实会觉得我的妹妹其实不应该结婚，而我也不应该出家。我们俩都离开了母亲，一个是为了与所爱的人共创新的生活，另一个则是为了追求他一直以来所坚信着的宗教理念与信仰。在我妹妹出嫁的当晚，我的母亲的心头有千思万虑，但脸上并没有显示出丝毫的伤心难过。直到我们围坐在饭桌前，一边吃着点心，一边等待新郎前来带走我的妹妹时，我才发现我的母亲一口也吃不下。她终于对我的妹妹说：“这十八年以来，你都是一直坐着这里跟着我们一起吃饭。今天这将是你在儿吃的最后一顿饭。今后，你就将会离开这里，而从此便会在另一个家里吃饭了。”我的妹妹听了，低着头啜泣，哽咽道：“妈妈，我不要结婚了。”但当然，她最后还是结了婚，而我也同样的，出家当了和尚。我们越南有句俗语，赞颂着选择出家过着僧人生活并追求真理智慧的人。然而，我却一点也不因此而感到骄傲。我深爱着我的母亲，但我也有个理想，而要实现这个理想我不得不开她。这种挣扎对我而言是难受的。

在人生旅途中，我们往往必须作出棘手的抉择。就如同我们无法一只手里一条鱼地同时

捉着两条鱼儿一样，我们若要成长，就必须接受痛苦。我并不后悔离开母亲出家当和尚，但我为此决定也深感歉意。从此，我就失去了从这样的一个珍宝获益的机会。每晚，我都会为母亲祈祷，但若要再品尝上等的香蕉(BaHuong)，芳香的甜米(NepMot)，以及甜蜜的甘蔗(MiaLau)已经是再也不可能的事了。请不要以为我是在建议你放弃你的事业而呆在家里陪伴着你的母亲。我已经说过了，我并非在给予你任何道德的教诲。我纯粹只想借此提醒你，母亲就像香蕉，像甜米，像蜂蜜，像糖果。她是温柔，她是爱。所以，我亲爱的兄弟姐妹们，你们千万别忘记母亲。忘记母亲意味着巨大的损失，而我也希望你不会因为一时的无知或不留意而必须承受像这样的一种痛苦的损失。我欣然地在你的翻领上为你别上了一朵红玫瑰，由衷真心地祝福你幸福快乐。就那么的简单。只要你感到快乐，这也就足够了。

若我有任何忠告，那将会是：今天傍晚，当你放学或放工回家时间，又或者，倘若你并不与你的母亲同住，而在你下一次探望她时，请面带着微笑悄悄地走进她的房间，静静地坐在她身边，一句话也不说，仔细地看

着她，深深地凝视着她，能看多久就看多久。这么做，是为了让你能实实在在，真真实实地看到她，感受到她的存在，体认她就在当下，她这一刻确实还活着，她这一刻的确就在你的身旁。接着，你就握着她的手，问她一个小问题，以引起她的注意：“妈妈，你知道吗？”她必定会感到有些惊奇，也或许会微笑着问你：“亲爱的，什么事？”这时，你就继续看着她的双眼，面带微笑，并真诚地回答她，说：“妈妈，你知道我爱你吗？”，也不要太在乎她会有怎么样的回应。即使你三四十岁，或者更年长，你仍要当自己是母亲永远长不大的孩子，并像个小孩那么天真无邪地问她。你们俩必会感受到心中无比的幸福快乐，因为你们都感受到彼此之间真实永恒的爱。即使她下一秒突然离你而去，你也不再有任何悔恨遗憾了。

以上是我今天特地为你再次重复吟咏的诗段。我亲爱的兄弟姐妹们，请常常吟咏这一诗段，直至生命结束为止，这样一来你就不会生活在冷漠和疏忽之中。此时，我已经在你的翻领上为你别上了一朵红玫瑰。祝愿你永远幸福快乐。