

我的忏悔

回想过去的三十年，许多事情涌上心头。最突出的总是和我最亲爱的女儿，睿涵，有关。你是上天赐予我的礼物，来帮助我学习，成长。谢谢你，我亲爱的女儿，我爱你，永远。

你现在成长为一个有责任心的大姑娘，暑假期间白天在一个夏令营当辅导员，晚上在 American Apparel 上班。我为你感到骄傲！但是我还是想建议你放弃在 American Apparel 的工作，这样可以有一些自己的时间。暑假过后，你就要离家上大学，去追求你的梦想。我的小姑娘长大了！

回想 18 年，我很幸运和你在一起，度过了数不清的愉快时光，同时我也后悔，希望自己能做得好一点。亲爱的女儿，请原谅我所有那些我伤害你的事。从我这方面来讲，对所有我做错的事情，是没有借口的。

当我从你爸爸那里搬出来的时候，你很伤心。当你求我搬回去的时候，我可以做得不一样。你伤心得以至于在地板上跳，我应该把你搂过来，给你安慰，而不是把你送回到你爸爸那里。对不起。这个记忆也深深地伤着我。

我永远也不会忘记 2004 年的一个下雪的下午，我把你从学校接回来，一下地铁，你非常兴奋，下雪了，白茫茫一片！你抓起一个雪球向我扔过来！当时是我人生的低点，没有情绪玩。我很生气。我看见笑容在你的小脸上一下子凝固了。你被深深地伤害了。你不明白妈妈为什么这样对你！你只是想玩而已。非常非常对不起，如果我能够再过一天，我会和你一起玩。你能原谅我吗？

你给我的数不清的纸条，小礼物，我基本都留着呢。我有一个纸箱子，里面都是你给我的东西。有一天，我将再读一遍你写给我的东西，重新整理那些宝贝。遗憾的是，很多我都不知道是你什么时候写的或着做的了。

在你整个小学和初中阶段我都很忙。我后悔没有多带你出去玩，我知道你是一个喜欢到外面去的孩子，任何户外活动都喜欢。那些年，更多的时候，我把你带到我的实验室，给你一把剪刀，一些彩笔，你就自己干自己的事。你给我做了好多东西，我将永远感激。你给我做了许多实用的东西，比如一本日记本。我一直用着，直到用完。

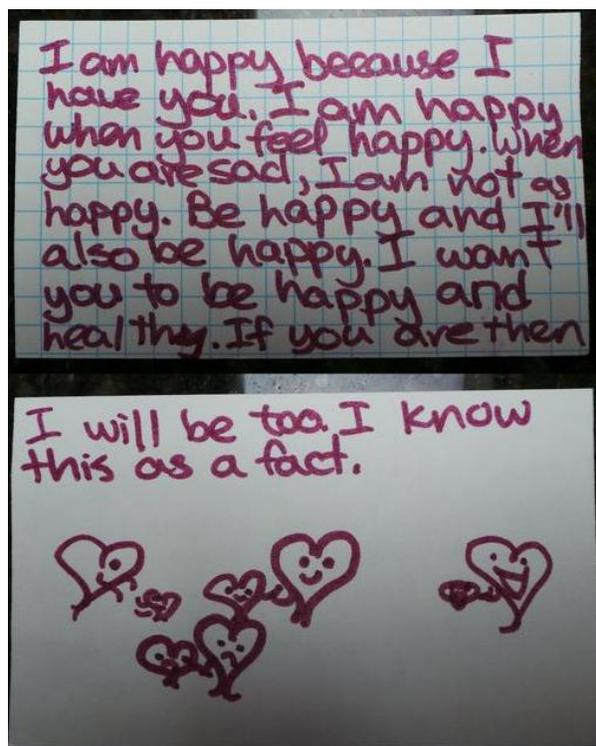


图 1: 卡片

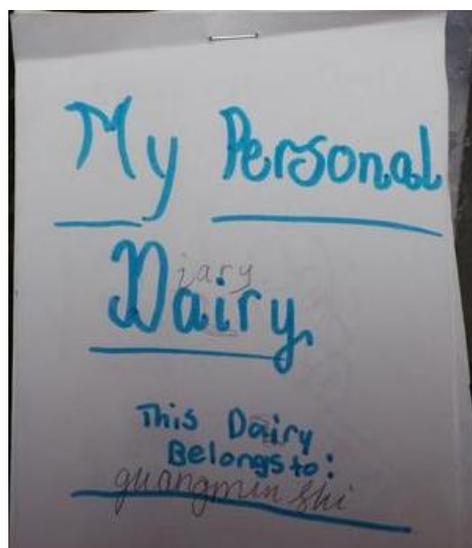


图 2: 日记本封面

2005年，每当我从学校接你的时候，我都觉得受伤害。你看起来不高兴。我知道你在想爸爸。由于我的愚蠢，我甚至在心里对你很不高兴。但是四月份的一天，你回家给我一张纸，上面都是名字。那张纸不够大，下面又粘了一截。我看着这张纸，泪水涌出双眼。这是你给我的生日礼物！你让班上每一个孩子，包括老师，在纸上签名，祝我生日快乐！当我现在敲这些字的时候，禁不住泪流满面。。。。。。我的小姑娘8天前刚过了9岁生日。

我应该懂得了一些道理，可是我没有。在你高中的大部分时间，我心底里仍然存着你爱爸爸多于我的想法。我多么愚蠢！我们之间大部分的冲突也是又此引起的。多少次我情绪的跌宕起伏，让你和继父痛苦万分。你学会了避免冲突，小心地在我和你爸爸之间处理问题。值得庆幸的是，我终于也成长了，我从心底感谢你为了我们每一个人的和平所做的努力。

你是一个敏感的，充满爱心的姑娘。我真希望你有一个不同的童年。对不起，我没能给你一个安稳的家，在你最需要的时候。忘不了你的恶梦，有一天你梦见自己坐在房子前面的台阶上，我和你的继父都不在了，我们都到耶路撒冷去了，留下你一个人。当你告诉我你的恶梦时，我才意识到我对你伤害有多大！我知道在我生命的一天，我会去耶路撒冷，但是我怎么能同你讲，我要到耶路撒冷，不知道那天就去了。这明明白白是抛弃！我怎么能这样对一个10岁的孩子呢！

但是你是一个坚强的姑娘。从你身上，我学到了许多。

2005或2006年的一个晚上，我们那时住在Brooklyn。我想你一定是为爸爸妈妈不得不经历的困难，心里感受到无法承受的痛，开始在一张纸上画画。最初都是黑暗的东西，比如蜘蛛网什么的，用黑颜色画。当你快画满整张纸的时候，你画了一条细细的浅颜色，从黑暗中出来，然后颜色变得越来越亮，越来越宽，最后在一个角落，有一个灿烂的太阳。我那时就理解。我不能用任何文字来描述你和我当时的感觉，但是我完全理解。当你画完后，心情好多了，上床睡觉去了。我把那张纸贴在冰箱上。不幸的是，在以后的若干次搬家中，那张纸可能被弄丢了。希望有一天发现它藏在纸箱子里的什么地方。

我找到一张你送给我的纸，可能是你上小学的时候给我的。今天再读，不得不说，你太英明啦！上面写道：

我会想你，当我们不在一起的时候
我成长得很快
看我长得多大了

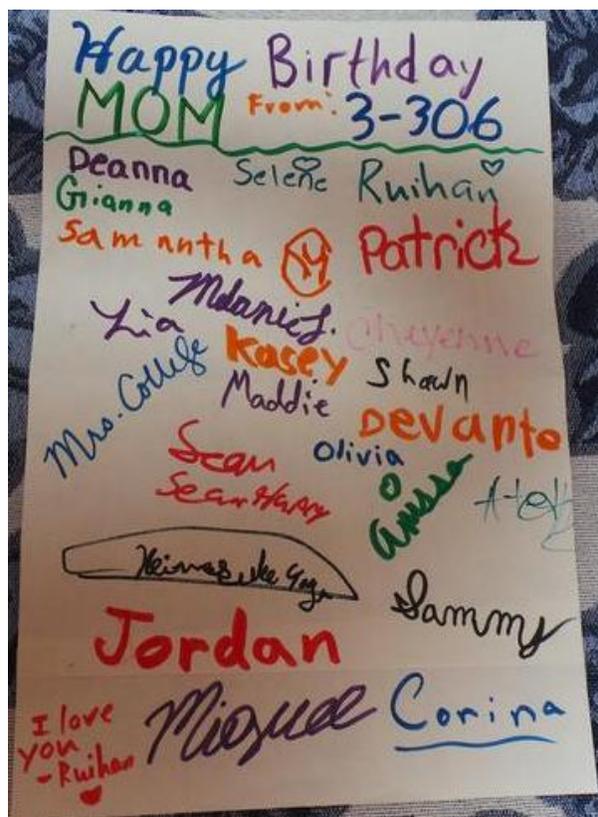


图3: 生日签名

自从上次你见我？

我在长大，会变很多，
时间会飞快流过。
你会奇怪我怎么长这么快
什么时候，在那里，为什么？

把这张卡片保存好，
每年拿出来看一看，
你会想起我，
当我又小又可爱。

我的姑娘，谢谢你这些年教我成为一个更好的人，我真诚地请求你的原谅。我知道还有很多地方我伤害了你，而我甚至没有意识到我伤害了你。请原谅我。

爱你的
妈妈
二零一四年六月三十日



图 4: 诗

My Repentance

Thinking back the past 30 years, lots of things pop out. The most outstanding ones always involve with my dearest daughter, Ruihan. You are truly a precious gift given to me from above, to help me learn and grow. I thank you, my dear, and I love you always!

You are now becoming a responsible little young lady, working as a counselor at a summer camp during the day, and as a sale's associate at American Apparel at night. I am proud of you! But I do suggest that you quit the job at American Apparel so that you can have some time of your own. After the summer job, you will be leaving for college to pursue your dream. My little girl has been growing up!

Recall the 18 years I have been so lucky to be with you, I have plenty of joy, and also regrets. I wish I could do it better. Please forgive me, my dearest daughter, for all the things that I hurt you. There is no excuse from my side if anything I have done hurt you.

I could have done differently when you were so upset when I moved out from your Dad's apartment and begged me to go back, so upset that you jumped on the floor. I could have given you a big hug instead of sending you back to your father that day. I am sorry. The memory hurts me, too.

I will never forget that snowy afternoon in 2004, when we got off the subway, you were so excited, it was snowing! White everywhere. You grabbed a ball of snow and threw on me! That was one of my gloomy days and I was not in good mood. I got mad and was very angry at you. I saw smile froze on you face. You were deeply hurt. You did not understand why your Mom would do that to you! You just wanted to play. I am so very very sorry. If I could live that day again, I would be joining you and playing with you. Can you forgive me?

I saved almost all your scratch paper addressed to me. I have a big box of the pieces you wrote to me, or you made for me, or your little art work. One day I will reread them again and organize them. Unfortunately, most of them I do not know when you made them.

All you elementary school years and middle school years, I had been busy. I regret that I did not take you out playing more often and I know that you were an outdoor girl, enjoying any activity outdoors. In those years, very often I took you to my lab, gave you scissors, colored pencils, etc., and you just did your thing. You made a lot of stuff for me then, and I will ever be thankful. You made a lot of practical things for me, for example, one of the things is a scratch book for me, you called it My Personal Diary Book. I dutifully used that book until I used it up.

In 2005, I felt hurt whenever I picked you up from school. You looked unhappy. I knew that you were missing you Dad and because of my foolishness, I was even mad at you in my heart. Then one day in April, you came home with a sheet of paper, full of names. The sheet was not long enough, so there was a short piece glued onto the paper. I looked at the paper, tears in my eyes. It was your gift to me for my birthday! You asked every single kid in you class, including teachers, to sign on the paper, wishing me a happy birthday! Today, when I am typing these words, I couldn't help but crying.....My dear girl just had her 9th birthday 8 days ago.

I should have learned a lesson, but I did not. During most of your high school years, I still harbored the idea that you loved your Dad more than me. How stupid I was! And most of the conflicts between us were because of this issue. It is a shame for me to admit the many times of my nerves breakdown and the pain caused on you and your stepfather. You learned to avoid conflicts and handle things between your Dad and me cautiously. Fortunately, I grew up eventually, and I deeply appreciate your efforts to make peace among everyone.

You are a sensitive, loving girl. I definitely wish that you had a different early childhood. I am sorry for not being able to give you a stable home when you needed the most. I will never forget your nightmare. One day you dreamed that you were sitting on the steps in front of the house, both your stepfather and I were gone. We had gone to Jerusalem, leaving you behind, alone. I realized how deeply I had hurt you when you told me your dream. I knew that one day in my life I would go to Jerusalem, but how could I say to you, that I was going to Jerusalem, and I did not know when. This was absolutely abandoning! How could I treat a 10-year old like this!

But you are also a very strong girl. I have learned a lot from you.

One night in 2005 or 2006, when we were living in Brooklyn, I guess that you felt unbearable pain in your heart for the trouble that your parents were going through. You started to draw on a piece of paper. It started from the dark side things, like spider webs, etc., using black color. When you almost used up the whole width of the paper, you drew a slim of light colored line coming out from the dark side, and the color became brighter, and wider, eventually there was sunshine at a corner. I understood then. I could not use any word to describe your feeling or my feeling, but I understood. Once you finished, you looked much happier and went to bed. I posted that paper on the refrigerator. Unfortunately, I think that I had lost the paper during moving. Hopefully one day I will find it buried somewhere in the box.

I found a piece of paper you gave me, probably when you were in elementary school. When I read it today, I have to say that you are so wise! It reads like this:

I miss you when we're not together
I'm growing up so fast
See how big I've gotten
Since you saw me last?

As I grow, I'll change a lot,
The years will fly right by.
You'll wonder how I grew so quick
When and where and why?

So save this card in a safe place,
And take it out each year.
The memories will come back of me,
When I was small and dear.

My girl, thank you all these years teaching me to become a better person, and I sincerely ask your forgiveness. I know that there are more things that I hurt you and even do not realize that I have hurt you. Please forgive me.

Love,
Mom
2014.06.30