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https://www.100test.com/kao_ti2020/274/2021_2022__E8_AF_B7_E5_B0_9D_E8_AF_95_E7_c67_274506.htm 俗话说的好：事实胜于雄辩。这不光在一些严肃的问题上体现了这一句话，在解决冲突矛盾的时候这句话也很有道理。如果能够用爱和宽容来处理冲突的话，那么一个爱心方法就会由此而生。 There is an old saying that actions speak louder than words. This isnt the case, however, when it comes to resolving conflict. Actions can make conflict worse, especially if they are violent ones. The most productive way to solve an argument is through words of love and actions of patience. If one practices love and patience when dealing with conflict, it is more likely that a loving resolution will come out of it. Another Way The train clanked and rattled through the suburbs of Tokyo on a drowsy spring afternoon. Our car was comparatively empty to other cars a few housewives with their kids in tow, some old folks going shopping. I gazed absently at the drab houses and dusty hedgerows. At one station the doors opened, and suddenly the afternoon quiet was shattered by a man bellowing violent, incomprehensible curses. The man staggered into our car. He wore laborers clothing and was big, drunk and dirty. Screaming, he swung at a woman holding a baby. The blow sent her spinning into the laps of an elderly couple. It was miracle that the baby was unharmed. Terrified, the couple jumped up and scrambled toward the other end of the car. The laborer aimed a kick at the retreating old woman but missed as she scuttled to safety. This so enraged the drunk that he

grabbed the metal pole in the center of the car and tried to wrench it out of its stanchion. I could see that one of his hands was cut and bleeding. The train lurched ahead, the passengers frozen with fear. I stood up. I was young then, some 20 years ago, and in pretty good shape. I'd been putting in a solid eight hours of Aikido training nearly every day for the past three years. I liked to throw and grapple. I thought I was tough. The trouble was my martial skill was untested in actual combat. As students of Aikido, we were not allowed to fight. "Aikido," my teacher had said again and again, "is the art of reconciliation. Whoever has the mind to fight has broken his connection with the universe. If you try to dominate people, you're already defeated. We study how to resolve conflict, not how to start it." I listened to his words. I tried hard. I even went so far as to cross the street to avoid the "chimplira" the pinball punks who lounged around the train stations. My forbearance exalted me. I felt both tough and holy. In my heart, however, I wanted an absolutely legitimate opportunity whereby I might save the innocent by destroying the guilty. "This is it!" I said to myself as I got to my feet. "People are in danger. If I don't do something fast, somebody will probably get hurt." Seeing me stand up, the drunk recognized a chance to focus his rage. "Aha!" he roared. "A foreigner! You need a lesson in Japanese manners!" I held on lightly to the commuter strap overhead and gave him a slow look of disgust and dismissal. I planned to take this turkey apart, but he had to make the first move. I wanted him mad, so I pursed my lips and blew him an insolent kiss. "All right!" he hollered. "You're gonna get a lesson!" He gathered

himself for a rush at me. A fraction of a second before he could move, someone shouted "Hey!" It was earsplitting. I remember the strangely joyous, lilting quality of it as though you and a friend had been searching diligently for something, and he had suddenly stumbled upon it. "Hey!" I wheeled to my left. The drunk spun to his right. We both stared down at a little old Japanese man. He must have been well into his seventies, this tiny gentleman, sitting there immaculate in his kimono. He took no notice of me, but beamed delightedly at the laborer, as though he had a most important, most welcome secret to share. "Cmere," the old man said in an easy vernacular, beckoning to the drunk. "Cmere and talk with me." He waved his hands lightly. The big man followed, as if on a string. He planted his feet belligerently in front of the old gentleman and roared above the clacking wheels, "Why the hell should I talk to you?" The drunk now had his back to me. If his elbow moved so much as a millimeter, I'd drop him in his socks. The old man continued to beam at the laborer. "Whatcha been drinkin?" he asked, his eyes sparkling with interest. "I been drinkin sake," the laborer bellowed back, "and its none of your business!" Flecks of spittle spattered the old man. "Oh, thats wonderful," the old man said, "absolutely wonderful! You see, I love sake, too. Every night, me and my wife-shes 76, you know- we warm up a little bottle of sake and take it out into the garden, and we sit on an old wooden bench. We watch the sun go down, and we look to see how our persimmon tree is doing. My great-grandfather planted that tree, and we worry about whether it will recover from those ice storms we had last winter. Our tree has

done better than I expected, though, especially when you consider the poor quality of the soil. It is gratifying to watch when we take our sake and go out to enjoy the evening even when it rains!" He looked up at the laborer, eyes twinkling. As he struggled to follow the old man, his face began to soften. His fists slowly unclenched. "Yeah," he said. "I love persimmons, too..." His voice trailed off. "Yes," said the old man, smiling, "and I'm sure you have a wonderful wife." "No," replied the laborer. "My wife died." Very gently, swaying with the motion of the train, the big man began to sob. "I don't got no wife, I don't got no home, I don't got no job. I'm so ashamed of myself." Tears rolled down his cheeks, a spasm of despair rippled through his body. As I stood there in my well-scrubbed youthful innocence, in my "make this world safe for democracy" righteousness, I felt dirtier than he was. Then the train arrived at my stop. As the doors opened, I heard the old man cluck sympathetically. "My, my," he said, "that is a difficult predicament indeed. Sit down here and tell me about it." I turned my head for one last look. The laborer was sprawled on the seat with his head in the old man's lap. The old man was softly stroking the filthy, matted hair. As the train pulled away, I sat down on a bench in the station. What I had wanted to do with muscle had been accomplished with kind words. I had just seen Aikido in action, and the essence of it was love. I would have to practice the art with an entirely different approach and speak about the resolutions of conflict.

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