

不一樣的春節，不一樣的感受 (上)



编者按：爲了讓大家在新春期間過出不同的感受，本報在2月3日，中國新年之前，在匹茲堡舉辦了一個特殊的活動，來自克城和匹茲堡的讀者四十來人參與的當天的活動。到下午四點以前，是在匹茲堡地區觀光旅遊，四點以後在盲人凱文家中做客。凱文是一位熱愛中國文化的美國人，她說着一口流利的中國話，當天她爲客人演唱了中國歌曲《白毛女》等，她唱道：

北風(那個)吹，雪花(那個)飄，年來到。我盼爹爹快回家，歡歡喜喜過個年，歡歡喜喜過個年！……這個時候，在場的許多人眼里都閃爍着淚花，因爲她的歌聲勾起了我們的思鄉情。我們眼里的淚花凱文是看不見的，而我們這些遠離家鄉的人在傳統新年里對故土的眷念凱文也是體會不到的，她給我們帶來的不僅僅是一首中文歌曲，感謝凱文，讓我們的春節與衆不同。

茉莉花”等中國歌曲，還指導我孫女掌握彈鋼琴的要領。本來我只以爲她是一位熱愛中國的“中國通”，但她告訴我她于1996年在Stanford University主修俄國文學，1968年在哈佛大學攻讀教育學，畢業後到波蘭工作了幾年，通過自修掌握了八國語言，這讓我學過一點外語，但至今還無法用英語與美國人溝通交流的明眼人汗

人生”講座。Pittsburgh Post-Gazette 報二名記者同時進行採訪活動。主講人之一的陳世瑞先生詳細地介紹了凱文的個人經歷。當聽說她出生時早產而住進保溫箱因氧壓過高而導致雙目失明，父母爲了培養她獨立的生活能力，拒絕去盲人學校上課，而進入常人學校學習，直到完成大學學業時，在座者無不爲之動容，浦瑛社長更是熱淚盈眶，幾次哽咽說不出話來……

我三次見到凱文

匹茲堡 嚴暢儀



凱文的人生經歷太讓人感動了，現在她已掌握了十國語言。她特別熱愛中國，曾十七次去中國講學，開展中英文教學活動，這需要克服多少常人難以想象的困難。她的眼前是一片光明燦爛，她用心、腦在學習，記憶着一切，每一天她充實、幸福地生活着，她堅強不屈的人生態度堅忍不拔的生活意志，是多麼讓人尊敬和崇拜啊！

最近的這次見面是2008年2月3日，《伊梨華報》社長浦瑛組織的新春讀者聯誼活動，在參觀了匹茲堡歷史名勝景點後，大家都去了凱文家Party，並由凱文作“幸福

聽到和看到凱文的一切，我心久久難以平靜，我想大聲地說：“楷模——凱文

走訪 凱文 金史密斯女士

美國女士著苗裝，開門迎接訪客忙，一曲我愛中國後，訪客不覺淚眼汪，天生雙目皆失明，結業名校實非常，精通九國話語言，奔波教學加合唱，巧手編接木項鍊，縫製萬聖熊貓裝，每日睡眠四小時，不停工作生命強，中國來回十七次，愛我中華第二鄉，當地媒體今報導，採訪拍照燈閃亮。

鄧光選 2/6/2008

我有幸曾三次見到盲人凱文，每一次的相遇我都受到極大的震撼和一次心靈的淨化。我欽佩她的意志、崇尚她的爲人。記得第一次見到她是在1996年匹茲堡華人春節聯歡會上，她用甜美、高亢的嗓音，深情地演唱了“我愛你，中國”和電影《紅日》的插曲。我坐在台下，座座青山緊相連……”的優美歌聲久久地迴響在我的耳旁，我從心里感佩凱文，能把這麼長的二支中國歌曲演繹得如此音準腔圓、深情並茂。我作爲一個聽過數遍的中國人，還唱不全呢！從那時起，我強烈地產生了想見見凱文的意念。機會終於盼到了，我的朋友——匹茲堡大學醫學院的訪問學者羅玉敏女士，就借住在凱文家中。她知道我的心事後，熱情地邀請我們一家去凱文家Party，包餃子，當我的雙手和凱文的雙手緊緊相握時，一股熱流頃刻注入心田，她熱情洋溢地爲我們彈唱了“

In Cleveland, we traditionally celebrate the Chinese New Year at local Chinese restaurants. This year, however, the Erie Chinese Journal has organized a special tour to Pittsburgh to celebrate the year of the Rat. It's the first tour of its kind for Chinese residents of Cleveland. The main event of the tour is the visit to Mrs. King's house in Pittsburgh. Mrs. King is a very special lady, born blind, but has a deep love for the Chinese culture. Our bus entered a small street on a hilly slope, where the cables hung so low that the top of the bus clipped them. We arrived at a house with a large porch, decorated in several shades of brown, where wooden-carved bears towered at the door. It was the house of Mrs. King, and our group of forty had been expecting it throughout the afternoon. On the bus from Cleveland to Pittsburgh, Ying Pu, our tour leader had given us minimal information about Mrs. King: A middle-aged lady, blind from birth, widowed and living alone and teaching Chinese to high school students. "I want you to see for yourself, to discover the unexpected richness of her life," Ying Pu told us on the bus. She did not say much more, but promised that it would be a valuable experience. "By the way, Mrs. King would not allow me to take you to a restaurant. She wants to cook for us." Even though it was difficult to image how a blind person could accommodate forty people at her home, Ying Pu had trust in her. She canceled the reservations at the restaurant. In the days before the trip, she had to abandon rational planning because the changes could not be caught up with, and she had to rely on "providence." Visibly excited and unstopping in recounting her experience, Ying Pu revealed to us that she had not slept throughout the night. After a visit to the Heinz History Center and a leisurely stay at the Phipps Conservatory, the meeting at Mrs. King's house was to be the central activity of the day. With a cane in her left hand, Mrs. King greeted each of us at the door, speaking alternately in English and Mandarin. Her face, marked by prominent cheekbones, carried the suggestion of a lingering smile. She sported a colorful skirt and peculiarly pointed moccasins, which

Seeing Different

by Baixi Su-Alexander



was identified only afterwards as a Miao-dress, worn by an ethnic minority in the mountainous regions of China. Her living room was a treasure chest in its own right; vertical and horizontal shelves carried the weight of souvenirs from all corners of China, most prominently a giant amber-colored dragon with a serpentine body segueing into a finlike curved-up tail. When one of the visitors, a teenage violin player, dashed forth to try one of the two pianos in the room, Mrs. King promptly shouted out in Mandarin, "Play the other one! This one is not tuned." The warning was heeded. We sat down in a giant circle and Ying Pu asked Mrs. King to tell about herself; but she did not know exactly where to begin. She mentioned her years studying at Stanford and Harvard, her love of language (she speaks eight languages) and music (she plays Beethoven), and she implied that we would know more about her simply through the objects she had collected on her seventeen trips to China, as well as the Halloween costumes she had created herself. She went into her room and came back in a "dragon-suit," a silk-black costume with a long snout for a mask, graced by scarlet, rotating eyes, a system of golden-dotted scales and a pointed tail. She said that she had modeled it after the amber-colored dragon on the coffee table. Many of us were puzzled and stunned by her idiosyncratic sense of color - she would combine them based on her own intuition. "They could only exist in her imagination," a visitor whispered

to me. "How does she see them?" Compared to her sense of color, Mrs. King's cooking was conventional. Mashed potato, beans and ground pork constituted the bulk of the meal. But it fed more than just the visitors: three international students who were boarders at her house dined with our group. Music is a major element in her life. Before dinner, Mrs. King was asked to sing a song to us. She chose a piece from "The White Haired-girl," a revolutionary opera most of the audience was familiar with. She sang without accompaniment a nostalgic melody that frequently changed tempo and meandered to a plaintive conclusion. Then there was silence, followed by sudden applause. Ying Pu stood next to her, with both hands clasped together, and I could see a moist film in her eyes. Being a Chinese-born who grew up in the West, I was not familiar with the song; neither did I share the emotion of the audience. But I sensed it in the people sitting next to me. After the visit, on the way back to Cleveland, I moved up a couple seats closer to Ying Pu, and when many others had fallen asleep, I asked her why she was so moved. She replied, "The China that Mrs. King sees is a different place. It's different than what most people see. That's why we came. She makes me see it different, too."

