

Crying is good for you

Do not hold back¹⁾ your crying, Sam. Crying is good for you. Think of the tears as little drops of liquid reality. “I could still hear Frank’s words in my ears as well as if he had said them only a few seconds earlier. I could still recall most of the conversation we had the night Frank said that to me.

It was the night my girlfriend and I had broken up, and I, having fallen deeply in love with her, had taken the whole situation a lot harder than Tess had imagined that I would. Frank found me huddled up in my room whimpering quietly to myself.

“What’s the matter Sam?” Frank asked in his usual way.

“Tess and I. . .” I said trying to hold back the tears, “. . . We, I mean, I don’t know how to say this, but. . .”

“Well, I guess I’m back to square one now. . .”

“I’m not quite sure I follow you there, Sam. Elaborate for me. . .”

“Well, you know what. . . what I’ve been missing off my finger for about the past month or so. . .” I said with a snuffle, holding out my right hand for Frank to see.

“Oh. . . I get it now. . .” Frank said, and at that I nodded with a snuffle. “Don’t hold back your crying, Sam. Crying is good for you. . . Think of the tears as little drops of liquid reality.”

“What? !? !” I asked to Frank, “What in the name of Zeus are you talking about Frank?”

“Crying, of course. All that it is doing is letting out droplets²⁾ of liquid reality in the form of tears.”

“Never thought of it that way.”

“You should try it sometimes. It always helps to think of the world and your life and everything else in a way different from everybody else.”

“Thanks, Frank. You’re a real friend and a pick-me-up, but I’d really like to be left alone right now to do some deep thinking.”

“Sure Sam, not a problem. Remember that I’m right down in the hall if you need me tonight .”

“Sure thing Frank.”

Anyway, back to what I started out to say. Frank was always like that: friendly and just a little bit over your head. Frank had always been the kind of person who never had trouble finding friends, and it seemed to me that he was like a magnet³⁾ to people.

I had heard of magnetic personalities before, but I had never met anyone who would have been described as being one until I met Frank. But, sadly Frank was killed in an automobile accident while on his way home from school yesterday.

The day of his funeral was overcast and raining. Fitting weather for a funeral I think. Although I wasn’t asked to speak by Frank’s family at first, I was asked by his pastor⁴⁾ to speak on behalf of his friends and peers. Only one thought kept crossing my mind the whole time. I was at the church: Liquid Reality, Tears are only drops of liquid reality. And as I continued to look at that cedar box, surrounded by all the flowers and all the people in the

church, I continued to think about Frank's most memorable words to me. I stepped up to the microphone and looked out over the mass of teary-eyed people who were either friends of Frank or relatives of the family. The first thing that crossed my mind when I opened my mouth came out. Not even meaning to say it, I said: "My most vibrant⁵ memory of Frank is one that I think anyone would remember for many years."

"It all started when I was feeling down after a rough day of school. Frank came over to my room to console me because he could sense that I was feeling upset. His words that night have left a deep impression on me: 'Don't ever think of crying as being a sign of weakness, Sam. Think of the tears as being droplets of Liquid Reality.'

"Frank was always like that, though. He always talked in words and phrases that maybe you didn't understand. But, like a well told sermon, the meaning hit you much later afterwards. The meaning of Liquid Reality finally hit me today. And I think that if Frank had planned for the meaning of Liquid Reality to hit me on any day, I think he would have picked the day I was to speak at his funeral. I know that Frank's in a better place now, and I can just about bet that if he's listening to this, he's probably as touched by this as I was by his speech that night. Goodbye Frank, we all love you."

When I finished my speech to Frank, those in attendance who weren't crying before I started my speech were crying after I finished. And by the time I had reached my seat, more than half of the people there had started clapping. I thought it rather odd that someone giving a speech at a funeral would get such an ovation, and I was a little bit embarrassed that my impromptu speech about my best friend had gotten that much ovation at his funeral.

Although Frank and I had been best friends, I just couldn't stand to watch his casket be lowered into the ground. I drove myself back home and tried to start putting Frank's death behind me.

哭泣是件好事

“萨姆，别强忍着泪水。哭出来对你是件好事。只管把眼泪当成是凝成液体的滴滴现实”。弗兰克的话还在我的耳边回荡，就好像刚刚跟我说过一样。我对弗兰克讲这席话的那个晚上我俩交谈的情景仍然记忆犹新。

那天晚上，我和女友苔丝分手了。其实我对她的爱是很深的，苔丝无论如何也想像不出我为此受到的打击有多大。当我独自一人蜷缩在屋中呜咽时，弗兰克看到了。

“萨姆，怎么了？”弗兰克用他平常的语调问我。

“苔丝和我……”我强忍住泪水回答道。“嗯，我是说，我也不知该怎样讲。

“可是，嗯，我想我现在又是孑然一身了。”“

萨姆，我不大明白你在说什么。能具体点儿吗？”“

“嗯，你该明白这个月我的手指上少什么了吧。”我边抽泣边把右手伸给弗兰克看。

“哦，我知道了。”见我点头时仍哽咽着，弗兰克继续说道，“萨姆，别强忍着泪水。哭出来对你是件好事。只管把眼泪当成是凝成液体的滴滴现实。”

“什么？”我向他问道，“天哪，你在胡说些什么呀，弗兰克？”

“当然是哭了。哭泣不过是以泪珠形式让滴滴现实落下来而已。”“我倒是一直不曾这样想过。”

“你有时间应当试一试。用一种不同于其他任何人的方式来看待世界、你的生活和一切事情总是有好处的。”

“弗兰克，谢谢你。你真是我的知己和开导者。但是我现在确实想独自一人好好想想。”

“当然了，萨姆。不过记住，如果今晚需要我，我就在楼下大厅里。”

“我会的，弗兰克。”

好了，让我们回到一开始。弗兰克总是如此：友善并略为比你高深一点。他是那种不愁找不到朋友的人，而且在我看来，他对周围的人来讲，就好像是一块磁铁。

我曾听说过有磁铁般性格的人，但是从未幸遇过，直到弗兰克走进我的生活。然而，令人伤心的是，弗兰克昨天在放学回家的路上不幸在一场车祸中遇难身亡。

为他举行葬礼的这天，天阴得很，而且下着雨。这对葬礼确是合适，我这样想。虽然一开始弗兰克的家里人并没有安排我发言，但是牧师还是希望我能代表弗兰克的朋友和同事说上几句。在教堂的整个时间里，那句话便一直萦绕在我的脑海中：凝成液体的现实，泪水不过是凝成液体的滴滴现实。我注视着那个雪松打制的灵柩以及它周围的鲜花和人群，同时我继续想着弗兰克对我讲过的最值得纪念的话语。我走到麦克风前，望了一眼含着泪水的人们。他们或是弗兰克的朋友，或是他家的亲戚。我一开口，便不由自主地说道，“我想，弗兰克留给我最鲜活的记忆也会令任何人久久难忘。”

“那天一天的课上下下来，我的情绪很低落。弗兰克来到我的房间安慰我，因为他感到了我情绪不好。那个晚上他的一席话深深地印入了我的脑海：不要把哭泣看作软弱的标志。只把泪水当成是液化的现实。”

“弗兰克总是如此。弗兰克总是讲些你可能听不懂的话。但是他像是一位善言的布道者。早晚你会被他的话深深地打动的。今天我便深深地体味到了什么叫作液化的现实。我想如果弗兰克当初便计划好有那么一天我会理解这句话的内涵的话，那么他一定会选择他的葬礼这一天。我知道弗兰克此时在另一个美好的世界里。我敢打赌假如他正在听我的这番话，他必定会被我的话打动，就像我那个晚上被他的话深深地打动一样。安息吧，弗兰克。我们所有人都爱你。”

当我讲完悼辞，那些在我开始前未曾落泪的人们都落下了泪水。当我回到自己的座位时，一半以上的与会者开始鼓起掌来。我想，在葬礼这样场合下的讲话能赢得喝彩多少令人感到很怪。因此，当人们对我这番即兴的缅怀知己的话鼓掌时，我有点儿不好意思了。

虽然弗兰克和我一直是最要好的朋友，我仍然受不了目睹他的灵柩入土。我于是便开车返家了，并努力地将弗兰克的死从脑海中遗忘。

NOTE 注释：

hold back 阻止，抑制

droplet ['drɒplɪt] n. 小滴

magnet ['mæɡnɪt] n. 磁体，磁铁

pastor ['pɑːstə] n. 牧师

vibrant ['vaɪbrənt] adj. 鲜活的，鲜明的