梅根亲笔：我们共同经历的伤痛

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**The Losses We Share**

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Are we? This year has brought so many of us to our breaking points. Loss and pain have plagued every one of us in 2020, in moments both fraught and debilitating. We’ve heard all the stories: A woman starts her day, as normal as any other, but then receives a call that she’s lost her elderly mother to Covid-19. A man wakes feeling fine, maybe a little sluggish, but nothing out of the ordinary. He tests positive for the coronavirus and within weeks, he — like hundreds of thousands of others — has died.

Losing a child means carrying an almost unbearable grief, experienced by many but talked about by few. In the pain of our loss, my husband and I discovered that in a room of 100 women, 10 to 20 of them will have suffered from miscarriage. Yet despite the staggering commonality of this pain, the conversation remains taboo, riddled with (unwarranted) shame, and perpetuating a cycle of solitary mourning.

Some have bravely shared their stories; they have opened the door, knowing that when one person speaks truth, it gives license for all of us to do the same. We have learned that when people ask how any of us are doing, and when they really listen to the answer, with an open heart and mind, the load of grief often becomes lighter — for all of us. In being invited to share our pain, together we take the first steps toward healing.

We are adjusting to a new normal where faces are concealed by masks, but it’s forcing us to look into one another’s eyes — sometimes filled with warmth, other times with tears. For the first time, in a long time, as human beings, we are really seeing one another.

Are we OK?

We will be.

译文：

坐在医院的病床上，看着我丈夫心痛的样子，还努力弥合我破碎的心，我意识到，治愈伤痛的唯一方式就是从这个问题开始：“你还好吗？”

我们还好吗？这一年把我们很多人都推到了崩溃的边缘。在2020年，我们每个人都在令人忧心忡忡、脆弱不堪的一个个瞬间里，备受失去和痛苦的折磨。我们听到了很多故事：一个女人像往常一样迎来新的一天，不久却接到电话说，她年迈的母亲因为感染新冠而离世；一个男人早上醒来还觉得好好的，可能有一点犯懒，但也没什么反常的地方。结果他新冠检测呈阳性，几周后，就和那几十万人一样死去了。

失去孩子意味着承担一种几乎难以忍受的痛苦，很多人都经历过，却鲜少有人谈及。在失去孩子的伤痛中，我和丈夫发现，每100位女性中就有10到20位会经历流产之苦。然而，尽管这些痛苦惊人地常见，但流产这个话题仍是一个禁忌，充斥着不合时宜的羞愧，循环往复的只是那些孤零零的哀悼。

有些人勇敢地说出了她们的故事，为我们打开了那扇大门。因为他们知道，当一个人开始说真话，其他人也就被赋予了坦诚的权利。而我们也知道了，当别人问起我们过得怎么样，当他们真的敞开心扉倾听那个答案，悲痛的负担通常会减轻，对他们、对我们，都是这样。当我们应邀分享痛苦，我们正在一起向愈合迈出了第一步。

我们正在适应一种新常态，脸遮在口罩后面。但这迫使我们的眼神相会，这些眼神里时而有温暖，时而有热泪。这也是长久以来，作为人类，我们第一次真正地看到彼此。

我们还好吗？

我们，会好的。

生词好句

1.loss

英 [lɒs] 美 [lɑːs]

n. 死亡/损失导致的悲伤情绪（the feeling of grief after losing someone or something of value）

拓展:

I’m sorry for your loss.

请节哀。

I feel a terrible sense of loss.

我感到非常失落。

2.shatter

英 [ˈʃætə] 美 [ˈʃætər]

v. 打破，打碎（to break suddenly and violently into pieces）

拓展:

My heart is shattered.

我心碎了。

3.breaking point

崩溃点，崩溃的临界点

拓展:

Every grownup has their breaking points.

每个成年人都有自己的崩溃临界点。

（韦氏词典中已收录，对于不明确性别的代词用 they/them/their/theirs）

4.plague

英 [pleɪɡ] 美 [pleɪɡ]

vt. 纠缠，折磨，使人困扰（cause continual trouble or distress to sb.）；n. 瘟疫，鼠疫

拓展:

He has been plagued by ill health.

他被病体所缠绕。

She was plagued by weakness, fatigue, and dizziness.

她受虚弱、疲劳和眩晕所困扰。

5.fraught

英 [frɔːt] 美 [frɑːt]

adj. 让人担忧的，令人焦虑的

6.debilitating

英 [dɪˈbɪlɪteɪtɪŋ] 美 [dɪˈbɪləteɪtɪŋ]

adj. 令人脆弱的

7.sluggish

英 [ˈslʌɡɪʃ] 美 [ˈslʌɡɪʃ]

adj. 犯懒的，懒洋洋的

8.carry the grief

承受悲痛（突出挥之不去、如影随形的痛感）

9.miscarriage

英 [ˈmɪsˌkærɪdʒ] 美 [ˈmɪsˌkerɪdʒ]

n. 流产

拓展:

abortion

UK /əˈbɔːʃn/ US /əˈbɔːrʃn/

n. 堕胎

10.staggering

英 [ˈstæɡərɪŋ] 美 [ˈstæɡərɪŋ]

adj. 令人震惊的

拓展:

近义词：astonishing

11.taboo

英 [təˈbuː] 美 [təˈbuː]

adj. 禁忌的，忌讳的；n. 禁忌

12.be riddled with sth.

充斥着不好的事物；饱受艰辛

拓展:

Personal goals remain taboo, riddled with unwarranted shame.

个人理想被视作白日做梦吃饱了撑的。

Women’s age remains taboo, riddled with unwarranted shame.

女性对自己的年纪都讳莫如深，避之不及。

13.perpetuate

英 [pəˈpetʃueɪt] 美 [pərˈpetʃueɪt]

vt. 使持续，使延续（to make sth. continue indefinitely）

拓展:

perpetuating the memory of those killed in the war

纪念那些在战争中丧生的人

14.solitary

英 [ˈsɒlɪtəri] 美 [ˈsɑːləteri]

adj. 孤独的

拓展:

solitary animals 独居动物

a solitary man 孤家寡人

15.give license for sb. to do sth.

让人可以合法地做某事

拓展:

license

UK /ˈlaɪsəns/ US /ˈlaɪsəns/

n. 合法执照

driver’s license 驾照

16.conceal

英 [kənˈsiːl] 美 [kənˈsiːl]

vt. 遮挡，遮盖

拓展:

concealer

UK /kənˈsiːlə/ US /kənˈsiːlər/

n. 遮瑕笔，遮瑕膏

原文：

The Losses We Share

By Meghan, The Duchess of Sussex

@ The New York Times

It was a July morning that began as ordinarily as any other day: Make breakfast. Feed the dogs. Take vitamins. Find that missing sock. Pick up the rogue crayon that rolled under the table. Throw my hair in a ponytail before getting my son from his crib.

After changing his diaper, I felt a sharp cramp. I dropped to the floor with him in my arms, humming a lullaby to keep us both calm, the cheerful tune a stark contrast to my sense that something was not right.

I knew, as I clutched my firstborn child, that I was losing my second.

Hours later, I lay in a hospital bed, holding my husband’s hand. I felt the clamminess of his palm and kissed his knuckles, wet from both our tears. Staring at the cold white walls, my eyes glazed over. I tried to imagine how we’d heal.

I recalled a moment last year when Harry and I were finishing up a long tour in South Africa. I was exhausted. I was breastfeeding our infant son, and I was trying to keep a brave face in the very public eye.

“Are you OK?” a journalist asked me. I answered him honestly, not knowing that what I said would resonate with so many — new moms and older ones, and anyone who had, in their own way, been silently suffering. My off-the-cuff reply seemed to give people permission to speak their truth. But it wasn’t responding honestly that helped me most, it was the question itself.

“Thank you for asking,” I said. “Not many people have asked if I’m OK.”

Sitting in a hospital bed, watching my husband’s heart break as he tried to hold the shattered pieces of mine, I realized that the only way to begin to heal is to first ask, “Are you OK?”

Are we? This year has brought so many of us to our breaking points. Loss and pain have plagued every one of us in 2020, in moments both fraught and debilitating. We’ve heard all the stories: A woman starts her day, as normal as any other, but then receives a call that she’s lost her elderly mother to Covid-19. A man wakes feeling fine, maybe a little sluggish, but nothing out of the ordinary. He tests positive for the coronavirus and within weeks, he — like hundreds of thousands of others — has died.

A young woman named Breonna Taylor goes to sleep, just as she’s done every night before, but she doesn’t live to see the morning because a police raid turns horribly wrong. George Floyd leaves a convenience store, not realizing he will take his last breath under the weight of someone’s knee, and in his final moments, calls out for his mom. Peaceful protests become violent. Health rapidly shifts to sickness. In places where there was once community, there is now division.

On top of all of this, it seems we no longer agree on what is true. We aren’t just fighting over our opinions of facts; we are polarized over whether the fact is, in fact, a fact. We are at odds over whether science is real. We are at odds over whether an election has been won or lost. We are at odds over the value of compromise.

That polarization, coupled with the social isolation required to fight this pandemic, has left us feeling more alone than ever.

When I was in my late teens, I sat in the back of a taxi zipping through the busyness and bustle of Manhattan. I looked out the window and saw a woman on her phone in a flood of tears. She was standing on the sidewalk, living out a private moment very publicly. At the time, the city was new to me, and I asked the driver if we should stop to see if the woman needed help.

He explained that New Yorkers live out their personal lives in public spaces. “We love in the city, we cry in the street, our emotions and stories there for anybody to see,” I remember him telling me. “Don’t worry, somebody on that corner will ask her if she’s OK.”

Now, all these years later, in isolation and lockdown, grieving the loss of a child, the loss of my country’s shared belief in what’s true, I think of that woman in New York. What if no one stopped? What if no one saw her suffering? What if no one helped?

I wish I could go back and ask my cabdriver to pull over. This, I realize, is the danger of siloed living — where moments sad, scary or sacrosanct are all lived out alone. There is no one stopping to ask, “Are you OK?”

Losing a child means carrying an almost unbearable grief, experienced by many but talked about by few. In the pain of our loss, my husband and I discovered that in a room of 100 women, 10 to 20 of them will have suffered from miscarriage. Yet despite the staggering commonality of this pain, the conversation remains taboo, riddled with (unwarranted) shame, and perpetuating a cycle of solitary mourning.

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So this Thanksgiving, as we plan for a holiday unlike any before — many of us separated from our loved ones, alone, sick, scared, divided and perhaps struggling to find something, anything, to be grateful for — let us commit to asking others, “Are you OK?” As much as we may disagree, as physically distanced as we may be, the truth is that we are more connected than ever because of all we have individually and collectively endured this year.

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