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MARCH 2012

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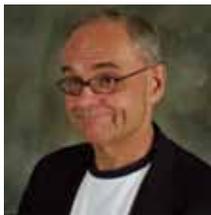
ISSN 1003-2711

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南腔
北调



田博华，享誉全球的葡萄酒专家，如今常驻纽约或曼谷。他为众多的连锁酒店及餐厅担当顾问工作，发表过大量的有关葡萄酒的著作和评论。Fred Tibbitts Jr. is a global wine consultant based in New York and Bangkok. He assists some of the top hotel and restaurant chains in the U.S. and Asia-Pacific, developing their wine-by-the-glass programs; leading educational trips to wine producing countries, and hosting VIP industry dinners in New York and across Asia.

我们的爱，艳若玫瑰醇似酒 “Roses are Red” Five Years Later... *An Epilogue That Will Live Forever*

五年前，我和她相遇并相爱。2007年至2008年间，我和她的爱情故事分五期连载在这本杂志上。事过境迁，我们曾执手，却已无法再相守。有时清晨我一睁开眼，她的音容笑貌便浮现在我眼前，想她是否已嫁做他人妻，而我的离去又是否明智。我不知道是不是她也跟我一样，偶尔也会想起我们的过去。

这些日子，每当我从梦境中醒来，总想起基督教里经常说的“有所得必有所失”。这让我陷入沉思，莫非今生我们注定只是彼此生命中的过客？

我和她相见如故，或许前世，又或许更前世，我和她一样是中国人。这种感觉如此强烈，一如失去联系的老朋友再度重逢，怎奈何今世她仍生在故土，我却是美国人了。她曾想教我普通话，不过我的学习态度却不甚端正，尤其是当她的英文已近完美。我想进一步发展，但她当时的男友深得她父母欢心，可这就已然足够了吗？对她来说，这是一个艰难的决定，而于我，背井离乡又谈何

容易。我不想失去她，但现实却不容许我时时刻刻都陪伴在她身边。

不过，很快我又再次回了北京。我们一起去旅行，她还带我去见一个开定制珠宝店的朋友。店铺很小，我们面对面坐在展示柜前，她突然问我：“如果我同意嫁给你，你会娶我吗？”我简直不敢相信自己的耳朵，心里一阵狂喜，不能自己。我坚定地摇头，赶紧说会。她掉转头望着朋友，她朋友则大笑，露出祝福的神色。我们相中了一两个戒指款式后，微笑着走了。

我当即决定搬去北京，并向她展示我的诚意与决心。她帮我在朝阳区找公寓，那是她工作的地方，也是我较多北京客户办公的区域。最后我们找了个一居室，虽然算不上奢华，但作为最初的落脚地已经够好了。早前已经说过，她的情形甚为复杂，父母的意志对于中国孩子来说总不是什么小事，她终于承认在那样的情况下，她不能答应搬来和我一起住。我的心情跌到了谷底，也没有签

房屋租赁合同，告诉她我最好再等等看。我们像以前那样度过了一段快乐时光，可是心却不再如往昔那般贴近，是继续还是分开，两个人都很困惑。

最终她还是决定分开。我知道这于她是何其艰难的决定，而我更是心碎至极。那种感觉真的好无助，一切仿佛还在昨日，前世的我弥留之际，她抱着我逐渐冰冷的身躯，极力忍住眼泪，我的灵魂越来越轻，绝望地想，今生我都无法忘记她，可我却不知是否还能找到她。

我把这篇文章当做结尾，却不意味着我们之间关系的结束。每次我去北京，总会给她打个电话，约她出来见面喝茶。有时我们待一个小时，有时待上三个小时。临走时我总会把我的电话放在她手里，说如果某人打电话来，你一定要接。她走时也跟我说同样的话：“如果某人打电话来，你一定要接。”终章只是一个新的开始，而远非故事的结束。无论今生还是来世，未知的总是美好的，醇郁美酒的颜色亦是我们的颜色。

"Roses are Red and Violets are Blue, but Red is the Color of My True Love's Wine....A Chinese Love Story" came to the readers of LifeStyle Magazine in a five part series between September of 2007 and May of 2008, though the love story actually took place in Beijing from 2005 through 2006.

It has now been five years since we were together, living our love. But as unlikely as we would have the script, each of our circumstances changed, and almost overnight, we were going our separate ways...never without romance, but no longer as One with each other. Afterwards, some mornings I would awaken, thinking of her and wondering, having gone another way and found a new romance in another land, had I chosen wisely or had I lost True Love? And I wondered if she had ever felt the same or if she found no reason to look back.

There is an ancient Christian saying that often found my awakening consciousness as I transitioned from the Dream World to the Real World on these mornings "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away". And so it often caused me to ponder, what really happened or was it simply meant to be just a brief time together this life; a reminder of what had once before been our life together; and with the feeling so sure, what was to come in the next life? And if so, why the tender tease this time around?

We had come to know we were a couple before, maybe in the previous life or maybe the one that preceded it. I had been Mainland Chinese, as was she. Our feelings were so deeply rooted within each of us, just as with two long lost friends realizing they have come together once more: There could be no mistaking what we felt. But what to do? In this life she was again Mainland Chinese; I was American. She was trying to teach me Mandarin, but between our emotions deciding our focus and our careers demanding the rest of our time, I was not a very serious student, especially because her English was near perfect. I wanted it to work more than anything, but she already had a relationship that served her family's values and pleased her parents; but was it enough? It wasn't a simple decision for her; nor was it for me, so far away from where I had called "home" all my life. I didn't want to lose her, having found

one another once more, but I couldn't spend the time we needed together in Beijing, being that my responsibilities called for me to travel across Asia Pacific and as well spend time working in the U.S.

But soon I was back in Beijing and loving it all. We went exploring and she wanted me to meet a friend with a custom jewelry business. Her friend, Hewei was very talented: I could see why she wanted me to see her friend's artistry. The shop was small and the space narrow: We sat across from one another in front of the display case; her friend leaned over the case silently waiting to see if we wanted to purchase anything. Suddenly, the object of my affections looked at me and said "If I agree to marry you, would you marry me?" I couldn't believe my ears, I was exploding with excitement: So I nodded in the affirmative and said "Yes". "She said "Oh...." and turned towards her friend. Her friend smiled broadly, blessing the moment. We looked at her rings for a while, seeing one or two that had promise if the moment was right; and then with a smile, she told her friend she would speak with her later. And we were off.

I decided it was time to move to Beijing to show her I really wanted it to work. She helped me look at apartments near the Chaoyang District where she worked and where my Beijing customers were as well offed. We found a one bedroom apartment in the Garden District, adjacent to Chaoyang. It wasn't glamorous, but it would be a start until I could build my business to allow for a nicer place. But as I said, her life was very complicated and preserving family harmony, especially with parents is no small issue for a Chinese son or daughter. She finally said she couldn't commit to move in with me under the circumstances. I felt my heart drop to my shoes. What to do? So I didn't sign a lease with the building; I told her I had better wait and see. I met her best friends and we had many good times together, yet we seemed no closer to resolving our lives, together or apart. I am clairvoyant, being a Shaman, once again in my present incarnation, allowing me to see forward and back, what was and what is to be, and so while we were all together one evening over dinner in the Chinese restaurant at the Temple of Heaven Holiday Inn Beijing,

I turned to one of her friends, as I sensed something about her future; I saw that she would soon be relocating to the "north" and I sensed the number "2": Soon afterwards, she accepted a position with a hotel company that required her to move to a more northern city. And she started in February.

As for my love, in the end, now five years ago, she decided not to marry me. I know it was a very difficult decision for her. It saddened me to the core. And as though it was but yesterday, I was instantly reminded of that same, agonizingly helpless feeling from a previous death, when my body was growing cold and dying was taking me from our life of bliss together. I remembered how she had gently and ever so lovingly cradled me in her arms, holding back the tears, until I could no longer feel anything, as my Soul became lighter than light and took flight; and I was surrounded and serenaded by the Symphony of symphonies that is the Amazing Grace, the brilliant White Light that awaited. I desperately wondered if I would ever find her again. I would never forget her.

And so, while all that I have now told you is our Epilogue, an "Epilogue" is supposed to be a "conclusion" after a story; but THIS Epilogue just refuses to be a conclusion: For you see, what we have since learned in this life is that the magic never died within us. And so, every time I am in Beijing, I always check to see if she has time to meet for some Chinese tea; and as long as she is in town, we always have that Chinese Tea together. And depending on our schedules, sometimes we are together for just an hour; and other times, three. When our teas together exceed an hour and even run to three, we call them "One to three bathroom break teas". When I have to go, I hand her my mobile phone and say "If someone calls, answer it". And when she has to go, she hands me her mobile and says "If someone calls, answer it". So you see, our "Epilogue" is becoming more of a "Prologue", as in a commentary on what is to be. And while I don't know the answer just yet, I do know one thing for certain, what comes next will be beautiful, whether this life or the next life; and just as before, "Red as our love is the color of my true love's wine".

I am *Red Owl*, over & out. ■