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田博华，享誉全球的葡萄酒专家、作家，如今常驻曼谷、纽约。他为亚太地区众多连锁酒店及餐厅担当顾问。他致力于慈善事业，并为餐饮类学校提供奖学金。Fred Tibbitts, Jr. is a global wine consultant and writer based at Bangkok, Thailand and with a U.S. office at New York. He operates a global social entrepreneurship for the benefit of those less fortunate, assisting some of the top hotel and restaurant chains in the U.S. and across Asia Pacific, developing their wine & spirits programmes. He also hosts hospitality industry dinners to recognize excellence, provide scholarships at hospitality and culinary schools and to make charitable donations to the UNICEF, UN-HABITAT and other worthy charities.

玫瑰，依然绽放

Red as Our Love

A Beautiful Story that Continues to Unfold

这本杂志记录了我和她的爱情故事。时至今日，这段美丽的恋情依然不折不挠地坚持着。纵然她在北京，我在曼谷，再遥远的距离也无法阻隔两颗相爱的心。为此，我再次来到北京。

我已记不起当初为何钟情于她，但我确实爱上了她。那已是2005年的事，却仿佛就在昨天。我们一见如故，感觉如同前世的情侣，也许不止是前世。这种感觉强烈而真切，现实却没那么简单，我们都有各自的爱人。但感情来得如此猛烈，以至于我们不可能无视它的存在。我们开始约会，和她在一起是那么轻松自然，好像我们是一对真正的夫妻。然而现实是残酷的，我们是要奋力一搏还是等待来生？这问题永远没有答案。

在我们彼此心里，来生一定相守，但今生只能做“知己”。随着时间的推移，我们意识到两颗心早已被爱情的磁场紧紧包裹，再也无法用友情去定义。如今，我们是彼此的“红颜”和“蓝颜”。每次来北京，我们都要一同喝茶聊天，一起呆上两三个小时。不



管是谁，中途有事要暂时离开时，都要将手机交到对方手里，说一声“有人来电话替我接一下”。每次她说这句话的时候，脸上都洋溢着灿烂的笑容。我们的相处自然融洽，就像同彼此的另一半在一起一样，但是在心里，我们始终对彼此的爱人抱有一份尊重。爱情闯进门，我们只好随遇而安。

她的那些闺蜜也成了我的好友，她们善解人意，不仅衷心支持我们的感情，更期望我们早结连理。每次聚会她们总是看着我们两个，笑而不语。她们是在期待这段浪漫的异国恋情有一个圆满的结局，到那时她们一定会为我们庆祝。爱情的红线把她们和我们连在一起，就像一个温馨的大家庭。这是天下最美丽动人的故事，心中满是宁静和爱、欢乐和谐。

在此吐露心声，写下我的中国之恋，只是隐去了她的名字，因为我不想伤害任何人。不过可以想见，当她或者她的朋友读到此文，定会会心一笑，因为她们明白其中的美好。九月我会去上海，十月飞往香港，这些她全都了然，只是发邮件询问我何时再回北京。我的回答是可能从上海回来之后，我会在九月中下旬到北京看她。爱情让我的生命更加完满，也让思念变得如此美丽。我们享受着人间天堂般无上美妙的爱情。

当初我写给她的那些情诗，至今依然动听，那是我对她和她的故乡最美的表白。我曾写道：“在中国这片土地上，到处都充满红色。日出日落、江河湖海、夜晚的美梦、向往自由的心以及渴望与爱人团聚的情……而我们的爱，艳若玫瑰醇似酒”。



First there was the five part “Roses are Red – A Chinese Love Story” from 2007 to 2008; and in March of 2012, “Roses are Red Five Years Later...An Epilogue That Will Live Forever”, all in LifeStyle. And this very beautiful, very intimate relationship continues against all odds. She is in Beijing; I am in Bangkok: But once two hearts have touched and become One, distance is of no matter. So, as possible, I come to Beijing.

I can't recall why I felt she was so very special, but I did. It was 2005, but it seems like only yesterday. As we came to know one another, we sensed we had known one another, as a couple in a past life; or maybe as such more than once. The feeling was pronounced for us both. It was very real. But this time around, things were complicated to say the least. She had an existing relationship, as did I. But the connection was so intense; we could not deny or ignore it. So, we began meeting and spending time together when I was in Beijing. It felt so natural to be with her; like of course we were a couple, regardless of our circumstances. But would our union have to wait for the next life or would we do something more in this life? That was the question. And it continues to be the question.

We decided it would definitely be as a couple in the next life; and as “very special friends” this time around. But over time we came to recognize our connection was far too strong, too intense just to be friends then or now. We are friends in love. We began having two and three hour Chinese Teas together in the Chaoyang District of Beijing, each time I came to China. And when I could stand it no longer and I had to take a bathroom break from our many cups of tea, I would hand her my mobile and say “If anyone calls, answer it”. And likewise when she had to go, she would hand me her mobile, smiling broadly and saying “If anyone calls, answer it”. We are as much a couple as the partners with whom we each live; yet at no disrespect to the partners. We're just in love and we're letting the future arrive as it will.

Her best girlfriends in Beijing are also my good friends now. They all know how we feel and they heartily approve and endorse our beautiful love for one another: I know each of the friends can't wait to see how it turns out for us in this life. They would all like to see a romantic “fairy tale ending”. When we are all or any of us together, but always including my Chinese Love and me, they smile often, glancing at her and then at me. They want to believe that one day our Chinese Love Story will have a very happy ending: No doubt if so they will all be there to help us celebrate. It's as though we are now all a loving family, bound by the same romantic red thread. It's truly a thing of beauty in every respect. It is a thing of sweet harmony, joy, peace and shared heart.

As I am writing this update of our Love Story in China, I cannot tell you her name, because I don't want to hurt anyone's feelings, but when she reads this piece and when her girlfriends read it, they will smile knowingly with deep affection for our thing of beauty. She knows I have to be in Shanghai in September and Hong Kong in October; so she just sent me an e-mail, asking me when I'm coming back to Beijing? I told her maybe after Shanghai, but it will have to be a separate trip: Maybe around 15 or 20 September or so. I can't wait to see her. She makes me complete. And I touch that place in her that is ecstasy; just as does she the same for me. There is no better feeling between two human beings. It is truly Heaven on earth, given the circumstances.

Recalling my original love poetry to her from 2005 (then published beginning in September of 2007 in LifeStyle) that continues as our song of love to be the sweetest expression I know of how I feel about her and the Middle Kingdom: I wrote “Red as roses can be is the color of my true love's favorite wine. For this is China, land of a thousand red sunrises, a thousand red sunsets and a thousand red dreams. Red is the color of the revolution, of the Yangtze and the Pearl Rivers, the rise of the people for the people and the heart that longs to be united with the beloved.” I am *Red Owl*, Ever Vigilant, over & out.