

Speech introduction: Last month, Tom's parents took their first trip to Europe. They treated this trip as their late-coming honeymoon because it is also their 40th anniversary this year. Tom accompanied them traveling in France, Italy, and Spain. During this trip, a scary unexpected incident happened, which changed their relationship. What happened? Let's welcome Tom TAN with his speech, "An Unexpected Reminder." "An Unexpected Reminder." Tom TAN.

An Unexpected Reminder

Have you ever touched the cold body of someone you love? Can you imagine the desperation of calling her name and receiving no response? Have you ever been confronted with the sudden, shocking possibility of losing a loved one and realized you were not ready to let go? In that moment, did you find yourself flooded with regret and remorse?

I first encountered such feelings during my recent trip with my parents to the enchanting city of Florence, Italy. After a long, sunny morning walk, my father and I went into a grocery store to get some refreshments, while my mother, feeling tired, decided to wait outside. As we were bagging our purchases, a man who appeared to be the store manager approached me with a calm yet concerned tone, "Your mother is not feeling well."

We rushed to find my mother rigidly sitting on a high stool. My dad immediately held her in his arms and asked loudly how she was doing. No response. Her face was bloodless, and her gaze turned distant and vacant. I touched her forehead, cold, ICY cold, covered in chilled sweat. It was the first time that I had ever touched a body devoid of warmth. I immediately took my mother's hand, which had always been soft despite the roughness of age, only to find it stiff and cold. The store manager checked my mother's pulse and shook his head. "Why shaking heads?" Despite understanding the ominous meaning of this gesture, I found myself hoping that, an Italian head shake, like an Indian head shake, might mean something different. My dad began to shout my mother's name at the top of his lung, hoping she would respond. I was timidly calling "Mom, mom", feeling a whirlwind of regret and remorse. In my head, I was saying "Mom, I haven't had a chance to say I love you. Mom, I am sorry that I have been so impatient and intolerant of you. Mom, we haven't even had the chance to hug each other and say a proper goodbye."

Then a miracle occurred. Two other Good Samaritan shoppers came to help, and with their assistance, my mother began to regain consciousness. The store manager called an ambulance, and the EMT nurse, Lucia, was patient and caring. The ambulance "Wula wula" transported my mother, crossing the tourist crowds on the Piazza del Duomo, to an ER. After seven hours in the ER and various tests, my mother was safely discharged. This incident served as an *unexpected reminder* that life is fragile and that I need to express love and show patience to my loved ones.

However, it's not just the shocking, dramatic moments that shape our lives and relationships. Equally important are the joyous, everyday moments that became cherished collective memories of our trip. After this jarring wake-up call, we found ourselves more present, more appreciative of the daily delights that our trip had to offer. One day, my mom and I strolled hand in hand in the front, leaving my father walking slowly behind us. As we approached the hotel, my dad suddenly broke into a dash, surpassing us to reach the hotel first. I was baffled by his sudden acceleration, but my mother knowingly smiled and explained, "Your dad must really need to use the bathroom. He always does that when we walk together at home." On another day, my dad jokingly made a comment about his observations: "Your mother bundled up in layers, while those two girls are only wearing mini-skirts. What a century difference!" We all laughed. During the trip, my father also took many pictures of my mother. He squinted his eyes and clicked, clicked, clicked. Despite his presbyopia, he clicked away, ensuring my mother was in the frame, and let her choose and edit the photos later. These cherished moments served not only as a counterpoint to our

earlier fear, but as a powerful reminder of the simple, profound joy of our shared experiences with those we hold dear.

After the startling wake-up call of my mother's fainting, and the joyful moments during the trip, I have learned the importance of being more expressive and patient with my parents. Now, rather than calling them out of obligation, I eagerly dial their number, looking forward to the joy in their voices. Instead of interrupting my father, thinking him repetitive, I now listen patiently and gently guide him to the point. I no longer disregard the videos and photo albums that my mother painstakingly made from our trip. Instead, I watch them, save them, and compliment my mother on her editing skills. I now make a point to say "I love you", fearing the regret of being too late. It sometimes feels paradoxical that I can be encouraging and patient with my students, yet I've struggled to show the same level of empathy toward my parents, and my loved ones.

Our expressions of love and appreciation should not be reserved only for occasions like Mother's Day or Father's Day. Every single day presents us with the opportunity to make our parents feel special, to make them feel loved and cherished. We should not wait for life's startling surprises to jolt us into realizing the importance of expressing love and showing patience toward our loved ones. Instead, let's make a conscious decision, today and every day, to say 'I love you', to listen, to be patient, and to cherish every shared moment. Thank you.

一次意外的提醒

你有没有曾经触摸过你所爱的人的冰冷身体？你能想象叫她的名字却得不到任何回应的绝望吗？你是否曾突然面临可能失去一个亲人的震惊，而意识到自己还没准备好放手？那一刻，你是否发现自己充满了悔恨和自责？

在我最近和父母去意大利迷人的佛罗伦萨市的旅行中，我首次遇到了这样的感觉。在一个阳光明媚的早晨长时间漫步后，我和父亲走进一家杂货店买一些饮料，而感到疲倦的母亲决定在外面等待。当我们在打包购物时，一位看似店经理的男子以平静却又担忧的语气向我走来，“你的母亲不舒服。”

我们赶忙找到我母亲，她僵硬地坐在一个高凳子上。爸爸立刻抱住她，大声询问她的情况。没有回应。她的脸色苍白，目光变得远离和空洞。我摸了摸她的额头，冷，冰冷，上面满是冷汗。这是我第一次触摸到一个没有温度的身体。我立刻握住母亲的手，尽管岁月的磨砺让它变得粗糙，但它一直都是那么柔软，现在却变得僵硬和冷。店经理检查了我母亲的脉搏，然后摇了摇头。“为什么摇头？”尽管我知道这个手势预示着不祥的意思，但我还是希望，或许意大利人摇头的意思和印度人不同。爸爸开始用他所有的力气大声呼喊母亲的名字，希望她能回应。我害怕地叫着“妈妈，妈妈”，心中充满了悔恨和自责。在我心中，我在说：“妈妈，我还没有机会说我爱你。妈妈，我对你的不耐烦和无理取闹我很抱歉。妈妈，我们甚至没有机会好好地拥抱一下，说一声再见。”

接下来，一个奇迹发生了。另外两位好心的顾客过来帮忙，有了他们的帮助，我母亲开始恢复意识。店长打电话叫了救护车，急救护士露西亚非常有耐心，关心照顾我的母亲。救护车“呜拉呜拉”的声音响起，穿过杜奥莫广场上的游客人群，将我母亲送往急诊室。在急诊室待了七个小时，经过各种检查后，我的母亲安全地出院了。这次事件让我意外地提醒到，生命是多么的脆弱，我需要向我所爱的人表达爱意，对他们展现耐心。

然而，塑造我们生活和人际关系的不仅仅是那些震惊和戏剧性的时刻。同样重要的是那些快乐的日常时刻，这些时刻成为我们旅行中珍视的集体记忆。在这次触目惊心的警醒之后，我们发现自己更加投入，更加欣赏我们旅行中每一天的乐趣。有一天，我和妈妈手牵手在前面走，留下爸爸慢慢地跟在我们后面。当我们接近酒店时，爸爸突然冲刺，超过我们先到达酒店。我对他的突然加速感到困惑，但妈妈知道地笑了笑，解释说：“你爸爸肯定很需要去洗手间。每次我们在家一起散步时，他都会这样。”另一天，爸爸开玩笑地评论他的观察：“你妈妈穿得像个洋葱里三层外三

层，而那两个女孩只穿了迷你裙。真是一个世纪的差距！”我们都笑了。在旅途中，爸爸也为妈妈拍了很多照片。他眯起眼睛，咔嚓咔嚓的拍。尽管他有老花眼，但他还是坚持拍，确保妈妈在镜头中，然后让她自己选择和编辑照片。这些珍视的时刻不仅作为我们早前恐惧的反面，也是我们与所爱之人共享的简单而深沉的快乐的有力提醒。

在我母亲的晕倒给我们带来的惊醒，以及旅途中的欢乐时刻之后，我明白了对父母更加直接表达情感和更有耐心的重要性。现在，我给他们打电话已经不再只是出于义务，我急切地拨通他们的号码，期待听到他们声音中的快乐。我不再打断我父亲，觉得他在重复，我现在会耐心地听他说话，并温柔地引导他说重点。我不再忽视母亲为我们的旅行精心制作的视频和相册。相反，我会观看这些视频，保存它们，并赞美我母亲的编辑技巧。我现在会特意说“我爱你”，害怕错过的遗憾。有时候我觉得很矛盾，我能够鼓励和耐心对待我的学生，但我却难以对父母和我所爱的人表现出同样的同理心。

我们对爱和感激的表达不应只在母亲节或父亲节这样的特别日子里才显现出来。每一天都给了我们机会，让我们的父母感到特别，让他们感受到被爱和珍视。我们不应该等待生活中惊心动魄的惊喜来让我们意识到表达爱意和对亲人们显示耐心的重要性。相反，让我们从今天开始，每天都做出有意识的决定，说“我爱你”，倾听，耐心，珍视每一个共享的时刻。谢谢。