

雨天教会我们的事

老师们、同学们：早上好！今天轮到我在国旗下讲话，想和大家聊聊下雨天。题目是《雨天教会我们的事》。

作为老师，我比你们多看过一些雨天。我记得三月那场倒春寒的雨，一年级教室的门卫室挤满了人。一位白发的爷爷把饭盒抱在怀里，外面套了三层塑料袋，饭送到手上还是烫的。他说孙子有胃病，凉的不能吃。登记本上他的名字写得歪歪扭扭，大概是手冻得不听使唤。

我也记得另一个雨天，班里的小雨出门忘了雨衣，她同桌把雨衣脱下来披在她身上，自己顶着一个书包冲进雨里，跑回宿舍时浑身能拧出水。第二天小雨的妈妈送来一件新雨衣，小雨把它叠得整整齐齐，放进了同桌的抽屉。

放学的时候，你们大概只记得自己钻进了妈妈的伞下。而我站在校门口，看见的是另一幅画面：家长们举着伞在栏杆外站成一排，伞沿上挂着水帘，谁的裤脚不是湿的？有个妈妈蹲下来给女儿换干袜子，自己的鞋泡在水里，一句都没抱怨。

同学们，雨天像一面镜子，把平时藏起来的爱照得清清楚楚。送饭的爷爷、让雨衣的同桌、泡在水里的爸爸妈妈，他们没有一个说过什么了不起的话，可他们做的事，比任何话都重。老师今天想请你们做两件事。第一件，今晚回家，问问家里的大人：下雨天你接过我，还记得吗？听他们说完，认真说一声谢谢。第二件，下一个雨天，轮到你去帮那个人——帮同学撑一段伞，帮低年级的孩子拎一下书包，把伞往别人那边斜一斜。

一场雨会停，一份爱不会。愿我们学校的每一个雨天，都有人记得为别人留一把伞。谢谢大家！

What Rainy Days Have Taught Us

Teachers and students: Good morning! Today it is my turn to speak under the national flag, and I would like to talk with you about rainy days. The title is What Rainy Days Have Taught Us.

As a teacher, I have seen more rainy days than you have. I remember the rain during the cold snap in March. The guard room by the first-grade classroom was packed with people. A white-haired grandfather held a lunch box against his chest, wrapped in three layers of plastic bags outside; when it reached the boy's hands, the rice was still hot. He said his grandson has a bad stomach and must not eat cold food. His name in the visitor book was written crookedly, probably because his hands were too cold to obey him.

I also remember another rainy day. Xiaoyu from my class left without her raincoat. Her deskmate took off his own raincoat and put it on her, then dashed into the rain with a schoolbag over his head. By the time he ran back to the dormitory, his clothes could be wrung out. The next day, Xiaoyu's mother brought a new raincoat;

Xiaoyu folded it neatly and put it into her deskmate's drawer.

At dismissal, you probably only remember ducking under your mother's umbrella. But standing at the school gate, I see another picture: parents standing in a row outside the railing, holding umbrellas with curtains of water hanging from their edges. Whose trouser cuffs are not wet? One mother squatted down to change her daughter into dry socks while her own shoes stood in the water, and she did not complain once.

Fellow students, a rainy day is like a mirror. It shines a light on the love usually hidden away. The grandfather delivering meals, the deskmate giving up his raincoat, the mothers and fathers standing soaked in water, not one of them said anything grand, yet what they did weighs more than any words. Today I want to ask you to do two things. The first: tonight when you get home, ask the grown-ups in your family: on rainy days you were there for me, do you remember? Listen to them finish, then say thank you sincerely. The second: on the next rainy day, it is your turn to be that person for someone else, hold an umbrella over a classmate, carry a backpack for a younger child, tilt your umbrella toward another person.

A rainstorm ends, but a love does not. May every rainy day at our school have someone who remembers to keep an umbrella ready for others. Thank you all!