

I remember, it was a blessed Christmas-tide five years ago when I looked out from a camp to a troubled world--and somehow the stars over Arkansas gleamed brightly over our despair, as if to tell us over and over again that Christ was born to bring good tidings to all the world. That we too were God's children, and that somehow we fitted into the blessed Christmas picture.

This Christmas is so different. Truly more wonderful than anything in all the world is the realization that our faint hope we clung to so desperately in our darkest hour has been proven very real! New meaning has come to the same Christmas-tide, because behind us are the memories of things past----the host of friends whose love nursed our faith into a burning flame---the events that has since followed, because deep down in the hearts of men there is a spark of the Divine. And so this Christmas we look out to a troubled desperate world sure that nothing can hurt or defeat us for God is with us.

With Edwin Markam, we say, "We men of earth have here the stuff of Paradise---we have enough!----- Here on the common human way, is all the stuff the Gods would take To build a Heaven, to mold and make New Edens. Ours the task sublime To build Eternity in time!"

At Home

Grandpa: 79 this year. Still loves fishing best. Greatest catch of his life happened one wonderful Nov. day. five big striped bass! Still the busiest fellow on the farm.

Grandma: ⁶⁷85 this year. Loves movies, we think, more so than her flowers. Happily active. Reminds us how gracefully one can grow old.

Alfred: Quite a fisherman too. Often wonder how he does it all. Best husband and father in all the world. Conscientious farmer. President of the newly reactivated J.A.C.L. Dependable layman of our Methodist church.

Nami: Al's sister is well on her way to complete recovery. Was busy making lovely things for her favorite niece's hope chest. In her quiet way, fills a blessed area to overflowing with her patience and sensitive understanding.

Marielle: Almost as tall as I. Pig-tails long enough to sit on. A Girl Scout. Sings in the Junior choir. Steps out a lot with mama. Loves movies, radios, and comics!

Mary: Still feel as young as I was at school. Manage to get my hands into everything. But I am getting old! Feel the sense of urgency as I realize "Time waits for no one" and there is so much to be done!

Farm Report: Berries were hard on our backs but profitable. Grapes were disappointing. Many are uprooting the vines. We'll not give up so easily and there is always another year.

School and P.T.A. Can't help remembering my childhood. In an ugly atmosphere of racial hatred we were frightened into timid souls as we studied in segregated schools. The wounds of 1923 has left a deep scar in the community and has directed a strained relationship between the citizens of Florin. Sensitive to this background, it is all the more significant that I can report to you strides that are being made in a small town a tiny speck on the face of this earth but very much a corner of God's Kingdom. Many Nisei mothers are attending P.T.A. for the first time. We were making history when we attended school picnics, or helped with the transportation. Imagine the strides when a Nisei mother is one of the officers and represents the local P.T.A. at District Meetings or serves with other mothers as a Troop Committee member for the Girl Scouts.

Church: So the marvelous story continues into the Methodist Church. We dared to join the "caucasian" Church. Unbelievably find myself in more things! Spiritual Life secty for the W.S.C.S. District, Choir Leader, pianist, editor of the church weekly, Not because its Al and I, but we represent a race. Not what we do in the church but what we feel as we work in the church because of the way we are accepted. Tis a higher plane than I have ever known! Only God can perform such a miracle. So the hope for world understanding seems more possible this Christmas because we have tried it in Florin. When given a fair chance to work together we have the stuff!

You Miss You.

Love,
The Submitter

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Handwritten initials or mark.