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THE SUNDAY BEFORE



(Sermons by Pacific Coast Pastors
of the Japanese race on the Sunday
before Evacuation to Assembly cen-
ters in the late spring of 1942.)



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FOREWORD

"These are they who have come up out of great tribulations" may be too strong words to apply to our Japanese-American friends who, now in 1945 set at liberty by army orders and by court decisions, are free to settle in any part of the United States.

The following pages were prepared for presentation in the summer of 1942, but conditions prevented their publication at that time. However, now they seem timely: First, as a continuation of the 11th chapter of Hebrews showing the victory of faith by those who went out not knowing whither they went nor why they were required to go; and, Secondly, this witness brings to Christians the knowledge and understanding which will help American churches to welcome Japanese Christians into their church fellowship.

Now, after three years, it is interesting to observe the prophetic vision in the 1942 prepared PREFACE and INTRODUCTION to the sermons here offered. Without the word picture by E. Stanley Jones and Allan A. Hunter, those not acquainted with the West Coast conditions in the spring of 1942 could hardly grasp the significance and faith revealed in these messages.

July, 1945.

GURNEY BINFORD.

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PREFACE by E. Stanley Jones

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SERMONS

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PREFACE

BY E. STANLEY JONES

I am happy to be accorded the privilege of writing a Preface to these sermons, for I feel it is more than a Preface—it is an introduction of one people to another.

For the most part, the Japanese-Americans are little known to the people of America. My introduction to them came through a small incident—small but illuminating. As we arrived at the Railway Station in Portland, Oregon, for the National Christian Mission, a Japanese red-cap took our bags to the taxi, and when we were about to pay him, he refused, saying: "No, thank you, welcome to Portland." This was a new note. I found this red-cap had a daughter at the Amsterdam Christian Youth Conference. This insignificant incident made me open my eyes to see these Japanese-Americans and what they really meant to American life.

I found them hard-working, intelligent, adaptive to American ways, and really a hundred per cent loyal to their adopted country. These Japanese-Americans have more young people in college per capita than any other group in American life. They have less crime per capita than any group. When the depression was on, they had practically none upon relief. There are 5,000 Japanese-American boys in the American Army (in 1945, there are 17,000). Mr. Stimson, Secretary of War, says that there has been no known case of sabotage in Hawaii by the Japanese there. The F. B. I. reports that no known case of sabotage has been found on the West Coast by anyone of Japanese origin.

Yet, with this record, 120,000 of them are now in Relocation Centers which, in reality, are detention camps. Of these 120,000, about 80% are American citizens and about 50% are Christians. (The actual Church membership is 37%; the rest are disposed toward Christianity—on the way to being Christians.)

There are a million German and Italian **aliens** not in detention camps on the West Coast and yet, these American citizens of Japanese ancestry who constitute 80% of those in camps, are caught in the jam of the war and find themselves in detention behind military lines. They may have been the salt of the earth, doing nothing but contributing to America's well-being, both material and spiritual, and yet they find themselves torn up from their homes, their occupations, their schools, and forcibly placed under guards in wired-in centers. I do not discuss the rightness or the wrongness of the decision to put them there—but there they are. It has placed a terrific strain both

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upon their loyalty to their adopted country and upon their loyalty to their Christian faith. If their faith in democracy and their faith in God survive this ordeal, they will have proved themselves great Americans and great Christians. Will they crack under this strain, or will they be solidified? The Russians have a saying that a hammer shatters glass and forges steel. Will they emerge shattered glass, or forged steel?

All the signs point that they will emerge forged steel. They seem to have within them the stuff that "can take it." The following sermons, given to their people just before evacuation, show a spirit so tenderly beautiful that it will move us all. But this is only the first installment of their spiritual contribution. They have survived the initial uprooting and have gone into the camps with a magnificent spirit. It is true that some of them were on the verge of embitterment. "Why should this happen to us when we are American citizens and loyal to our country?" But on the whole, they have survived the shock of uprooting. They have done more—they have shown a magnificent spirit and a magnanimous attitude toward the whole situation. They have accepted this calamity as their contribution to their country.

I was privileged to speak to the evacuees in several of the Assembly Centers. I thought I would be speaking to a camp rabble. I was never so surprised. As I entered the Santa Anita race-track pavilion, it was as orderly as a cathedral. Boys passed out cyclostyled programs at the entrance. The choir and solo singing would have graced any cathedral in the land—the violin solo was a masterpiece. Seven thousand people eagerly hung on every word. They did not want sympathy—they wanted to find out a way to live under circumstances such as these. I have never spoken to an audience under more difficult circumstances. When I spoke on "The Christian Answer to Suffering, Merited and Unmerited," you could have heard a pin drop. When I showed the possibility of taking up justice and injustice, pleasure and pain, into the purpose of our lives and not merely bearing them, but using them, their faces lighted up at the possibility. They wrote me afterwards and said: "You have raised the morale of the camp 100%." People who can respond in that way to that kind of an appeal have something in them. They are the stuff of which great citizens can be made—and great Christians. That they will emerge out of this fire great citizens and great Christians, I haven't the slightest doubt.

The Christian Church has shown an unbroken fellowship in this crisis. When these Japanese-Americans were taken from their homes to these camps, it was the Christians who met them along the way with sandwiches

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and coffee, took charge of their belongings for them, visited them in the camps and supplied them with what they could to make the camps livable. The Christian pastors within the camps have become literally shepherds to their flocks. The Christian fellowship has been the one thing that has kept the soul of the situation alive. It is the brightest spot in the situation.

In Denver a Japanese girl was announced for a solo in a mass meeting. I gasped: "What will this audience do? Will they resent it? We are at war." She sang beautifully the song "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of them that bring glad tidings of peace." Though it was a religious service, nevertheless that audience broke out in a wave of applause. Nowhere could that have happened during war time except in a Christian Church. The fellowship was unbroken. The thought was—we are not at war with people like that—they are our fellow citizens and our fellow Christians.

When we read the following pages, that conviction will be deepened. Here is a spirit meeting disaster in a triumphant way and making it into something else. They are showing us how to live—in spite of. When we learn that secret, we have really learned how to live. These Christians have given us the first installment of triumphancy in these pages. But it is only the first installment. Tried in the fires of these experiences, they will emerge with a faith that will enrich us all. Here is a new version of the Acts of the Apostles lived out under our very eyes. In the words of a keen and sympathetic observer: "They are leading captivity captive."

When you read these pages you will say to yourself: why should people like these decay in these Relocation Centers? Why shouldn't they be allowed to work? That is a real question that goes straight to the conscience of each one. They need not decay. They can be relocated. Government has worked out a scheme whereby Churches and other organizations, and even individual families, can take Japanese-American families for resettlement in various parts of the country. Government says that to help in the relocation of these citizens will be a national service. Individual Churches can take such a family, look after them until they are self-supporting, keep a moral oversight over them after they are self-supporting and, as most of them would be Christians, make them a part of their Church and community fellowship.

Here is a service the Church can render—a service that would be truly Christian. Wherever they go they will win their way and become a Church and community asset. Never has the Church had a finer opportunity to display the meaning of Christianity and never have we had finer material to work with than these Japanese-Americans. Will the Churches rise to the occasion?

E. STANLEY JONES.

INTRODUCTION

BY ALLAN A. HUNTER

In France once, a prize was offered for the best definition of happiness. The highest award went to a peasant. His suggestion was simple, brief, and unforgettably telling;—just three words—"the day before."

It was probably The Day Before evacuation, during the spring of 1942, that Japanese pastors on the Pacific Coast felt most profoundly—in anticipation—the awe-ful joy of the cross. Christ's unbreakable trust in God as Father of all men suddenly, in that fateful crisis, blazed into terrible significance. What sometimes on other Sundays had been a matter of second-hand doctrine now confronted them inescapably as a reality to be experienced. Faith was not a verbal issue any more. It was a personal decision and there was no going back. Once we sense the urgency and anguish at the heart of these preachers, we can catch as Barth would say, the music from their lips. Out of their sorrow and commitment a lark rises.

In this critical hour, we hear an older Japanese pastor singing, the spiritual agony of the Japanese people is "indescribable, their mental perplexity insoluble, their economic loss inestimable." Goods, homes, the means of livelihood, and most of the day by day relationships which his people have been building up as a mighty structure, will be swept aside by the enforced migration they are now about to undergo. Within a short time they will all have to move out, leaving behind them what it has taken more than a generation to build; the church where they have worked and played, talked and prayed, sung and sacrificed together, "the church where many young hearts were joined together in marriage and where we uttered our final farewell to our departed ones." But he and they together, if permitted, will go wherever God wants them to go; and "as we go, we shall bless the people everywhere."

The evacuation of a hundred thousand or more Pacific Coast "Japanese" is still to most Americans a cold blurr like a blizzard, and thank heavens not too near. Even the Christian pastors of this group are still for most Caucasian fellow Christians a mute, impersonal abstraction. But take five or six snow-flakes out of the mass, look at their complexity and unique humanness under a microscope one at a time, and suddenly a new world of poignancy appears.

That is what may happen as we focus attention on the following pages. For a moment we will be permitted to glimpse into the yearnings, the frustrations, the gallantry and the compassionate good nature of ordinary men who

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are under extraordinary pressure. What they are saying comes pretty much from the deeps. In less than a week after delivering these sermons they, along with their people, will be gone from the altar before which the congregation now for the last time is offering themselves in awe together. They will all be behind barbed wire or its equivalent for an indefinite number of months or years. And this place is dear to them, especially to the pastor who is now saying goodbye to the old ties, goodbye in a sense to all that he has. In two or three days he will be a little involuntary Moses moving out with his flock into the wilderness.

The days preceding this last "Sunday Before" evacuation were distracted with an infinite number of things to be done, most of which did not get done. There had been parishioners temporarily disheartened into wondering whether God cared. They needed personal encouragement. There had been details of arrangements with the army that left no time for concordances and commentaries. These sermons were given at the last minute under the burden of a dedicated grief too great for exegesis. Unless the reader has first of all some knowledge of the person speaking and the situation out of which he speaks, the words may seem of little moment. Let us therefore try now to get personally acquainted at least with one of the speakers.

If time and facilities for getting the stories were available, just as interesting sketches could be given of each of these seven preachers.

LESTER SUZUKI

He is a robust, eager, and sometimes abrupt Nisei—that is, an American citizen of Japanese parentage. In spite of his jerky way of putting things, he somehow gets across to us his confidence that ahead is a city with real foundations which Issei (older generation Japanese) as well as Nisei can have a hand at building. Nine years ago, he hitch-hiked and rode freight cars four thousand miles to propose to the girl that is now the mother of his two children. Born and brought up in the vicinity of Pearl Harbor, his early impression of Americans was not flattering. Not a few of those he saw on the beach were drunk. Today he has a different idea of what Americans can be and he has increasingly been training himself to realize that idea in his own life. The call came when he was fifteen, at a Y conference in Honolulu. But he did not answer decisively then. Two years later, while a student at the San Jose Junior College on the mainland, he was attending another conference. Hundreds of fellow Nisei were there. It was to be the conscious turning point of his life. Frank Herron Smith, formerly a missionary in Japan, was sharpening to the cutting edge an appeal to be a Christian—"The Pacific Coast wants five hundred Nisei to be Christian leaders."

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That settled it for Lester. There was desperate need right under his nose. He would stop being so vague and sentimental. Henceforth, he would live according to a plan.

From that time on, Lester found little time to be unintentional or bored. In time he was graduated from the California college. While a student at the Iliff Theological Seminary in Denver, Colorado, his sense of purpose was increased when he met "Seda." The name Seda is a contraction of Shizuko which means "Quiet"; her little brothers and sisters had not been able to pronounce her name, so they called her Seda. She was quiet in manner and delicately organized; one of those chic, common sense girls with a strong sense of responsibility who can't help starting in the back of the most serious theologian's head an incessant nightingale.

To earn his keep at school, Lester put in several months in the beet fields of his future father-in-law, whose farm was not far from the seminary. For a while he was also janitor in a Children's Hospital. When he went back east to get his B. D. and later his M. A. at Drew Seminary in Madison, New Jersey, he cooked for a professor's family. It was during the summer vacation and in the height of the depression that this young knight travelled the nearly four thousand miles under difficulties, to ask the girl he could not forget to marry him. For two days on that trip he went without food. He would go to a back door, ask for a bite, and a cold voice would answer "try next door." At last, a man re-acted as a human being, taking Lester to a coffee shop and ordering doughnuts for the half starved hitch-hiker. "And boy! weren't they good? Never did I enjoy the taste of anything like those three doughnuts."

Married, Mr. and Mrs. Suzuki took a trip to Japan to learn something about the culture of the Far East, and quite probably in the hope of being part of the bridge between Occident and Orient. But the theory was easier to visualize than to practice. Asked by a humorless official in Yokohama harbor about his citizenship, Lester facetiously replied that it was in heaven and he was an American. As a result, it was only after a good deal of negotiation that he was finally allowed to land in another port. In other respects, too, the world friendship tour proved not quite what had been planned. For one thing, the young bridegroom was too American in his treatment of his wife. Lester, upon returning to California, was glad to get into harness. Installed as assistant pastor of the Japanese Methodist church in Los Angeles, he threw himself into the job that for years had been seething in his mind and that was to help the younger generation of so-called Japanese make a vital contribution, through the church, to the welfare of the country where they were born.

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They were just as much Americans at heart as any of their Caucasian schoolmates. Lester's approach to his young people was anything but frock coated. An American friend, dropping into the church one week night, found the young pastor entertaining the group with a sleight of hand performance and then a skit imitating an earnest older-generation Japanese talking American, much to the amusement of the group.

The five years of unremitting effort this young Christian leader put into his job led to his being made the first Nisei pastor of a Nisei church in Los Angeles. By many devices and by a good deal of sacrifice his group of youth built their own little chapel attached to the older church. The fellowship grew in spirit and numbers. Its living nucleus was an inner group training to become spiritual athletes. For years, Lester had been haunted by a word of Kagawa—"The Nisei don't know how to pray." Stung by this challenge, he invited any contemporaries interested to start with him a youth "Friends of Jesus" movement. They were to discipline themselves to serve the poor, practice the presence of God, live simply and purely, and they were to improve their reading diet. Thus they would become pioneers of the future. Many of the Issei as "Friends of Jesus" met in different ones of their churches at six in the morning each Sunday to pray for an hour, and breakfast together for another, then to disperse to their usual morning services. In other hard-hitting ways, they carried out Kagawa's cooperative Christian program. Lester proposed that fellow Nisei do the same. His persistence finally had its effect. During the months immediately before evacuation, a good sized group of young Americans of Japanese ancestry appeared at the "Friends of Jesus" meetings.

The import of the sermon we are soon to read will have to be suggested by a glimpse of Lester on the actual day of evacuation. He and his wife could have avoided it. Seda's people had offered them refuge in Colorado. They were tempted to go. Was there not opportunity and freedom the other side of the Rockies? But Lester felt a stronger pull within him than the desire to come and go as he pleased, and that was the will to stay with his people, to do as Ezekiel did and sit where they would sit, suffer whatever they would suffer. The frustration which fellow-Nisei must experience, he and his wife too would experience. All this was coming home to him now.

Within a few days after the last sermon in his new church building, Lester, with his wife and two children, are themselves seated in a bus soon to leave. It is a strange experience, sitting there. One's job is to cheer one's flock. Lester goes up and down the line, but it's no use pretending—the tears can't be disguised. It will be twenty minutes at least before his bus, the last on the

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line, will pull out, so he carried little Janet outside to play in the less stuffy air. A Negro child offers her his tricycle. Janet mounts it—one cheek puffed with an all-day sucker. Irene, so named because the parents have dedicated her to peace, being older, sits by her mother. The neighboring churches had given everybody an orange and sandwiches for the journey.

A non-Mongoloid American minister enters the bus and—"No," answers Lester to his question, "I'm not going to let it get me. Seda and I aren't going to be bitter. This is our test. Maybe we can be reconcilers." He and Lester shake hands—the bus door is closed—the army whistle blows. They are on their way to the Assembly Center. And what is Lester thinking as the bus passes the now empty church where he has been serving these six years, with the cross in plain sight above? Yes, those six years as pastor had been rich years. Perhaps the coming ones would be richer. Anyway, there would be no self-pity. He would take the Christian initiative which had been spoken of in the reviews Sunday.

The new barracks room was an even more difficult adjustment for the family than they had anticipated. It's all very well to joke with the children about the fun of being in a stable and imagining you're a horse, but the sun has gone down now and they are tired.

"Papa," says Irene, rubbing her eyes, "the picnic's over, isn't it? I want to go home now."

Within a few days, Lester is made chairman of Christian youth activities in the Santa Anita race track Assembly Center. A visiting Caucasian minister was to speak at the morning service and he hears Lester pray: "O God, our Leader and our Master and our Friend, God of light and truth, in a strangely tangled time when confused cries echo through the world, we pray for the leadership of faith. Grant, we beseech Thee, the prophet vision. Here in our camp, we pray for all those who help in any way to build youth and all that is involved in it, that they may help to build character. . . . Help us never to shout 'America' to receive blessings from her, but to be a blessing unto her. . . ."

Three months later, he finds himself confronted as chairman of an important committee with a hard situation. Several Nisei are on strike against certain conditions prevailing in the camp. What shall he do? Then he recalls Kagawa. For two or three hours during the crisis, in the middle of the night, he faces the whole issue alone in the light of the love of God. The practical work that results is not the point—the point is the authenticity of desire with which he seeks to commit himself.

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Asked the other day what it was essentially in the Christian faith that attracted him, Lester answered: "the redemptive power of God." It is nothing less that draws and holds a promising number of Nisei in the relocation centers today.

The sequel to this story so far will have to be in some other book. So this is the unfinished story of Lester E. Suzuki's life.

The spirit which the following sermons represent is invaluable and potent. It is something that these pastors are going to spread in the relocation camps. Their purpose is for the rest of their lives to release in others as well as in themselves adequate spiritual power. They are assimilating the spiritual vitamins of the New Testament and of books such as "The Practice of the Presence of God" by Brother Lawrence, and "Ways of Praying" by Muriel Lester.

It is impossible to understand the drive back of these people so intent on acting as if Christ really is a Christ of power, unless we know something about their connection with Kagawa.

Seventeen years or more ago, he scattered along the Pacific Coast a nucleus group here and a nucleus group there, called the "Friends of Jesus Movement," already alluded to. There is probably no fellowship of Christians in the country that has exhibited more devotion and resourcefulness. Ever since their beginning, the members have met in a church at six o'clock Sunday mornings for an hour of song, prayer and scripture reading, followed by another hour of give-and-take around the breakfast table. This early morning activity has been regularly carried on in addition to the usual services attended later in the day. It has been an increasingly vigorous leaven throughout many of the Japanese churches up and down the Coast. And that leaven has not stopped with the Nisei and Issei. It has had its impact upon non-Mongoloid churches. For eleven years, there has been a gathering together, from time to time, in Mexican, Negro, and even Chinese as well as Caucasian churches, an inter-racial fellowship of young and old who sing and mean "In Christ There Is No East or West."

Why so much stress put upon Kagawa? This is the reason. Among these Christian Japanese and Americans called Japanese, Kagawa is not a legendary figure mostly halo. He is a personal friend who can cry with them and, no matter what the frustrations, can keep reminding them that "God reveals himself only when we will to love." He symbolizes what East, from its true center would say to West, and what West, from its true center, would say to East. He helps us communicate with one another at a deeper level than talk.

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The voices we hear in this book are from men catching sight of a new dimension of being. We see them standing on the edge of the Grand Canyon of human experience. They are facing what each of us soon or late must face: sorrow too deep to be measured, humiliation and loss stretching so far to left and right that the disappointment seems to have no end. But these men and women are not without dignity as they look into the abyss. They are ourselves—silhouetted against the mystery and vastness, the color and glory of human destiny. For what confronts them is the inescapable goodness of the cross.

The cross is loyalty to the power of reconciliation. It is the return of good for evil. There is nothing more relevant to our lives than the cross. It is right in the midst of time—our time. But it is also outside of time. In its light the deepest thing in us knows that Jesus was right.

Where suffering is most profound, it is least articulate. These Nisei and Issei, to repeat, have not with words the power to communicate to us what they are up against, what in the center of their beings they most authentically feel about their situation. Perhaps Kagawa can say it for them. In a letter sent years ago to the inter-racial breakfast group in Los Angeles who used to meet with the "Friends of Jesus" early on occasional Sunday mornings, he spoke this illuminating word:

"I believe in Christ and His gospel of love for all, I believe in His cross and the ultimate victory of those who bear its burden. Christians in Japan must carry a cross. Christians in the world must carry it with them. Don't let ours ward you off; but rather, can't we bear it together?"

ALLAN A. HUNTER, Pastor of
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Chapter 1

REV. LESTER E. SUZUKI

*Nisei Pastor of the
Japanese Methodist Church
of Los Angeles*

The introduction has already attempted to show the writer of this first sermon, Lester Suzuki, as a human and not a cardboard silhouette. Preaching is but a small part of the work he was doing before evacuation and has been doing since. He has been even busier now that he has no stucco church building with all the old conveniences.

His manner of speaking is familiar, conversational and frank. He is ecumenical in spirit, and takes seriously the need of alternating social work with meditation. His is the courage of "fear that has said its prayers."

FACING EVACUATION

Text: "*But the God of all grace, who hath called us unto His eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered a while, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you.*" I Pet. 5:10. Scripture: I Peter 1:1-2; 2:18-23; 4:12-16; 5:10.

I. INTRODUCTION.

Brethren, we are facing the eve of evacuation. We must evacuate our homes and churches and be taken to strange places, and we will not know what will happen to us. This is our last Sunday on which we can worship in our own sanctuary. Most of you have cherished memories of this chapel. Many of you attended the Sunday School from your young days and have grown up in the church, and many of you were married in this chapel. A good many of the older people remember this church from the days when it was merely a mission church down on Georgia Street, meeting in just a residence house, and they have seen this church grow into this large beautiful church, with two plants. This Wesley Chapel is only a year old, and it is the first chapel in the United States built for the sole purpose of taking care of the religious services of the Niseis, and it is all yours. You paid for the pews, the altar, and you contributed to the building of it. But now you must vacate it, not knowing whether you will be able to use it again.

FACING EVACUATION

When Abraham, at the old age of 75, was told by God to leave his country, there is no doubt that he hated to leave this cherished homeland, where all his loved ones, his friends and kinsmen lived, but Abraham went with the blessing of God. God said to him: "I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing." We have no such promise given to us. When the children of Israel were being oppressed in Egypt, a great leader named Moses, stood up and demanded of Pharaoh, "Let my people go." But ours is a strange exodus. We are told, "We will give you houses, we will feed you, and we will take you to the new places by trains or busses." Moses was not a young man either when he led his people out of Egypt. He was about 60 years old.

Our Issei parents are not young any more. Their average age is over 60, so it will be the end of their careers when this is through. All that they have established, in business, churches, schools, homes, they will have to abandon after many years of hard labor. But we as Niseis, still have a future, and we must face this in the right way, or else we fail miserably.

II. PETER'S MESSAGE.

In this connection, the First Epistle of Peter has a definite message for us. He says: "Peter, an apostle of Jesus Christ, to the elect who are sojourners of the Dispersion in Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia, and Bithynia," (Amer. Ver.). He might say to us: "Peter, an apostle of Jesus Christ, to the Japanese who are sojourners of the Dispersion in Santa Anita, Manzanar, Parker Dam, and other places,"—so he speaks to us directly.

He goes on to say: "Servants, be subject to your masters with all fear; not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward."

We are subjects of the Army and we will have very little to say as to what happens to us, but Peter says, be subject to our masters, not only to the good and gentle and kind ones—to the ones who seem to be friendly to us—but also to the ones who are cross and unkind and unsympathetic to us. He says there is no glory in being buffeted for our faults, but when we do well, and suffer for it, and we take it patiently, this is acceptable with God. God looks upon us with favor when we suffer for well doing. It is better to suffer for doing right than for doing wrong. That is the way Jesus suffered, and He is now in heaven at the right hand of God. Jesus is the example for us, not our own little selves. Jesus did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth; yet, when He was reviled, reviled not again; when He suffered, He threatened not; but committed Himself to Him that judgeth righteously. We too, when we are reviled, revile not again; when we suffer, we do not need to threaten, but commit ourselves to God, who judgeth righteously.

"Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try

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you, as though some strange thing happened unto you." If we realize to any extent the sufferings that the early Christians went through, ours is no suffering at all. We may suffer a little, but we can rejoice, inasmuch as we are partaker of Christ's sufferings. If a man suffer as a Christian, let him not be ashamed; but let him glorify God on this behalf.

When we go to these camps, we as Christians will be only ten against ninety. At the most, only 10% will be of Christian inclination. Our Christian background is very, very shallow and, unless we are on constant guard, we will lose our shallow Christian foundation. We will not have all the splendid facilities that we have here and we will not have the constant care of a stabilized church. We are slothful enough with a good church in our neighborhood in normal life, so we must increase our Christian zeal in order to maintain what little faith we have. We must take every opportunity that is available in camp. We must look for every opportunity rather than wait for it. If there are no Christians, we should go out of our way and gather two or three and make a Christian congregation, if need be. That is our task.

And then, finally, "The God of all grace, who hath called us unto His eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered a while, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you."

A plant is made perfect in a hot-bed, but when it is transplanted, it is established in a new place, and then it needs to be strengthened by being watered and cultivated and nurtured, and then when all that is done, it grows into a full-grown plant that bears fruits for the farmer. And so we too, when we have gone through the mill of suffering, and we stand the test, we can become perfect, and God will stabilize us, and strengthen us by God's own way of nurturing, and finally, God settles us into men and women who have God at the center, and therefore are well settled.

In the story of "Just David," by Eleanor Porter, this boy David is brought up by his father, a famous violinist and a man of culture and learning, to be pure and loving. He was to see beauty and music in everything, in all the things that God has made. But there came a time when he knew he would pass away, so he got his boy and himself ready to go down to the valley to the place where he came from. The father died before he reached his destination, and the boy was left to drift for himself. In his contact with strange people, he found out that not all things were good and beautiful, and there was greed and selfishness, and narrowness, and ugliness all around. Yet, everywhere he went, he made music where there was ugliness, goodness where there was evil, cheer where there was gloom, happiness where there was sorrow. There came a time when the whole valley was transformed because of this one boy, who refused to be swallowed by the world around him.

FACING EVACUATION

We, too, as we face an unknown adventure, which will be filled no doubt with ugly things, with undesirable things, with things that will tend to make us cynical, and antagonistic, and pessimistic,—try to make things beautiful where there is ugliness, love where there is hate, goodness where there is evil. God gives us an opportunity that is not given to others, to make living beautiful, and not merely busy ourselves with making a living.

Let us face what comes with courage and faith. "But the God of all grace, Who hath called us unto His eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered a while, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you."

Chapter 2

REV. DONALD K. TORIUMI

*Pastor of the
Japanese Union Church
of Los Angeles*

"Don" is one of the youngest and best-looking of the American born so-called Japanese ministers; a graduate of Princeton Theological seminary, with a gift for interpreting the New Testament to his contemporaries and holding the respect of his elders. He once amused a missionary convention with this: "The white churches are still asking me to speak in my native costume. Well, here I am. I've got on my native costume now. I never had any but American." He has never seen Japan.

He was installed as Pastor of the Japanese Union Church (Congregational and Presbyterian) of Los Angeles, scarcely more than a month before evacuation, and has been wearing a high black clerical vest ever since, in spite of the Assembly Center's intense heat. This young man has a modest, boyish simplicity of manner and yet, as an old Quaker friend puts it "a transparent purity of presence which inspires confidence and love."

His sermon is true to his character; simple, direct and dedicated to the fact that the body of Christ, no matter how pierced by the thoughtlessness of man, is able to survive all external historical events.

The Nisei fear that their Caucasian friends who used to play basketball with them and sit next them at high school, will forget their former friends. "Don" expresses faith that there are ties that can be trusted to hold. His faith confronts us with a sobering question. Will the Protestant Church, partly cut off from its missionary enterprise abroad, now see this crisis at home as an opportunity? Will it throw itself into what may prove to be the greatest missionary task of this century—to help 100,000 people of an "alien race" to experience such Christian hospitality that many, hitherto lacking adequate spiritual stimulus, will choose to become members of the universal church?

"THE TIE THAT BINDS"

Romans 8:36-39

(Delivered on May 3, 1942)

"Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love."

There was a minister of a poor country church in England whose family was becoming so grown up that the budget of the family expenses could not be met by the salary. This minister, Rev. John Fawcett, had ministered to the people of his congregation for many years. He loved them and he was loved by them. The community, being poor, could not pay him a larger salary.

THE TIE THAT BINDS

One day, he received a call from a large church in London to become its pastor, and the salary was much larger. After much deliberating, he decided to accept this call from the church in London. When he announced his decision to the members of the church session, the church officers asked him not to leave. Not forgetful of the smallness of the salary, they requested him not to leave the church, for only he could understand the complicated situation of the community and the needs of the particular individuals. Later, other members of the church visited him, begging him not to leave. However, he thought that it would be better for his children to have proper education and physical care, and for him not to run up large bills here and there, and finally lose the ability to minister to his people adequately.

The parting day came. He preached his final and farewell sermon to his beloved people. Just outside the church were several wagons loaded with the family possessions and books. After the benediction, the people still begged him not to go. Rev. Fawcett summoned all his power to keep his decision and got on the wagon. As he looked down into those tear-stained faces, his mind recalled the sorrows, temptations, joys, and the growth of the faith of these people and the present needs of each one of them. He could not leave them. He got down from the wagon, and prayed with the people. As he thought of this experience, the words of the hymn which we have just sung, came to his mind . . .

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

When we asunder part
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again. Amen.

There is a tie that binds our hearts in Christian love here in this Union Church family. Some of you have been attending this church from its very beginning. Many of us were baptized here. Some of us were joined in the blessed estate of marriage in this sanctuary. Some of us have parted from our loved ones who have gone on ahead of us into eternity, and we have brought our heartaches unto our Heavenly Father as we prayed for comfort, strength and courage. We have joined together in the partaking of the Lord's Supper. Through sermons and the ministry of music, we came to know the presence of God, and were able to

THE SUNDAY BEFORE

live a little more closely to Jesus' Way of Life. Here we have found many of our friends, and deepened our fellowship. This tie that binds our hearts at the Union Church is a strong one. Even though we may be separated from each other, let us keep this tie of Union Church in our hearts.

There is another tie that binds our hearts, and that is the one which is binding all Japanese Christians—the happy memories of conferences, camps, joint meetings, and fellowship with other Japanese Christians both near and far. When we go to the camps, we shall meet many of them again.

Striking home very vividly is the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love with our fellow American Caucasians and other racial groups whom we knew in the time of peace, and who are still standing beside us in the time of war, and are helping us in many ways. I was interested in seeing how a Chinese family was looking after the belongings of the Uno family for the duration of the war. On the night before evacuation, Mrs. Chan cooked supper for the Unos so that they could pack without bothering with the preparation of the evening meal. When one of these evacuating groups was waiting for the "Go" signal, I saw an American man going about giving bottles of water to the families having small children, so that while on the way to the camp or after reaching the camp and waiting to check their belongings and assignments, the little ones might have water to quench their thirst.

The American churches on the west side prepared hundreds of lunches for the evacuees. The Presbyterian churches and the Congregational churches are working along the same line. They are planning to have lunches ready for the people of this particular area. Also, they are working out ways and means to help in the transportation problem of bringing the baggages of the evacuees to the church on the morning of departure. When we leave Los Angeles, we are not going to be forgotten. No, we have thousands, yea, even millions of fellow Christians thinking of us and offering to help us in any way possible. The Board of Christian Education of the Presbyterian Church and the Presbyterian Book Store are making plans so that Sunday School materials and other supplies may be available for our use. Rev. Paul Davies of the Congregational Board took 100 copies of hymnals to the Santa Anita Assembly Center the other day. Indeed, it is the universal Christian family.

When we think of these things, does it not give us inward pain? This pain is not of sorrow and sadness, but of joy and gratefulness that we have this experience of the Christian family-hood. That is possible only because our God is our Heavenly Father. He causeth the rain to fall upon the righteous and wicked, and He giveth His Divine Love to the good and the bad. God claims His own. Once we come to know Jesus Christ, nothing can break this tie that binds us to God.

THE TIE THAT BINDS

Thus we find St. Paul writing in the letter to the Romans: "For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." (Romans 8:38-9.)

However, there is one way that this Christian tie to God can be broken, and that is from within us. When we refuse to live the way of Christ, when we refuse to acknowledge the saving grace of God through Jesus Christ, we cut off ourselves from God. Since God is our Heavenly Father and we are fellow-members of this Divine Christian family, let us live in the manner of the sons of God.

Last Sunday afternoon, a group of us went to La Cresenta to visit Rev. Watanabe at Hillcrest Sanatorium. He has improved a lot, and he sends his best wishes and regards to you. When I entered his room, I noticed a small slip of paper with these words on it—"Give God a Chance." In the course of the conversation, Mr. Watanabe explained the meaning of the phrase. On the day he went to the Sanatorium, he had a fever of 102-3 degrees. Upon arrival there, he found that proper arrangements had not been made. They asked him to stay for the time being in the annex building, which was occupied by the patients who were almost well. I found out later that some of the patients smoked all day long. Rev. Watanabe had a very difficult time, for, on top of all this, the American food did not suit his stomach. He was feeling pretty low. It was at this time when Dr. Dreier wrote to him, and among other things, he said "Give God a Chance." This phrase struck Mr. Watanabe as being very significant, and so he had it pinned on the wall beside him.

When we go to the camp, there will be occasions which will cause us to be pretty downcast. Let us remember this phrase "Give God a Chance." Since we are bound to God by this tie of Christian love, let us give God a chance to reveal his will for us and to work in us and through us.

There is a legend which is commonly told about Judas Iscariot after he had committed suicide, having betrayed his Master for thirty pieces of silver. It is said that for many years, the soul of Judas Iscariot wandered over the face of the earth. Finally, he came to a window which opened into heaven. He looked in, and saw Jesus and His disciples standing around a table upon which were the bread and the cup. Jesus saw Judas looking in, and so He went out to Judas and brought him to the table. Jesus said to Judas: "We could not sit down and partake of this supper without you."

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This being the spirit of God's love which binds us to Him and to each other, let us keep before us these three points when we go to camp:

1. God is our Heavenly Father, and we are all his children
2. Only we ourselves can cut this tie that binds our hearts in Christian love.
3. Let us "Give God a Chance," to reveal His will to us, and fill us and use us in the building of the Kingdom of God, of righteousness, of peace, and of love.

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above."

Chapter 3

REV. ROYDEN SUSU-MAGO

Pastor of the

Japanese Independent Church

Hollywood, Calif.

Royden Susu-Mago was born in the Hawaiian Islands, where he saw the transfiguring power to which he has committed his life, dynamically incarnated in his uncle. One evening a mob, resenting his uncle's missionary work among plantation laborers, gathered in front of the house where both were staying. They shouted to him to come outside and face their threats. He kept on reading his Bible. Then, without any noticeable tremor of the hands, he casually closed the book to apply its teaching in his front yard. The angry crowd listened at first contemptuously to the Christian addressing them; then in some cases with interest. The sight of that uncle standing up for his Master with all the loyalty of Bushido, planted a seed. That seed is now multiplying itself.

His wife is a Caucasian girl who spent five years as a missionary teacher in a girls' school in Yokohama, Japan. It is said that she reads and writes and speaks the Japanese language better than he does. Together they are trying to share the courage that goes the second mile. They are eager to identify themselves with the people they are serving, and not to accept any special privileges. Royden now trains choirs in camp to sing to God rather than to grandstands. He worked his way through college, is serious in spirit, and gives the impression of being tough as a keg of nails.

The writer had the privilege of preaching Royden Susu-Mago's ordination sermon, when he was officially made a minister in May, 1942. Shortly after, he heard Royden deliver this sermon just before he and his wife were evacuated. It was a challenge to his people to weave their lives into the true American pattern which he believes is based on the fact that every soul is unique and invaluable rather than an interchangeable part in a totalitarian machine. This sermon presents admirably the heart of the second generation "Japanese" American citizens, and should be known and appreciated by the whole of America.

REWEAVING OUR LIVES

On Broadway, near Second Street, in Los Angeles, I noticed one day a sign above a little shop and it read: "Reweaving—Cigar-burned, torn and moth-eaten clothes." I had seen that sign hundreds of times and had thought nothing of it; but on this day, as I rode on the street car wondering what I should preach to my people who were about to be torn from their homes, jobs, and friends, it took on great significance. Immediately, the analogy between the tapestry of this nation and that on the loom arose in my mind. Why, certainly, America was a multi-colored tapestry.

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I saw the pattern on that tapestry grow. First, there was the warp of liberty, democracy, tolerance, and religion upon which the woof of different racial and national elements was woven in. I saw the staunch, brave, and enterprising British stock laying the foundation of a new nation. After them came the Dutch, the German, the French, the Spaniard, the Italian, and the Negro. As the tapestry grew larger and crossed the Mississippi River, other European nations sent their emigrants to settle here.

Among the latest arrivals were the Japanese who settled in the western part of the nation and managed to make of themselves an important and integral element in the total picture of the land. Through thirty or forty years of industrious labor, they converted the wild lands of the western coast into fertile farms, planted in all kinds of vegetables and flowers. They had no soil conservation engineers and scientists to tell them how to do it. Their method was trial and error, years of heart-rendering failures, beset with piling debts during the first ten years or so. But by dint of hard squat-labor and tender care that verged on the sentimental, they succeeded in making the earth productive. They organized distributing centers and through these sent their produce to all parts of the country.

I saw in that pattern other pictures, bright-colored and beautiful in form, of Japanese Nisei coming into the national life. I saw them standing high in scholarship in the various schools. I saw them as law-abiding citizens with almost a fanatic desire to prove themselves worthy and loyal to the United States. I saw among them many standing high in the realm of art, music, literature, architecture, law, and medicine. Everything they had touched they had turned into an art. Those beautiful gardens they had built for their employers in Beverly Hills, were examples of this fact.

The Japanese had come to be considered indispensable to the normal life of the nation in many circles. Then, one day, suddenly, these Japanese, most of them citizens, were to be uprooted and evacuated to Assembly Centers and later perhaps to the interior. They were not being transplanted, but were being cut off completely from their friends and separated from their wives or husbands of other racial extractions.

The Army is faithfully carrying out its order and the evacuation is proceeding rapidly, so that already nearly thirty per cent of the Japanese have been taken out of the coastal areas. The woof of the national pattern has been slit vertically along the western fringe of the tapestry and withdrawn so that the remaining warp shows, not a picture, but gaping holes. Feverish attempts are being made to fill in these holes with haphazardly picked woof, but the picture will not be the same for, in re-weaving a tear, unless the same material as the

RE-WEAVING OUR LIVES

original is used, the design cannot be completed. Therefore, if the life of the nation is to return to normalcy, the Japanese will have to be woven back into its life.

We Nisei will have to manifest a will to continue to be an indispensable and integral part of the American Commonwealth. The old saying "where there is a will, there is a way" is no idle prattle, for the will to do is the driving force that makes achievement a certainty. That is what gave our fathers their motivation when they began forty years ago to weave themselves into the pattern of America, impelled by the fire of democratic initiative and imagination. They saw their children enjoying citizenship rights and playing a definite part in the American scene.

That same picture of America must be brought back. We Nisei must not lose hope because present conditions check us temporarily. America needs us and we need America. Let us remember that this is the only country we have, and the only nation we love with all our heart and soul. All that we are, we owe to her institutions, and all we shall become shall depend on how we use what America has given us. Let us not be deceived about Japan. We can never go there and weave ourselves into her pattern of life, for we are made of an entirely different kind of material. Our woof will not match the warp of Japan. We Nisei are too strongly saturated with American democratic ideals. Our thoughts, our language, our feelings, and our aspirations are all American, and we have known no other.

Under the pressure of this situation, some of us may be led to talk irrationally about packing up and going "back" to Japan after the war. Go back? How can we go "back" to a place we have never been? Where we can go back to is the very life of these United States, to build it up, to help purify it, to improve it from within. Have we never sung "America! America! God mend thine every flaw," and thrilled to the song? God cannot mend the nation except through those who work from inside it. God needs us just as much as America does.

After the war, we will find the warp of America, new and strong, for having profited by her mistakes, she will have cast off the defective yarn and replaced it with a perfect one. If we are going to weave ourselves into this new warp and form a beautiful, integral design, our woof will have to match it in strength and beauty and quality. Having learned the result of intolerance, let us be tolerant of others. Let us remember that we all have our faults, even the best of us.

I like to think of the fine attitude of the Negroes toward us. Consider how the Negroes have been persecuted as an inferior race because black happens to be a hated color. To judge a man's worth by his color is unfair, to say the least, but our Negroes have been persecuted because their skin was black. You would

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think the Negroes would jump at the opportunity of crying "Japs," and joining the nation in oppressing us, but they have not done it. They understand how it hurts to be segregated and denied civil rights. They have learned tolerance, remembering how Jesus said: "Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but perceivest not the beam that is in thine own eye?"

We can learn this lesson of tolerance and understanding from our Negro brothers. Let us keep ourselves free from resentment and bitterness. Some of us have fine gardens in our back yards. Let us leave them in as beautiful a condition as we have always kept them, so that when our successors come to occupy our homes, they will be greeted by those beautiful flowers which will speak words of welcome and love for us. If we leave with beauty in our hearts, we will return with greater beauty. Unless we bring this kind of woof to post-war America, we shall not be able to weave ourselves back into the national pattern.

Let not the present state of things drive us into despair. On the contrary, this is a time of testing whether we are fit to be incorporated into the American pattern as an integral part. This is a testing time for America herself and in the confusion of the ordeal, reason has left a portion of the nation.

Are we big enough to pray with Jesus on the Cross: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do?" This is the prayer that is going to save us. It is the prayer that is going to help us recognize the worth of human personality irrespective of color, race, or creed. All these ingredients we shall need when we return to re-weave ourselves into America reborn, her flaws mended, with the grace of God upon her life.

Chapter 4

REV. HIDEO HASHIMOTO

*Pastor of the
Japanese Methodist Church
Fresno, Calif.*

The effort of Nisei pastors to tie their situation up with the Jews of old may be a little far-fetched and tiring to us Caucasian readers, unless we realize this: The Nisei, far more than we suspect, thinks of his problem as a race problem. It is because of the texture of his hair, the shape of his cheek bones, the implication of official proclamations up and down the West Coast that he is being singled out for segregation, not on the basis of achievement, but on the basis of physical appearance beyond his control; it is because of this "discrimination" that his feelings are cut to the quick. The Nisei begs us to be up on the facts so that we won't be down on him.

Hideo Hashimoto is on fire to embody Kagawa's concern for God's love. He would give evil the twist for good that Jesus gave it on the cross. Perhaps it is his scientific desire to trace to beginnings that leads him back to Babylon for his text.

Hideo Hashimoto was born in the United States; was sent by his parents to Japan for his primary school education; his high school, college, and theological education were secured in the United States. He was ordained by the Methodist Church in 1939; he has engaged in pastoral service in five different localities. He has had more than usual opportunities in travel. His experience of primary school education in Japan gives to him an advantage in the experience of life in Japan compared with life in the United States.

If all of us who profess to be Christians could come up to his challenge to a sense of mission, our American nation would be the better prepared to assume world leadership.

THE BABYLONIAN EXILE AND THE LOVE OF GOD

(Sunday, May 10, 1942)

The order has been definitely issued that we are to be evacuated, beginning the coming Friday. This is the last Sunday of our life outside the barbed wire fences.

A myriad of mixed feelings overcomes us as we reflect upon the past—how we took freedom for granted; of the future—of the life in the concentration camps; children cramped and stunted; young people, demoralized; old people, bitter. And the present, a nightmare.

THE SUNDAY BEFORE

How are we going to "take it"? Are we going to be bitter and resentful? Are we going to be cynical and indifferent? Or are we going to overcome the paralyzing and embittering experiences of these days and of even more critical days to come, and turn this evil to good?

Whenever we are confronted with the painfulness of the present, the immediacy of which overcomes us like a distorted out-of-focus close-up in a snapshot, it helps us to take a long look back to a period of human history when man had gone through similar experiences, unscathed, triumphant.

Compared with the harrowing experiences of the Jewish people following the defeat of Jerusalem, 597 B.C., ours is but nothing.

The terror of that war, the bitterness of defeat, the resentment against being torn away from home, still somewhat stunned but unconsciously the rebellious feeling of a despondent captive in the midst of repulsive splendor of the conquering civilization—these are all reflected in the sorrowful poetry of the Lamentations and the 137th Psalm:

By the rivers of Babylon,
There we sat down, yea, we wept,
When we remembered Zion.

... Ps. 137.

This song ends with the terrible vindictiveness of a wronged patriot. This was quite natural, and to be expected. Yet, this was not the only reaction of the Israelites in their suffering.

A great jump ahead in the history of the Jewish religion, in fact, in the whole history of religious experience of the human race came out of the experience of exile and captivity. The Providence and Love of God which passes all human understanding manifest themselves under strangely wonderful circumstances.

An unknown prophet, known to Old Testament scholars as the Second Isalah, reveals the depth of the love of God which was not excelled until the coming of Jesus, the incarnation of the Love of God, himself. He began with the great triumphant and hopeful strain, set to the immortal music of Handel's Messiah:

Comfort ye, comfort ye My people, says your God.
 Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her,
 That her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is
 pardoned,
 That she has received of Yahweh's hand double for all
 her sins. (Isa. 40:1-2) (Bewer).

THE BABYLONIAN EXILE AND THE LOVE OF GOD

The first great emphasis was that God is One. There is no other God. The Lord is the Creator. He uses his instruments, as he will—Babylonians or Cyrus. The creature has no right to question the Creator.

Does one strive with his maker? a potsherd with the potter?

Does the clay say to him that fashions it, "What makest thou?

And thy work has no handle?" . . .

I have made the earth, and created man upon it;

I, even My hands, have stretched out the heavens, and all their host have I commanded,

I have raised him up in righteousness, and I will make straight all his ways:

He shall build My city, and let My exiles go free,

Not for price nor reward, says Yahweh of hosts.

(Isa. 45:9-11) (Bewer).

Israel is the chosen race of Yahweh. "For Jacob my servant's sake, and Israel mine elect, I have even called thee by thy name." (45:4.)

But this relationship is not that of special favoritism. Israel is not to be the conquerors and victors. They are to be redeemers, and Suffering Servant.

Behold, My servant, whom I uphold,
My chosen, in whom My soul delights:

I have put My Spirit upon him,
He will bring forth justice to the Gentiles.

He will not cry, nor lift up his voice,
Nor cause it to be heard in the street.

A bruised reed will he not break,
And a dimly burning wick will he not quench.

He will bring forth justice in truth.
He will not fail nor be discouraged,

Till he have set justice in the earth;
And the isles shall wait for his instruction.

(Isa. 42:1-4) (Bewer).

THE SUNDAY BEFORE

This second point concerning the Suffering Servant was a great forward step in the evolution of religion. It was no less than the revelation of the depth of the Love of God! Until then, Jewish religion had been teaching that the righteous will prosper and the wrongdoers, suffer. Now, this great Prophet reveals the Love of God which turns the misfortunes of a chosen people into their own good, using both the chosen and the foreign races as instruments in His Divine Plan.

Six hundred years later, Jesus Christ fulfilled the prophecy of this great seer, who laid the very foundations of the belief in the redemptive love, central in the Christian faith.

Out of the depth of despair and suffering, the prophet saw the truth of Love that stoops to save the most undeserving sinner. He showed thus that even out of racial disaster and tragedy can come a great good; that out of the depth of despair one can peer into the depth of unfathomable Love of God.

The situation which confronts us as we meet together in this last Sunday service before evacuation is far from the horror and disaster of the people of Jerusalem. There is not the physical suffering nor the bitterness toward those who must carry out the order. We go as residents and citizens of a nation co-operating in the efforts for national defense. We have grave doubts as to the wisdom of this procedure and as to the motives of some of the groups that engineered this evacuation. Yet we have nothing but good will and the sense of loyalty to the people and the nation.

Yet some of the elements of the circumstances and the feeling of Israel are there. We are branded as enemy aliens. We are to be uprooted from HOME as we knew and loved it. We must cast away the business and other endeavors for livelihood built after a generation of toil and sweat. We are to be carried away captive, exiles—destination unknown. The same longing for home, for creative participation in the nation in crisis, for freedom, above all, is there.

In a sense, our being evacuated is the consequence of our sinfulness. As American citizens of Japanese ancestry, we had a great mission to fulfill. We were destined to be the bridge-builders of the Pacific.

But we failed. In our self-centeredness, like Jonah, we ran away from our great mission. We thought only of fun, thrill, and good time. We sought fame, reputation, to be a "good sport." We sought money and soft, easy, comfortable lives. We were constantly reminded of our task, until we were sick and tired of hearing about "Bridge-builders of the Pacific." Yet, instead of going straight toward our responsibility, we went in the opposite direction—money making, self seeking, sin. For sin means going the opposite direction from the God-given destiny.

THE BABYLONIAN EXILE AND THE LOVE OF GOD

This war, this suffering, and our evacuation, is partially our fault and our making. If we had been vigilant, and stuck to our God-given mission, working with all our heart and soul to prevent war and make for peace, justice and true democracy, the situation may have been different somewhat.

From the standpoint of American democracy, this evacuation is a shame, a dangerous attack upon the fundamental principle upon which our nation is built.

But from the standpoint of a Christian Nisei, it is a well-deserved punishment for our indifference, our falling down on the job, our self-centeredness, our sin.

Yet, it is far more than punishment. God turns even the sins of man to work for his redemption. The people of Israel saw a great light in the prophecy of Second Isaiah in the pitch darkness of despair. We must seek the same light.

A piece of grit gets into an oyster shell. The oyster senses what corresponds to human pain. It builds hard tissue around it to protect itself. Lo, a pearl!

God does not purposefully give suffering to man. Suffering comes from the result of man's sin.

Yet, God uses even the consequence of sin to the end that man should see aright and turn to Him, and turn back to the God-given mission for his life.

Our evacuation must prove more redemptive than punitive. We have been shocked into the realization that we have fallen down upon the God-given task. We have come to realize that we have been sinful. We have been shocked into realizing that the world is not an easy-going, happy-go-lucky sort of picnic, but a just, righteous, and moral one, where man reaps what he sows.

Moreover, in the congested Centers where we are destined to stay, perhaps for the "duration," we shall be given an unexcelled opportunity for the practice of what we have been taught to believe. It was difficult in the world, where competition was the order of society to practice neighborliness and brotherhood. In the camps, cooperation will not only be highly desirable, it will be the absolute minimal requirement, even to eat and sleep. This is a great opportunity to prove that Christianity works and the Christian spirit alone works. If it doesn't work in the Centers, it will not work anywhere. For that very reason, Christians are on the trial. This is the testing of our faith.

It is not enough that we go half the way; we must go the whole way—to make friends, to be good neighbors (a good neighbor means a great deal when there is but a partial partition between the apartments), to serve, and to sacrifice.

God is ever with us; but especially in our trials and tribulations. Like another Isaiah, we turn from despair and find God, forever ready to stoop down to save us, giving us a new insight into the Heart of Hearts, the citadel of Love. The minute we realize our relation with the Eternal, the Creator, we are free. The army rules, bayonets, and barbed wire fences cannot hold us.

THE SUNDAY BEFORE

If only there are stars,
 I have my friends.
 But in the dark
I think upon my fate,
 And all
 My spirit sickens
And the hard tears fall.
 Around my prison
Runs a high stockade;
 And from my wrists
 Chains dangle;
 But no power
 Can lock my eyes.
 So can I steal
 This lovely light
 That wraps me—
 This radiance
 That drips
 Out of the Dipper.
Dragging my chains
 I climb
To the tall window-ledge;
 and though
My body cannot crawl
Between those grim iron rods,
 Still can I
Laugh as my spirit flies
Into the purple skies!
Northward and northward,
 Up and up,
Up to the world of light
 I go bounding;
Farewell, O Earth, farewell,
What need I now of your freedom?
Fearless, I fly and fly,
On through the heavenly sky;
Breaking all prison bars,
My soul sleeps with the stars!

(From SONGS FROM THE SLUMS—By Toyohiko Kagawa)

We are free—free to grow in faith, free to serve our fellow men, free to search the unfathomable depth of the Love of God, free to seek and fulfill our mission.

Chapter 5

REV. SOKEI KOWTA

(A Japanese-Issei American)

Pastor of the
Japanese Presbyterian Church
Wintersberg, Calif.

It is easier to present Nisei than Issei, for in more ways than most Americans think, the American citizens back of the Japanese features are like us. They use the same slang, drive the same model car with the same gusto, believe in the Declaration of Independence, and make proposals of marriage, as other Americans do. About the only difference is that they have a better official record regarding delinquency.

The Issei, on the surface at least, are different. They don't laugh so hilariously. But let us be under no illusion. They, too, have a frequent and delicious sense of humor. However, it is perhaps suggested, rather more than expressed; and certainly, they put more emphasis on tact and on saving the other fellow's feelings. In the church they probably take to dogma more enthusiastically than do the younger preachers. It is sympathetic minds like these American Issei ministers that win our confidence and admiration.

Young people used to come to Rev. Kowta's church from miles around. He has no gray hairs; he wears a short stubby moustache; his eyes are sharp, but ever have an infectious smile of both eyes and mouth. His good-natured banter lightens up the sometimes too solemn meetings of the church federation. Although he returned to Japan for a visit a few years ago, he impresses one as being more American than Japanese. He is probably one of the best English speakers amongst Issei preachers. At the same time, he puts his main point over in the old style; it is suggested rather than hammered home; it is left in the background to be sensed by the imagination rather than to be analyzed with words.

His call here is for *spiritual preparedness*. He promises "a desert," regrets and anguish. But there will be the chance, if evacuation and what follows is taken with the right attitude, to bless America, to turn the wilderness into a fruitful plain.

Mr. Kowta has already begun to carry that promise into fulfillment in the inter-denominational "Poston Christian Church," with something like 20 churches working together in the desert near Parker, Arizona. From the camp he writes: "It is real joy for me to be on the job day and night. Very fortunately, the American officials are very thoughtful and understanding. We get along splendidly." As one reads the sermon, one senses the joy.

THE SUNDAY BEFORE

ABRAHAM, THE MIGRATION LEADER

(Genesis 11:30-12:9)

(Sermon preached at the time of the installation of Rev. Donald Toriumi as Pastor of the Japanese Union Church in Los Angeles)

It is indeed a great honor for me to have this important part in the installation service of my young ministerial friend, Don Toriumi. We are on the eve of the greatest mass migration this country has ever witnessed. An installation service on the occasion like this is indeed an event of great significance.

One of the sincerest friends of the Japanese people wrote in a recent issue of the Christian Century an article concerning the Japanese situation in this country. In it, he inserted a short sentence which said: "Among them, however, no Moses has yet appeared." No Moses in this greatest crisis in their history!

Whenever we think of a great migration under a great leader, we instinctively think of Moses. Moses is undoubtedly one of the most outstanding leaders of men this world has ever produced. He possessed many admirable qualities of a great leader. But I believe that even Moses, if he were here with us today, would not be able to do much for our people. The Moses of three thousand years ago was able to perform many miracles in the presence of the Pharaoh and with boldness say to him, "Let my people go!" At the words of Moses, the mighty Egyptian king trembled and yielded to the demand. But today, conditions are different. We Japanese are not expected to make demands of the Army that is in control of our affairs. We are simply asked to obey and cooperate with whatever the Army commands us to do. Under such circumstances, even Moses would not be able to show God-given talents to the fullest extent. So, this morning, I would like to think with you on the great character, not of Moses, the liberator of the Israelites, but of Abraham, their great migration leader.

Abraham lived with his father Terah in a town called Ur of the Chaldees. Ur was a place where idol-worship thrived. It was not a fit place for the followers of Jehovah God to reside. So, Terah started with his kinsfolk to migrate to the land of Canaan. But, somehow, Terah stopped at Haran on the way to Canaan, and did not go further. That was the tragedy of the man. The eleventh chapter of Genesis closes with this brief but pregnant sentence: "Terah died in Haran." A short sentence, but what a wealth of moral lesson it contains! Terah, who began with much enthusiasm to better his life by migrating to that distant land of Canaan, either satisfied with what he had attained or discouraged with the prospect, stopped at Haran and went no further. "Terah died in Haran." There are many men like him!

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But not so with his ambitious son, Abraham. Abraham could not be satisfied without reaching his destination, or without accomplishing his desired aim. When he was called by God to get out of the country, he gladly followed the command. "So Abraham went," says the author of Genesis, "as Jehovah had spoken unto him; and Lot went with him." God had already promised him that He would protect, guide, and bless him wherever he went, that he would make his name great among the children of men, and that he would make him a source of blessing to all the families of the earth.

Because he left his country and kindred by the explicit command of God, he was constantly conscious of God's presence with him. In the land of Canaan, Abraham visited a number of places, but a significant fact is that wherever he visited a new place, the first thing he did there was to build an altar to Jehovah God, as the Pilgrim Fathers did upon their arrival on the continent of America.

Now, this morning, I want to point out three outstanding characteristics of this great migration leader. In the first place, Abraham was a man of faith in God. Paul, the apostle of faith, speaks of this point very emphatically in his Epistle to the Romans. Not through his good works, says Paul, but through his faith, Abraham was justified before God. In this Epistle to the Romans, our hero is presented by the author as the best example of salvation by faith and faith alone.

Abraham's faith was most clearly shown when he went out of his country in trustful obedience to God. One's faith is most well proven when he trusts in and obeys God without any reservation. Faith, trust, and obedience always go hand in hand. The author of the Epistle to the Hebrews writes about Abraham saying: "By faith, Abraham, when he was called, obeyed, to go out unto a place which he was to receive for an inheritance; and he went out, not knowing whither he went." Abraham went out not knowing whither he went. What a faith, what a trust, what an obedience it was!

Ever since the problem of evacuation became public, the Japanese people have been very inquisitive about it. "Where does the government want us to go?" "When does the government want us to move?" "How does the government move us there?" "How will the government treat us there?" About these matters our people have been incessantly after information. The lack of definite information concerning these exceedingly vital matters has given our people an untold amount of anxiety and unrest. Evidently there has not been much faith in the government on the part of the people. But Abraham was a man of faith and went out, not knowing where he was going. No wonder that he has, during all these centuries, been called the father of the faithful.

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In the second place, Abraham was a man of hope. In Canaan he lived a simple life, always dwelling in tents. His life was filled with many hardships and difficulties. But he was never satisfied with the life he was living, or with the life he saw around him. According to the Epistle to the Hebrews, he was always conscious that he was a pilgrim in this world and that he was constantly looking for a city whose builder and maker was God. The building of an eternal city of God! That was Abraham's hope in life. Because of the innumerable adversities that he met, the hope became dim many a time, but he clung to that hope until the very end of his life. The Apostle Paul, in his Epistles to the Romans, writes significant words concerning this man of hope: "In hope Abraham believed against hope." Abraham was a man who hoped against hope!

Then, in the third place, our hero was a man of love. Once there was a strife between the herdsmen of Abraham's cattle and the herdsmen of Lot's cattle. This greatly grieved the tender heart of Abraham. So he said to Lot, his nephew: "Let there be no strife between me and thee, and between my herdsmen and thy herdsmen; for we are brethren. Is not the whole land before thee? Separate thyself from me; if thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou wilt take the right hand, then I will go to the left." These unselfish words were uttered by an uncle to his nephew; so unusual in ancient Judea, where elders always had priority interests over the young. How generous, and how magnanimous Abraham was to that selfish, worldly-minded nephew of his!

Every crisis is a testing time of one's character. Selfish people, during a crisis, show their selfishness to a greater measure than they do in ordinary times. Generous people reveal their generosity to a greater degree than they do at other times. In this great crisis, the Japanese people are proving this fact very clearly—much to our regret in the selfish cases. But look at old Abraham again who is tenderly speaking to his young nephew: "Let there be no strife between me and thee; for we are brethren. Is not the whole land before thee? Separate thyself from me; if thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou wilt take the right hand, then I will go to the left." Giving always the first chance to others; contented to receive what is left for him. That was the spirit of Abraham, our hero.

My friends, the need of the hour is not more money, or more machines, as many people think. The real need of the hour is more men like Abraham, filled with an indomitable faith in Almighty God, an undaunted hope in the future of the race, and a self-sacrificial love for others. But our people lack that faith, and are anxious about many things. They worry beyond what is necessary. They lack that hope, and are skeptical about everything. They are discouraged and disheartened, and even in despair. They lack that love, and we see the evi-

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dence of selfishness on all sides. Have faith in Almighty God, cultivate hope in the future of our people, increase love for our fellow-men. Fully equipped with these virtues, we shall then have nothing to be afraid of. Give us a desert, we shall make it a beautiful garden; give us a wasted land, we shall change it into a productive field; give us a wilderness, we shall convert it into a fruitful orchard. Provide for our children competent teachers; regardless of the buildings we shall have, we shall make ours one of the finest schools in the country.

Today, whenever we meet a Japanese, we are sure to be asked: "Are you ready for evacuation?" Indeed, every Japanese is tremendously busy with the preparation at this time. But our preparation for evacuation is two-fold, namely: negative and positive preparation. To dispose of our property, furniture, and household goods, so we shall be able to leave our place without further worry, is to prepare ourselves negatively. To secure all the necessary things for the life at the camp, so that our life there will be as comfortable and worthwhile as possible under the inevitable circumstances, is to prepare ourselves positively. And this is about all the average Japanese thinks of regarding evacuation preparation. But as Christians, ought we not to think of it more deeply? Ought we not to prepare ourselves for the evacuation spiritually as well? And, our spiritual preparation has two phases also, the negative and positive. Most of us Japanese have by this time either sold away, given away, or thrown away, many of our unusable articles. It is foolish for us to keep unusable things any longer. And we, as Christians, ought we not to dispose of the undesirable, nay harmful, qualities like selfishness, boastfulness, worldliness, as we begin our life anew at the camp?

We often hear our people complain about the limit placed upon the number of things they are allowed to take to the camp. A very limited number of personal belongings is permitted to be taken. I personally believe that the complaint is not without foundation. But, for the life at the camp, we need not very many things. "Martha, Martha, thou art anxious about many things, but there is one thing needful. Mary has chosen the good part, which shall not be taken away from her." After all, there are not many things that are essentially needful in this life of ours. But let us be sure to make at least those three dominant qualities that we find in Abraham, our own "personal belongings."

Within a very short time, we shall have to move out from this fair city of Los Angeles, leaving "Little Tokyo" behind us. And this dear church too—this church where we have played together and prayed together; this church where we have talked together and worked together; this church where we have sung together and sacrificed together. And this pulpit which has, Sabbath after Sabbath, inspired our hearts and enlightened our minds. And this very sacred place

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where many young hearts were joined together in marriage, and where we uttered our final farewell to our departed ones. Yes, our hearts ache as we think of leaving our dear "Little Tokyo," but what is "Little Tokyo" for us without the Union Church in the heart of it?

In this critical hour, the spiritual anguish of the Japanese people is undescrivable, their mental perplexity unsoluble, their economic loss inestimable. The mighty economic structure which the Issel have constructed with their sweat and blood during the past several decades is fast crumbling down to its foundation. And no man can justly blame the Japanese people for feeling a deep sense of attachment to what they are soon to leave behind. But, we Japanese shall not be like the thoughtless wife of Lot. We shall not foolishly look back and weep and mourn, and turn ourselves into pillars of salt. Rather, we shall be like Abraham, the mighty migration leader; filled, not with hatred or bitterness, but with faith, hope and love, we shall go wherever God wants us to go, and as we go along we shall bless the people everywhere, as did Abraham of old.

Chapter 6

^{GO}
REV. KENZON TAJIMA
(A Japanese-Issei American)

Pastor of the
Japanese Union Church
Pasadena, Calif.

Rev. Ken^{GO}zen Tajima is a rather old-fashioned, courteous, dignified and well-read Issei preacher, who is known as a good cooperator among Caucasians. For more than twenty years, he has been pastor of the Union Church in Pasadena. From its beginning, his church has been under the sponsorship of a union committee representing the different leading denominations of the community. It has ministered to most of the Christian families there.

One son, "Taj," after finishing his university work in California, went to Japan to serve with the Omi ("Mustard Seed") Mission; then to Burma for the Oxford Group. In the spring of 1941, he came back to be drafted and is now in the United States Army. The two younger sons, thanks to the Student Relocation committee, were able to leave the Assembly Center and go to college in Utah, in latter 1942. One daughter, "Sophie," is a Nisei minister's wife now serving ably in a relocation camp. Another daughter in^{NO!} her teens is with the father and mother at the Gila Relocation camp in Arizona.

Before leaving the Assembly Center, where he spent about three months, Mr. Tajima confessed that the arrangements made family life difficult. "When each individual is fed, clothed, given a little spending money, and rationed on the basis, not of the family, but of the individual, then parental authority is done away with and children lose the sense of dependence and obedience. Families sometimes are not even eating together."

He is primarily fair and appreciative. "There is a fact among facts," he reminds his people, "which we must admit and remember. It is that Christianity came to Japan and to the Japanese through America. America gave us the gift. It is incumbent on us to give it back to her. . . . My life is intertwined with the labors of many missionaries." He is urging and trying to practice a Christlike attitude.

NEW PILGRIMS

"It was by faith that he sojourned in the promised land, as in a foreign country, residing in tents, as did Isaac and Jacob who were co-heirs with him of the same promise; he was waiting for the city with its fixed foundations, whose builder and maker is God." He. 11:9, 10.

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God gave Abraham a promise that out of him would spring a great nation, inhabiting a rich country. We now learn that God's promise to Abraham was spiritual, but his descendants, the people of Israel, took it to be this—worldly. There were some among them who learned, Jeremiah and Deuteronomy—Isaiah foremost among them, but the people at large persisted in blindness and deafness to God's real purpose in the call and promise to their forefather and themselves. But God must teach His people His true purpose, and that is the history of the Israelitish nation with its many wars, defeats, exiles, and the final loss of the home-country itself.

Through it all, however, God's plan for the redemption of the world and man, made progress until it was accomplished in Jesus Christ. Then, when the Church assumed a visible form with the fellowship of believers, it was Paul who saw clearly and boldly proclaimed that the Church and the brotherhood of believers in Christ was the nation which God had in His purpose promised to Abraham.

Now, there is not a slightest doubt that God's redeeming work is going on in exactly the same way, only in the world-wide scale, this time in our own age. All the nations and peoples of the world are included in His plan of redemption. None is left out. Therefore, each nation is conscious of God's special favor and mission, although each nation invariably distorts this consciousness of Election into ungodly egoism. Each nation believes in God's promise and each nation takes the promise to be this—worldly. Then, it is that God must deal with each nation in this present age in the same way that He dealt with the Israelitish nation. May we learn God's lesson sooner than they did, so that, in our case, God does not have to give us the Babylonian Exile or the Jerusalem of A. D. 70.

But God's plan in this world-redemption applies to the individuals and groups as well as nations. We have to learn the lesson for ourselves. Others cannot learn God's lesson designed for us. Let us be mindful to learn God's lesson for us and discern His purpose in and for us. We are losing much or all of our worldly possessions including our civil rights and liberties. Let us observe that other people, this American and other nations, are losing them, in different ways, and all consequent to the war. So, we are not the only ones, nor are we the ones who lose most and suffer most. We are much better off than many, many people and nations in other lands. Just the same, we must learn God's lesson for us. What is God's purpose in and for us? What is His promise for us? What is He planning to make of us? What is to be our place in the family of the American nation, with its many racial groups?

NEW PILGRIMS

Here in our case, as in the cases of all others, God's promise is spiritual and His plan is redemptive. God intends to redeem us and use us to carry out His plan of redemption which includes the whole of mankind. On Dec. 7th last, I lost all of my worldly interests. I was dead to the world. My whole concern is the new world which is God's promise to be realized after this war. It is God's gift, but and therefore I must work for it and I must live for it and live in it. This is the nature of God's gift, that we cannot produce it, we cannot take it of our own power, it is absolutely God's gift, but we must work for it with all our power, we must give all we have for it.

Abraham of old amassed a fortune. There in the land of Canaan, he could have become a settled citizen and builded a walled city for his and his clan's permanent residence, there to enjoy the rest of his life in abundance and supposed security. But he did not do that. He did not become domiciled in the heathen Canaan. He, with Isaac and Jacob and their families, passed their days in Canaan as pilgrims passing through the city of Vanity Fair, but the goal and end of their journey was the City with foundations, whose builder and maker was God.

The pilgrims must leave many worldly possessions behind. Men and nations of the present world are being forced to leave them. We, the Japanese people in California, are made to leave them behind, in one decisive act of the government. Happy are we if we understand the final meaning of what is happening to us. We, too, have understood God's promise and gift in a mundane sense. We, too, have had to receive God's hard lesson. Let us joyfully accept God's plan for us. It is good, because it is God's plan. Let us learn of Abraham in his faith and walk like him.

To describe Abraham's life of faith more adequately we have the biblical words Faith, Hope, and Love. Let us go forth in utter trust in God. He will care for us in that perfect way in which the Psalmists of old describe in the Shepherd Song and other psalms. Let us not forget that God's care for us often comes to us in deeds of love of brother men, and not fail to give thanks to brother men after we have thanked God. Let us trust the morrow to God and be thankful for each day that we live. Everything we called our possessions are as good as lost. If they remain in our hands, or if any comes back to us later, they are God's new gift.

Let us keep our hope. God never rests. He will not be frustrated in His redemptive work. Our hope of the new world will not fail, though rebuffs and trials are in store before us. And remember that God never meant to exhaust His promise in the things that are realized in this world. We must have a tenure of life which is beyond our grave for His promise to us to be fully realized. We are made to live in eternal life.

THE SUNDAY BEFORE

Lastly, let us not be slack in love. Love never faileth. When all things are taken from us, we shall have yet people whom we can love. When we can do nothing, we shall have occasions and opportunities to exercise love. Love is always constructive. Mere patience and absence of resentment is not enough. It is not constructive; it is still negative. Throw in your destiny with this land and this nation. Surely America is big enough for us to give her the rest of our lives. Love her with the love that looks for no reward. She had given us much. We can give her our all.

And, may I add this thought to what I have said—that, in the final analysis, it is not the army, nor the federal government, nor the people, who are sending us to a temporary exile. It is the war system and the present world-society which is built on the war system, which is doing to us this unwelcome deed. Military necessity—execution of war—must have recourse to such a measure. And we are responsible to the present world with its war system as much as any other people. War is the world's common enemy. Now we have to fight, nation against nation, but really we are fighting against our common enemy—war. And we have to fight against war now because we were not really fighting against war in peace time. And the only effectual fight we can put up against war now, is love.

Chapter 7

REV. JOHN M. YAMAZAKI

(A Japanese-Issei American)

Priest of the

Japanese Episcopal Church

Los Angeles

Rev. John M. Yamazaki came here almost 40 years ago. For 29 years he has been the priest of the Japanese Episcopal Church of Los Angeles. A genial, sympathetic man of affairs, he is perhaps the statesman of the Japanese Church Federation with its 5,000 members and more than 30 affiliated churches of ten or more denominations. He has often been the chairman of the Federation. He has done much to promote social welfare within the other churches, as well as his own. He helped to found the Children's Orphanage for American-Japanese, and also led in forming the Boy Scouts of America, for children of Japanese parents. His sons were Eagle Scouts and leaders in the organization. The oldest son was recently ordained priest in the Episcopal church. Another son is in the Army, on leave in New York.

The sermon printed here is not exactly as given that Easter Sunday when Mr. Yamazaki delivered it. It is a reconstruction from notes that could not possibly recapture the spirit that moved through the speaker and among the congregation at the time. To enter into that unforgettable experience, one would oneself have to be facing the sudden loss of home and comfort, and much else besides.

Here are people who have not chosen to be tested as they are now being tested. But because they worship together, they are going to make of their humiliation a stepping stone to some unknown and better thing in the future. The faith that is being communicated to them is an intuition of triumph "passing human ingenuity" which the world cannot give or take away.

WE SHALL HAVE OUR EASTER

or

EASTER BEFORE EVACUATION

Easter, April 5, 1942

Text: Philippians 3:10. *"That I may know Him and the power of His Resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings."*

What I have been predicting to you for the past weeks—that we would not leave our place until we have welcomed Easter in our own Church—has come true. And here, we are gathering together in His House today, singing our favorite Easter hymn "Jesus Christ is risen today, Alleluia!" We feel immeasurably grateful. In a true sense of the Easter we are really happy and heartily joyous, even though we have an anticipation of the impending "evacuation."

THE SUNDAY BEFORE

Frankly speaking, it is unbearably sad to think of our peculiar destiny that, in a few days, we all have to leave our dear homes and even this our beloved Church in which we have worshipped God, our Father and His Son, Jesus Christ, our Saviour. Here, for the past twenty-nine years, I have had the privilege of serving as pastor—witnessing the entrance of many into Christ's flock. Here also, in this Church, we have learned and taught His Gospel and His way of life, enjoying the fellowship in His Communion. We cannot help but feel that somehow an abrupt end has come to our good life, and that we are defeated in our good efforts.

However, strange enough, when I hear you sing the Easter song of triumph, a strong power which never can be conquered arises in my spirit, and the dismayed feelings of fear and defeat disappear and I feel hope for the future and am unfailingly reassured with great strength and courage. Is it not because we believe in Jesus Christ and His resurrection? Is it not also because what St. Paul terms "the power of His resurrection" is sustaining us? Let us all rejoice in the Lord who is risen today.

I want you to know and grasp this morning the profound meaning of this power, the power of His resurrection, as the great Apostle St. Paul exhorted the brethren of the Philippian Church. I want you to know why Christians can never be disappointed and defeated in their faith even in their worst circumstances. Keep in mind the disciples and followers of Jesus who lost their leader, saw their Master betrayed and taken away, witnessed His going through great sufferings, hung on the Cross with wretched criminals, and finally put to death in shame. Naturally, they were at first disappointed, feeling beaten, defeated, and utterly helpless. But when they saw that this same Jesus rose again on the third day, they became entirely different men and women. They no longer were defeated people, but courageously they carried His Gospel to the end of the world, and finally conquered that Roman Empire, the military power of that day, until, as an historian records, Justin the Emperor declared "Nazarene, thou has finally conquered me." The power of His resurrection was felt by the world.

But, we must know that we cannot grasp the meaning of the resurrection and its power until we come to understand His sufferings and what St. Paul terms "the fellowship of His sufferings." You cannot be joyous without the experience of sufferings. You cannot be triumphant until you reach the point of seeming defeat and pay precious sacrifices which sometimes mean the loss of everything, even life itself. It is after His great passion in the Holy Week, climaxed in the Cross, that we have triumphant Easter joy. We who look forward to a better future and a better world, must expect the challenge of sufferings.

WE SHALL HAVE OUR EASTER

Here we stand at the threshold of "evacuation." In a sense, it is an unavoidable situation created by the sudden war thrust upon this country by Japan. We are placed in an extraordinarily embarrassing situation. We cannot escape from it. We are simply victims of circumstance. Confronted with it are Issei and Nisei together. Issei—who were not allowed to be citizens legally, yet they have lived in this country fifty, forty and thirty years, rearing their children in this land in the American way of life and desiring themselves to live and die in America—these have suddenly found themselves under the category of "enemy aliens." The Nisei—who were born and educated in this great Republic and who live as American citizens—found themselves, on account of their blood relationship with the Issei, in a position very difficult. No matter how loyal they were in the eyes of fellow Caucasian citizens who know them, now they are regarded by some with suspicion. This is indeed a very embarrassing situation to us all. The emergency military necessity has no time to distinguish between Nisei and Issei, loyal and disloyal, in seeking to mete out justice individually. Hence, this mass evacuation, unprecedented in American history. We have simply to accept it and accept it rather gladly as an expression of our loyalty. Many Nisei cannot refrain from asking "why cannot we be given equal opportunity to prove our loyalty in positive ways, just as our fellow Americans can?" But there seems to be no alternative under the circumstance which confronts the nation in this wicked war. Does it mean that I am taking and urging upon you a defeatist and a fatalistic view? No, I dare say that there is another and still greater perspective.

Thank God that Easter came just before our evacuation and thank God that we have the Holy Bible which throws light on all human affairs, and particularly on this very difficult problem that confronts us. It is in His providence and purpose to care for humanity. Throughout the Bible, we see God's sustaining and saving grace permeating every incident and event. Recall the familiar stories of the Old Testament and find out His loving providence in this historic drama of sufferings and joys, exiles and restorations. You will see and understand all through those events that God tests His people, and that those who endure to the end with faith always are saved.

From Genesis to the Gospels, it is full of stories which I may term, without exaggeration, stories of "Evacuation." Abraham leaving his home in Terah and going out "without knowing where he goes," taking it as God's call, is the forerunner, but in Exodus we come to the great stories of Biblical mass evacuation in which four hundred thousand Hebrew people left Egypt, wandered around the Arabian Desert for forty years under the leadership of the great Moses, and finally reached the promised land. Right here, I want to tell the Nisei people that, in spite of all the efforts and sufferings endured, many of those older

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Hebrew people who started from Egypt died in the wilderness, and even Moses himself disappeared on the hill of Pisgah and never crossed the River Jordan. It was those of the new generation—may I term them “the second generation” or “Nisei of the Exodus”—that crossed the River and went into Canaan, the Promised Land, under the leadership of Joshua, a new leader. It is my earnest prayer that this story may be repeated in our evacuation so that those of older generations among us, even if they perish in the wilderness and disappear from the picture, they will not fail; the Nisei will find a way to a better and newer world. I know that they will reach the promised land if they prove to be like Joshua and his followers in their faith and loyalty. The whole of Exodus is the story of the test of faith in Jehovah. Many failed in the wilderness. With murmurs and disbelief, they could not endure the test. There we see also many who emerged from it triumphantly with strong faith, passing the test of desert and river. They entered into the New Land. Why not accept this Evacuation as a test and a great opportunity to prove our faith in Christ and loyalty to our country?

Many of us of the older generation erred in many ways in the past. I do not want our youth to repeat these errors. It is God's great providence that we travel this way through hardship and sufferings, though it may be a long way with no short cuts. St. Paul proclaimed it in his Epistle to the Romans (5:3): “We glory in tribulations also; knowing that tribulations worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope.”

You Nisei need to develop these qualities in the test of sufferings. Do you know that, although you have this priceless American Citizenship given to every one of you born here, you will need to prove yourselves worthy of this citizenship before you will really be accepted as fellow citizens who are doing their utmost to uphold Democracy? There may be many different ways to do that in ordinary days, but under the present national emergency and under the peculiar conditions in which you Nisei and we Issei are confronted, the best way and the only way is to accept the evacuation as a great opportunity to test our qualities and prove that we all are as genuine as we profess to be. Heretofore, you have not passed this road. By proving yourselves faithful now, you will build a future not only for yourselves but for your children. That glory cannot be compared with the sufferings and sacrifices you will undergo at the present time.

Going back to the Biblical stories, let us think of the Babylonian Captivities. After fifty years of exile on the banks of the Euphrates, the Hebrew people produced those greatest poems of history—the Psalms. And they were able to return to Jerusalem and rebuild the city and the Temple.

WE SHALL HAVE OUR EASTER

Even through the New Testament, this story continues. Our Saviour was born in Bethlehem in a manger, when Mary was on her way with Joseph, far away from their northern home, to comply with the order of Augustus Caesar to register. Again, you find the Holy Child in Egypt with his earthly parents, awaiting such time as God would provide for their return to their homeland. When Paul was forbidden by the Holy Ghost to go into Bythynia and forced to go to Troas by way of Mysia, there opened a great opportunity for him to reach Macedonia, thence to carry the Gospel to the world. There was the working of the providence of God in all this. This is the higher and greater way that God holds for us. So, if evacuation is the order of the day in our lives, we have examples in history recorded in the Bible.

If you have faith in Him, you can go courageously to it, with hope for a better future. Of course, you have to read the Old Testament carefully, lest you should fall into the same mistakes as some of the preachers do when they interpret them, picturing the promised land or entering Canaan, in a tone justifying the belligerent and aggressive conquests. God's will in human affairs is not what some people think. Our future promised land should be the Kingdom of God for which Christ went to the Cross for the redemption of humanity and the restoration of men's right relationship with God. It is the Kingdom of Christ's spirit, His love, forgiveness, justice and service for all men. And the resurrection of Jesus Christ is the great assurance of all future life on earth and in heaven.

We who have this living faith and hope, have a strength and support not known by those who do not know God and the power of His resurrection. We therefore have an obligation which we should accept as a privilege, to give comfort and assurance to the many who are depressed because they have not yet found the way of Christ and His life.

May I close with one more thought. You heard Bishop Reifsnider preach a sermon for us in this Church a few Sundays ago. He is a man who gave the best of his life for forty years to the people of Japan, as the President of St. Paul's University and also of St. Luke's International Hospital, one of the greatest medical centers of the Orient. You were not aware of his being an evacuee from Japan. He lost everything, his life work, his school, his hospital, and all the fruits of missionary work of the Church for the period of one century. But he wonderfully never made mention of it to you or to any other person. But, as soon as he came back to the States with Mrs. Reifsnider, carrying a handful of their personal effects, he was seen busily pleading for the cause of the Nisei, the Americans of Japanese ancestry. I know also many, many other American missionaries doing like the Bishop, manifesting the same noble spirit of Christ in their loss and suffering. Here you are not alone in the matter. Compared with what they went through, our evacuation is a very mild one. Think too, of the frightful conditions of European war refugees.

THE SUNDAY BEFORE

As one who has lived in America for the past thirty-eight years, I always feel grateful to this country. Even in this present predicament of ours, my feelings do not change; no, not at all. Moreover, even after the outbreak of war, the Government, the people, and especially our Church friends accord us most considerate treatment. I know America's great heart; and you can trust it now and in the future.

May we go out from here with an aim for the future, trusting Him and His providence. Let us go courageously in St. Paul's spirit of "fellowship in suffering," bearing the Cross of Jesus wherever we go, and let us come through victoriously in His faith. Dr. Henry S. Coffin, of Union Seminary, in his book "The Meaning of the Cross" which I read some ten years ago, emphasizes the fact that Christ was a victim of the day. Yes, He was a victim, but as Dr. Stanley Jones tells us in one of his books, this victim has gone through the sufferings, He has offered everything on the Cross and come out a victor. Wonderful words and a wonderful fact, are they not? A victim becomes a victor! So, with the blessing of the Risen Christ, let us go out courageously in solid faith in Him.

In a sense, this is our Calvary, and we must be willing to say: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." We must also try, with Him, to say: "Into Thy hands I commit my spirit." But that is not all. As Jesus the Christ had His resurrection from the dark tomb, so may it be with us. We shall have our Easter and be triumphant.

