

July 13th, 1981

To The Community Committee Redress/Reparations,

In retrospect(41 yrs.), vignettes stay with me.---A gleaming white refrigerator and Mom admonishing, "Try not to leave the door open too long." But to see-milk, butter and the other food stuff on the racks---drew me. So different from the wooden box on the back porch.

Pop was a gardener(still is, at 80yrs.) and Mom 'ran the office'-they made a great team. Business was picking up. Mom started taking flower-arrangement class and began collecting unusual floral containers(Pop giving his dry-humored and at times, scatological opinions).---The backyard, was Pop's-flowers and vegetables grew in profusion,-pretty and delicious.---Brother, a chubby, fast growing 4 yrs. old., on his new 'trike', clasping an equally chubby 4 mos. old Alsatian puppy.---I was taking traditional Japanese dance lessons, after school, I attended 'Tip school' (Japanese language school). This was my world.

Then we were taken to Puyallup Center, as a 11 yrs. old-wondering what was wrong with us. Teachers and schoomates were sympathetic, but it was, as if I were dying and they mustn't let me know.---My child's mind, focused again on the refrigerator, where was it going, all the things important to us, my cherished Hinamatsuri Dolls---. Pop and Mom built up their gardening business again and the fabric of their lives-rich and full. (A family of mice, used my beautiful Hinamatsuri Dolls as their nest.) Not long ago, I asked Mom, and as it turned out, she passed away not long after my question of, how they were able to go thru it all. Her reply was that, "we were all going thru it and they were younger".

The Isseis, I feel,-passed on to us a great heritage---humor,dignity,tenacity-the faith and positive outlook on life---an art in, surviving.

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