

Cactus
Blossoms



Fusa...a

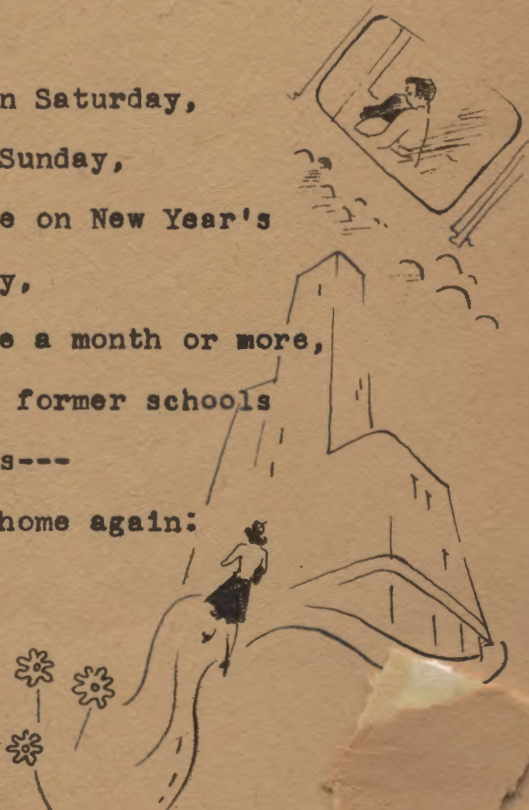
When I go home again,
I hope that everything
will be the same.

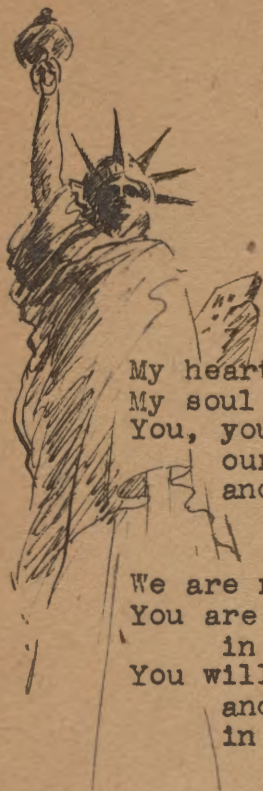
Shopping on Saturday,
Church on Sunday,
Rose Parade on New Year's
Day,

Shows twice a month or more,

A visit to former schools
and friends---

When I go home again:





FAITH

by Yukio Ota

My heart is proud,
My soul is glorious and free.
You, young Nisei, are fighting for
our lives, our country, future
and everything we stand for.

We are right behind you.
You are proving that we are loyal
in Italy and wherever you go.
You will come back victorious and
and we will be waiting for you
in this land of liberty.



IT ALWAYS COMES

by
Kimii Nagata

It may not come with shouts of joy,
With merry sleigh-bells ringing;
It may not come with lots of toys,
But Christmas always comes!

Let not misfortune bind you strong
Though loved ones you have lost.
Let barrack rafters ring with song,
For, Christmas always comes.

May every girl and every boy,
May young and old alike,
O'erflow with thankfulness and joy
That Christmas always comes.

If it may seem to you this year
That there's no Brightest Star,
Have trust, have faith in Him, sincere,
Then, Christmas always comes.



MY CHURCH

by
Tokiko Inouye

My church is not of marble,
 With damask hangings rare;
It has no rich warm carpet
 On which to kneel in prayer;
Nor has it deep-toned organ,
 But it's God's house, He is there.

Our windows are not spacious
 Or made of gold-stained glass,
But they keep out the noises
 And let the sunlight pass.

And now each Sunday morning
 When we seek God through our gloom,
We see Him much more closely
 In our church, a barrack room.



DEATH, WHERE IS THY VICTORY

by
Nebuko Emoto

Death, laugh...

Aye, you crushed the bud
before it blossomed,
You took from this world
a blessed child of God...

A child of God...

A dreamer at five, whose
cup was overflowing,
Who spoke with angels, with
Christ, with God...

Who spoke with God...

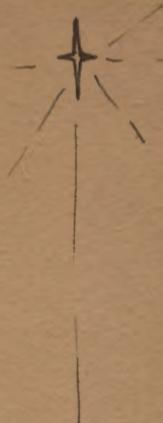
Though his body was robbed
of strength and flesh,
Though he lay on his back,
helpless as a leaf...

As a leaf in waters...

Tossed about by raging waves
of fever,
Grasped and sucked into
whirlpools of delirium.



Nebuko Emoto



OUR GIFT

by
Lois Kaneoka

The white stars scintillate the truth
While bands of angels sing,
For on this holy night was born
Our Christ in Bethlehem.

A hundred score of years have passed
Since He came from above
But to the Cross of Christ we bear
These gifts- faith, hope and love.

Tangibles are tinsel leaves
That fall and turn to dust;
Virtuous lives are golden bars
That shine and never rust.



FOUND

by
Frances
Yanaginuma

Once lost in the arms of the
wilderness

We looked toward God above;

He gently spread His holy light,

And with it all, His love.



MY PLEA

by Mary Matsuzawa

Oh God, I pray that I may bear a cross
To set my people free,
That I may help to take good-will across
An understanding sea.

Oh God, I pray that someday every race
May stand on equal plane
And prejudice will find no dwelling place
In a peace that all may gain.



THE DESERT IS MY HOME

by Tokiko Inouye

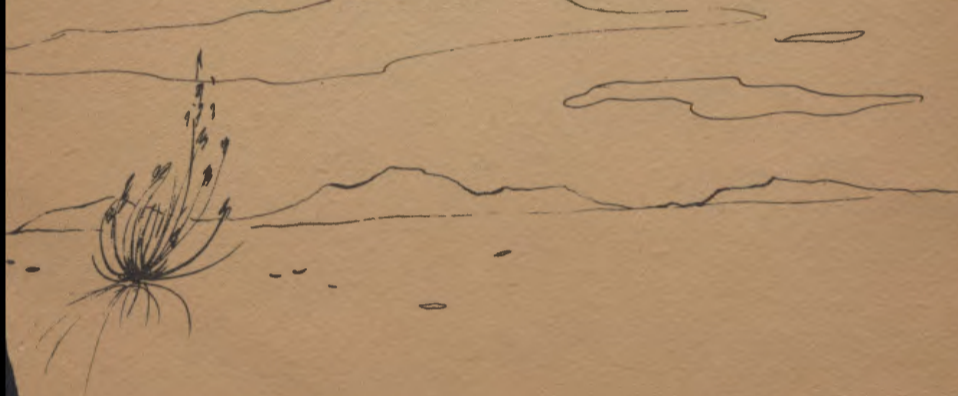
The desert is my home;
I love its sun and sands,
I love its vastness, centurie's sleep;
It challenges , commands!

At night the cold stars crystallize,
Opalescent, free;
I exult in their ageless eyes,
Their silence envelops me.

This desert is my home,
This, the open plains
And endless sage beneath hot suns,
The sky and sudden rains.

From golden dawn to red sunset,
The desert beckons, calls--
I love its freedom wilderness,
Unlimited by walls.

And this will be my home;
The desert sands I'll plod,
Far out beneath its skies and stars,
To be alone with God.



BE LIKE THE CACTUS

by
Kimi Nagata

Let not harsh tongues, that wag
in vain,
Discourage you. In spite of
pain,
Be like the cactus, which through
rain,
And storm, and thunder, can
remain.



CLOUDS

by Ben Mura

I stand and watch the clouds sail by
Across the land of sage and sand.
Up near the roof of spacious sky---
The clouds float over mesas grand.

I breathe a sigh that it were I---
That drift beyond the western steep,
Where poppies bloom with blossoms high,
Where sea gulls play with waves so deep.

I wish I were a cloud now floating by,
Where cacti stand and shadows lie---.



A monument built on a hilltop nearby honors five-hundred-seventy-four youths who left their relatives in this camp when they volunteered for service in the armed forces of the United States. Eight of the number have gold stars by their names, for they have paid the supreme sacrifice upon the battlefield in Italy. The spirit of those men, living and dead, inspires the deepest emotion in the hearts of the Japanese-Americans and is proof incarnate of their loyalty to America.

Mabel Sheldon

Teacher at the
Gila Relocation Center

MEMORIAL

by
Nobuko Emoto

Memorial

On a hilltop
Alone, silent....

A grave

Of our dreams
Blasted and scattered?

A grave

Of our hopes
Rising in smoke?

A grave

For our souls
Withered in retreat?

A symbol

Of a faith
Which cannot die!

A symbol

Of our blood
Flowing in Italy.

A symbol

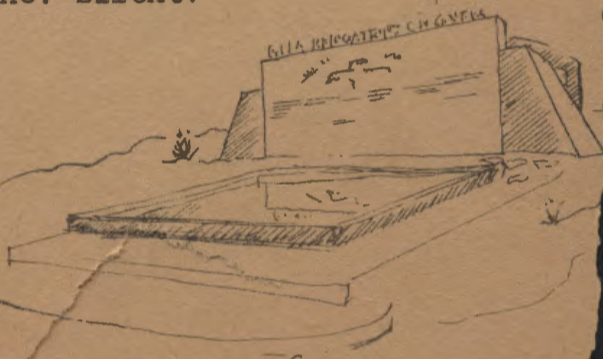
Of the future
Unconquered, unbowed.

A symbol

Surrounded by
Spirits of our dead.

Memorial

On a hilltop
Alone? Silent?



WHERE IS LOVE?

by
Midori Wada

O Love, where have you gone to
stay awhile?
Is it some far off place beyond
our reach?
Come back! The world needs you
and your sweet smile,
Friendship, love and fellowship
to teach.

How I long to see this world
of ours
United in one friendship, never
to part.
May that day come, with joy and
peaceful hours,
When birds, instead of shells,
shall skyward dart.



Aye, Death, laugh...

You robbed a father of man's
greatest treasure,

A mother of her dearest
possession...their son.

A son, beloved...

At whose passing great men,
simple men, wept,

And winds sobbed, skies
darkened, hearts broke...

His parents' hearts...

But would he want a treasure
when the babe would suffer,
Or she spare her tears that the
babe's should flow?

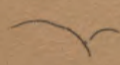

Aye, you robbed...

But you lost to God. Remember,
Death, Job's words:

"The Lord gave and the Lord
hath taken away.

Blessed be the name of the Lord."

Ah, Death, where is thy victory?



★
THE DESERT QUEEN

by
Tokiko Inouye


Softly she rose from her dove-gray throne,
And rising, sighed a languorous sigh.
She raised her soft and youthful arms,
Embraced the stars and kissed the sky.

Then she smiled a radiant smile
At her people, the sage and sands,
And to her court, the stars, she gave
Her graceful, golden hands.

She beckoned then her zephyr bards
To bring forth their harps and play
While she strolled the silvery, star-made path,
The jeweled milky way.


And so the stars and clouds stood still;
Soft music, faintly, light,
Filled the star-decked, prairie skies
While she reigned, Queen of Night.





THE DESERT

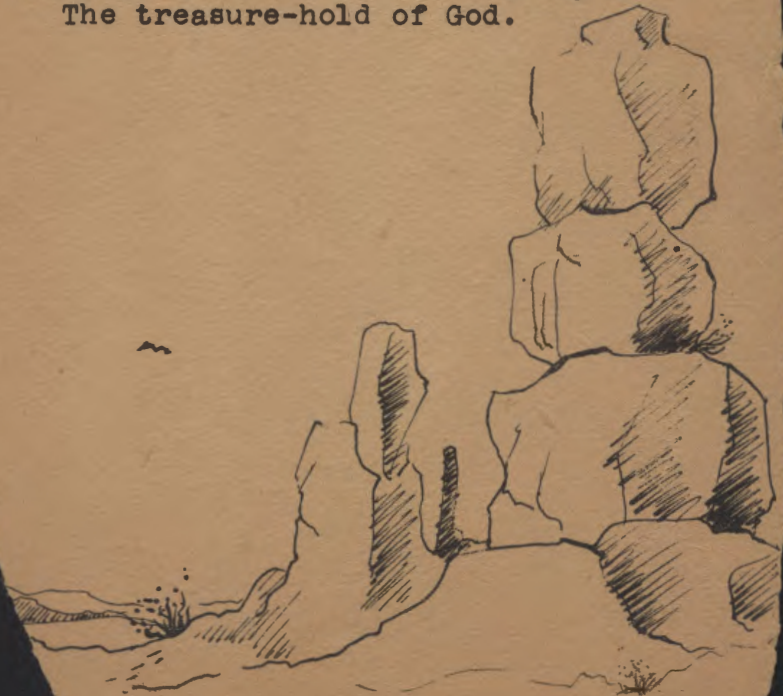
by Tokiko Inouye



Home of the cactus, land of the sun,
And the prairie dog's lonely cry;
The path of the builders, The cow-boy's t
And the blue of the desert sky.

The barren wilderness, endless plains,
Purple mountains to the west;
Where forgotten crawling creatures roam
And coyotes take their rest.

Vast and lonely, age-old sands
For centuries lost, untrod;
Yet with a wealth of sun and sky--
The treasure-hold of God.



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