



BROTHER O. FUJIMORI

My Trip to America

O. FUJIMORI

With the kindness and interest and sympathy of the Old Plum Street Church, I was brought over the ocean to America safely. I left Japan April 8th, 1927. There were about 40 brothers and sisters and my relatives and my family, to see me off at Yokohama. I came over on the Empress of Canada, and it took nine days to make the trip, but arrived safely in Vancouver, with the protection of our Lord and His dear son, Jesus Christ. I arrived on April 17th, at 3 p. m. While I was crossing the ocean I was sick in bed for four days, but after the fifth day I was up and perfectly well and enjoyed my trip on the boat and drank the fresh air and the ozone without limit. On the night of my arrival at Vancouver I took a train for Detroit at 9 p. m. The trip took five

days. However, I stopped off at Chicago for about six hours to see my son, Toyowa. We enjoyed our visit, as we had not seen each other for five years. He looks quite well. He is now in the University of Chicago, studying every day, and at the same time he works three hours a day for his meals and room. I took a train at

12:05 a. m. and arrived in Detroit at 8:30 a. m. I was thinking that there might be one or two who would meet me at the station, and was much surprised to see there were about 30 people at the station to welcome me. It was a great surprise for me. As I was coming through the door at the station, some one cried out, "Here comes Oto! Oh, here comes Oto! Hello, Oto! Hello Oto!" Many hands were extended. It was rather a great treat for me, indeed. Well, well, how they welcomed me! I knew many of them in the crowd—among them some of my old friends of thirty years ago. I just felt their brotherly love and kindness. My heart was filled with joy and happiness. I felt as though I were coming home. When I came to Brother Witty's home there were about 20 brothers and sisters waiting for me and ready to shake hands with me. This was another surprise for me. Oh, how they welcomed me! In the evening, with the kindness of Brother and Sister Witty, a reception was held. About 100 were present and certainly they all welcomed me again with true hearts. A grand reception it was! I enjoyed talking with them in my poor English. Nevertheless they understood me quite well. Yes, love speaks one to another! I am now at home. Do you know what love speaks? I have been through many, many difficulties and tribulations and persecutions during these 30 years. Now I am in the midst of my own brothers and sisters, and welcomed! Now what do you think I feel? I am as happy as can be. I am now rewarded for all my long years of trouble. Thank God! I am now enjoying meeting my old friends and also making new acquaintances every day for my future work in Japan.