



# "FRANKIE - SAN"

The following is a sermonette given at the Easter dinner by our well-beloved Japanese student, Kyuzo "Frankie" Miyaishi. We want to share his warm message with you, the public.

When I transferred to Seminary one year ago, I was half dead. The half of my body was already in a grave. Satan grinded on me like a cigarette and twisted my body and soul with his cruel foot.

I said to myself, "What does it happen on me anyway? The Lord said, 'Come and follow me.' The ox knows his owner and the ass his master's crib. Where is my Lord? If I fail to meet the Lord I have to go home. No, I can't even go home. Where do I have to go? I don't know." Satan again began stripping off my clothes, one after another, saying, "See, Frankie, I told you. You can never make it. Come to my house. I will give you something very good." I knew that Satan tried to guide me wrong way and destroy me. But what a terrible sight! I was naked in front of all the people. I had nothing to cover my body.

I was so ignorant about everything. Satan giggled at me behind my back and whispered to me, "Oh, Frankie-san you can never find the Lord that you are looking for. There is no such thing in the world. Come with me, please." His voice was so sweet that I attempted to approach his home. But the boys said to me, "Frankie, you can't go to his home. He may give you a wonderful dinner but be careful, he puts some poison in the dinner."

My future looked like a great wide ocean in front of me. The boys bought me a pair of swimming trunks and put it on me. They said, "You should not be ashamed. You are wearing swimming trunks now. How pretty it is! Let us go swimming. Come on Frankie!" "I can't swim. I don't know how to swim."

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"I can't swim. I don't know how to swim."

"Oh, yes, you can. Sure, you can swim. We will teach you how to swim. It's very easy."

So they took me to the edge of the ocean. Woo--it is beautiful and calm.

"But I can't swim!"

"Oh, yes, you will. Get on our backs."

So I started swimming on their backs. I did not know that a cowboy could swim so well. I thought a cowboy could only ride horses. But he is a very good swimmer. When he got tired I changed to some other boy's back. When big waves approached us I screamed, "Help, I can never make it."

The swimmer called out, "Just hold on my back tightly. Ready? One, two, three, here we go." The wave was so high that we had to dive under the water. So I had to stop breathing. I often had to hold my breath such a long time that I could no longer hold his back under the water. So I let go and tried to come up to surface, but that moment a breaking wave would put me upside-down. Up went my feet in the air, down came my head under the water. The waves pushed me to the shore. And there I was unconscious. They had to search for me along the shore. They had to give me artificial respiration in order to get out the gallon of water in my stomach.

Big waves and small waves we must pass.

One time I was so tired that I could not move anymore. So the boys brought me a little boat. I lay down in the tiny boat while the boys pushed the boat for me. The boys said that we can never stop; we must keep swimming.

When I recovered from my illness with a few days rest I got out of the boat and I joined them again in the water. They said, "Cheer up, Frankie, only one more month to swim. You will find the place to rest. Can you see in the distance a tiny island over there?"

Oh, yes, I could see the tiny one a way over there. I was so anxious to see the island that I swam with all my strength with the boys. At last, at last we arrived there. The boys said, "You stay here, and rest all the summer. We'll come back to pick you up again."

Saying goodbye they left me. I was not afraid because champion coaches were around me all the time.

Whoo--a beautiful island. I wonder what the name of this tiny island is. I went to see a chief of the land. "What did you say? An angel chief. Greek Island. Oh, not an angel. Excuse me. Angelo, the Greek Island. That suits me."

He is fat and short like my dad. So I wondered myself if I worked with my dad in Tokyo last summer.

Oh, that summer! We sold hundreds and thousands of Greek-Japanese hot dogs. I swam to Ascension Island and Mt. Tabor Island and some other tiny ones and met many little angels. I had such a wonderful time with them telling them Japanese fairy stories.

I was acquainted with many people. They also cheered me up. I was getting a little tired saying, "Hot dog all the way and please come back." I wanted to eat rice and fish and noddles MOM.

When I left my dream island in Japan a long, long time ago, my dad gave me a small luncheon box, saying, "My son, Kyuzo, this is my little present. I can't give you much, but I'm sure you'll make it. Always someone is with you." I saw tears filling Dad's eyes. I whispered to myself, "Daddy, I'm so sorry that I have to leave you. I can't take care of you and Mom. I don't know if I'll see you again or not. But I must leave you. Someone is calling me beyond the horizon. Please forgive me and let me go. Mom, I believe that you love me more than anybody in our family. I know how you feel, Mama. But you don't say anything. You must be crying in your heart. But what can I do? Can you hear, Mom? See, someone is calling me right now. 'Come and follow me; leave your family . . .'"

Saying goodbye to Mom and Dad, I left them. I've been eating meals almost two years from the luncheon box, and the luncheon box is very small, but someone always provides my meals day by day like "manna" in the wilderness. I ate the meal today and the box is empty but tomorrow I'll find another meal in my luncheon box.

September 17, great day! Today the luncheon box was a little heavier than usual. What is in there? "My golly!" In my luncheon box I found a most gorgeous blue-green A-B-C-D toy. I had never accepted such a wonderful gift all my life.

When I pushed the buttons it sang a song:

Dear little prince, dear little prince,  
With this toy you can swim more swiftly,  
Do not give up, do not cry.  
We are always with you.  
Cheer up, cheer up, my little one.  
How cruel it may be,  
How miserable it may be,  
We are always with you.  
The Lord is with you.

Poor little prince had not word to say, so he cried. Someone put it in my luncheon box. Who was it? I did not know! I'll treasure this wonderful toy all my life.

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"FRANKIE-SAN" -- continued from page 15.

Many newcomers joined us, tall, short, fat and skinny. Among them Finkie-san is very funny. This boy always makes us laugh. Laughter is good for our life, isn't it?

I rested so long that I forgot how to swim. A short and fat boy started showing me how to swim again. Oh my! He can swim like a fish.

Big waves and little waves we must cross.

All the boys protect me from stormy weather. Among the boys they treat me like a prince. Yes, but why do they treat me like this? Yes, I'm a very happy special prince. I started enjoying swimming because of all the boys and the champion coaches.

On November 1st a newcomer joined. He was the baby of one of the champion coaches. This tiny one is too small to swim. So Dad and Mom have to carry him on their back always and swim.

Once in a while, I carried this tiny angel and I shouted to the boys, "Look at me! I can even swim with one hand." Holding the baby in the air, I could swim with one hand.

Big waves and little waves bubbled Christmas songs. Yes, Christmas! All the boys swam away to see their dear honeys. Was Frankie alone? Nope. From his luncheon box he shared shrimp and rice with neighbors. "Ha, ha, ha, you can't use the chopsticks. Oh, no, it is not fair. You can't use the fingers. Use chopsticks please!"

When I crossed the big wave with boys' help, they cried out, "Bravo, Hong-Kong cowboy, well done!" When I make boo-boo with a little wave, they whisper to me, "You'll do better next time. We goof sometimes, too. It's fun to goof once in a while. Don't worry."

I could swim now. So once in a while I dived in under the water and I tickled the boys' toes or their big tummys. Sometimes I pushed their heads under the water. The boys screamed; I swam away swiftly. From some distance I shouted to them, "Ha, ha, ha, you can't catch me."

March 15, 1953. A big champion coach called me. "Why does he want me? Did I do anything wrong. I'm scared."

"Don't be scared son," said he. He put a piece of paper in my luncheon box.

"What is it, sir? M-a-t-r-i-c-u-l-a-t-i-o-n. Matriculation? I've never heard of this long word, sir. Oh, yes, I see. But I can't swim that well, sir."

"Yes, you can swim well. You must swim. We all must swim all our life. I'll help you and you can help me also. Together we can swim, you and me. All of us," said he.

I feel that the Seminary is part of heaven. Satan stripped all my clothes off one year ago. But your people give to me wonderful things to wear. You make my heart richer and richer day by day through the Lord, Christ Jesus. Someday when I can swim like a fish, then it will be my turn to show to little children how to swim. I will tell them the story of Christ and the stories of you.

Christ says, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests." Frankie has a Seminary. Seminary is Frankie's sweet home.

How much do I have to struggle and suffer? All my life? Yes, we will struggle and suffer all our life. Through all these strugglings and sufferings I have learned a lot of things that I would have never learned in all my life in Japan. With suffering and struggling I find the true joy and life in this crazy world.

I see the Lord in you every day. In each of your actions and deeds and kindnesses I see the Lord in YOU.

The big waves and the little waves we must cross. The waves are big and the ocean is wide, but to swim hard and free is life's greatest joy.

The ocean is wide and deep but I do not swim alone. The Lord is in the ocean and God is with us every moment.