



A Tribute to
ASAMI KAWACHI OYAMA

(1919 - 1990)

October 20, 1990, 6:30 p.m.

Buddhist Church of New York
332 Riverside Drive
New York City, New York 10025

Two Haiku's by Bobby Oyama

The wind
chimes beckon;
Asami's spirit
fills me.
Her presence
touches us.

Beyond our planet
The universe
is your home!
You are free, Mother.

Reflections

All around the house on Cherry Street
in Berkeley you can find Sammy's myriad
touches - clothing she had sewn, plants
she raised from seedlings.

The quilts and pillows speak of her
Quietude; their comfort reflecting her
own.

If they could talk we would hear her say
"I'm happy. Stop mourning, but keep me
in your hearts."

The house on Cherry Street is where
my mother's spirit resides.

With my head on a pillow she stitched
and sewed, I dream of my childhood and
her earthly touch.

Interview of my Mother by Carrie Oyama

Nisei children who grew up in California
on farms in the early 20th Century, ~~those~~
struggled hard to make a living, and grew
to depend on their own inner resources.
My mother enjoyed unspoiled pleasure of
childhood and learned the lesson of self-
reliance and mutual working together.

IN MEMORIUM

This program is a tribute
to the life and spirit of

ASAMI KAWACHI OYAMA

The Call to Worship - Bobby Oyama (flute)

Welcome - Rev. Mitsu Kamada

The Chant in remembrance of the 49th Day

Poems by Richard and Bobby Oyama

Read by Teru Kanazawa Sheehan

Song - "Sailing Down My Golden River"

Written by Peter Seeger

Sung by Bobby Oyama

Accompanied by Charlie Chin

Thank you for Oyama Family - Jim Nakamura

Pot-Luck Dinner following Service

(Donations in memory of Asami Oyama may be sent
to: The Japanese-American East Bay Services,
Nutrition Program, in care of Joe Oyama, 2809-B
Cherry Street, Berkeley, CA 94705).

For Mom - by Richard Oyama

Written on August 25, 1990. Excerpts

What I love is our conversation,
gleam in your eye, your listening ear.
To listen well is a gift.

You water and tend your own garden.
The backyard is your heart's garden,
it's calm, quietude, a rare and subtle beauty
that doesn't call attention to itself.

Like the patchwork quilts you sew,
you make a life out of
the materials at hand.

You are the maker of ordinary miracles.

Your bright spirit, selfless generosity, gaman.
You never blew your own golden horn.

Your smile has a sweetness, which is a
sweetness of soul.

The sound of your voice, so familiar,
honest, unadorned, touches me.

Your accepting spirit surrounds us.
We take it in, and become one with you.

Your cropped hair is a white wave
and your eyes shine delight forever.