

Reading Vivienne Poy's *Passage to Promise Land*

Opening this *Passage to Promise Land*,
I see blossoms of a wintersweet
spreading their fragrance under the wide sky.
Its roots rough and deep, transferred
from one place to another, remaining resilient and solid.

Decades pass, west winds blow yellow petals,
new leaves sprouting and rustling-
they echo the ups and downs
from the journeys of twenty-eight Chinese immigrant women
who came to this land with their hopes and losses.

A remarkable lady devoted many years listening to their voices.
With her insight, she unveiled each pearl's own brightness.
with determination, she traced them philosophically with her golden thread...
and now these stories and this evolution will never be buried under dust.

With great respect, I read each page; each woman's face mirroring mine;
together we went through the hardships in the early years of the immigrant life,
together we sowed seeds with robust spirits and diligent labor,
together we witnessed our tree flourish in this Promise Land.

As a follower, I want to pay my respect to all these women,
especially Vivienne Poy.

Today's happiness and freedom is never by chance.
Through this book, Dr. Poy has painted the wintersweet's growth:
each step took courage, each choice made a difference,
each leaf had a voice, each voice connected to the others...

Culture, politics and economics are all woven together
in our choices and our lives.

The passage to Promise Land was built with tears and laughter,
with hard work and tough acceptance.

When we reach the end of the book, we recognize
it isn't an end; it is just a new beginning.
As Dr. Poy hopes, we immigrants will work together
to continue to contribute our voices
to continue to shape this Promise Land.

