

我的故事 ~ 10. 一个人的党



“我喜欢政治，就是要帮助其他人不要陷入与我同样的经历”。

1998年,珀斯,朋友聚会。

珀斯中国领事馆首任总领事要回国了，谈论中都有些舍不得。总领事颇具亲民之风，给人的印象是几乎跟每个华人都熟悉。但凡做人做戏做官，玩股票玩收藏玩政治，到了这种让人惦念的份上就是人尖儿了，那年还是一个澳大利亚全国大选年。谁说华人对政治不感兴趣？我认识的圈子对投票还是上心的。甭管选谁,投票日必到场。澳洲的规矩，不投票是要罚款的。虽说不多，没挣着的钱咱不奢望。可进了口袋的银子，没必要再拿出来吧？

聚会结束驾车回家，无意中听到ABC电台采访，一个叫Ed 的华人要成立一个政党参加大选。当时采访就在他家，后院立了抗议种族主义的标语牌。他说当初买地盖房时，因为他一张亚洲面孔，每天都有人往院子扔石头、砸东西。报警察也不管。知道是谁干的，但警察说法律上要抓现行才行，捉贼捉赃，懂不懂？一整年的骚扰，害怕得不行，烦得不行，可遭罪了。所以下决心把党建起来,提高华人声音。这人真够胆儿。不说古往今来，这就是澳洲历史上没有过的事儿，爷们儿！血性！有机会一定要拜见一下高人。见不着咱也投他一票！不曾想才没过两天，有人就介绍我认识了Ed □

见面是在Ed 家,不少人呢。一番寒暄，才发现珀斯各大学的讲师教授就有好几位，中国的、东南亚华人、印度的都有。我后来发现，这些人一个个都是智囊□Ed即黄先生。这天大家来是要讨论成立团结党参加全国大选的事儿。黄先生的名言是“一个人说话没人听，一个党说话就有人听了。”从此我无意中卷入一场政治选举，见证了澳洲历史上最大的华人参政潮。

那年澳洲政坛出了一件邪乎事儿。

一个新当选的联邦众议院议员汉森公开发表反亚裔，反土著和反移民言论。一时间成了某些极右翼者眼中的英雄。汉森小人得志成立了“一族党”。叫嚣要亚洲人滚出去。更猖狂的甚至要土著人“滚回他们来的地方”。这澳洲大陆本来就是人家土著人的，该谁滚呀？为了拉选票，一族党公布所谓“零移民”方案，主张将所有在澳洲的各种难民五年内全部遣返回国,并呼吁政府取消多元文化政策，强制移民英语考试，严格控

制移民年迈双亲入境。霍华德执政的自由党对一族党态度暧昧，基本上不反对，因为汉森原来就是自由党分化出来的右翼分子。一族党的猖獗成了华人参政的主要原因。应了那句俗语：兔子急了也踹鹰。东部的悉尼有个侨领率先成立了一个政党，取名团结党。黄先生与东部取得联系，决定也成立西澳的团结党，参加当年竞选。

这黄先生原来经营一个邮局代理多年，夫妻店，认识不少人。最近刚退休，将店卖了。他当过多年邮政行业的协会主席，代表行业进行过各种谈判。比如争取公平竞争环境，跟政府讨价还价等等，积累了不少“参政”经验。黄先生说成立一个政党参选需要两个基本条件。首先要有党章 (constitution) 东部的团结党已经有了，拿来改改就行。其次起码要有500个党员，这也不难。关键的是要提名候选人，分参议院候选人和众议院候选人。

首先是参议院(the Senate)候选人。当时统计珀斯华人不多，所以光华人不行，还要联系其他亚裔组织，土著更是盟友。一番讨论，四方联系，提名的是Ted Wilkes 他是土著人，当选过年度人物，有代表性，也有号召力。团结党只要拿到4%的选票，就可以有一名参议院议员，任期六年。

接下来是众议院(the House of Representatives) 候选人。团结党作为小党没法在每个选区都提名候选人。所以作为选举策略，只能找那些两大党选票接近，势均力敌的选区。有时候选举只差几千票，甚至几百票，这时候小党的原始票就管用了，给谁谁赢，几百票的差异就可以决定胜负。秤砣虽小压千斤。不过政府公职人员不能当候选人。大学的这些智囊都没戏。辞职去竞选？万一选不上不是砸了自己的饭碗吗？这年头找份工作不容易。不少人还是刚从学位、工作和身份的三座大山下解放出来的。所以黄先生当仁不让是团结党候选人，印象中有一位大学老师的妻子，香港人，干餐馆的；一位娶了中国老婆的白人，二人开杂货店的；还有一位医生。

最后是钱的问题。提名候选人要给选举委员会交提名费，众议院和参议院不同，每个人几百上千不等。几个选区候选人提名下来就是一大笔钱。团结党没钱。后来东凑西凑，自筹捐款等等，总算给候选人筹足了提名费，竞选就正式上了议事日程。

开会基本上都在黄先生家。两层小楼就老俩口。孩子们都长大了离家自住，所以相当的宽敞。黄太太是厨艺高手。每次会议开完后都会在他家大吃一顿。一张大圆桌面，就像在餐厅那样，加在餐桌上，变成更大的一张桌子，满满一桌香喷喷的家常菜，非常丰盛。一看就知道这是经常聚会的地方。如果有人称赞某道菜，黄太太便立马开免费教学班，你不学会下次都不好意思来。当然偶尔也在别的家开过。有一个高级讲师的家，从客厅到厨房，都是贴墙而上的书，没有书架。各种书承当了墙纸的功能，倒也别具一格。会后也是大吃一顿。

团结党成立后第一次大会在一个社区中心举行。来了近百人。大多亚洲面孔。黄先生

和黄太太夫妻忙前忙后。他们就是那种典型的夫唱妇随几十年磨合非常默契的老夫妻。当时选举了主席，党中央成员等等，都是按程序走的。我理解这就是党员大会了，就是南湖红船那种。

团结党的出现让两大党感到力量和威慑。这种选举阵势真的让执政的自由党着急了。华人的参政让他们看到华人并不是主流社会臆想的那样只会在餐馆炒菜，逼急了也会反抗。所以大选前就有许多大党跟小党的讨价还价，种种选票交换的谈判。有时大党发现小党的候选人不错，便召至麾下。而候选人临阵变换阵营也是常有的事。春秋无义战。孔夫子鲁国人，可祖籍宋国，还拿过卫国的俸禄呢。圣贤如斯，也不怪后人。

团结党有时也被请去参加各党的种种互动。一次我被派遣去参加一个早餐会。不巧车坏了，只好去赶凌晨5点50发车的第一趟公共汽车。记得是7月份，正是澳洲的“数九寒冬”。早起还冻手，天是黑的。心想快点上车找个座位。车到了才发现是满的。几乎清一色的工人，有的身背工具袋，有的手提工具箱。我找个扶手站着，旁边是一个高大的中年男人，身上的浅棕色咔叽工装印有一家建筑公司名字。我想让自己站得舒服些，移动中不小心踩了他一脚。没等我开口这人先说了：“对不起，我的脚太长了。”这哥儿们真逗。我们聊了起来。他是一个工地的工头，旁边一身蓝的是建筑工地的保安，他朋友。

“今年大选真热闹。谁会赢？”我问。

“不到开票的时候谁都不知道。如果猜得着还不如去买彩票。”挥之不去的幽默。

“我不会去投票。”蓝衣服插嘴说，“去他的大选，新魔鬼老魔鬼都一样……罚款？罚款也不投。”

下了车时天还没亮。高一脚低一脚紧赶慢赶还是迟到了。讲话的是一个候选人。记不清说了些什么。早餐非常简单，三片说不上名的小点心，倒也精致。早餐会7点开始8点结束，西装革履的人们夹着公文包各自赶着9点上班去了。我是澳洲政治文盲，但第一次感到了两大党的区别。这些人不会去挤第一趟公共汽车。我在车上遇到的人也不会参加这样的早餐会。

华人的身份认同让我一直跟着参加团结党的活动。不是主要的决策人物却努力保持跟中央一致。选举要造势。没钱登广告。黄先生叫写文章。我便找到珀斯历史上第一份中文报纸《西澳华文报》在头版登了我们的文章：

“……报载澳大利亚的主流社会对汉森及其一族党并不反感。此说并非空穴来风。昆士兰州议会选举，一族党出尽风头。一些人说汉森反移民不对，但是她对土著的批评没错。可见白澳幽灵犹在。友人云，汉森不足虑，她只是个酒幌，可虑的是背后抄刀

的智囊及日成气候的一族党。此言甚善。澳大利亚是个民主国家，说说无妨。但若让利益相违者操了你的生杀大权，你便成了笼中鸟，网中鱼。人为刀俎，我为鱼肉，龙卧浅滩，奈何奈何？因此，要紧的是要看好你手中的选票，不要丢了，不要忘了，更重要的是，不要填错了。”

填选票绝对是个技术活。两张选票：一张选人、一张选党。参选的候选人有几十名，党也有十几个。没多少人能弄明白。即使对选举不在乎的人，随便填，不小心画错了成了废票，冤枉跑一趟不是？要命的是各候选人都花了银子，所以都怕选民填错银子进了别人口袋。于是各党“投票指南”应运而生。

10月3号投票日，我家对门小学是个投票点。那天小学外路旁早早就树立起了各党候选人的广告牌，花花绿绿大头照。各党义工每隔三五步，夹道欢迎般地迎接选民，递上本党投票指南。我领了差，前去为团结党当义工。好位置都被大党占了，他们人多。我在一个拐角处，身旁是几叠裁成两个巴掌大小的填表指南。斜对过就是一族党的一个老头。别人拼不过，还能输给他？团结党没钱可人气不能输，我心想。陆陆续续有人来了。有的选民主意已定，只接自己心仪的候选人投票指南。更多的选民，不知道是出于礼貌还是不想让别人知道自己的政治倾向，对递到手边的全部照单全收。我也见人就递上，总之要抢在一族党的老头之前。很快我就发现发得太快，材料剩下不多，于是就只递给亚裔面孔的人。即使这样，中午刚刚过了就快发完了。黄先生过来，我向他报告。于是又叫报社加印。

全国选举结果当晚就出来了。团结党在众议院无人当选。东西部皆完败。在参议院获得93,968张选票，占0.83%，还不到全部选票的百分之一。而一族党选票过百万，占9%，得到一席参议员。在其重镇昆士兰州获得全部89席中的11席位。

澳洲历史上迄今为止最大的华人参政潮轰轰烈烈地以失败告终。选举虽败犹荣。一族党好景不长。汉森像个明星似的到处演讲，因为乱花纳税人的钱当了被告。因此被后来当了澳洲总理的阿博特清理门户，弄了下去。连选议员没成而渐渐淡出政坛。一族党腐败内斗等丑闻不断被媒体曝光，从此一蹶不振，再没起来。当然澳洲的政治生态也无法容忍极右势力。

没有了对手，团结党也淡出了。智囊们纷纷回归大学，各干各的。事情到这儿也算完了吧？没呢。黄先生仍坚持在团结党抗议种族主义，替华人社区发声。那段时间我每天都能收到他群发的邮件，大多是他写给政府各机构、党派、媒体的信件。比如一位C先生，中学数学老师。因为拍了一下女学生的屁股被家长告到学校说是性骚扰，被教育局停职。一直在上诉，认为该家长种族歧视，不愿意让亚洲人教其孩子。黄先生用团结党主席的名义写信支持他上诉。

还有一件让黄先生特别气愤的事，后来闹上了媒体。埃迪斯科文大学的一位华人讲师，

刚从德国受聘到珀斯不久，住在城里的公寓。1999年中国除夕之夜，该仁兄不知今夕是何年，在家一直工作到夜里12点，腹中饥饿，下楼想买些吃的，不料被不知哪儿来的两个警察抓住。他本能的挣扎，想问明白什么事儿，谁知越说话越麻烦。警察根本不理睬，最后是拳打脚踢按倒在地，拷上手铐扔进警车，直接拉到警察局。第二天审问时警方才意识到，这个被关了一个晚上，满身伤痕，能说一口流利英语、汉语和德语的28岁年轻人，不是他们要找的毒贩，抓错人了！黄先生后来跟警方杠上了。这不就是洛杉矶罗德尼·金案的珀斯翻版吗？他同样以团结党主席的名义强烈要求警方不能简单道歉赔偿了事。应该起诉当事警察的“种族主义”罪。他一直坚持到两个警察受审，受到处罚才罢休。

我后来还参加过好几次一年一届的党员大会。最后一次只有不到十人，便也退出了。与黄先生便少有联系，只是不时在一些活动上看到他和黄太太的身影，寒暄几句。不过我知道他后来成立了“山东同乡会”，当会长，帮助很多457短期劳务签证的人，为他们争取政府保障福利，为此大选期间还跟托尼·阿博特讨价还价。

黄先生是山东人。16岁离家投奔香港的舅舅当学徒。虽是亲戚，却也寄人篱下，总不如家里爹疼娘爱。表姐在悉尼念书，当年假期回来，一番聊天，结果就是黄先生拿到了澳洲的“科伦坡计划奖学金”(Colombo Plan) 于1954年来到澳洲念中专，学农。怎么样？是不是跟上个世纪80年代和90年代我们这些拿奖学金出国的人有些像？虽然早了30多年。人的命运就是这样。话说这天下掉馅饼的事也真有。您还别不信！拿过这“科伦坡计划奖学金”还有什么尼泊尔的前总理，新加坡和马来西亚的部长，印度的著名医生……不少是世界名人。但是当时像他这样毫无家庭背景，只靠奖学金的华人在澳大利亚真是凤毛麟角。而在白澳政策的时代，他的亚洲面孔可遭了老罪，受尽白眼。这让他一生都痛恨种族主义。

白驹过隙，沧海桑田。到了2014年。一转眼离团结党成立过去了16年。无意中我惊讶地发现团结党的网站还在运作，还加了推特群，不可思议。于是一天下午，坐在黄先生的客厅，我们聊了起来。

黄先生还是那样硬朗，似乎看不到岁月痕迹。“……对，团结党还在。只要有6个人就能保留注册。有章程就可以运作。只是不能参加竞选。”

我好奇的是，一个人的党，16年，为什么？

“因为我喜欢政治。对某些人来说，政治是最肮脏的游戏，但它是最有效的改变社会的方法。……为什么我会对政治感兴趣？这来自我个人的经验。50多年前，我妻子要到澳洲跟我团聚，从山东到香港，等澳洲配偶签证，路上走了三年。在香港呆了很久。我每天盼，每个星期都去问，没有结果。不知怎么办？后来一个人对我说去找议会的议员。我连这个人的名字都忘了。真管用。三个月后她就得到了签证。这个人改变了

我，完全改变了。一辈子我都记得他。政治权力决定一切。我喜欢政治，就是要帮助其他人不要陷入与我同样的经历。至少我可以帮助他们。……我现在退休十几年了。所有的工作都是义务的。你说我活跃？对，一分钱没有但是我乐意。我对未来有什么打算？十年吗？二十年吗？因为我喜欢政治，我会在政治中直到我死去……。”黄先生说起来就滔滔不绝：

“你现在每天都做些什么呢？”

“我的日程是这样的。吃完早饭，先检查所有的电子邮件，然后浏览一下报纸。大概花上3个小时。然后午饭午休。会客见朋友都是下午。你以后来也最好下午来。上午我要工作。电子邮件世界各国都有。报纸只是浏览，什么都看。两份中国的，像新华社报道等，一份香港的、一份台湾的、一份新加坡的，两份日本的，然后就是BBC、《纽约时报》、《华尔街日报》，还有澳洲本地的《悉尼先驱晨报》、《澳大利人报》、《西澳大利人报》和本地的小报。一共多少，让我们数数它，14份。所以我每一天都会浏览这14个网站。当然都是英文的。你知道报纸就是一切，全世界新闻都知道。我不仅读政治新闻，什么新闻都读。有意思的就拷贝下来，群发出去，请他们评论或回答。今天针对安倍，明天给奥巴马，后天给阿博特……我也给中国的温家宝总理写过信。我的群发有好几百人。包括欧洲国家的领导人、亚洲领导人，还有世界各种报刊杂志的编辑。有时我写些评论，有时是征求他们的意见，想谈谈吗？给他们一个机会。经常是什么答复都没有。不过有些人会定期送一些信息来。”

“没回答你还发送？”我问。

黄先生继续道：“我的目的是要传递消息，是否回答不是我考虑的。人们有不同的看法，但对我来说答不答复没有什么。你不喜欢可以删除。《纽约时报》总是自动回答，说明他们收到了，但不发表评论。我有时使用团结党的名义，大约一半用笔名。我有十几个笔名，就是不想让人知道是否中国或日本或欧洲人。这也是一种享受和一点乐趣，正确吗？保持我的大脑清醒。因为退休了要有爱好。碰巧的是我喜欢政治。我可以使用计算机作为一种工具来传播信息。不断地连接与外面的世界。”

“你真的从来都没收过回信吗？”

黄先生笑了：“有一次奥巴马竞选时给我回了个邮件，当然是给团结党的，要10美元捐款什么的。他想要我转发给别人给他捐美元。我回信说如果你保证不在亚洲开战，我的10美元你是肯定可以拿到手的。不过有人说是这个信件是假的，网上要钱都是骗子。”

我说：“您把奥巴马的信转发给我看看，行吗？”

“没问题，我这辈子做过很多工作，几乎各州都呆过，但都是在乡镇。做邮局代理才来珀斯。那时钱不多，一共干了16年，勉强攒钱够孩子的教育费。就退休了。”

“你喜欢澳洲吗？你觉得自己是澳洲人吗？”我问。

“我在澳洲住了60年，我喜欢澳大利亚。我是澳洲人，但我也是中国人。我不能否认这一点。我一样爱我的家乡。那是我出生的地方。虽然我只呆了16年。你知道，抚养你的爷爷奶奶、爸爸妈妈、永远不会离开你。这就是为什么中国仍然是我的故乡。如果我死了，我的坟墓是在中国，父母在的地方才是家。虽然我的父母是在坟墓里，但我永远不会忘记他们的存在。在某种意义上，这60年来几乎没有改变我。因为对我来说。澳洲仍然是一个外国的国家。我仍然认为去中国是回家，是我的家。……我喜欢多年前在波特兰港口的时候。货船到达的时候，有来自中国或台湾的运盐船。他们很惊喜地发现有人，请我们去船上，很开心。然后我们也带中国船长和船员逛逛。作为回报，他们请我们上船吃饭。我喜欢在波特兰的工作。虽然只有两年。但是可以常常看到来自家乡的人……”

我的思绪像风一样飘起来。黄先生的声音渐渐远去，就像在梦里……我也上过中国的南极考察船《极地》和《雪龙》号。船长和船员请我们上船参观，我们带他们在珀斯逛逛。然后在船上吃一顿。船上的蒸馒头永远难忘。只有家乡才有的味道！那时候，大街上见到一个中国面孔就上去搭讪，就像赶集遇到亲戚似的……我们的经历何其相似乃尔。

离开黄先生的家，我将奥巴马的信件转发给大学的一个IT教授。猜猜？那地址是真实的。

My Story ~ 11. Start From Simplicity



“We started from scratch, no language, no jobs and no money, but we didn’t give up and continued working, step by step until we achieved today’s success. It is a heavy burden that we, the first-generation of immigrants have to carry.”

I was born in Shandong but my hometown is Fujian. I have two brothers and three sisters. It was very interesting that we six siblings were born in six different places, we followed our Father’s working place which changed frequently; the place where our father worked would be a birth place for one of us. My hometown is Guantou Town, Lianjiang County of Fujian Province, one of the overseas Chinese hometowns in China. There are several hometowns of overseas Chinese in Fujian Province, such as, Meihua District, Mawei District and Tingjiang Town in Changle. Guantou Town is next to Tingjiang Town, which had become a hometown for overseas Chinese when I was a little boy. At that time, almost all the people who lived in these towns went overseas and lived outside China. Before I went overseas, my eldest brother went to the United States with my sister-in-law; my youngest sister went to study in Japan, and I went to the United States two years after that. Soon after I went abroad, my second sister also went to the United States with my brother-in-law.

At that time, going abroad had become a trend. People began to seek opportunities by going overseas once their children became eighteen years old. People from rural areas wanted to send their children abroad for a better life, they didn’t have any other ambition or desire to remain in the countryside. At that time, people knew that America had tall spectacular houses and buildings. US dollars were much more valuable than the Chinese RMB; the monthly salary in China at that time was only a few dozen yuan, while working in a restaurant in American for one month, one could earn about two thousand US dollars, converting that to RMB yuan, it was more than ten thousand yuan. There was a great disparity between the two currencies! As a result, many people and their children left their hometown and emigrated to other countries. Many years later, these overseas Chinese had grown old and become wealthy, their children and grand children had grown up, but they had a feeling of homesickness. They

wanted to revisit or return to their hometown and brought with them donations and contributions. This is a very common thing for many older overseas Chinese to do.

My hometown Guantou was such a place during those years, all the young people went abroad to earn money. Nowadays the situation is very different. The wages in the United States are still the same, but China has undergone enormous changes. Running a business or working in other industries in China, a person can earn as much as in the United States. With China's opening up, people's attitudes have changed with each passing day. They go abroad to have a look and return home with new ideas and the ability to do a better job at home. Although most of my family members are still overseas, some living in the US, and some living in Japan, I came to Australia and became an overseas Chinese in Australia.

I was once an automotive soldier in the logistics department at a base in Shanghai. After returning to Fujian from Shanghai, I was assigned to the supply and marketing department as a driver. Accompanied by the spring breeze of the reform and opening up, the supply and marketing department also wanted to open up to the outside world. Because I was familiar with Shanghai, I took the directors of Guantou supply and marketing department to Shanghai to explore and develop our business. After the trip to Shanghai, the two directors appreciated my abilities, and thought that it was a waste of talent for me to be a driver as I was capable of some management. The director of the County supply and marketing department said to me that the county supply and marketing department was ready to set up an office in Shanghai. He valued my experience in Shanghai, so I was appointed to be the director of the Shanghai office. My status was changed overnight from an ordinary driver to that of director of the Shanghai Office. I liked the challenge, but some people did not understand why I changed jobs. The benefits of being a driver were very good with high wages and extra benefits, and the driver was never short of money. If you brought back something for others after a business trip, they would give you ten yuan as a reward. At that time, ten or twenty yuan was a lot of money. But for a long-term position being a driver was not what I wanted.

I took the appointment and went to Shanghai. At that time, my youngest sister graduated from high school but failed to enter the university. Going abroad for further study was popular at that time, I thought it was a wise decision for my sister, so with my help, I sent both of my younger sisters to Japan. As a result, a

lot of friends and relatives came to me for assistance. I began to understand and know more about the United States, Australia and other countries as I needed such information in order to help friends and family. A few good friends of mine in Shanghai went to Australia, and they persuaded me to go with them.

I had to quit my job in order to go abroad, but my leader did not want me to leave and kept my position open for me without salary. The leader said to me that I could return and continue to work if I failed overseas. I was in my early thirties then and had a good job with my own driver, many good friends and guanxi. But my characteristics are like an old Chinese saying, “a good horse will never turn round to graze on an old pasture”, so I would never go back once I left China.

In 1989, I arrived in Sydney, Australia. I was already married, and our child was over two years old. The overseas students in Australia, especially our Fujian people, looked for a job immediately they arrived in Australia; but after getting a job, they would stop studying. In retrospect, Shanghai people would study at school since they had paid the tuition fees, and they didn't rush to look for a job like Fujian people did. If you noticed that a student did not come to class, he must have found a job, and I was very happy for him. My situation was quite different. I came to Australia to investigate possibilities, I wanted to improve my status, then return home to develop my business and wealth. My mother didn't want me to go abroad at first, so I said that I would stay in Australia for six months, maximum nine months, then I would return home. I was happy enough in China and just wanted to see the outside world. Before leaving for Australia, I bought a house and told my family that I would be back as soon as I had got permanent residency. If I was successful, I would be able to travel around the world in the future. I could also visit my brother in the U.S. and visit my sisters in Japan.

However, after I set my foot in the land of Australia, I felt that I had lost my balance. While in China, I had good prospects both financially and socially; I never expected to go overseas and live such an ordinary life, I felt as if I was falling down into the hell from heaven. The huge difference in life made me confused and lost. I used to live an extravagant life, but here I had to live with a group of my countrymen who were living a frugal life. They were peasants from the countryside, so they did not complain about the hard work or hard life. They were content with the little money they could earn. I helped a person to write a letter to his family, he could not even speak Mandarin. He would send money home every two to four weeks. He worked every night shift and ate the cheapest

chicken pieces, but he was always joyful and enjoyed every day.

Back in China, I remembered looking down from the plane, I could see cities like Beijing, Shanghai and Hong Kong, everywhere there were skyscrapers, but now in Sydney, it looked like a big garden, which made me very happy. I spent a month to adapt to the new living environment in Sydney, and then I started to work, I realized that life was not easy. I did some interior decoration work in Sydney with some friends from Shanghai, earning fifty dollars a day. We got up so early that we would fall asleep in the car while driving to the site. Xinjiang and Northeast people worked harder and to save time, they ran on the work site instead of walking. Their hands were calloused and bled easily when driving a nail into the wall using a hammer. This was my first job, bitter and tiring, but I learned patience and persistence. Fortunately I had some work experience in the construction industry before becoming a soldier. I worked hard for over a year, but I got hepatitis due to the laborious work. With the help of my friends, I went to Melbourne to recuperate. In 1994, I went back to China to run a real estate business.

After managing the real estate business for over a year, my wife and I went to visit the United States for over a month. The Chinese restaurateurs in the United States worked hard like hell, they only knew stoves at work and pillows at home; they looked exhausted from fatigue; they didn't have the time and energy to care about their children's education. I thought that all the hard work should result in a better life, the happiness of the family should be the first priority. If family members are far apart and cannot be together, even if you have lot of money, what is the use of the money and what is the point of life?

Maybe while growing older, people develop a deeper understanding of the state and society - a deeper insight into life. I started to understand the unbalanced feeling inside me in the early years, the mental effort of competing with others was not right. When I first came to Australia, I did not have the ability to compete with others, so I had to start from zero. After returning home from the United States, I settled down and started from the basics. In 1999, I started a clothing business in Australia.

After half a year, I opened four clothing stores, and also inspired interest in the people around me. You don't need much knowledge if you take on a clothing business, once the business has been established you know what has to be done. In contrast to the other clothing stores, my wife was in charge of the store sales,

and I was responsible for marketing and wholesale. I had several clothing stores, so I was a big client in the eyes of wholesalers.

Colleagues thought my ability of doing business was good, so they followed in my step to run a similar business. In fact, I didn't know much more than them except that I was prepared to take a risk. The main supply of goods was from Dongguan, China, the clothing factories were either very big or pretty small, or the quality of clothes varied. If I purchased the clothes from those small factories, although the quality could not be guaranteed, the prices were very low, if I could see that the quality was good enough, I would buy everything. Only in this way could we form a wholesale market, we set the prices on our own, which ensured our reputation. In Australia, clothing for middle-aged people is hard to sell, but if the price is cheap enough, people would buy. We know elderly people do not follow fashion like the young people, and it doesn't matter if our English or service is not the best, the important thing is price. That was my experience of running this type of business.

During that time, I ran the clothing retail business to accumulate money, while planning to do business in China. I was always interested in the real estate industry, so I decided to go back home to buy houses using the money from selling clothes in Australia. I bought five properties in a group, paying off the loans while buying. When I noticed that house prices were increasing, I stopped buying. My business partner and I organized people to investigate real estate in Sydney and Newcastle. One of my partners suggested that I should stop the retail business but invest in the real estate business. Since that decision was made, our cooperation began to develop with a clear business plan. We started buying land and continually undertook projects for two years.

In late 2011, I suggested setting up the Lianjiang Association in order to unite the Lianjiang people in Australia. As for the name of the association, someone suggested that we should use a big name, but I thought the name was not so important, it was more meaningful for the things that we planned to do. So I chose Lianjiang, our small county's name as our association's name. When you want to do important things, you should first do the most central and basic things, starting in a small way and gradually expanding to bigger things. I was the executive vice president of the Lianjiang Association, responsible for all the activities. We raised 180 thousand dollars for the Association to be used as operational funds. In the second term, I was elected president. Then I adjusted

the donation program and we raised more than 110 thousand dollars.

Not long after I became the president, a fellow countryman became ill with a heart problem. I brought a dozen people to visit him in the hospital and gave him two red parcels, one from the association contained 3000 dollars and one from myself with 500 dollars. It was not a lot of money, but it was our kind gesture. On another occasion, a countryman had to go back to China due to an unsuccessful visa application. Some members and I paid him a visit before he left Australia. We gave him 1000 dollars in the name of our Association plus 500 dollars from my own pocket, it was a farewell gift. We actually wanted to make Chinese people in Australia feel a sense of belonging and let them know they were not alone.

I do things according to the principle. First of all, I focus on my own circle, my own small family is the centre for me; secondly, it is the bigger family, including my parents, my brothers and sisters; then the third, including my friends and relatives. If you have the ability, you should do more for the community and the country. Having mentioned the country, honestly speaking, I am now an Australian Chinese. Although without Chinese nationality, I am still a Chinese person in my subconscious. For instance, when watching sport, if Australia is competing against other countries, I hope the winner will be Australia, but when Australia is against China, I automatically prefer China to win, it shows my roots.

Many friends at home have tried to persuade me to go back to China, but taking my children into account, they are still young and receiving an education so I have decided to put that thought aside for a while. I hope my children can receive a good education in Australia while being able to maintain their traditional Chinese culture. My kids have not grown up as yet, and like young trees, they need tender care, I may go back home after my children have grown up. We have struggled for a life time, and it does not matter whether we are rich or poor, we have strong vitality. But it is different for the younger generations who were born after the eighties and post-nineties; I think we should be with them as they pass through the rebellious adolescent period. I won't go anywhere until my eldest daughter has completed her university study. I'd rather earn less money, than not have my children's education as the priority. My eldest daughter is majoring in pharmaceuticals; she has set a good example to her younger sister. I say to my daughters, "You can stand on the shoulders of your parents, and do better than us".

Looking back, I gave up the position of director of the Shanghai office and chose to come to Australia. This decision, I have not regretted at all. We started from scratch, no language, no jobs and no money, but we didn't give up and continued working, step by step till today's achievement. It is a heavy burden that we, the first-generation of immigrants have to carry. My children have seen their parents work hard in order to create the present life. I believe they will appreciate their lives more when they grow up.

For the future, I am thinking realistically and ideally. I need to develop my career but health is also important. Sharing has become more and more important for me as I am growing older. I will train the successors while still expanding the business. For my generation, we have elderly people at home who need to be looked after and youngsters to be educated. It is a big job for an individual to fulfil. Our successors cannot fight alone; we need to form a team. It will be great to make our business a listed company in the future, so we can take our Chinese brand into the world. From the bottom of my heart, I still lean toward China more, so I may return to my motherland in the future. As an overseas Chinese, we have the obligation to take the good and modern things the West has to offer and take them back to China.

我的故事 ~ 11. 从最简单开始



“我们从语言不通、一无所有慢慢努力，一步步打拼到现在，这是我们第一代移民必须要承担的艰辛……”

我是在山东出生的福建人，家里三兄弟三姐妹,六个孩子。说来有趣，我们家兄弟都是在不同的地方出生的父亲当时工作的地点就是我们出生的地方。我的老家在福建省连

江县琯头镇，是主要的几个侨乡之一。福建省有几个侨乡，比如说长乐的梅花,马尾区,亭江镇。琯头镇和亭江镇紧挨在一起，我很小的时候这儿就是侨乡了，几乎所有的同乡之人都住在海外。在我之前，我的大哥追随大嫂远涉重洋去了美国，我的小妹去日本留学，大概两年后也转到美国去了。后来我二妹随我妹夫也去了美国。

那时出国打拼已经成为一种潮流，孩子一到十八岁都开始想办法往外面走。乡村人没有什么崇高的觉悟，出国就是为了淘金，好让家人过上更好的日子。那时候，美国客的房子盖得又高又壮观，美元对人民币的汇率很高，国内月薪才几十块，而在美国餐馆打工月薪两千美元左右，折合过来近一万块，对比太悬殊了！这样一来许多人的后代都移民国外了。再到后来，等到家族在外做强做大，许多平民百姓走出来的人开始怀念祖国，怀念故土，思乡情结油然而生，想要为家乡做贡献了。这是很多老华侨容易去做的事情。

之前我的老家琯头就是这样一个地方，年轻人全部都走出去打拼了。但现在情况发生了改变，在美国，工资还是老样子，国内却发生了翻天覆地的变化。在国内做生意或者做其他的行业，不会比在美国差。国门打开之后，人们的观念也日新月异地不断变化，大家真正到外面看过后就知道什么形势了。虽然我的亲朋好友有去美国的，有去日本的，我却来到了澳大利亚，成为了一名澳洲客。

我曾经在上海基地后勤部当汽车兵。从上海回到福建，我被分配到供销部门做司机。伴着改革开放的春风，供销部门当时也想走出去。因为对上海比较熟悉，我就带着琯头供销社主任和县供销社主任两个人去上海开拓业务。走了一趟上海以后，两个主任对我比较赏识，觉得我做驾驶员有点可惜，应该出来做管理人员。县供销社主任对我说，县供销社准备在上海办一个驻上海办事处，因为他看重我在上海的经历，就任命我去当办事处主任。一夜之间，我就从一个普普通通的司机进入了上海做了办事处主任。我非常喜欢这种充满挑战的生活，但是有人不理解。驾驶员当时的待遇非常好，工资又高，而且有外快，手上从来不缺零钱。你出车一趟给别人的东西带回来，别人就给你十块报酬。当时来说十块二十块是很多的钱了，多到你永远都用不完的感觉。可是对于一个人的发展前景来说，当司机就不太好了。去上海没多久，我最小的妹妹高中毕业，没有考上入大学。那时候考大学真是千军万马过独木桥，非常困难。因为考虑出路的问题，正好赶上了出国热潮。我当时澳门一个朋友的儿子就在日本读书，勤工俭学。我一想还不错，就把两个妹妹送去了日本。这样一来，很多亲朋好友都来找我帮忙。我开始更多地去了解美国、澳大利亚这些国家，在当时的出国热潮中，我的中央歌舞团的几个朋友去了澳大利亚，他们希望我也过去。出国就要辞职，可是领导不同意，让我停薪留职。领导说让我出去闯荡一番，如果不行的话还可以给我留个职位。我当时三十出头的年纪，在国内混的有模有样，有自己的司机，各方面关系都非常好，经济基础也非常好。但是以我的性格，好马不吃回头草，一旦出去就不可能再回头。

1989年，我就到了澳大利亚的悉尼。我当时已经结婚，小孩有两岁多了。当时去澳洲的留学生，特别是我们福建人，一去马上就开始找工作，有了工作后就没有心思好好读书。回想起来，上海人做得好。上海人交了学费就好好在学校读书，不会着急打工。当时在教室里一看谁没来，就知道他找到工作了，并为他感到庆幸。我出来的时候与其他人有点不同。我是出来考察一下情况，想做成个身份，靠着国内良好的基础回国发展。我妈妈舍不得我走，我说我呆半年，最多九个月就回来。在国内我在方方面面都很好，需要出国看看外面的世界。出国之前，我在家里买了房子，把我的家人安顿好，告诉他们说我只是出去换一种身份就回来，混的好了将来就能到全世界。我就可以到美国看望我哥，到日本看望我妹妹。一踏上澳大利亚的土地，我整个人的心态都不平衡了，一直到后来去美国才平静下来。在国内无论是经济还是社会关系上都无限风光的我，来到这里过着与普通人毫无两样的生活，仿佛从天堂坠入地狱，巨大的生活反差让我觉得很迷茫。我习惯了花钱大手大脚，却跟一群不会乱花钱的老乡住在了一起。他们本身就是农民，并不抱怨工作的劳苦，反而为能够赚钱而知足。我帮一个国语都说不好的人给家里写信，两到四周就给家里寄钱。他上着最辛苦的夜班，吃着最便宜的鸡肉，还乐此不疲。

从飞机上往下看，北京、上海、香港这些大都市全都是高楼大厦，而悉尼却像是一个大花园，这让我很高兴。来到悉尼我先用了一个月的时间来适应新的生活环境。等到工作的时候，才知道并不像想象中的那般轻松，非常累。在悉尼我跟着中央歌舞团的朋友做装修工，一天五十块钱。我们起得很早，在去工地的车上都能睡着。在工地上新疆人和东北人都很卖力气，走路都用来跑的。他们手上都磨出了茧，能很轻松地把钉子按到墙里。我的手上没有茧，用榔头敲钉子的时候很容易把手上震出血来，疼的满身大汗。这是我的第一份工作，又苦又累，但这份工作也让我学会了忍耐与坚持。我很庆幸我当兵之前在建筑行业的一点基础能够派上用场。就这样我拼命工作了一年多，后来却因为身体太过劳累得了肝炎。在朋友的帮助下我去了墨尔本，一边工作一边休息养病，一直到1994年回国开始做房地产。房地产做了一年多以后，我和太太去美国考察了一个多月。在美国开餐馆的华人，每天陪伴他们的只有炉头和枕头，工作劳累不堪不说，还忽视了孩子的教育。我觉得所有的辛苦都应该是为生活服务的，家人的幸福至高无上。如果连家人都天各一方不能相聚，即使你有再多的金钱，又有什么意义呢？

可能年龄大了就会对国家和社会有更深入的理解，对人生也有更深的感悟。后来我才明白之前心里的不平衡，跟人家去比的心态完全是错误的。反过来想，我又有什么呢？在澳大利亚，我没有和别人竞争的资本，必须从零做起。从美国回来以后，我的心就定下来了，就从最简单开始。1999年，我开始做服装销售。大概半年的时间，我开了四间服装店，也带动了身边的人工作。做服装没有太大学问，一旦做起来就懂得怎么做。和一般服装店不同，我太太在店里面卖服装，我在外面跑批发。只有亲自接触批

发市场才能掌握市场的行情。我的服装店多，是批发商眼里的大客户；同行们觉得我的眼光不错，也都跟在我后面做。实际上我只是比他们胆大一点。看衣服要看准布料的弹性，因为货源地在中国东莞，工厂有大有小，做出来的衣服质量良莠不齐，如果贪便宜从小厂家拿货，衣服的质量就不能得到保障。如果遇到好的衣服，我会全部买下来。这样因为只有我们有货，就形成了卖方市场，价格由我们自己来定，也会保证了名声。在澳洲中老年服装是不好卖的，但是老年人对衣服不像年轻人那样讲究，我们英文不好，服务不好，这都无所谓，他们看重的是价格。只要我的衣服够便宜，他们就喜欢来买。这就是我的生意经。当时，一边做服装零售挣钱，一边也在思考国内市场。我对房地产行业比较敏感，赚了钱就回去买房子，我当时大概连续买了五套房子，一边买一边还贷。房子不断升值，等我老乡全部都反应过来的时候我就不买了。那时候我们组织人去悉尼和纽卡斯尔考察情况。我的一个合作伙伴建议我们停止零售，去做房地产开发。从那时起，我们的合作社就开始了，开发的思路也越来越清晰。两年间我们基本上都在买地做项目。

2011年下半年，为了让在澳大利亚的连江人更加团结，联系更加紧密，我成立了连江同乡会。起名字的时候，有人建议起大一点，我认为不能弄一个大大的名字放在那里而没有实质的东西。所以当时就定了这个最小的县级的名字——连江。当时我们就想把这个连江做好，将来有影响力了别人自然会知道。做自己最看中的事，先把最中心、最内部的东西做好，从小做起，慢慢做大。连江同乡会里，我做常务副会长，负责具体工作。我们自觉为同乡会筹集了十八万元，作为运作基金。第二届我被推选为会长，调整了捐献方案，又筹集到十一万多。刚刚接任会长不久，一个老乡病了，心脏搭桥出现问题。我带了十多个人去医院慰问，我包了两包红包，会里面给他三千块钱，自己私人给他五百块钱。钱不多，但是一种精神。另外一次，一个老乡的身份没做下来突然要离开，我们就赶紧去看望他，以同乡会的名义把一千块给他，自己的五百块私下给他，当时就像一种送行。我们做这些其实也是想让澳洲的华人有种归属感，知道他们并不是一个人。

我做事情都是按原则来做的。第一，先把自己做好。以小家为中心，然后再做第二圈，第二圈就是大家，我的兄弟姐妹，我的爸爸，自己的家族，然后我再做第三圈，亲朋好友。当你有能力的时候你要去做更多去回馈社会，回报国家。提到国家，从情感上来说，我现在是澳籍华人，虽然没有了中国国籍，但骨子里、潜意识里还是一个中国人。比如说，看比赛的时候，澳洲跟其他国家比，我们就想澳洲赢，但澳洲跟中国比的时候，自动就倾向自己的根。国内的很多朋友都劝我回去，可是考虑到孩子们的成长和教育，我决定缓一缓再回去。我希望我的孩子们能在澳大利亚接受良好的教育，同时能够保留中国的传统文化。而且小孩还没有长大，就像一棵正在成长的小树，在没有茁壮成长的情况下是需要细心呵护的，等小孩长大成人我才敢回去。我们艰苦奋斗了一生，富一点穷一点对我们这代人没关系，我们生命力强；可八零后九零后不

一样，我们要陪着他们走过叛逆的青春期。对于大女儿，我们就等到她大学，定形完我才敢走。我宁可少赚钱，也要把教育小孩放在首位。我的大女儿读的是药剂师，也算给小女儿立好了一个榜样。你真的强大起来，小孩也要培养到那个高度。所以我对我女儿说，你要站在爸妈的肩膀上，做得比我们更好。

如今再回首，想当初我放弃了上海办事处主任，选择了来到澳大利亚打拼。对于这个决定，我一点儿也不后悔。我们从语言不通、一无所有，慢慢努力，一步步打拼到现在，这是我们第一代移民必须要承担的艰辛。而我的小孩，在她们的成长过程中，看到的是她们的父辈如何辛勤地工作，如何一点点创造出现在的生活。生活和教育环境的不同必然导致教育成果的不同，相信她们也会更珍惜现在的生活。

对于将来，我的想法既有现实的也有理想的。现实来说，我觉得既要发展事业，又要保重身体。我现在很注重分享，我会一边培养接班人，一边把事业给做大。我们这代人都面临着上有老，下有小的境况，光靠自己再冲也冲不了多远了。接班人光靠单打独斗也是不够的，得是一个团队，不一定是我的家人，只要做得好就行。将来最好是能做到上市，把我们这个中国牌子打出去。我从情感上还是偏向中国，因此可能会回到中国。我们作为华人也有义务把西方好的东西，文明的东西带到中国去

My Story ~ 12. An Ordinary Road



"Go forward, never look back - travelling on an ordinary road is my way."

I still remember that night I picked up my wife after work, but we didn't say a word. When we came to a corner my wife suddenly held me and burst into tears. She said: "I hate you! I have never washed so many bowls in my life time in one tonight!" I took her hands, and rubbed and stroked several strands of her messy hair, smiled embarrassedly and said: Whoops! How many bowls my wife's tender hands have washed and they have become rough! From now on, I will wash all the bowls at home." My wife stopped crying and started to laugh.

Since coming to Australia that was the first time she went out to work – someone introduced her to wash bowls in a restaurant. Before coming here, she had done chemical laboratory analysis in the domestic cement plant. Although she was not a white-collar worker, the life of sitting in an office was comfortable and leisurely. Since she had never suffered such a hardship, all night washing bowls roughened her hands. At that time we didn't have a car, and I still remember the second-hand bicycle I pushed that night. Except for the bell ring, the creaking noise when pushing the bicycle it was a silent, quiet road. That night the wind was howling and it kept on howling in my heart.

The road is just like this, and I must go forward.

I still remember that year my daughter came to Australia, she was only a child, who knew nothing about the world. Just because I was here she clamoured to follow and always said: "I will go anywhere my father stays." But she didn't know how much strength she would need if she wanted to obtain a foothold in a strange land. Suddenly she became a young adult, had part-time jobs and finished her school courses. No one told her the reasons but she knew that if she wanted to stay here, she must possess a capable identity and most important of all was language ability. So she applied for TAFE (Australia Technical and Further Education) in a language school and studied for two years. She learned language very well and got an associate degree. Hardworking and thrifty child as she was, she never asked us for extra money except for tuition. She said: "Look, father, I settled by myself."

That was July, 2006. My daughter was only eighteen and had just graduated from high school. At that age she was supposed to enjoy a beautiful life but she had to shoulder important tasks for the whole family. In fact, she not only settled herself but also the whole family. Relying on our daughter, my whole family got the right of permanent residence. And slowly, we started to get used to living relying on our daughter: she was our family's "ambassador" when we went to the bank or visited a doctor. My wife and I were both ordinary working-class people in China with a junior high school diploma and we didn't learn any foreign language at that time. Once I drove home after work, and midway I was stopped by the police. I was scared and didn't know exactly what mistake I had made. I guessed hard and thought maybe I was driving too slowly on the expressway. At the same time, two workmates were also sitting in the car but they didn't know English either. The police said lots of words but we didn't understand anything. We dared not to look

at the police but only showed the driving license to them. Maybe they realized that I didn't know English, so they helped me switch on the car lights and let me go. Without the company of my daughter, I didn't know how to continue walking on the road we had chosen.

However, my road was not smooth from the beginning. I was going abroad through an intermediary agent. After I arrived here, the agent helped me find a job in a steel structure factory; I worked as an electric welder, technical work. To work in an Australia factory you must pass an examination. The Australian people who conducted the examination taught us how to operate, weld the front side and then the opposite, or "back gouging" in jargon, which was the most important thing. But after being taught, we still couldn't cut deeply, not enough for back gouging. As a man who had never touched such automatic welding before (there was not only full automatic welding, but also half-manual and semi-automatic welding but in China only manual welding), I was blindsided and failed the examination twice. Finally, all the others passed and went to work except me. The six of us came here together, but I was the only one who didn't pass the exam and had no job to do - just stay at home. I felt like being abandoned by life. I still remember the scene: I smoked in the room alone, punched the wall and the distress in my heart was so dense as to form a block. In our eyes, if you start to work, you are going to enjoy a better life and will be closer to the day of paying off your debts. For me, I handed over one hundred and eighty thousand yuan before leaving China. The domestic factory where I worked for twenty-two years had experienced the transformation from being a state-owned enterprise to being a private run company. The factory restructuring changed my identity as a worker. Because I was a laid-off worker and being paid out for my length of service, I got twenty thousand yuan compensation. Added to almost one hundred thousand yuan that I had saved, plus 70 thousand I borrowed from friends, I finally raised enough agency fees to go abroad. For me, so much debt on the shoulder was like a huge mountain that made me feel out of breath. Now I had finally arrived, but was wasting my time. There was a big lawn outside the factory and I just squatted on that ground, helplessly crying with two hands masking my face. That afternoon the sunshine was so good and warmed my face but somehow it failed to warm my ice-cold heart. That was man's desperation, bottomless and overwhelmed with sorrow.

Fortunately, I passed the third exam two weeks later, I passed. I worked

desperately, trying to make up the two weeks that I lost.

Those were the days when I first came to Australia, at the end of 2005. I had never thought about what my road would be like in the future, but the beginning of the road was much more difficult than I had expected. Someone once joked that looking at my name one would predict that I would have a bright future ahead. My name is "Glory," which is a very common name from the Cultural Revolution period and it implies the family's expectation of "glory". In fact, my life has been full of hardships, thistles and thorns.

Our family status in China is just a little bit higher than the lowest class. The hardships we suffered at home were just like thistles and thorns. However, those days when we first arrived in Australia brought us great pressure and loneliness in addition to hardships.

Starting from working as a waitress in a restaurant at the Burswood Grand Casino, my daughter, through her own efforts and adjustment little by little now is a bartender of a VIP lobby bar. My wife changed her job from washing dishes at a restaurant to that of a cleaner in a Chinese hotel, from helping to make fried foods to working at a butcher's. The path we have taken has not been smooth. Sometimes it is hard and other times it is not hard. At the beginning, we did work day by day. Sometime later, we had two-to-three-days a week doing part-time jobs and finally we got stable employment. Although the road we travel has twists and turns, we rejoice that finally we have been able to settle down. Now our family with three members has taken roots and sprouted in this land.

Without high status and a luxurious life, I am still an ordinary worker, but my life is full of harmonious happiness. My daughter has married; my wife and I plant some flowers and take a walk after work. Life is easy and comfortable. I cherish the small coins of what I experienced, though they seem of minor importance, like a cup of plain boiled water, I appreciate what my life has offered me.

I have experienced difficulties in life and cried my eyes out, and I have tasted the hardship of living but have also sought joy amidst the sorrow. I walked with the crowd, at times feeling depressed, frustrated, and disorientated; until I realized that ordinary life is comfortable enough for me. Go forward, never look back - an ordinary road is my way.

我的故事 ~ 12. 平凡之路



“ 向前走吧，不要回头。平凡之路—我的路。 ”

记得那个夜晚，我去接妻子下班，一路上两个人双双无语。当走到一个拐角，妻子突然一把抱住我，失声恸哭起来，并责怪道：“我恨死你了。今天一个晚上，我把一辈子的碗都洗了！”我拉起妻子的双手，搓了搓，捋起她凌乱的几缕头发，难看地笑着说：“哎呦！一辈子的碗呀，我老婆细嫩的双手都变粗糙了！以后咱家所有的碗都由我来洗……”妻子破涕而笑。

那是妻子来澳洲后第一次出去干活，别人介绍她去餐馆洗碗。在来澳之前，她一直在国内的水泥厂做化验分析，虽然不是白领，但坐的是办公室，日子倒也清闲。妻子从来没有受过这样的苦，一个晚上的碗，简直快洗皱了她的手。那时的我们还没有汽车，我仍记得当时推的那辆二手旧自行车的模样，真是除去铃铛不响，转起来吱吱嘎嘎，在寂静的小路上那响声特别地刺耳。那天夜里的风呼呼地刮，不停地在我心里呼啸着。

就这样一条路，也必须要往前走。

我还记得那年女儿刚过来的时候，她还是个孩子，什么都不知晓的年纪。也就是因为我在这里，她便也嚷着要跟过来，总说，“爸爸在哪里，我也要在哪里。”她哪儿知道，要在这个陌生的土地上立足，是要费多少力气。她一下子就变得跟个小大人似的，自己打零工，自己读完了书。没有人告诉她，她却自己明白了这个道理，那就是，要在这里留下来必须得有个像样的身份，语言能力是最重要的。于是，她报了语言学校，在TAFE（澳大利亚技术与继续教育学院）读了两年，愣是把语言这关自己给琢磨透了，并得到了个大专文凭。她真算是个勤俭的孩子，除了学费，她从来不问我们要一分钱。她说：“爸，你看，我把自己给解决啦！”

那是2006年7月，女儿才18岁，刚刚高中毕业。本该是无忧无虑享受生活的光景，却已早早肩负起整个家的重任。其实，她不仅解决了自己，还解决了整个家的出路。依靠着女儿，我们一家都拿到了永久居住权，我们也慢慢地开始习惯依赖女儿生活，去银

行，去看病，女儿就是我们一家的“对外大使”。我和妻子在国内都是普通工人阶层，初中文凭，没读过外语。记得一次我下班开车回家，中途被警察拦下，自己被吓得我心惊肉跳，不知到底犯了什么错，使劲想，可能在高速公路我的车速开太慢了？当时车里还有两个工友，大家都不怎么懂英文，警察平静地说了一串话，我们都大眼瞪小眼，也不敢抬头正视警官，只是把驾照递过去，警察可能意识到我不懂英文，便帮我打开车灯，放我走了。假如没有女儿的陪伴，我想，我们的路真不知道该怎么走。

而我的路，仿佛从头到尾都不那么平整。我是通过中介出来的，所以到了这里，中介帮我找好了工作。那是一个钢结构工厂，自己是电焊工，属于技术工种，要在澳洲工厂工作就必须要通过考试。澳洲负责考试的人教我们一群国内来的人应该怎么操作，焊完前面，再焊背面，用行话讲最重要的就是要清根。但是教完了，我们却还是掏得不够深，就是所说的清根清得不够。从来没接触过国外这样自动焊的我一下傻了眼（这里除了全自动焊，还有半手工半自动焊，而国内则都是手动焊），接连考了两次都没有过。最后大家都通过了，都去干活了。我们一起过来了六个人，只有我一个没通过考试，没有活干，我一人留在房间里。那感觉就像被生活抛弃了，我仍记得自己孤独地在房间抽闷烟，还用拳头打墙出气，心里的苦楚浓稠得都结了块。在我们这些人的眼里，只要开始干活了，仿佛就意味着好日子开始了，就会一步步慢慢地靠近了还清债务的日子了。像我出国以前，一下子就交了十八万。在国内原来的工厂干了二十二年，经历了工厂从国企改制成为国营。工厂重组工人就需要重新启动身份，到买断工龄，我总共得到两万块钱补偿，加上以往工作日积月累的差不多十万，我还是东拼西凑借了七八万才凑齐出国需要的中介费才出来的。对于我来说，背着这么多债务出来，好似背着一座大山重得让人喘不过气。现在出来了，而我呢却在这里白白浪费日子。工厂外面有个大草坪，我就蹲在地上，双手蒙面无助地哭。那个下午，阳光是那么好，太阳辣辣地打在脸上，却怎么都温热不了我那颗冰冷的心。那是一种男人的绝望，深不见底，痛不欲生。幸好，过了两个星期，第三次考试，我终于过了。我就拼了命地工作，我要把那痛苦放走了的两个星期给补回来。那是2005年年底我刚来澳洲的日子。我从来没想过我的路会是什么样，只是这路的开头，比我想象得还要艰难很多。有人曾开玩笑说，看看我的名字，会觉得我的路一定会很好走。我的名字叫“光荣”，这个名字是文革时期特别有代表性的名字，好像在告诉所有的人，我的一生都是光荣岁月，其实呢，我的一生可算是与其恰恰相反，一路的艰辛，一路的荆棘。

在国内的家境比最低层好不了多少，到了澳洲，最初的那段日子，与国内的艰辛荆棘相比，更多了一层重压和孤独。女儿从在Burswood大赌场的餐馆做服务生开始，通过自己努力，一点点调整、调整，现在在一间VIP的大堂酒吧里做调酒师。而妻子，从去餐馆洗碗，到去中国旅社里做清洁工，到去餐馆里帮忙炸油锅（做油炸食品），再到现在的肉店工作。兜兜转转，一路走来，从辛苦到不辛苦，从做一天是一天的打零工

到一周干个两三年的兼职，再到最终找到稳定的工作，虽然波波折折，我们都庆幸终归安定了下来。如今我们一家三口，已经在这片土地上生根发芽。没有顶尖的头衔，没有奢侈的生活，我依旧只是个普通的工人，但日子却也过得其乐融融。女儿已嫁为人妇，我与妻也在工作之余养养花、散散步，日子过得从容也算安逸。我倍加珍惜经历过的一点一滴，虽然它已犹如一杯平淡得不能再淡的白开水。岁月悄无声，以风霜喂养，我想，我是爱上了这饱满生活赠予给我的朴实无华。

我曾跨过生活的坎坷，哭得无法自拔，

我曾尝过生活的辛苦，也有苦中作乐。

我穿过人山人海，失落过，失望过，迷失过方向，

一直到看见平凡安逸，也算是有了答案：

向前走吧，不要回头。平凡之路— 我的路。

My Story ~ 13. While Travelling Life's Journey, Cherish Every Step And Every Stop Along The Way



"Live your life, enjoy every moment and appreciate every beautiful view, either in China or in Australia."

The long rainy season arrives again in Perth, bringing with it a gloomy air. In retrospect, everything that has happened after we moved to Australia appears in my mind. Having gone through so many things, the people that we have met along the way is becoming increasingly clear to me.

Everything was so strange when we first came to Perth and for a long time we didn't have any sense of belonging to this place. Though we lived here, it seemed to be a distant place and we didn't belong here. Then one afternoon when I was driving through the campus of University of Western Australia with no one on the road, it began to rain and the trees on both sides of the road were green and luxurious with Swan Lake revealing her beauty in the distance. All of a sudden, something deep in my memory was prompted and I recalled that everything seemed so familiar that it was as if I were in my hometown. I could feel a deep and sentimental mood and felt a hand grasping the softest part of my heart. I realized that I should no longer treat myself as an outsider but should try to observe and feel everything here. Life never lacks beauty, but the eyes need to open if you are to see it.

I was born in Xinjiang in the winter of 1965. Though there were already two brothers and one sister in my family, I was never spoiled like the youngest child is in many families. According to my parents, life at that time was not easy and it was extremely hard to raise such a big family. In my hometown, men were in charge of providing for the home and women did household chores. My grandfather told my mom that: "Family only exists on the basis of the country. So your man works outside of the family for the country and you should be at home to support." My mom was quite young then and was educated with revolutionary thoughts. She would never be restrained by family duties and went to work in the hospital of our county. She was young and driven by her heart. So I was entrusted to the care of my nanny. When she came to see me, she found that I was starving and eager to eat anything given to me, which touched her so she finally took me home.

Mom told me that I was entrusted to two aunts until she resettled with my father after he was transferred to civilian work after the army service. They returned to Beijing in 1970 and cousins from my aunts sent me to Beijing to be with my parents. I was five at that time.

Adolescence should be passionate and vigorous while mine was full of anxiety and depression with a great difference from being the son of a red army soldier to that of a "white cuff". Though I was lucky enough to enter college, my major of electronic communication engineering was never of much use. The first stage of opening-up brought with it a lot of temptation. I applied for a job with a foreign-funded enterprise after graduation from college and did basic work in electronic

communication. Well, it was quite fashionable and admirable at that time but I never gained approval from my family. In their eyes, I should join the army to serve the country like my brothers.

A rigid and formal life led to my eagerness to see the outside world. Both my wife and I like reading and used to travel to places of interest when we were free. As a result, we were getting more and unhappy with our current life and started to collect information and get ready for immigration. I remember clearly the experience that I rode my bicycle for 40 minutes to a famous restaurant and learned cooking from the chef there. Seen from my current perspective, it was definitely great courage and persistence that supported me for the ethereal and vague Australian dream.

In 2005, after nearly a half year's waiting, our work visa for Australia finally arrived. With an undecided future ahead, I was looking forward to a strange and unknown life. The moment we landed in Australia, I just felt that the sky was so blue, the land so green, the sea water so clear, the air so pure and the view so beautiful. I was curious about everything I experienced. Australia in my eyes is a country advocating environmental-protection. You can see beautiful parrots wherever you go and your morning dream is always woken up by their unusual voices. Well, the kangaroos with their interesting bodies are so happy and free that they can even be seen on the highway where they compete with cars which inevitably causes serious traffic accidents. Of all the native animals in Australia, the one with which people could do nothing about is the fly. There are so many of them and they are just so passionate and bold that I was seriously shocked.

Because I got a work visa, I had to start my working life as soon as I arrived in Australia. I thought I had made a full preparation, but the sudden change from a white collar job working from 9AM to 5PM to a kitchen helper resulted in a great drop in my mental attitude. I had never experienced such life but, if seen from now, it did provide me with a different experience for my life. I went through the most boring work and associated with people living at the bottom of society, that experience gave me a lot of thoughts and feelings.

The first job in Australia was a kitchen assistant in a fast food restaurant run by a Chinese person. It was in this kitchen that I began my observation of Australia. Business was good and the restaurant was located in a residential area, the local residents were of low status, including aboriginal people, low-paid workers, drug

addicts, disabled and old people. They made up the majority of the customers and I learnt a lot about the life of these unfortunate Australians.

The first week was full of brand-new information. Why do I say so? Firstly, my English was not so good, especially listening and spoken English. Though I have recited lots of words I just couldn't understand the Australians and had no confidence in talking to them. I had to say "sorry" at least twice before I could roughly grasp my workmates' words. Secondly, I had no knowledge about the fast-food industry and had to learn everything including vegetable names, the position of seasoning and other containers. Of course such things are nothing if you are familiar but for me, a newcomer to Australia, everything was full of challenge.

I also had to give a hand to cashier to handle the money for my boss. I was often in a great panic because of my unfamiliarity with bar codes, packing, and of course English. I had to keep an eye on things and listen carefully to the order and felt rather uneasy. Telephone orders were the scariest thing when I was on duty and I would pray millions of times not to receive phone calls. From a white collar worker in an office facing the ocean to a small time kitchen helper and cashier in a foreign land, this transition was really hard to accept, thus I began to encourage myself every day that it was not shameful to work using my hands.

Because we were located in a residential area, I became familiar with my customers and my English was getting better and better. I could even joke with them when on the cash register and got to know more and more about the local community.

One day my boss warned us that the next day would be the day welfare benefits were paid and we would be extremely busy. The moment I set foot in the restaurant, people swarmed in. The dining area, normally empty at 11 o'clock was full of people. They would hurry to withdraw money at the ATM and came in to buy various meals. Money was spent quickly. Aboriginal people with handfuls of 20-dollar notes were the most obvious customers who would order some food that was not usually ordered. I was afraid when I first saw these natives because their clothes were dirty and you could see dirt on their hands. I could even see pinhole and smelled marijuana on them. Some were not sober due to drugs and were shaking when they were ordering, having no normal appearance at all. According to some customers, they could get 600 dollars from the government and some

even got 1000 dollars through various subsidies. My boss didn't know what to do with them: should he be happy or sad? They were generous with their welfare payments which my boss loved, while on the other hand, they would come to steal at the end of a month and calling the police was of no use.

A lot of empty nest elderly men lived near my restaurant. They lived alone in housing for seniors and repeated their simple and lonely life day after day. After all, they were living at the bottom of society and there was no healthy food for them, only cola and potato chips. Besides, they smoked a lot, so their health was really in bad condition. These old people would come to chat with me after we became familiar. Maybe in their mind, it was much harder to go through the feeling of loneliness than to chat with a stranger. David was one of them. He had lived alone for his entire life and had never been abroad. He lived in the senior housing with an occasional rugby match and his retirement pension. He asked me the first time we chatted: Are you Chinese still hungry? Do you have subways? I was shocked by such questions they had no idea about China, did he think I was from Africa? Well, my Chinese pride told me that it was necessary to give him a good lesson and enlighten him about China. So we wandered from ancient inventions to modern railway, from the twelve zodiacs to the twenty-four solar terms and from eight styles of cooking to snacks in the street. I used all my words and he was totally absorbed. All he wants to do now is to visit China; I was quite satisfied with this conversation.

Everyone around shouted "winter is coming" when the rainy season arrived. I had the first windy and rainy season in this restaurant. As a Chinese from northern China, this was really the first winter with "plum rains", no snow but only light and heavy rains. I would cover myself up from top to bottom when I finished work at 12 in the evening and went to wait for the bus in the dark. I had to walk home after getting off the bus. Well, I was afraid of those Aboriginal Australians asking me for a smoke. I would keep my head down and walk without looking back because it was scarier than a storm if a black shadow with a knife in hand suddenly appeared. This feeling would accompany me until I arrived home and turned all the lights on. I probably frightened myself and as I remember now, what I was afraid of was actually the dark. I was afraid to go to the toilet at night back in China but here, in Australia, I had to go to work before daybreak and go home on the last bus. When I was sitting on the bus, I would try to guess the passengers' profession. This kind of life was totally new to me. I remember once

on the bus, I spoke with a Chinese lady who told me that she had to go to bed by 8:30PM since she had to go to work by 5:30AM, or in other words, she had to get up by 4:00. She was so calm and quiet with these words and all of a sudden I realized that no one's life is easy, and I'm not the most miserable one.

With such a regimented life and hard work, I began to doubt my decision to come to Australia. I was confused. For some time, I started to smoke and became weak, vulnerable and irritable. I found excuses to fight with my wife and no longer cared about my children's study. I even began to pack and get ready to go back to China. The heavy weight of body and emptiness of spirit provided me nowhere to place my fragile emotions.

It was good luck that when I was wandering and hesitating a friend introduced me to the church and suggested that I talk with a minister using Chinese. After several visits to the church, the sincere minister and passionate members of the church introduced me to a new spiritual world. I begin to realize that life is a journey and there's no need to know the final destiny but to appreciate the scenery along the way and also the mood you carry. The journey will never end with the beautiful scenery. You have to leave the road you have travelled and never turn back, never stop. Keep a peaceful emotion and a sober mind. What you have to do is to enjoy the feeling, enjoy the scenery and no matter if you are in China or in Australia that is the beautiful thing that I had been too busy to find. I thought that a beautiful life was always ahead of me so I had wandered with a heavy heart. There are some sentences in the Bible: "never be worried about the future, the flying birds don't cultivate, neither do they harvest and the world has to raise them. Lilies in the field are never worried about whether they can bloom as nice as others, when actually they are more beautiful than the pearl in the Crown of Solomon once the timing is right. Then why are you worried? Humans are more precious than the flying birds and lilies, so will God abandon you?" Thanks to God, I started to forget the anxiety in my life to pursue the beauty around me. I began to enjoy every minute of my life.

Once I went for a walk with my family simply by chance. With the seaside in the setting sun, a cool wind, flying seabirds, tourists playing in the water, the view was just so beautiful. The red sun, the sea and sky formed a marvelous scene of redness. I was quite excited to see this splendid sunset with my family. What a wonderful scene with sound of waves and flying seabirds! I was so happy being part of this. Happiness is just around us with everything we have met and done

and just as Roland of France said: “the world does not lack beauty, but the eyes have to find it.” In contrast to this, an ancient Chinese poem says: “You do not see the true face of Lushan Mountain because you are in it.”

This year will be the ninth anniversary of my coming to Australia. Nine years have passed in a moment. I came to Australia, not for the reason of disappointed love, or bad work, or dispute with my parents, but because of a boring life of seeing the same people, doing the same work and going to same place for work every day. I didn't want to settle down here nine years ago and don't want to now. The older I get, the more I feel that it isn't necessary to fix something definite in life but just go in a natural way. Though life is not decided by us, we still can choose our attitude towards life and live happily. Don't bother yourself and do what you can and what you want. Why not?

If you ask me about my home, I will tell you that my home is in the scenery and on the land below my feet. If you continue to ask about my identity, I will tell you that I remain Chinese but with a love for Australia.