

我的故事 ~ 13. 人在旅途，且行且珍惜



“享受每一刻的感觉，欣赏每一处的风景，不管身在中国还是澳洲，这就是人生”

又到了珀斯漫长的雨季，连绵的阴雨使一切看起来都是阴郁的，也包括心情。静心一想，移民澳大利亚后的一幕幕又展现在脑海中。经历过的一些事，接触过的一些人都变得格外鲜明。

初到珀斯的时候，一切都是那么的陌生，很长时间也没有找到一种归属感。我虽然生活于此，但感觉它仍然离我很远，它不属于我。直到一天傍晚，我驾车行驶在西澳大学的校园里，路上没有一个行人，天空下着蒙蒙细雨，两边的树木苍翠欲滴，远处的天鹅河格外地美丽。突然间，这个景象似乎唤起了我最深处的记忆，一切都显得那么熟悉，就像是回到阔别多年的故乡，一种最深沉的伤感从心底泛起，像被一只手抓住了心头那块最软的部分……从此以后，我不再把自己当成是一个过客，我试着去观察、去体验、去感受。生活中并不缺少美，而是缺少发现。

1965年的初冬时节，塞外新疆的一家医院里响起了我的啼哭。我的上面有两位哥哥和一个姐姐，但我从来没享受过家里老小的宠溺。听父辈讲，那时候生活比较困难，养活一大家子人非常不容易。那时候我的家乡，历来是男人在外打拼，女人在家操持家务。我爷爷对我妈要求：“有国有家，你男人在为国家做事，你要好好在家忙活。”我妈那时年轻，有些文化，又受过革命的熏陶和教育，她冲出家庭的束缚，参加了县医院的工作。那时她年轻、好强，一心投入工作，把我寄养在奶妈家，等到她有空去看我时，发现我饿的皮包骨头，逮住东西就往嘴里塞，直把她看得泪花翻滚，抱了我就走。我妈说，小时候我先后寄养在二个姨妈家里，直到我妈妈的工作关系跟随爸爸的转业，于1970年迁回到北京，而后，是两个姨妈家的表兄弟送我到北京与父母相聚，那一年我应该五岁吧。青少年期，本来应是风华正茂的季节，而我却过得忧心、郁闷，从红色子弟到白袖套子女，心里落差还是很大的。虽然，我的运气还不错，上了大学，但是所学的电子通信工程专业知识并没有真正使用过。那时的国家处在改革开放的最初阶段，外面的世界有很多很多的诱惑。我大学毕业后申请了当时的外资企业，在一家做通信行业的跨国公司做基础技术员的工作。在当时我的工作还是很时髦，也让人羡慕的，只是却一直得不到家人的赞许。在他们看来，我就应该像哥哥一样，去参军报效祖国。循规蹈矩和一成不变的生活使我萌生了要去看看世界的想法。我和妻子两

个人都喜欢读点书，有时间就一起到名胜古迹游游。我们也越来越不满足现状，开始收集移民留学等的信息，并着手做各种的准备工作。我记得自己专门去学习了厨师证，每天下班后都骑自行车去离单位40分钟车程的北京一所知名的大酒店，和主厨学习。现在想想，那是要多大的勇气和毅力啊，一种不达目的不罢休的精神支撑着我这个渺茫而朦胧澳洲梦。

那一年是2005年，等了近半年的赴澳劳务签证终于批了下来。虽然前途未知，但是我还是充满了对未知和陌生生活的向往。刚刚登陆时的澳大利亚天空那叫一个蓝，大地那叫一个绿，海水那叫一个清，空气那叫一个纯，风景那叫一个美啊。我对一切都充满了好奇。眼中的澳洲是个环保至上的国家，美丽的鸸鹋到处可见，清晨的梦，经常被它不太美丽的叫声吵醒。而造型很酷的袋鼠更是幸福自由得一塌糊涂，有时竟然跑到高速公路上欲与汽车比高低，不可避免地制造几起让司机格外痛苦的交通事故。最让我无可奈何的要算是澳洲的土生特色动物的代表—苍蝇了。澳洲的苍蝇之昌盛，之多情，之大胆，令人目瞪口呆。……

由于我拿到的是工作签证，所以一到澳洲也就开始了打工的生活。虽然自己认为准备得挺充分，但是骤然从一个在国内朝九晚五的白领一下子过渡到在餐厅后厨做帮厨，心理还是落差很大的。我从没经历过这样的生活，现在想想也算是给自己的人生增添了异样的经历吧，这期间，经历了最无聊的工作，接触到最底层的人民，感触颇多。在澳大利亚的第一份工作，是在一家华人老板开的速食店做帮厨。也是从这个店，我开始管中窥豹地慢慢认识澳大利亚这个社会。生意相当不错，并且它的位置是在一个居民区，而这里的居民，正是生活在最底层的人，主要是土著、低收入者、瘾君子以及残疾人和老人等。这些人是店内的消费主力，也是这些人让我在点滴中接触到了澳洲最底层人民的生活状态。刚来打工的第一周，信息量大到爆炸，为什么这么说呢？第一，是我语言不好，主要是听力和口语不好。虽然在国内也背了好多单词，但是处于刚出国的阶段，别人跟我说什么，我都感觉没有自信，也听不懂。所以对于同事之间的交流，我都得sorry两遍才能大概听清楚说啥。第二是因为对于劳工行业一窍不通，每件小事从头学起，包括记住澳洲的各种蔬菜名，以及每一种调料放在哪个位置，每个盛器放在哪个位置，当然这些工作做熟练了都是小意思，但是这些对于刚来澳大利亚的我和刚打工的我，都充满着新鲜感。由于老板会节省开支，所以我还得在收银台帮忙。那时的我经常手忙脚乱，刷条形码也不熟练，装袋子也不熟练，英语也不灵光，耳朵还要仔细听顾客需要点哪种餐，那真是心里七上八下、眼观六路、耳听八方。最怕的就是有人电话来订餐。往往盯着电话机一遍遍祈祷千万不要在我值班室打来。从国内一个面朝大海的白领办公室转身到异国他乡一个小餐馆的帮厨和收银，这样的转变刚开始在心理上难以接受，于是每天给自己灌灌心灵鸡汤，打打气说我劳动我光荣没啥丢人的。因为处在居民区，做久了经常来买东西的顾客也就脸熟了，英语也开始慢慢变好了，收银的同时还能和顾客瞎掰俩句了，便慢慢对这个社区有些了解。第一

个月遇到发福利的那天，老板提前就给我打了预防针，说明天政府发福利，店里会很忙，第二天一大早，我刚开门，马上就涌进一些人进来，因为平时中班11点的客流量很少，但那天，我看他们匆匆忙忙去取款机取钱，然后在店里大包小包的买起来，钱花起来那叫快。特别是土著，手上会取一叠二十块的纸币，开心的点些平时他们不会点的餐。刚开始看这些土著的时候，我心理总是很害怕，因为他们外表脏兮兮，手上的污垢可以看出掌纹，有的人身上还会露出打针管的孔，身上有的时候会有抽大麻的味道，有些人可能是嗑药的原因，脑子也不清楚，买东西的时候身子还摇摇晃晃的，看起来就没个正形。听一些顾客说，他们每个月最低也能在政府那领六百多块钱，有的人各种补助加在一起一个月可以领一两千块。正是这些人让老板又爱又恨，爱的是他们花钱很豪气，反正不是自己辛苦赚来的嘛，恨的是这些人到了月底没钱就来店里小偷小摸，报警也没用。我打工店的附近住了很多空巢老人。他们独居在老年公寓里，日复一日地重复着简单寂寞的生活，可能是处在底层的关系，他们大都饮食不健康，整天喝可乐吃薯片，抽烟的非常多，身体也就不行。打工久了，难免会有老人来找你聊天，或许在他们看来，比漫漫长夜更难熬的，是无法排遣的寂寞。戴维德就是其中之一，一辈子单身，一辈子没出国过，一个人住在老年公寓，偶尔看看橄榄球，靠退休金生活。他第一次和我聊天的时候，就问我，你们中国现在还有饥饿吗？你们有地铁吗？类似问题问了一堆，我一听，简直太不了解我大中华了，还以为我是从非洲来的啊？中国人特有的骄傲让我觉得有必要给他洗洗脑。于是，从古代发明聊到现代高铁，从十二生肖聊到二十四节气，从八大菜系聊到街头小吃……几乎把我所会的词汇全部搬出，老头听完对此无比神往，心心念念着有生之年要去中国旅游一次。我对这次的深入交流感到非常满意。

雨季要来的时候，周围就开始不断有人给我预警“冬天就要来了”。就是在这个店，我度过了在澳大利亚第一个风雨交加的雨季。作为中国北方人，这也是我人生的第一个类似梅雨季节的冬季，没有皑皑白雪，只有淅淅沥沥的大雨小雨。每天晚上12点下班的时候，我把自己裹的像粽子一般，在乌黑的冬天深夜去等公交。下车还要走一段黑路才能到家，这时候，我总是害怕遇到找我要烟的土著，我低头一路快走不敢回头，比暴风雨更可怕的是突然冒出来的黑人影，手里紧紧攥住一把小刀。怕遇到不测，直到到了家里把所有的灯都快速打开，才能长舒一口气，因此也经常自己吓自己出一身冷汗。现在想起来，我其实只是怕黑。以前在国内也是夜里不敢一个人起来上厕所，现在却不得不硬着头皮起早摸黑去上班，坐在末班车上，看着车上的收工下班的人，我猜测着每个人的职业，这是我从未经历过的另一种生活。记得有一次，和车上一个华人大嫂聊天，她说她晚上八点就要睡觉，后来才得知她早上五点半就要上班，也就意味着四点多就要起来，她跟我说这些话的时候，语气平淡的没有丝毫波澜，我一直以为自己已经最辛苦了，那一瞬间突然觉得大家都很难！

这样一成不变，辛苦劳作的生活让我开始质疑，来澳大利亚是不是一个错误？我陷入

了深深地彷徨中。有一段时间，我开始吸烟，变得感情脆弱，情绪易怒。我找借口和妻子吵架，不再关心孩子的学习，甚至一度想收拾行李，踏上归途。身体的极度透，精神上的万分空虚，却不知何处可以寄托已经脆弱的情感。说来也巧，就在我徘徊彷徨，精神恍惚之际，我的一位朋友介绍我去了教堂，并建议我跟一位讲中文的牧师好好聊聊。几次教会之行，牧师的真诚，教友们的热心，让我慢慢看到了一个崭新的精神世界。我慢慢意识到，人生其实就是一次充满未知的旅行，无须知道归途在哪儿，我们应该在乎的既是沿途的风景，也是看风景的心情。旅行不会因为美丽的风景而终止。走过的路成为就是背后的风景，不能回头，不能停留，保持一份平和，保持一份清醒。享受每一刻的感觉，欣赏每一处的风景，不管身在中国还是澳洲，这就是人生这些年来，我一直都是行色匆匆，舍不得停留去发现身边美好的东西。总以为美好的生活在前方，美好的生活在未来，在忧虑中徘徊前行。《圣经》中说到，“不要为明天忧虑，天上的飞鸟，不耕种也不收获，上天尚且要养活它，田野里的百合花，从不忧虑它能不能开花，是不是可以开得和其它一样美，但是它就自然的开花了，开得比所罗门皇冠上的珍珠还美。你呢，忧虑什么呢？人比飞鸟和百合花贵重多了，上帝会弃你不顾吗？”感谢上帝，让我开始驻足，开始忘记忧虑，开始寻找身边一切的美好，开始学会享受生活的分分秒秒。一次偶然的的机会，与家人在黄昏去海边散步。黄昏的海边，凉风习习，海鸟在翱翔，游人在戏水，夕阳别样红！红日、海面与天际之间形成了一幅震撼人心的丹心红。此时我的内心兴奋不已，能看到如此壮丽的夕阳，伴着亲爱的家人，听着泛起的涛声，望着展翅的海鸟，这是一幅多么美妙的画卷呀！而我正身临其境，这难道不是一件幸福快乐的事情吗？原来美好的生活就在我们身边，也就是我们身边的点点滴滴。正如法国大师罗兰所说，世界并不缺少美，只是缺少了善于发现美的眼睛。用咱们的古诗词来说，就是“不识庐山真面目，只缘身在此山中。”

再过几天就是我来澳洲的九周年纪念日了。九年，弹指一挥间！起初决定来澳洲不是因为失恋，不是因为工作不好，不是因为和父母吵架，只是觉得岁岁年年都在同一个地方上班，见的是同一样的人，做的是同一样的东西，实在是觉得一点意思都没有。九年前没有想过一定要留在澳洲或者一定要回中国，当然现在也没有。越来越觉得人生不需要什么是一定的，自自然然就好了。虽然生命何时终结不由我们说了算，但是，心态和生活态度可以自由选择，只要活着就该开开心心地过好每一天，不去自寻烦恼，做点力所能及的，自己高兴做的事，何乐而不为？

如果要问我何处是我家，身边的风景，脚下的土地，就是我的家；若再问我认同何种身份，我说我依然拥有中国心，但也不乏澳洲情。

My Story ~ 14. Seeking A Better Life, Doing Meaningful Things



"I came to Australia in order to seek a better life. I have suffered a few bumps along the road but have never given up. Is a better life just for oneself good enough? I gradually realized that your own life is not everything, to assist others less fortunate than yourself to live a better life is a

worthwhile reward for hard work and effort!"

I met my wife in Harbin when we were pursuing postgraduate degrees, then we got married and went to Shenzhen to work together. We lived there for more than a decade. I was a doctor of traditional Chinese medicine, and my wife was a nurse. We started from nothing when we were married and established a career; however we were motivated by a higher goal, my wife made the decision to go abroad for further study.

There are two main reasons for such an important decision, the first reason—Shenzhen was the first special economic zone when China opened up to the outside world. People could feel the modern atmosphere in Shenzhen at that time. During 1997 and 1998, we travelled to Hong Kong, Singapore, Malaysia and Thailand; we were a part of the early group of people who had experienced the world's different life styles outside of China. Although many people read about the world from books, films and television, only through personal experience was it possible to see the differences between China and the world. The experience and feelings during our trips outside China not only opened up our eyes, but stimulated us to make the decision to go abroad. The second reason that motivated us was the pressure of work in China. During the reform transition period, Chinese domestic hospitals were facing huge structural adjustments and policy changes. We could feel the instability affecting our career, plus the work pressure was too much to bear, therefore, my wife decided to study abroad to upgrade her knowledge and skills to avoid unpredictable changes and unnecessary pressures. We then contacted a migration agent in Shenzhen to assist us to prepare the application for my wife to study in a Canadian nursing

school. It didn't take long before everything was ready, then the 911 Incident occurred, all the visas to North America were cancelled. So she changed her destination to Australia. Soon after that, my wife came to Perth and studied nursing at Curtin University.

My wife studied English at Curtin University for the first six months, followed by a one-year nursing conversion course. The tuition and living expenses were very high, I had to continue working in Shenzhen to support her financially while also looking after our child. She graduated from the nursing course after a year and half. My wife was very lucky, she found a nursing job three months after graduation just before her student visa was about to expire. My wife had fifteen years work experience in China, which helped her at the interview and she was employed by an Australian hospital. She soon became the most senior clinical nurse in the respiratory department of the hospital. Although it was not so easy at the beginning, because of the language, different work systems and professional habits, she overcame all the difficulties and became a successful nurse.

I quit my job in Shenzhen and came to Australia with our child. Because my wife had come here earlier, her English was fairly fluent, plus she had a regular job, but I entered this life without preparation and did not have the time to adapt and integrate into the life here. So I could only be a "house husband", take our child to school, pick him up after school, do the shopping and cooking. I was not so happy with such a life and tried to change it.

But the language was a barrier, I could not communicate with people; more importantly, it was very hard for me to overcome the changes of professional status. I made contact with the Traditional Chinese Medicine and Association and Traditional Chinese Acupuncture Association in Australia, after talking with them, I found out that even highly qualified professional people could only operate in a small private clinic. I could see that my future would not be very promising in comparison with the top-tier hospital where I had previously worked. In China, small private clinics could not compare with the large hospitals. The large hospitals were ranked into many levels, and the top-tier hospitals were the highest level hospitals in China. We didn't accept the laboratory test reports prepared by a lower-level hospital. As you can imagine, my attitude formed in such a hierarchy would create a wide gap in my expectations in Perth.

I could not practice as a doctor, so I went out to do other work, I did many things,

including working in a factory which made garments. From a medical doctor to an ordinary worker, although I realized that Traditional Chinese Medicine was not very popular or well known in Australia, I still could not give up my professional identity. I decided to go to the university for further study. I enrolled in a medical conversion course and studied physiotherapy.

During the course I realized that the key problem was still the language. The course content was not so difficult, such as anatomy and psychology; I had studied those subjects in China. The main problem was the English vocabulary, which was derived from the Latin root words. For me, 40-year-old, it was fairly difficult to grasp so many new words. In addition to the large number of professional terms, the biggest headache was the mental challenge. There are subtle differences in the rigid categories of medical study and the logic behind them practised in western countries. However, traditional Chinese medicine does not have a similar and detailed construction model. It was too hard for me, so I decided to put it off for a while.

In 2006, I got an opportunity. A teacher at a naturopathic school went back home, the school needed a relief teacher, so I went there to teach acupuncture. At that time, I was working in a factory making exhibition stands. So I had to take two sets of clothes to work, one for teaching, one for factory. In the acupuncture class, the students were all Australian. I thought it was a quite interesting thing to teach these people with different colored skin and who spoke with different accents. They gathered together to learn acupuncture from me. However, the skin color and language did not diminish their enthusiasm to learn, they had the courage to ask questions, and I was also keen and delighted to answer them. I enjoyed that very much.

This job not only gave me an income, but also allowed me to come in contact with more people; and I got to know the local people's attitude towards acupuncture. Although western medicine is Australia's mainstream of treatment, more Australian people were starting to accept the concept of alternative treatment by using acupuncture. I gradually found that many of my students had already practiced medicine successfully, which gave me great confidence. Later, I joined a Chinese medicine clinic at Newcastle. I made this decision after working in many places, after doing all sorts of jobs, I knew this was the right direction for me, as I was not happy doing physical labor. One of the most embarrassing examples occurred when I worked in the warehouse for mail-order delivery and pickup at

IKEA; some of my workmates were big and strong foreigners. Standing among them, I could clearly sense suspicion in their eyes. When moving the goods, they simply used their body strength, but I had to use tools to assist me, thus I was despised and alienated. I worked at IKEA for two weeks, and finally I gave up because I could not adapt to the physical requirements and work like those big fellows. I understood my limitations from that job, and meanwhile I also learned how to make use of my knowledge and training to my benefit, which was being a doctor. More importantly, because I worked in many different jobs, I had learned that in Australia, people do various kinds of jobs, it was normal to live by using physical labor. My attitude and bias that I previously held were gradually being overcome by my varied work experiences.

When I worked for others in different clinics, I accumulated work experience and also paid attention to the whole operation of their clinics. Especially with my widening social circle, my English was gradually improved, and I got to know more people. In 2012, I finally opened my own clinic. It was quite a simple procedure to apply to open a clinic in Australia compared with China. You just needed to choose a venue, show your qualification certificates, meet the requirements of sanitary management and standards, obtain the approval of the local government, and register in a local association—that was all. Opening my own clinic enabled me to give full play to my advantages.

Australia is a multi-cultural country. It has many immigrants from different nationalities and different countries. Even though the European lifestyle is the mainstream, many people are willing to try different things. This leads them to be more critical and aware. That is to say, the regional differences and characteristics combined with authenticity are more likely to be welcomed and appreciated by more people. For example, people prefer to eat sushi in a Japanese restaurant; to eat pasta in an Italian restaurant, and so on. If people want to try Chinese medicine and acupuncture, then they would, prefer to choose a clinic operated by Chinese people. My professional training in China has given me confidence, and more patients started to trust me as time passed. Of course, it is mainly because of the actual efficacy of the Chinese medicine and treatment. People who have been to my clinic can experience the changes and effects that Chinese medicine and acupuncture have brought to their bodies, and then they would tell other people about their successful treatment. Before long, my clinic had a list of satisfied patients.

I also have obtained a better understanding of acupuncture through my work in the clinic. In general, the reasons why many local patients choose acupuncture are because some diseases cannot be treated by western medicine, including some incurable diseases. The alternative therapy of acupuncture has become a new choice for many patients. In western medicine, a human body is divided into several categories based on functions and organs, so a patient can go to a professional department and the specialist will prescribe the correct remedy for the illness when the patient has a particular problem. Of course, such treatment is meticulous, but when some more complicated symptoms occur, or western medicine cannot cure it directly and completely, then problems arise. For example, I have treated an elderly lady with headaches; she also had ear infections and rhinitis. Before coming to my clinic, the nose doctor, ear doctor and headache doctor practicing western medicine had treated her respectively and used a lot of antibiotics. As a result, the local symptoms might have been temporarily relieved, but she was not cured completely. She was still uncomfortable with her runny nose and blocked ears. So she came to my clinic with a feeling of despair. I gave her a prescription to reduce phlegm. Two weeks later, she was completely cured. My patients personally experienced the healing effects of the traditional Chinese medicine, in comparison, some of their problems could not be solved by professional western doctors or antibiotics, but after my treatment, all the problems had been completely solved. Besides, Chinese acupuncture also has advantages in the treatment of insomnia, while western medical treatment is to continuously use various drugs, some doctors simply increase the doses if the drug is ineffective. In some cases, the insomnia may be cured, but the patient may feel a lack of energy and be dizzy during the day; so their insomnia is replaced by other problems. Chinese acupuncture, in partnership with Chinese medicine, can treat or alleviate the symptoms on the premise of avoiding harmful side effects. I have also found that the effects of the acupuncture treatment may be related to the body constitution of the local people. Compared with Chinese, the sense of physical pain of western people is not as sensitive, so they do not exclude, or fear the use of acupuncture needles. Such a mental state provides a good psychological preparation for the treatment. Many local people have never been treated by acupuncture, so they quickly respond when the needles are applied, and then they gradually accept it psychologically, which is very important for the treatment. With the psychological awareness and body awareness, Chinese medicine treatment has been successful without too much extra effort.

Of course, I should be very cautious when I practice traditional Chinese medicine in Australia, because some Chinese medicine treatment may conflict with the normal treatment and the local people may not understand. Taking the traditional Chinese treatment through cupping and scraping for example, if I do not explain to the patient clearly before the treatment, it may cause some later troubles. Many years ago, I treated a patient by cupping. It was in midsummer, after the cupping treatment, the bruise marks on the patient's shoulder did not disappear for several days. The patient believed it was an injury, so he lodged a complaint against me. Through this case, I realized that I should provide the patients with a full picture before the treatment. I should inform them the possibility of what might happen in advance. My experience after so many years of practice tells me that good communication with the patients is not only important but also effective for the treatment.

I have met many people and experienced many things and since coming to Australia, I became a Christian. I go to the church and join in charity work. Together with some friends, we have helped many poor children in remote areas of China. Later we set up an organization, called "International Children Charity Foundation". We have about a dozen members, all are Chinese living in Western Australia. We have our institutions and we raise funds to help poor children in China. We have expanded our the charity activities to Hubei, Gansu, Guizhou and Yunnan, from the initial 200 children to nearly 600 children who have benefited from our charity. Our operating model is to select volunteers and send them to China twice a year; we deliver the donations directly to the children and students without any organizations or schools involved. All the administration expenses are equally shared by the members; all the air tickets and accommodations and other expenses to and within China are paid out of our own pockets. The accounts of the donations are transparent, not a single dollar has been mixed up or lost in the whole process since our organization was set up. The influence of our Foundation is expanding, and more and more friends in Sydney and Melbourne have joined our foundation.

I went to Hubei and Gansu in April this year, and I am going to Chongqing and Guizhou in October. When you see these kids with your own eyes, you know that they really need the help. These children live in inaccessible and remote mountainous areas; their parents leave the village to work in order to feed the family; so there are only the elderly people and young children who stay at home.

The children are very smart, but such conditions limit their ability to change their lives. Standing in front of them, you can feel that it is a meaningful thing to support them, both for the children and for the country. I feel happy after doing such a meaningful thing, especially for the children in remote parts of China.

While living in Australia and enjoying my life here, I still cannot stop thinking about, or dismiss the care that I have for China. Looking back, I came to Australia in order to seek for a better life. I have suffered a few bumps along the road but have never given up. Is a better life just for oneself good enough? I gradually realized that your own life is not everything, to assist others less fortunate than yourself to live a better life is a worthwhile reward for hard work and effort!

我的故事 ~ 14. 永不言弃



“ 加入社区以后才知道中澳文化没有冲突。 ”

我生长的地方是个小小的渔村，开门见海，可以说是面朝大海，春暖花开。房子是依山而建，没有平原土地。虽说靠海吃海，但我不打渔，我从十几岁就离开家乡，读书工作。海边的人有独特的生活习惯，我父亲是渔民。我们村一般男的都是渔民，到外海去打渔。福建的渔场，不是中国四大渔场之一，福建很多人都北上，去闽东的一个渔场打渔。记得我六岁的时候，父亲在那里捕鱼，那时候虽然已经是解放以后，但是天气预报技术不发达，出海的渔民遇到了大台风，就在那次海难父亲翻船了。那一次有七个人遇难，尸体都没找到。

出国前两三年没有想过要出国，在那以前，我们在国内对华侨有一种隔膜。说白了，就是不喜欢他们。有我一些亲身感触。我有一个亲戚，十九年前去了台湾。后来不是恢复可以探亲吗，他就回来探亲。到了我家一看，我父亲去世了，我母亲带了几个兄

弟姐妹生活很穷。从房子到家具，生活可想而知。他呆了不到一个小时就走了，后来再也没来过。他是回来过，只是再没有回到家乡。据说他儿子在广东那边台商开发区。那时候，才十几岁，就感觉那些外来客、方客有钱了，就看不起我们了。他们带着粗大金色项链，表现出有钱人那种高傲，我感到不舒服，也不能接受。君子爱财取之有道。那时候觉得钱不在于多少，而在于一个人有没有奉献精神，钱多不做点好事，就没有意义。

我毕业于厦门师范学院。工农兵大学生，学的音乐专业。那时候刚刚70年代，文革后期，高考刚刚恢复了，各方面条件都差。我就分配在老家乡下的一个中学当了几年老师。就在我自己上过的那个中学当老师。由于县城的一个中学需要音乐老师，我就调到县城中学，又做了几年被调到教育局，去负责全县音乐教育工作。然而没做多久，领导又决定我去做了四年行政工作，这就是我的一个转折点了。在单位里面有时候不在于你工作多努力，多能干，而在于你跟领导关系的融洽程度，可能现在还是有问题。做了行政以后才知道这里面还牵扯到政治，还牵扯到权利。权利关系就很复杂了。有上下级关系，里外关系，那时候我年轻单纯，就想把工作做好，为老师服务好，社会服务，这是我的天职。但是不见得你这样做，领导就满意。也会引起别人的嫉妒，这就是人性的弱点。

我起早贪黑啊，工作是做得不错，但是觉得工作生活饱食终日，没有挑战，觉得生活没有真正的意义。我喜欢音乐，却做的和自己的专业一点都不沾边的事儿。再加上我的权利就是空架子，无形当中让你靠边站，关键是对你不信任。一个人得不到信任是很可悲的。一个人对自己没有自信做事情让别人认可，中国有句话说人不为己天诛地灭，一个人不为己不为利，什么都不为的这种虚无的生活，那大概是个教徒，我很难理解。要说一个人什么都不为活着，我活着做事情，一个人的良心，我拿你的工资就要为你做事情，多做点工作锻炼自己提高自己能力，或者是我有这个能力把它发挥出来，或者是发挥出来以后得到别人认可，没有一个人愿意被别人说成笨蛋，这就是人的上进心。

开始我想选择调动，后来想调到哪都差不多一样。刚好有报道澳大利亚对中国开放，可以到澳洲留学。我从一个上海朋友那里得到消息，就去查有关澳大利亚的留学资料。1988年，东凑西借的跟十一个朋友借了二万块钱，申请到了澳洲墨尔本大学自费留学的机会。到墨尔本的第一印象，那真是大开眼界。下了飞机坐上出租车，看到一路上绿油油的，道路很宽敞，红瓦白墙，觉得这真是个漂亮的西方国家。当我上街的时候，火车上有地毯，每家每户都有地毯，每家每户都有电话。学校里也有地毯。就是外面是草皮，家里是地毯。我总结了几个东西，还有几个很惊讶，买一张票可以做所有的车。我写信给家里，我买一张车票，火车汽车都可以坐。我想，我们苦苦追求的共产主义，这地方不就是共产主义吗？到了市中心，看到商店的装修的金碧辉煌，服务员都是金发碧眼，货物琳琅满目，香气扑鼻。空气里都散发着香水味。服务员非

常亲切。我写信告诉家里人，这地方非常不错。到澳洲先学英文，学了一个学期六个月，后来报了一个商业学校学电脑。因为来到墨尔本学费、生活费都不便宜，就边打工边读书，生活的不易无人述说。

记得刚到澳洲的那一天我身上带了五十块钱，那时候中国银行只许兑换五十块钱，一百元港币，是一个朋友借给我的，我身上就揣着这么多钱。当时英文自学学了一些，从机场出来，一句英文都讲不出来。跟出租车说了半天他也听不懂，只好拿出学校的简介，才到了学校。一个人都不认识。东西放在学校办公室。我到的时候是周五下午，在门口碰到一个从广东来的同学，他有亲戚在这边。我向他打听哪里能有便宜的住宿。他说到唐人街问问看。到了唐人街，宝康书店的老板告诉我在海边有个住宿最便宜的地方。那里住宿一晚上三十块，又找了别家宾馆一晚上要二十块、十块钱。最后找到一家是青年基督教会办的宾馆，可以住五个晚上。等到学校开学一个周之后能拿回来一部分学费。我很佩服澳大利亚这点人性化的管理。外国留学生到这里念书，可以先把生活费预交一部分，拿回一些钱我就有活下去的希望了。我一共住了三个晚上。肚子饿，到唐人街一碗面要5块钱，算是最便宜的了。五块钱我只能吃四顿。就去买了一包面包，一片片多好，可以分几顿吃，吃面包喝自来水，水龙头里有热水，这真是我头回见。第二天，我感到水土不服，哗哗地流鼻血不止。也不知道哪里是医院，也没钱看就只好顺其自然。虽然是生活在一个这么漂亮的地方，住在那里的几天就好像沦落到一个荒野的地方，无法生存下去，有家也回不去，整个人都垮了。

我住的那地方走到头就是海滩，看到大海就感觉回到了家乡，那种无助感啊，漂泊感啊，人地生疏啊，各种状态，百感交集。接下来会是怎样呢？出国是自己早有准备的，是自己想出来，不至于说后悔吧。加上我自己的出身，生活的经历，让我自己还不至于一下子退却。后来我知道有些同学回去了，有些给家里打电话嚎啕大哭，男儿有泪不轻弹，这苦算什么呢？至少还有钱吃饭，还在上学。就是亲人不在身边。可能每个人感觉不一样。可对我来说，亲人不在身边，还没觉得特别不适应。

这段时间心里和精神上是最痛苦的时期，精神困惑。出国可没有想象的那么好。念书要花钱要有出勤率，这些牵涉到你的签证，是生存问题。当学生还不能打全职工。我三个月找不到工作，那时澳洲经济不是很好，再者中国留学生很多。学生签证的兼职工作是不能超过二十个小时的。因为中国留学生都愿意在华人餐馆、旅店打工，人员就饱和了。有人做通宵工，同学之间互相保密，怕学校知道超时打工，又怕别人抢你的工作。我也能体会到，泥菩萨过江自身难保，谁能保护你呢？这就是还是刚才说的那句话，人不为己天诛地灭，大家都在保护自己，保护自己的出勤率，保护自己的签证，保护自己的生存。

我把墨尔本的十几条火车线都找遍了，看到中国餐馆就下去问。我是9月来的，到快到圣诞节，有家当地的木工厂给我打电话要我去那里工作。这是我第一份工作，放学就

去加班，节假日也去加班。同时一家餐馆也打来电话，我高兴死了，一个礼拜能赚几百块钱。一下就把三个月找不到工作，钱越来越少的困境给解脱了。听说有同学半年就把借的钱还清了，我是一分钱没还，因为下一个学期，学完英文课接着要报考学校，要不然签证就得失效。真是天无绝人之路，攒的几千块钱还要交学费，逐渐地情况有所好转，朋友多了，机会多了，在一家工厂又找到了下午轮班的工作，是一个做电开关的工作，开机器做铸模型。一周有200多块的收入，周末再去打餐馆，这样经济上就没有问题了，还可以寄回国点钱还账。为了省钱，我每天吃土豆，用水煮好以后带到学校吃，打工也带土豆饭，拨个皮往嘴里一塞就行了，喝点水和饮料。中国古话说车到山前必有路。中国文化也能成为我们人生一种精神支柱。看到班上同学都有了工作，都活得很乐观，我也替他们高兴。我是苦中作乐，加班打工还不影响我的出勤率，一个礼拜，我拿了600多块钱，回来跟我室友一说，他们说好啊你厉害，别人才拿二三百块，你一拿就双份啊。

顺着社会潮流走，后来就留在了澳洲。早年的留学生活没有戏剧性的转折，但有一件事对我的人生有重要的影响。我的女儿刚刚上小学一年级就来澳洲了，我们做父母的教孩子祖宗不能忘，学自己的母语是必须的。想自己教，但是我一天十几个小时打工，早上七点去一个地方打工，中午又去另外一个地方打工，到半夜才回来，也只有周末才能见到我女儿。从报纸上得知有一个焦点文化学校。打电话询问才知道该学校在墨尔本挺有名的，是中文学校，老师和学生数量世界第一。有五千多名学生，有十所分校，老师有二百多名，我女儿上她的分校。刚开始算我女儿有六个学生。老师说学生太少没有信心，我对他说我有信心帮他，我有很多老乡，还有些认识的朋友同学，我帮你拉学生。我周末可以帮他做义工。他们办了杂志又办了学校，就感觉无形中有一种共同语言，我们自己学校在工作过，知道教育的艰辛，我就帮他们找生源，做点事。后来就帮他们做一年义工，教他们唱歌，搞小合唱队什么的。过了一年，他们就正式聘我做老师，大概教了一年多。和校长成了非常要好的朋友。逐渐学校扩大了，要办一个校办印刷厂，请我来合作。我觉得很好，当时年轻又有在工厂工作的经验，一拍脑袋，大家一起凑了点钱买了设备就开始干了。开始印名片、信纸、信封及广告。那时我已经买了房子了，就用我家车库，把我家车库腾出来，买的都是二手设备和电脑，一路走过来，做了二十一年，至今还在做。当然现在肯定不在车库里了。

做生意以后认识了好多华人。我才知道福建有一个同乡会，又一次他们换届，我就慕名而去。找到民间组织，老乡可以互帮互助。加入以后大家在一起，后来认识的人就越来越多。在业余时间，参加社团活动。慢慢地他们就让我出来当会长，后来和领事馆也慢慢熟悉起来。就把自己的时间花在社区上了。加入社区以后才知道中澳文化没有冲突。我们在国内出生成长，结婚生子，这种对故土、对家乡、对祖国的观念，让大家产生共鸣。国内很多代表团来，说我们这些华人华侨很爱国。我对他们说，“没离开家，你就不会想家；没离开国，你就不会爱国”。应该说，我们差不多有一半人

生在自己的家乡受的教育，不会一边倒。

澳洲确实是一个很好的地方。政府部门、制度待人相对公平，人之间的关系，相对简单，没有多少钩心斗角，没人在我背后说我坏话，没人在我隔壁房间要对我怎么样，这就是我所追求的。在澳洲做什么事情，只要你遵守法律，你就可以做你想做的事情，前提是只要不违法。相比之下，整个社会环境，环保、地理、生活环境，相对比较稳定宽松。在这边生活二十多年，感觉到西方国家对开发孩子的智力，孩子的创造力，跟我们国内比有它独特优越的地方。所以说，对我来说没有理由去放弃它。

我个人觉得除了语言，我们不是像本地人那么好，我觉得生活没什么大的障碍。就我自己而言，无论在国内还是在澳洲，没有受过正规的教育，所以对澳洲的文化没有太多了解。张明敏唱了一首我的中国心，记得我的一个朋友在二十年前发表在《焦点》上，写过一篇文章，《我的中国胃》，她生病的时候，吃不下奶酪只能喝中国的粥或汤。就是说这个中国胃怎么也改变不了。现在我特别喜欢这个国家，澳洲政府现在提倡多元文化，他能够让所有的民族的文化在这里共存共荣，我觉得这是伟大的创举。中文可以作为考大学的一个科目；不同的文字都能够应用，保留各种饮食习惯，而且中国美食确实深受西方人喜爱。

我今天所拥有的还得感谢那个校长，是他把我从打工的地方拉出来，应该说改变了我的生活，我从给别人做工到做生意，这是一个转折。用中国话就是我遇到了良师益友。在他六十生日晚会的时候我写了一首诗给他，题目叫《校长、师长、兄长》表达了我对他的感情。特别是在那么多老师，那么多家长当中，他就看中我，也不是那么容易的。我们有多年的合作，从1996年到现在。开始做生意以后，开阔了我的眼界，认识了更多的人，这都是水到渠成的事情。

有人问我你是澳洲人吗？像我们这样的第一代移民，说我们是澳洲人，我觉得不像，包括其他民族，从欧洲来的。但要是第二代这边出生的，90%认为是澳洲人，他根本没有家的概念。而我们亲身经历过的甜酸苦辣，有种刻骨铭心的情节在思维里面，我们不会去反对它，摒弃它，除非这个人心里有一个疙瘩。

我们主要在华人社会里来往，和老外也会来往，像我做生意，和很多老外来往，但是像我们在一起聚会喝酒沟通，就比较少。有时候搞一些活动，会邀请议员、官员来参加我们的活动，包括州长。但是来往不多，朋友不多。我有很重的中国情结，所以在心里头，生活习惯都是中国式的；再者，因为忙，没有那么多时间和老外打交道等等几个原因造成不会和老外有那么接触。反过来说，你就是和老外在工厂做工的同事，他其实是你的雇员。有些人，因为文化背景的隔膜，他也不会和你像和他同族人一样放开交往。一直都是很客气，聚会过年过节来一下。比如我的邻居老外，站在外面聊聊天，也会说来我家玩。有时候搞个活动，他也不愿意跟你来往。我有几个朋友，

她老公是老外，这样会好一些。有的老婆是中国人，他慢慢接受了中国文化。

为了团结自己的力量，自然而然也形成了同乡会的力量，我感觉通过这个团体，把自己的乡亲能够融合在一起，互通信息，互相帮忙。让他们有一种家的感觉，有什么沟通困难，就可以找老乡，讲福州话和闽南话的福建人，倍感亲切。这种亲情感可以让他们放松。再高的一个层面，这个会既然能把乡亲联络起来，也能和祖籍国联系起来，是家乡人沟通的桥梁。如果国内需要我们海外朋友做些什么，比如投资、捐赠，我们也都去做。作为一个快要退休的人来讲，退了以后在社区需要的情况下，做点事情，做点义工，做点好事，除了锻炼身体以外，做点自己喜欢的事，自由自在的在这片土地上颐养天年。

My Story ~ 15. Never Say “Give up”



“Only after I became part the community did I get to know that there was no cultural conflict.”

I was born in a small fishing village with sea outside my door and we can well say that it's “facing the sea with spring flowers blossoming”. The family home was built on a hill, there was no flatland at all. Though people lived off the local resources, I had never gone fishing for a living but I left home for schooling and for work.

My father was a fisherman and he had a unique life style just like other people who lived beside the sea. Almost all the men in our village were fishermen and they all went fishing in the open water. The fishing area in Fujian is not part of

the main four fishing grounds, and a lot of fishermen went north to Mindong Region. As I remember, my father went there when I was six and though it was after the opening-up policy was introduced; there was still no advanced technology for forecasting the weather. They encountered a huge typhoon and the boat overturned with seven people aboard, the entire crews were lost.

Two or three years before I went abroad, I couldn't understand Chinese who had made the decision to leave, and frankly speaking, I didn't like them. Well, I had my own experience which led to this attitude. A relative of mine went to Taiwan nineteen years ago and when home visiting was allowed he came back. He found out that my father was dead and my mom and I were living a poor life. Our living conditions could be seen by the condition of our house and our pathetic furniture. He stayed for less than an hour, went away and never came back. He did come back to China later, but not to our hometown. It's said that his son works in the development zone for Taiwan-based companies in Guangdong. I was just a teenager and I knew those overseas Chinese were rich and they really looked down upon us. They wore a big golden necklace and their arrogance made me feel at unease and unacceptable. A gentleman makes money in the right way; I don't think much of money but value the spirit of dedication. A life of being wealthy without doing good things means nothing at all.

I graduated from Xiamen Normal school. I'm a WPS and majored in Music. It was in the 1980s, the Cultural Revolution was behind us and the college entrance examination was reinstated. I was allocated to a middle school in my hometown village and worked as a teacher for several years. Well, actually it was my old school and it needed a teacher, so I went there. Later after several years, I transferred to the Education Bureau to be in charge of the music education in the town. I was transferred again after four years to be in charge of administration and my turning point came at that time. In my work unit, the key point of being taken seriously was not your ability and hard-work, but your good relationship with your boss. Maybe this problem still exists in China and after I was transferred to administration I got to know that politics and rights were involved too. The situation would be more complex if rights were involved. You had to consider the relationship between the boss and staff. I was young and all I wanted was to do a good job and serve society and teachers. Well, it doesn't mean it is all right if you think so and do so and being jealous is a weakness of all people.

I started early and knocked off late and really did a great job. But the status of

such a life was really boring and you always felt that life should be more meaningful than this. I like music but my work had nothing to do with music. Besides, my rights were limited with no responsibility and they just didn't trust me. It's pathetic not to be trusted. If you have no confidence in yourself, how can you gain recognition from others? There is an old saying: "every man is for himself and the devil takes the hindmost". It's terrible to live an empty life with no fame and gain, I just can't understand it. It's impossible to live for no reason. I live to do things and for my consciousness. I work for you and get money in return, besides, more work will help me to improve my ability or at least I can bring it into full play and gain trust and recognition from others. No one likes to be an idiot; this is what we call ambition.

I thought about applying for a transfer at first but everywhere was the same. It was at that time that the open door policy of China arrived and we could choose to go to Australia for further study. I got information from a friend in Shanghai and checked all the information about studying in Australia. After borrowing 20 thousand yuan from eleven friends in 1988, I applied for the opportunity to study at Melbourne University at my own expense.

My first impression of Melbourne was really an eye-opener.

After I got off the plane and boarded a bus, all I could see were green with wide roads, red tiles and white walls. What a beautiful western country! When I went out, there was carpet on the trains, carpet in every house and a telephone for every family. And there were carpets in schools too. Well, it's green land outside and carpet inside the house. I made a small summary, some were quite surprising: a train ticket enabled you to ride on all trains. I wrote a letter to my family and told them that I could buy a ticket with which I can travel on all trains. The communism that we had worked so hard for was not like that. Shops in the downtown area were all magnificently decorated with all sorts of goods, the waiters were blonde girls, sweet and comfortable. Waiters were nice and I wrote to my family that it was really a good place. After studying English for one whole semester and another six months, I applied to a commercial school to study computer technology. It was a hard life while studying and working at the same time because tuition and living expense were high.

I remember that I had 50 dollars with me when I arrived in Australia. Banks in China only allowed you to exchange 50 dollars and 100 Hong Kong dollars and all

my money was borrowed from a friend. Though I had learned English in advance, the moment I arrived at the airport, I couldn't say anything. The taxi driver didn't understand me even if I talked with him for a long time, he finally understood where I wanted to go after I showed him my school document. I didn't know anyone when I arrived at school and put my luggage in the school office. It was Friday afternoon and I came across a classmate from Guangdong who had a relative here. So I asked him where I could find a cheap hotel and he told me to try Chinatown. After I got there, the Baokang bookshop owner told me that the cheapest hotel was on the seaside, 30 dollars for one night. But I found a cheaper place, only 20 or even 10 dollars. Finally I found a hotel established by the YMCA where I stayed for five nights until one week after school commenced.

The university compassionate management policy was greatly admired. Foreign students could study here with part of the living expense paid upfront and the remaining to be paid later. I stayed there for three nights. I felt hungry so I bought a bowl of noodle which cost me 5 dollars. Well, 5 dollars could only support me for 4 meals so I bought a loaf of bread. It would last a long time with slices separated and I only drank water. There was hot water from the tap which I had never seen before. Though it was a beautiful place, living here was just like being in hell. I felt as though I was falling apart with no home to go and didn't believe I could survive.

Walking down the street where I lived and you could see the sea which reminded me of my hometown. The feeling of helpless, of drifting and strangeness made me feel sad. Who knows what would come next? The idea of going abroad was my decision so I shouldn't regret it. Well, my class origin and life experience supported me and I never gave up. Later I knew that many students went back to China and some even shouted and cried while on the phone. Men don't easily shed tears and what is this bitter reaction for? As least I still had money to buy food and a school to study in. Though there were no relatives by my side, I had a different feeling. To me, this was nothing, I would overcome these difficulties.

I had gone through a most painful process during this time, I was quite confused. Going abroad is not like what I thought it would be. Attendance at class mattered if you wanted to survive and to retain your visa. I needed money but as students, we couldn't work full time. Part-time work was not allowed to exceed 20 hours a week and all the Chinese restaurants and hotels were full of Chinese students. Some worked through the whole night and students would hide this from each

other in case school found out about your job and it would be taken by others. I understood this, after all, we had to protect ourselves but who would protect you? Well, this comes back to my previous saying: "Every man for himself and the devil takes the hindmost". All the students were protecting their attendance, their visa and trying to survive in the new environment.

I traveled by train all over Melbourne and asked every Chinese restaurant for work. I came here in September, but I didn't receive any work calls until Christmas when a wood factory wanted me to work there. It was my first job. I worked there after class and also on weekends and I earned hundreds of dollars a week. The state of being unemployed for three months was swept away. I heard that some students paid off their debts in one semester, I didn't because I had to apply to another school for my visa. All my savings were paid for the tuition. But my situation was getting better and better with more friends and more opportunities and I found another part-time job. I was paid 200 dollars or so every week and also got a job in a restaurant at weekends. So my financial problems were over and I was able to send some money to my family in China. I ate potatoes to save money, both at school and at work. It's not too bad to eat a potato after you peel it and then drink plenty of water. There is a saying that "The car will find its way round the hill when it gets there". Our Chinese culture has been a spiritual pillar for me. I'm quite happy for my classmates who are optimistic and have got jobs to survive. I enjoyed the hard work, and my attendance was unaffected, I earned 600 dollars a week and my roommates all admired me. I was earning double their salary.

I stayed in Australia just like the others. There was nothing special in the early days of my study expect one thing, which influenced me a lot. My daughter came to Australia when she was in grade one. As parents we thought it was necessary for her not to forget her mother language. We wanted to teach her ourselves but I had to work over ten hours a day, the morning at one place and the afternoon at another. It would be late at night when I finally came home, so the only time would be the weekend. I read about a focus language school in the newspaper. After calling, I knew it was quite famous in Melbourne, a Chinese school with the largest number of students and teachers in the world. There were over five thousand students and ten schools with over two hundred teachers. So my daughter enrolled. There were only six students at first and the teacher was not quite confident about having so few students. I told him not to worry about it and

I could help. With so many Chinese friends I would find more students for the class.

I also worked for free for him on weekends. They had established schools and magazines but it seemed as if there was an invisible wall between us. I had worked in school before in China and knew the hardships in education so I was willing to help them. I worked for free for one year, teaching students to sing and also organized a small choir for the students. After one year, they employed me as a formal teacher and I worked there for another year. I became a good friend with the headmaster and they wanted to cooperate with me because the school was expanding with a printing plant being built. I told them I thought it was a good idea, I had experience working in a factory, so I helped set up the new business. We printed business cards, letters, envelopes and advertisements. I had bought a house then, so I used my garage and bought a second-hand computer. Twenty-one years later, we are still doing this. Of course we have moved out of the garage.

Through my business connections, I got to know more Chinese people and established a hometown association with Fujian. I went there during the leadership transition period. We helped each other to develop the association. We got together in our spare time so there were more and more people in the association. I also participated in community activities in my spare time and gradually they wanted to make me leader. So I had the chance to make contact with the consulate. I spent a lot of time on community activities and learnt that there was actually no conflict between Chinese and Australian culture. We were born in China, were married there, so we have the same feeling towards our hometown and mother country. Many delegations come and say we are patriotic. I will tell them: "you will never miss home unless you leave it and you will never be patriotic until you leave your country." In other words, if half of your life is spent in China you will never forget it.

Australia is really a good place. Government and public policy treat people equally and the relationship is quite easy. No intrigue, no bad words behind your back and no one threaten you, this is what I want. Whatever you want to do, you are allowed to do as long as you don't break the law. The whole environment, geography and living conditions are more relaxed here. Having lived here for more than twenty years, I can feel the special way in which Australia can inspire a child's intelligence and creativity and I can give up living in China because of these advantages.

There is nothing difficult for me except language. For me, I have never received a formal education either in China or in Australia so I have little knowledge about Australian culture. There's a song sung by Zhang Mingmin called *My Chinese Heart*. A friend of mine posted an article in *The Focus* named *My Chinese Stomach*. It's a story telling her experience that she can only eat Chinese porridge or soup without cheese when she's sick. Well, you can do nothing to change your Chinese stomach. I like this country which now advocates multi-culturalism and encourages common development of all nations and cultures. It's a great pioneering endeavour.

I will attribute all I have to that headmaster who pulled me out of my difficulties and changed my life from then on. It was a turning point not to work for other people. He was a good teacher and helpful friend and I wrote a poem for him called "Headmaster, Teacher and Brother" on his sixtieth birthday to express my gratitude. It was hard for him to favor me among so many teachers and parents and we have been cooperating since 1996. Business opened my mind and gave me the chance to get to know more people.

Someone asked me: "Are you an Australian?" It's like that we are Australian as the first immigration, including people of different nationalities such as Europe. But about 90% of the second generation born here will think they are Australian. They have no sense of home. But we have gone through bitterness and sweet life and this kind of feeling is unforgettable. We will never be against or abandon it unless it's an obstacle for someone.

We have communication with both Chinese and Australian society. Businessmen like me will go out for dinner with foreigners but we have little communication with each other. Sometimes, we invite councillors and governors including the premier to special events and activities but there is still little communication and friendship. We all focus on our love of China so our life style remains Chinese. Besides, we are just too busy to spend time with foreigners. Well in turn, even if you work with a foreigner, he is just your employer and you have different cultural background, so you will never be as open to him as to your Chinese friends. We are polite and get together a little on holidays. I will chat a little with my neighbours and will also invite them to visit my house. But they are sometimes unwilling to come to your celebrations. I have several friends whose husbands are foreigners, it's easier for them. They will gradually accept Chinese culture because of their Chinese wife.

We strengthen our hometown association to make us more powerful and I can also feel close toward all people from the same place. We share information and help each other and there's a sense of home between us. Nothing is difficult with our compatriots' support. We speak Fuzhou dialect or Hokkien. This sense of family brings us together and by contacting people, we are actually maintaining contact with our nationality and hometown. If friends in China need us, we will help by donating and investing money. As a man about to retire, I will do volunteer work for the community and I will try to follow my interests. I'll prolong my life in this free land.

我的故事 ~ 15. 追寻更好的生活，做有意义的事情



“为了追求更好的生活我一路辗转，从未放弃过努力，但更好的生活仅仅是自己的生活吗？我越来越明白，自己的生活并不是全部，让更多的人拥有更好的生活更值得去用心和努力！”

我与妻子是在哈尔滨上硕士研究生时相识后来并成家的，然后我们就去深圳工作，一呆就是十多年。我是中医，她是护士，两个人从一无所有到成家立业，之前推动我们到这里的人生目标已基本实现。人到了这个特殊的年龄，如果没有人生的其他际遇或者大的激变，基本上已经不想重新作出什么方向性的选择了。也许我们只能想办法让现在的这种生活模式更加优秀、美好，于是妻子决定出国留学。

做出这样的决定主要有两个原因：首先，深圳作为开放特区，最先感受到了来自于不同地方的气息，大概是在97、98年吧，我们先后去了香港、新马泰旅游，这时才发现外面的世界真的很不同，虽然在这之前我们早已从书本、影视中了解过，但真的亲身感受一下，才对这种与中国内陆不同的生活有了更真切的感知，这些见闻与感受既打

开了我们的眼界，也成了我们后来选择出国之路的首次心理冲动；而促使我们决定出国寻找机会的另一个原因则是因为当时国内工作的压力太大，那个改革的年代，医院更是面临着不断的结构调整与各种政策改变，因此我们觉得没有安定感，压力太大，于是妻子决定出国进修提升自己实力，同时也算是一种婉转的回避。最开始是通过深圳的中介联系去加拿大的一个学校读护理，一切条件都已经具备，但就在出发之前，发生了911事件，北美的签证一下全都停掉了，没有办法，我们自己办到了澳大利亚，就这样妻子来到了珀斯，在科廷大学学习护士专业。

当时妻子在科廷先要学习半年的语言，再学习一年的护士转换课程，在这里学习和生活需要一大笔费用，我就和孩子留在深圳，我继续工作，经济上支持妻子。就这样坚持下来，妻子毕业以后花了三个月终于在签证到期之前找到了一份护士的工作，在她面试的时候，国内十五年的工作经验成为她的优势，因而被顺利录用，进入一所医院的呼吸科，成为临床最高级的护士。尽管工作之初遭遇了语言、习惯、工作各方面的困扰，但都顺利扛过去了。

我也在此期间到珀斯探亲。来到这儿之后，很喜欢这里各方面的环境，终于下定决心定居珀斯。不过当时在语言方面还有不小的障碍，要知道虽在国内读大学读到硕士研究生毕业，但中医的学习比较重视中国古代汉语，因为要阅读大量的古籍，而相对地忽略了英语的学习，谁也没想到有朝一日会这样用到它。

我将国内的工作辞掉，和孩子一块过来了。妻子来得早，英语熟练，又有固定的工作，而我却冒冒然被拽入这边的生活中，根本没有时间适应和融入，所以刚到的时候主要是做“家庭煮夫”，接送孩子，做饭。这样围着锅边、围着孩子转的生活，开始的时候当然很不甘心，也想努力改变，但一方面是语言的障碍，使得交流困难，更重要的是当时无法克服职业身份的落差，这种落差是在我和这里的中医协会、中医针灸协会开始接触之后形成的。与这些协会之中的一些大师、会长接触后，我发现即使很有本事的人也仅仅是守着自己的一个小诊所，看到他们仿佛看到了自己的未来，而对比国内自己所呆的三甲医院，心里一时无法认同。要知道在国内，治病的地方私人开的小诊所根本没办法和大医院比，而且大医院也从上到下分了很多级别，三甲医院则是国内最高等级的医院，甚至可以牛到完全不认可低级别医院做出的化验单，可想而知，在这样等级体系下形成的优越感，到珀斯会遭遇怎样的落差。

我一边做着“家庭煮夫”，一边思考自己的工作和将来。在别人的介绍下我也开始做一些工作，比如，工厂、服装厂的活儿我都干过。尽管我当时清醒地认识到也许中医的未来并不美好，但我终究无法完全舍弃我的专业以及自己已经适应的医生的身份，总想着如何利用之前的所学和工作的经历，因为只有这样才能有更好的生活。于是我决定去科廷大学读一个转换课程，利用自己学医的优势，花两年的时间攻读物理治疗师。

在学习的时候发现，其实绕来绕去，最关键的问题还是语言。学习的内容并不完全陌生，比如解剖，国内也学过，但是却面临大量新词汇，其中还有不少拉丁词根的词汇，对于40岁的我来说，真是难上加难。这样的困难在其他课程中更多，比如我选的心理课，除了大量的专用名词外，最头痛的是和西方严密的分类与逻辑下形成的大量差别细微的心理模式的精细建构，而中医的学习传统并没有从局部的、细节的模式建构。这对于我来说太难了，我就决定先放一放。

2006年，我得到另一个机会，当时一所自然疗法学校教针灸的老师临时回国，需要代课老师，我就去那里教针灸。我当时还在whitfords的一个做展架的工厂中工作，于是工作的时候就要准备两套工作服。针灸课堂上都是澳洲的学生，当时看到这些肤色和语言都不相同的人聚在一块学习针灸，恍惚间觉得这个情景还真是蛮有趣的，不过肤色和语言却并没有降低他们的学习热情，他们勇于提问，我也热情回答，这样的教和学都挺让人开心的。

这个工作给予我的不仅仅是一份薪水，而是通过这个过程所接触到的人和事，我逐渐了解了当地人对于针灸的态度。虽然澳大利亚的主流是西医，但是澳大利亚人也愿意接受针灸这种替代疗法。我慢慢发现，我的很多学生都已经出去行医了，并且还干得不错，这给我极大的信心。后来我就进入纽卡尔的一个中医诊所。当然做出这种选择的另一个原因也是在做过很多种工作之后，逐渐找到了自己的方向。我发现在从事那些体力的工作时没有任何优势。一个最尴尬的例子就是在宜家的一份工作，我在邮购发货的货仓工作，我的同事都是一些人高马大的外国人，站在他们中间我分明可以感觉到他们眼中的怀疑。在搬货的时候，这些老外完全徒手搬运，而我必须借助工具，于是我被鄙视、被疏离了。这份工作干了两个星期，因为实在无法适应，最后我放弃了。这件事使我明白了自己的劣势，同时也让我学会如何发挥自己的优势，让我更清醒地认识到，当医生才是我的优势。当然更重要的是，在从事不同的工作中，我也知道了在澳大利亚这个社会，凭自己的劳动吃饭本身就是件正常的事情，之前的心理落差也逐渐平衡了。

在别人诊所工作的时候，一方面是积攒工作经验，当然自己也在留心了解诊所的整个流程，特别是随着自己交往圈的增加，英语也逐渐熟练，认识的人也越来越多，于是在2012年的时候，我终于开办了自己的诊所。在澳大利亚申请开诊所比国内简单。选个地方，出示资格证书，达到卫生管理条件，得到当地市政府的批准，在一个协会注册一下就可以了。中医诊所的开办可以说充分发挥了自己的优势，因为澳大利亚有很多的移民，这些移民来自于不同民族、不同地域，于是多元文化就在这里融汇，尽管欧洲的生活方式是主流，但是在这里人们很愿意尝试并了解不同的东西，当然，这种尝试也使得人们的眼光更精准、选择更挑剔，也就是说最有地域文化特色、最正宗的往往受到人们的欢迎，比如说吃寿司当然首选日本人开的寿司店，吃意大利面，一定会先选意大利人的餐厅，而如果想要试试中医、试试针灸，在有选择的情况下，当然

是先选择中国人的诊所。在中国接受的长时间的专业训练给了我底气和信心，也使得病人们很信任我，当然主要还是因为实际的疗效，来过诊所的人能够切身体验到针灸带给身体的变化，能够感受到疗效，才会口耳相传，诊所因此很快拥有了稳定的客户群。

诊所的工作也使我对针灸本身有了更深的体会。一般来说，当地病人选择针灸，大都是因为西医已经无能为力，或者是一些疑难杂症，这时针灸的辅助疗法就成为他们的一种新的尝试、新的选择。西医在治病的时候往往是将人的身体根据功能、器官细分为很多类别，然后当病人有某一方面问题时，就去找专业的科室，头痛医头脚痛医脚，当然这样的治疗划分详细并且非常细致，但是当面临一些更加深入化、因为内在的原因而引起的复杂病变时，往往无法彻底根治。比如我治疗过的一个老太太，头痛、耳道感染、鼻炎，有治疗鼻子的医生、耳朵的医生、头痛的医生分别治疗，使用了大量抗生素，局部症状可能暂时缓解，但总是无法根治，不断流鼻涕，耳朵塞，感觉不舒服。在没有办法的时候找到我这里，我给她开了化痰的中药，两个星期后，老太太耳鼻霍然而愈。病人在比较之中亲身感受到中医与中药解决了一大堆专业医师和抗生素未能解决的问题。除此而外，中医针灸在治疗一些失眠症状的时候也有一些优势，西医的治疗方法就是不断地使用药物，无效则加大剂量，当然可能失眠症治好了，但是白天的时候就精神不振、头脑昏沉的，这是用一种病症置换了另一种病症，而针灸与中药结合往往可以在避免这些副作用的情况下治疗或者缓解病症。当然我也发现，一些针灸治疗的显著效果也可能与当地人的体质有关，与国内比较，澳大利亚人身体的痛感不是那么敏感，因此在实施针灸的时候，他们并不会排斥或者恐惧，这样的心理为治疗的展开做了最好的心理铺垫，同时当地人也从来没有做过针灸，因此一开始施针，他们马上就会有一些感觉，然后从心理上就会逐渐接受，这对治疗来说非常重要。有心理的认同，又有身体的感知，中医治疗得到认可以说是可水到渠成。

当然，在澳大利亚用中医治疗有一些事情还是要谨慎，一些中医的治疗方法可能与当地人的认识发生矛盾，比如说拔火罐、刮痧，如果治疗之前没有跟病人说清楚的话，可能会带来麻烦。多年前有一次给病人拔火罐后，因为是夏天，病人肩膀上淤紫的火罐印记一直暴露在外面，连续几天没有消掉，他认为是一种伤害，于是就来投诉。通过这件事，使我意识到在给病人治疗之前一定要充分沟通，把治疗过程中可能遭遇的事情都提前告知，这样的沟通对治疗本身也是一种有效的帮助。

来澳大利亚后因为所接触的人和事，我成为了一名基督教徒，这对我有很大影响，在教会时，我参与了对中国偏远地区的慈善和援助，后来由于教会的变革，这些计划中途中断了，而在澳大利亚的一些华人不愿意放弃对中国孩子的帮助，于是我们就成立了一个基金会，叫“国际儿童慈善基金会”，我们在西澳的十几位华人申请注册、募捐，有了机构和资金后，就延续了教会之前中断的工作，不仅如此，我们还把这项慈善工作从重庆进一步扩大到了湖北、甘肃、贵州，甚至到云南。从最初资助两百多个

孩子到现在资助近六百个。我们的工作方式是直接派志愿者去中国，每年两次，不通过任何组织或者学校，把捐款直接送到当地学生手中。所有办公费用大家均摊，去中国的机票住宿都是自己掏腰包，而捐款资金的来往账目都很透明，中间也没有损耗，因此影响也越来越大，后来悉尼、墨尔本也有很多朋友加入进来。

今年四月我去了湖北、甘肃，十月份我还要去重庆、贵州。当你亲眼看到这些小孩子以后，就会知道他们真的需要帮助，这些孩子生活在交通不便的边远山区，父母为了改善家庭生活出去打工，家里只有老人和小孩。孩子很都很聪明，但这样的条件限制了他们改变自己的可能性。在他们面前，你会感觉到，资助他们，无论是对其个人还是对国家，都是一件有意义的事情，而最幸福的，不就是做一件你认为正确的事情吗？

虽然身在澳洲，虽然也关心身边大大小小的事情，但越来越觉得无法放下对中国牵挂。回头想想，为了最求更好的生活，我一路辗转，从未放弃过努力，但更好的生活仅仅是自己的生活吗，我越来越明白，自己的生活并不是全部，让更多的人拥有更好的生活更值得去用心和努力！

My Story ~ 16. A Love Story



“Open your heart and the happiness you deserve will arrive.”

Well, it seems that my going abroad was just to follow the fashion, but actually its roots are back in the beautiful dream that I had been pursuing since I was a child and my inner drive to look beyond the place where I was at that time.

After graduation from college, I left my hometown in the Northeast of China for Shenzhen, a modern city developed from a small fishing village. I was following my boyfriend. I spent nine tortured and struggling years there and grew from a teenager to a mature woman. Since I was not so successful in love, I devoted myself to work. I worked as an English teacher at the Shenzhen Polytechnic for

the first four and a half years. Later, I was employed by China Office representing Ballarat University for four and a half years as a co-ordinator of a project of Studying Abroad working at Fuzhou University.

I admit that this transition in work triggered my thoughts of going abroad. I was always restless for quite a while every time groups of students were sent abroad. I was young and there should be opportunities for me to go to see the outside world, which is a wonderful prospect. However, what I lacked was education and qualifications, which I made my priority to overcome. I only had a junior college degree at that time so I pursued college education at the South China Normal College and then an MBA class while I was working at the same time. The classes were taught in English for the MBA, this once again inspired my desire to go to English-speaking countries — to have some real feelings toward the atmosphere of foreign classes and to experience life in foreign countries. The dream of going abroad which seems like the desire of a teenager who wants to meet her Mr. Right had become a rational pursuit of a mature woman.

People often say that Fortune always favors the one who is well-prepared. Well, she knocked on my door when I was preparing and the Fortune that guided my course was an old professor from Ballarat University who had been a loving-teacher to me. At that time, the International Department of Ballarat University was looking for a staff member in charge of the project in China and the requirement was knowing about Chinese education, Australian education, having work experience and equipped with a knowledge of education. The old professor thought I was the perfect person with relevant abilities and language advantages and he encouraged me to apply for it. So I flew to Australia for an interview in Jan. 2008. After several hours' interview, I was accepted and came to work in Australia in March that year.

So, my coming to Australia was much better than for those with no definite position because I had an offer on hand and thus I did not have to face the stresses of finding a job, a problem for other immigrants and foreign students. Of course, when I first came to this country with a totally different language and culture, I inevitably felt lonely and distressed. However, I think I am a strong woman deep in my heart and I can cope with this adjustment. So my first solution was to work hard - on the one hand, I could forget my loneliness and more importantly, I could get recognition from my boss and associates to establish a firm foothold.

Most colleagues were quite nice and friendly to me, while there were of course some difficult situations. Well, I just opened my heart and communicated with them. After they have discovered what you are like and what your attitude is, they will show their respect to you. At work meetings, you should express your thoughts and proposals clearly to win your colleagues' support. And in one-to-one talks, you should treat the other party with sincerity to win people's trust.

After the problems in work are overcome, life becomes easier and you can make more friends. And maybe you can recognize the Australian attitude of separating work and life. Well, it is at this time that my teenage dream returned to my heart. I didn't find my Prince Charming in China; shall I meet my Mr. Right here in a foreign land? Sometimes, I will just lose myself in the blue Swan Lake. The water splashes onto the bank; swans are playing in pairs, sea gulls are flying in the sky. My dream is just as pure and clear as the clouds in the blue sky.

People are all longing for love and the feeling of love is also beautiful. Even if there's frustration and hurt, I am willing to keep the beauty in my memory and look on it as an unforgettable experience, part of the process of growing up.

Let's talk about my first cross-cultural romance. He was Australian and we got to know each other via a common friend. Our first meeting went smoothly, we talked a lot, later he dated me. Thus a new couple appeared in the park, coffee house, cinema or on the beach. They were deeply attached with each other at the beginning. However, with time passing by, I often neglected him when I was busy and he became unsatisfied, and we began to fight. There were basically two points of conflicts unbearable for me: he didn't want a child and he had many close female friends. Though I received a western education and accepted the Australian attitude of separating life from work, I'm still quite traditional about marriage, children and loyalty. So we ended our relationship.

My second boyfriend was Portuguese. We met each other on the internet and we were quite frank to each other. He told me about his whole life when we first met: his divorce, his children (the youngest being 11 years old), his big family and his large company. I was moved by his honesty and fell in love with him. I had the feeling of knowing him for quite a long time. During the one year's living with him, I tried to become part of his big family and often participated in his great family get together with over one hundred relatives. I did hope to get their approval and start a family with him. But he always held an unclear attitude and

seemed to be caught in the shadow of his divorce. It seemed hard for him to talk with me and he comforted me by saying that we were getting on well with each other, so I need not worry at all. Maybe it's just bad timing. I talked with him about commitment at the time he was dealing with big problems in his company; he became annoyed and refused to meet me again.

Though I'm hurt to some extent, I feel blessed in my life. Reflecting the two experiences in love, it was inevitable that we would break up. I am characteristically dissatisfied with the status quo, I am eager to leave all familiar things and move forward. While at the same time, I'm also quiet and want to get married and have children, to live a happy life. A life with insecurity, no-commitment, parties and noise all day are not the life I want.

You would think of me as being experienced in love after these relationships. Well, actually, I still have the sincerity of a girl and of course there's also the charm and attraction of a mature woman. It is probably this maturity and sincerity that attracted my husband.

I met him at a social dance club; I like ballroom dancing and look on it as a relaxing excise. And to have a perfect dancing partner dancing to beautiful music is definitely a happy thing in life. However, at the beginning I never dreamed that such a partner would become my future life partner.

He is of medium height, not too fat nor too thin, calm and humorous. We are just perfect for each other so there's a good feeling between us. He is quite interested in Chinese and purposely adds some Chinese conversation during dancing. One time, he asked me: "do you have a boyfriend?" I replied no then he said: "well, do you want one?" "No." I thought he just wanted to practice Chinese so I asked him: "do you have a girlfriend?" "No." I went on to ask: "do you have a wife?" "No." So gradually we got familiar with each other during dancing. We also went out together as friends to see a movie or for coffee.

One day he was very serious and asked me: "Will you consider me if you want a boyfriend?" I replied: "Well, I know nothing about you, so how should I consider you?" he said: "What do you want to know? Just go head." So I asked him about his age, job, marriage and family. He told me everything that he is an electronic engineer; he likes music and dancing and can play guitar, piano and trumpet; he was married but got divorced 13 years ago and has three sons; then he said: "If

you want to go now, you can go. Normally, people are all scared away after hearing what I have confessed.”

I began to look at him with new eyes after his joking conversation. He didn't cover anything but opened his heart. I appreciated his frankness. So I didn't run away and on the contrary, I continued the conversation. He said his youngest son was over 18 years old and all his children were independent. Currently, his second son is living with him but will move out after he finds a job, so there's no economic burden for them. Then he asked me: “What do you want?” I told him: “I want a marriage and a child.” I was surprising direct to him and opened my heart to him with no shyness and no reservation. I said to him: “I want to get married and have my own children. If you are afraid, you can run away now.”

This kind of directness seems to lack romance, but this is life. There are no fixed rules and regulations in love that require you to fall in love. It just happens and that's that. Life is long which will allow you to continue your romance. He always comes up with some romantic ideas and surprises me on certain important days, maybe a bunch of flowers, maybe an arranged birthday party which surprises me or maybe some sightseeing on Australian National Day. Well, the most romantic thing we have done was our trip to Bali. Though there are many attractive sights in Australia the tropical charm of Bali is perfect to promote love.

With our lingering memory of charming Bali, we went back to Australia and continued our life and work. My work is still the same with many business trips. There is once when I was away for three weeks. After I came back, he seemed a little emotional and spoke to me directly: “I think you are valuing work above me.” I reflected in my heart. Yes, I love this job so I'm quite responsible and attentive. But I also miss him when I'm on a business trip. This feeling is different from the previous two relationships and I know I didn't want to lose him. So I said to him: “Come on. You are the important one of course. My job is just for money. I can give it up if it is OK with you and I can do something else which doesn't need me to be away.” He replied after me confession: “No, this is what you like and I can't be so selfish.” Then I said to him: “Then what shall we do?” He was emotional and held me in his arms: “I will try to adjust... marry me, OK?”

I had no preparation for this sudden proposal and was hesitant for a time. Was this romantic, there were no flowers, no ring and no ceremony? Scenes on TV are so romantic and warm. Seeing me hesitate, he was quite nervous: “It doesn't

matter if you are not ready." No, it's just so sudden but I was happy and excited and could feel my heart beating fast. I said to him with tears: "Of course I will marry you." Then, he suggested in a thoughtful way that we go on vacation to Hong Kong. We did, and he bought the engagement ring and made up a romantic proposal ceremony on the top of Taiping Mount. Facing the beautiful Victoria Harbor, he promised me and gave me a loving heart of roses. In return I showed him my love and commitment with melting tenderness.

We went for a premarital guidance - I was nervous because it was my first marriage, I am not of a young age and he was a little concerned because it was his second marriage. So it was quite necessary for us to get such guidance and our marriage witness asked us to take part. Our answers showed that we care and trust each other; we know each other well except for some small divergences. I'm positive in character and he's negative. It's not saying that he's introvert or pessimistic but he tends to see things on the negative side. However, our witness believes I may affect him with my positive attitude and he can thus become more open and optimistic. His friends say he has become a totally another person and is actually quite charming now.

We had a wedding ceremony in China. Though there are many examples of cross-cultural marriages, few happen in my hometown. So we were honoured and my family and friends were nice to him. He also got to know more about my hometown and Chinese culture and actually fitted in really well. He likes Chinese painting and will always bring everyone a present when we go back. He's considerate to me. Once I was not feeling well and he cooked pork stewed potatoes like my mom does back home and it was delicious. He does have the gift of cooking. He's nice to my niece who lives with us. Sometimes he even drives to the chemist shop to buy medicine when she's ill.

He's nice to his family too. His brothers always text me that they hope to get together sometimes. But there is always some friction in married life so we have two principles: always speak out and trust each other and not hold back if anyone is unhappy or there are any divergences. Well, he does better than me. Sometimes I'm not happy and not willing to talk, he sees my face and asks me: "What's wrong?" Sometimes he just says sorry whether it's his fault or not and I will go through it too. But he complains that I easily get angry. I say: "But I get over it soon too. Do you like my slow anger that lasts for one week or do you like my quick anger and get over it in a second?" Yes, we both laugh at these words.

Many people would think that marriage is the end of love but in my mind, it depends on how you manage your marriage. If both sides can be open and honest to each other, there are no unsolvable problems. This works for all marriages, and in cross-cultural marriages, for two persons with two different cultural backgrounds, they need more managing strategies. Our skill is simple: open your heart to hold on to each other; speak your mind and listen to your partner.

As for the issue of identity, do I feel like a Chinese or Australian? Where's my home? Well, speaking from the point of geography, Australia is my home because I have established my family here. We are expecting that our children will definitely grow up here too. But I am Chinese in my heart which can't be changed. I'm different from those born here, who identify themselves more with Australia. I came here in 2008 and my big family is in China; my parents are in China. The more I stay in Australia, the more homesick I become and I want to go back to snowy northern China. After staying in China for a long time, I begin to miss Australia, the clean air and fragrance of the gum trees. I'm so lucky that my job provides me the opportunity to visit both sides. So I'm not as homesick as others.

Open your heart and the happiness you deserve will arrive.