











只要學會不放棄,總是能夠離你追求的目標近一點!而旅行 ▶可以讓自己體驗許多從沒有學到的知識,講得再好不如做得 好,人要變化要成長,雖然不能完全達到目標,但努力了就是最好

5 月 21-24 日和我美國媽媽 Christa Acker 認識近 20 年來第 -次一起旅行,她是我 1999 年認識的英文老師,當年我爲了學習 英文,在克里夫蘭一個提供免費學習英文的機構與她相遇,她當上 我的老師,還記得第一次在 Twinsburg 圖書館我帶着一對兒女與 她第一次見面,在自我介紹後,我讓我的一對兒女稱呼她 Grand-我同歲,她還沒有當 Grandmother, 真的沒有想到,自從我的兒女 在她家里過,她還是一位非常有心的人,爲我爲我小孩做生日.....

今天二月的一天,Acker 媽媽,從英國回來的女兒還有我,我 那么忙有時間去嗎?我對女兒說:Grandmother 這么多年來對我 照顧,她第一次邀請我與她一起旅行,我不想拒絕她,我也對女 記說:一個人不能只爲自己做喜歡做的事情,而能爲她人去做一件 自己不喜歡做的事情同樣重要。

這次我們主要是去密歇根旅遊美國的一些博物館,沿路第一



No82. Great Lakes Engineering works 底特律運輸郵船,當年 5 艘相 的船,讓底特律和克利夫蘭名聲大振,這船是第一艘裝載煤炭和

記得在博物館里,我看到一個旅行團人到達時候,博物館門 就是來觀看這只船,那一刻他有多么失望,毀了他的整個旅行計 F的心情,你應該對你自己説:上帝讓您下次再來。我們聊天後,看 着老人心情好一點了,在博物館關門的時候我們一起離開博物館。 多的是自己。

沿路我一邊開車,一邊打電話定我的旅店,坐在一旁的 Acker ·媽對我説:從第一天認識我到今天,看到我一個新移民,到了一 個陌生的國土生了一對兒女,自己還創辦一份報紙。她回憶她 16 歲和她的姐姐從德國來到美國,在她叔叔開的餐廳里打工,從小她 就想當老師,當年叔叔讓她與姐姐在飯店的旁邊開一家冰淇淋店, 她沒有接受,她當上了老師。而她的姐姐找了一個很好的醫生丈 :,後來憂鬱自殺……,我告訴 Acker 媽媽:剛纔在博物館那位老 先生因爲上不了船就這么不高興,如果他堅持選擇不高興,那么後 面幾天再好的景色他都不能欣賞,而且他的情緒也會影響別人。生 55.55是把握在自己手里,只有自己選擇決定自己命運。

Acker 媽媽 81 歲,精神煥發,她是一位虔誠的基督徒,平時愛 看書,在 Solon 參加了一個讀書俱樂部,生活得非常自在快樂簡 單。她這次邀請我和她一起旅行,目的讓我輕鬆一下,而這些地方 曾經是她 40 年前,全家人一起旅遊過的地方。第一站我們看了 Toledo Great lakes1911 年建造的船,第二天我們去底特律 Henry food 博物館。看 HenryFood 博物館後,我想到過去的美國爲什么這 么強大,美國這么短的歷史,創新創造全人類共享的財富,人的勇 氣,人的智慧,人的夢想.....從沒有到有,讓世界改變是因爲人的創

我想着我自己來美國的經歷, 想着 Acker 媽媽她 16 歲從德 國和她的姐姐一起來美國,她在美國從非法移民到合法結婚有家 庭 68 年,美國這個移民的國家讓許多人夢想成眞....



禮品店已經關門,但聖誕節的彩燈還亮着。其中一位 Jamie 對我



開 Frankenmuth 又開了三個半小時,Acker 媽媽要看密西根沙灘,這是加黎個遊行是相應土物以上, 行最想要去的地方:Sleeping Bear Dunes National



不了,她對新科技新生事物不能接受,我告訴她,我問房東這個房 好哪里值得去走走.... 子安全嗎? 房東説這個房子三十年不用關門上鎖, 房東説這個話 時,Acker媽媽興奮地像一個小孩。

的一對夫婦對我說: 他曾經在這棟房子里住了 15 年(1978 年 樣我們的人生就像旅行....

·天我們住在百年有 15 間臥室的老房子里,民用房 就住這里,他們非常喜歡這個城市。他告訴了我們這個城市 子改變的現在全世界流行的 Airbnb, 我在網上訂了 The Sylvan Inn 來: 早在八十多年前, 是一批宗教徒發現這座美麗的城市, 他們在 ,Acker 媽媽認爲這是新生事物,她讓我理解她:因爲她已經改變 這里開始新的生活,並且他們告訴了我們這個小城市哪里風景最

我沒有記住這對夫婦的名字,他們卻留下了一句溫暖的話: We are all one! (因爲 Acker 媽媽,嘴上喜歡說的一句話,瑛是中國 很多事情就是這么巧合,那天早晨在用早餐,來自佛羅里達 人,我是德國人,我們倆長得像嗎?)旅行可以讓我們交上朋友,同





y friend Ying Pu needed a break from her intense newspaper production as much as I needed her companionship for a few days of sightseeing by car. We are an odd pair, one of Chinese heritage, 30 years younger, the other of German background, a former ESL teacher. Ying calls me Mama and treats me with great respect according to Chinese tradition. She is a "techie," always relying on her I-phone for making reservations and finding her way around, while I need my maps and brochures.

We left Solon on Sunday by midday in drenching rain and headed toward Toledo for our first stop at the National Museum of the Great Lakes. We had plenty of time to tour an adjacent ship, the historic Col. James Schoonmaker, anchored next to the museum in the Maumee River. It was a perfect beginning in bright sunshine to get a feel for hauling iron ore in a ship with a cavernous carrying capacity during a time, when natural resources were needed everywhere. We saw the tiny rooms, where sailors slept and even the captain's luxurious quarters with period furniture and a cozy fireplace on the top deck next to the steering wheel. The museum showed magnificent displays of artifacts, maps, photos and a film, where many ships went down to their grave because of the turbulent weather created by icy arctic air colliding with warm humidity from the Gulf of Mexico. All five Great Lakes are a huge graveyard, dotted with sunken ships and lives lost at sea.

Detroit was our next destination, just a half hour's drive northeast, along Rte. 75, where we stopped for dinner at the Red Dragon Chinese Buffet, and to drop off a bundle of Ying's newspapers, the Chinese Erie Journal. Refreshed by a good night's sleep at a Red Roof Inn, we were ready to visit the enormous Henry Ford Museum and the adjacent Greenfield Village, definitely demanding a day's worth of energy. The Henry Ford Museum is amazing in its scope of historical displays from the 1700's to the present, old cars driven by Presidents, racing cars from the Indy 500, the Wright Brother's first experiments with a flying machine out of their bicycle shop in Dayton, Ohio, an enormous locomotive, never built again because of its size and weight, etc., etc. The adjacent Greenfield Village afforded us a train ride around the grounds, a working farm and a lived in colonial home. We decided to have an authentic 18th century meal at the Eagle Tavern, where we met a 90 year old volunteer, who exuberated joy and purpose in her life. How wonderful! ontinuing our trek north, we arrived at the Christmas village of Frankenmuth, settled by German immigrants in the 1800's who created an atmosphere of joy and wonder, immersed in Bavarian architecture and the festivities of the holiday season. Zehnder's restaurant is famous for its authentic German Chicken dinners and Bronner's for a magical world of Christmas displays, ornaments, hummel figurines and every conceivable tradition around the world. The emphasis is on the birth of Christ with many creche displays, angels and heavenly music piped in. A special chapel was built to honor the inspiration of the hymn "Silent Night" or "Stille Nacht" by a Bavarian pastor and his organist, when the organ broke down and they needed a song, accompanied by guitar, for the evening service on December 24.

Our last stop was at the Sleeping Bear National Seashore, a good drive north near Traverse City, the real reason, why I wanted to go to Michigan. We lucked out once more to find the best overnight accommodations possible, a Bed & Breakfast Inn, actually a modernized century home, whose previous owners happened to be visiting from Florida. This place even had an indoor spa. The evening hours beckoned us to take a scenic drive, where we encountered a dune, specifically meant for climbing. And climb we did, huffing and puffing, out of breath, because it was steeper than it seemed. But the view from the top was worth the effort. We felt like kids in our bare feet, laughing our heads off.

The last day came all too soon. We needed to head home, but we had not set foot on a beach yet. It was pouring rain, cold and miserable; nevertheless, we turned to the Glen Arbor Beach, where we found a deserted village, where laborers had found work, loading and unloading forest wood unto Lake Michigan ships, but not clear cutting, so that the forest could regenerate in due time. How thoughtful the people were to preserve a piece of history and not devastate naure. By noon time, the sun came out just long enough for us to take a two hour hike along the Empire Bluff near the Visitor Center. The view of Lake Michigan from high above with dunes shimmering in the distance and the water near the shoreline as clear as glass was a satisfying reward for our road trip through Michigan. The Upper Peninsula across Mackinaw Bridge and a look at Lake Superior will









