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A NEW PURPOSE





To my amazing wife and kids, I love you.

For Kiyomi and the Pack who make her feel alone each new day, the windy words express the trial and error search of purpose and peace. True purpose and peace comes from being in a daily relationship with Yahweh our Creator, God our Father, who is the King of all kings. This relationship is where our New Purpose awaits and in order to find, we get to first seek.

Our children are watching and imitating;
let it be a Godly love that they see.

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Little Kiyomi was a special girl,
just as bright eyed and beautiful as the rest of the world.
She liked to run and jump, climb and skip,
laugh and dance, giggle and flip.

She was one of the School Pack and a kid all the same,
but her face was a bit different, just like her name.

Her brown eyes were a little smaller, her cheeks slightly more full,
and her face a bit rounder than other kids at school.

Despite sometimes receiving a tease,
she was very **PROUD** to be Japanese.

聖美



Kiyomi's gift of laughter led the way.
Her **SPECIAL POWERS** could energize your day.

She could...

Cheer you up when you were down,
Flip your smile from a frown,
Pick up your pace when you stopped the race,
Dry up the rain and push out the plain.

Soon the Pack around her were laughing along, too.
Her friends were plenty - there was Madison and Jordan,
Billy and Elijah, Mia, Benny, Jayden, and Kiara to name a few.
They each had unique gifts, too.





Jordan received the gift of a kind heart,



Madison was patient, and Mia very strong, and Jayden lived life like nothing could go wrong.



and Billy was super funny while Elijah was super smart.



Benny was an amazing athlete who could jump off the chart, and last but not least Kiara was blessed with the gift of art.



It was fun to watch the Pack at its best, including each other and loving the rest. They would run and jump, climb and skip, and Kiyomi would dance and giggle right along with.

They played together as friends often do, sometimes having fun, sometimes with nothing to do. Each new day brought new **BIG DREAMS**, but not everything is always as it seems.

Their smiles blew words like a windy day,
and their thoughts turned into words they would say.
She knew the hurtful windy words were not true,
but her laughs turned to sadness, the more the wind blew.

It's true that kids in the Pack would say this and say that,
sometimes the jabs missed but sometimes they went splatt!
Who knows where the Pack learned the things they would say?
Maybe kids are the greatest imitators, at the end of the day.





One playground day they gathered in a bunch,
all were picking on Kiyomi's sushi lunch.
Mia and Benny offered their two cents,
their windy words blowing at Kiyomi's expense.

They said her sushi was gross and smelly,
and they preferred peanut butter and jelly.
And Billy and Jayden piled on,
and Kiyomi's **CONFIDENCE** was almost gone.

But Jordan told the Pack, "This isn't smart."
Lucky for Kiyomi, his gift was a kind heart.
He said to the others, "She's one of the Pack, just like us."
And with eyes on the sushi, he laughed "What's all the fuss?"

He took a bite of the sushi lunch,
and tasted the most delicious crunch.
He said, "You all should try this tasty treat,
this is something you need to eat".

Kiyomi got back up and laughed it off,
appearing strong despite the scoff.

She was **GRATEFUL** for Jordan's kind heart
and hoped this could be a fresh start.

Through the ups and the downs,
Kiyomi's gift of laughter shined through,
but there was one other gift that also saw her through.

Kiyomi **LOVED** to dance.

She would dance getting dressed, dance to the bus stop,
dance while in line, and dance to the bee-bop.



So outside she carried on full of laughter, choosing to fit in.
But inside she was hurting, from the windy, judgy words of her kin.
At first she thought, "What silly things to say,
I am no different than my friends when we play."

But the windy words kept blowing despite all the Pack's fun,
and inside each word began to block out her sun.

When the windy words went still all seemed better,
but then the wind came back and made her sunshine wetter.



Maybe the friends loved Kiyomi but that's not the world she knew,
for windy words kept coming from those with no clue.

But Kiyomi kept dancing...laughing...dancing...laughing.

She hoped the Pack would get it straight,
and then one magical day she read a sign with an urgent date!



Kiyomi set her eyes on the big event,
where the bright lights shined under the majestic tent.
The BIG dance was for all to show off their moves,
but little Kiyomi had much more to prove.

She thought, "If I win the big dance,
the Pack will give me another chance.
I'll be accepted by those with no clue,
let yesterday be the last day the windy words blew!"



Kiyomi and the Pack took to the stage,
such BIG dancers for such little age.
Kiara and Benny were quite good,
and Kiyomi wasn't sure where she stood.
But her gifts of laughter and dance took her far,
she rose to the top that night as the **SHINING STAR!**

The next day the Pack was so very proud,
and the windy words weren't quite as loud.

Kiyomi had her **CONFIDENCE** back,
but couldn't explain her feelings to the Pack.

And so time went by as time always does,
and yet Kiyomi's heart still poured out with LOVE.
Year after year, friends would come and friends would go,
and yet Kiyomi felt windy words continue to blow.

But she found new PEACE made of a different magic;
her CONFIDENCE couldn't be changed by windy words so tragic.



So many years went by that Kiyomi now had kids of her own,
and her kids had no idea how much she had grown.
They were in school finding their way in their own Pack,
while Kiyomi heard news that a BIG dance-off was back.



Once again,
the BIG dance competition was for all to show how they move,
and this time an older Kiyomi had much less to prove.
She was still so full of laughter and dance,
but these days her feelings weren't left to chance.

Kiyomi entered one final dance just for fun;
there were no words that could block out her sun.
She was once again under the bright lights in the majestic tent,
hoping her gift of dance would add to the event.

Winning and losing this time mattered less,
this dance was about HOPE, LOVE, and the opportunity to BLESS.



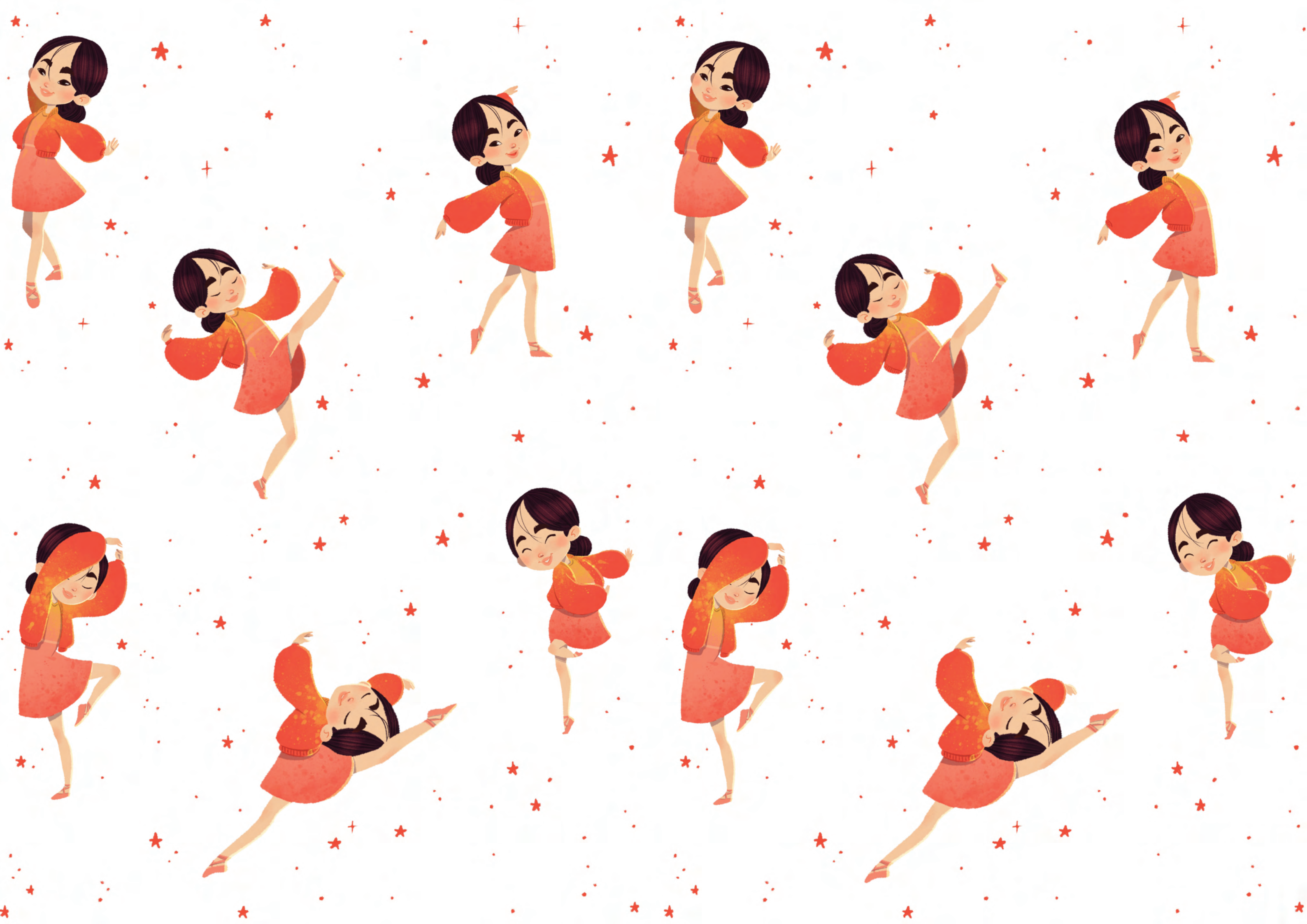


Kiyomi lives each day with a new **HOPE**,
and her laughs continue to bring everyone close.
Her **SPECIAL POWERS** still energize the day.
She still...

*Cheers us up when we are down,
Flips our smiles from a frown,
Picks up the pace when we stop the race,
Dries up the rain, and pushes out the plain.*



All this from a little girl who loved to twirl,
for it only takes one **BRIGHT STAR** to change the world.



Only 34 years after her Japanese family was freed from the United States World War II prison camps that locked an innocent race (whose children were allowed to bravely defend the United States in the same war) behind barbed wire for 3 years, Kristin Michiko Hirohata was born. Her Japanese ancestry, similar to other minorities in the United States, faced and continue to face subtle and not so subtle oppression from the mainstream simply due to appearance, language, and cultural differences.



Kiyomi is the name of one of her girls and a Japanese word that means hybrid and beautiful. In her family, the combination of two separate races – Japanese and White – has created a hybrid family. In many ways, Kristin has been a hybrid of two people most of her life: one living free and one bound by the fleeting acceptance from others. She worked twice as hard for half the chance, overcompensating for what felt like a birth defect – appearing different. Sadly, their half Japanese children have endured some of the same feelings even at such a young age.

Growing up in Tempe, AZ, Kristin excelled in school, swim, cheer, gymnastics, and dance. She was homecoming queen of her high school – confirmation of peer acceptance – yet no one knew her inner struggle for the same. She pursued cheer at the University of Arizona where she began dating her future husband in 1998.

As her faith deepened, the acceptance of others became less important. She has been reborn with a New Purpose and a peace that only God offers. As the story describes, later in life she donated her time and gift of dance to a unique fundraiser centered around dance, only this time not seeking acceptance but living free. Her hope is that you may seek diversity each new day and spread a message of hope and love.

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