

Treated to an Oyster snack



July 14, 2012: Again I took a train to Majima station past Murakami and began to hitchhike from 7:35 a.m. on Route 345, a coastal road on the Sea of Japan. This time my destination was Aomori city. In only a few minutes a man who picked me up on June 15, Mr. Toki, a cook, stopped for me and took me again to Sasagawanagare where he works. I meant to take Mr. Toki's photo this time but forgot. However, there is a very good chance I'll meet him again. He always leaves for work on the same road the same time every day, and every time I hitchhike from that point near Mejima station, it is always the same time unless the train was delayed. I'll be heading out again on Saturday, August 4th, and perhaps I'll get another ride then from Mr. Toki.



Three company owners from Tsubame city

From Sasagawanagare, a car with three middle-aged men, all dressed rather plainly, stopped for me and took me to Tsuruoka City, a good distance of more than 100 kilometers. They are all successful businessmen and owners of their own companies. One man has a summer house in Hawaii. They stopped at Atsumi Onsen and treated me to expensive seafood, a cooked oyster, and some other seafood whose name I cannot remember. I normally would never eat oysters because it's unclean according to the Bible in the Old Testament. But the New Testament does say, *"And into whatsoever city ye enter, and they receive you, eat such things as are set before you"* –Luke 10:8 And so I ate it. It was quite salty and tasted OK.

The last driver was an older man, Mr. Wakisaka san, who took me to Aomori city from Futasui. He lived near the damaged Fukushima nuclear power plant and had to move because of radiation. Now he is a member of a group of disaster victims who are demanding more compensation from the Tokyo Electric company. It was the first time ever for Mr. Wakisaka to drive to Aomori City on Route 7 from Akita Prefecture. I know the road quite well now and helped him with directions. I showed to take a bypass road that passes by Odate City, a quicker route because it has no traffic lights.



Mr. Sakurada in the living
room of his home.

Because the pace in hitchhiking was so good today, I had time to stop at Noshiro city to visit a man who picked me up hitchhiking on May 6th, Mr. Sakurada. Unfortunately, his wife wasn't there at the time. But on the way back from Aomori I stopped yet again at Noshiro City and visited the Sakuradas. This time Mrs. Sakurada was there too. I gave them a [CD of music from the Family International](#) which they liked very much.