

***Philippines***  
***July 1995***





Waiting for Japanese peace cranes



Past a volcano

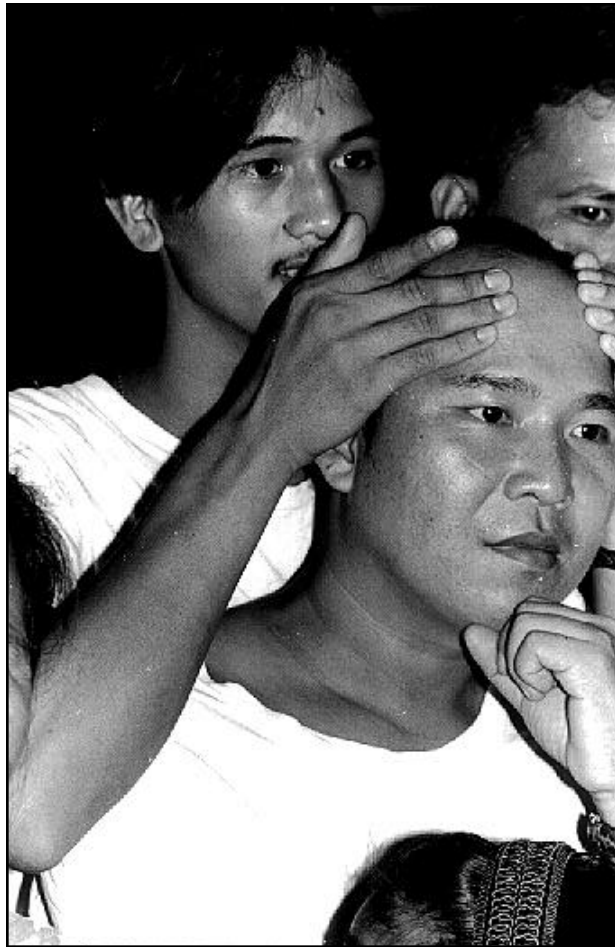


Through Anak Bayan, near Manila



Road and church swamped by lahar

**T**he greatest on-going disaster is the continuous flows of lahar from Mt. Pinatubo, the flows destroying huge areas of the provinces of Pampanga and Zambales. The source of the present on-going disaster is the incredible tonnage of ash and sand that poured from the volcano during the eruption which later settled on its flanks and filled its huge valleys. When the rains come, there is not a tree to hold back the water [because of massive deforestation] but it rushes down the slopes mixing the ash and sand like cement and hurls it towards the flat plains below where it quickly fills the rivers and spreads itself further and further from the volcano growing higher by the hour. People fled when



Refugees from lahar

they could. Some were swept away, others dragged under by the flowing cement, yet others took refuge on their roof tops where they were rescued by helicopters every year since 1991.

When the rains and storms are over, an expansive gray desert lies where once rural towns and villages thrived among the lush green rice fields shaded by towering groves of majestic bamboo. Driving north from Manila, you can still see the roofs of only the tallest buildings protruding from the new desert floor that stretches to the horizon.

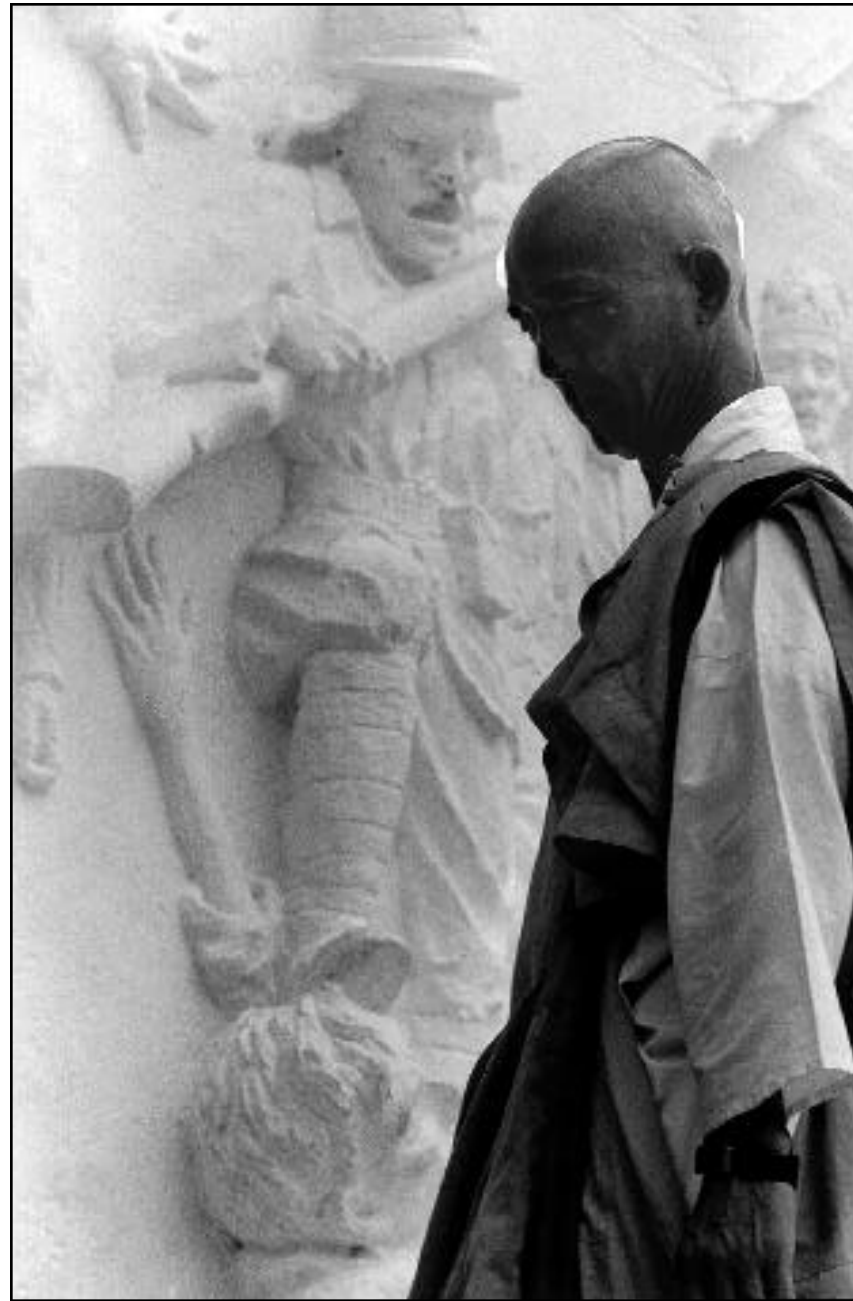
—Father Shay Cullen, PREDA,  
Olongapo, 1995



Memorial to the more than 100,000 Manila civilians slaughtered during the final three months of WW2, by both the Japanese and United States



**W**e started our journey at one of the most tragic places of the war, where there was a massive killing industry. We ended it at the place where the first atomic bomb was dropped on human beings, ushering in the possibility that all humankind and the Earth herself could be destroyed. This is why we walked on Pilgrimage. We offered prayers for the victims of all wars. We heard the voices of the victims in our hearts: voices of survivors; voices from the war zones; voices from areas of conflict. All those voices, overcome with sorrow, seeking hope.



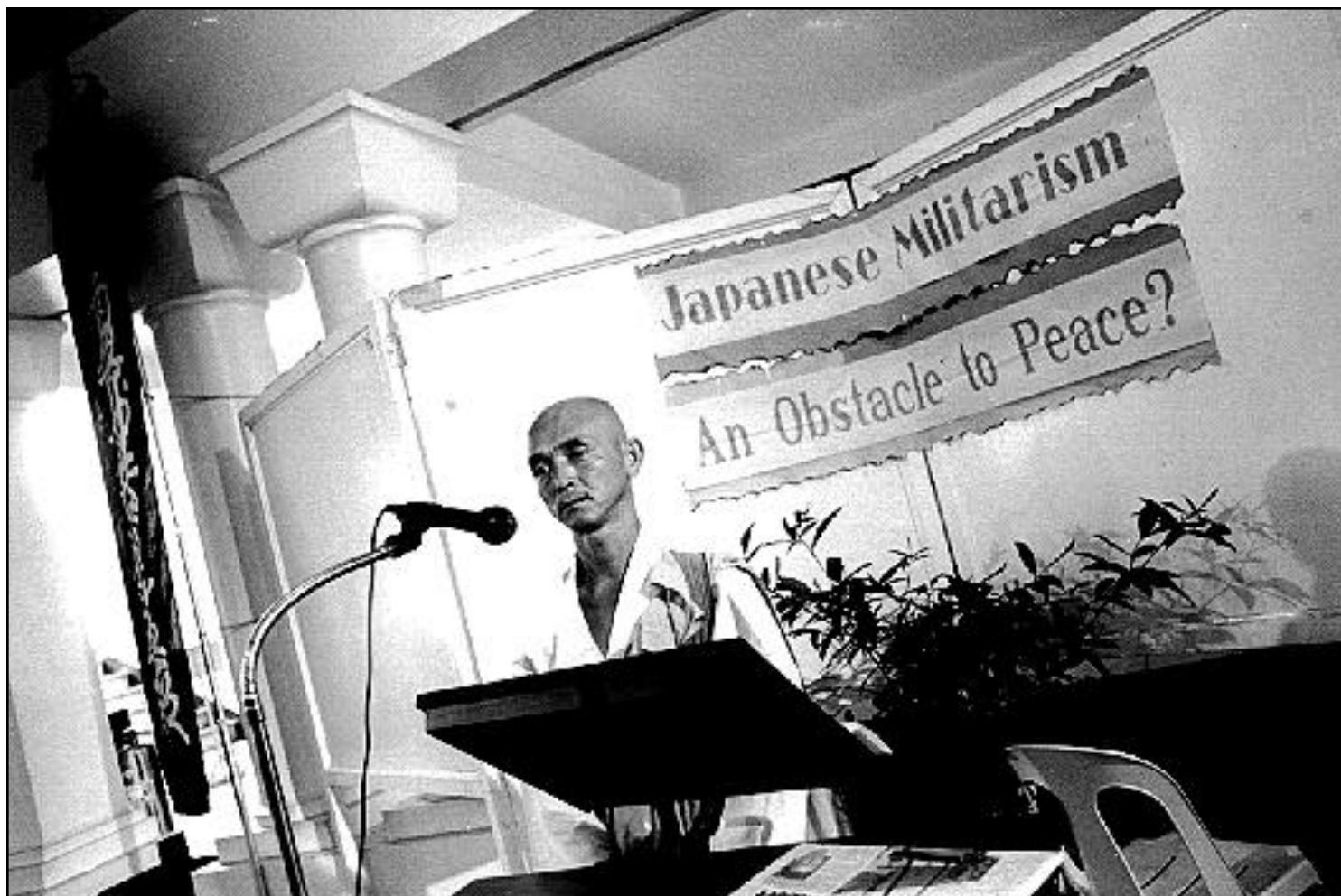
I believe that if we face the painful facts of history unflinchingly and convey the lessons drawn from them to future generations, we will be able to bring peace to the souls of those who died in anguish in time of war. From the loss of their precious lives, we can establish new values today and for the future. In the words of my Teacher (the Most Venerable Nichidatsu Fujii, Founder of Nipponzan Myohoji):

*Civilization is not to have electricity, nor airplanes, nor to produce nuclear bombs. Civilization is not to kill humans, nor to destroy things nor to make war. Civilization is to hold one another in mutual affection and respect.*

—*Brother Sasamori*

Brother Sasamori in front of a Bataan Death March memorial





Brother Sasamori at the walk's concluding Philippine conference

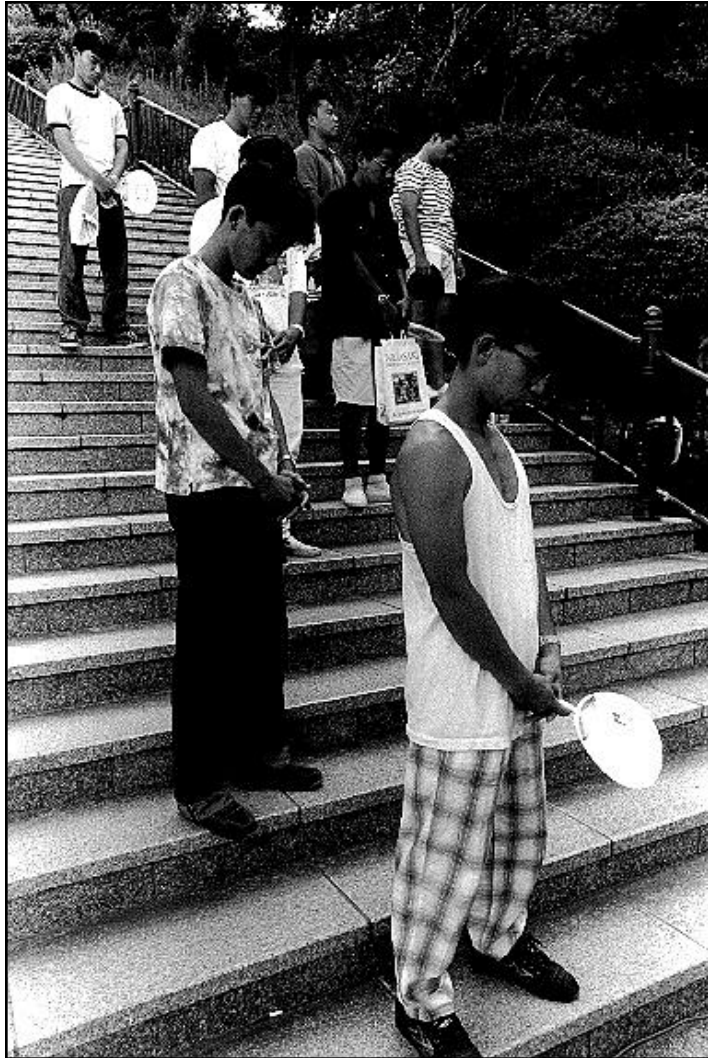


***Japan***  
***August 1995***

**On the fiftieth anniversary of the first use of atomic weapons on people**



Nagasaki, August 9, 1995, 50th anniversary of the atomic bombing



Nagasaki, silent vigil, 11:20 am,  
exactly fifty years from the  
moment of detonation



Hiroshima, August 6, 1995



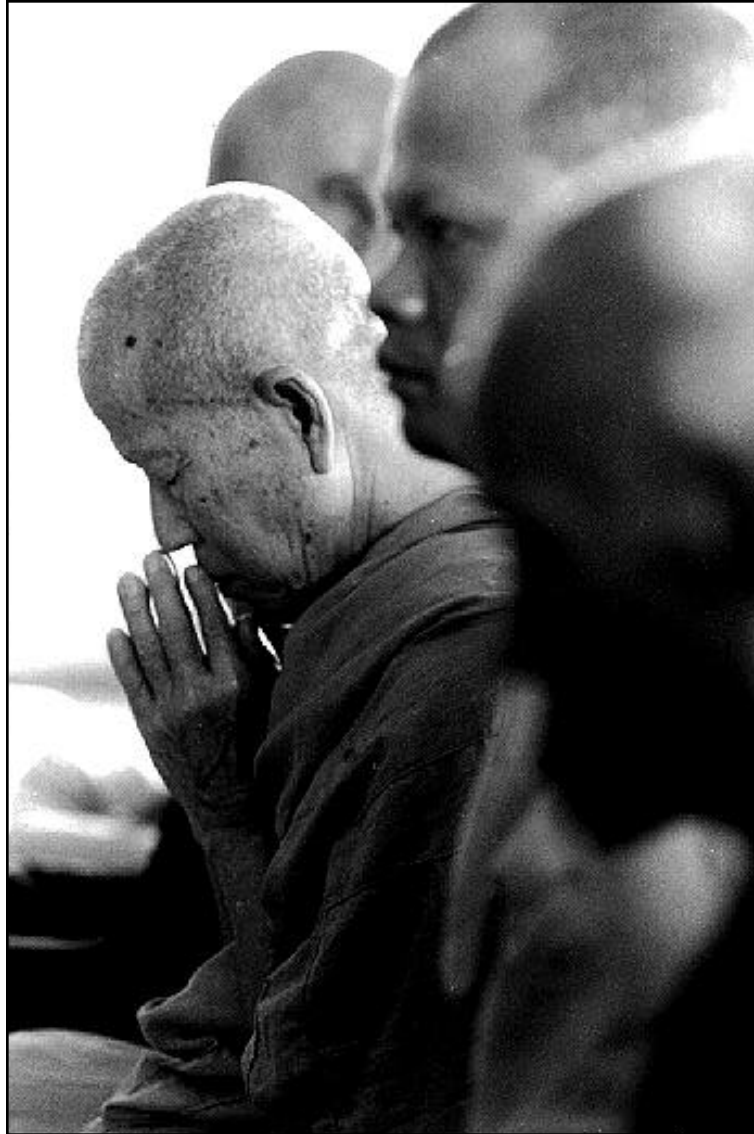


Nichidatsu Fujii, founder of Nipponzan Myohji, Japanese Buddhist order which organized Pilgrimage



At the *dojo* (temple), Tokyo





Maha Ghosananda with Cambodian Buddhist monks in Japan



Peace bell, Hiroshima  
Peace Park



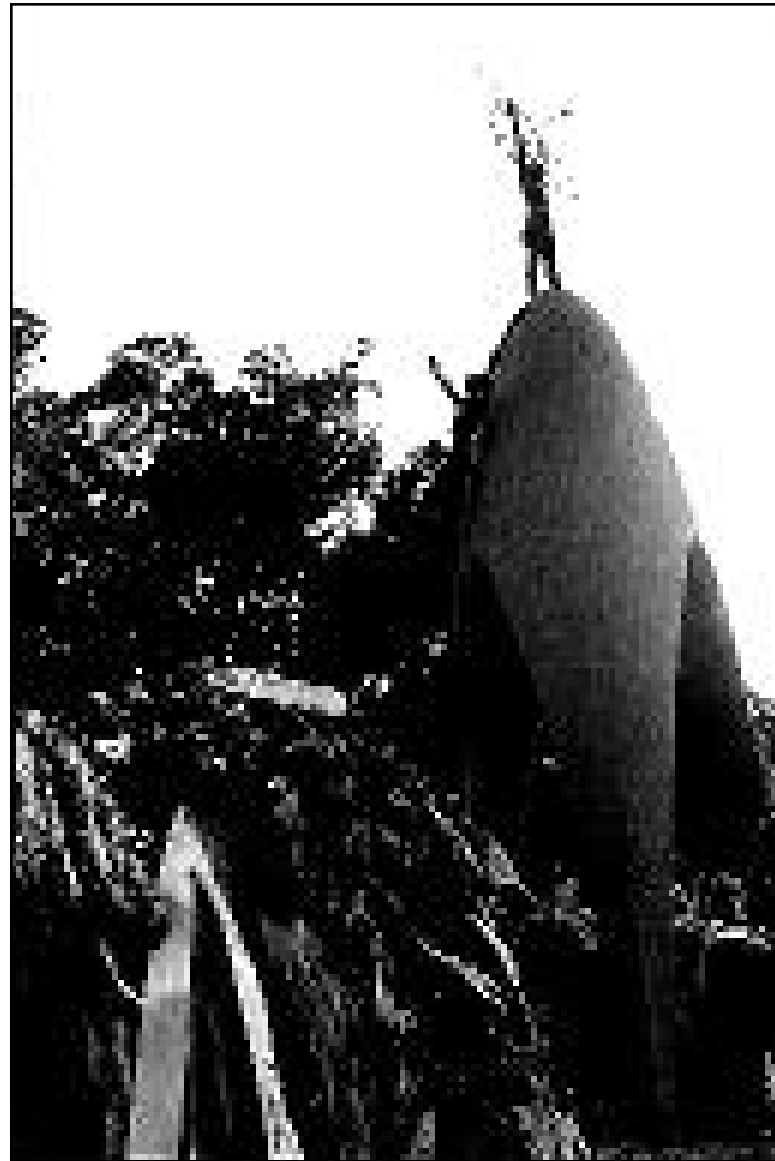
Nagasaki Atom Bomb  
Park, hypocenter

**S**adako was an infant when the atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima, where she lived. Despite the terrible devastation, she seemed to have escaped any effects of the blast and grew into a strong, athletic young girl. However, about the age of twelve, she began to feel listless and was diagnosed as having leukemia from the effects of atomic radiation. She was hospitalized. Remembering an old Japanese legend that if you folded a thousand paper cranes you would be granted a wish, she began to fold them in hopes of recovering her health. As she observed others, both young and old, suffering from atomic radiation, she changed her wish to include them all. She hoped

that no one, especially children, would ever have to suffer from war again. Sadako died after she had folded only 644

cranes. Her classmates, knowing of her wish, finished folding a thousand peace cranes and began to tell her story around Hiroshima. People began to bring peace cranes in her honor to a park in the city. Soon enough a memorial and a beautiful statue were dedicated to her in the heart of the city. Today millions of paper cranes are laid at her statue every year as symbols of the universal hope for peace.

—*Dan Turner*  
*From Ashes & Light*



Sadako statue, to all children who have suffered from war, Hiroshima Peace Park



At the base of the Sadako statue



Hands and cranes, Nagasaki Peace Park



Lotus, Hiroshima Peace Park, August 6, 1995



# Thumbnail pictures

## *Mostar*



Ruins of hospital interior,  
Mostar (east side)



Ruins, Mostar (east side)



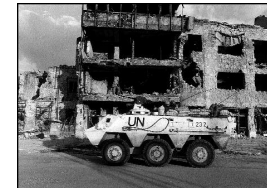
Dr. Immamovic, Director of  
Hospitals, Mostar (east side)



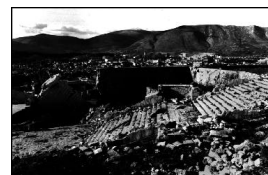
Along the Neretca River,  
Mostar (west side)



Boys join the pro-  
cession, Mostar



UN Protective Force armored  
vehicle, on patrol



Ruins of Orthodox  
church, Mostar



Boys join the pro-  
cession, Mostar

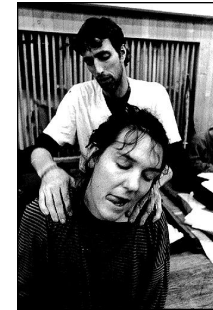


Check point, Mostar

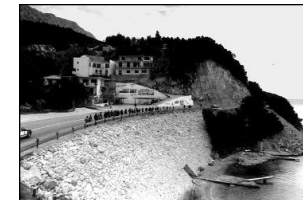
*Poland,  
Czech Republic,  
Vienna*



Gondaiki (prayer flag)



Train to Croatia, Vienna



Along the Adriatic Sea



WW2 death site of German residents of Czechoslovakia, made to march by Czechoslovakian nationals



*Thailand,  
Cambodia,  
Vietnam*





Post pilgrimage, Maha Ghosananda and pilgrims on board the bullet express train



Atomic Dome,  
Hiroshima

## The Bath: August 6, 1945

by *Kimiko Hahn*

Bathing the summer night  
off my arms and breasts  
I heard a plane  
overhead *I heard*  
*the door rattle*  
froze  
then relaxed in the cool water  
one more moment  
*one private moment'*  
before waking the children  
and mother-in-law,  
before the heat  
*before the midday heat*  
drenched my spirits again.  
I had wanted to also relax  
in thoughts of my husband—  
how we were children  
when he was drafted  
*imprisoned*—but didn't dare  
and rose from the tub,  
dried off lightly  
and slipped on cotton work pants.  
Caution drew me to the window  
and there an enormous blossom of fire  
*a hand* changed my life  
and made the world shiver—  
a light that tore flesh  
so it slipped off limbs,  
swelled so  
no one could recognize  
a mother or child  
*a hand that tore the door open*  
*pushed me on the floor*  
*ripped me up—*  
*I never have children again*  
so even today  
my hair has not grown back  
*my teeth still shards*  
*and one eye blind*  
and it would be easy,  
satisfying somehow  
to write it off as history  
*those men are there*  
*each time I close*

*Kimiko Hahn was born  
in New York and teaches  
at Queens College.*

*my one good eye*  
*each time* or lay blame  
on men or militarists  
*the children cry out*  
*in my sleep*  
*where they still live*  
for the sake of a night's rest.  
But it isn't air raids  
simply  
that we survive  
but *gold worth its weight*  
*in blood* the coal,  
oil, uranium we mine  
and drill  
yet cannot call our own.  
And it would be gratifying  
to be called a survivor  
*I am a survivor*  
*since I live* if I didn't wonder  
about survival today—  
*at 55, widowed at 18—*  
if I didn't feel  
the same oppressive August heat  
*auto parts in South Africa,*  
*Mexico, Alabama,*  
and shiver not from memory  
or terror  
but anger that this wounded body  
must stand *take a stand*  
and cry out  
as only a newborn baby can cry—  
I live, I will live  
*I will to live*  
in spite of history  
*to make history*  
in my vision of peace—  
that morning in the bath  
so calm  
so much my right  
*though I cannot return to that moment*  
*I bring these words to you*  
*hoping to hold you*  
to hold you  
and to take hold.

## Croatian soldier learning to fold peace cranes

*On a train through Croatia,  
pilgrims on their way to Bosnia*

