

Philippines
July 1995



Waiting for Japanese peace cranes



Past a volcano

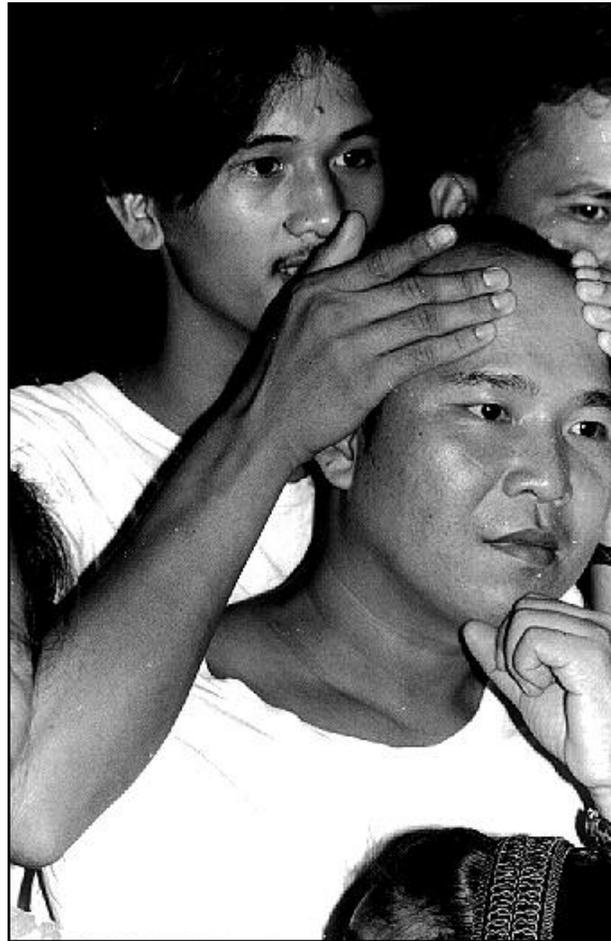


Through Anak Bayan, near Manila



Road and church swamped by lahar

The 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.

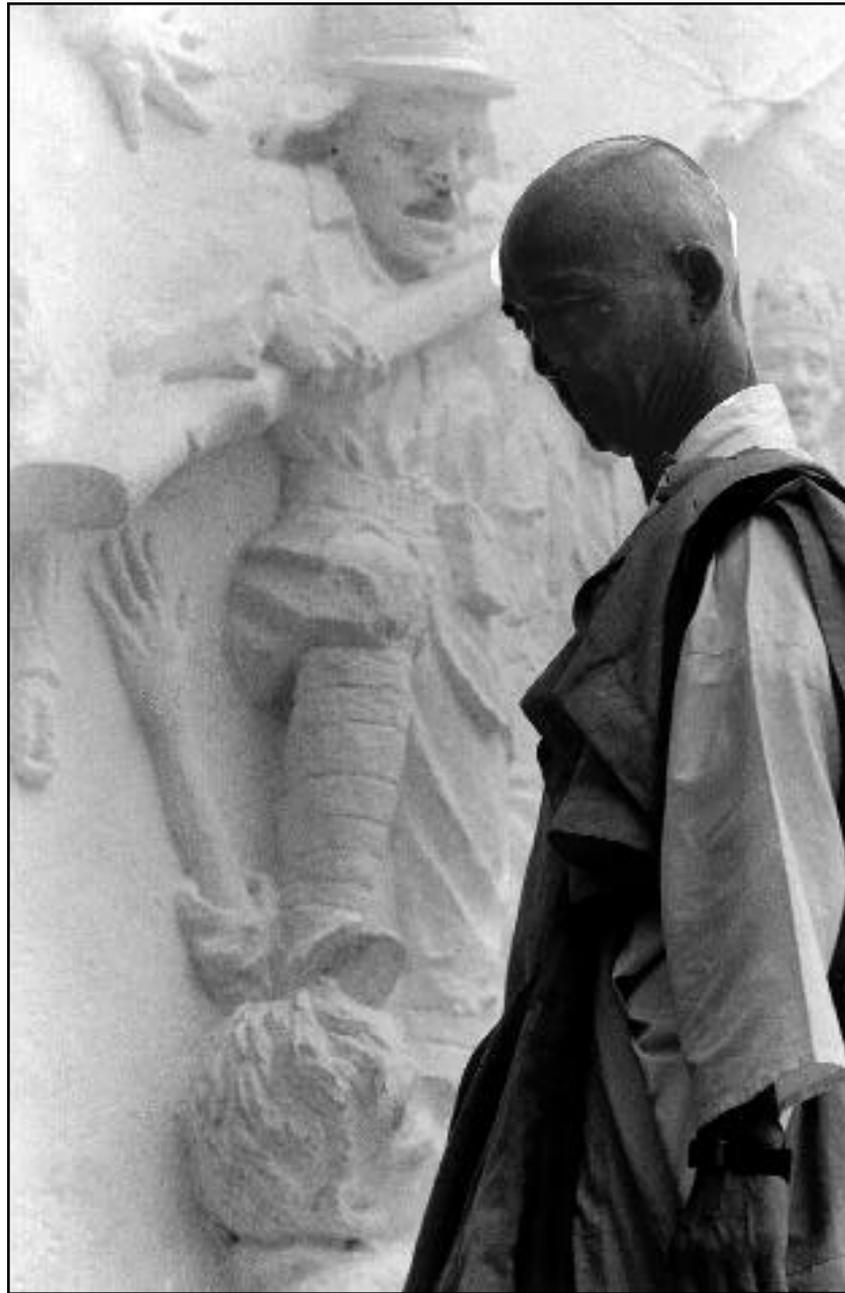
When the rains and storms are over, an expansive gray desert lies where once rural towns and villages thrived among the lush green rice fields shaded by towering groves of majestic bamboo. Driving north from Manila, you can still see the roofs of only the tallest buildings protruding from the new desert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

We 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.

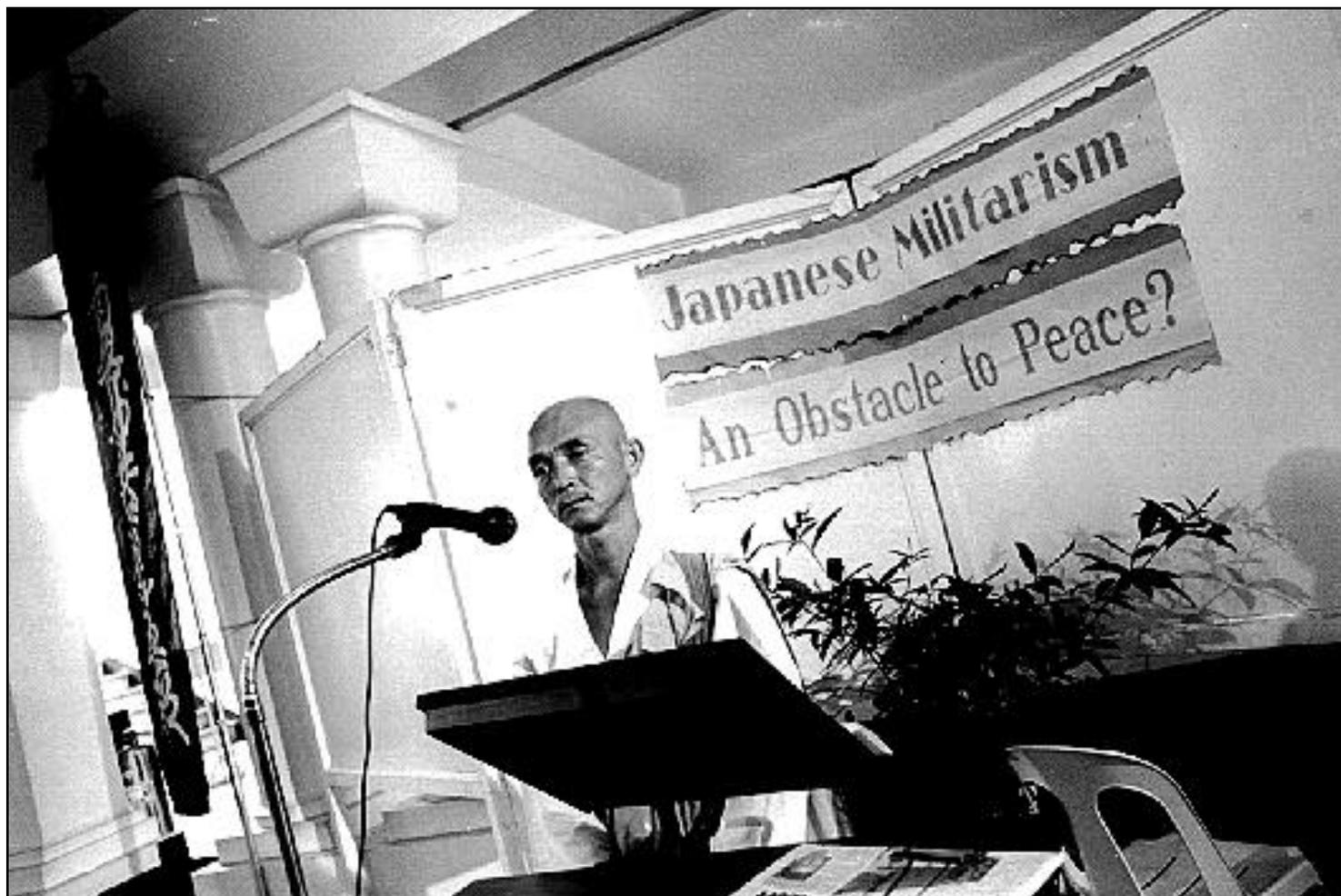


I believe that if we face the painful facts of history unflinchingly and convey the lessons drawn from them to future generations, we will be able to bring peace to the souls of those who died in anguish in time of war. From the loss of their precious lives, we can establish new values today and for 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



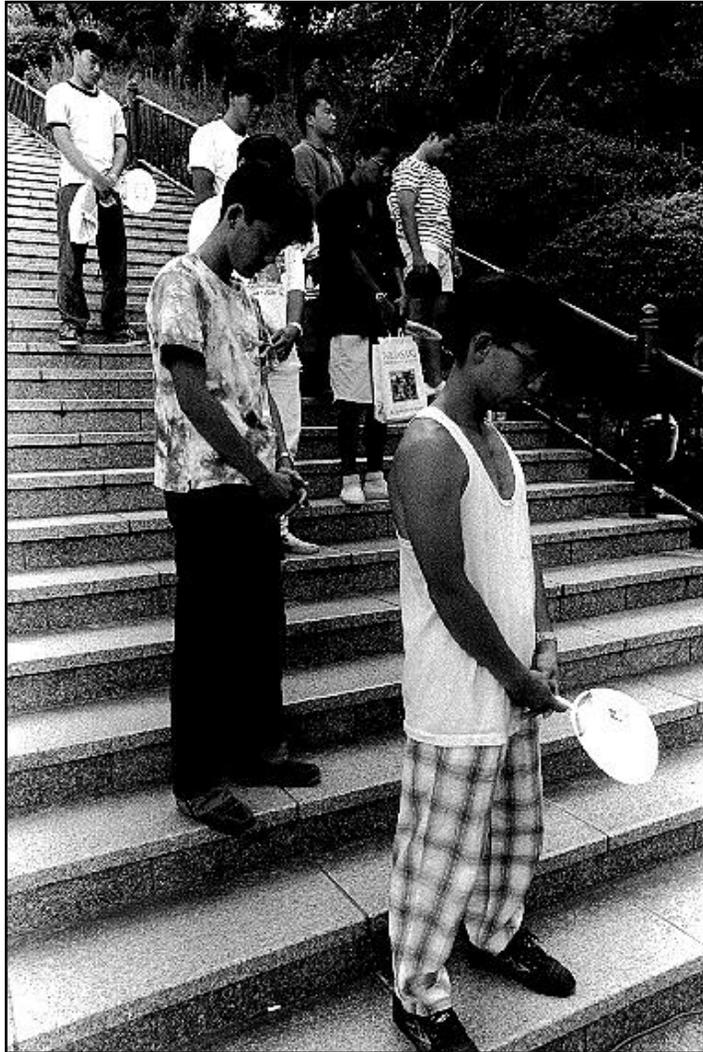
Brother Sasamori at the walk's concluding Philippine conference

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

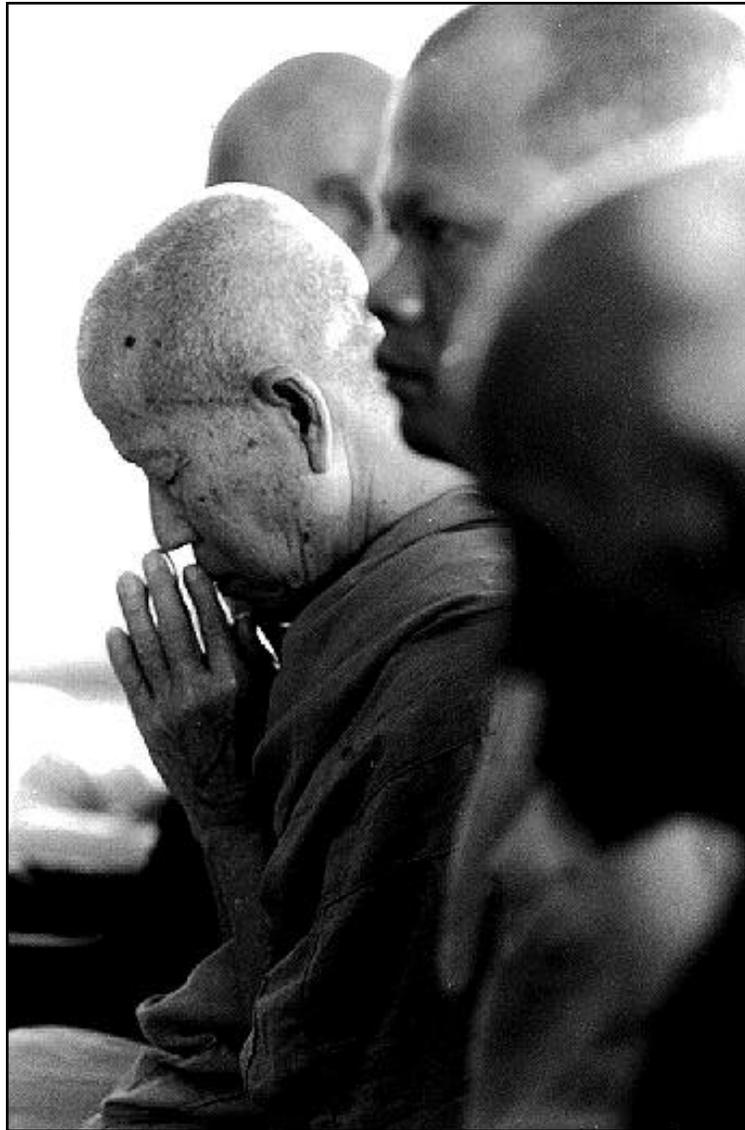


Nichidatsu Fujii, founder of Nipponzan Myohji, Japanese Buddhist order which organized Pilgrimage



At the *dojo* (temple), Tokyo

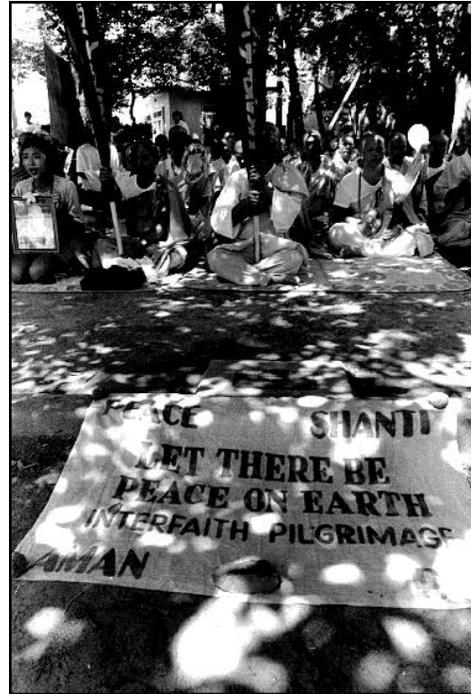




Maha Ghosananda with Cambodian Buddhist monks in Japan



Peace bell, Hiroshima
Peace Park



Nagasaki Atom Bomb
Park, hypocenter

Sadako 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)



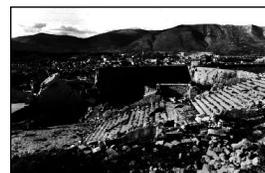
Along the Neretca River,
Mostar (west side)



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)



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



Train to Croatia, Vienna



Along the Adriatic Sea



*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*

