



Yu - Ai

Friendship

Newsletter of NPO World Friendship Center

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Special Edition of WFC 50th Anniversary Celebration

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1. Jessica Renshaw (Barbara's daughter)

At the end of the week-long celebration of the 50th anniversary of the World Friendship Center, one of my nieces summed up her experiences with two words I think speak for all of us "Reynoldses": **EXCEEDED EXPECTATIONS!**

The 50th anniversary of WFC was like a foretaste of heaven (without the rain). My mother always wanted to get everyone she knew and loved together with everyone else she knew and loved. That was her idea of heaven--a great big

"family" reunion with lots of fun things to do and great people to spend time with (plus endless time to spend with them)!



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(Left)
Michiko Yamane

(Right)
Sizuo Tachibana

Here are some of my favorite memories:

Michiko-san's smile. Tachibana-san's smile. Everybody's smile!
Especially Ashlee's.
Family reunion.
Nothing without love.

Reading my mother's "Birdsong Meditation" and being able to share anecdotes about her. (I have LOTS more. Ask us for the pdf of my book, *MUM: The Conscience, Courage, and Compassion of Barbara Reynolds.*)

Wanting to give my intrepid interpreter a medal for her excellent job, in spite of my rudeness in abandoning her to do the whole translation at once!

Meeting Daisy Tibbs' family and learning about her part in Floyd Schmoe's Houses for Hiroshima project right after World War 2.

Seeing old friends, especially Morishita-sensei, Miyoko Matsubara, Kido-san, and Koko Tanimoto Kondo. Making new ones like Richard and Xinia Tobias, Tanya Maus, Ruth Maschmeier and especially those who had known my mother.

Learning to fry *okonomiyaki* crepes with Michiko as our chef.

Yuri Mori, as graceful and gentle as Glinda in *The Wizard of Oz*, dispensing the blessings of Jesus' love to each person at the One World Peace Concert. Her testimony about God converting her grief over her brother's death in the Kobe earthquake into a ministry of music to catastrophe-devastated people.

Being taken on a guided tour of the Peace Park. I have never had an actual tour. I learned a lot.

Kind remarks about my mother by Peace Museum Director Kenji Shiga and International Gospel League Chairman Kengo Nagami.

Excited welcome by waitress and manager at Elk Cafe who recognized Margot and me as members of Barbara's family from the 50th anniversary celebration and gave us a free dessert.

Hearing Margot and Lisa share their perspectives about their grandmother. Having the "next generations" attract interested listeners to interact with them about peace. Getting to introduce my nieces to A-bomb survivor and dear friend Miyoko Matsubara.

WFC breakfasts: the flexible ones among us kneeling at the low table in the main room; the less flexible ones sitting on chairs in the kitchen.

Tugging on a braid in front of me, thinking it belonged to one of my great-nieces, only to find out it was attached to a perfect stranger (Malia Tashiro--or was it Leona?)

Music from guitar, banjo, harmonica, piano, ocarina, tambourines, castinets, *koto*, *shamisen*, drums. Waving good-bye to nuclear weapons.

"My Dinner with Andre"--or, rather, "Our Dinner with Miyoko, Richard and Xinia Tobias, Michiko Yamane--and national Japanese television." I hadn't had time to change out of my T-shirt ("Aging Gratefully") and tennis shoes before we met our hostess Miyoko for a sumptuous meal at a private room in the restaurant of the Ana Crowne Point Hotel. Having a producer, cameraman and soundman from NHK-TV record every word we said, videotaping us through 5 of the 8 courses, was a bit distracting and when Miyoko asked us all to sing at the end of the evening, our minds all went blank. But Michiko bravely led us in singing "Jesus Loves Me (and You)" through the overhanging video boom to everyone in Japan!

Orizuru, all colors of the rainbow, reminding us to hang on to hope. Being surrounded and accompanied by a phalanx of members of the media, reminiscent of being in Hiroshima with my mother. Press coverage of the anniversary in *Chugoku* and *Yomiuri* newspapers.

Beautiful lake, islands, bridges, and trees at Shukkeien. A gray day, lovely in its own Japanese way.

The sound of *shoji* sliding open. The sound of rain. (We don't get that very often in California.) The opportunity to see Hiroshima on foot (always the best way to see a city, according to my father, and I agree).

Group pictures. (I liked the one where Hasegawa, the little photojournalist guy who followed us everywhere and took a zillion pictures, was invited up into our group to be part of the picture himself! Heaven is inclusive.)



(WFC Show and Tell at Hiroshima International House)

Michiko's alter-ego. *Where in the world did that high, squeaky voice come from?* The World Friendship Center bursting with people. (How many? Count the shoes and divide by two.) Stomachs bursting with multi-cultural food.

The kindness and generosity of the Tuesday morning English class, who hosted us "Reynoldses" to a *sukiyaki* dinner and the next morning, guided us around Miyajima Island. Lisa, the veterinarian, stopping to give the deer on the island

check-ups: "I don't know how healthy they are without doing a baseline blood panel first." (Scott: "Lisa's doing blood work on Bambi.") Ashlee, 9, counting every deer she patted and valiantly trying to subtract that number in her head from the 500 deer there are on the island. . . In the photo of us, the birthplace of our yacht the *Phoenix* is across the bay, beyond the red *torii*.

Our first ever hot springs resort.

Kagura. Chambara in brocade: sword fights in wonderful, menacing, shaggy masks. Afterwards, getting to try on those embroidered 32-pound, \$20,000 costumes and jerking imaginary manes side to side, pretending we were scary.

In the interests of full disclosure I want to say it was a real kick to bathe naked with all the female members of my family.

Ten-course banquet at the hot springs resort, including raw fish, seaweed, roe, squid, octopus, eel, jellyfish (and wild boar)--like eating our way through the Aquarium of the Pacific back in Long Beach.

Bowing and drinking tea. So civilized.

Being honored for having white hair. Age doesn't get that kind of respect in the States! *Many* people said I look like my mother. But my favorite compliment came from my great-niece Jerilyn, who told me, "You have the prettiest hair I've ever seen on an old person!"

Being waited on hand and foot. (Gotta be honest. If Jerry didn't already treat me that way, I would never have wanted to go home!)

Singing Japanese children's songs on the bus. *Natsukashii*.

And a special highlight in a week of highlights: Visiting the memorial to my mother with two generations of her descendants.



In front of Barbara Reynolds' monument

From Left (Scott, Amanda, Kinza, Ashlee, Jerilyn, Lisa, Jerry, Margot, Jessica, Kaelee)

(If the picture does not come through, it's #487 in Kent's web album at

http://www.kentsweitzerphotography.com/Events/WFC-NPO-50th-Anniversary-2015/49294219_t3MxW7

Knowing how happy this occasion and those who came for it would have made (did make?) my mother.

The time Jerry and I spent alone at her monument later. Just for those few minutes, the sky cleared up completely, the sun shone, and birds began to sing!

Best friends forever.

Note: I predict that Jerilyn's best memory will be of the chocolate fountain at the buffet!

2. Mike Stern (Singer Songwriter)

(Yuri Mori & Mike Stern)

The world's first atomic bomb was dropped by the United States on Hiroshima on August 6, 1945 at 8:15 a.m. It was at least 2,000 times more powerful than the largest bomb used to date & contained the equivalent of between 12 and 15,000 tons of TNT. It devastated an area of five square miles. More than 60% of the buildings in the city were destroyed. Though we don't know exactly how many



people perished on that day, it is estimated that at least 70,000 people burned instantly, & the number of deaths caused from burns & radiation had doubled to 140,000 by the end of December 1945. That number amounted to 1/4 of Hiroshima's population at the time. Many more suffered long-term sickness and disability. Three days later, the United States launched a second, bigger atomic bomb against the city of Nagasaki. People who survived the heat of the blast & the radiation are known as Hibakushas.

*A flower grows in Hiroshima
Known by very few
Its color changes at a certain time
As if the flowers knew.*

A flower grows in Hiroshima, known as the World Friendship Center (WFC). When the WFC's 50th anniversary occurred last month, Carol & I were privileged to help mark the occasion. Founded in 1965 by a Quaker named Barbara Reynolds, the WFC is dedicated to providing a place where people from many nations can meet, share their experiences and reflect on peace, & to hear first hand the accounts of Hibakushas. The WFC continues its mission because of the dedication & hard work of so many board members & volunteers who have become cherished friends to us.

Many years before actually founding the WFC, Barbara Reynolds first went to Hiroshima in 1951 when she accompanied her children & husband Earl, who was a physical anthropologist doing scientific research for the US government's Atomic Energy Commission. The commission's goal was to measure the effects A-bomb radiation had on children. During their 3 year stay, Earl also designed & built a sea-going yacht & christened her the Phoenix of Hiroshima - a fitting name because "phoenix" refers to a mythical bird that arises from out of the ashes of destruction. Then from 1954 – 1958 the family set sail around the world (mostly for adventure & fun) on the Phoenix. But in '58 in Hawaii they met the crew of another yacht, the Golden Rule – also fitting name because it harkens back to the words of Jesus: *Do unto others as you would have them do unto you*. The Golden Rule crew had announced their intention to protest nuclear testing by sailing into the American test zone in the Pacific. But they were arrested as soon as they left Honolulu, brought back to shore & put in jail. The Reynolds family was so impressed by the crew of the Golden Rule & their protest actions that the Phoenix took over where the Golden Rule left off. Without declaring their intention to do so, they sailed the Phoenix into the forbidden zone. Earle was arrested & faced a 2 year trial & appeal process.

The story is fascinating & particularly ironic when you use the names of the boats in context with history. The US military confiscated the Golden Rule in order to keep her from protesting the use of nuclear weapons. Then they captured the Phoenix & tried to hold her down, too. But the Phoenix rose again!

At the end of the trial & appeal, the Reynolds family sailed back to Hiroshima in 1961. Somewhat to their surprise they received a kind of hero's welcome. A woman who bore disfiguring keloid scars from A-bomb burns approached Barbara & personally thanked her for having acted & spoken for them. Barbara's response to survivors was less scientific than Earl's had been - & more personal. She asked the Hibakusha to tell her *what they had experienced & what it was like to live through a nuclear war*. Their answers touched her so deeply that it carried on for the rest of her life. Her own quote engraved on her monument in the Hiroshima Peace park reads "I, too, am a hibakusha."

Among the honored guests at the 50th anniversary last month were Barbara Reynolds daughter (Jessica Renshaw) who had been 10 years old when her

family first set sail on the Phoenix; 2 grandchildren, & several of Barbara's great-grandchildren. Carol & I met & grew to love each of them in a brief but intense week together. So yes, friends - *a flower grows in Hiroshima*.

Another flower that grew in Hiroshima was named Daisy Tibbs. She was one of a group of 4 remarkable individuals who went from Seattle to Hiroshima in 1949 to build Houses for Hiroshima. They wanted to demonstrate their opposition to war & objection to the use of atomic weapons. They thought they could best do this by helping victims of the atomic blast. Besides Daisy, the others were Floyd Schmoe, Rev. Emory "Andy" Andrews, & Ruth Jenkins.

Floyd Schmoe was the group's leader, a Quaker who was a conscientious objector (during both World Wars I & II). After several trips to build Houses for Hiroshima from 1949 - 53, he eventually became a professor of forestry at the University of Washington & a park naturalist at Mt Rainer. In his 90's he was the driving force behind the creation of Seattle's Peace Park just south of the University Friends Meeting House which has the statue of Sadako and the thousand cranes.



Rev. Emory Andrews was the longest serving pastor of Japanese Baptist Church (JBC) in Seattle. Prior to going to Hiroshima, he had relocated his family to Minidoka, Idaho to continue ministering to the bulk of his congregation of Japanese ancestry who were taken from their homes in Seattle & incarcerated in Idaho between '42 & '44. After that he worked closely with Floyd Schmoe on their trips to build houses for Hiroshima.

Ruth Jenkins was a teacher from Alabama, & Daisy Tibbs was also a teacher who later directed the Seattle Schools Head Start Program. A beautiful picture of Daisy was featured with a story about her in Ebony Magazine in 1950. Daisy's daughter (Debra Dawson), son (Craig Dawson), & grandson (Cleavon Steele)

were among those honored by the WFC last month & have become our friends.
Yes, a flower grows in Hiroshima, & in Seattle, too.

I grew up in the Church of the Brethren in the 1950's & 60's, often hearing stories about Dan West who started Heifer Project International & Brethren Volunteer Service (BVS) after WWII. "Seafaring cowboys" with farming backgrounds carried farm animals across oceans to war-torn countries to show people that there is an alternative to war; & perhaps a means of preventing wars - before they start - by building sustainable sources of food & friendship. The first BVS volunteer coordinator at the WFC in 1980 was Mary Blocker Schmeltzer, the mother of a very good friend ours. Carol & I incorporated her photo & a bit of her story into some of our musical presentations last month. BVS went on to consistently provide volunteer coordinators for the WFC for the past 35 years.
Yes, a flower grows in Hiroshima.

Larry & JoAnn Sims served in this capacity from 2011- 2013. Kent & Sarah Sweitzer did so from 2007-2009. The Sims, Sweitzers & the current co-directors, Xinia & Richard Tabias were all on hand last month and recognized by the WFC committee & volunteers for their outstanding commitment to the WFC (even though Xinia & Richard were very busy simultaneously working to host all of us & many WFC events). It is interesting to note that Richard Tobias had been one of the seafaring cowboy in BVS decades earlier. He recalled cutting Dan West's hair way back in the 1950's, so last month I asked him to cut my hair as well.
And yes, a flower grows in Hiroshima.



(From left Shoichi Fujii, Carol, Larry, JoAnn, Sarah, Xinia, Richard, Kent)

Back in Seattle in 2006 - because of Carol's & my Church of the Brethren connections – we were asked to help host Peace Ambassador Exchange (PAX) visitors from Japan. But our house was almost uninhabitable due to a major remodel. So Carol asked JoAnne & Larry Sims for help. Larry half-jokingly says that the journey that led them to the WFC in Hiroshima all started because of Carol & me remodeling our house! *Yes, a flower grows in Hiroshima, & in Seattle, too.*

At another PAX exchange in Amity, McMinnville & Portland, Oregon in 2009, Carol & I met Michiko Yamane & Asaka Watanabe (a singer & choir chairperson for the WFC) for the first time. I sang a few of my songs, one of which was "One World". When Asaka returned to Hiroshima she started talking about a dream she had of putting on a concert with me & other Japanese musicians. Working with JoAnne & Larry Sims (who had by then become the WFC co-directors), that dream came true with our first One World Peace Concert. It turned out to be a big success & now seems to have become almost an annual event – at least for 3 of the past 4 years. I'm definitely hoping it will continue. *A flower grows in Hiroshima, & in Amity, too.*

In preparation for my first One World peace concert in Hiroshima, I think I should take you back a few years earlier to when I met Lin and Harlan Takahashi – members of Broadway United Church of Christ in Seattle (where my brother Dan had been a pastor for many years). It was Lin who inspired me to write "Take Only What You Can Carry", a ballad of the Japanese American experience during WWII. As I shared this song around the Seattle area, it gradually started opening doors to a cascade of friendships at Japanese Baptist Church (JBC) & the broader Japanese & Nesei Japanese/American community in Seattle including Yosh Nakagawa & Herb Tsuchiya – two childhood friends who had been among the Japanese American prisoners at Minidoka). I also meet Rev. Yukio Sakiyama, the Japanese language pastor from JBC & I asked him if he would translate "Take Only What You Can Carry" so it would be better understood at my concerts in Japan. He not only translated the one song, but over a period of years he has done several more. He also narrated the bilingual version of "As If the Flowers Knew". *A flower grows in Hiroshima, & in Seattle, too.*

So what do all these vignettes have in common other than a hodgepodge of various service organizations & people that we've learned about or come to know & love in Hiroshima & Seattle & Amity over so many years? They are blessed ties that bind us together in love. They are inspiring examples of scripture (Isaiah 35:1-2) being fulfilled - *the desert and the parched land will be glad; the wilderness will rejoice and blossom. Like the crocus, it will burst into bloom!*

Out of brokenness & rubble a flower can really grow. And a phoenix can really rise from out of ashes. It's not just a myth. It's true. It's been done before, it's being done now, & it will be done again. If only we keep on scattering these kinds of seeds peace & friendship to new generations, flowers like these will bloom in Hiroshima and throughout the world.



(Carol & Mike Stern)

3. Sumiko Suzuki

(Former board member of WFC, living in Kimitsu city, Chiba pref.)

My memories of WFC



*WFC 50th Anniversary Ceremony at Seifukan in Shukkeien Garden
(Front left Suzuki Sumiko)*

Congratulations on the 50th Anniversary of WFC.

I attended the 50th commemorative ceremony and was deeply impressed by the extraordinary sincerity and efforts of those who have taken on Barbara's strong will and passion for 50 years.

It was in my school days that I first heard about Barbara. I was impressed by the newspaper article which told how Mr. & Mrs. Reynolds had sailed a yacht in the nuclear testing area of the sea protesting against the experiment and were arrested. I thought then how courageous they were. We moved to Hiroshima when my husband was transferred by his company in November, 1986 and then I learned again about Barbara and the WFC in the Chugoku Shimbun newspaper. The following April, I called on the WFC, which was in Minami-machi in those days, to take English lessons until June of 1989. I learned there that "Hiroshima Maidens" were sent to America to receive the plastic surgery with the support from Norman Cousins, Rev. Kiyoshi Tanimoto and Dr. Tomin Harada.

It is certain that even this short period, two years and two months, greatly influenced my life afterwards.

Bill and Jeanne Chappell, directors at the time, warmly welcomed me. I was amazed to hear that successive directors of the WFC are volunteers sent through a church. I had never heard of long-term volunteer activities in Japan. Mrs. Sora guided us to Peace Memorial Museum and monuments in the Peace Park. Though I knew the first A-bomb was dropped in August 6th, 1945, I felt very sorry and guilty that I hardly knew anything about the actual situation. A-bomb survivors were physically damaged and endured such hardships as discrimination. It was awe-inspiring to see how they would share their agony with us.

WFC was in financial difficulties, so Mr. & Mrs. Chappell started English conversation classes from adults to children, hosted guests from abroad, and offered chances for guests and Japanese staff and *Hibakusha* to talk together. They were also active in guiding people around the museum and monuments in Peace Memorial Park, visiting Mutsumien nursing home, dealing with the media, and participating in various events positively in Hiroshima city. Is this what being a volunteer means? I was simply in awe at the high level of volunteer activities.

One day, during a lesson, I noticed a big red callus formed on Jeanne Chappell's right ankle as a result of her habit of sitting Japanese style during many lessons and meetings. Our daily life in Japan has changed from sitting on tatami mats like this to sitting in chairs. We no longer have to keep sitting so long on tatami that we get calluses. I felt so sorry for her. I wonder if other directors have had similar experiences, too.

While I was writing this manuscript, I suddenly remembered the famous "Prayer for Peace" attributed to Francis of Assisi: "May I not so much seek to be consoled as to console; to be understood as to understand; to be loved as to love."

I imagine that directors have had to live in completely different circumstances and culture from what they were used to and had many tough experiences, but they fulfilled their important mission with deep prayer like this as their emotional mainstay.

I want to give a big hand of appreciation to the WFC staff and volunteers who have continued to give their help.



Jeanne & Bill, CCE (Cross Culture Experience)

4. Atsushi Fujioka (Professor of Ritsumeikan University)

WFC supported Japan-US Students Exchange Tour

It was in August, 1995 that "Peace Pilgrimage Tour" was launched to study the effects of the A-bomb in a Japan-US joint program supported by Akiko Naono, a graduate of American University and a second generation *hibakusha*, and Peter Kuznick, a history professor at the university. This tour was registered as an official subject at Ritsumeikan University in 1997. In the same year, Koko Kondo became a main supporter of this tour. So far, about 290 Ritsumeikan students and about 280 participants from American University and from other colleges abroad have joined this program.

Every year the WFC holds a “*Hibakusha* testimony meeting” around ten o’clock on August 6, after the memorial ceremony in the Peace Memorial Park. It was in 1997 that we first visited the WFC to take part in this meeting. A commemorative photo taken in front of the WFC on August 6, 1999 shows 12 people including Koko Kondo, Peter, and Marilia Kelly, an activist who was demanding the shutdown of Livermore Nuclear Research Institute in the west of San Francisco. The look on their young faces is impressive.

We have been coming almost every year, so if on average eight of us came here at one time, about 130 students have visited the WFC in all. The rooms were usually full, and though we arrived late, we were received with a warm welcome. We are grateful for that welcome.

Many years ago when I saw Michiko Yamane, now the WFC chairperson, holding a puppet and performing ventriloquism, I was charmed by the natural, family-like atmosphere of the place. On August 5, 1999, our fourth visit, we had no place to stay because there were no vacancies at our hotel, Chutokukaikan. Peter and I were allowed to stay on the second floor of WFC and were saved from sleeping on the street!

As we got up early on August 6, our students got hungry around noon. There was an okonomiyaki shop at the corner near the WFC. I remember clearly the good taste of Hiroshima-yaki cooked by the lively hostess there.

I met a lot of wonderful people at the WFC 50th anniversary ceremony held in Shukkeien Garden. I was happy to see Jessica, Barbara’s daughter, and Tanya Maus from the Peace Resource Center at Wilmington College. I was vividly reminded of the contents of the book “Pilgrimage to Hiroshima, a life of Barbara Reynolds” written by Mizuhoko Kotani.

The 20-year-history of “Peace Pilgrimage Tour” jointly held by Ritsumeikan University and American University was summarized in the essay, “Footsteps of Study Tour about A-bombing through Japan-US Students Exchange for Twenty Years - in search for truth-sharing and reconciliation”. It is open to the public at my homepage. Just click <http://www.peaceful.biz/contents/7-8hiroshima.pdf> Allow me to give my respects to the superb 50-year history of the WFC, which has been an oasis for our “Pilgrimage Tour”.



Left photo

(From left Koko Kondo, Satoko Oka Norimatsu, Atsushi Fujioka, Peter Kuznick)

Right photo (20th Anniversary in Nagasaki)

5. Yoko Teichler (nee Urata), Kassel, Germany (Second Peace Mission in 1964, Student interpreter)

(From left Jerry, Jessica, Yoko Teichler)

Recollection of Barbara Reynolds and my attendance at the 50th Anniversary WFC



On the 10th April, 2015, it was raining and raining, hard, and I felt very chilly, especially in the Villa. St. Peter should have had more consultants...Barbara was reported to have said; "also I am a bomb-survivor". Coming from the USA to the loser nation of the 2nd World War, Japan, with all its shortcomings in those days, still she was touched, and tried to live up to her ideals and beliefs. Surely it was hard for her to cope with all the obstacles, sometimes it must have been chilly inside her, I imagined. She was reported to disappear sometimes, one would see her knitting on a park bench, deep in thoughts. She must have sought for inner peace. And people watched her in silence but in deep affection. This scene must have been sad, I thought.

For Mrs. Takahara from Nagasaki, I was an interpreter. The trip brought us to different venues, all precious experiences. Ever since we kept in close contact. Dr. and Mrs. Takahara remain my role models, too, in the following five decades. When I heard she would be in Hiroshima for this event, I planned my trip. I also contacted those student interpreters, altogether about 15 of them then, asked to join the Anniversary. Finally, though, we were only two, Mrs. Yoshida and I myself. Also Mrs. Takahara was missing. She had an acute hip problem. I was also reminded of my professors at the Alma Mater, ICU, who recommended me to Barbara to join this mission. And I was reminded of those whom we paid visits to people such as President Truman, Prof. Oppenheimer or even King Baudouin and many more.

I travelled again to Berlin upon my graduation (the part then West Germany) to join a Unesco project at the Max-Planck-Institute, got married to a German and have lived ever since in Germany. The 8th of May 1945 was the day on which the War ended for Germany. Whether it is a "liberation day" or not for the Germans, kept to be a big theme for a national discussion a long time. Finally, President Richard von Weizsaecker made an impressive speech in the 80s, the nation has now no problem to follow this logic. Every year on the 8th of May they show for example in TV programs of old films where people, citizen with different backgrounds, report on their experience of war time. Among others, I was impressed this year to happen to listen to Prof. Ranke-Heinemann, the daughter of the former President Heinemann. She is so far the only female Professor (in Germany, the academic title Professor must be conferred upon examination after the title Doctor) for catholic theology. "Even the Vatican, as well as politicians of all colors seem to deem pacifists as questionable. But we only can be pacifists when we have seen what the War brought about, don` t you think?" she would ask. We human beings live at most 100 years. With these people dead are gone all the expertise, good but also terrible experiences and wishes like "we do not want our children and grandchildren go through something horrible like this". When their brain is gone, so is the knowledge gone. It is a hard fact. How can we at all transcend the level of mere sympathy to higher empathy, which seems to have succeeded in case of Barbara? "What if it happened to me?" "I also am a survivor."

The experience of Hiroshima and Nagasaki was not well utilized, it seems. It is a pity. We were easily misled by the disguising adjective, "peaceful" use of nuclear energy. It was a kind of logical trap into which we all fell. At middle schools in Japan for some decades, textbooks for physics did not deal with "nuclear energy" nor "radioactivity" at all, so after the big Tohoku Earthquake in 2011, teachers in Fukushima did not know how to deal with the subject. They had to learn in that summer in a special course organized by the Ministry of Education on the theme. To create organic junctions to different social phenomena and levels of various fields of knowledge seems to become more and more important in modern times. This may be a big assignment for quality journalism. Those were my thought on the rainy hours of the day. Again, those people, supporters at the WFC are all so enthusiastic, full of heat, singing, eating, dancing, acting, playing, abundant in thoughts, educating and building for a better world. We should be optimistic with hope, at the WFC we always find a source of ever-lasting energy for friendship. That perception makes us feel warm at heart.



WFC 50th Anniversary Ceremony at Seifukan in Shukkeien Garden

6. Lani Wiig (Former WFC Riji)

Hillsboro, Oregon, USA ,

April 21, 2015

I am still riding in from "Hiroshima Airport" with Jessica and Jerry Renshaw. Mr. Watanabe is giving us a ride. At first I think that the airport is a rebuilt version of the old Hiroshima Airport located in a part of Hiroshima City that I remember from the 1980s. It is only after Mr. Watanabe has been driving for about 30 minutes that I figure out the new Hiroshima Airport is located near the city of Mihara, and is about a 45-minute drive from Hiroshima City. THANK YOU, MR. WATANABE, for giving us such a long ride.

It is my second night back in Hiroshima after being away for 21 years. I am still walking into OTIS, a Tex-Mex restaurant near Hiroshima Youth Hotel Aster Plaza. Steve Leeper is seated at a table near the entrance to OTIS having dinner and beer with a Japanese friend. Steve looks at me and I look at Steve. It is our first in-person meeting, in more than 25 years.

I am still discussing with Tanya Maus the design of the latest possible additions to the Peace Resource Center in Ohio (if she can get funding). "How nice if there could, somehow, be a copy of Hiroshima's Peace Bell at the Center in Ohio – for Wilmington College students to keep on ringing as they pass by, and for visitors to the Center to ring to announce their arrival."

I am eating REALLY delicious round treats made out finely chopped up burdock root (goboh) at a special potluck at the World Friendship Center. Doumo arigatou to whoever made those gobo treats. I loved them, but I could NOT figure out who made them to say thank you. (I think I ate five of them. Gomen, ne. Kind of selfish on my part.) The entire potluck was GREAT.

I am still together with Debra Dawson and Cleavon Steele eating a late lunch at Banban, the closest okonomiyaki restaurant to the Schmoe House in Eba. The owner, Mr. Takeshi Kirihara, is describing to Debra, Cleavon and me how, starting at about age 10, for a number of years he kept pulling our painful shards

of glass from his grandmother's back that were lodged there the morning of the A-bomb.

In amazement, I am still listening to, and watching, Michiko Yamane's talking puppet at the WFC Show and Tell. I am asking myself – "Is this REALLY Michiko-san's voice, or is it a recording?" I was truly bewildered by that puppet.



I am still visiting Sachiko Hiraoka's office where she is showing me how to paint "Hankaku no Seichi" in colorful kanji. Hankaku no Seichi means "Anti-Nuclear Sacred Ground" (in other words, Hiroshima's Peace Park.)

(Anti-Nuclear Sacred Ground)

I am still together with lots of the 50th Anniversary participants having an unforgettable, traditional dinner at Tojimura Hot Springs followed by a Kagura play – and then a relaxful experience in the Hot Springs.

I am still together with Barbara Reynolds' great-granddaughters, Jerilyn Tennison, Kaelee Parker, Kinza Parker and Amanda Walker, as the Principal of Hiroshima Jogakuin Girls Junior and Senior High School, Mr. Hoshino, plays Johann Sebastian Bach's "Prelude in C Major" on the school's pipe organ. Then Principal Hoshino takes us to see the school's granite monument with the names of each of the 300-plus students and teachers who died in the bombing.



(From left Kaelee, Jerilyn, Amanda, Ashlee, Kinza)

I could go on. And on. And on. Thank you to all the Japanese members of the World Friendship Center for putting together an excellent 50th Anniversary, and to the current Volunteer Directors, Xinia and Richard. You guys were fantastic.

Finally, I would like to thank Ron Klein VERY much for making my trip possible.

Incidentally, because of the aircraft accident at Hiroshima Airport, a number of us had unexpected experiences in returning to the United States. I was able to get a reservation on ANA to travel one day later from Okayama Airport to Tokyo's Haneda Airport. I took a Bullet Train from Hiroshima Station to Okayama Station and located a hotel for the night. I was able to have dinner in Okayama with a former student, Dr. Omori. The ANA flight from Okayama to Haneda was nice, except that it took four ANA employees behind the check-in counter to figure out how to convert my reservation into an actual boarding pass. I was greeted at Haneda Airport by an old and dear family friend, Otani-san, whom I had not seen in eighteen years. Together we had a delicious buffet lunch at a restaurant near Harajuku Station. Then I took a fast train from downtown Tokyo to Narita.

At Narita, I did not know which terminal I needed to go to catch a United flight. I got off at the wrong terminal. Finally, I located the United Check-in Counter in another terminal. Again, it was quite confusing having United issue me an actual boarding pass. I also wanted to notify my wife when I would be arriving in Portland. All of this took precious minutes. A United Airlines female staffer, in high heels, asked me to dash with her through Narita to get to my flight. I believe I was the last person to get on board the United flight to San Francisco. In conclusion, it was an interesting way to get from Ron's apartment in Ushita, Hiroshima City, to my flight at Narita International Airport.

I look forward to receiving other stories and photos of our 50th Anniversary. Thank you. Doumo Arigatou gozaimashita.

Lani Wiig

7. Margot Backus (Barbara's granddaughter)

Journal entries and notes on the World Friendship Center's Fiftieth Anniversary

Before (from an email to academic friends and colleagues):

I am going to Hiroshima to meet up with ... global anti-nuclear peace activists who are committed to carrying on the work that was done by my genetic grandmother and others of her generation, and it occurred to me only today that the other two adult blood relatives of Barbara Reynolds who will be there are my aunt Jessica, a fundamentalist Christian and anti-abortion activist, and my cousin Lisa, who works for the U.S. Army. It suddenly occurred to me that I have every right to be feeling confused and as though the world and how we express ourselves, who and what we work for and how we do it, using what language, stories, and stances, is intensely confusing. I am as lost in translation as I have ever been. Which is not bad. Travel is doing what it is supposed to do. With a vengeance!

During (from an email):

One fascinating quality of this particular organization as it has evolved over fifty years is that virtually no one closely involved in the organization is really fluent in both English and Japanese. This is, I think, a legacy of the crisis conditions under which the organization originally formed. A few members on both sides have "pretty good" English or Japanese, and many on both sides know enough of the other language to have a halting conversation. The lack of easy transparency this makes for is part of what makes the peace center such a great place, because we all have to work together hard to get things done -- the language barriers impose a kind of default consensus approach to everything that affects the people around one.

During the ceremony, attended by a former mayor of Hiroshima, after the mayor had made a (moving, informed and artful) address of his own, the chairperson of the Center, Michiko Yamane, in a tricky translation situation, called on him to replace her as translator. He agreed to do it and she insisted "get up, get up and translate so everyone can see you." He stood up, did the translation, and sat down again. Later there was a long, laughing exchange in Japanese about

something, and the one person among the English speakers who seemed to me to be completely bilingual did the non-Japanese speakers the kindness of explaining. He said:

You may not know this, but the World Friendship Centre has a reputation for being kind of wild and crazy for a Japanese organization. The exchange they were just having was pointing out that only at a WFC ceremony would a former mayor of any Japanese city be called on to translate after he'd made his own presentation, and that only THIS former mayor, who really knows this organization and stuck around after making his own presentation instead of leaving after the first five minutes, would have done it.



(Steve Leeper & Tadatoshi Akiba)

During (journal notes):

This morning Jerilyn (my daughter) and I woke up early and took a tram out to the ferry over to the island of Miyajima – a beautiful island in the Inland Sea set about with forested mountains and shrines – some staggeringly ancient – with a harbor shopping area full of great little shops, and populated by many deer who are

(Miyajima Island)



as friendly and intrusively demanding of food as your average goat or Yellowstone black bear in the high tourist season. Then we came home from that and got onto a bus with all of the visitors and most of the WFC anniversary organizers and drove off into the countryside to this AMAZING onsen – a spa organized around a hot spring. This place is INCREDIBLE – it looks EXACTLY like a village that the main characters in *Avatar, the Last Airbender* might have

wandered into, or that would be in a Miyazaki film. Magic. I just had a wonderful soak in an outdoor hot spring with Jer, my cousin, my aunt, my cousin's four girls and three other anniversary visitors, and then attended a ten course final meal that included jellyfish, wild boar, burdock, egg custard, and squid. All yummy.

The generosity showered on us is indescribable. Two translators, one who works English to Japanese and one Japanese to English, spent an afternoon figuring out the characters for Jerilyn's, Ashley's, Amanda's, Kinza's and Kaylee's names, and gave them all, as a gift, both the characters for them and the meaning of each character. A man who taught high school in Hiroshima for many years is taking the girls to his former high school tomorrow – they will eat lunch there, and then each will attend a class. Morishita-sensei, a Hibakusha who was president of the World Friendship Center for over twenty years, gave me a beautiful collection of his calligraphy and poetry.

Thank goodness for everyone who told me to bring presents – unbelievably, I still ran out of presents before I ran out of people to whom I want to *give* presents. But without the wise guidance of the Facebook hive mind, of whom I am constantly thinking with love, I would be RIDDLED with guilt and remorse right now instead of just sorry I didn't have a few more prezzies and that prezzies weren't a little nicer – who knew I would meet over fifty completely awesome people who would all become like family to me in a week?

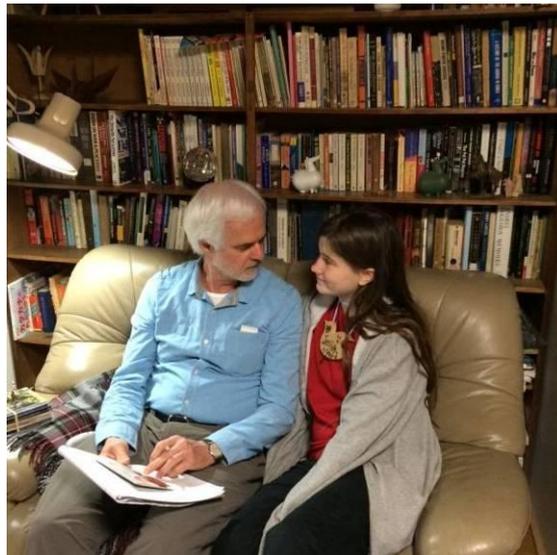
Afterward (Facebook entry):

So here is one thing -- as an adoptee I have never felt that I quite fully belonged anywhere, really. It's been a pretty significant issue that has left me haunted by a sense that I always owe all the people I love more than I am giving them (except my husband Steve Tennison, who is the one person I think of as just completely reliably and solidly THERE -- sorry about that honey...) but anyway a huge thing about this trip was the uncanny, heartbreaking, impossible sense that THIS was somehow my home -- a place where I really did feel that I belonged, and that has given me really deep almost cellular permission to just go ahead and lay claim to all of my awesome birth family members on both sides, Reynolds's and Backuses, who, on some level, I always felt were just too great a stroke of good luck to dare wholly claim as mine. These people here -- they are family -- including the many

with whom I share no genetic material. I love them all so much it hurts, and if that's not family I don't know what is.

Facebook entry commenting on a picture of my daughter Jerilyn and Mike Stern:

I don't know if others can see in this picture what I can. Mike Stern is an absolutely wonderful peace activist/singer songwriter whose song "You don't have to Carry a Gun," reflects the values of a family and Christian denomination that has made "thou shalt not kill" and "love God and your neighbor with all your heart and soul" central to their Christian faith. His wife Carol creates beautiful backdrops for his performances, drawn from the nonviolent international interracial work that went on in Hiroshima in the years following an act of unfathomable cruelty. Together they melted Jerilyn's and my hard, cynical, tough, angry hearts -- restoring mine to a place it has visited ever more seldom over the years, and introducing Jerilyn's to a place it had never known. Kyrie Eleison.



(Mike Stern & Jerilyn)

8. Tanya Maus (Coordinator Peace Resource Center Wilmington College)

(From left Tanya, Richard, Xinia, Lani)

When I began as the new Director of the Peace Resource Center at Wilmington College founded by Barbara Reynolds in 1975, I knew very little about the Peace Resource Center and had not yet heard of the World Friendship Center. Yet, on the very first day on the job here at Wilmington College (January 8, 2015), I received a



package announcing that the World Friendship Center founded by Barbara Reynolds in 1965 would be celebrating its 50th anniversary. I knew immediately that I needed to attend. I wanted to represent the Peace Resource Center to make sure the ties between these two Centers for peace, one in Japan and one in the United States, would remain strong. I also felt that if I failed to attend I would miss an irreplaceable opportunity to connect with the history of the Peace Resource Center as well as the history of Barbara Reynolds and her peace activism. Thankfully, members of the Wilmington College community felt equally committed to these goals. I applied for and received the majority of the funding for my trip to Japan through the Isaac Harvey Fund (A fund supported with donations by local Quakers and managed by a committee of Quakers at Wilmington College). The remaining funds for the trip were provided by a private donor who is dedicated to peace in the community.

At the World Friendship Center, I learned not only in greater depth about Barbara Reynold's deep devotion to the *hibakusha* and anti-nuclear activism in Japan, but I also saw how the important role that World Friendship Center has had in uniting a community dedicated to sharing first hand experiences the atomic bombings and to creating a nuclear free world. Most importantly, however, I came to understand how vital the archive at the Peace Resource Center at Wilmington College is to maintaining a history of both Centers (and as a result a history of peace), and I returned with a renewed commitment to both protecting and promoting this collection.

Moreover, I found that the history of the World Friendship Center and Barbara Reynold's deep commitment to the plight of the *hibakusha* in Japan continues to live and thrive in the present from the Peace Ambassador trips, the Youth Peace Camp, Translation Class, to the Peace Choir. These activities all reveal a network of diverse individuals with multiple gifts and aspirations that continue to bring a desire for non-violence and peace into the larger community both within and without Japan.

It was this combination of the past and the present that left me deeply inspired and I returned to the Peace Resource Center at Wilmington College with renewed conviction and excitement about the work ahead! Currently, we are planning a 12-hour vigil using survivor testimonies, poetry, and short stories from our archive to commemorate the atomic bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki on their 70th anniversary on August 6, 2015. We are also making headway in planning the 40th Anniversary of the Peace Resource Center on September 10 and 11, 2015. We are working as quickly as we can to plan these events (and we will be sending information about the 40th Anniversary to the World Friendship Center in the next week!).

Words cannot express how much I appreciate the hard work that went into the planning of the 50th Anniversary of the World Friendship Center. Each day I look forward to a time when we can all meet again.

9. Ashlee Walker's (Barbara Reynold's great granddaughter) account of her April 2015 trip to Hiroshima to celebrate the 50th Anniversary of the World Friendship Center.

What was the one thing you remember from your visit to Hiroshima? Walking in the garden park in downtown Hiroshima because it was so beautiful even though it was raining it made it more beautiful. (Shukkeien garden)



What was your favorite food? When our host family (Mikiko-san) cook us breaded cheese (tempura) for a family meal of lots of other breaded things. There were also rice balls that were very yummy. They had seaweed rice balls and white rice balls.

What is it that you hope people know about Hiroshima? About the bombing and how the effects were so bad that it left shadows.



(Xinia, Mikiko Shimizu, Richard)

What did you learn about Hiroshima? We went there because of Great Grandma and she help make a Peace Center to help people and the bomb.

Name one person you remember from your trip and something special about them? I enjoyed meeting Mike the musician who played lots of nice songs.

If you could say anything to the people from the Friendship Center, what would it be? It was fun because we got see new cultures and taste new food and see how different people act. The one thing that surprised me about the culture is how they eat raw fish and how really nice everyone was to us.

What part of your visit did you like the best? I liked going to the mountain resort the best. It was very unusual. It was a tiny little "paradise" town with nice people, with a big meal, the kimonos, and the real cool show at the end. (kagura)

10. Kaelee Parker (Great-granddaughter of Barbara Reynolds)

My Experiences with the World Friendship Center in Hiroshima

From April 6th to the 16th, I was farther from home than I had ever been before in my life. And yet, somehow, I felt more at home among the people of the World Friendship Center, than I sometimes do when I am within my native country. As soon as my family arrived in the airport, we were surrounded by some of the kindest people I had ever met. That did not change for our entire stay. It was an absolute pleasure to meet everyone I did, and I would be a very different person if I had not visited the World Friendship Center on their 50th Anniversary. I would still be the naive girl who had stepped onto that plane in America, not realizing how much my life would change when I stepped off it ten days later. This experience expanded my views of the world as a whole, opened my eyes to the horrors of war and the atomic bomb, and gave me a woman, my great-grandmother, who I could strive to emulate. I had not realized Barbara's influence until I arrived in Hiroshima and saw how many people were affected by her love and humanity.



We spent much of our stay with a lovely couple, Mikiko-San and Yoshi-San, who welcomed us into their home as though we were family. And by the end of our stay, I know I for one, viewed them as part of my family. There is nothing we could ever do to fully repay them for the kindness they showed us and the hospitality they offered.

While we were in Hiroshima, many of the events we took part in were arranged and organized by the World Friendship Center. They immersed us within Japanese culture and stories of Hiroshima, and for that, my family is eternally grateful. The people of this center welcomed us so warmly and with such kindness, that it did not take me long to realize that this is a place where I belong. Singing songs of peace and friendship with Mike-San and everyone else at the center made me feel like we were one group, all individuals but united together in

hopes and beliefs. I felt so close to my neighbors and so peaceful because I was surrounded by so many loving people.

My experiences in Hiroshima with the World Friendship Center are ones that I will remember forever. They affected my life in ways no other event has and I doubt any other event will. I am a more aware and peaceful person from my time with the center, with deeper reflections and a more worldly view. I plan to visit again someday, because the people I have met there are unforgettable and I will always be drawn back to them.



*(From left Kaelee, Amanda, Kinza, Scott)
Beside the Kagura performance stage at Kagura Monzen Toujimura*

Photos contributed by Kent Sweitzer

http://www.kentsweitzerphotography.com/Events/WFC-NPO-50th-Anniversary-2015/49294219_t3MxW7

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